PEN PICTURES

—OF—

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA.

1851—An Unpleasant Situation—Hole-in-the-Day—Indian White Queen—His Tomb—Treaty With the Sioux—Right Rev. Joseph Cretin, D. D.—First Bishop of St. Paul—Purchase of Property for a Cathedral—Death of Bishop Cretin—His Funeral—His Looks—The Transportation Business—Squeaking Red River Carts—Pemmican.

BY T. M. NEWSON.

Article XXXIII.

AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION—HOLE-IN-THE-DAY.

While sitting in a small office of the Snelling House thirty one years ago, our attention was arrested by the imposing presence of a large Indian chief, who, with his blanket about him, strode into the room with the dignity of a Roman senator. He was a large man with high cheek bones, a well poised head, dark, brilliant black eyes and hair, and with a pleasant smile he exclaimed while passing: "Booshu nechee!"—"how to do, friend?"—and took a seat near us. There was a massive characteristic about the man, which did not belong to the ordinary Indian and yet he had all the Indian peculiarities. Dinner was soon announced, and he took a seat near us at the table. He ate with ordinary deliberation and an ordinary amount of food, but while so engaged one of the windows was suddenly darkened, and on looking up we beheld many grimmy faces and burning eyes, with war paint and feathers, the possessors of which belonged to the Sioux nation. Gleaming knives and partially covered tomahawks made our position by the side of the Chippewa chief rather uncomfortable, so we moved away; but he continued to eat on, and then the door opened and thirty Sioux warriors filed along in front of the foe of their nation, with clinched rifles and hearts glowing with revenge. Still, calm, with not a muscle of his mobile face denoting fear, the chief finished his dinner, coolly arose, drew his blanket about him, and with a lordly tread, a compressed lip and a flashing eye walked down in front of these hostile Sioux and lighting his pipe deliberately puffed the smoke into the very faces of his inveterate foe. That man was Hole-in-the-Day, the chief of the Chippewa nation, and the thirty Sioux warriors were on his war path, but they feared the white man's troops that would dart down upon them the moment the blow had been given, so they restrained their wrath and let the great chief depart unmolested.

MARRIED—ASSASSINATED.

Hole-in-the-Day was an Indian of remarkable sagacity and intelligence. He associated with the whites and comprehended their ideas of civilization. He was very wily and very brave, and greatly feared by his enemies. It is said of him that he would float down the Mississippi river in his canoe to St. Paul, paddle across the stream to the opposite shore, secrete his boat, lay in wait for the Sioux, who were in the habit of following the trail to Mendota, then pounce upon them, kill one or two, secure their scalps and make his way back again to the East shore, and thence home.

INDIAN WHITE QUEEN.

He visited Washington several times and became pretty well versed in the ways of tricksters and politicians. Once, while on a visit to the capitol, he fell in love with a white girl in the National Hotel, and actually proposed to her, was accepted and they were married. He came West, repaired to his home near Fort Ripley, installed his wife in his teepee as the white Indian queen, and soon after he was assassinated while riding home with his little son. Hole-in-the-Day, had a magnificent physical organization. He was very straight, quite dignified and yet very affable, and withal he was very generally liked by the whites. During the Sioux outbreak in 1862, he had overtures from Little Crow, the great Sioux chief, to join with him in massacreing the whites, but he declined the honor, although some of his people were very anxious to have him do so. He has a son, educated at Faribault, who possesses a great many of his father's qualities, and who is now endeavoring to elevate his race by inducing them to adopt the habits and customs of the whites which he has himself already done. St. Paul, in early times, without Hole-in-the-Day, would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

HIS TOMB.

On a high hill overlooking the Mississippi river, about three miles above Little Falls, lie the bones of the great chief, and those of his father, after whom he was named. There is a slight depression between two hills, and in this depression is a lone tree which stands as a sentinel over the graves of these two noted chiefs. No other Indians lie buried in the neighborhood.

TREATY WITH THE SIOUX.

Up to this year the Sioux Indians owned all the land on the west side of the Mississippi river, but a treaty was made with them on the 23d of July, 1851, at Traverse des Sioux, whereby they ceded 21,000,000 acres of land to the United States, and this land is now covered with villages, towns, cities, railroad tracks, farms, energy, enterprise and capital, and where will one day arise an empire that will astonish the world. Of course there was great rejoicing over the treaty, because the land would be open to settlement, the traders would get their money due from the Indians, and the Indians themselves would have money to expend with the whites. It was the opening of a new era in the history of the northwest; it meant pushing the Indians on to the frontier; it was, as Goodhue then wrote in 1851, the introduction of "farms with their fences, and white cottages, and waving wheat fields, and vast jungles of rustling maize, and villages, and cities crowned with spires, and railroads with trains of cars rumbling afar off—and now nearer and nearer the train comes thundering across the bridge into St. Paul, fifteen hours from St. Louis on the way to Lake Superior." All of this has been realized and more too, in thirty-four years, and many of those who attended that treaty still live as witnesses of this unparalleled growth. The Sioux Indians have been swept outside of the borders of Minnesota since 1851, and still the tide of civilization rolls on.

RIGHT REV. JOSEPH CRETIN, D. D., THE FIRST BISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

Rev. J. Cretin was consecrated bishop on the 26th of January, 1851, and arrived in St. Paul on the 2d of July of the same year, or thirty-three years ago. Since the days of the good father Galtier, the first priest, the Catholic church had grown to large proportions, and it became necessary to have a bishop to direct its movements. Father Ravoux, who took the place of Rev. Galtier in 1844, speaking of Bishop Cretin, says:

"All those who have been well acquainted with him are convinced that he constantly walked in the footsteps of Saint Paul, by zeal, piety, charity, humility, incessant labor and patience in sufferings; not only after his consecration, but also when a priest, when in the seminaire and in the college. "He put his hand immediately to the plow, and, faithful to the advice of our Savior, did not look behind. He knew for whom he worked, and however difficult the task might be, supported by Divine grace, he was always cheerful. Before the lapse of five months after his arrival in Saint Paul, he erected on block seven, in St. Paul Proper, a brick building, eighty-four feet long by forty-four wide, three stories and a half high, including the basement. That building became immediately the second cathedral of St. Paul, and also the second residence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, of his priests and seminarians; and in a few months after, some apartments of the basement were used as school-room for boys. The young girls were also to be provided with Catholic schools, and in 1852 the Sisters of St. Joseph devoted themselves in St. Paul to the holy work of their institute, and they opened their schools on the property of the church on Third street (this is the same ground now occupied by the *Pioneer Press* office and other buildings.)

PURCHASE OF PROPERTY FOR A CATHEDRAL.

Good Father Ravoux continues his narrative: "After the Bishop's departure for France aware of the necessity of securing some lots for the Cathedral and other purposes, I bought of Mr. Vetal Guerin, twenty-one lots for $800, and for $100 the lot on which now stands the Cathedral. This last I bought of another person who had already some lumber on the ground for a building. He had bought the same on credit of Mr. Guerin for $60. He deeded me that lot for $40 profit. I considered the purchase of the twenty-two lots a very good bargain for the church, as also a good one for Mr. Guerin, because it was understood that the Cathedral and other buildings would be erected on block seven, and such improvements would increase the value of Mr. Guerin's property. The event proved that I was not deceived in my expectation. The Right Rev. Bishop after his return from France, paid the money for the twenty-two lots and received the deed; I had but a bond for the security of our bargain."

These twenty-two lots, which cost $900 in 1851, are now worth not less than $500,000, possibly $800,000, so Father Ravoux made a most excellent bargain for the church. If we understand the matter, the property runs from Sixth street on Wabashaw to Seventh; from Seventh to St. Peter; from St. Peter to Sixth, and from Sixth to Wabashaw, including the old Cathedral, the new Cathedral, the residence of the Bishop, schools, stores, etc. It is now in the heart of the city, and is a very valuable piece of property.

DEATH OF BISHOP CRETIN.

Of the death of this good man, Father Ravoux says: The Right Rev. Bishop died on the 22d of February, 1857. His illness had been very long and painful, but he always continued to be the good and faithful servant of God, bearing with the greatest patience all his sufferings. More than once, when his pains were most intense, I heard him exclaim: "It is good for me to suffer for my sins. As I cannot work I, at least, ought to offer my pains to God for the faithful and for all."

HIS FUNERAL.

The writer well remembers the funeral of Bishop Cretin. It was the largest ever held in the city up to that time. The priests, the children, the mournful music, the sincere mourners, the immense procession as it moved slowly along our streets, demonstrated the great esteem in which the Rev. Bishop was held. Indeed we have seen many large funerals since then, but none so solemn, and so imposing, and so sincere, and so grand, as that which conveyed to the tomb all that remained of the once greatly esteemed Bishop Cretin.

HIS LOOKS.

Bishop Cretin was a fine and intellectual looking man, with a very pleasant face, and a serene yet subdued expression. He was partially bald, wore glasses and had all the politeness of the French. He dressed in his ministerial garments, and was very devotedly attached to the church, of which he was the honored head.

THE TRANSPORTATION BUSINESS.

Capt. Russell Blakeley may be said to have originated this business, having sold out his interest with J. C. Burbank & Co. and taken a contract to transport goods from New York to the Red River of the North, and thence to Hudson Bay. He with others built the first steamer on the Red River, and carried on the business successfully some years, when J. C. & Henry C. Burbank followed it up quite extensively. This branch of trade was of great benefit to St. Paul as well as to St. Cloud, and was only abandoned when pushed out by railroads.

THE SQUEAKING RED RIVER CARTS.

This year 102 Red River carts made their way to St. Paul. These carts were on two wheels only, and composed entirely of wood and leather, no iron whatever being used about them. To them were hitched, singly, oxen with raw-hide harnesses, and the train would come into the city in single file, accompanied with half-breed drivers, fantastically dressed. As no oil or grease was used about the axles, the squeaking noise these carts made was enough to drive a Christian mad. They brought in furs and carried back some gold, with groceries and provisions. In 1858 about 600 of these carts came to the city, and then the trade began to decrease. The time consumed on the journey from Pembina to St. Paul was usually thirty days, sometimes longer, according to the condition of the roads.

PEMMICAN.

This is a preparation of raw buffalo meat, dried, pounded and mixed with tallow, and then pressed into a bag made from a buffalo hide.

It was the principal sustenance of the Red River men who accompanied the carts, and though unpalatable to a man who gets tenderloin beef steak at our hotels, yet it was essential and valuable food for those whose business it was to navigate our great plains.

And so these singular vehicles of commerce have disappeared, and even the stage and the steamboat that took their places to a degree have been supplanted by the irrepressible railroad train that now precedes even the march of civilization and pushes the Indian race on to the extreme borders of the American continent. These elements of the past have only combined to make St. Paul the focal point of an immense trade, and this with her railroad interests and a population of 125,000, place her pre-eminently before the world as the great city of the new Northwest.

WOULDN'T TAKE HER SASS.

The Mistake of a Dude—Rather a Blue Friday for Several Laugh's, Including Celestial.

"I went home, your honor, to see my wife and she commenced to sass me," said Mike Barrett, the bullet-headed wife thumper, yesterday, when arraigned on the old charge. "Well, I didn't like that and then the Conamoras was going to clean me out, when an ax was produced and I think I got out some where."

Mike had cooked up the story to suit himself. The fact is that he had just been released from the workhouse, when he loaded to the guards on the beautiful tanglefoot and the old stuff did the rest. He went home, flourished an ax and commenced to smash the furniture. The wretch was sent up again for thirty days.

Dick O'Connell is one of the three dudes who went on a jamboree Friday night, and forgetting that this was a moral city, they started for the deserted castles of Eagle street. They banged away at a respectable dwelling, mistaking it for a mason de joi, and when the copper loomed up they made a grand break for liberty. In his hurry to elude the peeler O'Connell jumped into a buggy belonging to Monkhouse & Wilson, and drove rapidly off. He was arrested late in the evening on the charge of horse stealing, but when the case came up yesterday the offense was changed to disorderly and he was sent to the joint for sixty days.

Louis Canon made a bad break also on Friday, and got himself into a barrel of trouble. Lonis was employed to help move furniture from a residence, and while so engaged he nailed a watch. He was arrested, and the charge against him yesterday was larceny. It being his first time he was only sent out for sixty days.

Oliver Cross and L. R. Donnelly were yanked from the downy floor of a box car Friday night, where they were sleeping the sleep of the weary. They were up yesterday for vagrancy, and the case was continued until to-morrow, as they are suspected of having been implicated in a small robbery at Lake City.

Yan Lee, a Celestial who runs a washee labratory, was arraigned on the charge of nuisance. The trouble is caused by the manner in which Mr. Lee disposes of his suds, and the hearing was continued until Tuesday to give John Pattterson a chance to study up his Chinese lingo.

The Irish Sunday Closing bill will only temporarily suffer by the general paralysis of legislative business consequent on the action of the house of lords. It will be included in the Expiring Laws Continuance bill.

MINE OWN.

[San Francisco "Overland."]

Where'er you are, I pray you, hark!
Turn happy face and feet this way,
For night is near me, and the dark
Hath nothing sweet to sing or say.

Deep in a dream of many winds
Our roses rock themselves in sleep;
And—feeling for you—through the blinds
The fingers of the jasmine creep.

I hear the laughter of the leaves,
I catch the kisses of the dew,
And yet, Oh! yet, my spirit grieves
And misses all things—misses you.

Where'er you are, I pray you, hark!
Turn happy face and feet this way,
For night is with me, and the dark
Hath nothing sweet to sing or say.

—*Hester A. Benedict.*

GOD IN CREATION.

There lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are His,
That make so gay the solitary place,
Where no eye sees them; and the fairer forms,
That cultivate glories in, are His.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds that Winter may not pass
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up their tender germ,
Uninjured with inimitable art;
And ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
Sustains and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. . . . One Spirit—His
Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows—
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak or strain,
Of His unrivaled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the seaside sands,
The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with Him! Whom what he finds
Of flavor or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.

—*William Cowper ("The Task.")*

TIMELY TOPICS.

THE warm season thins out the cities. With slight exceptions, only the toiling classes, who are dependent on their daily labor, for food and clothing are left behind. Business is dull, if not entirely stagnant, society droops, social life experiences a paralysis, churches are closed, pulpits are vacated, and the care of the soul is exchanged for the care of the body, pastors betake themselves to the elegant idleness of various summer resorts, and the occupants of the city upholstered pews, by the thousand are scattered abroad, in shady groves, at "the springs," by the lake-sides, on the sea-shore, in mountain retreats, crowding boarding houses, farm houses, palace steamers on domestic waters, and ocean steamers bound for foreign lands. The hot, noisy, crowded railway cars bear away their loads of human freight, panting and perspiring, to the overcrowded haunts of so called pleasure resorts. Quiet homes are closed or left to the care of "servants," and even children are entrusted to the same refining influences, while the happy and delighted householders and parents are away, and sweltering in the crowded haunts of costly discomfort, establishing or aping ridiculous fashionable etiquette, inflaming envy, rivalry, and jealousy, rejoicing in social triumphs, or sulking in wounded vanity. These are some of the experiences of the floating multitudes, the pleasure seekers of the summer, vacating pleasant homes, home comforts, home security and duties for the laborious enjoyments and hazards of a season's pastime. Many return from their wanderings poorer in purse, in spirit and in morals than when they commenced their pleasure junketings. It is not easy to exchange the idleness of fashionable frivolities for sober, hum-drum domestic duties, and even the atmosphere of the long closed summer homes provokes oppressive lethargy, and it seems difficult to get the pulpit and the pews again into *rapport* to perform works meet for the suppression of vice, and promotion of an elevated morality. Clearly, cities were not intended for hot weather social and religious life, or the highest development of commercial energy. They are only intended as radiating points for "summer vacations."

AMONG the list of patents recently granted, mention is made of one to Nathaniel Parks, of Dansville, and Frank J. Callanen, of Utica, N. Y., on a new telephone. The latter has for several years been experimenting in the various uses of electricity, including the transmission of speech. The former, an associate in the invention, is a gentleman over 60 years of age, and has devoted a large portion of his life to studying the science of electricity, and at one time worked with Professor Morse, the telegraph inventor. The Utica *Observer* gives the following account of the invention. In the new telephone, which by the way is very simple in its construction, the diaphragm is of glass or other vitrified substance. In the old 'phones it is made of metal. The carbon "button," which in other instruments is in contact with the diaphragm, in this instrument is separated from it. The "button" consists of a hollow cylinder of carbon supported upon two metal trunnions placed opposite each other, but not in contact. As the carbon is not fastened, but hangs from the trunnions, it is far more sensitive, and transmits even the slightest sound. The separation of the carbon from the diaphragm, as well as the separation of the trunnions, does away with the rattling and snapping sounds caused by an overcharge of electricity. One of the trunnions is connected with the ground wire and the other with the transmitting line. The machine is very sensitive, and for short distances it can be used without an induction coil. Its inventors believe that the simplicity of the new instrument, combined with the cheapness of the materials used in its construction cannot fail to make it popular. It has been thoroughly tested and found to work admirably. In one test made in this city, speech was transmitted with ease over 500 miles of iron wire, which is said to be equal to transmission over 3,500 miles of copper wire, copper being much the best conductor of electricity. The new instrument would therefore seem to be especially adapted to the demands of long-distance service. Mr. Callanen, who is the Assistant Treasurer of the Utica City Railroad Company, has been warmerly congratulated on his success by many friends during the week. Anything looking towards cheaper and better telephone service tends to the benefit of the public, and Uticans generally will therefore be interested in seeing Messrs. Parks and Callanen reap the reward merited by their enterprise and invention.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON was denounced as an infidel because of his severe arraignment of a pro-slavery church in the early days of the anti-slavery discussion. Garrison and his immediate followers, were called "Comeouters," because they abandoned pro-slavery churches, and were denounced as the enemies of religion because they severely arraigned a theology that justified slavery by the Bible. Garrison lived to see himself and his doctrined vindicated, and to see a pro-slavery church abandoned, in shame-facedness, their wickedly false dogmas, justifying slavery by the scriptures. No one held the Bible in greater veneration than did Garrison, and his severest invectives were inspired by his reverence for the divine record, which was so shamefully travestied by pro-slavery ministers. Garrison was a far worthier exponent of Bible-teaching than were the "Orthodox" pro-slavery clergymen, who excited mobs to destroy him. Garrison bravely said, when the churches denounced him, and tried to silence him: "I know I am right, and I will be heard." And he was heard, And the world heard, and the God of the Bible heard, and emancipation followed, and Garrison's great life-work was finished. In justice to the memory of Garrison, let his own words record his estimate of the Bible, to the shame and confusion of his calumniators. He said: "In a true estimate of the divine authority of the Scriptures no one can go beyond me. They are my text-book, and worth all the other books in the universe. My trust is in God, my aim to walk in the footsteps of his Son, my rejoicing to be crucified to the world, and the world to me. I stand upon the Bible, and the Bible only. If I cannot stand triumphantly on that foundation, I can stand nowhere in the universe."

A RECENT telegram from Utica, to the N. Y. *Times* is of the following sensational character: "Seven years ago the farmers of a section of Marcy, a township in Oneida county abutting on Utica, became excited of alleged discoveries of oil. Henry Kimelein owns a farm about six miles from Utica. From surface indications he concluded that he had a "rich find" of oil. A local company was organized and bored 500 feet. Gas came up plenteously and burned from pipes brilliantly. Recently oil experts came from Pennsylvania, examined the ground and declared the surface indications including what is known as "oil stone," a sedimentary formation, unusually good. To-day Thompson & Coates oil operators of Erie, Pa., leased 2,000 acres of the land and will sink wells before August 1. Fifteen farms are covered by the lease. Practical oil men find on the land of James Potter the largest 'oil stone' they have ever seen, and the town is excited over the prospect. Thompson & Coates are trying to lease the farms covering about 12,000 acres. The matter has been kept very quiet and so far Utica capitalists know nothing about it." Upon this the *Times* quietly but sceptically remarks: "There is no objection to the frequent direction of the attention of the country to the treasures, opportunities, advantages, beauties and belongings of Oneida county; but the scheme here held forth is not new and will probably leave the interests of the Pennsylvania oil regions unshaken."

ARTEMUS WARD had a poorly painted panorama. When anything especially poor came up he would look admiringly at it, and then with a look of reproach to the audience remark: "This picture is a great work of art; it is an oil painting done in petroleum. It is by the old masters. It was the last they did before dying. They did this and then expired. I wish you were nearer it so you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest artists in London come here every morning before daylight, with lanterns, to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before, and they hope they never will again." Then, pointing to some brown splashes of paint: "These are intended for horses; I know they are, because the artist told me so. After two years he came to me and said: 'Mr. Ward I cannot conceal it from you any longer. They are horses.'"

THE following was a remark of the recently deceased Bishop Simpson: "The church must grope her way into the alleys and courts and purlieus of the city, and up the broken staircase, and into the bare room, and beside the loathsome sufferer; she must go down into the pit with the miner, into the forecastle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into the factory with the operator, into the field with the farmer, into the counting-room with the merchant. Like the air the church must press equally on all the surfaces of society, like the sea, flow into every nook of the shore-line of humanity; and like the sun, shine on things foul and low as well as fair and high, for she was organized, commissioned and equipped for the moral renovation of the whole world."

THE more revelations are given of the Hesse morganatic marriage the more curious it appears. The story now is that the minister who performed the ceremony did not do so until the duke produced a pistol and swore that unless married in an hour he would blow out his brains. The English Queen pays the money which is to buy off the successful lady, but the opinion is still common that if the duke should carry out his intention of resigning, he will try love in a cottage with the now discarded wife.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Germany for the erection of a monument in the memory of Baron Karl Von Weber, the famous composer, at his birthplace, near Lubeck. The intention is to have the monument at least equal to that erected at Dresden in 1860, and to have it unveiled on Dec. 18, 1886, which will be the one hundredth anniversary of the great composer's birth.

SIR WM. B. being at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," says he to the farmer, "do you know that I have been at two universities, and two colleges in each university?" "Well, sir," said the farmer "what of that; I had a calf that sucked two cows; and the observation I made was the more he sucked the greater calf he grew."

NEW South Wales has made progress in electric telegraphy. In 1873 there were but 6,521 miles of wire, 105 telegraph stations, and 365,390 messages sent. In 1882 the mileage had increased to 15,901, the stations to 345, and the number of messages sent to 1,965,931.

WHEN Mr. Moody was asked whether he was perfectly satisfied with the work accomplished in connection with the recent labors in London he replied in characteristic fashion: "Very much pleased; but not satisfied—I am never satisfied." That is the essential spirit of the successful worker.

THE British Old Testament Revisers have completed their labors. Their eighty-fifth and last session was recently held in the Jerusalem Chamber. The revision is not likely to be in the hands of the public until next year.

THE SOLILOQUY OF THE VASSAR GIRL.

To wed, or not to wed? That is the question.
Whether 'tis wiser in a girl to enjoy
The tempting visions of single blissedness
Or, to be led, by some man of our times, to the altar,
And, by marriage, end them? To wed, to doubt
No more; and by that act to end
The heartache and calm the palpitating
Bosom of some love-sick youth! 'tis a consummation
Devoutedly to be wished.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

A Great Discovery.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years."

Trial Bottles Free at Lambie & Bethune's drug tore. Large size $1.00.

The fiber of silk is the longest continuous fiber known. An ordinary cocoon of a well-fed silk worm will often reel 1000 yards, and reliable accounts are given by Count Dandolo of a cocoon yielding 1295 yards, or a fiber nearly three-quarters of a mile in length.

The True Test.

If a man is hungry within an hour, more or less, after a meal, he is a dyspeptic. It shows his stomach is not able to dispose of what he has eaten. But to eat and thus impose more work is an absurdity. Take Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic, which cures dyspepsia and all stomach, liver, kidney and bladder troubles. It is a perfect tonic appetizer, blood purifier, a sure cure for ague and malaria diseases. Price 50 cents. P. J. Dreis, corner Ninth and St. Peter streets, St. Paul.

THE SILVER WEDDING.

[German of Reuckert.]

BY C. COMSTOCK.

If my hair had been as gray,
Five and twenty years to-day,
You'd not chosen me I trow,
If your cheek had held as now
So few roses, just as true
I might not have chosen you.

Yet most glad the years have flown
That I chose you for my own
I repent not, neither you.
So we'll think the hairs bright hue,
And the roses bloom, which led
Us to choose, though both are fled.

Thus, Oh Mother Nature! your
Children do you wisely lure
By such baubles; thus they see
When the outward beauties flee
'Twas for deeper, inner worth
That you joined them here on earth.

SWINBURNE ON BYRON'S VERSE.

The only way to criticise it is
To write a sentence (which is easy to
Do, and has been done once or twice before
Now) in the metre of *Cain*, or of *The Two Foscari*, or *Heaven and Earth*, or *The Deformed*, *Transformed Sardanapalus*, or *Werner*—nay, *Faliero* (such is the
Way the name is elongated in his
Play—which is not agreeable to an
Ear which has any sense of sound left).
Is hardly harder (as the bard might have
Said) to write pages upon pages in
This style—base beyond parody—than to
Write as ill in Scott's usual metre; but
All will allow that in both cases it
Is an excruciating process for
Persons accustomed to read or write verse.

The metre here is Byron's, "every line;
For God's sake, reader! take it not for mine."

—*The Nineteenth Century.*

SUNDAY GLOBLETS.

SOUTH: Piety enjoins no man to be dull.

EMERSON: To be great is to be misunderstood.

LA FONTAINE: No flowery road leads to glory.

LESSING: The will and not the gift makes the giver.

JOUBERT: When you give, give with joy and smiling.

FRANKLIN: Keep flax from fire, youth from gaming.

YOUNG: A foe to God was never a true friend to man.

BOVEE: When all else is lost, the future still remains.

CICERO; No grief is so acute but time ameliorates it.

FULLER: How weak a thing is gentility if it wants virtue.

SHAKESPEARE: Let gentleness thy strong enforcement be.

BYRON: They truly mourn who mourn without a witness.

WORDSWORTH: Soft is the music that would charm forever.

CICERO: The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.

RICHTER: If there were no future life our souls would not thirst for it.

CHAPIN: Gayety is often the reckless ripple over depths of despair.

MADAME NECKER: Gallantry thrives most in the atmosphere of the court.

BURKE: Frugality is founded on the principal that all riches have limits.

GOETHE: The first and last thing which is required of genius is the love of truth.

REV. J. FARRAR: Age and sorrow have the gift of reading the future by the sad past.

GOLDSMITH: To make a fine gentleman, several trades are required, but chiefly a barber.

LONGINUS: Genius may at times want the spur; but it stands as often in need of the curb.

JUNIUS: How much easier it is to be generous than just! Men are sometimes bountiful who are not honest.

HAZLITT; Men of genius do not excel in any profession because they labor in it, but they labor in it because they excel.

HALIBURTON: Fun has no limits. It is like the human race and face; their is a family likeness among all the species, but they all differ.

BEN JONSON: I would have you not stand so much on your own gentility, which is an airy and mere borrowed thing from dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours except you make and hold it.

COLTON: Gaming has been resorted to by the affluent as a refuge from ennui; it is a mental dram, and may succeed for a moment, but, like all other stimuli, it produces indirect debility; and those who have recourse to it will find that the sources of their ennui are far more unexhaustible than those of their purse.

Cardinal Manning has made forty visits to the vatican.

The Catholic inmates of the penitentiary in Columbus, Ohio, are now allowed the use of a spacious apartment for the exclusive use of Catholic worship.

Three thousand years ago an Egyptian couple named their boy Reupi. He was a contemporary of Elijah. Reupi's mummy has just been added to the Cornell college museum.

There is no knowledge for which so great a price is paid, as a knowledge of the world, and no one ever becomes an adept in it, except at the expense of a hardened and wounded heart.

Old Thomas Allen, a survivor of the Balaklava charge, died the other day in a poorhouse in London. The government had been paying him a munificent pension of twelve cents a day.

In the sandal tree are serpents; in the waters lotus flowers, but crocodiles also; even virtues are marred by the visions; In all our enjoyments there is something which impairs our happiness.

The archbishop of Canterbury has laid on the table of the house of peers a bill to provide for the disunion of the sees of Gloucester and Bristol and the constitution of a separate bishopric of Bristol.

There is no enjoyment so expensively, laboriously, and vexatiously sought for, often to the ruin of health, virtue, happiness and life, itself, as pleasure-seeking at summer resorts and in foreign travel.

Hon. George Coutore of Levis has given $7,000 to the sisters of charity and other institutions in Quebec, and Mr. Narcisse Dionne of St. Giles has donned $10,000 in Quebec city bonds to St. Giles church in that city.

On the Pacific coast there is a club which is denominated "The Edenic Society." They eat but one meal a day, which consists of uncooked vegetables. Whether they adopt the Edenic dress or not, the report does not disclose.

A bill entitled "An act to make further provision for the Protection of Women and Girls, the Suppression of Brothels, and other purposes;" and a bill entitled "An Act to Amend the Public Libraries Acts" have been issued in England.

A man during a lifetime of fifty years, according to a paper recently read before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, sleeps away an aggregate of 6,000 days, works away the same period, eats away 2,000 days, walks away 800 days, is ill during 500 days, and amuses him self with the remainder of his half century on earth.

It may be of interest to those who make the subject a study to know that there are only five genuine signatures of Shakespeare known to be in existence. One is in the London Library, the other in the British Museum, one attached to his will at Doctors' Commons, and two in possession of private collectors.

A Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: The fact that the House of Representatives adjourned without the drunken frolic which usually disgraces the last night of a session cannot be published too widely as an evidence of improvement in morals." It should be borne in mind, in this convention that the House was Democratic! The election of a Democratic President will make as great an improvement in administration.

By the death of Canon Birch, the Prince of Wales has lost not only the tutor of his boyhood, but a lifelong friend, in whose judgment he had every confidence. Canon Birch was a familiar figure at the Marlborough House garden parties, and he was a frequent visitor at Sandringham.

Referring to the oft discussed question of "The Bible Cosmogony in the light of modern Science," Arnold Guzot, L.L.D, in his little book on the subject, says: "Let us not therefore hope, much less ask, from science the knowledge it can never give, nor seek from the bible the science which it does not intend to teach,

Louis XIV. handed the poet Boileau a few sheets of manuscript with the words: "What do you think of these wretched verses of my own composing?" Boileau read the papers through and quietly returned them to the King, saying: "Your Majesty succeeds in everything you undertake! You wanted to try your hand at making bad poetry—and you have accomplished it."

A man after engaging a cab, cause the cabman to put him down at a very dark part of the street, saying at the same time. "I've dropped a sovereign in the bottom of the cab." Cabby, thinking it a good chance, whipped up his horse and drove away, of course only to find that there was no coin at all, and that his fare had had his ride for nothing.

There is no contradiction of the extraordinary rumor that "General" Booth is negotiating for the purchase of Mme. Adelina Patti's Welsh estate, and it is thought that there must be some truth in the story. If so the public will be curious to learn whether the estate is to be bought out of the funds of the Salvation army or by Mr. Booth in his private capacity.

A step of considerable importance has been taken by the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury in adopting a report, drawn up by a committee of the house appointed during the previous session, to consider the question how best to prevent clergymen convicted of crime from resuming their sacred functions in some district where they are not known after the completion of their sentences.

There is not a case on record in which an American actor, visiting London, on his merits, and trusting solely to his ability to establish himself, has met with complete success. Forrest was regarded as a curiosity at the outset, and met with some recognition in the shape of audiences, very much as would have been the case had he been a Comanche Indian in his war-paint and feathers. His final failure is historical. Booth went over, and played on his merits at the Princess theatre, and was cooly received by the English press, and would have beggared his manager, and pauperized himself had it not been that Irving began to entertain the ide of an American tour, and thought it best to placate this country by showing some attention to Booth. The partial success which has fallen to the lot of Mary Anderson is due far more to her beauty and purity of character than to any English recognition of her ability as an artist.

Two American artists have been recognized after a fashion, one of these was Edwin Forrest, and the other is Edwin Booth. In both cases this partial recognition was followed by the coming to this country of an English star; in the case of Forrest, by Macready; and that of Booth, by Irving. No American actor will ever obtain a substantial foothold on the English stage.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The Old Testament revision is complete.

The Congregational church gets over $200,000 for mission work by the will of the late Samuel W. Swett, of Boston.

Cardinal Manning recently presided over one of the four great sections of a temperance congress in Liverpool, England.

No other book of the Bible is so much in demand in India as that of Proverbs. Its epigramatic wisdom is highly appreciated by the Hindoos.

At a recent marriage ceremony in one of the Providence churches the contracting parties were thirty minutes behind time, and the organ pealed out: "O dear, what can the matter be?"

The list of vacant Congregational churches in Illinois has been reduced from seventy to forty within the past few months, owing to the large numbers of men who have recently come from other states and from England.

Hon. Wm. Daniel, nominee for vice presidenton the Prohibition ticket, is an enthusiastic Methodist, having joined that church at the close of his college course. He is a Maryland lawyer of excellent repute. He was a strong Unionist during the war.

Ex. Gov. John P. St. John of Kansas, the presidential nominee of the Prohibitionists is an enthusiastic methodist. His mother was an old school Baptist. The National Prohibition convention at Pittsburg last week was almost as much a religious as a political gathering.

Bishop Ryle of Liverpool preaches in the open air in the great shipbuilding yard at the noon intermission, and among the 14,000 carters, with their wives and children, and the men of the great freight stations, having oftentimes from 2,000 to 3,000 in one assembly.

Poor Russia! Its day of peace and religious prosperity is very slow in its dawning. Even in this year of our Lord 1884, the Russian government forbids the distribution of tracts for the propagation of moral and religious truths. Count Korff, as well as Mr. Pashkoff, who opposed such measures, have been ordered to leave the country, within two weeks. Their tracts have been burned.

Many know Rev. Wm. Baker as a novelist and magazinist, who will be glad to see this bit of devout verse from his gifted pen:

"I know how very nearly
I draw unto those realms,
I know that it is merely
A film which overwhelms
These eyes from rapturous seeing,
These ears from rapturous sound,
This self from God-like being,
This life from broken bound,
Melt, O thou film-flake, faster,
Rend, thou thin gauze, in two,
Eternal Heaven, o'ermaster,
Break in effulgence thro!
O sacred day, o'erflow thee,
Rush, Sabbaths into one
That earth and heaven may know the
Eternal rest begun!"

Good Dr. Prime, speaking of the folly of a half dozen churches in villages where there is no room or support for more than one, says:

"I could work heartilly and hopefully in almost any evangelical church where the whole Bible was received as the word of God. I would not sit under the preaching of a minister who tried to prove that Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch, or that Jesus Christ did not know what is meant by the law and the prophets; I would not sit at the feet of any man who denies the true and proper divinity of the Lord who bought me with his own blood. I would not have for a spiritual teacher one who says it shall be well with the wicked who die in their sins or that one so dying will have another opportunity for repentance and faith when the door is shut. But with any faithful servant of God, who teaches a pure gospel, I could work and enjoy, whatever the name by which he and his church were called."

The detection of Prof. James Woodrow, Ph. D., D. D., LL. D., of the Columbia, S. C. theological seminary of the Southern Presbyterian church, is still the regnant theme of discussion in all the Presbyterian papers, north and south. Prof. Woodrow has gone over to the evolutionists and propounds to his young theologues such inquiries as this: "What difference can it make with regard to any relation between ourselves and our fellow-men, or between ourselves and God and the Lord Jesus Christ, whether the earth came into existence six thousand or six million years ago; whether the earth is flat or round; whether it is the centre of the universe or on its edge; whether there has been one creation or many; whether the Noachian deluge covered one million or two hundred million square miles; and last of all, I may add, whether the species of organic beings now on the earth were created mediately or immediately?" With one exception, the entire Presbyterian press, condemns the talented and conscientious professor, and the Southern church is in a great quandary as to what to do with such an audacious heretic, entrenched in such an orthodox stronghold. The very best thing it can do under the circumstances is nothing. It don't think so however, and the professor's chair of "Science in connection with Revelation" will probably be abolished.

Prof. Henry Drummond, lately returned from Central Africa, says:

"I shall never forget the Saturday afternoon when I ran into the little harbor of Livingstonia. I saw a lovely white beach rising above the waters of the lake. Upon it were planted six or seven beautiful little cottages, trim and clean; behind all there rose a vast range of granite mountains. I landed upon the strand, walked up to the largest house and went in. There was no white man about. I looked around the place, found the furniture all there, the dishes in the cupboard, and the medicine-chest in its place, but there was no inhabitant. That was the pastoral residence of