PEN PICTURES

—OF—

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA.

1851—Richard Marvin—Early Education—Married—Came to St. Paul—Attempt at Farming—In Business—First Importations from England—Financial Crash—Real Estate—Offices—Marvin as a Man—Col. Joel D. Cruttenden—Col. John Banfill—Frederick Oliva—Major George H. Spencer—A Thrilling Scene—Spencer Shot—A Good Indian Friend—A Drink of Water or Death—Clerk and Indian Agent—A Bad Indian—Major Spencer Himself.

BY T. M. NEWSON.

Article XXXV.

RICHARD MARVIN.

Of the old settlers who arrived in St. Paul in the spring of 1851, Richard Marvin will be remembered as the pioneer china and glassware dealer on Third street in this city. He was born in England in 1817, and is now the only surviving member of a large family. Descended on the mother's side from Scottish covenanters, and on the father's side from a line of English non-conformists, the principles of civil and religious liberty became an ingrained sentiment with him in his early boyhood, and he shared in, and to this day remembers the exciting times of Catholic emancipation and the first Reform bill. His father lived and died with intense republican convictions.

EARLY EDUCATION.

Mr. Marvin's education was chiefly received in a classical boarding school in his native town, taught by a gentleman who was considered one of the best classical scholars in the county, Rev. Jas. Buckham, who subsequently emigrated with his family to the United States, and a son of his, Hon. T. S. Buckham, now resides in Faribault. Mr. M. was taken away from school in his fourteenth year, against the protest of his tutor, and just when he had become intensely interested. The rudiments of Latin and Greek which he had commenced to study became almost entirely obliterated by his own personal disappointment. He had been somewhat prominent in school among the younger scholars, with a reputation for aptitude in his studies, and especially in English composition, verse, &c., but all was changed, and he became utterly discouraged and morbid. His old tutor is still living and in good possession of his faculties, in his ninety-first year, in Burlington, Vermont, and scholar and teacher still correspond with each other.

MARRIED—CAME TO ST. PAUL.

In 1837, at twenty years of age, Mr. M. was married to Hannah, daughter of Mr. Charles Reading, deceased, of Warwick, England, and niece of Mr. George Parker, a prominent townsman of the same borough, whose memory was held in high esteem. Residing after their marriage, for some time in Henley, in Arden, Warwickshire, where their oldest son was born, they removed to Leamington, in the same county where they lived, for some seven years. They came to Cincinnati in the spring of 1845, and he remembers well a visit he made to Professor Stone, at Lane Seminary, and where he had the pleasure of dining with him, and his since celebrated wife. The Professor had just returned from England. He spoke of points of interest so numerous in the locality from which Mr. M. came, Warwick Castle especially. It was stated that the Earl of Warwick's rent role was some £40,000 per year, and yet he was poor. Mrs. Stone, turning to her husband said, "you see you are not the only poor man in the world." Mr. M. after remaining in Cincinnati some six years, and having gone through two very severe cholera seasons, decided to come to St. Paul. He arrived here in April, 1851, on the steamboat Nominee. His advent in St. Paul was very fortunate; his health had been broken; he had never known a well day in Cincinnati, and his pecuniary prospects had not been encouraging. He found, in Minnesota an entire change, and the commencement of a career of health such as he had not known for years.

ATTEMPT AT FARMING.

In the first season he made an attempt at farming, on a place of 123 acres, which he had purchased for a small sum, on the west side of Phalen's Lake. Being a novice at the business, he discontinued it, and rented a few acres of it for some years to a tenant. He continued to be the owner of the same place for 24 years.

IN BUSINESS.

In the fall of 1851, Mr. M. leased lot on Third street, on which the First National Bank building was erected some years later. He put up a building upon it, and opened a retail china and glassware store. As immigration to the state was almost wholly by way of St. Paul, the business of fitting out the new settlers was lively. It grew and prospered, and at that time the Red River trade became important, and many a bill of ware was disposed of to the half breed traders to be coveyed by their musical vehicles to their destination. In 1855 he erected a brick building on Third street (which is still standing, and which has been occupied till a short time ago by McGee's restaurant), and in this he carried on his business for several years. He subsequently moved into the building now occupied by Wm. Lee's wholesale dry goods house, previously to which his son had entered into partnership with him.

FIRST IMPORTATION FROM ENGLAND.

Years before, the spring of 1857, Mr. M. had taken a trip to England for the double purpose of visiting old scenes and associations and establishing a direct trade with the Staffordshire potteries. He purchased what was then accounted a large stock, some sixty crates of ware; shipped via New Orleans to St. Paul under bond, and on their arrival here he paid the duties.

A FINANCIAL CRASH.

After Mr. M.'s return from England came on the terrible financial revulsion of 1857, which cost him nearly all he was worth, yet straitened as he was, he continued to import and his credit remained unimpaired with his English correspondents, and in the meantime his trade had become mainly a jobbing business. The war which subsequently came on put a bar on importation, and was the cause, consequently, of great loss to him.

REAL ESTATE.

The real estate which he had purchased at an early day, had appreciated very largely in value, and enabled him to sustain many severe blows to his business, but ultimately, after the crisis of 1873, broken in energy he gave up and lost all except his self respect. Property which he purchased for comparatively small amounts, is now worth some sixty or seventy thousand dollars. But in this peculiar phase of life he was not alone; he has learned with others by sad experience, that "nothing is so successful (*or so popular*) as success." He is now in his 68th year and has gone through mental experiences which have bankrupted his courage.

OFFICES HE HAS HELD.

Mr. Marvin was elected Alderman of the city at its first municipal election; has been for thirty-three years an Elder in the Presbyterian church; in 1875 he was made Treasurer of Oakland Cemetery Association, of which he had previously been a broker, which position he has filled acceptably and successfully for nine years, and has the gratification of seeing the cemetery, which has been for many years very sacred to him, increasingly beautiful, and faithfully guarded from vandal desecration.

HIS WIFE—FAMILY—GRAND CHILDREN.

Mr. M. has been married forty-seven years and the wife of his youth is still the companion of his age. His family history has been one of painful bereavement, which has acted on a temperament not well adapted to bear it. Sensitive, shrinking, ever clinging to old associations, he lives too much with sad and severed memories. His remaining children, four in number, one half of his original family, are all married, and live in St. Paul. They and their children form a valued and affectionate circle, where he finds a pleasant and ever recurring welcome.

MARVIN AS A MAN.

He is quick, earnest, sensitive, active, honorable, honest, religious; was an unflinching, outspoken, anti-slavery man, when it was very unpopular to be so, and lives more in the past and in the future, than in the present. He has a highly poetical temperament, and has produced some fine poetry, of which the following is an extract of some thirteen hundred lines written some three years ago:

The heart its own bitterness truly may know,
Yet know not its share in the causes of woe:
Man hides from himself in the dust of the fight,
And oft in the wrong, will deem himself right;
Will parry and thrust, with passion for guide,
'Till truth shall fold pinion and stoop to his pride.

Each cicatrized wound may hide with its scar,
The sting of defeat, or point, like a star
To triumphs that flushed the warm light of the soul,
And heightened the glory that flashed from its goal;
But weariness comes with the twilight of years,
And low burns the lamp of his hopes and his fears.

There shall be a day when to know and be known,
And problems now dark, shall all be his own;
From thence, looking back on the drama of life,
Amazed, he shall glance o'er its causes of strife,
When fools had wrought folly, and wise men had smiled,
And echoed the folly, by folly beguiled.

COLONEL JOEL D. CRUTTENDEN.

Col. Cruttenden left St. Louis in 1846, and removed to Prairie de Chien, where he was employed by Brisbois & Rice. In 1848 he came to St. Paul, where he remained up to 1850, when he took up his residence in St. Anthony, and engaged in business with R. P. Russel. He then went to Crow Wing and was connected with Maj. J. W. Lynde. In 1857 he was elected to the house of representatives, and on the breaking out of the war, was commissioned captain assistant quartermaster; was taken prisoner, and on being exchanged, rose to the rank of colonel. At the close of the war he was honorably discharged, and soon after removed to Bayfield, Wisconsin, where he has held many offices and is greatly esteemed. He is a pleasant, genial gentleman, well known, and well liked.

COL. JOHN BANFILL.

When the Indian war broke out in Florida, Mr. Banfill resided in New Orleans, and on hearing of Dade's massacre, he volunteered and took an active part in the campaign. He removed to Prairie du Chien in 1840, and came to St. Paul in 1846. He resided in this city for some time, and then moved to Manomin. He helped build the steamer H. M. Rice, which ran above the falls, also a mill located at Manomin. In 1857 he was elected State Senator, and in 1866 removed to Bayfield, where he has remained ever since. He is a man of sterling worth and greatly respected by all who know him, now about sixty years of age.

FREDERICK OLIVA.

Frederick Oliva was born at Prairie du Chien, Wis., in 1816;—came to St. Paul temporarily in 1843, and then to reside permanently in 1847. He clerked for Henry Jackson; clerked for Louis Robert, and in 1836 clerked for Gen. Sibley. Was at one time Deputy Register of Deeds under Louis Olivier: He steamboated a good deal, and bought furs. He is now in the employ of Mr. Langevin, in the Sixth Ward, and has reached the age of 68 years, and yet he has not a gray hair in his head. He remembers when the flats and indeed all the river bottom on the west side of the city was thick with large elm, ash and other trees. He was at the head of thirty men who felled these trees, and they were so thick—the trees—that wagon roads had to be cut through them to enable the teams to get out of the forest. There is now only one solitary elm left, and some provision should be made to preserve it as a link of the past. Mr. Oliva is a quiet, trustworthy man, unmmarried and has no relations in this country except an uncle at Prairie du Chien.

MAJOR GEORGE H. SPENCER.

Major Spencer (who justly derives his title from being Indian agent) was born in Kentucky in 1832; educated at Asbury academy in Indiana; clerked in a hardware store at Terre Haute; came to St. Paul in 1851; was engaged by A. L. Larpenteur for eight years, and as Larpenteur's trade was mostly with the red men, here he became intimately acquainted with the Indians, their language, their mode of living, and here he made a friendship with Chaska, (oldest son or first born) who subsequently saved his life; was once partner with Major Forbes, who did a general Indian business at a trading post on the west side of Big Stone lake; was there until just before the breaking out of the Indian massacre in 1862; was at this time at the Red Wood agency procuring supplies, and having made his purchases, was getting ready to go home, when he noticed a number of Indians in town who appeared to be on the war path; didn't suspect anything wrong; didn't apprehend any danger; was standing in the door of Nathan Myrick's store, when he observed that the Indians were surrounding all the buildings, but his fears were dispelled when they told him that they were in search of Chippewas who had been seen in that vicinity only a few days before.

A THRILLING SCENE—SPENCER SHOT.

While thus looking unsuspectingly upon the scene, the American colors on Myrick's flag staff were run up, as they usually were every morning (and as it appeared afterward, was the signal for the Indians to commence the fight), when instantly from four to five hundred Indians opened fire upon everybody and everything within their reach, and the whites fell in every direction. Spencer was hit in the right arm, then in the breast, the ball striking a rib and glancing off; then in the abdomen, tearing open the flesh and making a frightful wound. He staggered to the stairs, closed the door after him and barred it, crawled up to the floor and threw himself upon a bed, while below he could hear the crack of the Indian rifles, the horrible yells of the warriors, and the groans of the dying. All was in a terrible state of confusion. In the room in which he lay were guns and ammunition, and this the Indians knew, so they dared not venture as they were well aware that Spencer could dispute the passage of the stairway, and they knew he had weapons to do it with.

A GOOD INDIAN FRIEND.

While lying upon the bed, conscious that his time had come to die, he heard a thumping at the door, and recognizing the voice of Chaska—with whom he had fished and hunted when mere boys together. Spencer got up and though very weak, descended the stairs, opened the door and then went back to his bed. Chaska came up, approached the bed; asked him if he were much hurt; if he thought he would live, and putting his arm about him, conducted him down stairs, where they confronted a gang of Indians who were panting for his blood. Chaska instantly threw himself in front of his friend, exclaiming: "I will save this man's life, and whoever hurts him, hurts me; stand back!" And notwithstanding he was the head warrior of Little Crow's band, and a man of great influence with the tribe, yet so terribly excited were the Indians that one of them snapped his gun at Spencer twice, but fortunately it did not go off; and then another Indian made for him with a fixed determination to kill him, but Chaska drew his tomahawk, and in a minute more would have slain the assailant, but he and others being afraid drew off, and Spencer and his friends made for the grass, when he was again set upon by an Indian, who informed Chaska that it was well understood that not a white person was to be saved, but Chaska replied: "This man is my friend and he shall live, so be gone," and fearing instant death, as he well knew the determined character of Chaska, he left to carry on his murderous career somewhere else.

A DRINK OF WATER OR DEATH.

Spencer lay in the grass in pain, when Ta-ti, Chaska's wife, and another squaw made their appearance, and they were instructed to remain with him and care for him until Chaska could get a horse and wagon to convey him to his tepee. While bending over him they were discovered by the Indians who again wanted to kill him, but the women saved his life. And then, as he lay there, writhing in intense agony, he was attacked with an unsatiable thirst for water, and he made up his mind that he might as well die from the bullets of the Indians as from the internal fire which was consuming him, so he broke away from the squaws, and with great effort, made for a house near by, where the Indians had driven a poor settler up into his loft, and were then trying to kill him. Spencer passed right by these Indians who were watching the man to get a shot at him; saw a pail filled with water, seized the dipper, and after emptying it twice, came out of the house as he went in, with a dipper of water in his hand, unmolested, the Indians no doubt thinking, from the blood they saw, that he would soon die. Chaska made his appearance with a one-horse wagon; loaded it out of the goods taken from Myrick's store, and on top of the tepee cloth thus obtained, placed Spencer, and at the end of four miles landed him in the lodge of his necarniss, or best friend. When about two miles on the way, another body of Indians met them and wanted to kill Spencer, but Chaska fought them off. Then again, during the time he was in the tent of Chaska, many sought his life, especially after some Indian had been killed by the whites, but silent, solemn, sullen, determined Chaska sat with his gun in his hand, ready to kill the first man who entered his tepee door. And thus poor Spencer was nursed and tenderly cared for for six weeks and then delivered to Gen. Sibley safely, by this noble Indian, who had shown undaunted courage and unparalleled devotion to his friend. It is sad to think that Chaska was subsequently poisoned while on the Indian expedition, either purposely or accidentally, and his bones now lie on the great plains of Dakota, but one can never forget him or his memory, and that one is—MAJOR GEORGE H. SPENCER.

CLERK AND INDIAN AGENT.

Major Spencer was chief clerk of the Subsistence Department of Gen. Sibley's expedition. He was appointed Indian agent by President Garfield for the Tantonag is Sioux in 1881, and was afterwards reappointed by President Arthur, but was legislated out of office in consequence of the consolidation of one agency with another, after having held his position one year. During his term of office he was honest, faithful, a good friend of the Indians and an excellent officer of the government, leaving no unsettled or ambiguous accounts behind him when he retired to private life.

A BAD INDIAN.

While Major Spencer concedes that he has had some good Indians among his acquaintances, yet he admits that there are also some bad ones. As an illustration, on one occasion he gave credit to an Indian in the shape of traps, powder, shot, provisions, etc., to enable him to prosecute his hunt. He made a good catch that season of furs, but instead of paying Spencer what he owed him, he took his furs to Fort Abercrombie and traded them off for whiskey. When he returned he was upbraided in rather strong language for his conduct, which offended him. Soon after Spencer had occasion to drink from a pail of water standing near by, and noticing a peculiar taste and being a little suspicious, he permitted two cats to drink out of the same water, when they both died from convulsions in a few minutes. He had a heavy mustache which saved his life, for he picked poison enough out of it to have killed a dozen men, for it acted as a strainer and caught the deleterious drug.—He learned subsequently that this Indian managed to empty the contents of a bottle of strychnine into the water pail, in hopes to kill Spencer for reprimanding him for his conduct.

Again another Indian fired his store house because he couldn't get credit, but the fire was subdued before any great damage was done. It was no uncommon thing to find arrows sticking into his houses, the work of some devilish Indian because foiled in his efforts to get goods.

MAJOR SPENCER HIMSELF.

Personally Spencer is of medium height, very quiet in his ways, cool in his temperament, undemonstrative, a good book-keeper, faithful, honest and very courageous, as many incidents in his life show. While laying no claims to literary ability yet he is a great admirer of literary merit, and had he been differently educated in early life he might have made his mark as a literary man. He is modest and retiring, and shines only best when among his friends, the outer world knowing but little of the intrinsic merit of the inner man.

Our Present Blessings.

Our blessings are not appreciated until we are deprived of them. Most notable among them is health, the lack of which magnifies our other burdens. A hacking cough, a severe cold or any throat or lung disease is very troublesome; but all these may be quickly and permanently removed by Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure. Trial bottles free, of P. J. Dreis, corner Ninth and St. Peter streets, St. Paul.

The Bet Still Undecided.

[Chicago News.]

Two well-meaning men, one from St. Louis and the other from St. Paul, had an argument in the Sherman House on the pronunciation of the word depot.

"I say it it's 'dee-po!" said the St. Paul man.

"And I say it's 'day-po 'answered the St. Louisian.

"In the course of time they put up $5 apiece and agreed to leave it to a tall, fine-looking man on the other side of the rotunda.

Going up to him, the St. Paul disputant said: "My friend and I have a small bet on the pronunciation of the word 'dee-po.' I say that it is 'dee-po,' and he says it is 'day-po' Now who is right?"

"Pardon me," replied the stranger, "but I never heard the word before. How do you spell it, and what does it mean?"

The betting men looked at each other dubiously, and one said: "D-e-p-o-t, a railway station,"

"Oh, yes, yes; excuse me. You mean 'dep-po,' of course. Yes, yes. deppo. It is pronounced 'deppo.'"

"Look here!" yelled the St. Paul man, "where do you come from?"

"Boston, sir."

"Well, there can't no Boston man settle a bet for me on the English language. Come on, let's interview Carter Harrison.

Almost Out of Dogs.

[The Hoosier.]

"Mariar," said an Allen county peasant to his other half, "have you enny idee how many young 'uns we hav e?"

"Nigh onto 'leven, I guess."

"Most a dozen, I guess; there's Tiege, an' Bruce, an' Growler an' her four pups, a n' the hound, and the terrier, an' them others o' Hanks, that loaf 'round y'ere."

"Yay, 'leven children and only a dozen dogs. Mariar, don't you think we have 'most too many children? Times is most tarnation hard, ye know. Say, can't we put out some o' our chunkiest gals to work? I 'low that they could make enough in a spell for us to buy another dog or two."

"Jist as ye say, Hezekiah."

"Wall, I 'low 'f we could swap two of our young 'uns for four more dogs, we'd be fixed. I guess I'll try it."

Five Little Onlys.

Only a stray sunbeam! Yet perchance it hath cheered some wretched abode, gladdened some stricken heart, or its golden light has found its way through the leafy branches of a wood, kissed the moss-covered banks where the violets grew, and shades of beauty adorn its lovely form. Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows hath it fanned, how many hearts have been cheered by its gentle touch! Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary void in the child's heart; the quivering lips and tearful eyes told how keenly he felt it. Only a smile! but ah, it cheered the broken heart, engendered a ray of hope, and cast a halo of light around the unhappy patient. Only a word of encouragement, a single word! It gives to the drooping spirit new life, and the steps pass on to victory.

"TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW."

Life's course must recommence to-day,
Another path be trodden;
With heart new-strung I take my way,
Like patient pilgrim plodding;
With prayer and song my road I tread,
Thou, Lord, my steps will safely lead,
I walk, no ill foreboding.

I shrink not at the awful night,
My future path concealing;
For out of darkness springs forth light,
Thy wonderous power revealing.
I cannot now conceive thy ways,
But in the light of heaven's own rays
Shall comprehend thy dealing.

Even or rough my road, I go,
Sure that thy hand protecteth;
The counsel of thy love, I know,
For me that path selecteth;
Let life and death, then, mark the year,
Be joy or grief my lot to bear,
All still my good effecteth.

Be far or near my journey's end,
The thought shall not oppress me;
To Jesus I my day commend,
In life or death to bless me:
O Lord! my time is in thy hand;
In heaven my footsteps safely land,
And let heaven's joys possess me.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The defects in our modern modes and systems of education are cumulative. In the Union school system, all over the land, the "cramming" process everywhere prevails. Studies are numerous and various. Their number is legion. A given amount must be accomplished in a given time. Every pupil without regard to age, capacity, adaptability, or natural facility, is laid relentlessly on the bed of Procrustes, and all alike must submit to the required measurement. The result is injurious to health and life, and begets unavoidable superficiality. Many a bright, young mind has thus been weakened and ruined forever, and the pupil driven from the school with education uncompleted, to save life itself by absolute rest from mental exactions, often with educational tasks never to be resumed. These overburdened, overtasked processes give only a form of knowledge and education without the substance. It is time a revolution had been wrought in our schools, seminaries and colleges. Instead of endeavoring to accomplish so much and doing hardly anything well, the whole system should be revised and cut down, non-essentials eliminated, and the salient points only seized upon to be elucidated and enforced. As a humble illustration, take singing, "music" as taught in the schools. Every scholar must devote a given amount of time each term and each day of the term, to this branch without any regard to the natural taste or aptitude of the pupil for musical acquirements. Some succeed, where more fail. And this mode of cramming and imperious exaction is applied to every branch alike, and under-teachers and pupils are driven and burdened by exhausting exactions positively hurtful and beyond all reason.

It is time to cry a halt and, bring into vogue a due modicum of common sense in modes and systems of education The defects here hinted at seem to run through the entire system of education, whether in the lower or the higher grades, whether in the common, or the graded schools; or in the higher seminaries or colleges. The finical and iron-clad modes of teaching the classics in our colleges are bringing the study of the languages into disrepute, and threaten to drive them from the curriculum altogether. To spend two or three years on the classics to prepare for college, and as many more in college devoted to the "dead languages" is regarded as a useless and indeed criminal waste of time in this short life of ours. But there is a better way, and it is high time it was put in force. The old, plodding modes and the infinitessimal minutia applied in gaining scholastic lore, should be at once abandoned. We have at hand not only a sensible but brilliant criticism on this mode of teaching the classics in colleges, but it applies with equal force to every branch of education; hence we give it, and ask for it the careful attention it deserves. Professor Chamberlain, himself for long years a college professor, in a recent address before a college alumni, vigorously arraigns this minute, nonessential, finical, microscopic mode of teaching, saying the "time was wasted that was spent in college, and before and since in ten years of teaching spent in the microscopic study of Greek accents, manifold dialect, forms, multiplied rules and exceptions in quantity, and in Latin and Greek composition." Professor Chamberlain illustrates his theory, by giving a signal instance in the case of a girl of sixteen, who desired him to have her overtake a class that had been studying Greek for two long terms, he says:

"I told her she was to study Greek as old English or as one source of English, to learn it by its resemblances to the English and to the Latin which she had studied a year. The alphabet was conquered in an hour; not committed, but its letters learned to read at sight. For the characters, as she was shown, are nearly all essentially like the English, or at least suggest the English equivalent. Accents were ignored, except in a few cases where they are a help and not a hinderance. Then she took a page of the Anabasis and pronounced the words exactly like English words of the same spelling. Persistent reading, with assistance and correction, gave her a fairly fluent pronunciation in three hours. The next evening translation began. She hunted for English and Latin words, and found the root of almost every second word to be an old acquaintance. Then inflections and conjugations were studied, not committed, until the various cases, genders, moods, tenses, etc., were recognized at sight by their terminations or consonant or vowel signs. The resemblances to the Latin in inflection, and to both the English and the Latin in root and meaning, were constantly noticed and explained. The grammar and lexicon were used exactly alike as books of reference. Nothing was given or taken on trust if it had a reason that would explain it or fix it in the memory; and nothing was passed over till it was understood enough for the end in view. Augment and reduplication were explained enough to enable the pupil to find verbs in the lexicon. Euphonic changes were shown to be like ours, only more full and frequent. After ten evenings of such 'coaching,' if you please, with a few hours' private study each day, the pupil entered and kept up with the class that for about thirty weeks had been floundering through the labyrinth of regulation 'Greek lessons' with double translations of short sentences, with endless microscopic work on accents, and what not. And I think that at the end of three weeks (for the coaching was kept up a few days,) she had a better use of grammar and lexicon and a better power of translating than her father had thirty years before, after a full year of Greek husks and chaff had been crammed down his unwilling throat. At all events, she graduates next week first in scholarship in a class of sixty-five, having taken the four years' course in three years."

The same common sense applied every where, in cutting off minute, useless, inconsequential excresences, would revolutionize the whole system of education, shorten the period of study, give us better educated men and women, better adapted to the practical ends of life, with sounder minds in sounder bodies, and thus in every way be better fitted for lives of usefulness and beneficence, dispensing and receiving the fullest measure of happiness and enjoyment this life is capable of.

How the heart may be robbed. Dr. N. B. Richardson, of London, the well known physician, discloses. He heard a scholar singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it. Dr. Richardson said to him: "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?" He did so. I said: "Count it carefully; what does it say?" "Your pulse says seventy-four." I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so and said: "Your pulse has gone down to seventy." I then laid down on the lounge, and saip: "Will you take it again!" He replied: "Why it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!" I then said: "When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest; you know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by 60, and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes different, and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounchs of lifting during the night. When I lay down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next days work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below."

THE veracious "Eli Perkins" in in England, and gives the following account of his fishing experience in that countryr "I found that over west of Warwick castle one of the farmers who rented several hundred acres along the Avon river kept a little hotel. He permitted his guests to fish in the river, a brook shallow enough to be forded where it runs swiftly. I noticed that the fishermen always went out with a tremendous assortment of patent hooks and fancy flies. Like all the rest he came back without any fish. I never took much stock in fancy flies, I have always had better luck with plain grasshoppers and angleworms. So, getting permission from the landlord, I took a pole and went down to the river. Baiting my hook with a good, old, fat American angleworm I threw it in. In a moment I had a bite, and out came a beautiful grayling. In went another angleworm, and out came another fish. I was having fine sport when down came the landlord all out of breath.

"W—w—what have you got on your hook?" he gasped.

"Angleworms, you fool, plain angleworms," I said' hauling out another grayling.

"Don't you know that's agin the law?"

"What?" I asked. "What's agin the law?"

"Why fishing with angleworms. The patent fly is the only thing allowed in England."

The man was right. No one is allowed to fish in English rivers with angleworms or bugs. Only the patent fly is allowed, and as the fish are all used to the artificial fly, only they don't bite, and it is seldom they are caught. If angleworms were permitted every boy would be out fishing, and the streams would be fished dry. As it is the patent artificial fly is so expensive that only the rich are able to fish.

If the landlord hadn't kept my fishing a secret these three angleworms would have cost me a fine of £50, or about thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents a worm.

The London *Pall Mall Gazette* says two gigan- engineering schemes are forcing themselves on public attention. One is the proposal to place a railway tunnel through the Pyrenees, the convention for which has just been signed by the French and Spanish International Railway Commission. The other scheme is for the formation of a company to construct an international railway connecting Europe with Persia, India, Burmah and China. It appears that Sir. R. M. Stephenson, who has been endeavoring to arrange with the Sublime Porte for the commencement of the works in Turkey for the last thirty-four years, considers that the negotiations are so far advanced as to warrant the formation of a company to work the concession, which he believes he will eventually obtain. He proposes to raise, for making the Asia Minor and Persia sections, a capital of $80,000,000, of which it is proposed $20,000,000 shall be saved by troops' labor, leaving $60,000,000 to be subscribed, in 600,000 shares, of $100 each. Sir. R. M. Stephenson's hopes to induce the countries through which the line passes to supply troops to make it, are, we fear, doomed to inevitable disappointment. There are three other great schemes in embryo, namely, the Panama Canal, recently said to have been washed ont, the African Inland Sea, and the flooding of the Jordar Valley. The scheme for a baloon with saloon accomodation *ad lib* to float passengers across the Atlantic and cut out the trade temporarily carried on by several lines of steamers appears to be rather in abeyance.

IN the ten years ending in 1882 only 26,692 acres were added to the fruit lands of England. The most important of these plantings was that of Lord Sudeley, in Gloucester. He is the first of the large land owners to turn his attention to methodical fruit-growing on a large scale. He has planted between 500 and 700 acres in a fairly rich soil on the Lias formation. It was deep ploughed and thoroughly manured, and apple, pear, plum, cherry, and damson trees set in, 16 feet apart; 3,000 apple trees, including Lord Suffields, Keswick Codlins, Grenadiers, Cellinis, Warner's King, and all the best kinds, were planted; the choicest French varieties of pears were selected; 44 different kinds of plums, making 32,000 trees, were planted. Gooseberry or current bushes and strawberry plants are set out between the trees to the number of hundreds of thousands. The whole orchard is surrounded with thick belts of poplars and Scotch firs to shelter from wind. Several acres are planted with orsers to make baskets for the fruit. Buildings near at hand have been transformed into factories for the preserving of the fruit. Every conceivable pains have been taken in this experiment to render it a success, and its progress is being watched with great interest. If it results as well as its promoters hope and deserve, it will stimulate fruit growing largely in Great Britain.

BLONDIN, the famous tight rope performer, recently cooked an omelette at Eastham, England, while on a rope seventy feet from the ground. Stepping jauntily on to the rope, dressed as a French chef and carrying his stove and cooking utensils, Blondin approach the centre of the rope, and, adroitly balancing his stove, he managed by a side movement to plant the feet of his stove on the light iron cradle pendant from the rope. Discarding his balance pole, Blondin stood in front of the kitchen range and, amid hearty laughter, proceeded with by plays over this part of his performance, creating great amusement. He preserved in some mysterious manner his undeviating balance, and coolly breaking up his eggs, added the necessary condiments, blew up his fire, and finally, whilst his omelette cooked, opened a pint of champagne and drank the health of his patrons.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands and all Skin Eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded; 25 cents per box. For sale by Lambie & Bethune.

"I hear your wife is learning to play the organ," said one Burlington citizen to another. "How do you like it?" "Good thing—first r.t.," was the reply. "The family hasn't had to eat any of her cooking for a week."—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its greasy borders.

But as the careworn cheeks grow wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid.

It may be strange, yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness.

SUNDAY GLOBLETS.

LAVATER: All finery is a sign of littleness.

JOUBERT: Ornaments were invented by modesty.

PUBLIUS SYRUS: Pardon others often, thyself never.

SHAKESPEARE: Adieu! I have too grieved a heart to take a tedious leave.

KLOPSTOCK: He who thinks for himself, and imitates rarely, is a free man.

NIEBUHR: It is better to create than to be learned. Creating is the true essence of life.

BERNADIN DE ST. PIERRE: Party standards are the shadows in which patriotism is buried.

WHATELY: The tendency of party spirit has ever been to disguise and propogate and support error.

CECIL: Nothing can be proposed so wild or so absurd as not to find a party, and often a very large party to espouse it.

SUCKLING: Abruptness is an eloquence in parting, when spinning out the time is but the weaving of a new sorrow.

TOLSON: The way to conquer men is by their passions; catch but the ruling foible of their hearts, and all their boasted virtues shrink before you.

JOHNSON: Those writers who lie on the watch for novelty can have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot escape former observation.

SOUTHEY: Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things.

HORACE WALPOLE: It is a special trick of low cunning to squeeze out knowledge from a modest man, who is eminent in any science, and then to use it as legally acquired, and pass the source in total silence.

GOETHE: Originality! what do they mean by it? The action of the world upon us commences with the hour of our birth, and ends only with our death. It is here and there and everywhere. Ther is nothiBg we can claim as our own but energy, strength, and volition. Very little of me would be left, if I could but say what I owe to my great predecessors and contemporaries.

Some of the medical professors of Vienna are delivering lectures in the English language.

There are 550,841 miles of telegraph in the world, of which 163,940 are in the United States.

In 1875 there were 156 newspapers and periodicals published in Japan. Now there are 2,000.

The gross income of the society for the propsgation of the Gospel in England last year, was $540,860.

Spurgeon says, the strength of the church lies not in the oratory of the pulpit, but in the oratory of the closet.

Chesterfield says, a weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

Said a servant, presenting herself to a London housekeeper. "I'm a hagnostic, 'if you please, 'm, but no objection to a Christian family;"

Lord Coleridge, not long since, in reply to the question how long a sermon should be, said: "Twenty-five minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy."

President Henry Darling, of Hamilton College has been elected a member of the Victoria Institute and Philosophical society of Great Britain.

A landlady in England advertises for summer boarders, and states that her farm house is situated at Hughenden, "in a healthy, pleasant spot near Lord Beaconsfield's tomb."

When Henry Clay was secretary of state a Washington newspaper informed him that a "chivalrous regard for the feelings of his family prevented a full exposure of his shameless debaucheries."

A Georgia man has drained a large swamp on his land by a scuttling process. He bored an artesian well in the middle of it, 80 feet deep, and came to a "fault;" and the water runs into the hole and the ground is left dry.

"General" Booth, the founder of the Salvation army, claims that he has never drawn one penny from the army's funds since he started it nineteen years ago. He denies that he is going to purchase Patti's residence in Wales.

A Baltimore man thinks he may have found Goldsmith's "lost novel" in the shape of a volume entitled "Triumph of Benevolence, or the history of Francis Wills. By the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," Berlin: Sold by August Mylins. 1786."

The Jews suffer reproach for following some mean avocations, says the *Baptist Weekly*, but of the 60,000 Jews in New York City, it is said there is not one who has so far forgotten his honorable ancestry as to become a bar-tender.

Cardinal Newman says, it is a fearful thought that we, as it were, exhale ourselves every breath we draw. A man's moral being is concentrated in every second of his life; it lives in the tips of his fingers, and the spring of his instep. A very little thing tries what a man is made of.

Lord Ropertswood of Victoria, New South Wales is reported to be richer than William H. Vanderbilt. He is worth more than $200,000,000 and his wealth is rapidly increasing, He inherited a great estate from his father, including millions of cattle and sheep in Australia. His house cost $4,000,000.

A Xenia (Ohio) Presbyterian church refuses to give money to any missionary board which aids "congregations using instruments of music in the worship of God." Will these Xenia people refuse to enter the portals of heaven until they have the assurance that there are no harps in the hands of the saints?

France seems likely to become a sufferer from a plague of another sort than that of cholera. dispatchA announcing the gazetting of the divorce law states that three thousand suits have been begun under it already. The French Republic has taken a long step backward in this enactment.

Day begins at *sunset* with the Jews, Athenians, Chinese, Mohammedans, Italians, and Bohemians. At *sunrise* with the Babylonians, Syrians, Persians, and modern Greeks. At *noon* with the ancient Egyptians and modern astronomers. At *midnight* with the English, French, Dutch, Germans, Spaniards, Portugese, Americans, etc.

A newly fledged minister, who was leaving home to preach his first sermon was followed to the door by his maternal parent, who was very much interested in the appearance he was likely to make. Clapping him kindly on the shoulder, she said, "Noo, Jock, I ha'e jist yae advice to gie ye ere ye gang, and I hope ye winna forget it. It's jist this—dinna forget to stop when ye're dunne."

It is a curious coincidence that the palace, which, in a fit of loyalty, the city of Marseilles presented to Louis Napoleon, and afterward attempted to take away from his widow, is now a cholera hospital. The vast saloons, with their richly moulded ceilings and panels. are lined with the the beds of patients.

A vellum manuscript of the Fifteenth century, being a chronisle of the early history of Normandy, has just been sold in London for £980. The minute delicacy of the miniatures painted in this volume is said to be marvelous. Bernard Quaritch bought the book, so it will probably be resold to the British Museum or some wealthy private collector.

People have been very busy in France lately predicting the terrible consequences which will ensue from the re-establishment of divorce. Here is one of the most terrible of all. A young man gets a divorce and marries a second time; but the mother of his first wife, has been divorced too, and has married the father of his second wife, Thus the young man has changed wife, but not his mother-in-law.

"The Ten Commandments, mostly negative or laws of not doing, are not, all together,' said Horace Bushnell, "as weighty and broad upon the conscience as Christ's one positive law, 'Do ye unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.' Not even the thunders of Sinai are any match fot the silent thunders of Calvary."

Out of a population of 25,000,000, England sends 5,000 students to her two universities; Scotland, with a population of 4,000,000, has 9,500 university students, and Germany, with a population of 48,000,000, has 22,200 in her various universities. The New England states, with a population of 4,110,000, sends 4,000 students to their eighteen colleges and universities.

"Aunt Eliza" is known and called so by the army of employes of the Pennsylvania railroad company that work about the station on the Jersey City side. For thirty-five years this old colored woman has been the stewardess of the ladies' room. She is now 65 years old, and says she was "born and baptized into the Episcopal church." She never misses church nor a weekly service.

Preachers were not always happy to have good reports of their sermons appear in the newspapers. Once Mr. Soulsby, a reporter on the London Times, ventured to take note of a sermon preached by Dr. Hook, then vicar of Leeds. Seeing him in the act of writing behind a pillar of the parish church, Dr. Hook promptly denounced the culprit and charged with an act almost of sacrilege.

This is the season when the unwary young man is inveigled into attending a Sunday school picnic and is made to hang swings and carry croquet mallets and lawn-tennis rackets for a dozen girls too lazy to do the same things themselves. Still, the young man thinks he has a "stunning good time," and, after eating all day long, goes home and has the cholera morbus just like any of the others in the party.

Carry the News.

In your days of biliousness, when your liver is torpid and your skin yellow member you have a never failing friend in Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic, which is unequalled in purity and efficaciousness. In cases of dyspepsia, costiveness, ague and malarial diseases, and diseases of the blood and kidneys, its action is prompt and cure speedy. Price 50 cents. P. J. Dreis, corner Ninth and St. Peter streets, St. Paul.

How a Mine is Worked.

[Leadville Exchange.]

"I wish you would tell me all about the way men get gold and silver out of a mine, my dear," said a lady in Eureka the other day to her husband, as he peeled off his coat and sat down on three chairs for the evening. "I always thought they first bored in the ground with a pay streak until they found the shaft, and then they drifted for the assessment and when they found that they just put a blast in the indications and salted the dump. Now, it seems that you don't do it that way. You follow up the micaceous slate until you strike the bias fold. Then you see if you can't find a color that matches the copper-stained trilobites, that you prospect, and you—"

"No, I must stop you there. You are getting a little off the vein. You probably have the right idea, but you are using terms that are not correct. After they pinch out the night shift, they salt the centract and pinch out the vertical chilblain. Then they drift for the blossom rock, baled hay and poverty until they strike the varicose vein. After that it is a short job to put on the bias fold and sample the stock-holders. Where bituminous duplex bisects the brocade porphry and scallops the gouge with cross-eyed shirrings and bicarbonate of bilious colic, interlaced with moire antique wads of free silver and free milling erysipelas. This is not always the case, however, for indirectly or inversely, perhaps more, or something less, as the case may be, and still we might or might not, according to whether we did or not, but also besides, if not always, as already described, perhaps yet I wouldn't be positive about about anything which might be doubtful."

And he laughed a cold, hard laugh and went to bed. If husbands would only explain these things to their wives, how much pleasanter our homes would be.

The La Moure *Chronicle* has had an interview with W. W. Mc Ilvain a government inspector who is looking up land frauds, and it would seem from his statement that trouble is ahead for a great many parties who have been obtaining land by easy but illegal methods. He says: The land laws have been abused in a shameful manner all over the territory," said he, "and you may look for a good many cancellations of claims in this locality as well as in other sections. Since coming into the neighborhood yesterday I have found five or six good quarter sections where the laws had not been observed to any reasonable extent. In some cases the parties expect to make final proof, and in others the claimants have already obtained land office receipts or titles. Where there should be a half dozen bona fida settlers there is not one. I have secured evidence in some of these cases, that the final proof was made by rank perjury, and it is my duty to see that such claims are cancelled. Where parties contemplate proving in this fashion I shall prevent it whenever it is possible to do so. It is not right that so much of the government land should be held by non-residents and speculators. It was intended for actual settlers, men and women who were disposed to come and develop the country. I say I found five or six cases of land-grabbing near here by one day's investigation. It is the same everywhere. Many people who have great faith in the future of Dakota come in for a few month's and get possession of a quarter or a half a section dishonestly, intending to use it or sell it after its value has been increased by the development of the territory. They are not willing to stand their share of the work necessary to build up a new community. Others are to do this and these sharks are to reap the benefit of the appreciation Then there are the wholesale land-grabbers, who are infinitely worse than the little fellows who confine their operations to one or two claims. When a man has the means to operate extensively he hires people to come in for a season and buys their land after they have proved up. This is how so many speculators come by large tracts of land. In all such cases the individuals who swear to actual residence-improvements, etc., should be sent to the penitentiary for perjury and fraud. The work of exposing this crookedness is going on and there will be such a shaking up of dry bones one of these days as will astonish the natives."

Twenty-five hundred dollars were given by an act of congress to Miss Eliza Howard Powers, who, as president of a charitable society during the war, spent her income to aid the soldiers. She has since lost all her property, and is now eighty years old.