PEN PICTURES

OF

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

1852—"I Gather them In—I Gather them In"—Mrs. Anna E. Ramsey—Dead—A. H. Cathcart—As he used to be—John Cathcart—Wm. L. Ames—Public Positions—As we Remember Him—His Property—Joseph W. Babcock—As a Man—I. V. D. Heard—An Interesting Incident—His Literary Abilities.

BY T. M. NEWSON.

Article XLII.

"I GATHER THEM IN! I GATHER THEM IN!" So says the old reaper Death as he industriously swings his scythe among the men and the women of over a quarter of a century ago. He makes no distinction—he overlooks no one—he is impartial in his dealings—he is unrelenting and exacting in his demands—he is unerring in his calls. Beauty, money, wealth, fame, poverty, distress, virtue, manhood, youth, womanhood, all alike are laid low in the dust. So far as this world is concerned, each have a common level, so far as the other world is concerned, that depends upon the deeds done here; but the universal fate of all is—DEATH.

MRS. ANNA E. RAMSEY.

We re-produce from our Pen Pictures in article eighteen, the following notice of one who has since then passed to the better land.

"In 1854 we met Mrs. Ramsey for the first time—a tall, well formed, queenly looking woman; commanding in her manners, yet gentle and loving in her nature. She had been married only four years when the Governor and herself took up their abode in their crude gubernatorial residence on lower Third street, St. Paul, and one can imagine the cares and deprivations of her early pioneer life and the immense tax upon her disposition to maintain an equilibrium amid the trying scenes of those early days, and yet she was equal to the emergency. Throughout a quarter of a century she not only greatly aided by her diplomacy her husband in his politica career, but has maintained the regard and esteem of the public for her many private excellencies. The autumnal tint of years only adds to her graces, while in the social circle she still maintains her supremacy, as she always has."

DEAD!

Mrs. Ramsey died at her late elegant residence on South Exchange street, on the 29th of Nov., 1884, at 4 o'clock p. m. aged fifty-nine years; and thus another prominent and greatly esteemed member of the old settlers has passed behind the dark curtain which divides the future from the present, and

"Drawing the drapery of her couch about her,
Has lain down to pleasant dreams."

'She waits for me!" I said it in my weeping,
For never more she cometh o'er the sea.
"She waits for me!" A glorious vigil keeping,
Beyond the stars; she waiteth there for me.
And now I wait awhile
Beneath the palm trees lonely
And learn once more to smile,
For she hath gladness only.
Beside the crystal sea
Until the shadows flee,
She waits for me.

A. H. CATHCART.

Mr. Cathcart was born in Canada about the year 1827; was educated there, and at the age of eleven years was trained in the mysteries of the dry goods business. Reaching his majority he went to Montreal, and later removed to New York, where he remained until 1850; then drifted West, and finally arrived at St. Paul in 1851. He was among the very first dry goods merchants in this city, if not the first who made a specialty of the business. The firm was A. H. & J. Cathcart, and in 1852 they ran two stores; then they removed their stock to Robert street, and in 1855 erected a large brick building on Third street, near where the First National Bank used to stand, and filled it with a heavy assortment of goods. At this time Cathcarts' was the great dry goods house in the city. They passed through the disastrous times of 1857, and in 1873 A. H. Cathcart (John having been murdered in the south), took in a partner by the name of Oxley, and the store was then removed to the corner of Third and Wabashaw streets, which occupied the space now devoted to the business purposes of Lambie & Co. and Myers & Finch. Subsequently Mr. Cathcart removed to Farmington, in Dakota county, where he carried on the business for several years, when he relinquished it and came to St. Paul, where he now is. One of his sons, born here, became a lawyer, and is now practicing in the city.

AS HE USED TO BE.

Mr. Cathcart, thirty years ago, was a comparatively young man, tall, w[illegible] proportioned, with black side whiskers, and the very essence of politeness. His early education in the dry goods business had given him a polish which was very taking with the ladies. As he grew older the hair grew thinner on the top of his head, until the crowning glory of years now picture him as a man passed the meridian of life. And yet he is straight, active, vigorous.

JOHN CATHCART.

John was the brother of A. H., and was one of the firm; born in Canada, about 1825; came to St. Paul in 1851, and the dry goods firm became A. H. & J. Cathcart. During the war John went south to engage in the cultivation of cotton, and having secured a plantation in Louisiana, was proceeding, with a partner, to commence operations, when one night, all alone, a body of southern men arrived at his place and ordered him to get up and come out. He did so, when they took him about eight miles from his house, and after stripping him, shot him through the head, and he was found dead the next morning under a tree. His body was brought to St. Paul and buried.

We never knew the immediate cause of his death, whether it originated from something Cathcart said which was obnoxious to the then southern mind, or whether they thought he had no right to the land, or whether it was done out of pure deviltry, because he was a northern man. It was sad enough to realize the fact that he was murdered, even if we never know the reason for the act.

John was more daring than his brother. He grouped about him a circle of young friends, and struck out on his own responsibility. He certainly was not wise in taking the time he did to make his "new departure," for a few years later would have given him greater security to both life and limb. He was esteemed in the city, and his death was greatly regretted.

WM. L. AMES.

Mr. Ames was born in Massachusetts in 1812; his father manufactured the celebrated "Ames' shovel," while his eldest brothers, Oakes and Oliver, were the originators and builders of the Union Pacific railroad. He, himself, ran an iron business in New Jersey, and came to St. Paul in 1852. Here he engaged in the manufacturing interests and then, having purchased some 300 acres of land near St. Paul, he opened a stock farm. His property lay near the Harvester works, and is now very valuable. The stock farm was an excellent one, because it had the finest herd of Short horned cattle in the country.

PUBLIC POSITIONS.

He was one of the original proprietors of the town site of St. Peter; President of the State Agricultural society in 1863; a member of the Board of education in 1856-7; a member and one of the organizers of the chamber of Commerce; a corporator and one of the first directors of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad company; president of the Home Insurance company; a stockholder in the St. Paul Gas and St. Paul Dispatch company; was a state delegate to the Cincinnati convention which nominated Greeley for president, and died in 1873, aged sixty-one years.

AS WE REMEMBER HIM.

Mr. Ames was a good sized man, and as he grew older he became corpulent. He was a person of considerable force of character; very affable; an excellent entertainer, and his late residence, which has recently been remodeled, stands upon a plateau which surrounds St. Paul and is now the home of Uri Lamphrey, Esq. The first party we attended in the West, was at the cheerful and pleasant home of Mr. Ames.

HIS PROPERTY.

Had Mr. Ames lived and retained his property to the present time, it would have made him a man worth $500,000, independent of other resources. The original cost to him of the land he purchased at an early day, was about $15,000; profit $485,000, and yet at the time he bought his farm it was considered away out of the city. One of his daughters (and she was a beautiful girl) married Gen. J. B. Sanborn, but died several years afterwards. He had several sons, and left a sweet, pretty, pleasant widow.

JOSEPH W. BABCOCK

was born in 1819, at Windham, Connecticut, and received his early education there. When a young man he was employed much of the time as agent for new publications, and traveled extensively throughout the New England and the middle states. At the commencement of the Mexican campaign he entered Company H, Fifth infantry, and served through the war; came to St. Paul from New Orleans in 1849; was commission merchant; had a store near the upper steamboat landing, and had charge of two warehouses there; left St. Paul in the fall of 1852 and went to Kasota, where he made a claim before the treaty was ratified, and while Red Iron's band of Indians was still there; in the spring of 1853 he laid out the town of Kasota; built a saw mill, and in company with George Marsh, now of Mankato, obtained a contract to carry the mail from St. Paul to Sioux City, for three years. Financially he never recovered fully from the crash of 1857. He opened the Kasota stone quarries in 1869, and died at his residence in Kasota, on the 15th of February, 1882, aged sixty-three years.

AS A MAN.

Mr. Babcock was a man of medium size; very active, and had a habit of shrugging his shoulders and hitching up his pants. He was full of business, but adverse circumstances overtook him, as it overtook many others, and he went down in the financial crash of 1857, and never fully gained his feet. He has a son who succeeded his father in the stone quarry business, and who resides at Kasota.

I. V. D. HEARD.

Thirty-one years ago the writer met Mr. Heard for the first time, on the old steamer Nominee, and he (Heard) had then just reached the age of twenty-nine years. He is now at noon-day fifty. Born in New York state in 1834, he received an academical education; studied law; was admitted to practice, and in 1852 arrived at St. Paul, where he acted as clerk in the law offices of Wilkin & Van Etten, Ames & Van Etten and Rice, Hollinhead & Becker. His talents and ambition carried him into the city attorneyship in 1856, and again in 1865, 1866 and 1867, and he filled the position with great credit. In 1857 he was appointed county attorney, and was then elected to the same office for two years, and re-elected in 1859 and 1861, holding the place six years. In 1871 he was sent to the state senate from Ramsey county; was also at one time a member of the Cullen Guard, adjutant of mounted militia; member of Gen. Sibley's staff, and acting judge advocate of a military commission at the trial of the Sioux in 1862. He subsequently wrote a history of the Indian war, which is probably more correct than any work on the same subject in circulation.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.
(From the Pioneer of October 13, 1853.)
ARE YOU CERTAIN?

A little incident occurred on board of the Nominee on her passage up, which, as it tends to illustrate the old saying that we should be careful what we say, we publish it for the benefit and edification of our readers.

Two young gentlemen were seated at the supper table, briskly engaged with their knives and forks, when one of them overheard the name of the other brought in question by three gentlemen, who occupied seats nearly opposite. As a matter of course the curiosity of the one talked about, led him to listen, and he had the satisfaction of learning the following very interesting facts concerning himself:

"He wore a white hat—was a small man, and said he was connected with Mr. Brown, at St. Paul."

"What was his name?" interrogated another gentleman.

"N——"

"There is no such person in St. Paul," said the third. "Are you not mistaken in the name?"

"No! He was introduced to me at Chicago. I should judge he was a sort of fast man—thought a good deal of a celebrated horse owned by a gentleman there, and wished to go to the races which came off that afternoon. He was introduced to me and I was informed that he was on board of the boat.

"Did he wear a moustache?"

"I think not."

"Had he whiskers?"

"I've no recollection that he had. He wore a white hat—was quite a small man."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the third; "I guess he was an imposter. There is no such man in St. Paul; Mr. Brown was the firm when I left, and that's only a short time ago. You've been sold—ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" chimed in another. And thus the looking glass was held up before the face of the unsuspecting stranger, who had ample time, as Burns says, "to see himself as others see him." The natural conclusion the trio came to was, that the small man, who wore a white hat, was an imposter. And with this impression they withdrew from the board, evidently much pleased with their tea-table conversation. The young man who had been the subject of their remarks, also withdrew, and shortly after meeting one of the aforesaid gentlemen, he accosted him as follows:

"At the table I heard you mention the name of Mr. Newson, whom you took for an imposter. I am that gentleman"—extending his hand, "and am happy to make your acquaintance." The peculiar lights and shades which played over his countenance, can be better imagined than described. He at once recognized his mistake, and made due apology for his remarks, which was received in the kindest manner, and during the remainder of the passage the two were on intimate and friendly terms.

Moral—Always be careful what you say, remembering the old adage, that the d—l is always near when you are talking about him. That man is an imposter? Are you certain? be careful."

The significance of this article, copied from the *Pioneer* of 31 years ago, lies in the fact, that the young man who thought the present writer was an imposter then, is no less a personage than I. V. D. Heard, of the present day; and we reproduce this article because not only of the pleasant memories it evokes from the past, but because also, it is the first article we wrote in the then territory, now state of Minnesota. We were both young men then, but to-day we are traveling together down the hill of life, the one who wore the white hat having a little the lead of the young chap, who, not knowing that we had been to St. Paul and had made arrangements with Mr. Brown to accept a position on the *Pioneer* and was then on our way back for that purpose, thought it could not be so, and hence the laugh, the joke and the explanation. An acquaintance thus made, and a friendship thus formed, has remained uninterrupted for thirty-one years.

AS A LITERARY MAN.

Aside from his fine abilities as a lawyer, Mr. Heard possesses literary qualifications of a high order. He is quite a classical scholar, and his productions show thought and polish. As a speaker he is somewhat nervous, yet he is decided, and his utterances carry conviction, and this same characteristic is shown in his efforts at the bar. He is earnest, sincere, honest; and this gives him an enviable position in his profession. As a man he is warm hearted, and has the delicate sympathy of a woman. He would, if he could, make the world a great deal happier than it is. He is of medium height, somewhat sturdy in his build, possessing a round, well developed head, with a peculiar yet not unpleasant twist of the mouth when he speaks; is able, quiet, modest, industrious; a respected and valuable citizen.

AT THE BALL.

O, Tom, how could you treat me so?
You knew me bashful, coy and shy;
You knew, or surely ought to know,
'Twas wrong to kiss me on the sly;
And yet, at Mrs. Elsmore's ball,
When by the curtains we were hid,
You kissed me thrice ere I could call—
You did, you rogue, you know you did.

And then, all through the waltz quadrille,
You squeezed my hand and pressed my waist,
The more I blushed, the harder still,
Till, really, I felt quite disgraced.
And when I sternly looked at you,
As though such license to forbid,
You winked, and all the bolder grew—
You did, you scamp, you know you did.

But, worse than all, when once alone,
You whispered love-words in my ear,
In passionate and tender tone,
Till, oh! I felt extremely queer.
I tried to laugh, but had to cry.
My tears fell fast the flowers amid;
And in your arms you made me lie—
You did, bad boy, you know you did.

And then you held me, oh! so fast,
'Till Mrs. Elsmore came to see
What kept us: for an hour had past
Upon the moonlit balcony.
You said: "My birdie I have caged,"
The while my burning face I hid;
"I'm pleased and proud, for we're engaged"—
You did, dear Tom, you know you did.

THE SNOW FLAKE'S FALL.

Float from your pinnacle on high and fall
Upon the graves of disappointed hopes
That nestle in the forests ev'rywhere;
Become a mantle for the darken'd haunts
That vice has given to the stricken world—
A cloak to cover up the sins that men
Have perpetrated gainst their fellow men,
And none the less against their God, whose hand
Has bar'd their evil hearts, and striped them of
Their foliage of goodness, and betray'd
The naked branches, which as pleading arms
Are lifted up in futile pray'r to Him.

—*F. E. Huddle.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

A BROOKLYN literary monthly Magazine has the following statement in regard to the late Gen. Garfield's opinion in regard to the skeptical writings of the noted Renan: At the close of the memorable campaign of 1880 and when General Garfield had been chosen President, he was on the train bound for Washington. He took from the hands of a friend travelling with him a small brown volume, which he began to inspect. "Ah! 'Renan's Apostles,'" said he. "A work of decided interest in any case. A fine writer. His Life of Christ is a bright book, and I read it with close attention. Yet it does not convince. I shall always remember a comment made upon it by Senator Matt Carpenter. 'I read that book,' said he, 'sure from the first to the last that there was a fallacy within it some where, which I was unable to make out. So I read it again and still knew that the logical weakness was there. The result was that I arose from the second reading fully convinced that Christ was divine.' "I suppose," continued Garfield earnestly, "that seasons of religious doubt come to every man. But I have noticed this in my own internal experience, that the older I grow the less do I care for dogmas and theories and the more do I care for the beauty and force that are a part of Jesus Christ. There is no possible means by which any man or any number of men could have created in fiction a character like his. It is the very highest type of manhood and the high ideal which any man feels he has a right to imitate, even though he knows he cannot reach it."

THE *Railroad Gazette*, an authority, among railroads has the following good words for railway employes: "However much objection there may be to the prohibition of Sunday trains *by law*' it is certainly desirable, for the sake of the employes, that the number should be limited as much as possible. Entirely apart from considerations of religion, the men are the better for a regular day of rest which comes when other people also have a day of rest. Further, in a community where Sunday work is considered sinful by many, or most people, the man who works on that day, however firmly he may believe the work to be proper, must feel that he is offending the moral sense of many good people in the community, whose respect he should desire and is the better for desiring. Men usually need all the influences that it is possible to secure to make them upright and devoted to duty, including the sympathy and support of their fellows; and they should not lightly do even indifferent things which expose them to the condemnation of good men."

ONE of the most striking features of Nihilism in Russia from the beginning has been the number of educated and high-born people who have been directly or indirectly connected with the conspiracy. In fact the Nihilist propaganda has derived its main strength and influence from the support of the higher classes. Students and professors of science have been among the principal offenders arrested by the government. Disclosures of this character led to the suspension of the University at Kief and the interdict on the importation of books. Among recent cable dispatches we have intelligence of the arrest of a band of conspirators, among whom were "many aristocrats and ladies." In spite of the severe and cruel measures of the Russian government, it is evident that the spirit of the Nihilists is not broken nor their strength materially impaired.

IT is said that the only three survivors of the battle of Stonington, Conn., are Charles O. Williams, of Stonington, aged eighty-nine: Henry Denison, of Ledyard, aged ninety-one, and Colonel George L. Perkins, of Norwich, aged ninety-siz. Col. Perkins is still the president of a large business corporation, attends daily at the office, and enjoys good health. We note the great number of men who continue to attend to business when far advanced in life. We note also in the obituary records that many very aged persons are there mentioned. All of which goes to show that as the laws of health are better understood and observed, human life is prolonged. Col. Perkins wrote to the New York *Observer* some time ago that he had survived six family physicians, and he did not know how it would be with the seventh.

COMMODORE HENRY H. GORRIENGE writes to a New York journal in regard to the practicability of the Panama Canal and the progress made thus far in its construction. He compares the work at its present stage with that performed on the Suez Canal in the same length of time and says that the Panama Canal is at least two years ahead. He says it will be completed within five years, and estimates its total cost at $120,000,000. The work on it is now progressing at the rate of 750,000 cubic metres per month. The progressive increase will bring this amount up to 15,000,000 for 1885, 20,000,000 for 1886, and 25,000,000 for 1887, leaving 44,000,000 to be excavated in the last three years.

THE birth-day of the late poet, William Cullen Bryant, was celebrated at Roslyn, Long Island, his summer residence, by the planting of young trees, shoots from old trees which Mr. Bryant had brought from Cummington, Mass., his native place. Three o'clock was the time set for the beginning of the ceremony, and long before that hour there was a great gathering of country people from the neighborhood. Parke Godwin, the son-in-law of Mr. Bryant, made a brief address, and the school children of the village sang Bryant's "Centennial Hymn." The work of planting the trees followed. Mr. Bryant's old servants taking a hand in the planting of the first.

A RECENT exhibit of figures by the Comptroller of Texas attests a marvellous development in the wealth and population of the Lone Star state. The counties that have sent in their assessments show an increase over last year of $63,000,000, making a total valuation of $583,000,000 against $311,000,000 four years ago. The Bureau of Statistics after a careful consideration of the subject, place the population to-day at 2,215,709, an increase of 623,964 in four years, or over 155,000 per annum: Should the population continue to increase at this rate until the next census Texas will have 3,200,000 souls, and will stand fifth in the list of states instead of the eleventh.

REVS. DRS. SMOOT and Dabney have established a school of theology at Austin, Texas, and the Synod of Texas has endorsed it, and says: "We consider the teaching of Evolution in our seminaries as contrary to the received interpretation of our standards, and subversive of the faith of our people in God's Word, and the Presbyteries composing this Synod are overtured to withdraw such students as are under their control from Columbia Seminary, unless such teaching be discontinued.

AT a meeting of the congregation of RutgersPresbyterian church of New York, the Treasurer reported a floating debt of about $15,000. By a vote of 19 yeas to 4 nays it was resolved to sell the church immediately, and that after paying the debts the surplus be invested by the Trustees to await further orders.

Griggs' Glycerine Salve.

The best on earth, can truly be said of Griggs' Glycerine Salve, which is a sure cure for cuts, bruises, scalds, burns, wounds, and all other sores. Will positively cure piles, tetter and all skin eruptions. Try this wonder healer. Satisfaction guaranteed or money, refunded. Only 25 cents. For sale by P. J. Dreis, St. Paul, Minn.

A GEORGIA LOVE STORY.

An Instance of Hope Deferred That Did not Make the Heart Sick.

The Henry county *Weekly* tells the tale of true love that did not run altogether smoothly. Last week there appeared in these columns the mere announcement of the marriage of E. L. McDonald and Miss Julia Sloan. Both are members of families of as high social standing as are to be found in Georgia and connected with their union is a bit of romance known to but few, which, if woven into a story, would form one of genuine interest and pleasureable reading. From very early childhood—even before either could form any real conception of the passion—a mutual love had existed between them and as years passed it ripened. However, they were frequently prevented from consummating their sacred vows. Several times at intervals other young men have so far won Miss Julia's affections as to induce her to engage herself to them, but just so often, has the object of the first love interposed his presence and by little exertion caused postponements and final cancellation of engagements.

Thus matters progressed between the old lovers until within a few months past, when another admirer in the person of a prominent and popular young lawyer of her own city appeared and sued for the young lady's love. Again were the old vows cast off and her promise transferred to a new suitor. Everything went smoothly with this wooing. It seemed this time that Miss Julia would inevitably marry another than her original lover. A day was set apart for the performance of the ceremony and its approach was near. But beneath the exterior the old influence was at work. As the time grew short and the old lover realized that he was to lose his treasure for ever, the thought overcame him and he determined to make one last appeal. Visits had been forbidden him. One or two communications were contrived by means which only such circumstances can provide. The young lady read, and in turn gave assurance ef the fidelity of her old love, but penned the awful answer that it was too late—she must wed another, and to this end declared her firm purpose.

During a Sunday afternoon stroll with a friend, only one week from her marriage day, Miss Julia was intercepted and confronted by Mr, McDonald. She was visibly affected, but within the short time no definite encouragement was obtained. On the following Wednesday night, however, a sociable was arranged at the house of a mutual lady frieed. At this Miss Julia promised to be present, but for some reason failed to put in her appearance. Still the determined lover despaired not.

Next morning he sent a sister to call on her and arrange an interview during the day. She promised a meeting, but yet determined to resist his importunities. Accordingly, in the afternoon Miss Julia left home ostensibly to make her grandmother a call. In the lovely grove surrounding the "big spring" Ed. and Julia met. They remained together perhaps an hour. When they emerged from the secret retreat, just as the sun was sinking to rest, the promise had been registered that, come what may, they would live life's ways together. Miss Julia returned quietly home, saying nothing of what had occurred. Preparations were quickly made for flight. As soon as darkness lent its shield the happy girl glided out into her lover's arms, where trusty friends were in waiting with buggies. The party at once proceeded, and the lovers were married.

Insanity is on the increase. Statistics show this. Many cases are brought on by overwork, anxiety, excitement, mental trouble and nervous prostration; it is also inherited. Invariably sleeplessness and constipation manifest themselves before one becomes insane. Constipation induces dyspepsia, jaundice, bad breath, piles, pimples, low spirits, headache, etc. Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic relieves constipation, thereby curing these diseases. Price 50 cents. P. J. Dreis, Ninth and St. Peter streets.

Mexican Senoritas on Horseback.

City of Mexico Letter in San Francisco Chronicle

Not only do the male Mexicans ride, but also a few of the native ladies and many of the foreign ladies, especially the English and Americans. Very few Mexican ladies dare be seen in public on horseback, as it is here considered a vulgar form of exercise for women. There is no accounting for taste, and probably some of our American customs appear quite as absurd to the Mexicans as this idea of theirs concerning horseback exercise seems to us. Ladies who take horseback exercise here usually adopt the Mexican costume, as far as the hat is concerned, wearing a very broad-brimmed felt hat (similar in shape to the ordinary Mexican "sombrero"), in either black, light gray or pale maroon color. In these sombreros, which are made of Much lighter weight for ladies than those worn by men, they look very jaunty. The rest of the costume is almost exactly th, same as that worn by equestriennes in Paris London or New York.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to *a walking Skeleton.* Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me s much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs." Call at Lambie & Bethune's drug store and get a trial bottle of this certain cure for all lung diseases. Large bottles $1.00.

In a Tight Place.

[Rockland Courier.]

"I tell you what," airily exclaimed Perkins, as he sat down to the supper table, "I was in a tight place this afternoon."

"Yes, I know you were," interrupted his wife, in a clear, cold utterance that cut like a knife. "I saw you coming out of it."

And then it flashed across Perkins' mind that he had incidentally stepped into a saloon with a friend for the purpose of examining a doubtful political statement, and the supper was finished amid a silence so profound that he could plainly hear a napkin ring.

Thousands Say So.

W. T. Atkins, Girard, Kan. writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Lambie & Bethune.

"DID THE KNIGHTS ALL DIE OF YORE?"

I was sitting in my study,
And the night was growing cold;
I was reading from a story
Of the noble knights of old.

How they fought for fame and glory,
And befriended weak and old,
While the wind blew loud and stormy,
And the snow fell still and cold.

By the fire sat little Nora,
List'ning to the tale unfold;
Blue her eyes were, large and dreamy,
And her hair like waves of gold.

Then we heard a feeble knocking,
And the door I opened wide;
"Can I come in," said a beggar,
"From the cold by your fireside?"

And I answered him quite gruffly:
"Go away!" and closed the door;
But my little Nora whispered:
"Did the knights all die of yore?"

Back I called the poor old beggar,
Said: "Your pardon I implore;
You are welcome to my fireside,
Though I'm not a knight of yore."

SUNDAY GLOBELETS.

CLAUDIANUS: Clemency alone makes us equal with the gods.

BYRON: There is not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.

CHATEAUBRIAND: Justice is the bread of the nation, it is always hungry for it.

BLAIR: He who goes no further than bare justice stops at the beginning of virtuer

SHAKSPEARE: Kindness in women, not their beautious looks, shall win my love.

MRS. L. M. CAILD: An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

JOANNE BAILLIE: A willing heart adds feather to the heel, and makes the clown a winged Mercury.

MARCUS ANTONINUS: Ask thy self daily to how many ill-minded persons thou hast shown a kind disposition.

IZAAK WALTON: If thou be a severe, sour complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge.

WHATELY: In our judgment of human transactions, the law of optics is reversed; we see the most indistinctly the objects which are close around us.

SWIFT: Invention is the talent of youth, and judgment of age; so that our judgment grows harder to please, when we have fewer things to offer it; this goes through the whole commerce of life.

COLTON: This is the tax a man must pay to his virtues,—they hold up a torch to his vices, and render those frailties notorious in him which would have passed without observation in another.

SIR H. DAVY: Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

FRANKLIN: Justice is as strictly due between neighbor nations, as between neighbor citizens. A highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders in a gang, as when single; and a nation that makes an unjust war is only a great gang of robbers.

Since the election the prevailing mood and expectation of the business men is cheerful.

Middle Mountain, of the Green Mountain range, has been rechristened Mount Cleveland.

Life senatorships have been abolished in France. The senatorial term is now fixed at nine years.

The Cincinnati deputy marshals cost the county $14,000 in salaries—aside from the other trouble they made.

The Boston Board of Trade have petitioned congress to pass a bankrupt law, and to reduce the coinage of silver dollars.

The drouth in the western border counties of Virginia has been followed by epidemic disease and heavily increased mortality.

"Kimball's starvation store," in City Hall, New York, furnishes food gratis to the deserving poor, being supported by benevolent down town grocers. In one day 1,200 pounds of food was distributed.

Mr. Gladstone admits that at the Spiritualistic "seance" which he attended recently many things occurred that were inexplicable to him, and he thinks it will be worth his while to investigate them further.

Lord Berresford, who was a delegate from Texas to the St. Louis cattle convention, has received news of his brother's death in England, whereby he becomes heir to a dukedum. He will sail for England at once.

A German histiologist figures out that the human brain contains 300,000,000 nerve cells, 5,000,000 of which die and are succeeded by new ones every day. In sixty days, at this rate, one gets an entirely new brain.

Gov. Cleveland has engaged a suite of rooms at the Genesee, Buffalo, from Feb. 4t to March 3, which would indicate that he will not go to Washington several weeks before the inauguration, to be bored by place-hunters.

Minister Lowell has written to his Boston friends that early in December he will pack up and come home with Mrs. Lowell, leaving the London legation in charge of Secretary Hoppin, who is hoppin' round lively to help Lowell off.

The Emperor of Germany, in his speech on the opening of the Reichstag, comments on the progress made in the work of social reform, and announces that bills will be introduced extending the system of workingmen's accident insurance and savings banks.

The signal officer on the summit of Pike's Peak says the highest velocity of the wind ever recorded there was 110 miles per hour, when the instruments broke and cordwood began flying down the mountain. The guide adds that seventy-five miles per hour would lift a mule out of the trail.

It has just transpired that Col. George B. Corkhill, of Washington, the prosecuting attorney in the Guiteau trial, was recently callenged by Gen. Sprigg Carroll, of the army retired list, to fight with revolvers, and was subsequently beaten with a cane. Corkhill is counsel for Mrs. Carroll in a divorce suit.

A New York scientist claims that deafness generally has its origin in the mouth and not in the ears, as commonly supposed, and is owing to the relation of curious, crowded and displaced teeth. He has a museum of some 500 casts of the interior of the mouth wherewith he proves his assertion.

At the recent great cattle convention in St. Louis, 12,000 accredited delegates are said to have been present. The cattle trade is of almost inconceivably immense proportions. The friends of the business claim, that neither cotton, nor corn but, cattle is king. The aggregate value exceeds that of any other product.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynn was brough down to the house of commons in a bath chair at the recent franchise bill debate, and wheeled, half paralyzed, through the division lobby to vote against the bill. This was done in the case of Lord Douglass Halliburton, in Lord Melbourne's time, and he died a few hours after.

Miss Kate Field is lecturing on Mormonism showing that polygamy is not only the great curse of Mormonism, but it is disloyalty to the constitution of the United States. It is the greatest present menace to Republican institutions. Treason is the monster lie of the Mormon church, and its teachings are diametrically opposed to free government.

The coming legislature of Maine, says the Dexter *Gazette*, has plenty of business, but it should not neglect to remove from our statute book that law which has long disgraced the state, by which men are imprisoned for debt. Feeble and infirm men who find it impossible to raise $10 even can be confined for an indefinite time in a felon's cell.

According to the census, San Francisco has the largest (44.5 per cent.) foreign-born population of any city in the United States. Next in order comes Chicago, 40.8 per cent; Milwaukee, 38.6; New York, 39.5; Detroit, 39.3; and so on down through Cleveland, Buffalo, Jersey City, Boston, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Newark, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Providence, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Louisville, Baltimore (16.9) to Washington, with only 9.4 per cent.

WIDOW DUGGAN'S LOVER.

Borrows Her Money and Won't Marry Though He Has a Minnesota Farm.

The New York *World* has the following narrative which puts in view parties known in Minnesota. An interesting suit for breach of promise is now the talk of Flushing, L. I. The principals are a dashing and stylish-looking young widow of Flushing, named Catharine Duggan, and a handsome man of thirty-two years, named Charles H. Le Roy. The latter's principal stock in trade was his good looks. He is a widower and a resident of Boston. He was looking for a wife and the widow, who was unhappy in the possession of an estate worth $30,000, wanted a husband. Justice Pratt, of the supreme court, has granted an order for the arrest of Le Roy under section 549 of the code, in an action brought by the widow, to recover damages for breach of promise of marriage. The latter has given a bond to idemnify Mr Le Roy, if her claim is not established on the trial. Norris A. Tyng appears as Mrs. Duggan's counsel.

The complaint, among other things, alleges that Le Roy, between May 1 and 15 last, promised to marry the widow, the wedding day being fixed for Jan. 17 following; that about May 15, induced by Le Roy's expressions of love and affection, Mrs. Duggan lent him $700, which he stipulated to repay prior to their wedding day; but that he failed to keep his promise of marriage and his promise to refund the $700, in consequence of which the widow claims damages to the ex of $10,000.

The complaint further reads: "The said proposals, promises and agreements of marriage were not made by the defendant honestly and in good faith; but they were made by the defendant fraudulently, with no intention on his part to keep and fulfill the same, and with the intention and for the purpose only of obtaining from the plaintiff and defrauding her out of the money which he obtained from her on the faith of his said promises and agreements.

It appears from the affidavits in the case that the initiative which resulted in the bringing of the widow and LeRoy together was the following personal inserted by the latter on March 30, 1884: "A gentleman of thirty-two, good looking and smart, with $5,000 wishes to make the acquaintance of a a lady of means, one that wants to get a good husband. Address C. H. L., No. 41 Pembroke street, Boston, Mass."

Mrs. Duggan, in answering this advertisement, used her maiden name of Catherine Jones, giving her address at Flushing, L. I. care of James Farmer. She requested LeRoy to correspond with her, which he did. She kept all his letters, but no copies of her own to him.

In his first letter LeRoy said: "I neither drink nor chew and don't want any long courtship. I wish a wife that will be honest and truthful. If you can comply with the above I would be pleased to hear from you."

Mrs. Duggan answered that she possessed means and could give good references as to the other requisites and in response received the following from Le Roy: "Will you kindly tell me how much you weigh? how tall? dark or light? how old are you? how are you situated? have you been married? I want you to be honest with me I hope you are all you say you are. If I knew how to write about myself, anything that would interest you, I would gladly do so. Now, after I receive an answer to this, if you want I should, I will call and see you. I want a good wife. I don't care if she is not handsome. Of course, I am marrying to better myself. If I go into what I want to I can make a fortune in two years. I am willing everything shall be in my wife's name. As you tell me you can give the best of references, I can do the same. My father's uncle was governor of Rhode Island."

The plaintiff declares she told Le Roy frankly that she was a widow, and asked various questions about himself, to which he replied: "I had sooner have a wife at your age than one at twenty-five. I think a lady at your age knows enough and has seen enough of this life to settle down. When I put that advertisement in the paper it was something I never did before. I saw where if I had a good wife I could save more money and said to myself, now, if I could find a lady that would make me a good wife, and a little money to put with what I had, I would open a training and riding school. I could marry lots of girls here, but it would cost a fortune to keep them dressed. I am ready now to steady down.

"Yes, I was married in 1875 to my cousin. She was killed in the Ashtabula wreck five months from the day I married. I had a good little wife and I loved her. I will come and see you any time. I think I will like you."

On April 11 he again wrote from Boston that it was impossible for him to come to see her that week and spoke very flatteringly of her. He said there were ladies in Boston whom he could marry, but he had decided to marry none except she had $2,000, adding that he had a farm in Minnesota which he proposed selling because he disliked farming. Three days later he again wrote to her as follows: "I shall leave here for New York the last of next week. Then we can both see and have a good talk with each other. I shall be pleased to see you. I know you are a good, honest woman. I have been having a little trouble with some horses which I have partly bought with another man. I have found out he has not been honest with me and I must either buy the other half or lose about $1,800. These horses are all that worries me in the wosld."

On April 29 he wrote, making an appointment for the widow to meet him at the Twenty-third street station of the Sixth avenue elevated roads in New York, giving a description of his dress so that she could speak to him first, but he surprised her before the appointed day arrived by calling on her at Mr. Farmer's home in Flushing, where he remained all night on Mr. Farmer's invitation. They talked over the matter of wedlock and the marriage agreement was entered into. The next week the widow received the following:

BOSTON, May 5, 1884.

DEAR KATY: I think I will be in New York on Thursday. Will you meet me in the parlors of the Morton house at 11 o'clock? I have not settled up with my man here yet. Katy, I had a splendid visit while I was on there (Flushing). Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Farmer and Lillie, Your true friend.

41 Pembroke street. C. H. LE ROY.

On May 8, DeRoy left a letter at Mr. Farmer's office, No. 103 West Thirtieth street, this city, for Mrs. Duggan which she received together with the following telegram on the same day:

New York, May 8, 1884.

To Miss Katie Jones:

Meet me to-morrow at Morton House at 11 o'clock. Left letter with Mr. Farmer.

C. H. LeRoy.

They met and the promises of marriage were renewed on both sides. Le Roy said his parents would come on from Minnesota to witness the ceremony. The wedding day was then fixed for June 17, and immediately thereafter LeRoy asked the widow for the loan of $900 or $700 until they were married so that he could settle his horse trouble. On the 15th she drew $700 from the savings bank and gave it to LeRoy. Prior thereto, however, she had written to him saying it it would not look well if she loaned him money before marriage, to which he replied thus:

Boston, May 13.

My dear Katie: You know that I love you. Now I will tell you what I was trying to keep from you. My grandmother has left my sister in her will $8,000 which she is to have June 16, and in that will if I remained single up to that time I was to have half the above amount. My grandmother wanted me to marry a lady three years ago. I did not love her and to keep me from marrying another lady which she thought I loved but did not, she made this will. I have told the man here I would have his money for him by Fridad. If I did not Katy dear, I would be a great loser. Now, Katie I have told you all. I promise to marry you the 17th of June. I am very sorry you feel as you do. I would not marry any one that could not trust me. If you don't think I am honest don't let me have the money. I will lose everything and go away to some place and commence life anew. I shall give up everything to this man and probably never marry any one. I love you Katie and am very much worried, I promise to marry you on June 17, so you would not have long to wait and we could see each other every week. I am as ever, yours, with love. C. H. LeRoy.

Be a good girl. With lots of love.

Charlie.

Having her choice between marrying Mr. Le Roy on the basis of loaning him $700 or not marrying him at all, the widow adopted the former alternative and turned the money over to him, receiving a promissory note in return. A couple of days later the widow received a telegram saying: "Everything settled. Will write to-morrow."

The next day he wrote to her saying he was going West, as his father was very ill. "I hope," he said, "you will not let any one know you lent me money. Katy, I love you." On May 30 a letter arrived from Minnesota in which he said: "My father was buried yesterday. Try and not get discouraged, Katy," But the widow was losing heart very fast, and her spirits were not much elevated by a letter from Le Roy, under date of June 3, at Winona, Minn., in which he said: "I leave here with my mother for St. Louis on Saturday. She thinks I ought to remain with her this summer, and I begin to think I had. Remain quiet until you hear from me."

This was the last she ever heard from her affianced. She wrote him many letters, and Mrs. Farmer couched one in plain terms, but he never deigned to reply. The wedding day came and passed, with its load of sorrow and agony for the would-be bride, but Mrs. Duggan still remained a widow minus the $700.

Going to Boston, Mrs. Duggan found a livery stable at 41 Pembroke street, but its proprietor, Mr. Warner, thought that Le Roy was in New York. He was expected in Boston daily, and a great many letters awaited him. After writing a number of more letters from Flushing, Mrs. Duggan finally received one signed M. E. Bradley, which said Le Roy's "address is at present Bay View Park, San Francisco, where he intends to remain this summer and winter with his mothea. Your letters were forwarded to him. He will not return here again."

Mrs. Farmer in her letter to Le Roy said: "Kate has been fretting herself nearly to death for fear something has befallen you. If you are in the land of the living be kind enough to drop her a line," to which this reply, in a feminine hand, was received:

BOSTON, June 20, 1884.

Mrs. J. Farmer:

Kate's deep affection and fretting for Mr. Le Roy is, I assure you, entirely misplaced. It will be to Kate's interest to transfer her love to one in circumstances more able to return such intense devotion, as one at a time is quite sufficient for my dear boy Charlie. Very truly. 42 Pembroke street, Boston.

J. E. MUMGER.

Mrs. Duggan declares she does not want to marry Le Roy now, but simply wants her $700 and to see him in prison.

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