

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

A Foreign Settlement in the Midst of the City of St. Paul—The Foreign Residents Thereof.

"Swede Hollow." It's Quaint Appearance, and Still More Quaint and Picturesque Surroundings.

How the Little Hamlet of Shanties and Huts Appears on a Winter's Day—A Quiet Scene.

Something of the Legal Status of the Holdings and the Extent of the Flaxen-haired Population.

Nestled in a little valley between Dayton's bluff and St. Paul proper, right in the midst of the bustling and growing capital city of Minnesota is "Swede hollow."



Down in the valley you go, prompted by a desire to learn something more of the strange settlement. Far below the surface of the street it rests, a perfect type of a Swedish hamlet.

ONCE IN THE HOLLOW you are met by the oldest squatter. He has on a cardigan jacket, with a dirty worsted scarf about his neck.

While down in the hollow you observe that the shanties are of the simplest pattern. None of them is over a story and a half high.

THE OWNER OF THE HOLLOW is J. Wazener, whose office is on Seventh street, directly over his landed possessions.

SMOKE CIRCLES UP from the stove pipe and brick chimneys of many of the shanties. It does not issue out into the keen, frosty air in any volume.

CHILDREN ARE AT PLAY. Little low-headed girls and boys are in sight throughout the settlement.

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their shanty homes. One side of the dividing brook is quite a hill. Down its back the children of Swede hollow are coasting.

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THE TRAMP'S LYCEUM.

Firm Mose Tenders His Resignation as Sergeant-at-Arms and Insists on Its Acceptance.

Parson Piefront of St. Louis is Present and Tells His Experience at a Seance.

A Table Rears Up and Chases the Parson Out of the Medium's Cabinet.

The Mysterious Hand Closes the Seance by Firing a Shot Off the Stage.

When the tramps' lyceum met last Wednesday night, by the side of President Blatz, behind the barrel, sat a smooth-faced individual with long hair, combed straight back from a high, white forehead.

"Mr. President, I kinder reckon I know what I'm erbout. I sent in that air resignation and by Hebron, I purpose ter stand by it."

"It is there unanimous vote of this ere society that yer resignation be rejected, Fircum," said Blatz, "and any neglect of duty on yer part will be punished severely."

"My dear pedestriens. It gives me great pleasure to stand before you to-night, and although greatly fatigued by travel, I feel quite refreshed when I look about me and see so many bright and intelligent countenances."

"What time o' night was it?" inquired Clothesline Williams.

I WENT UPON THE STAGE to collar the spirits if possible and exhibit them to the gaze of the audience. I made up my mind to do so before the show was over and make a record for myself.

"We advertise every day in the year," said Mr. W., "except Sunday. There is always some trade doing, even in the dullest season, and we strive to divert the floating or transient trade to our place."

"Advertising that is well done is cumulative in its character. It is like the compounding of interest. An advertisement in a daily paper one day will do more for me than a single return to the merchant who has the goods the people want at the right prices."

the professor covered us all up but our heads, and we sat facing the audience like three mummies. The woman who had come up to the audience was honestly enough to make a street cat jump the track, but she was a dandy to hold a fellow's hand.



my folks didn't know that I was an intemperateman, and it would kill them to know that I had taken rooms in a drunkard's house."

HINTS ON ADVERTISING. Every Merchant Should Become the Hero of His Own Paper.

Mr. William H. Wanamaker, a member of the Philadelphia firm of Wanamaker & Brown, here on a brief business trip, makes these observations on advertising:

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"OSTLER JOE."

Mrs. James Potter's Recitation, at Which Washington was Shocked.

An Old, Old Story Told With Strength, Pathos and Feeling.

Washington Capital: Mrs. James Brown Potter read a beautiful and striking poem by George H. Sims, an English writer, at the charitable entertainment at Secretary Whitney's residence the 19th ult.

OSTLER JOE. SWOONED at eve, as the sun went down, by a grave where a woman lies.

In the summer, when the meadows were aflow with blue and red, Joe, the ostler of the Magpie, and fair Annie Smith were wed.

He was anything but handsome, was the Magpie's ostler, Joe.

So at last it grew to know him—little Joe was nearly four. He would call the "pretty gempin'" as he passed the open door.

"It was kind o' her to bear me all this long and happy time. So for me sake, please to bless her, though you can't hear her cry."

Broken down in health and fortune, men for me were very vain. Till the news that she was dying woke the echoes of her fame.

SPRING IMPORTATION!

1886,

Now Opened!

OUR SPRING IMPORTATION OF ENGLISH AND SCOTCH WOOLENS!

CONSISTING OF FINE SUITINGS, COATINGS, FANCY TROUSERINGS AND OVERCOATINGS.

We can show the most novel designs, choicest colorings and most stylish as well as most durable fabrics from the English and Scotch markets.

We guarantee correct styles, superior workmanship, best materials.

DUNCAN & BARRY,

30 E. Third Street, St. Paul.

Henry E. Wedelstaedt, Engraves Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Visiting Cards, Monograms, Crests, Seals, Dies, etc.

CONFIRMATION OF ASSESSMENT FOR OPENING, WIDENING AND EXTENSION OF IGLEHART STREET.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Benefits, Damages, Balance. Lists property owners and their respective lots and assessed values.