A DELIGHTFUL OUTING.

Edwin A. Welty Describes His Visit to Quebec, Montreal and the Thousand Isles.

Well, you doubtless remember the genial remark once used by the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina on a certain somewhat famous occasion, do you not? said Mr. Welty, it was, if I remember rightly, something as to the length of time intervening between the sampling of certain amber colored jugs on the veranda between the two distinguished gentlemen, possibly the length of time intervening between the opening and the conclusion of this interview may call for similar remarks from your readers. Really I owe you and your readers an apology for the delay, but I was called unexpectedly to Lincoln on business of importance, and hence could not furnish it for last week's paper as I had intended. You left our little party of Missourians, however, I believe at Montreal did you not? resumed Mr. W. Leaving the Balmorel Hotel at an early hour the morning following our arrival, we spent the forenoon in a drive in a cabriolet over the city, visiting in the first place the great Cathedral of Notre Dame, a stately pile of masonry, with its interior a glittering net work of gold and fretted work, elaborated in a way that is really bewildering to the untrained eye; great paintings of scriptural scenes hang everywhere, while sculptured figures of the apostles line the niches in the walls, while bones of the saints and figures of Christ in his sepulchre fill curious embrasures and vault like enclosures along the floor. Everywhere the great cross of the holy church is in sight, in embrasure, in sculptured niche, in panelled wall and fretted ceiling. The scene is a gorgeous one, overpowering in its magnificence, as is all the pageantry and imagery of this historical religion to those of another and an alien faith; those who, indeed, see its beauties as the fishes do the stars—but dimly. It is curious to note the power of the Catholic church in the French provinces—it is all pervading, all potent. Its sway at all times in the civil and municipal government is absolute and unquestioned. How completely they monopolize the best of everything here you may know from the fact, that if you pass any unusually stately or magnificent block of buildings in either Montreal or Quebec and ask what it is, the reply will invariably be either the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the Monastery of the Benedictine Brotherhood, the Trappist College the Ursuline convent or some other Catholic institution of note, and I need hardly add that I saw more slick, well fed, well groomed Catholic priests in my short stay in these two cities than I ever saw before in my whole life.

You ask me as to my views as to the influence of this powerful church, in the north; said Mr. Welty. In its benevolent and charitable institutions most beneficent, in its other phases, decidedly the reverse.

We drove through the city, past Nelson's monument, the statue at the fountain, past block after block of beautiful gray stone buildings, along wide well paved streets and boulevards, shaded by great rows of horse chesnut's, decidedly the shade tree of the north, thence through the outlying suburbs to the top of Mount Royal. The sight is a magnificent one, the city lies in the great plateau at your feet. Montreal is situated, as you know, on an island and is more compact therefore than most cities, viewed from this high point a sea of stone and a shimmer of spires against the dazzling sun greet the eye, with the waters of the St. Lawrence—a silver thread in the distance. We left this glorious view reluctantly, and a few minutes' drive brought us to the old French Catholic cemetery on the slopes of Mount Royal—a more beautiful spot is rarely seen as if nature herself had designed the plot as a burial place for the dead. The graves dot and dimple the slope with veritable waves of verdure, for a heavy blue grass sod, closely mowed, covers every grave. Around many of the plots are beautiful, low trimmed hedges of evergreens artistically designed and arranged, while through the forest trees and evergreens gleam the marble plinth, and stately column, and humble slab that tell the epitaph of the many so peacefully sleeping beneath them, and over and above it all the hush and silence that ever marks the city of the dead, and yet—

"In vain the storied urn may breathe
Of ceaseless sleep, of rest from strife,
There is an eternal fear of death
Implanted in the weft of life."

So it has ever been in all ages and all times, the vital spirit of life battles, as it were, against the seeds of dissolution. The winding carriage drive brought us past most elegant and elaborately designed vaults, surmounted in many cases, with beautiful columns of marble, magnificently wrought and sculptured, then a sharp turn of the road and we reach the spot where lie the humble, the lowly and the neglected. Each grave, and there are hundreds of them, is marked by a single, plain wooden slab, set in an iron socket. A simple inscription with birth, death and a short latin phrase, "Friends and relatives please pray for me," deep, however, in pathos marks usually each head stone. A small panel is sunk or rather chiselled out of each of these wooden headstones, in which is placed the picture of the person buried there, and in many instances a wooden flap fits over the sunken panel to keep the sun and rain from beating on the picture, which the curiously disposed visitor can pull aside at will. It is a novel sight to an American, the more novel and curious perhaps from the fact that I saw not a single marble headstone in this part of the cemetery. I noted too, that all the interments seemed comparatively recent, from 1880 to the present time, so I asked our French driver if sometimes the relatives of these neglected dead did not get in sufficiently good circumstances to permit of their replacing the wooden with a marble headstone, and why it was not done, but he could give me no intelligible reply. Asking the same question of an Englishman, I later met, he gave me this explanation," you must remember, he said, that the policy of the Catholic church is never to give something for nothing—those poor people are buried there for a small fee for five years only, if at the end of this time another stipend is not paid, the body is dug up and the bones ruthlessly thrown into a common vault near by, and the open grave receives another body whose burial fee has been paid."

Such are a few only of the many interesting things that came under my observation at Montreal, said Mr. Welty. Continuing, Mr. W. said, accompanied only by my daughter I spent one afternoon wandering at will through the narrow streets of the old French part of Montreal, saw the house where LaSalle, the great explorer lived in 1668, the French market with its low roof and ill smelling stalls, and ended my afternoon at the DeRamuset house the historical place of Montreal, and for generations the residence of the old French and English govenors. It is a grand old house full of memories and traditions, the ghosts of the dead and forgotten past meet you at every turn, in yon old Hall many a laughing, blushing maid and stern and haughty dame of the Provinces has trod the stately minuet with the gay young Chevaliers of France. It has been the scene of many a mad rout and revel, has seen many a ruddy wine glass clink, full to the brim with the rare vintages of Bordeaux and Burgundy, has seen eyes look love to eyes as they have ever done in ages past and ever will in ages yet to come. Its rooms have echoed to the tread of many a dashing French Marquis, and noble English Lord, around its council table in the govenor's audience room have sat a De Ramuset, an Amherst, a Montgomery and an Arnold, for Montgomery held his headquarters here on his ill fated advance to the north, and here the sorely wounded Arnold lay on his retreat from Quebec. Here history has been made, and here once the destiny of a nation swung in the balance. Nor has its pictures always been pleasant ones—the great dungeon beneath it, could its grim walls but speak, would tell of the torture and the lash; it has heard the savage shriek of the Iroquois and the Huron and has witnessed scenes whose cruelties would have brought many a haughty Frenchman and lordly Englishman's head to the block, had the dark deeds there enacted reached the bright sunlight of the world without. I need not say how regretfully we left this famous house, rich in the line of story and tradition. But you wish my impressions of the Montreal of today and not the Montreal of the yesterdays. It is emphatically the entrepot of Canada, virtually at the head of sea navigation, it is practically the commercial, metropois its streets are busy ones and its wharves and depots handle nearly the business of the whole Dominion. Its streets, save in the old French town, are wide, well paved and well shaded, its houses, owing to its proximity to inexhaustible quarries, are built almost entirely of the most elegant of gray stone, it looks a veritable city of palaces, and is undoubtedly, in my judgment, the most beautiful city on this continent. Its future is the future of Canada. You wish to know you say, in answer to our reporter's enquiry, what sort of vehicles are used mostly in Montreal and Quebec, said Mr. W. Nearly altogether cabriolets and caleches drawn by one horse; in fact, horses seem as scarce in Canada as Populists do in Holt county when the thermometer hovers with the wheat near the 100 mark, and such horses! Scrawny, little, ill-shaped, pony built animals with something of the appearance of the sheep united to the disposition of the mule. What they really need in Montreal and Quebec is a few Parson James Browns to introduce the celebrated "family horses," such as our own Parson was engaged in handling some ten years ago. You say, young man, said Mr. Welty musingly, that you never saw one of the good Parson's "family horses," never saw one of that remarkable string of nags of the good Parson's? that are a combination, to use the Parson's own words of steak and speed, never beard of the good Parson's "family horses," you say? Well, young man, I am surprised at the Old Reliable's keeping such a reporter on their staff. A rare breed it was, said Mr. W, a cross, I believe, of the Durham stock with the Hambletonian strain. Many a time have I heard the Parson dilate on the excellencies of these "family horses," their usefulness, their speed, their steak giving properties, their economy in feed, their value, especially to the farmer and the agriculturist. How, after having had a good sized steak removed from their flanks in the morning for the agriculturist's breakfast, these horses would gayly amble along all day in the cart or plow, and be whinnying around at sunrise the next morning, fairly aching to furnish another steak for the coming breakfast.

The conveyances in use here consist entirely, as I have already said, of cabriolets and caleches. Victorias and landaus are, comparatively, speaking unknown, I having only seen a very few during my whole trip. A cabriolet is a clumsy, low running kind of a tub on wheels, between a coupe and a barouche, with all the clumsiness of both of these vehicles without the excellencies of either. The calesche has a kind of antiquated swing leather top, built on the plan of your grandmother's scoop bonnet, set on a pair of concord coach springs; put a little stool like seat in front of the swinging top for the driver and put a pair of very unsteady wheels under the whole combination, and you have the caleche.

Resuming, Mr. Welty said, we left Montreal on the steamer city of Quebec at 4 p. m., and steamed slowly down the noble river, passing schooner after schooner, usually conveyed by a tug, all heavily loaded with lumber bound up the stream. The magnitude of this interest is surprising, and from Montreal to Quebec you are rarely out of sight of a lumber wharf or landing of some sort. At 9:00 next morning the banks of the river began to grow bolder and more precipiteus, and a few minutes more we passed Wolfe's cove and the Citadel of Quebec, a veritable Gibralter, loomed upward on our sight. It is an impressive sight as we steam beneath the black guns of the great fortress and drop anchor at the wharf of old Quebec.

We took quarters at a French hotel, on Notre Dame Square in the lower town, scarce a stone's throw from the oldest habited church in the New world, and after a substantial breakfast of the French kind, we took the inevitable cabriolets for a drive over the city and through the old French lower town, whose houses cling to the sides of the precipice frowning down upon them very much like nesting birds cling to the cliffs along the coast. The walls of these houses are twice the thickness of ordinary walls, owing to the intense cold of the Canadian winter; the windows are deep embrasures, usually with double glass and an inside as well as an outside pair of shutters, the inside shutter is in these old houses, of solid wood, and when open, fits snugly in the window casing and seems an ornamental part of it, the windows are all very small and the panes are hinged instead of the sash. The streets begger description and wind up hill and down hill in a way that is baffling in the extreme, and so steep that it is often necessary to use steps to go from one to the other, the pavements are four feet wide, and many of the streets not more than twelve, and the queer, weather-beaten old stone houses, with their great projecting gables and their little overhanging dormer windows, nearly meeting across the narrow street, form a scene as unique as it is indescribable. Picture these narrow streets with groups of dainty, black eyed French girls, dressed in the chic way such as only French girls can dress, and talking, too, as only French girls can talk, darting hither and thither down the crooked streets like swallows in a storm, and giving vent to a string of pretty and appreciative adjectives, expressive of their admiration, when their eyes rest on Major Zachman's nobby dude suit. Picture all this, and you have the streets of Quebec; glance around at the grim citadel above you, at the battery promenade looking over the river, at the old gates and the curious walls around you, for Quebec is the only walled city in America, at the low rambling stone houses with their narrow dormer windows, glance at all this, I say, and you feel that you indeed see a picture of old France and a foreign civilization, and to all intents and purposes you do.

We saw the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm in the park of the terrace, and the shaft to Wolfe where the plains of Abraham melt into a gentle slope leading to the more abrupt ridges of Cape Diamond, it bears this enscription "here Wolfe died victorious." You feel a thrill, for you know you stand on historic ground, see the glazing eyes of Wolfe kindle yet a moment ere they set forever, for he knew the destinies of a continent had been settled and the map of the new world reshaped. The lilies of France had went down before the cross of St. George. Such a spot as this we would surely deem sacred, and yet on the slope above it, scarce two hundred paces, set the jail of Quebec with all the repulsive features that mark such institutions. What a disfigurement, and what a commentary on the spirit that placed it there. We drove back a mile or more past the old Martello towers, the watch towers, or points of lookout beyond the walls of the ancient city, up a winding and steep declivity, through a great iron gate, set in a wall of solid masonry and we are within the famed Citadel of Cape Diamond, we dismount from our cabriolet and under the guidance of a smart redcoat of the garrison view the Gibralter of America. A short walk past the barracks and officer's quarters, past a gun taken from our own countrymen at Bunker Hill, and you stand beside the grim cannon that looks out of the sally port of the King's bastion, the very summit of the Citadel. It is the sight of a life time and the grandest view in all America. The St. Lawrence sweeps in a majestic curve at the base of the precipice at your feet, to your right in a placid meadow you note the gentle undulations of the plains of Abraham, behind you the plains of the Covenant fall away in rolling slopes to the banks of the St. Charles, in front lies Point Levi where Montgomery was encamped, some hundreds of yards below you is a tablet set in the face of the cliff with the inscription "here Montgomery fell Dec. 31st 1775," to your extreme left you see the Isle of Orleans where Arnold and Morgan lay, and in the lower town, at the foot of the battery terrace, the Sault AuMatelot, where Arnold charged and where he fell pierced by a British musket ball. You feel your blood in quicker thrills surge to your heart for you are an American to the core, and you know that every foot of ground about you and every point of vantage has been made imperishable by the valor and the blood of your own countrymen. If ever a man has the right to be proud of being an American, it is when he stands on the ramparts of Quebec. In vain reason may say the assault of such a position with such an inadequate force was sheer madness, yet the heart of every American will answer, be it so, call it madness, if you will, but Gods! after all it was glorious. The only bar sinister to the scene is the British Jack that floats lazily in the wind above you, and the eye that sees yon flag lowered from the King's bastion at Quebec will see the end of British dominion on this continent. Will that flag come down soon think you, asked the reporter, not in my day answered Mr. Welty, but I trust in yours.

We also visited the Falls of Montmorency near Quebec and the ladies spent a morning in the great fur store of Laliberties on John street, said to be the finest in the world, but the continued ill health of Judge Anderson prompted us to hurry our departure.

Our return by boat to Montreal and Toronto was a very pleasant one, save for the increasing severity of Judge Anderson's illness, and ere reaching Toronto it was patent to us all that the Judge's illness was becoming very serious. Our passage across Lake Ontario to Lewiston was a stormy one, the boat plunged and tossed like a cork upon the water, and passengers assaying to walk across the deck were thrown violently from one side to another. The ladies cabin presented a curious spectacle. Elegantly dressed ladies staggered in, threw themselves in a heap on the floor, moaning and groaning as if in the last stages of dissolution, tin pans and basins were everywhere in evidence, yes very much in evidence, on the upper deck and cabin the conditions were no better, and I saw gentlemen who had boasted how often they had crossed the ocean without a qualm of sea sickness, stretched at full length on chairs and benches and declaring death to be certainly their portion. All the ladies of our party succumbed save my daughter, Ethel, who did the hospital nurse act to the afflicted in good shape. Major Zachman and myself escaped unscathed, the saving results of the dude suit and a good conscience I presume. After a hurried inspection of our baggage by the custom house officers, we took the Gorge line for Buffalo, but at Niagara Falls Judge Anderson was manifestly so weak that prudence dictated a lay over at that point. There on the following day death claimed our warm hearted friend and honored companion, and the end came. I need not dwell on the sad details, they are fresh in the minds of your readers. We returned to Cleveland where our little party broke up, Major Zachman and wife left us here. I spent with my family a very pleasant day in Cleveland and then visited other points in Ohio among other places Canton, where I heard many stories and incidents connected with the last campaign, which event proved a veritable Klondike for the latter city. Everything in the way of restaurants, hotels and beer gardens flourished like the proverbial green bay tree, among other things I was told of a beer garden, whose owner, a lady, was on the eve of making an assignment on the opening of the campaign, but when the great crowd begin to pour into the political Mecca, business revived like our Democratic brethren say it out to now in great bounds and leaps as it were, and this particular beer garden began to get right into the swim its receipts running from $300 to $500 per day and on one occasion to $800. Nothing so conclusively proves to me, reflectively added Mr. Welty, the magnitude of the Democratic vote going to McKinley as this one little incident I have just related, evidently great shoals of Democrats must have visited Canton, as well as voted for McKinley. What became of the lady proprietor you ask said Mr. W. replying to the reporter's enquiry, oh, she is now the Hetty Green of Canton. Continuing Mr. Welty said I spent some time at New Philadelphia and at Cincinnati and nearly a week at "Pine Grove Cottage" in Clermont county, Ohio the most unique country seat certainly in Ohio, and possibly hardly equalled by any similar establishment in America—of its pictures, of its cabinets of rare china and silver ware, of its many collections of the quaint and curious, of its niches, odd nooks and embrasures, of its halls and stairways, of its most delightful hostess, I may at some future time tell you but not today. Leaving Cincinnati passing through Kokomo and Frankfort Ind, I finally found myself at our city of St. Louis, where accompanied by two young friends of mine, I spent a very pleasant fore noon at Beaumont Square with Chauncey I Filley, the illustrious leader of the Republican party of Missouri. After sending in my card I was ushered into the library, a plain room characteristic of the man it typifies, I found the old veteran divested of his coat as befitted the humid amtosphere, but not divested of the warm greeting his friends are always assured of at his hands. What was his appearance said the reporter, he has as you know been reported as in very feeble health? Never better, replied Mr, Welty; in fact, I have never seen him look as well, his eyes bright and his skin as clear as a lads at his first party, he looks indeed like a thirty year old cherub in a forty year old vest. His is a great personality, the man, to whom the great Republican party, when unawed by patronage or when in the face of some dire danger, instinctively turns to as its leader in this state, the man whose genuius for organization, considered in the light of the difficulties of the situation and the odds he ever contends with, marks him as the superior of a Quay, a Hanna or even a Chandler, the one man and the only Republican leader the Democratic party of Missouri both fears and respects. He spoke feelingly of the past and the great struggles for human liberty and the rights of man in which he bore so conspicuous a part, of the equally great battle for protection in which for twenty years he has been west of the Mississippi, its greatest champion and advocate. He spoke proudly of the historic past of the great party he loves and hopefully of the great future yet before it, and deems it as in the past, the great torch of liberty in the new world. While deprecating certain appointments already made in Missouri as unwise, he yet feels that the good sense of the President will yet assert itself and the old Guard received its just and proper recognition. Mr. Filley spoke also of his own trip to the north in his youth, and gave a graphic description of the French provinces and the French Canadians as he then saw them.

Now concluded Mr. Welty, I feel I have told you all that would possibly interest your readers—save that I never leave Holt county but that on my return I am more than ever convinced that it is located very near the centre of God's country, the present time proved no exception to the general rule. I beg you now to excuse me, and with a bow to the reporter the interview ended.

County Court Matters.

County court has been in session for a few days this week. On Monday as a board of appeals to act on the merchants assessments and on Tuesday and Wednesday as a county court.

But two merchants statements were raised—L. P. Sentney Forest City, from $3,000 to $4,000 and H. C. Schmidt, Oregon, from $1,200 to $1500, no change was made by the board.

The abstract of the merchants tax took as originally made shows the following amount of stocks carried by the merchants of our various towns as follows:

Mound City,	$ 53,545
Oregon,	38,065
Maitland,	30,600
Craig,	28,190
Forest City,	23,320
Corning,	10,820
Forbes,	6,500
New Point,	5,150
Bigelow,	4,410
Country,	3,250
Total merchants,	203,850
Manufacturers,	16,495
Total,	$220,345

The county clerk and his deputy have completed the railroad tax book which shows the following taxes due from the various railroad lines and telegraph companies:

K. C. lines,	$ 6,525.26
Atchison and Nebraska,	1,587.39
St. Joe and Nebraska,	610.90
West Union Tel,	171.98
Total,	$8,895.53

A warrant for $36 22 was drawn in favor of D. W. Porter, as the county's part for the railroad crossing on the public road petitioned for by R. R. Bagby.

Overseers were instructed to only work out the poll tax of their respective districts, and the clerk was instructed to officially notify the various overseers of this order.

Blanch Welch was ordered sent to the St. Joseph insane asylum as a county charge.

The "Tots" of Twenty-Five Years Ago.

Twenty-five years ago the Oregon public schools were under the management of W. F. Drake, as principal, and now resides near Mound City where he is engaged in farming, and several years ago withdrew from the field of directing the "young idea how to shoot," and is now training the tobacco stem in the way it should go. The members of the school board in 1872 were the following: R. H. Russel, Geo. Cummins, Henry Watson, Jephtha Martin, T. I. Kreek and Wm. Kaucher. Messrs Kaucher and Watson were the only unmarried members of the board at that time, but they soon got tired of living that way and in the following year they married, and strange to say their minds ran in the same channel—they both married teachers.

The teachers that year were: W. F. Drake, principal; Belle Sweetman, Fannie Soper, Fannie Cooper, Lucy S. Christian and W. S. Mitchell. Every member of the corps was unmarried, and with the exception of Mitchell, each and every one of these teachers afterwards married. The principal, Mr. Drake, married Amelia, daughter of T. I. Kreek, a member of the board of directors, twenty-five years ago. Belle Sweetmen married Henry Watson, one of the directors, and for a number of years remained his widow, but has since married, and is now a Mrs. Campbell, residing in southern California. Fannie Soper became Mrs. T. C. Dungan, in May, 1879, and is the happy mother of an interesting family of three sparkling daughters, and is an artist in China painting of wide reputation. Fannie Cooper became the wife of Jas. T. Noland, and is the only one of the 1872 faculty known to be dead. Miss Lucy Christian also captured one of the board of directors, and was married to Capt Wm. Kaucher in May 1873, and is still teaching in our school, and with the exception of an occasional year has been a member of the faculty since that time—"Scott" Mitchel went west, and his exact location is not known to us at this time, but we believe he is still living in the west.

Captain Kaucher is the only surviving member of the school board of 1872 Judge Russel died in 1887, Mr. Cummins in 1878, Henry Watson in 1879. Jephtha Martin in 1877 and T. I. Kreek in 1889. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that Capt. Kaucher is the only director living of the board that built the present school house in 1873. George Anderson, recently deceased was also a member with Capt Kaucher that had charge of building the school house. Angelo Powell, the architect of the building, is still alive and we believe still lives in St. Joseph. The old "Normal board" was composed of T. C. Dungan, Wm. Kaucher, Wm. Hawkins, Dr. Goslin, Adam Klippel, Elder W. A. Gardner, and with the exception of Goslin, all are alive but somewhat scattered.

Life's phases are continually changing and present some queer pictures. Let us look back over the names of some of those enrolled in Miss Dungan's room. There were Julia Luckhardt, is now Mrs. Will Drury and resides in St. Joseph. Lizzie Payne married Bruce Kenney; he died and she remarried and resides in southern Missouri. Orrick Kreek who is now engaged in farming near this city.

John Cook, who is now in the west somewhere—at present in Murray, Nebraska.

George Luckhardt who is now in the mercantile business at Tarkio, this state.

Charley Brodbeck, who died at Cripple Creek, in May 1896.

Bob. Howell, is our village blacksmith, and is doing well.

Jas. Foster is in the west pursuing his trade—painting.

Ella Bridges, afterwards married a Mr. Popeland; she is now dead.

Jennie Comer, is now Mrs. Stevens, of Georgetown, Colorado.

Cron Zook is dead.

Flora Watson.

Clark Philbrick is still on earth, following the barber's trade in this city.

Fred Markland lives in our city, and is practicing dentistry.

Miss Christian, now Mrs. Kaucher had charge of the following little tots, who were there learning their A. B. C's.

Minnie Holtz is now Mrs. Mike Moore, of this city.

Blanche Howell, now Mrs. Smith, of Chicago.

Grant Howell, who is in business in Kansas.

Lillie Kaucher is now Mrs. Clark, living on a farm near Oregon.

Nelle Kreek married D. W. Porter; she died in 1889.

John Markt, is now clerking for J. C. Philbrick, druggist.

Charles Marsh is foreman on the THE SENTINEL.

Nettie Nies is now Mrs. Cosper, of Salem, Oregon, and her sister, Ina is also married and residing in Salem.

Ida Pinkston is now Mrs. Frank Kreek, still a resident of Oregon.

Louise Roecker is Mrs. E. M. Austin, of Forest City.

Ora Russell is Mrs. Ferd Crampton, of Kansas City, and her sister Cora is Mrs. Jesse Fitts of this city.

Will Soper is a Chicago printer, and recently was on a visit with old school mates and relatives here.

Levi Schulte is in the hardware business here.

Maggie Schatz is Mrs. Henry Schuler of St. Joseph.

Bonnie Brodbeck is the deputy circuit clerk.

Emma and Marry Berres are in the millinery business in this city.

Lena Bunker married Rev. Christy, she died Nov. 17, 1892.

Otho Castle died in 1885.

George Comer is farming near Forest City.

Annie Comer became the wife of Prof Speaking, and is now residing near St. Louis.

May Curry is still living with her mother in this city, and is unmarried.

Mont. Curry is in the clothing business in New York City.

Oliver Cross is farming near Oregon. His sister Ida, we know nothing of.

Della Davis is the wife of Harry Faragher and resides in Kansas.

Lilly Foster resides in Maitland.

William Payne is clerking for his father in this city.

Annie Seeman is now the wife of Levi Schulte.

Philopoena Spoerle is Mrs. Wm. Hoffmann, of St. Soseph.

Minnie Spoerle if the wife of Hamilton Boyd, of Forest City.

Edward Allen is now traveling for a St. Joseph wholesale house.

Annie Beeler is the wife of Ellwood Jarett; her residence is unknown to us.

Bettie Cottrell is now Mrs. Bob. Russell, and lives east of this city on a fine farm.

Nettie Cook married Virgil Kennon, while her sister Jennie, is now living with her second husband at Quincy, Illinois.

Minnie Gemecker married Will Pinger, of St. Joseph; she is now dead.

Lydia Kunkel is the widow of Dan Webster who died in 1894.

Gideon Kunkel is employed at the Kunkel mills, and is a violinist of some local note; his cousin Mary is still here unmarried, while Wesley, "Sandy," is a photographer "on the road."

Will Luckhardt is in business in Boonville.

Emma Allen is a sister of George Allen and resides here.

David Anderson was also a member of this class; his where abouts are unknown to us.

Eva Kaucher is now Mrs. Kira Bruner and lives on a farm in Hickory township.

Alfred Moore lives in this city with his grandma, Mother Sterrett.

Viola Oren we believe is married and is now a Mrs. Durham.

Bryant and Frank Peter are both married and living in the west.

Frank Rostock is farming near Oregon.

"Puss" Soper, a sister of Mrs. T. C. Dungan, has been dead many years.

Frank Sayles is still on earth, living in this city.

Carrie Cottrell is in California, and her brother Willie in Dakota.

Time is telling upon some of these teachers who 25 years ago were in the full freshness of nature's morn. Prof Drake and Mrs. Kaucher are both quite gray, while Mrs. Dungan, is retaining her vigor most wonderfully, but she has released herself from the care and worry of the school room a number of years ago.

We wonder who of us will be here 25 years hence to write up the 50th anniversary of the 1872 school of Oregon.

It would certainly prove a happy occasion if these teachers and scholars could have a reunion during this month, as it was in October 1872 that the school year began.

Monarch.

—Mrs. Boyd has been quite sick the past week.

—Wm. Graham and family visited with Mr. Boyd Sunday.

—Taylor Davison and family visited with Tred Garver Sunday.

—Samuel Karr, Jr., has returned from a two weeks' sojourn in Kansas.

—Al. Rhodes has returned home, after a few days' visit with friends.

—Mrs. Gladden, of Wathena, Kans., was the guest of Mrs. H. Boyd recently

—Mr. Boyd and Link Rhodes spent several days with friends in Kansas last week.

—Marion Lumley purchased a fine set of harness while in St. Joseph recently.

—Jake Dorsam is rejoicing over the recent arrival of a son, Dr. McClanahan in attendance.

—Mr. Mark Cordrey and family, of Troy, Kansas, were the guests of Matt. Cordrey last Saturday and Sunday.

—Reverend J. W. Stephenson has returned from Carroll County, Missouri, where he has been attending conference.

—There will be preaching at the Monarch school house next Sunday at eleven o'clock, by Reverend Hite, of Nodaway.

—Mrs. Samuel Hughes has returned from a visit with her parents in the south part of the state. The change of climate and the enjoyable visit has invigorated her so that she seems almost like a young lady again.

VIOLET.

—[We hope our correspondent in mentioning births, deaths or marriages, will be explicit as to day, month and year.—EDS.]

Maitland.

—Mrs. C. T. Graves spent last Wednesday in St. Joseph.

—Mrs. Russell had the misfortune to badly sprain one of her ankles last week.

—Mr. D. W. Fullerton made a trip to Maryville last Wednesday on legal business.

—J. W. Phillips, our enterprising jeweler, attended the fair at Omaha last week.

—A Mr. Younger has purchased lots of Joseph Hoblitzell on Third street and is erecting a cozy cottage on the same.

—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Coffey spent several days in Omaha last week, attending the fair and visiting old friends.

—Mr. Fred Collison has moved into his new house on Maple avenue which he recently purchashed of Charles DeBord.

—Mr. Joseph Lance has disposed of his interests in the City hotel and is now occupying a house of W. T. Riley's on on Second street.

—Born, to Ed. Weller and wife, Thursday, September 23, 1897, a fine boy. Mother and child doing well and Ed. is the proudest man in Maitland.

—Born, to Dr. Ira Williams and wife, Sunday morning, September 26, 1897, a fine girl baby. The Doctor thinks she is the nicest little lady in town.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Elliott visited their daughter, Mrs. Metzgar, in Council Bluffs, Iowa, last week, and also attended the great fair in Omaha.

—Mr. David Long, who sold his residence property on Maple avenue to Prof. Crosen, is now occupying a house of W. T. Riley's on Fourth street.

—Fred Stripin, while working in Mr. Kennedy's blacksmith shop, had the misfortune to have a piece of steel fly into his left eye, cutting the eye ball very badly. The doctor is of the opinion that he will lose his eye. HIRAM.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned L. D. Summers, Administrator of the partnership estate of Vanderlinde, Summers & Co., will make final settlement of his accounts with said estate as such administrator at the next term of the probate court of Holt County, Missouri, to be holden at the court house in Oregon in said county, on the 8th day of November, A. D., 1897.

L. D. SUMMERS,
Administrator.

Steam Wood Saw.

Matt B. Thomas has a steam corn sheller, grinder and wood saw, and solicits your orders. Address him at Mound City.

MATT B. THOMAS.

Personals.

—J. C. Fitts was attending to business in St. Joseph.

—Rev. Sawyers was called to Maryville this week on important business.

—Mrs. Sue Pinkston and Mrs. Frank Kreek are visiting friends in Topeka, Kas.

—Attorney A. VanBuskirk was in Kansas City, this week, on legal business.

—Mrs. Anna Keeney, of Doniphan, Kas., is visiting with her sister, Mrs. J. W. Vogan.

—Mrs. C. R. Barnes, of Lancaster, Mo., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. Crampton.

—Miss Ella O'Fallon and mother are attending the Topeka Carnival, and visiting relatives.

—Cicero Findley, a colored gentleman of Savannah, was visiting Oregon friends the past week.

—Albert Nies and wife, of Mitchell County, Kansas, are visiting relatives at Nickell's Grove.

—Ed. Hayes, of the Craig Courier, has left these parts and gone to DeKalb, Buchanan county.

—Mrs. Leota Philbrick and daughters were the guests of Mrs. J. S. Rigdon in St. Joseph, last week.

—Grandpa and Grandma Hoblitzell are now comfortably domiciled at the home of D. P. Dobyns.

—Frank L. Kunkel is now with the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf railroad company, at Kansas City.

—J. O. Majors, of Beagle, Kas., is among his numerous friends and relatives in Oregon and vicinty.

—Albert Feitz, Charley Ebert, Virgil and Walter Swain, Cl. Weiver, have gone to Kansas on a pleasure trip.

—Mrs. Moses Walters and Mrs. Mollie Rogers, of Hiawatha, Kas., are visiting their step brother, D. W. Thuma.

—Ed. L. Hart, the legal light of Clay township, was in town one day last week, having much legal business to look after.

—John L. Chuning, Wm. McKee and Hank Jones, of Bigelow township, were in Kansas City last week, buying feeders.

—Will and Asher Smith, of Exodus district, are entertaining their father, mother and sister, who reside in Decatur, Iowa.

—Richard England writes us from Monument, Kas., that they are all well and that he had a fine wheat and corn crop this year.

—J. C. Hershner, of Esbon, Kas., was here over Sunday attending the funeral of his father, Andrew Hershner, Sr., of Nickell's Grove.

—Miss Mattie Morris, who has been the guest of A. W. King and wife for a week, returned to her home in Kansas City, last Thursday.

—Mrs. Willis Acton and daughters, Mrs. N. L. Pierce and daughters, of New Point, were the guests of friends in Oregon, last Wednesday.

—We are truly glad to learn that J. J. Denny, of Fairfax, who recently received a stroke of paralysis, is now so much better that he is able to be out.

—We acknowledge a very pleasant call from W. T. Hollowell, of the Red Oak, Iowa, Express, who was here attending the Ruley-Roecker nuptials.

—Rev. George Miller, who occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church in this city from 1875 to 1881, is in our city visiting his many friends. He will preach next Sunday morning, filling Rev. Sawyers' appointment.

—Dan Shumate and wife, of Harrison county, are visiting their son, L. C., who has charge of the Davis farm near Forest City. They were looking over our city Monday, and recognized Joe. Graham as a former Harrison county boy. They were glad to see each other.

—F. S. Morgan, who built the flouring mill at Forbes, a number of years ago, but of recent years has been residing in Balmoral, Wis., has returned to our county, and purchased the Potter farm east of Oregon. Mr. Morgan is the father-in-law of J. A. Kreek.

—I. C. Rhoades has returned from a prospecting tour in Christian and Webster counties. He says Holt is plenty good enough for him. They are selling cord wood delivered down there for 90 cents a cord delivered; potatoes $1.25 and hughed railroad ties for 18 cents each.

—Clark Proud returned from Sumner County, Kansas, where he has some 480 acres of land that brings him in an annual income of $1,000 to $1,200. Joe. Graham looked after the money interest during Clark's absence. Clark gobbled up a quarter section additional whele on the trip.

—Henry Roselius, of the Corning neighborhood, was in the city on Wednesday last. Mr. Roselius has resided within a short distance of his present home 56 years and is one of the most prosperous residents of Holt county and a genial gentlemen of the old school kind. We enjoyed a pleasant call.—Rockport Journal.

—Mrs. J. G. Cowan left Wednesday for Green Bay, Mich., where she will visit her daughter, formerly Mrs. Flora Messenger. She was accompanied as far as Chicago, by her grand-daughter, Cora, daughter of B. O. Cowan, who will attend an art school there. Mrs. Cowan's daughter, Mrs. Daisy DeBord, accompanied her as far as St. Joseph.

—We greatly enjoyed a visit from Rev. Duncan Brown, on Monday, who was on his return home to Tarkio, from New Point, where he participated in the 25th anniversary of the Presbyterian church at that place. He preached two excellent sermons and 20 years ago he preached tho dedicatory sermon, on the completion of the present church edifice at the same place. He seems about as vigerous as then, although we find he is quite gray.

—Hon. George C. Crothers, of St. Joseph, was in the city Wednesday shaking hands with his many friends, and while here incidentally took along with him a healthy list of subscribers to the Times, the new Republican evening journal of St. Joseph. The Times is a sparkling evening daily having the telegraph franchise and is in every respect an up-to-date newspaper. We can see no reason why an evening Republican paper in St. Joseph should not be a success, and while we recognize that St. Joseph is not a newspaper town, in comparison with Kansas City and that class of towns, yet we do hope they will give the Times the support it justly deserves.

Forest City.

—J. B. Lamb was courting in St. Joseph last week.

—Miss Francis Weber was shopping in St. Joseph Tuesday.

—Born, to Wm. Terry and wife, a girl, Tuesday, September 17, 1897.

—L. P. Sentney is having some improvements made on his residence.

—Mrs. H. I. Perrin and daughter, Zua, of St. Joseph, spent Sunday with friends here.

—The "New Commercial" hotel is now being run by Mr. Beasley, of Fillmore, Mo., as landlord.

—Our friend George C. Crother was on our streets Wednesday, shaking hands with friends.

—Mr. G. W. Hitt and son, Will, returned from their Virginia trip Saturday. Both report a spendid time.

PARSON.

A Remarkable Case.

One, J. W. Mathews, of a town in Illinois, visited Chicago and disappeared. As he was a friend of Captain Campbell, secretary of the police department, Chicago, Captain Campbell instituted a search. In doing so he consulted a mind reader of some fame, Dr. Ringling, of Hamilton, Ills., who informed him that Mathews left his hotel and went to another one in Madison street near Clark, being suddenly insane, where he registered in an undecipherable running hand and was assigned a room in the fourth story. But he never went to bed, left his room and went in a street car to the lake near Jackson park and there drowned himself. Sood after his body washed ashore at the Calumet region where it was found by a fisherman who took his money, some $700 and valuables, and then buried it in the sand. The hotel, the name registered and all was found correct. The clerk said the was put in the fourth story but never went to bed. The spot of the suicide and and where the body came ashore was found, also the fisherman as described. As he denied having found the body and if buried in the sand it must have been washed out again; nothing more has been established. A citizen of our town wrote to Captain Campbell, who replied that the facts as published were all correct, and gave the name and address of the mind reader.

Another Mind Reading Case.

In addition to the case of J. W. Mathews mentioned in this issue that of Henry Roy, of Ithica, Neb., is making no little excitement. He was are express agent for the Burlington railroad and suddenly disappeared one night ately. His accounts were found all correct. A clairvoyant at Wahoo was consulted. She said that when the young man closed and locked the door of the express office and started along the track with the key in his hand two men sprung from behind a car and struck him down, and he at the instant threw the key among some weeds