

STATE ITEMS.

A Lac Qui Parle post says to the grangers: "Now your homes look sad and dreary; What has caused this gloom? all round? It is the steam railroad monopolies Against the tiller of the ground!" What has the farmer to complain of if he is ahead and the railroad monopolies are asters?

Austin has reduced its saloon license \$400, on account of the warm weather.

On the trial of Oliver Potter, for the murder of Chauncey Knapp in Mower county, in 1867, the jury failed to agree.

The Renville times calls its joke column "Slivers." The jokes are thin enough for cigar lighters.

Jas. M. Drake, of Winnebago City, charged with incest, has been acquitted by twelve good men and true.

A human skull was excavated while some workmen were digging a bridge foundation at Lac Qui Parle the other day.

A new flouring mill, with three run of stones, is being erected on the Yellow Medicine river three miles above Lac Qui Parle.

Last Saturday was the longest day in the year, and nobody seems to have discovered it but the editor of the Madelia Times.

Grasshoppers are very scarce about Madelia, or indolent men are plentiful, as the game of quoits is carried on there with great briskness.

The English Colony in Martin county expects to get the best of Mr. Potato Bug this season, and hold their own with the agile grasshopper.

A man by the name of Hall, living at Wells, left home six weeks ago to go west in pursuit of work, and the same day his step-son, Louis Payne, left for the east with the same purpose, and neither have been heard from. The wife and mother are nearly insane.

FRANK DAGGETT's delinquent subscriber has been heard from. He writes a letter to say that he will be down before Christmas to settle up.

A LITTLE five year old boy at Winona wandered away from his home Wednesday and has not since been heard of.

THE Pelican Valley was visited by a violent hail storm last week, which did considerable damage.

John Barnard was drowned at Red Wing Wednesday evening, while bathing.

THE BLACK HILLS.

Custer's Expedition to the Hunting Grounds of the Great Spirit.

(From the Bismarck Tribune.)

It is believed the expedition will open to settlement a country known to be well-timbered and watered, and rich in minerals—a vast country which has never yet been trod by the foot of a white man, but from which hundreds of specimens of coarse gold, some of them as large as walnuts, have been brought by the dusky natives.

Gen Custer's command will consist of ten companies of the 7th Cavalry, a battery of Gatling guns, fifty scouts, and three picked companies of infantry, all provisioned for a sixty days' campaign. The Professor of Geology at Yale College, together with mineralogists and other scientists sent out by the Government, and several practical miners and explorers will accompany the expedition.

The Hills may be seen a distance of seventy-five miles, rising several hundred feet above the level, their sides covered with dense forests of pine, which give them the black appearance from which their name is derived. The valleys at their feet are known to be heavily timbered, with here and there a prairie; the soil is very black and rich. A score or more of streams rise in the vicinity, leading into the Cheyenne and other rivers. In the beds of these streams, gold is found; even within ten miles of Bismarck, in the bed of the Little Heart, which comes from that vicinity.

These Hills are about 200 miles from Bismarck; they can be reached from Bismarck better than from any other point. From Bismarck to the Black Hills is only a five days' ride, or a ten days' march. The route is over a splendid country, good grazing, plenty of timber and water, and will be well guarded by the military.

The Indians may make some trouble this summer; the young men from all the tribes in the country are gathering there, possibly to intercept and harass the expedition; possibly, as of old, for their regular sun dance; possibly to offer up their adoration to the God of the Indians, and lay plans for future campaigns.

The Indians are restless, now, more so than ever before. They have been crowded from the Atlantic to the Mississippi—and beyond the Missouri; they have been driven from the Pacific eastward to the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains; have witnessed the building of the Union Pacific which is opening up a vast belt through the centre of their country; and now the Northern Pacific is encroaching upon them. Their villages have been laid waste, their numbers decimated by war and disease, their hunting grounds turned into wheat fields, and it is now believed they are gathering to defend the Hunting Ground of the Great Spirit, as Indian tradition styles the Black Hills—which may prove to be the red man's last ditch.

U. S. Circuit Court.

June 18. The case of Bigelow vs. Belanger, heard before Judge Nelson yesterday, was given to the jury last night. This morning the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$85. A motion for a new trial was noticed.

The case of Whitfield vs. Hall, which was submitted to the jury yesterday, has been decided in a verdict for the plaintiff for the amount of claim asked for together with the interest.

Aken vs. Aken, a chancery suit. Decree for the plaintiff for the relief asked for.

In the case of Cowady vs. The City of Winona, which was brought in by the jury a short time since, judgment was ordered.

Thompson vs. DeGraff. Demurrer withdrawn, and 60 days given in which to answer.

Benedict vs. Shaw. Bill dismissed on motion of the defendant.

W. E. Hall vs. the First National Bank of St. Anthony; argued and submitted.

The U. S. vs. 43 gallons of whisky. This is the case formerly tried by Judge Nelson wherein the prisoner was acquitted. The U. S. officers appealed the case and it was on trial to-day before Justice Miller.

June 19. The John Ogan forgery case, which was on trial before Judge Nelson yesterday afternoon, was given to the jury last night. They returned this morning with a verdict of guilty and a recommendation of mercy to the court. His Honor placed the sentence at one year in the penitentiary.

A civil suit is now in progress before Judge Nelson, in Chambers, H. P. Bigelow et al vs. C. Belanger.

Chief Justice Miller has heard several cases to-day. The case of W. A. Knowlton vs. I. Dutton, given to the jury last night resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff of \$181.83.

The Court ordered the Receiver of the Southern Minnesota road to pay Segard Anderson \$183.27. This is for wood, the property of the road, which Anderson attached and which the company took and used while it was under attachment.

An order of a similar character was also issued for the payment of \$597.10 to C. O. Wager and A. Loveland.

In the case of Jos. B. Baldwin vs. M. Comer, neither party appeared, and it was continued until the next term.

At the present time the case of W. E. Hale, assignee of D. A. Murphy, bankrupt, vs. the Merchants National bank of Minneapolis, is on trial before Justice Miller.

June 20.—U. S. Circuit Court convened as usual to-day, and disposed of the following cases:

John P. Kennedy vs. The St. Paul & Pacific railroad company. Defendant has leave to plead on demurrer until rule day in August, or make such motions as they may be advised.

Chas. A. F. Morris has leave to sue J. P. Farley, Receiver, and the St. P. P. company.

The cases of Jno. Jewell and Thos. Jackson, indicted in the District Court, were transferred to the Circuit Court. Sylvester Pence vs. W. L. Mintzer, Kenkle and others, to recover property deeded in 1865, after argument in favor of Pence, by Sanborn & Sanborn, case dismissed by Justice Miller, without prejudice, although Justice advised against any further action.

Court adjourned to Monday at 9 o'clock.

Death of a New York Notability by a Disease He Did Not Believe in.

NEW YORK, June 18.—Francis Butler, a well known dog fancier, and regarded as an authority on dogs, died at his residence, in Brooklyn, yesterday, of hydrophobia. He was bitten at his store in this city, five weeks ago by a small spitz dog, while endeavoring to make it take some medicine. Butler was a native of England, an accomplished linguist, and has been connected with several educational institutes as professor of languages. Some years ago, he went into the business of training, crying and selling dogs, and his ability in controlling and training them was marvellous. He wrote a book entitled "Dog Training." He had no fear of hydrophobia and often expressed his opinion that it was simply a nervous affection, and that the bite of a dog would not produce the disease unless fear supervened and occasioned it.

Depth of Quiet People.

Some men draw upon you like the Alps. They impress you vaguely at first, just as do the hundred faces you meet in your daily walks. They come across your horizon like floating clouds, and you have to watch a while before you see that they are mountains. Some men remind you of quiet lakes, places such as you have often happened upon, where the green turf and the field flower hang over you and are reflected out of the water all day long. Some day you carelessly drop a line into the clear depths, close by the side of the daisies and daffodils, and it goes down, down, down. You lean over and sound deeper, but your line doesn't bring up. What a deep spot that is! You think, and you try another. The reflected daisies seem to smile at you out of the water, the turf looks as green as ever. You never thought of it, but your quiet lake is unfathomable. You are none the less impressed from these facts that it is a quiet lake.—William Quarterly.

BAZAINE IN CAPTIVITY.

The Abood, Life and Hopes of the Prisoner.

[We reprint the following story of Bazaine's captivity, as he is the General whom the French politicians have made the scapegoat, for the failure of the German-French War. If America had failed in the Mexican war, and imprisoned Major General Scott, it would have been about as just as the punishment of Marshal Bazaine.]

An occasional correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph supplies to that journal, under date of May 9, the following account of a visit to Marshal Bazaine:

A few days ago I started off early in the morning from Mentone on a journey of three hours by rail to Cannes, for the purpose of paying a visit to my old friend Bazaine. The French government had given me permission nearly two months ago, but sad circumstances intervened to prevent me availing myself of their consideration. The railway curves gracefully round the beautiful shores of the Mediterranean, and passes through a series of towns whose pleasant sights and healthful climate have them favorite winter resorts ever since the days of the Romans. At Cannes we took a boat modeled after those used 2,000 years ago, and very soon we had reached Isle St. Marguerite, which is about three miles from the mainland. On arriving it is necessary to ascend steps some 200 feet to the fortress, which is built upon the rock, and overhangs the ocean. The garrison consists of one company, about 125 men. I was escorted to the presence of Monsieur Marchez, a Corsican, Director of the Service of the Interior Department who is the controller of the fort and the guardian of the prisoner. Desiring that my companions might be permitted to look at the inside of the fortress, I made the application, but a message had to be sent them outside the walls: "No one enters here without permission from the Government." Politely enough the Director received me, and instructed a subordinate to escort me to the Marshal's apartment. We passed through the guard-room and ascended a staircase to reach an open space, paved with bricks, in front of the Bazaine's window. On entering the room the Marshal met me at the door, and cordially pressed my hand. Let me here say I found nothing in his appearance changed. His manner was as easy, unaffected, and composed as in the days of his freedom and power. Before entering I observed to the director, "I do not know your regulations, but I have half a dozen morning papers, which I have bought for Bazaine, if it is permitted."

"Not at all. He cannot receive anything." So I laid them on the mantelpiece, knowing I could easily tell the Marshal all the news. But it seemed to me a restriction entirely superfluous, and not in keeping with civilized ideas, thus to deny a prisoner of State the privilege of reading what was passing in the world. Bazaine's sitting-room is a small but comfortable one, neatly and cosily furnished. Hanging upon the wall was a fine likeness of the Pope, with a Latin autograph. A bright boy of eight, a handsome girl of five, and a chubby youngster of three were racing and romping, chattering and laughing, heedless of the Marshal's injunctions, in paternal tones, to keep quiet. They at least knew no unhappiness; the bright color of youth and health and all their movements proved that their hours flew fast away upon joyous wings. We chatted for some time, occupied by me mainly in giving him information on contemporary incidents. Then we sallied out upon the paved promenade, bounded by the parapet, where a small space was reserved for his use, and there we paced up and down, discussing various topics in connection with current events. The parapet in front of his door extends about eighty feet: the width of the pavement is about thirty feet. The height of the wall is about eighty-three feet, and one looks over at the sea breaking upon the foot of the cliff 100 feet beneath. Along the sea-wall another parapet runs perpendicularly to the first one, until it reaches a wall some hundred feet distant. Toward the interior a newly constructed wall, about twenty feet high, connects the house with the parapet, and cuts off all communication with the fortress. Possibly this was done to prevent possible sympathizers from demonstrations or offers of service. An effort had been made to establish a miniature garden inside the space within the sea-wall; but it is not permissible to use the cistern water for flowers, and the Marshal was afraid they might be parched to death before a rain came. When the blazing summer sun comes down upon those stones and bricks in July and August, it must be pretty hot. But the Marshal is an old campaigner, and I presume can stand it very well.

If anybody wished to escape from the place, it seemed practicable enough. Looking over the battlements, the descent is not difficult; it could be made with very little exertion, and a boat stationed beneath might easily carry off at night an escaping prisoner. But such a thought would never enter the Marshal's brain. He has been always rather indignant that they did not crown the edifice of his persecution by shooting him. But as the

Government did not dare do that in the face of the civilized world, he is content to abide his time, and live under the fostering care of France's present rulers. It gratified him much to hear from me how great and general had been the expression of dissent, out of France, to the finding of the court. A Colonel of the late Paris Commune had just been degraded, and I mentioned the description of his mental sufferings, as given by the Parisian press. "This is something that you at least have been spared, by the dispensation from that infliction," said I. "But," said he, "the moral punishment has been executed; and force of the law has been exerted against me, and I should not have suffered any more at the more humiliating ceremony I preferred to have been shot, but the authorities did not wish it. And my opinion of the conviction, and own easy conscience, would have made me entirely indifferent to any action which they might have chosen to take." My views on the sad moral deffailance exhibited so painfully on too many occasions in France during the past three years he did not attempt to controvert. He discussed frankly the singular anomaly that the French army, which had boasted so long of its thorough discipline, now contained officers who had openly avowed, during his trial, their indiscipline and mutinous spirit, and their conspiracy with Rossel, of the Commune, and others, to overthrow him during the siege at Metz. And yet not one of these officers had been censured. Some had been promoted.

The view from the parapet was magnificent, the outlines of the coast showing villages and chateaux, interspersed with fine groves; promontories jutting into the sea; while at one point lofty mountains came out in bold relief. The elevated amphitheatre in the background was covered with forests and the rich verdure of spring. A gay flotilla of sailing-boats dotted the waters of the bay. While we promenaded Mme. la Marechale came out and joined us, walking between us and taking her full share in the conversation. She is, as you know, a Mexican, with dark, lustrous eyes, black eyelashes, and eyebrows beautifully curved, a mouth indicating unusual resolution, and a radiant, lovely face. After all, if a man is deprived of liberty, his fate is greatly ameliorated when such a companion and the three charming children are present to share the captivity. So far as communications with the outer world are concerned, the wife is a prisoner under exactly the same regulations as the husband. During a brief interval, while the Marshal was engaged with the director, I turned to the Marechale, and expressed my own, and I think, the general, admiration of her wifely devotion. Her reply appeared to me touching and dignified. "In Mexico the women as well as the men are all brave. They do not desert friends in extremity. When I married the Marshal I was seventeen. He was at the summit of power, with fortune and friends to support his future, and not a shadow to overcast it. He gave me that bright and enviable position; and when power and fortune and friends have vanished, my place is by his side, to share the crust of bread and all the privations with the same devotion and affection that were due to him in the zenith of his prosperity." Subsequently, alluding to a fervid eulogy on her conduct in one of the Paris newspapers, "I did not see it," she said, adding, with a contemptuous snap of the fingers, "I do not care that for it. The outrageous treatment of the Marshal has made me as utterly indifferent to public opinion as if none existed."

Naturally in the course of our conversation the talk turned upon the pending battle in Spain. Bazaine seemed to think that the civil war would still rage, even if Don Carlos achieved a signal success. But, notwithstanding the great intimacy which existed between him and Queen Isabella, Mme. Bazaine was quick in the expression of a different opinion. The Spanish blood and temperament were quick and impetuous. Don Carlos, entering Spain with his drawn sword and without resources, creating an army, and fighting battle after battle, virtually conquering a kingdom against hopeless odds, would, in the event of success at Bilbao, find it easy to enter Madrid. Enthusiasm would quickly kindle and the general acquiescence follow. So, at any rate, thought Mme. Bazaine. In reference to her husband's usual state of mind, Mme. Bazaine assured me that he was cheerful and never sad. He had nothing to be sad about, unless for the ingratitude and treachery of former professed friends. The cowardly manner in which he had been treated should give rise to no other feelings than those of disdain or indignation.

With regard to the future, it will not surprise you to learn that Bazaine bases no hopes on the supposed good disposition of the present Government, and the Radicals he knows full well are his bitter enemies. On the other hand, M. Thiers was ever his fast friend, believing in his loyalty, aiding Lachaud in the defense by suggestions, and dissenting from the decision of the court. Convinced by the injustice of that condemnation, M. Thiers would certainly take steps for his liberation, even if temporary exile should be the commutation. The Bonapartists also would certainly liberate him if they were in power. Need I say

that the two persons who, in the Marshal's opinion, have deserved best of their country in the hour of her humiliation are the Ex-President and the Ex-Empress? The Empress because at a time when she might have saved her dynasty by a timely application of the lead and steel at Paliko's command to a few hundreds of the Paris mob, the very men who afterward set up the orgies of the Commune, refused to do it because she deemed every drop of French blood precious to the national defence. M. Thiers because of his patriotic and successful efforts to repair the misfortunes of a war against which he protested, but was powerless to prevent.

A Veteran Defending the Stars and Stripes.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, writing from San Luis Obispo, relates the following:

On last May-day, at a picnic held in a grove near Sayucos, San Luis Obispo County, a man by the name of Parks, a Southern Methodist preacher, said something that came near immortalizing him. On entering the grove he saw the stars and stripes floating on the breeze, and he said, in tones loud enough to be heard by those around him, "There, if it was not for that rag flying yonder, through which I have shot many a hole, we might enjoy ourselves to-day." In saying this, Parks echoed the sentiments of some few who, like himself, forgot that the rebellion is over, but there were some loyal parties present who took exception to the remark. The day was spent enjoyably notwithstanding the "rag" and nothing more was heard of the affair until last Sunday.

It appears that a man by the name of Miller, living at Morro, a little town on Morro bay, made up his mind to remind the disloyal leader of the innocent that he resides in America, and has consequently no right to show in public any disrespect for the flag. This Miller had been a soldier under the flag. He is a pensioner, having been shot and terribly wounded during the war. On hearing that Parks was to preach in the school house at Morro, Miller folded a large flag under his arm an hour before service, and spread its folds over the black board directly in the rear of the pulpit.

The preacher came at the appointed time. On entering the door his lip curled, his eyes flashed indignantly, and his whole appearance indicated that something besides prayer was in his heart.

Miller, the soldier, sat in his seat, firm as a young howitzer, watching the enemy.

The preacher came in with a party at whose house he had been eating roosters, and on seeing the American ensign, said: "Who put that rag up there? I'll tear it down."

And upon this he proceeded to the stand, intent on carrying his threat into execution. Miller arose and told the Gospel man he had better let that little job out. It was the American flag, and if he preached in that house he must do it under the stars and stripes.

Another party, in sympathy with the preacher, rushed forward at this, remarked that he would tear the infernal rag down. Miller said to him, "Mr. —, I have fought under that flag; it is my country's flag; I am a loyal man, and I tell you not to touch that ensign. That flag shall not come down to-day, except over my dead body."

The enraged gentlemen backed out. His wife thought she would take a hand. She said with emphasis, and a piping voice, "I'll tear the thing down."

The gallant hero who had defeated the whole outfit thus far did not swerve even in the face of a female battery. He told the lady she had better go home to her babies, and then shut the door in her face. The entire field was now left to the brave Miller.

The praying party went down into Morro. Parks asked who put up "that rag" in the school house. A man told him it didn't really matter. He presumed it was the sentiment of the good people of Morro, and if he didn't like it he could emigrate.

Thus ended the last victory of the Union forces. Preacher Parks had better sell out his small interest in the Christian cause and go to herding grasshoppers. The affair has created quite a sensation throughout San Luis Obispo county.

—A disolute young French nobleman, intent on insulting Dumas, said to him: "Your father was a mulatto, I believe?" "Yes, sir." "And his mother was a black woman, was she not?" "It is said so." "And her father was an ape, as I have heard?" "It is true sir; my genealogy begins where yours ends."

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