

The Pine County Pioneer.

Ed. C. GOTTRY, Proprietor.

DEVOTED TO THE GENERAL INTERESTS OF PINE COUNTY, AND THE WELFARE OF ITS READERS.

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NO. 41.

PICTURESQUE KEY WEST.

Eventually It Will Be the Great American Winter Resort.

An Interesting Letter from Lieut. Lucius Young, U. S. N., About Florida's Island Tropics.

Special Key West (Fla.) Letter.

In consequence of the great number of people in quest of health and rest during the summer, pleasant spots for that purpose exist in almost infinite variety and which are easily reached by localities possessing a warm climate as winter resorts are few in number, and those that do exist involve a long journey to reach them. However, with increased facilities for travel and extended knowledge, the requirements of civilization for winter resorts will be met by the discovery of localities adapted for the purpose. Thus within the last few years we have seen the popularity of Florida as a winter resort steadily growing, large hotels erected, and many places within her borders created into winter sanitariums.

In all these places, as well as in the towns and cities of the southern states bordering on the gulf, the winter climate is generally too cold and variable to meet all the requirements of those in search of a milder climate. In the sequence of this inequality, many are induced to seek a more uniformly warm climate in Bermuda or the islands of the West Indies, and many a long journey by sea, and the incidents to

denes are typical of southern luxury and are surrounded by tropical trees and flowers.

On the west side, facing a perfectly safe harbor capable of admitting vessels of the heaviest draft, is the naval station or storeroom, having a fine iron pier or wharf extending out to deep water where men-of-war replenish their supplies. The naval station was established in the early part of this century by Commodore Porter, who made it the headquarters and base of supplies for his fleet, then occupied in suppression of piracy in the West Indies.

Just to the southward of the naval station is the new and elaborate customhouse and post office, of a style of architecture more in accord with the rigors of a New England climate than that of the tropics. A little beyond the customhouse and facing the harbor is the marine hospital, a very commodious building, well ventilated, and in every way adapted to the health and comfort of the sick. Off the southwest point of land and connected with it by a narrow causeway, are the picturesque remains of an old brick fort, no longer garrisoned save by a solitary keeper, and the ruins of a fort which once bore the name of military drills has been turned into a tennis court.

Situated to the rear of the city and in the center of the island is a large convent, surrounded by a beautiful garden several acres in extent, and to the good auspices of this institution the people are indebted for a most excellent system of schools, both for the public primaries. Between the convent and the shallow bay that incloses the island to the northwest is the abandoned garrison where a bat-

TRYING THE BLOODHOUNDS.

A Fugitive's Waiting Race That Gave a Nervous Spectator a Scare.

"The dogs! The dogs!" The cry of agonized apprehension was simultaneous with the appearance of a man with disheveled hair, distorted features, and the texture of fear in his eyes, who leaped from the arroyo and dashed past with the speed of the wind. The horror of the situation struck me dumb and paralyzed my nerves. The yelp of the swift approaching dog beat on my ears like the roar of cannon, and the pressure on my brain was like that of a man drowning in 40 fathoms of water. I tried to run, and a million pains shot through my limbs, as though I had been shocked by a powerful electric battery. I was only conscious of one fact, and that was that I stood directly in the path of a pack of bloodhounds, taught by instinct and training to tear human bipeds to pieces. The knowledge that they would only attack the man they were delegated to hunt down did not occur to me. It only came to me when the pack dashed past in full cry. The dogs paid no more attention to the man than they had been one of the sagabruhs of the plains.

Strength and sensibility came back as quickly as they had departed, and I followed the dogs at top speed to learn the fate of the fleeing convict. A hundred-yard dash brought me in sight of the race track stable and within hearing of a chorus that made my blood run cold. The pack of dogs, in full cry, their game and were yelping like a pack of hellhounds; a dozen horsemen and stable boys were shouting at the dogs and trying to turn them from the fugitive's track. But terribly clear and distinct above these sounds came the maddened shriek of the convict, who was plunging in headlong fashion toward the open door of one of the stables. It was evident his strength was almost gone, but he dashed through the stable door, and I heard the key turn in the rusty lock while the dogs were still several yards away.

The horror was still upon me when the head of the convict appeared at the open window, ten feet above the ground, and, to my amazement, he greeted the people and dogs below with a jeering laugh. "That was a dead end one," he said, "I laughing convict. I have been here ten minutes ago, but I wanted to give you fellows a scare." The dogs recognized the man they had been pursuing and made frantic efforts to reach him. They jumped toward the window, striking against the side of the barn and falling back, while they yelped and howled in impotent rage. I leaped to the stableman for an explanation, but all I could get out of him was: "They are trying the dogs, I reckon." Cripple Creek Guide.

HOW TO ROB TRAINS.

Theory of a Noted Criminal Who Did It Once Too Often.

James True, the train robber, is in jail here, accused of holding up a train single-handed. True is a fine looking man, about 35 years of age, and while he has a cool, determined looking air, he is not a man who would be picked out as one of the most daring train robbers of modern times. The charge against him was made by the United States authorities for the reason, as alleged, that he robbed a mail car. The offense was committed last winter at Uintah, Utah. Newspaper readers will remember about the holding up of a train at that place, the robbery of the mail and express cars and the terrorizing of the passengers. At that time it was declared that a large band of masked men had attacked the train, and that hundreds of shots were fired to create the impression that there was a number of robbers.

After it was all over, however, it was ascertained that the deed was the work of one man. He had gone swaggering through the train and alongside of it, crying out orders to his "men," accompanying each order with a vicious oath and a pistol shot. The trainmen and the passengers concluded that a band of robbers had surrounded them and were lying alongside the railroad track ready to send a volley of six bullets into the train at the command of the leader. The robber is said to have secured a lot of rib booty from the mail car, but he was unable to get into the safe of the express car, and contented himself with small articles.

A hot search was immediately made for the robber through the mountains about Uintah, but without success. Sheriffs, constables and detectives finally abandoned the search, but Uncle Sam's men never grew weary, and it is claimed that a strong case has been made against True. It is claimed that the prisoner was formerly a railroad man, and that he was at one time the leader of an organized band of robbers in Colorado. He says that he has a wife and children residing in Utah—Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

His Mother's Speech.

Ethel—I saw Conat Hardupski last night. Cousin Tom—Does he talk as brokenly as ever? Ethel—Yes. I heard him ask you to lend him five pounds before he left.—London Answers.

Setting Him Right.

Greenfield—Is the young bird, Craven—No, sir. He possesses it on the other side. He is not my baby; I'm his father.—Boston Transcript.

AUTOGRAPHS OF THE ELEVATOR.

All Mankind Must Stand in Great Awe of That "Boy."

It does the elevator boy an injustice when you think of him as something against you. He has not, not against you in particular. It is all humanity who ride in elevators against whom his scorn is directed. If you happen to belong to that class, of course the elevator boy is not to blame for that.

He is essentially suspicious. He thinks the whole world is in a conspiracy against him. This is illustrated by a story told of a characteristically morose elevator boy in one of the big downtown buildings. He eyed every man who got on his machine as if to say: "Who told you you could ride on this elevator?" One of the office holders saw the building who had been using the machine for a year or more, with constantly increasing trepidation, finally concluded he would get an expert to destroy the elevator boy, even if he were thrown down the shaft for his temerity. One day he said: "Will, would you do me a favor and get an expert to destroy the elevator boy, even if he were thrown down the shaft for his temerity?"

Without the least hesitation in the world the elevator boy said: "I'd smash him in the head with a brick." One of the office holders saw the building who had been using the machine for a year or more, with constantly increasing trepidation, finally concluded he would get an expert to destroy the elevator boy, even if he were thrown down the shaft for his temerity. One day he said: "Will, would you do me a favor and get an expert to destroy the elevator boy, even if he were thrown down the shaft for his temerity?"

It will be noticed that the class of man who ride in lifting machines are called "elevator boys." This is a misnomer. The gentles who originally presided over the machines were boys, and many a sad accident happened when the affairs were put into use that the boys were replaced by men, who are still out of courtesy called boys.

As a rule, the elevator boy has an eye for the aesthetes as well as the beautiful. The Christmas season never passes that he does not decorate his machine with mistletoe. If a man asks him what he means by putting so much time to embellish his lift, he simply remarks: "It's the beginning of the holiday season, and I like to call attention to the fact that it is beginning to thaw out for the regular annual Christmas and New Year's tips."

It was during the Halloween season that an amusing incident happened in one of the big buildings in the business end of town. The elevator boy sends one of those fellows who paid much attention to his hair and melicite as a club man. There was not a single young woman in the building that he was so familiar enough with to address by her first name.

The lower floor on this occasion was crowded with anxious men who were frowning and swearing because the elevator would not come down. The upper floor was likewise crowded with men who were also breaking one of the commandments because the machine would not move up. The machine was suspended in midair. The electric bells were playing a sulphurous tune both above and below, and cries and threats were made against the elevator boy. After an interval of perhaps 15 minutes the machine glided swiftly down the chute and came to a gentle halt. The door was thrown back by the elevator boy and his face was cut by a grin which extended from ear to ear. A pretty little girl, who had been covered with blushes and her hat very much askew.

It was like oil on troubled waters. "Would you were an elevator boy," quoth the maddest of the former anxious passengers as he stepped respectfully into the machine. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fear in Animals.

Back in prehistoric times our ancestors probably knew fear as a constant feeling. They fought to defend their lives and homes from one another. With the beginning of agriculture and the domestication of animals, fighting ceased to be the chief object of existence, gentleness had a chance to grow, and fear was not so common a state of mind.

But we are not in the condition of savage tribes. We do not live in fear of ourselves, and we understand that the animals we have domesticated must be treated with uniform kindness. The horse is exceedingly nervous, while cattle do not appear so nervous, any dairyman will tell you that the utmost gentleness is necessary in caring for them. We can reason away most of our fear, neither the wild nor the domestic animals can do so much. The one way to teach an animal to conquer fear is to let him feel that he may trust us, and that he is true and only way for it leads to love—and "perfect love casteth out fear"—Our Animal Friends.

How a Horse Strives.

This was the subject of a recent communication to the Paris Academy of Science. Many instantaneous photographs were made of a horse as it started from a position of rest, and a careful comparison of the pictures, coupled with a study of the anatomy of the animal, led to conclusions which are said to be at variance with what has hitherto been believed. It would appear from this evidence, that the forelegs play an important part in the propulsion of the animal from the very beginning of its start, and that the best muscles, remarkable for their development in the horse, are essential agents in equine locomotion.—Youth's Companion.

—Dreese of a kind would have scooped the sky, as it held nothing but patri—Chicago News.

The Crown Roller Mills.

Rush City, Minn.

New and Improved Machinery.

First-Class Flour Guaranteed.

FRED HEINRICH, Prop.

Kastik & Hoefler,

DEALERS IN FRESH AND SALT MEATS.

We keep constantly on hand the Following Meats:

Beef, Veal, Pork, Mutton, Poultry, AND GAME IN SEASON.

We also make and have on hand all kinds of sausages.

KASTIK & JOSEFEL, Pine City, Minn.

Herman Borchers

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Ever Brought to this village.

Also Carries a First-Class Line of Rubbers and Slippers.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order. Boot and Shoe Repairing a Specialty.

PINE CITY, - MINN.

Gems of the Cycle World

Their work at once a famous name, because there have been "Cushion Frames."

KONNARK AND YARNELL

To behold is a pleasure, to ride, a positive joy.

The "Cushion Frame" is to the wheel what springs are to the carriage.

Manufactured in Minneapolis, by Moore Carving Machine Co., Salesroom, 637 1st Ave. South. Write for Catalogue. Call when in town.

J. A. Franta,

Manufacturer of Harness

And Dealer in Trunks, Valises, etc.

Horse Supplies of all kinds constantly on hand.

Repairing a Specialty.

Pine City, - Minnesota.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Pine City, Minn.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Etc.

Special attention paid to the Farmers' trade. When in the city call at the old stand and look over my goods and prices, and see the inducements I can offer.

E. E. Barum, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon. Residence in Ryder House. Office in room over the Drug Store.

Pine City, - Minnesota.

Dr. E. L. Stepien,

Physician and Surgeon. Office at Drug Store.

Hinckley, - Minnesota.

A. J. Stowe, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Graduate of the University of New York City, 1887. Office in new building first door north of Hotel. Residence second house north of office.

Rush City, - Minnesota.

Robt. C. Saunders,

Attorney at Law. Hinckley, - Minnesota.

S. G. L. Roberts,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. Pine City, - Minnesota.

Ed. C. Gottry,

Attorney at Law. Late Register U. S. Land Office. Will practice in all Courts of the State. Ellison Block, Taylors Falls, Minn.

Robertson Bros.,

DEALERS IN General Merchandise. Best Goods at Lowest Prices. Embury, - Minnesota.

PINE CITY

LIVERY STABLE

W. P. GOTTRY, Proprietor.

First-Class Livery Rigs Furnished at any hour.

PINE CITY, - MINN.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDINGHORN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for terms and list of two hundred inventions wanted.



A PRIVATE RESIDENCE AT KEY WEST, FLA.

such a voyage are more than invalids can endure. Under these circumstances it has long been a wonder to me that the merits of Key West have not been more recognized; the temperature in winter is that of the finest summer weather in New York, and it would be impossible to conceive a more agreeable climate than that afforded in Key West during the period of the year from October to the middle of April, the thermometer rarely falls below 60 degrees. The island is just off the southern extremity of Florida and is in a direct line of all the steamer routes leading from the Atlantic to Cuba and the gulf ports.

It is true Key West at present can only be conveniently reached by rail to Tampa and thence by steamer making a run of 17 hours by sea; but as the island is only separated from the mainland a short distance by an endless chain of keys and coral reefs with very shallow water intervening, it could with ease, and at a moderate cost, be connected by rail to the main stem.

The population of the island is composed largely of Spaniards, or Cubans who came over from Cuba with the tobacco industry, and since their advent the statistics of the port show constantly increasing trade. These foreign residents are universally respected and in their business relations are on terms of perfect harmony with the other inhabitants. The inhabitants of Key West were exceedingly loyal to the union during the civil war, and one of the first monuments erected to the memory of the federal dead was a beautiful obelisk placed in the shady triangle near the naval station, in the early part of 1866, the first city keeping guard over this is a popular post of the U. S. A. R.

The island is about three miles long and two wide, and when it was discovered by the Spaniards immense piles of human bones were found scattered over the surface, from which they called it *Isle de los huesos*, to indicate that the island was a great battle ground, as it was the custom of the Florida Indians to pile the dead killed in battle only. From the Spanish word *gran* the island passed into the hands of three purchasers from Nassau, who called it *Thompson's Island*, and the settlement followed because known as *Allentown*; the Spanish name, however, never loses, but in the course of time it became corrupted into *Key West*, by which the island and town are now known. LUCIEN YOUNG.

—We wonder why the fire never burns until after the meal is cooked.

MOVEMENT TO FEDERAL ROAD AT KEY WEST.

via Cape Florida. Such a railroad has been projected and surveyed, and it is only a question of a short time when it will be completed. Twenty-five years ago I made my first visit to this island, and found the town then but a comparative village. Now it has grown to the proportions of the largest city in Florida, with evident signs of further progress and a steadily increasing commerce.

The streets have been graded and paved, street railways inaugurated, the number of substantial buildings increased, cigar manufactories established, many of which employ more than 500 workmen, and imposing public buildings erected. The private resi-

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AD C GOTTHEY Editor and Prop.

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PINE CITY, MINN., SEPT. 24, 1897.

EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBIT OF THE PINE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL AND STOCK BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION.

The Eighth Annual Fair has come and gone. The weather was favorable and the exhibits were all first-class.

The first man on the grounds with an exhibit was D. Grant, one of the very progressive and prosperous Pine County farmers.

Walter E. Smith's exhibit of horses and cats was the best collection of horses on the ground, and Walter walked away with the premiums for breeding horses and cats.

Henry Krohn, of the Barrett estate, in with a fine exhibit, and took first premium on several articles. He demonstrated beyond a doubt that the land on the lower bluffs will produce with any other locality.

John Summers displayed the finest specimens of cultivated cranberries ever seen in the county.

Alfred Hies for his choice exhibit secured five premiums. Mr. Hies is an enterprising farmer, and takes hold with a view to advance the interests of agriculture.

Frank Cook had the reputation of having secured seven out of a display of only seven varieties. Frank has a beautiful farm, and it is kept under a high state of cultivation.

Robert Wilcox had the most elaborate display of pumpkins, some of them being large enough to make a house for Peter Panik's sister's wife.

Wm. Peterson of a display of seven varieties secured four premiums.

The Rev. Mr. Taylor, who lives on the Lambert farm, made a very creditable exhibit of farm products, having a garden outside of his back in any state. They were simply perfect.

John O. Goppik took first premium on sheep and lambs, and says he is sorry he did not bring his hope down, but thought perhaps the commission might think they had dropped. His feeding them on down East "yaller meal"—great stuff for sheep.

Wm. Doran and Hiram Kenney both had fine exhibits. Mr. Kenney's display in particular being very fine.

Mrs. J. D. Wilcox had the largest general exhibit in the Agricultural department. They were all very fine specimens of the garden and field.

ROCK CREEK.

Mrs. H. L. Miller is reported ill. L. Spaulding is building a very nice house. Henry Barrett has sold his furniture to G. D. Egan.

E. Schindler returned to Ellsworth, Wis. this week. Geo. Knight has moved his family into the Webster house. John Givens made Duluth a visit. Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss McKee left for West Duluth last Friday to attend school. Givens & Malmgren are building an office for Dr. Rutherford and King.

Mrs. J. A. Dunn spent a few days in St. Paul last week, visiting friends. Dr. Rutherford has commenced taking music lessons from J. B. Heinberg.

Mrs. John Walton left for Minneapolis on Monday to visit her sick father. Mrs. J. L. Weson has been on the sick list some time, but is reported to be recovering.

Mrs. Fred Smith, of Minnesota, Minn., is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Street, of this place. Dan & Maria are spending a few days in northern Wisconsin, looking up a mill location.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tate left for Sauk County Thursday, where they will make their future home. Mrs. Jennie Hader, of Pine City, spent Saturday and Sunday visiting with Mrs. J. P. Heinberg.

Fred Newberry, of St. Paul, has bought 40 acres of land from the estate of G. H. Egan, and will move his family up this week.

Mrs. Augusta Teikson, who has spent the past two months visiting at the Markta house, left for her residence in Chicago, Thursday. Geo. Becker, of Rockford, Mich., spent a few days visiting G. H. Egan, of this place, and left for Saginaw, Mich. Friday last to visit his other relatives.

The horses belonging to Wm. O'Brien got on the railroad track Sunday night, and the high passenger train going north killed one and injured two.

By the way, what became of E. L. Grogan as we failed to see any of the valuable work in the editorial file this morning for some time last week. Suppose he has been writing up nights for the last two weeks looking over the work and all over it.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ferguson left for Ansonia, Wis., where their son Leola is located, on the 15th. Mr. Ferguson has been in poor health for some time, and it is expected a change of climate may do him some good.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson have lived here nearly 20 years, and are well known by everybody and have a large number of warm friends, who hope that their future home may be a very pleasant one.

EDITOR PIONEER.—I see by the last edition of your paper, that we have an outside debt advertised for Pine City. Now, Mr. Editor, with all fairness to the publishing office, I cannot but enter my protest against visiting professional men in a town, especially when they are a member of the same profession permanently located and a property owner and taxpayer, and with a family to support.

I think it is a duty we owe our own professional people, whatever their calling may be, and especially those worthy to be patronized, to let them know that we are not to be taken in by any one who helps pay our taxes, and spend their money among us.

Do You Know The Pride of Pine City Is manufactured by the Latest Machinery?

Do You Know That we have a Roller Feed Mill with which we can grind feed as fine or as coarse as you want it?

Do You Know That our Rye Flour Mill is in operation, and that we are manufacturing a Fine Quality of Rye Flour?

PINE CITY MILLING COMPANY. Shall We Meet YOUR APPROVAL? Come and look the mill over—we will be glad to show you around.

OUR OULET FOR HEAVY PURCHASES. At our two stores gives us advantage of the largest markets. WITH OVER TWENTY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE, and ample capital, we certainly have no fear of competition, quality considered.

In Our Millinery Department We certainly excel anything this side of the cities, and those who desire the Latest and Best, can be satisfied here.

Our Dress Goods Department Is the largest outside of the cities, and will continue to grow with the demands of the trade. It will be a pleasure to show this line.

In Ladies', Misses' & Children's Capes & Jackets. Buying for two stores gives us great advantage here, as quantity cuts a big figure in prices. We can furnish anything wanted.

Extra Special. 25 yards all silk Grosgrain Satin... 104 Gray Cotton Blankets, extra quality... Men's Clothing made to Order.

GROCERIES. SPECIAL. (Subject to change at any time.) 10 lbs Granulated Sugar... for \$5.

WE pay above the market for your butter and eggs, and want all we can get. Kindly give us a call.

PINE CITY MERCANTILE CO. In the New Tierney Building. W.L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE. In the World. ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS Chicago.

SPECIAL ATTENTION!

We are now all ready to show you the biggest newest, cheapest line of Dry Goods and Clothing, and at prices that will suit one and all.

DRESS GOODS. 48-inch all-wool serge in all the new shades... 400. 50-inch all-wool serge in all the new shades... 190. 50-inch extra heavy Black Serge... 750.

We have all the new Dress Trimmings in Braid Silks, Velvets and Ribbons.

CLOAKS! CLOAKS! Are you going to buy a jacket this fall? If so remember we have for this fall bought the best and cheapest line that was ever shown and if you can't save money by buying from us, ALL WE SAY IS DONT BUY.

In fact every garment in our store will be sold for at least one-third less than you can buy them in any other store. Every garment can be seen in our store to prove that what we say is true.

CLOTHING! - CLOTHING. We have this fall selected the best and cheapest line of Clothing ever sold in Rush City or on the line of the St. P. & D. road. Every garment sold guaranteed.

BOYS' SUITS. 25 Men's all-wool Suits in black, gray or brown mixture, single or double breasted... 25 Men's Suits all wool, new nobby, suits worth \$12.00. While they last... \$6.00.

Children's Suits, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

G. A. CARLSON RUSH CITY, MINN. LOOK OUT FOR THE GARS That are bringing our New Stock.

We bought early and we bought cheap. We came first, and got first choice. We milked the markets and kept the cream, which enables us to offer

Profitable Pickings to Protected Patrons who want the worth of their money, and the quintessence of Quality.

Note this: A New Stock, A Choice Stock, A Low Price. We will make it pay you to buy all your goods of us.

Following are some of our Bargains CLOTHING DRY GOODS. Men's Suits from \$2.75 to \$18.00. Boys' Suits, 2.25 to 9.00. Children's Suits, .90 to 4.50.

Underwear. Mens heavy underwear 50 to \$1.50. Outside shirts, 50 to \$2.00. All wool Vests, 1.50. All Wool Sweaters 75 to 1.75.

Hats and Caps. Men's Fine Hats from \$1.00 to \$2.50. Woolen hats, 25 to 75. Fine Cloth Caps, 25 to 1.25. Fine Plush Caps 75 to 2.00.

Men's, Ladies and Children's Shoes! BARNEY H. HARRIS, Rush City, Minn.

PINE COUNTY PIONEER.

PINE CITY, MINN., SEPT. 24, 1897.

CHIPS AND SHAVINGS.

Great Chips Picked up Around Town and Shavings Clipped From Our Exchanges.

- Library Paste, 5c.
-Library Paste 10c.
-Luks and Pencils.
-At the Drug Store.
-Lime and cement at Rybak's Cash Store.
-Feed grinding while you wait at the Pine City Roller Mills.
-Services in the Catholic church Sunday at 9 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
-Everything in the shape of School supplies at the Drug Store.
-Bright pounds of Arbuckle coffee for \$1.00 at Berg & Ihle's old store.
-Breakfasting has the best Druggists in the state, at the New Drug Store.
-New goods of every description just arrived, at F. J. Rybak's Cash Store.
-Rocky Mountain Tea makes a soft, smooth and beautiful skin. Removes all impurities from the face.
-Capt. Seaver spent Tuesday in the Twin cities and Stillwater on business.
-Highest market price paid for eggs and poultry at Berg & Ihle's old store.
-A. E. Webber is still busily engaged in bringing down wood from up the river.
-Rocky Mountain Tea is composed of roots, berries, gums and leaves that nature made, its great medicine.
-The Pride of Pine City is a Fancy Patent made from Pine country wheat try it.
-Fancy shirt-waist silks for only 16 cts per yard at Barney H. Harris Rush City, Minn.
-Rev. E. A. Bouska, of Yancton, South Dakota, visited Father Rabstienek last week.
-For good health, Doctors advise short, quick runs daily before breakfast. Rocky Mountain Tea will do the business.
-Rocky Mountain Tea, correct constipation, indigestion, headache, liver complaint, gives strength to the whole system.
-Alfred Hobbs leaves today for Hunkley to spend Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Ward Folsom.
-Fresh roasted peanuts, all kinds of fruits in their season, nuts and candies, at Jos. Veverka's.
-Barney H. Harris, of Rush City, will send samples of any of his goods free of charge upon request.
-When you go down to Rush City call on Barney H. Harris, and see his full line of seasonable goods.
-Don't forget your Fire Insurance. Call on J. Y. Breckenridge. Best companies—cheapest rates.
-For a first-class milk shake, or soft drink of any description, call on Joseph Veverka, the restaurateur.
-John Benes, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is visiting his sister Annie at the residence of Father Rabstienek.
-Go to Sticha & Petricka and get a chance on the beautiful stove they are going to give away to the lucky person.
-Arthur Bartlett has laid up the "Economic" for the winter, and is making preparations to go into the woods.
-Sticha & Petricka sold three sewing machines last week, one to James Hurley, Frank Lined and Adolph Kime.
-Go to Veverka's restaurant and bakery for milk shakes, and all kinds of soft drinks. He keeps them constantly on hand.
-C. M. Truesdell, the dentist will make his next visit to Pine City on Monday Sept. 27, for one week.
-Prices reasonable.
-The Grand jury met on Tuesday and finished up their work in one day—something unheard of in the history of Pine county.
-Music for the dance given in Hetemeyer's hall this evening will be furnished by the Standard Cornet Band, of Ashland, Wisconsin.
-First class ice cream served every Sunday at Veverka's restaurant. He also keeps on hand a first-class stock of fruits, nuts, candies, etc.
-Senator and Mrs. Hodge and son Webster, departed on Thursday for New Hampshire to spend a few weeks visiting Mr. Hodge's parents.
-Work was commenced on the Royaltan school house on Wednesday and finished in good repair and giving it a coat of paint inside and out.
-On the night of the 14th of this month three milk cows, belonging to Gustave Sandberg, of Kerriek, was struck by lightning, killing them instantly.
-If you want something nice in tea spoons, table spoons or dessert spoons don't fail to see the new Utah Metal goods, at H. N. Welch's Hardware and Furniture Store.
-New Goods! New Prices! Large stock and fine selections in hardware and furniture ever shown in this place, at H. N. Welch's Hardware and Furniture Store.
-Found—On Sunday, Aug. 29, just east of Davis Lake bridge, a lady's tan cane. Loss can be recovered by calling at this office and paying for this advertisement.
-The new brick jail is fast nearing completion. The contractor having charge of the building is pushing it as fast as possible so as to finish it before it gets much colder.

-Married—On Thursday evening Sept. 23rd 1897 by the Rev. Peter Knudsen, Miss Ann Estella Day to H. H. Haukanp.
-Heretofore the Pioneer will print four pages at home, thus giving our advertising patrons more space, and our readers more news, faster.
-Wm Smith is erecting a neat residence along side of his old one, and when completed will make a vast improvement in that portion of the village.
-Dr. S. O. Francis moved his family to White Bear the first of the week. The doctor says that this place is not large enough to support three doctors.
-A communication from Brook Park, of special interest to Pine county farmers, is unavoidably crowded out of this issue but will appear in our next.

-A very interesting communication on the awarding of premiums for butter, was crowded out on account of lack of space, but it will appear in our next issue.
-Presbyterian church next Sunday Sept. 28th. Morning service 10:30 as usual. Evening service 7:30 will be conducted by Rev. S. A. Jamieson, of Duluth. Everyone invited.
-We have been informed that George Perkins has gone into partnership with Emil Hoeller in the meat market, and hereafter can be found cutting meat in that establishment.

-Services in the M. E. church Sunday next as follows: Morning 10:30 subject "An Ancient Schoolmaster." Evening 7:45, subject "Jacob In Solitude." Everybody invited.
-Clinton and Fred McKusick departed on Tuesday for Ovatonna, where they go to resume their studies in the Liberty Academy after having spent their summer vacation in this village.
-The Pettit Jury meets on Tuesday next, and we have been informed that the calendar is the smallest that ever was in the county, the Grand Jury having only brought in one indictment.

-For all kinds of materials for knitting, crocheting, embroidery, and all kinds of fancy work, also stationery, school supplies, blank books, etc. farmers on business, call at old postoffice building.
-Died—The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rohlf on Monday morning Sept. 20 1897, at 3 a. m. of cholera, after a brief illness of 24 and a few days. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of the community.
-A. Carlson, the hustling merchant of Rush City, in order to properly advertise his large and rapidly increasing business, has found it necessary to lease a new space in the Pioneer. Read his new ad., and see the bargains he offers.

-A meeting of the Owl Club is appointed for Monday evening Sept. 27, at Kowalk's hall at 8 o'clock p. m. All members of the club are requested to be present, as there is business of importance to transact.
-L. L. PARAVANS, G. S. O.
-In H. N. Welch's Hardware and Furniture store you will find the largest assortment of butcher knives, carving sets, kitchen knives, pocket knives, finest quality of pen knives, largest assortment of scissors and shears ever shown in this place.
-All persons contemplating traveling, should call on our local ticket agent, as he has coupon tickets for sale, and can furnish you transportation to any and all points in the United States. Don't forget to buy your tickets at this station when going traveling.

-J. Adam Bieck, departs the first of next week for Ohio, where he goes to stamp the state in the interests of Mark Hanna. Verily it looks as if J. Adam had become a full fledged Republican, instead of a Good Democrat. Angus Hay will have charge of the Budget during his absence.
-It is surprising to see the number of traveling men that come to this place now-a-days, every train unloads the depot platform full of sample trunks. The agents all claim that this is the best town on the line, and if any one knows it must be the commercial men.
-Pine City is looking up, and to be up with the times I have started the Pine City repair shop in Hurley's hall. I will repair boots and shoes cheap. Half-soles, 25, 30 and 40c; patches from 5 to 10c. Come in the hall and up the stairs, bring all the shoes that need repairing. W. A. Gray.
-Wm. Brecher, of St. Paul, was up and spent last week at the home of his mother who lives eight miles south west of this village. Billy "as he is best known here" says that he is surprised to see the way Pine City was growing and says that he has still a warm spot in his heart for his old home.

-Miss Georgia Buttrick wishes to announce to the ladies of this place and vicinity that she will for the next 30 days at her place of business in Pennington's store offer for sale her complete stock of millinery and fancy goods at and below cost. Remember everything will have to be sold in thirty days.
-Agent Armstrong informs us that there is more business done at this station in a week than there was done in a month a year ago, and yet the Silver men want to know where is the prosperity that was promised by the election of McKinley. Of a truth they carry out the old adage that "None are so blind as those who won't see."

-Father Rabstienek having disposed of much work connected with his church will again resume the immigration work as far as the Justice will permit. He has selected Frank Svanda as his agent. At present he is busily engaged in preparing a map and a list of all the improved farms in this vicinity.
-The Pine City Mercantile Co. have opened up their store in the new Turnover building and are now prepared to sell everything that is found in a first class general store. They will also buy for cash anything the farmer has for sale. Their goods are all first class and they are selling at prices that defy competition.

-The Perkins family received their father's life insurance money from the A. O. U. W. order on Monday. This makes two claims that the order has paid in this place, the other being to the Cox family. This order pays all its death claims in advance of two months, and there is never a kick if the insured has kept up his dues and assessments.

-Louis Kline, who has been playing ball with the St. Paul League during the past summer, returned to his home in this place on Saturday to spend the winter. Louis has signed with the St. Paul team for next season and will undoubtedly be the principal catcher of the team next year, he having done very good work during his stay with them this year.

-Douglas Greeley has let the contract for the building of the addition to his hotel, and work was commenced on the same on Thursday. The addition will be 28x50, two stories high, which when completed will make a fine large hotel building. He will also remodel the old part and heat it throughout with hot air. He expects to have it ready for occupancy about the middle of November.

-The Fair last week was a success in every particular. The crowd was the largest ever in attendance at a fair in this place. The principal attraction for the crowd was the horse racing and the report that a game of ball was to be played, as a great many people will go farther to see a game of ball or a good horse race, than to see the best display of team produce that ever was exhibited. The races were very fine and some good time made for green horses. The second day was very interesting for colts, and was won by Jerry B., "the colt Jas. Hurley bought this summer" in three straight heats; the third race was the best two in three. Four horses were entered but only three ran, as Herman Tiche's horse bolted the track before the quarter pole was reached and he took him off. The race was won by Nigger, owned by the Enderwert Bros., Sweptstakes, by Jas. Austin, second and Sleepy Noisy by Henry J. Rath; third, The base ball game advertised to take place the last day failed to materialize owing to the fact that the team that promised to come failed to show up. The dances given on the evenings of the two last days were well attended. Every one had a good time and the boys came out a little ahead. Taking it all in all the eighth annual fair was a grand success.

-Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic.
-The famous remedy, by a famous physician, has the virtue of being originated by one of America's most eminent medical authorities and has been long and successfully used and prescribed in cases of debility, nervousness, impure blood, etc. For "building up" the system, it is the best remedy to equal. The first bottle is guaranteed to give satisfaction, by Breckenridge.

-In Breckenridge.
-Charles A. Russell.
-Mr. Russell, Camp No. 88, M. W. A., of Towson, Grove, Ill., at a recent meeting, passed the following in memory of their departed neighbor, W. A. Russell.
-On his continual rounds the Great Reaper has again invaded the ranks of Maple Camp, 88, Modern Woodmen of America, and on Friday, Aug. 20, 1897, Neighbor Charles A. Russell departed this life.
-For a long time he lived amongst us and continued with us. He was always a faithful Woodman and an upright citizen, respected by all who knew him. In times of sickness and trouble his hand was always ready to assist, and none could be more faithful or efficient.
-Indeed, that in the death of Neighbor Russell our camp has lost an honest and faithful member, the state an honest citizen, and his friends a man who will be sadly missed and long remembered.
-Resolved, that this preamble and resolutions be recorded on our minutes, and a copy sent to his relatives.
-C. V. CARPENTER,
P. O. BROWN,
E. W. HEND,
Committee.

-Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure.
-Just as the name suggests, this valuable remedy cures certainly and speedily all ailments of the back, kidney, bladder or ureters, etc. It removes all acid from the urine and kidneys, thereby giving you a strong, vigorous feeling, where now you feel dull and sluggish. In cases of weak bladder it restores the normal action of the bladder, and in all cases it is the best remedy to equal. The first bottle is guaranteed to give satisfaction, by Breckenridge.

-WANTED—FIRSTWORTHY AND AG.
-Live gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible established houses in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. For further information, please send address and references. Known self-addressed stamped envelopes. The Pennington Company, Dept. V, Chicago.

Cleveland's Popular Evangelist



Rev. A. N. Craft, D.D., Cleveland, O.
Pastor Euclid Ave. M. E. Church.
writes Dr. Fenner: "I have used your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic and find it the best remedy for a deranged state of the stomach, liver and bowels of any that I have ever used."

Dr. S. O. Francis.
Office in Hurley Block, in rear of the Burger office. Residence second door north of the Methodist church.
PINE CITY, MINN.

Dr. R. L. Wiseman.
Physician and Surgeon.
Office is J. F. Stone's office.

Dr. A. C. Trowbridge,
Dentist
Office opposite Parkers Hotel. Office hours, 8 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m.

Bakery and Restaurant.
Fresh Fruits and Confectionery

IBINE AT Veverka's I DON'T!
Soft Drinks always kept on hand.
FRESH BREAD, CAKES and PIES
Always on hand. Welcome Cakes or Pies made to order. Meals and lunches at all hours, from 6 o'clock a. m. to 9 p. m. Come and give us a trial.
JOSEPH VEVERKA,
Pine City, Minn.

P. KASHIK,
DEALER IN
Fresh and Salt Meats.
Keep constantly on hand
BEEF, VEAL,
PORK, MUTTON,
AND POULTRY,
AND GAME IN SEASON.
I also have on hand all kinds of Sausage.
P. KASHIK,
Pine City, Minn.

POKAGAMA PARK HOTEL,
A. Borgman, Manager.
Beautifully located on the shore of Lake Pokegama, about five miles from Pine City. Best of accommodations furnished at reasonable rates. Steamers run regularly between Pine City and the lake.

LAND—LAND.
If you wish to buy land in Pine county you should look over the tracts of land for sale by the undersigned near Pine City Mission Creek, Brook park, and Hinckley.
Prices from \$4 to \$6 per acre on very easy terms. E. G. MELLEME,
58 East Second, St. Paul

NEW STORE, NEW STOCK.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES.
We are the place to buy
Slates, Ink, Pencils, Pens, Tablets, Mucilage, Box Paper, Writing Paper, Envelopes, Pen Holders.
Breckenridge,
DRUGGIST,
Main Street,
Pine City, Minnesota.

SUPERIOR SPECIALTY COMPANY,
In Berg & Ihle's old stand.
Dealers in
Groceries, Dry Goods, Notions Clothing
-ETC-
40 Men's Suits at 20 per cent less than the Wholesale Cost.
Also a nice line of boys' suits at the same price. These goods are all new and of the latest styles.
21 pounds of Granulated Sugar, \$1. With One \$5 Order,
9 pounds of Arbuckle's Coffee, \$1.
Call on us before buying. We will save you money.
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR EGGS AND POULTRY

Peninsular and Favorite Stoves,
WESTERN WAGONS, CLIPPER PLOWS,
Household Sewing Machine,
is the latest improved Sewing Machine, and gives the most SATISFACTION.
Sixfold Axes,
which we guarantee to wear or Money Refunded.
A Complete Stock of
PAINTS, OILS, AND VARNISHES.

THE Pine City CASH STORE
CARRIES A FULL LINE OF
General Merchandise,
Boots, Shoes, Etc.
Also Farm Product, Flour and Feed, Lime and Plastering Hair.
F. J. RYBAK, Propr.,
Pine City, Minn.
We will give away the best stove we have in the store to the lucky number, free of charge. Call in and get a number—it won't cost you anything.
We have the largest stock of Hardware and Farm Implements in Pine county. First-class tin shop in connection.
We pay Cash for Wood. Here STICHA & PETRICKA,
is where you want to sell it.
Pine City, Minn.

THE Gold Medal Flour
is the Result of time, money, work and study, all culminating in the highest science of flour making.
All for the good of humanity, Washburn, Crosby Co. have perfected the process of producing the best that wheat contains.
Use nothing but Gold Medal Flour if you would have sweet, wholesome bread.
All grocers sell it.
All wise people buy it.
F. J. RYBAK, Propr.,
Pine City, Minn.

MISS RUTHIE'S CHARGE

"SO, YOU see, Miss Paul, I came round to find out how many you would take," said good Mrs. Manly, the plump, matronly mistress of the house, and she smiled reassuringly at Miss Ruthie's grim face.

"Why, Mrs. Manly, I don't know any more about children than a cat does about Sunday!" was her dry answer.

"Never mind that, Miss Ruthie; you could learn. And this is just the place for a poor, tired, hungry body like you. You have a big, empty house, a great, cool, shady yard, plenty of fresh milk, fruit, a big garden, chickens, ducks, everything a child loves! You might take three or four."

"And they would chase the ducks, waste the fruit, and the milk and racket and upset all over the house! I would as soon go to the asylum and be done with it," Mrs. Manly said.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it up to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me," murmured Mrs. Manly, softly.

"Mrs. Manly rose to go with a disappointed air.

"Then you will not take even one, Miss Ruthie?"

"Not even one, Mrs. Manly," returned the grim spinster.

"Well, I am sorry, but you are the best judge of course."

"I'd like to oblige you, Mrs. Manly. But what to do with a young one, I wouldn't know, I'm sure. I couldn't do it."

"Then I will not urge it, Miss Ruthie. Of course, if you change your mind between now and the time the children come you can let the committee know. There is always room."

"All right. But 'till at all likely I shall change my mind," said Miss Ruthie, grim as ever.

Miss Ruthie had plenty of means, and not a soul to fill that great old house excepting herself, her aunt Matt, Betty, and the colored boy who acted as general factotum.

She went into the kitchen, and the first thing Betty had to say was that the neighbors on both sides were going to take one or two each for a month from the relief committee, and Betty thought it was so nice to have the darlings running around to keep a body from getting lonesome.

Then, worst of all, in the afternoon Betty required a certain muslin bag for straining jelly, and Miss Ruthie found, strange to say, in that methodical household, Miss Ruthie had to go up to the garret for a piece out of which to make mother's bag. And so she changed to open a certain trunk in the garret, by the side of which she sat down and sighed.

For there, preserved in camphor and lavender, through so many years, were the garments belonging to the being Miss Ruthie had married. It was a little sister who died when she was only ten years old, and was buried down there in the old graveyard, under the willow trees.

It seemed as if, while she sat on the floor in the garret, she could see Betty's blue eyes looking up into her face, and hear Tilly's little voice saying, "Sister, remember the time when we played together, and do it for my sake." Miss Ruthie got her muslin, shut the trunk and marched downstairs to the kitchen.

"Betty," said she, "do you think we ought to take one of those children?"

"Law, yes, Miss Ruthie! Why don't ye?" said Betty, her plain face lighting.

"But children are nuisances, Betty?"

"Yes, Miss Ruthie, but they're kind of comfortin' after all."

"Well, make your jelly, Betty. Mind and don't let it burn."

Next morning Miss Ruthie walked deliberately into the office of the ladies' relief committee.

"I'll take one," she said, sternly.

"All right, Miss Haskins, put down one for Miss Paul," said the lady in charge.

"Ask her if she wishes a boy or girl," said Miss Haskins, as she wrote the name.

"A girl," replied Miss Ruthie, promptly.

"Lord knows what I'll do with her, though; I don't!"

The ladies exchanged glances, which were not lost on Miss Ruthie.

"Be at the depot Tuesday morning, next week, to receive your charge," said Miss Haskins.

"Very well," Miss Ruthie turned round and walked out. "They think I'll let the child," she muttered to herself. "But I won't!"

On Tuesday morning the people who had promised to take children were at the depot. So were a great many others, prompted by curiosity, when the train came in, Wellville had never seen such a crowd.

Names were called and places assigned as fast as the efficient committee of ladies could do it.

"Miss Ruth Paul—one girl—here!" came at last. And Miss Ruthie marched up to the platform to receive her charge. A little thing of eight, with yellow curls and blue eyes and a white face, dressed in a blue calico dress, wearing a hat which had evidently been the property of some young lady, was assigned to Miss Ruthie, with ticket No. 44.

"Come on!" said Miss Ruthie, leading the way to her carriage. She had driven herself to the depot, simply because she would not be seen in the village with the child following her. Not yet, at least.

"Climb in!" she said, loosening the straps of the little one who was inside directly.

"Oh, what a pretty carriage!" she said, patting the child's curls. "It is yours?" and she smiled up into Miss Ruthie's face.

"Yes. What's your name, child?"

"Tilly."

My goodness! Miss Ruthie gave a start. "Tilly what?"

"Tilly Truss."

"Is your ma in the city?"

"I ain't got no ma, nor no pa."

"Who takes care of you, then?"

"I live with Aunt Logan."

"She is poor, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is. She got three children of her own. They wanted to come, but they were too big. Aunt Lou washes for folks."

"Humph! No wonder you look half starved. Is that all the dress you've got?"

"No'm. I've got a pink dress that a lady gave me in this bundle. Aunt Lou said it wouldn't do, but it's real pretty, I think."

"Tilly unraveled the paper, and showed the remains of a child's pink tarlatan party dress.

"Humph! You can take that dress dolls with!" she said, with a sniff of disdain.

"This is the place," she said, stopping the carriage. "Jump down, child! She couldn't say Tilly yet—but she would, after awhile."

"Tilly walked into the hall, walking into the big, clean kitchen with her visitor, "here's the child. Get her a bowl of bread and milk!"

"Is this her?" Did you really take one?" And Betty's hands went up in surprise.

"Yes, did. Do you like milk, child?"

"I 'spical know," said the baby, shyly.

"Don't know! Didn't you ever drink milk?"

"No'm'am. I've seen it, but I never tasted it. Aunt Lou couldn't afford to buy it."

"Betty be quick! Leave the cream out. Come, Tilly, and see if you like your pie, country bread and milk."

Tilly proved that she did by eating the last drop in the bowl. Miss Ruthie would have offered her more, but she did not want to make the child sick the first thing.

"Oh, you tired?" she asked, when the bread and milk was finished.

"No, no'm'am."

"Then here is a sunbonnet you may go out in the yard and play. Do you like to play on the grass?"

"I guess I would like it," said Tilly, sweetly. "I never tried it."

"Good! Let's go out on the grass in New York!" asked Miss Ruthie.

"Yes'm. Lots of it in the parks. But the police don't 'low you to step on the grass. You can step on there. Go out now, and do—do—do just whatever you're a mind to!"

Miss Ruthie gave Tilly a little bedroom next to her own and undressed her with her own hands.

"Where's your gown, child?" she said.

"I ain't got no gown," replied Tilly.

"What do you sleep in?"

"This was a thin underwaist, which, with a small petticoat, completed the child's underwear."

"Well, Miss Ruthie didn't know what to 'll 'll get you some to-morrow," she said.

The next day Miss Ruthie said:

"Betty, that child has absolutely no clothes. I'll get her some, and you must help me make 'em."

"Taint much use, for such a little while, is it?" asked Betty.

"She's got to be decent while she stays," said Miss Ruthie, resolutely.

So they bent to work. And the next steady day Miss Ruthie led her little charge to Sunday school in a blue "Mother Hubbard" and big white hat and new shoes, people said:

"That little girl must have visitors, else who is the pretty child in her pew?" And they never knew it for the little girl who came out on the relief train Tuesday.

Tilly had been there two weeks, when one night there was a thunder-storm, and Miss Ruthie was awakened by a knock at her door.

"Aunt Ruthie! Aunt Ruthie!" She had taught Tilly to call her that, and the child's voice roused her.

"Well, what is it," she asked.

"I'm afraid of the thunder, Aunt Ruthie. Will I come in your bed?"

"Yes."

The little figure crept in and cuddled up close to Miss Ruthie, the small arms wound round her, and she felt the warm breath on her cheek. And somehow Miss Ruthie remembered Betty's words: "Children is kind of comfortin' after all," and felt a strange sensation of warmth at her lonely heart.

After awhile the month was up, and the ladies notified those who had children to have them at the depot ready to return to the city.

Mrs. Manly and Miss Haskins called on Miss Ruthie.

"Am I obliged to let her go?" asked Miss Ruthie.

"Unless you keep her at your own expense. Our charge ends this month."

"Well, I will keep her, if you'll let me."

"How long, Miss Paul?"

"Always. She has grown into my old heart, and I can't let her go. You know where she came from. She has folks in New York; there's nobody but an overworked aunt, anyhow; and let me know I'll adopt her and leave her all in my hands."

"Is that really your wish, Miss Ruthie?" asked Mrs. Manly.

"Yes, it is. I want her for good."

"We can get her for you, no doubt. You will be rewarded for your kindness," said Miss Ruthie.

"Tilly is her own reward," said Ruthie.

"No, the child stayed to be the light of the home which was so long lonely, and to make happier and better Miss Ruthie's advancing days."

And, as to Betty, she never grew tired of singing Tilly's praises or of doing something for the pleasure of her pet favorite. Miss Ruthie softened and sweetened greatly. The Abbott children forgot to call her "sister old maid," but teased every day, as over to Miss Paul's and play with Tilly, because Miss Paul always had something nice to give them—Woman's Journal.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

"BLACK EAGLE" OF ILLINOIS.

The Tender Nature of Gen. John A. Logan.

Few Chicagoans knew the "Black Eagle" of Illinois more intimately than did Judge Richard Tull and by no means the least of the reasons for this was the character of Gen. Logan more admired than by him.

"It has always seemed to me," said Judge Tull, "that there were three men in the character of Gen. Logan more pronounced were his characteristics. His superior officers were unquestionably inclined to regard the Logan of the camp as most exacting and persistent, so far as his relations with them were concerned, for he was jealous for his own troops, and if he felt that the men of another brigade were receiving better treatment, in any respect, than his own boys his demands for a re-division of favors would be emphatic and insistent. The best going was not a whit too good for them, in his estimation."

"With his own officers and men he was decidedly democratic, and his mess table was one of the most genial in the army. Despite the difficulty of getting over all lines. It was a word abounding in good cheer of a refined and entertaining talk to persons outside of the Logan's official family was more frequently seen at his mess table than a cultured Irishman named 'Fresslan' who, in the opinion of those who were graced, as are so many of his race, with a peculiar talent for contributing to the pleasure of a company. 'Fresslan' was an excellent singer, a clever story teller and a man who had experienced all sorts of odd adventures in the most outlandish sections of the globe. It was 'Fresslan' which Gen. Logan most admired and enjoyed in him was his ability to improvise stirring poems, full of sentiment and tenderness. For these songs of the camp the Irish minstrel composed appropriate music and then sung them to the great delight of the general and his staff. But not a man who listened to them was so quickly moved by their pathos and wit as the awfully and intrepid hero of Logan's military career. The tender nature of his nature was apparent to every man who knew him. Scores of incidents illustrating this trait are fresh in my mind. I am related of him, but I like best the one which is most frequently told—the story of Shell-Anna. Perhaps my friends will not believe that I am not a liar, but I know it to be absolutely true. It has been repeated time and again, but no loyal Illinoisan can hear it again, but the story of the battle of Atlanta, which Logan had resumed command of the corps and followed Gen. Sherman to Flint river, a sharp skirmish took place in the vicinity of a creek called 'Black Eagle' close by the roadside. As Gen. Logan was about to pass the log bridge, his eye caught sight of a small child, who was sitting on the ground, and he had lain in their bunks after daybreak had not heard the cocks answer one another, but from one end of the platoon to the other.

Usually they heard first the clear ringing note of some knowing old bird who would shrill from under the eaves of a window, and then the pert cry of some upstart youngster who had not yet learned to manage his crow, but he came back from the rock to the west, then straightaway into the covers of all ages, and of every condition of shrillness, and in a few minutes the most mortal minutes to crow one another; and when one weak, faraway chicken seemed to have had the last word, another would break the stillness, and the strident contest would begin again.

In leaving the house they had been so enchanted by the hues of the ice storm that they now remembered that they had not so much as turned their eyes in the direction of the mill. When they came upon the brow of the hill, which overlooked the mill—which was a silver mill now—the limbs of the trees which stretched along the bank were crowded with the feet of some 300 of them, sitting still on their perches. Philip, who fell down in his weakness and rolled over on the ground, was not long in seeing that it was no knowing a flock of birds to leave the sure hold it had on the limbs to come down to the alippery rocks.

As the soldiers came nearer, however, they noticed that their fowls in the sunlight were quite the most brilliant objects they had seen; for their red combs and parti-colored feathers made a rich showing through a transparent coating of ice which enveloped them like shells and held them fast to the limbs where they sat. Whether they had been frozen stiff, or smothered by the icy envelope, they were unable to determine, but they could see that all the fowls had met with a very beautiful death, except five or six of the toughest old birds, who had managed to get away by wading about their bills. One of these, who had more life in him than the others, made a dismal croaking noise, and then, with a splash, he was seen coming to the rescue—St. Nicholas.

IN A COATING OF ICE.

The Strange Fate of Three Hovvling Chickens.

"The Last Three Holders," W. H. Shilston's serial story, contains many unusual situations that develop from the character of three union soldiers, who are on a mountain top in the south, cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, had a regular ice storm during the night. When the three soldiers looked out on the morning of the nineteenth, they found their house coated with ice and the mountain top a scene of glittering enchantment. Every tree and bush was coated with a transparent armor of ice. The little limbs of the birches and young chestnuts were bent down toward in graceful curves by the weight of the ice, which, under the rays of the rising sun, glittered and scintillated with all the colors of the rainbow. Every rock and stone had its separate coating, and every weed and blade of grass was encased in a transparent armor of ice.

Despite the difficulty of getting over all lines. It was a word abounding in good cheer of a refined and entertaining talk to persons outside of the Logan's official family was more frequently seen at his mess table than a cultured Irishman named 'Fresslan' who, in the opinion of those who were graced, as are so many of his race, with a peculiar talent for contributing to the pleasure of a company. 'Fresslan' was an excellent singer, a clever story teller and a man who had experienced all sorts of odd adventures in the most outlandish sections of the globe. It was 'Fresslan' which Gen. Logan most admired and enjoyed in him was his ability to improvise stirring poems, full of sentiment and tenderness. For these songs of the camp the Irish minstrel composed appropriate music and then sung them to the great delight of the general and his staff. But not a man who listened to them was so quickly moved by their pathos and wit as the awfully and intrepid hero of Logan's military career. The tender nature of his nature was apparent to every man who knew him. Scores of incidents illustrating this trait are fresh in my mind. I am related of him, but I like best the one which is most frequently told—the story of Shell-Anna. Perhaps my friends will not believe that I am not a liar, but I know it to be absolutely true. It has been repeated time and again, but no loyal Illinoisan can hear it again, but the story of the battle of Atlanta, which Logan had resumed command of the corps and followed Gen. Sherman to Flint river, a sharp skirmish took place in the vicinity of a creek called 'Black Eagle' close by the roadside. As Gen. Logan was about to pass the log bridge, his eye caught sight of a small child, who was sitting on the ground, and he had lain in their bunks after daybreak had not heard the cocks answer one another, but from one end of the platoon to the other.

Usually they heard first the clear ringing note of some knowing old bird who would shrill from under the eaves of a window, and then the pert cry of some upstart youngster who had not yet learned to manage his crow, but he came back from the rock to the west, then straightaway into the covers of all ages, and of every condition of shrillness, and in a few minutes the most mortal minutes to crow one another; and when one weak, faraway chicken seemed to have had the last word, another would break the stillness, and the strident contest would begin again.

In leaving the house they had been so enchanted by the hues of the ice storm that they now remembered that they had not so much as turned their eyes in the direction of the mill. When they came upon the brow of the hill, which overlooked the mill—which was a silver mill now—the limbs of the trees which stretched along the bank were crowded with the feet of some 300 of them, sitting still on their perches. Philip, who fell down in his weakness and rolled over on the ground, was not long in seeing that it was no knowing a flock of birds to leave the sure hold it had on the limbs to come down to the alippery rocks.

As the soldiers came nearer, however, they noticed that their fowls in the sunlight were quite the most brilliant objects they had seen; for their red combs and parti-colored feathers made a rich showing through a transparent coating of ice which enveloped them like shells and held them fast to the limbs where they sat. Whether they had been frozen stiff, or smothered by the icy envelope, they were unable to determine, but they could see that all the fowls had met with a very beautiful death, except five or six of the toughest old birds, who had managed to get away by wading about their bills. One of these, who had more life in him than the others, made a dismal croaking noise, and then, with a splash, he was seen coming to the rescue—St. Nicholas.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

HOME MEASUREMENTS.

Water measured by grain one day: Contained the inches all the way—One and two and three.

"Oh, you're a Cheapskate!" said she. "Water said 'This is no oil at all. Then he nodded and smiled at me—'Puffed at my head with his great grin. 'Striver suggested I ought to begin trying to trim it down.'"

Another said "This is three-hundred grains a little half-inch from."

—(Kimberly, Melbourne, in St. Nicholas.)

THE CHESAPEAKE MILL.

Building Made from the Timbers of a Famous Battle Ship.

In St. Nicholas there is an article on "The Chesapeake Mill," by William Abbott, accompanied by a picture of the interesting old building, probably the first one ever printed. Mr. Abbott says:

If there is a naval fight in our history about which every schoolboy ought to know—to use an expression of which historians are fond—it is the sea fight between the man of war Chesapeake and the British Shannon, off Boston harbor on the last of June, 1813. It has been so often told that I will not tell it over again except in the briefest way. The Chesapeake was captured by the Shannon, and through the mutinous conduct of part of her crew, who refused to work the cannon on her lower deck, the Capt. Lawrence and Lieut. Ludlow were killed, and, to exact, the captain died of his wounds four days after the loss of his ship, and the crew took her prize into the harbor of Halifax, where her arrival caused the greatest rejoicing.

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OLD CHESAPEAKE MILL.

how much the use was in it (for years to attain to the state of the light, they might have kept the old ship in repair, as Admiral Nelson's old Victory has been preserved. The Chesapeake was sent to England, where she must have been the object of great interest; but in 1820 she, too, was taken to pieces. This was probably done in the harbor of Southampton, for her timbers were sold to one John Prior, the owner of a flour mill in the little town of Wickham, near Southampton. She was taken down to his mill and used the great beams of the American frigate in building a new one. The great deck timbers, 32 feet long and 18 inches square, and four other beams, the mill, and the smaller ones for uprights, all without being cut or altered in any way. Of course many of them were full of the shot fired by the Shannon in the light, and the shot are there still.

AMUSING EXPERIENCES OF SCIENTISTS WHILE MAKING EXPERIMENTS.

Many amusing occurrences have been the lot of the scientists who have been manipulating kites for scientific purposes. Large birds are always interested in the air, and a kite floating in the air and cannot make out quite what they are.

One bird, however, has ever alighted on a kite or attached one, says the Chicago News. While one scientist was flying a train of five kites a couple of years ago, a large silver-tipped eagle came suddenly upon the kite, and, after a round and round the first kite, looking upward the sunset sky like a huge silver ball. As the train of kites was pulled in, the bird was resting one kite and then another, seeming uncertain just what to do. In a few minutes, when he seemed to have decided that they were not good to go, and he knew nothing about their way, he indignantly flew off and was lost to view.

Another experience was had with a stork that came from the New Jersey side of the Hudson and flew straight for the quaker office in the air. He apparently had a hard time in getting straight through it, but changed and dove underneath. He went around and above it, and through glass (it could be seen that he cocked his eye at the intruder in most comical manner. He started away a few hundred feet, changed his mind and came swooping back. He finally reluctantly went away, mystified over his queer addition to the inhabitants of the air.

THE SNAIL'S TONGUE.

It is one of the most wonderful things in nature, and if larger animals were endowed with as destructive an apparatus in the way of a tongue, in comparison to their size, it would be a dreadful thing.

A snail's tongue is literally a saw, and a handaxe at that. It is long and covered over the entire surface with teeth so minute that 30,000 of them have been counted on a tongue. The tongue is kept in a sheath and only about one-third of the length used at a time. When the teeth of this section become dull another section is uncoiled and used. This is kept up until the entire length has been used, when it is coiled up again, and a fresh start made for the teeth on the unused part have in the meantime grown to be as sharp as ever.

The roof of the mouth is as hard as a bone, and any substance that is to be cut is drawn against it. The tongue is cut and roof and literally sawed or rasped off.

A man with a knife could hardly trim off a leg and leave a cleaner or straighter edge than the snail leaves, and there is nothing of the proverbial slowness of the snail in its work.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

THE STRENGTH OF SHEEP.

If the human being possessed strength as great as that of a sheep of that size, the average man would be able to lift the enormous weight of 2,376,000 pounds, pulling in the same degree as the sheep. If the man pulled in the same proportionate degree as the sheep, he would sustain a weight of no less than 3,100,500 pounds.

BRIGHT CHICAGO BOYS.

They Have Discovered a New Way to Fly Their Kites.

Several North side boys have discovered a great scheme for flying their kites. Instead of running with a string and getting all out of breath one of the boys strung the kite and then hands the string to a companion who is mounted on a bicycle. The kite is set off at a good speed, and up goes the kite, twice as fast as it would ordinarily. Another boy has designed a simple kite reel for



NEW WAY TO FLY KITES.

the handle bar of a bicycle. On it he winds the kite string and pays it out by his shoulder while his wheel is in motion. He lets the kite fly away with this new device, and he thinks he has made a valuable discovery. Let some of our other boys try this method and you will see a kite reel, we would suppose.

BURIED THE SNAKE.

How Prairie Dogs Disposed of an Evil-Diagnosed Reptile.

In conversation with a gentleman who has just made a trip through western Indian territory I picked up something new and interesting to me in regard to the habits of the prairie dog and rattlesnake. This party said that a few weeks ago, while resting under a small tree in the territory where there was a dog town, he noticed a connoisseur among some dogs near him. They were ready to a place and peep at something and then scamper off. Looking to see what was the matter, he saw that there were some dogs around a rattlesnake, which at length went into one of the dog holes. As soon as he had disappeared, the little fellows began to push dirt, evidently to fill the hole up, but about the time they got enough dirt to cover the entrance the snake stuck his head up through the dirt and every dog scampered off to a safe distance, all the time keeping up an incessant barking. The snake slowly crawled to another hole about a rod distant and went in, and then up came the dogs again and went to work to push the dirt up before them. In this way the hole was filled, and the entrance completely covered the entrance to the hole, and then went to work, using their noses to lamp with a stick, and finally the dirt in the hole which they went away, my friend went to the place and said he was surprised to find the hole had been filled in, and he had been having sealed the snake well to the ground—Forest and Stream.

KITES PUZZLE BIRDS.

Amusing Experiences of Scientists While Making Experiments.

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TRENDS OF THE EYE.

Has it ever occurred to you to reckon how far your eyes travel in reading? A million letters in ordinary type would measure hardly more than a mile played side by side. In a lifetime the average reader winds his way through 2,000 miles of print. The average novel of 300 pages contains one mile of reading.

How Many Have Windows.

"Well, he is a fellow who doesn't believe that baseball ought to go ahead of steamshiping."—Detroit Free Press.