

THE UNIVERSAL AUNT.

BY J. P. BEEL.

There's an omnipresent personage who seldom gets her due, but if the muse will come to me and kindly help me through, I'll advertise her virtues in a way to make her glad, and give her recognition, which perhaps she never had.

She has seen a sight of trouble in this world of death and woe, for all her blood relations they have melted off like snow; every niece and every nephew has gone to wear the crown, and left her here to be an Aunt to every one in town.

She has a bit of property—a village house and lot—six hundred would be liberal to cover all she's got, except a few resources, that are scattered here and there, which she wouldn't want to wop, to-day, with any millionaire.

The little house she loves as well as if it were of gold, has multiplied upon her hands the promised hundred fold, until for miles around about wherever she may roam, she meets the welcome, "come right in and make yourself at home."

She is very sure to visit every meeting house in range, and to her a big revival is an industrial exchange, where some dozen Christian people break the Sabbath and the peace, seeing whose shall be the wagon that shall take her old value.

She does a pile of patching on the children's pants and coats, she can whip out any doctor on their diphtheritic throats; she brings them thro' the measles, thro' the whooping cough and mumps, and she cures both man and woman of the very worst of damps.

She has some little notions about the way to cook, from which it's very evident she doesn't go by book; but you'll declare the minute that her dinner comes on deck you can never do it justice less you lengthen out your neck.

In a long protracted illness she is handy as a nurse, she is so kind and gentle when the patient's growing worse; and when it is all over and they take the funeral hack, she makes the house seem cheerful when the family get back.

So she's dispensing sunshine, with the grandest of results; her dose is never different for children or adults; the dogs will wag their gratitude, and all the cats will purr, whenever heaven favors them with just a sight of her.

I said I'd sound her praises, but the world will never know her full and purpose value while she sojourns here below; but by and by 'twill lose her, and from that humble gate there will pass a long procession that will help us estimate.

Every heart that's in attendance will attest her noble worth, every eye will there be weeping for a royal one of earth; every rose and every lily, every little potted plant will be paying loving tribute to the universal Aunt. Rochester Democrat.

To the Rockies and Return.

How the North-West looks to a Pennsylvanian.

Many of the readers of the WATCHMAN have never been west of Chicago; more have never looked upon the turbid waters of the Mississippi or wearied their eyes watching for an ending of the board, flat acres that stretch away to the westward of it. Few who have not seen it, have any conception of the vast territory—some fertile, productive and promising, much arid, unfruitful and desolate, that lies between the Father of Waters and the Rocky Mountains; and fewer still can have any definite idea of the wonderful growth, the solid, substantial business-like look of cities that have sprung into existence, within years which it does not take an old man to remember.

A four weeks' trip extending across the State of Wisconsin, via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad—a five days' stop at St. Paul and Minneapolis; then on via the Northern Pacific, through Northern Minnesota, the southern part of North Dakota, and southern Montana, to the Yellowstone Park, and return through northern Montana via Helena. Great Falls and the Red River Valley in northern Dakota, over the Great Northern Railroad to St. Paul, has opened the eyes of the writer hereof to facts and conditions in that part of the West that are not set forth in the circulars of land agents, or the promising prospectuses of investment companies.

After a pleasant ride to Chicago—the big, busy, boasting Babylon of the West—on the Pennsylvania's new and unequalled train, the Columbian; a short stay at that point during which we noticed that about all that has been done in the way of preparing for the World's Fair, or Columbian Exposition, is the erection of a board fence around the proposed grounds, and a three hours ride through a well tilled and fruitful country, we found ourselves at Milwaukee. Every body East, knows of Milwaukee, or at least of Milwaukee beer. Have you ever been there? If not, and you get within a days travel of it, it will richly repay you to spend a few hours there. It is not unlike other cities in many respects. It has its big business houses, prosperous manufactories, fine residences, delightful drives, enterprising papers, pretty parks, churches, schools, and the best Hotel in the "Plankinton" there is in the country, just as other cities have,—minus the

hotel; but it is in the character of its population, the easy going, honest contentment of the large majority of its population that makes it seem a peculiar and particularly pleasant place to a stranger. Three fourths of the inhabitants are German. Four-fifths of the resident population, we were told, own their own houses, many of them modest wooden buildings, costing probably from \$1,500 to \$3,000. There is no evidence of push or rush or scramble to get rich. Any one you meet has time to stop and answer civilly, any question you may ask. The slot machines which in other places has the label "Drop a nickel in the slot," have in Milwaukee the legend across the face, "drop a penny in the slot," and get what others charge a nickel for. The young men don't seem to care if their hair is parted in the middle or not, and the older ones do not bother about their pants bagging at the knee. Yet all seem prosperous and happy. We happened there when the German Singing Societies of the North-west were holding their "Sangerfest," and it looked as if all the bunting and the patriotic calico in the country had been gathered together to decorate the city. It was a regular gala week. An orchestra of 50 trained musicians, a chorus of 1500 cultivated voices, and an audience at times of twenty thousand people listened to the music. Is it to be wondered at that Milwaukee looked happy under the circumstances. Sitting in the tower at Schlitz's park where a fair view of a large portion of the city can be had, and noticing the scarcity of smoke stacks or other evidences of manufacturing, we inquired of a gentleman, who evidently thought he knew all about it, what the people of the city—the population exceeds 200,000—generally did for a living? "Oh!" said he quickly, "they make beer." "But they can't all live making beer?" we answered, "what do those who don't make beer do?" "They drink it" was the reply. We afterwards discovered that our informant knew but little more of the city than we did, for Milwaukee has some of the largest and most prosperous locomotive works, iron foundries and other manufacturing concerns in the country. In the evenings before the singing societies met, the principal business seemed to be beer drinking, and from a single night's observation we concluded that Milwaukee has more front porch beer drinkers of an evening, in proportion to its population, than our eastern cities have church goes on Sunday. And yet while there we did not see an intoxicated person, a policeman, or the necessity for one, and strange as it may seem, the records show that the arrests for drunkenness in that city are less in proportion to the population than in many of the New England towns that profess to enforce prohibitory statutes.

It's an eight hours ride across the State from Milwaukee to La Crosse, via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, which by the way is one of the safest, shortest and pleasantest routes one can take, and over which you find comfortable cars and excellent train service. Over the entire distance, except a stretch of about twenty-five miles on either side of the Wisconsin river which is sparsely settled and has a sandy, barren looking soil, you pass through a well populated, prosperous appearing country. The farms which are plenty, look fruitful and easily tilled, patches of hard wood timber are noticed all along the way, plenty of shade and fruit trees are to be seen, the farm buildings are generally good, although a Pennsylvania soon notices the absence of the big barns so common in his own State; the wheat crop, which was being harvested as we returned, we were told, would average from 20 to 25 bushels to the acre; corn looked thrifty and strong most of it being in tassel, the oats and potato crops abundant, and over the entire distance, from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river, there was every appearance of prosperity and abundance among the farmers of that State. The towns passed through were well built and substantial, church spires and school houses loomed up all along the way, and pretty girls adorned the depot porches everywhere we stopped. Delightful fresh water lakes, some a little bigger than a wash tub, others extending for miles, and nearly all with timbered borders, dot the State from end to end, and furnish duck shooting and fishing grounds of the finest kind. From what we saw of Wisconsin, in this section, and afterwards up about Red Lake River, and taking into consideration the fact that it is now Democratic and intends to remain so, we have an idea that it would be a pretty good State to reside in. Improved farm land can be purchased in most any part at prices ranging from \$15 to \$50 per acre, with no mountains, and but few stones to bother the plowman.

At La Crosse, at which place large lumber mills are in operation, you cross the Mississippi, which at this point is about as large as the Susquehanna at Lock Haven. From where you cross it up to Hastings, a ten hours ride, one sees little except river bluffs on one side and river and river bluffs on the other, except at occasional spots where the bluffs and river do not meet, prosperous

towns or patches of fertile farm land under good cultivation are noticed. At Red Wing, a pretty town just at the point where the river widens into Lake Pepin is the home of Gen. Jas. S. Brislin, so well known to all our readers, who, since the Indian troubles have quieted down, is dividing his time between duck shooting and over-seeing his splendid farm, across the lake in Wisconsin. Next February the General retires from the army, and he tells us that he is glad the date of retirement is so close. From Hastings, where the road re-crosses the river to the eastern bank of the Mississippi, to St. Paul, is a short ride through one of the most productive and thickly populated farm regions of the West.

A five days' stay in St. Paul to attend the meeting of the National Editorial Association (the proceedings of which have already been given by the daily press) and to enjoy the hospitality of one of the most hospitable cities on the face of the globe, gave ample time to see and learn much of this great commercial metropolis of the North-west and its twin sister Minneapolis. If we have heretofore had doubts of the truth of the statements concerning the growth, the solidity, the enterprise, the beauty, wealth and prosperity of this wonderful city of the west, we have them no longer. No one will who visits it. The stories that are told of its fourteen-story business blocks, its residences costing close onto a million of dollars, its miles upon miles of paved and cleanly swept streets, its boulevards and bridges, its lawns and lakes, its business and push, its rail-road enterprises and future, are not "wild western" fancies, but actual, realized facts. Of Minneapolis, its sister city, and but nine miles distant, the same can be said. In any notice of this rapidly increasing North West these two cities should be treated as one, which they virtually are in locality, interests, and success—so grown together that a stranger cannot tell where the one ends or the other begins. St. Paul, which forty years ago had less than 1000 inhabitants, has now over 133,000. Minneapolis, which thirty-seven years ago was unknown as over 160,000. Together they have 145 public and private school buildings, 302 churches that will aggregate in value over one million of dollars; 40 banks with over \$20,000,000 capital; manufacturing and mills the value of which cannot be estimated; a system of sewerage and street improvements that cost in a single year \$782,000 and are unequalled in any city on the globe. Their building permits for two years amounted to \$955,000. Their jobbing trade in 1880 was over \$300,000,000, and their manufacturing output close to \$150,000,000. St. Paul has a Court House and city hall that cost \$1,014,000, and the day we left Minneapolis laid, with great ceremony, the cornerstone of a \$2,500,000 building for the same purpose. They have more miles of cable and electric street railways than any city in America, and are the starting point of a dozen different railway systems which aggregate in length over 20,000 miles of tracks. And all of this Alladin-like growth in less than half a century, in a section of country so only now in the beginning of its development. What will the future of these cities be when the Northwest is fully peopled? Don't ask land agents or speculators. They'll stun you with their reply. For the big hearted, open handed hospitality extended by the citizens of St. Paul to the editors and editresses who attended the convention we tender our due proportion of thanks. There is no end to their enterprises or expectations, neither was there limit to our stint in their hospitality and kindness.

St. Paul is not only a liberal, hospitable and enterprising place, but it is highly moral (?) as well—that is, in some respects. It was late on Saturday night, when we registered at the Ryan. On Sunday morning, preparatory to going to church, we sought information at the office as to the locality of the barber-shop. "That's closed, you can't get shaved in this city on Sunday, sir," was the answer. "How about a cock-tail this morning?" asked a thirsty looking gentleman who had been waiting for a chance at the clerk. "Oh, that's all right, sir, the bar's open all the time; just go back along the hall," was the reply. He went "back along the hall" and we got shaved, after going out and around a couple of corners, then slipping through a half dozen doors and a cellar way, as if going to commit an awful crime. All the time that "Sunday breaking" barber was trying to make us presentable, we were wondering what queer kind of morality it was that punished one man for keeping a barber shop open on Sunday and allowed a bar tender to sell a belly full of bad whiskey to whom ever would buy it. While around the city that afternoon, we noticed that all the bars and restaurants, cigar stores and fruit stands were open; all of which fact will be mortifying news, we know, to the temperance and other good people who read this paper—and nearly all of them do—but when we tell them what we saw up at Miles City and on the way to Livingston the next Sunday, and at Butte the following one, their

hair will rise in holy horror, and they'll wonder what in the world all their missionary money has been spent for. West of St. Paul, along the line of

the Northern Pacific, for 150 miles is a most charming country, except in spots, where tamarack swamps seem to get away with every thing else. It is flat, dotted with pretty little lakes bordered mostly with timber and which, when we passed, had thousands of ducks upon them. For the first 100 miles the land is seemingly well occupied and much of it under cultivation. From the car window you see no hills, stones or stumps; the soil looks black and rich, and so easily worked that one team of horses ought to do as much ploughing in a day as two would do among the hills of Pennsylvania. The crops, wheat, oats, corn and potatoes were excellent. For the next fifty miles the country had about the same appearance, excepting that little of it was occupied or under cultivation. A further ride of 50 miles takes you through what is called the timber belt. We failed to see the timber. It has either been cut or never grew. There is wood and brush but no "timber." At Lake Park, where the "timber" ceases the wheat section begins and from there on to Jamestown in north Dakota, a distance of 130 miles, is a country as flat as a barn floor and all over which wheat grows as easily as does crime in a republican city. In many spots as far as the eye can reach on either side, in front and behind the train, one sees nothing but waving wheat and blue sky—no fences, no trees, no shade, nothing but a blazing hot sun, a deep blue sky and wheat, wheat, wheat. Where the ground has not been broken for wheat the prairie lies untouched, no effort to grow anything else being visible. At Dalrymple you pass through a single wheat farm of 20,000 acres. From Jamestown to Bismarck, 150 miles, the country is rolling and wheat fields scarce. Most of the distance nothing but unbroken prairie is to be seen. From St. Paul to this point the farm buildings are small, mostly one and a half story houses, with a single shed for outbuildings. No barns or corn cribs are seen, and in many instances, in fact in a majority, the farm buildings consist of a single story house about the size and having very much the appearance of a freight car without wheels. Through the wheat belt the houses, such as they are, are far apart, without fruit, gardens, or shade.

West of Bismarck you reach the bad lands, and from there to Billings, over 600 miles, the greater portion of the way along the Yellowstone river, is a country of sand hills and gulches, sage brush and sand, alkali and mosquitoes, which to all appearances is not worth 5 cents for 5,000 acres. It is however a part of the great grazing range of the west, and around the sand hills—buttes they are called out there—and among the sage brush, is a bunch grass that grows, and is so nutritious that stock of all kinds fatten upon it sufficient for the market. Through this section nothing but this bunch grass and sage brush grows without irrigation. It seldom rains and when it does the sandy soil dries out so quickly that there is no moisture left to assist vegetation. There are no houses or buildings outside of the immediate vicinity of the railroad stations, many of which are only water tanks or section bosses' residences. There are brush pens, sheds built of poles, brought from the mountains many miles distant, or dirt houses dug in the sand hills, scattered here and there, where ranchmen have located claims and stay part of the year to watch their stock. Many flocks of cattle, sheep and horses are seen all along the way, and we must say for this verdureless, treeless, sun scorched, mosquito ridden plain, that from the time we entered the cattle country above Bismarck, on the Northern Pacific road, until we left it on our return, east of Minot, on the Great Northern Railroad—a distance of almost 1500 miles—we did not see a weak, thin, poorly fed animal of any kind. Horses even that night, are turned loose without grain at work and find plenty of nourishment in the bunch grass to keep them in good condition. Cattle and sheep were fat as if stalf fed, and many of them were being shipped at the time we were there and all looked ready for the butcher's block. But throughout this entire country there is neither shade, water fit to drink, or comforts or conveniences of any kind. A scorching sun blisters your face, an alkali dust burns and chafes your skin, mosquitoes pester the life out of you till your eyes look, but look in vain, for a hiding place from these nuisances.

Miles city is a place of about 1000 inhabitants. A few years ago it claimed to have 3,000. We stopped over night here and found Mr. Orlando Beck and family, formerly of this county. They are living very comfortably and contentedly in a snug little house built by Mr. Beck, about a mile east of the town, cultivating a five acre truck garden. As there is little grown in that section—nothing except where land is irrigated—vegetables and small fruits bring good prices and Mr. Beck's son, who

markets the products of his garden, tells us that they have realized from sales at the rate of \$150 per acre per year. Mr. Beck himself is sinking artesian wells at which business he has been quite successful the past three years. Of the entire colony from this county that emigrated to that place with him eight years ago, not a single one of them is there. Those who did not return are scattered elsewhere throughout the west. While at Miles city we went up to Fort Keogh, two miles distant, to see the Indians taken during the Pine Ridge trouble. It is here you behold Mr. Lo! in his original faith, feathers and filth. He lives in his tepee, ashore, mile from the Fort and under the eye of the soldiers; loafs continuously, eats government beef, grows fat and wastes no time in washing. The squaws tan hides, make moccasins and dry and fly-blow their beef, entrails and all, in the sun on poles erected at the entrance to their tepees. Their camp is full of dogs, dirt and papposes, and a ten minutes stop was as long as we cared to remain in this home of the "noble red man."

When we left Miles City on Sunday morning, the stores, restaurants and bars were all open, but we were told, as a kind of an apology for this seeming want of respect for the Sabbath, that at half past ten all business places were expected to be closed, and remain so until after church hours, (they have five churches in the town) after which those who desired to, opened up, and others went down to the race course to see a horse race.

From Miles city up, the flats of the Yellowstone widens out at places into little ys; vallecotton wood trees line its banks in spots, but buttes are less prominent, and back among the sand hills an occasional scrubby pine tree can be seen. At Rosebud there was a promising looking wheat field and at Custer, Bull Mountain and Clermont—three towns without houses—could be seen large tracts of meadow land, the result of irrigation. It was Sunday, but the mowers and hay-makers were as busy cutting and making hay as republican office seekers on election day.

At Billings—the best built and briskest town we passed after leaving St. Paul—the valley is from three to five miles wide and irrigating ditches and growing vegetation make it look like a paradise, compared with the arid country through which we had passed. It is here you get the first breath of pure air that comes from the distant Rockies, and it is here your eyes look for the first time upon peaks whose summits are eternally covered with snow. From here to Livingston is a delightful ride through a valley that irrigation promises to make exceedingly fruitful, and from every point of which snow capped mountains are to be seen.

(concluded next week)

Governor Pattison on Horseback.

The Washington correspondent of the New York World writes: Governor Hill, Governor Campbell and Governor Pattison are probably the handsomest young men whose names have ever been canvassed in connection with the Presidency. All are men of fine proportions, tall, straight and commanding, and each wears easily and naturally the air of authority. The nomination of either would give to the party as fine looking a candidate as it possessed in either John C. Breckinridge or Winfield S. Hancock.

This town, by the way, will long remember the appearance of Governor Pattison in the procession which escorted Mr. Cleveland to the Capitol and back again at the time of his inauguration. Pennsylvania was well represented in the line, and Governor Pattison rode at the head of the Keystone troops. He was splendidly mounted, and appeared at the ease of a skilled horseman. He was attired in a plain suit of black and a tall silk hat, which afforded a striking contrast to the flash conspicuous figure, easily the handsomest man in the whole line, and one whom everybody at once noticed. Inquiries from strangers were showered down from balconies to the street as he passed, and when the answer came back that the handsome horseman was Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, the cheering that went up was something to remember. The Governor had not miscalculated the effect of his outfit, and his reception warmed his heart through and through. His tall hat was lifted time and again in acknowledgment of the greetings, and his staff rode well back, so as to give him the fullest opportunity.

If Governor Pattison should be nominated and elected President next year the ladies of Washington will be likely to insist that he should imitate Mr. Jefferson and go on horseback to the Capitol to be inaugurated.

Two King's Grand Daughters.

There are two young girls, well known in the London society, who know how to sew so well that they make their own gowns, who understand the homely science of making bread and the butter which accompanies it; who paint well, are capable musicians, are familiar with the art of sculpture, read and speak fluently four of their own resources could support themselves in half a dozen womanly ways, all of which is well, as their mother is only the daughter of the Danish King and their father the son of that humble personage known familiarly as the Queen of England and Empress of India, Victoria, Regina.

The Bank of England.

Down in the Money Vaults Amid Almost Countless Wealth.

The automatic bodyguard now shows some animation, says the London edition of the N. Y. Herald. Producing a hand lantern from another mysterious recess h bids us follow. We walk in narrow alleys formed of piles of boxes, where not a ray of light penetrates, and find ourselves making a rapid descent, with the lantern ahead, like some guardian angel. We descend a steeper incline than the others, with the defunct bank notes in their sarcophagi all around us, when a chill air striking us proves that we are well underground.

Then the figure in front turns and announces to us in a tone calculated to strike terror into nervous persons. "We are now in the labyrinth." I begin to feel like another Guy Fawkes going to blow up the whole place. But the sudden twists and turns we take always in that bewildering maze of piled up cases are becoming most trying to the banker, who is not accustomed to dodging a will-o'-the-wisp in a catacomb.

I begin to entertain fears that he is leading us to some dungeon fastness when he turns again and solemnly remarks, with a wave of his hand, "All bank notes." Some idea can be gained of the quantity when it is said that they are 77,745,000 in number, and that they fill 15,400 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach two and a half miles. If the notes were placed in a pile they would reach a height of five and a half miles, or if joined end to end would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long. Their superficial extent is a little less than that of Hyde park; their original value was over £1,750,000,000 and their weight over 90 1/2 tons.

Along another passage we enter a large room—really a vault—which is surrounded from floor to ceiling by iron doors of safes which at their opening might be five feet high by five feet wide. One of these is opened and shows rows upon rows of gold coins in bags of £2,000 each.

One is handed to me to hold, and after doing so for a moment I decide I will not carry it home. The dead weight is enormous. Yet these officials handle the slipping mass as fast as though it were a book. Another door is opened and we observe a stack of bank notes. I remark that I have seen a lot already. For answer the manager takes out a parcel of 1,000 £1,000 notes and says: "Take hold." I do so, and am told I am holding £1,000,000. I should have wished to hold it longer, but they want it, so I put it back.

"This small safe contains £8,000,000" continued the polite manager, "and you are in the richest vault of the Bank of England and of the world. This small room at present holds £80,000,000.

By this time my appetite for wealth is nearly gone. I am nauseated with the atmosphere of bank notes. My senses are dulled with the oppressing spectacle and I hail with delight the merry splashing fountain in the court yard. Here are the quarters of the thirty-four guardsmen who nightly patrol the establishment. A double sentry is posted at each gate, and as they load with ball cartridges it is not a safe place for an enterprising burglar to tackle. The officer of the guard has a bedroom in the bank, and is provided with a dinner and a bottle of the finest old port, and I understand that the guards are also liberally treated.

Becher and His Teacher.

Henry Ward Beecher certainly owed a debt of gratitude to his teacher in mathematics, not only for the knowledge acquired through his tuition, but for lessons tending to strength of character. He tells this story to illustrate the teacher's method.

He was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, soft, full of whimpering. "That lesson must be learned," said the teacher, in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. "I want that problem; I don't want any reasons why I don't get it," he would say.

"I did study it two hours." "That's nothing to me; I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson." "It was tough for a green boy," says Beecher, "but it seasoned him! In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence, and courage to defend my recitations. His cold and calm voice would fall upon me in the midst of a demonstration, 'No!'" "I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning, and on reaching the same spot again, 'No!' uttered with the tone of conviction, barred my progress."

"The next," and I sat down in red confusion. "He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, finished, sat down, and was awarded with 'Very well.'"

"Why?" whispered I, "I recited it just as he did, and you said 'No!'" "Why didn't you say 'Yes?'" and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson. You must know that you know it. You have learned nothing till you are sure. If all the world says "No!" your business is to say "Yes!"—not only to say "yes" but prove it."

—A complete collapse is occasioned in our feelings by derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure sick and bilious headache, bowel complaints, internal fever and costiveness. They remove all waste matter, and restore health to body and mind. A dose as a laxative consists of one tiny, sugar-coated Pellet. Cheapard easiest to take. By druggists. 25 cents a vial.