

Population of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The excitement of weeks over the population of these cities was not much allayed when the auditors of Ramsey and Hennepin counties filed their reports on Saturday the 15th inst. Auditors O'Brien and McDonald both attested and certified and averred to "truth and correctness," and if either is wrong it will never be found out this side of the Styx. The figures show the population of St. Paul to be 111,397; Ramsey county, 4,831; total, city and county, 116,228. Minneapolis has a population of 129,200; Hennepin county, 19,536; total, 148,736.

ST. PAUL AND RAMSEY COUNTY.

The number of inhabitants in St. Paul on May 1 is returned as follows:
First ward, 15,056 Sixth ward, 13,565
Second ward, 9,299 Seventh ward, 1,710
Third ward, 12,249 *New Ter. B., 587
Fourth ward, 24,129
Fifth ward, 24,802 Total, 111,397

The enumerations of the city of Minneapolis show as follows, to wit:
First ward, 16,021 Sixth ward, 30,893
Second ward, 8,521 Seventh ward, 6,971
Third ward, 19,222 Eighth ward, 5,511
Fourth ward, 21,992
Fifth ward, 20,063 Total city, 129,200

There is nothing in the figures to encourage the hope that Minneapolis will grow toward St. Paul. The smallest growth has been in the ward which borders the city limits of St. Paul—the Second.

Murder in Anoka, Minn.

Anoka, Minn., was excited over the fatal shooting of Peter Gross by William F. Mirick, which occurred after midnight of the 16th. The shooting took place in front of Jackson's hotel, and was the unpremeditated freak of a man crazed with drink. Mirick, who is a printer, well known in both Minneapolis and St. Paul, and who had been employed on the Evening Journal for the past four weeks, drank in three different saloons before going to his family, who reside in Anoka. He then told his wife he overheard some parties say they were going down to see Mrs. Mirick, and he demanded his revolver, which she gave him, saying he was going to shoot somebody. He then came back up town, and meeting Gross and Jackson, the proprietor of the hotel, the former interestingly inquired of Mirick if he wasn't out pretty late. Mirick replied, "You think you are smart," and told him to go into the house, which Gross refused to do, and after a few more words Mirick pulled a revolver out of his pocket and fired, the bullet going over Gross's head. Mirick fired again, and the second bullet struck Gross in the left side, about six inches above the hip.

Singular Miscegenation Case.

Joliet (Ill.) dispatch:—Mary Daniels of Terre Haute, a white woman, and Charles A. Stewart, a negro, hailing from the same city, were released from Joliet after serving a year each for bigamy. Mary eloped from Terre Haute, leaving a white husband, and Stewart left a colored wife. The two went to Marseilles, Ill., and were married, but were followed up from Indiana by Stewart's dusky better half, who had them arrested and convicted. A peculiarity about the Daniels' case is that when she reached the prison her face and hands had been colored by some kind of a stain that gave her the appearance of a light-colored mulatto woman. A year's sojourn behind the bars had bleached her skin to its natural color, so that when she was called up for discharge the prison officials were astonished to see that instead of being a mulatto, Mary Daniels has dark eyes and a fair skin, with rosy cheeks, and instead of kinky hair her head was adorned with bangs of a light brown color. Stewart had been released several hours ahead of the woman, but instead of leaving town he haunted about the prison, waiting for her release. He remained at the prison until the St. Louis train arrived, when she got aboard, giving Stewart the slip.

The Ocean Quited by Oil.

New York Special: The steamship Polynea, president of a dilapidated appearance as she lay at her dock recently. She arrived from Hamburg, and reported having encountered a cyclone. Capt. Kuhn said on Aug. 10 a terrific cyclone swept down on them at 10 o'clock. The wind suddenly swept down in a perfect fury, and in a moment the seaman mountains high. He had never seen anything so terrific. The water fell with a crash on the deck, knocked down the seamen who were on duty and hurled them against the bulwarks. It swept the deck from stem to stern, carried away a companion hatch, poured into the cabins, causing a panic among the passengers who were kept below. At midday another huge breaker carried away a boat and all movable articles on deck. The captain said that something must be done, and decided to try the effects of oil. A tank of paint oil was taken to the side of the ship and allowed to leak out. The effect was marvelous. It spread over the water and quieted it right down. The cyclone lasted eight hours. There was danger one time that the vessel would go down with all on board. She carried 250 steerage passengers.

Looking to Congress for Relief.

Trades organizations throughout the United States have issued a petition requesting the president to call an extra session of congress to be devoted exclusively to the consideration of measures for the relief of the industrial class of the country and a revival of business. The petition, after calling the attention of the president to the general stagnation of business, says: "The consequences of this depression are especially severe upon the laboring people, small manufacturers and farmers, who are without any reserve means upon which to live or to pay debts and save their homes and property from forced sales. Employers and employed are involved in common disaster, and we believe that it is in the power of congress and the executive to greatly relieve this depression by wise legislation. It asks that an extra session be convened on or before the last Monday of September 1885.

To Enforce the Order.

Gen. Miles has been instructed to have his troops in readiness to enforce the observance of the president's proclamation to the cattlemen. No reports of a refusal on their part to remove their fences have been received, but it was thought advisable to be prepared in the event of such a step being taken by them. The order was the result of a conference between Secretaries Endicott and Lamar and General Drum. Secretary Lamar fully expects that the troops will have to be employed before the government succeeds in carrying out its policy of removals.

A Watertown (Wis.) Sensation.

Papers have been filed in a suit for divorce by Dr. James F. Cody, of Watertown, Wis., against his wife, Theresa Cody. The complaint charges adultery with Clarence Brown. The couple were married in 1880 and have one child four years old. The suit is likely to create a sensation throughout the state, where Dr. Cody is well known. About six weeks ago it is alleged Dr. Cody attempted suicide by taking ten grains of morphine. Only the most active exertion on the part of his brother physicians saved his life. It was then alleged that Dr. Cody's action was the result of a discovery made by him a short time previous to his attempt on his life, the nature of which is revealed in the complaint for divorce.

Young Brown, who is mentioned in the complaint, is the son of Peter Brown, a banker and well known citizen of Watertown. Brown was engaged in business in Watertown at the time of the above incident, but shortly afterward sold out and went West. He returned a week ago and was quietly married to Miss Kitty Pugh of Watertown. Immediately after the marriage the newly wedded couple took the train for a Minnesota town, where young Brown has charge of an elevator.

West Pointers in Negro Regiments.

The Army and Navy Journal also publishes a letter from Adjt. Gen. Drum to a congressman, suppressing the name, in which the congressman requests that a young lieutenant just out of West Point, who had been assigned to the command in a negro regiment, be relieved of that command and sent to a white regiment, is denied. The adjutant general says: "The war department knows no difference between the status of white and colored soldiers, that are on a perfect equality before the law; that they are equally entrusted with the keeping of the flag and with the honor of the country, and it is as important that colored regiments should be well officered and well led on all occasions as other regiments. While under the law they are maintained as part of the army of the United States, the secretary of war can know no partiality, and it is his duty to assign officers to them upon the same principles which govern the assignment of all officers. The good of the service, the provisions of the law, the discipline of the army and the unhesitating obedience to orders demand that officers should acquiesce when assigned to such regiments.

The Frightful Plague in Spain.

London Cable: The reports of the cholera which reaches here from Spain betray a frightful condition of things. The epidemic is spreading more and more, and the accounts of its terrible ravages which have come to London have aroused great anxiety among all persons who are in any way concerned in Spanish affairs.

The stories which come from the infected districts recall the worst of these which are associated with famine and war. For example, in the town of Ebla in the province of Saragossa, there is no longer a mayor or a municipal government. The mayor and all the city officials are dead, stricken down by the plague, and all the doctors and chemists of the place have fallen victims to the pestilence. The shops are all closed and the town is deserted by most of the inhabitants.

This is an instance of what is commonly going on throughout Spain, the provincial towns shutting their gates to all intruders—physicians and government officers, as well as people entering from the seat of disease. The survivors of Ebla are consequently camped out on the hillside and without houses, and with but scanty means of subsistence. According to the latest news some of them had set fire to the town, hoping by that means to burn out the plague. The fear of the importation of cholera is taking practical shape all along the Mediterranean coasts.

Married While Drunk.

New York Sun: William Wallace, a bright-looking young man, was before Justice Walsh in Brooklyn, charged with having abandoned his wife. He said: "About a year ago I became very much intoxicated at my boarding house, 72 Van Brunt street. I didn't remember anything until the next morning, when I awoke with a big head, and saw a woman sitting at the window. I asked her where I was and what it all meant. 'Why, William,' she said, 'you and I were married last night.' And what are those white things in the tumbler? I asked. 'Why,' she said, 'William, those are my false teeth.' Then I realized that I had been married while drunk, and tied down to a woman twelve years older than me. I have never lived with her, and never intend to. If I could only get free, I would be the happiest man in the world, and would never drink again."

The examination was adjourned and Wallace admitted to bail. He will seek to have the marriage annulled.

Cholera in New Jersey.

The people of Camden, N. J., are considerably alarmed over what appears to have been a death from cholera. Margaret Kealy, a young Irish domestic on the farm of Edward P. Hunt, at White Horse, died suddenly. Miss Kealy was taken suddenly and violently ill, and vomited continually until she died, in an hour and a half afterwards. The coroner gave a certificate of death from congestion of the brain, due to cholera morbus, and the body was taken to an undertaker in Philadelphia and was to be buried at once. The house and corpse were thoroughly disinfected. Coroner Deal afterward continued his investigations and found that the symptoms in the case were identical with those of Asiatic cholera. Dr. Bowman Shivers of Haddonfield, who was called in to attend the girl, did not arrive until after death, but he is also of the opinion that it is a case of true cholera.

But One Piegan Scalp.

The fuss with Piegans at Billings, Mont., simmers to a skimmish, with one scalp as a trophy. They are said to be pursued by a party headed by Liver Eating Johnson. That settles it. But little will be accomplished. Among the cow men here there is a strong feeling in favor of decisive dealing with these marauding bands. Granville Stuart's recent utterances concerning Indians leaving their reservations are seconded by all our stock growers. If a white man steals, he is hung, ditto with an Indian. In the case of these Piegans there is more hope that the band of twenty-five Crows, who suffered loss by the Piegans, will do them up. A detective system is being organized whereby the movements of marauders will be watched and telegraphed over the territory, and effective means will be taken for the expurgation of roving raiders.

A WAYWARD WARD.

It is the business of the philosopher, as the world knows, to find law and order in even the most abnormal phenomena, to suggest, at least, an adequate explanation of every enigma. For what other purpose does he exist than to throw light on the surrounding darkness? He is a torch-bearer to humanity's ignorance. If now and again, by reason of a pessimist temperament or defect of training, the rays he sheds around intensify rather than dispel the gloom, and cast shadows as of Egyptian night across man's forward path, surely he misconstrues his mission.

But the wisest head is sometimes puzzled, and the shrewdest explorer of the all-environmenting mystery is sometimes confounded. A problem presents itself which cannot be resolved by any of the familiar processes. The why of some suddenly disclosed fact is as inscrutable as the Sphinx of the Eastern desert. It was thus with Bernard Ralston.

Those who thirst for fame, as misers thirst for gold, or coquettes for admiration, would have found much to envy in this young man's position. At an age when a statesman is currently supposed to be studying his parliamentary primer, and when a future general may still be writhing under the sarcasms of a barrack-room instructor, Bernard Ralston had been welcomed into the front rank of philosophical thinkers. His book on "Instinct, Conscience and Reason" was read and criticised by the few, praised and avoided by the many. The noisy heterodox claimed him as a new and promising recruit; and so also, to the amusement of the onlooker, did the stanchest maintainers of old landmarks. He was flattered, feted and the lion of his season.

It was from this suddenly acquired distinction that his embarrassment had approached. The solicitors letter that was the beginning of sorrows made this clear. It ran thus:

DEAR SIR: We have to inform you that by the will of our late client, Mr. Humphrey Power, you are appointed sole guardian of his only surviving daughter, Olive. As this may be in the nature of a surprise, we beg leave to quote the precise paragraph of the will: "And I hereby empower Mr. Bernard Ralston to act in every respect as the guardian of my child. I am sure that Olive can have no fitting or wiser protector, none better qualified to advise and to regulate her life; and should he—as I earnestly beg—accept and fulfil this charge, I give and bequeath to the said Bernard Ralston, over and above such reasonable expenses as he may have incurred on my daughter's behalf, the sum of £5,000, to be paid by my executors on my daughter's twenty-first birthday, as a small tribute of my gratitude."

The young lady is a very considerable heiress, in her eighteenth year, and at present at a private pension in France. Further particulars will follow on your reply. We are, dear sir, yours, obediently,

VANSHAW & FITCH.

The gift of the proverbial white elephant could have produced in no heart a greater consternation. What should a retired and solitary student, of serious pursuits and uncourtly manners, answer to such a challenge? If Cleothorpe Hall were large, it by no means followed that he wanted more life within its bounds; and a girl in her teens, a mere child, as with the sage wisdom of five-and-thirty years be considered her! How could her presence by his fireside be harmonized with the quiet current of the life he elected to live?

Yet, the bait of five thousand pounds was a temptation. The glories of Cleothorpe Hall had been sadly tarnished through the improvidence of Bernard's father, and philosophy is not a particularly remunerative hobby to ride. Mr. Humphrey Power's legacy, if not precisely a fortune, would be an assistance in the keeping up of the restricted Cleothorpe establishment.

The matter was debated long and anxiously, and as the result Miss Olive Power arrived at the hall one snowy February morning. Slight of figure, winsome of feature, with merry, violet-tinted brown eyes, and lips continually parting in a piquant smile over teeth of whitest pearl, Bernard Ralston was forced to admit that, if he was properly to protect his ward, his position might not prove a sinecure. Neither did it.

The girl's beauty attracted suitors as clover-blossoms allure bees and it was soon an open secret in the country-side that Miss Power, as well as being a lonely and a lovely young thing was a richly dowered one. This brought the sometimes lugubrious voice of Prudence into reasonable accord with the chorus of adoration.

But Olive was not minded to be an easy capture for any of her wooers. With a woman's instinctive dexterity she kept them all at bay, and at twenty had escaped the necessity of as yet refusing any offer in formal and unequivocal terms. She was developing a taste for study, which half amused, half interested her guardian. One evening

he playfully rallied her on her application to sundry big tomes in the library.

"I shall be accused of transforming a merry and bewitching young lady into a blue-stocking—a disciple of my own dry-as-dust pursuits," he said; "some one some day may have special cause to blame me, I fear."

A sudden blush was on the maiden's cheeks, and her glance fell. It was impossible that she should misinterpret Bernard's meaning.

"There is Oswald Harbury to think of," Olive's guardian was daring enough to add.

Two shining eyes were momentarily uplifted. Was the flash they gave one of indignation, of scorn, or merely of confusion at a betrayed secret? Bernard could not guess.

The nature of my employments can make no difference whatever, in any way that I can imagine, to Mr. Harbury," she answered. Then—it seemed to Bernard a strange transition—"Will you forgive me for asking a favor?" she went swiftly on: "I should like—oh, so much!—to help in your work. Could I not copy out your notes or revise proofs sometimes?"

What philosopher could have successfully resisted the volunteered help of such an amanuensis? Not Bernard Ralston.

It was summer, three months later than the date of this conversation. Olive's guardian was seeking his ward in her own boudoir, with a gloom upon his face and a depression of soul which defied his analysis. He had a message to convey and a proposal to informally submit which he had little doubt would be accepted. Oswald Harbury, the young owner of half Cleothorpe, had asked permission to lay himself and his fortune at Olive's feet. He loved her, he said; he would do his best to make her happy.

"And I believe that he will. He has a home to offer you and is a true-hearted honorable gentleman. As your guardian, Olive, I am bound to give my sanction to so fair and promising a suit. May I bid Mr. Harbury to come and plead his own cause?"

He had spoken hoarsely and in a queer, far-off kind of voice that he hardly recognized as his own. It was surely singular and must testify to an unsuspected weakness of character, that the prospect of separation from the ward originally received with so much doubt and dread should thus make havoc of his peace. He waited for the answer in a suspense that was positively harassing. At last it came.

"No, you may not," Olive said, "unless, indeed, you wish to get rid of me—to send me away. And not even then, for I cannot consent to marry a man whom I do not love."

Send Olive away! Was not every pulse in his body beating with fierce, unbidden joy at the verdict she had given? The measure of his recent terror was the measure of his present relief.

"That is a fear which my ward—my wayward ward!—never need harbor," he said, with a slow, broad smile; "she has brought too much sunshine into my lonely life for me to wish to lose her. But change is inevitable some day."

"Why?" a low voice murmured; and again came the mysterious illumination of Olive's eyes.

"Because, Olive—if for no other reason—the years of my guardianship will soon be at an end," he answered steadily, almost sternly. He must face the future resolutely, as befitted a teacher of his fellows.

And a few seconds later his quick, nervous step was echoing in the passage without.

An early summer vacation in Switzerland—when the glorious Alpine flora should be at its loveliest—had been the cherished dream of years to Bernard Ralston, and at last it was realized. A woman's hand had guided his steps thitherward. Olive Power had persuaded him to lay aside his work and make playtime of the sunny weather.

"You can finish your book on 'Vanity as a Force in Human Affairs' when you return, and the critics will all say that the last chapters are the brightest," she said, pleadingly. And when she added a slight involuntary expression of her own eagerness for the change, he surrendered. The trio—Miss Ralston, Bernard's sister and housekeeper, was Olive's chaperon—had now been from England a fortnight.

They had reached the Riffel and were thus encamped under shadow of the majestic (grim and uncouth, for variation of epithets) Matterhorn itself. Here Olive went into ecstasies. To watch the sunrise bathe the rugged, frowled sides with waves of liquid light was an occupation of which she never tired. And then there was the Gorner Grat to visit, the Gorner Glacier to see.

At the hotel there was pleasant company, including a couple of young Americans, who swept the ordinarily reserved and cautious student forward into a participation in their own reckless adventures by the sheer force of enthusiasm. The three went off one afternoon on a quest for edelweiss. The gloom was thickening in gorge and pass and gray shadows were following the crimson sunset glow on the huge crests aloft before there was any sign of a return. The ladies grew uneasy. Stories of accident and of awful peril were staples of the conversational bill of fare in the hotel salon and inevitably exerted their influence on nervous minds. In this case the presentiment of evil was but too surely justified. Two of the venturesome explorers

returned weary and dishevelled, but Bernard Ralston was missing.

"We thought he was before us," explained Mark Croxford, the elder of the brothers. "We drifted apart among the boulders and icebergs of a glacier-edge, and we looked for him to rejoin us at the lower end of the track. Not meeting him we supposed he had hurried away homeward."

A sudden chill had gone to many a heart in the little group of listeners. The thought of precipices and of their hidden and treacherous dangers was in every one's mind. A search expedition was quickly organized and started.

"I hear steps behind," said the guide, halting on the first stage of the journey and prominently displaying his lamp.

"Why it is Miss Power!" cried Mark Croxford in astonishment.

It was indeed Olive. With blanched cheeks and agonized eyes and dauntless resolution, she insisted on accompanying the seekers. It was at her request that Bernard Ralston had come to Switzerland. If he perished would it not in a sense be her fault? Better that her own life should have been sacrificed! To persuade the girl to return was useless—only a loss of precious minutes. With a muttered growl of disapprobation the guide was compelled to allow her to proceed.

Hours were spent in vain pursuit. "Guide, is there any hope?" demanded a stalwart Cornishman, at last.

"I fear, none!" he answered; "at the bottom of yonder chasm!"

His words were cut short. A cry, half triumphant, half fearful, slipped over Olive Power's bloodless lips.

"Listen! I hear a groan," she said. A silence that might be felt prevailed.

"The wind across the glacier, Miss," answered the leader in sulky despair. "There is nothing for it but to go back." "I will not," the girl declared, "until you tell me whose voice that is. Hark! it is no sound of wind!"

Again they listened, and again without result.

Mark Croxford gently laid his hand on Olive's arm. "Believe me, you are mistaken, Miss Power," he said; "you do not suppose that any one of us would give up this search if the least chance remained? But the guide knows best."

And yet, as he uttered his melancholy remonstrance, there was a sound from over the neighboring ice-floe hard to credit to even the most eerie of Swiss breezes.

"There! surely you hear it now?" the girl said.

If only to make clear the girl's folly to herself, the quest was recommenced.

The quick ear of love had not blundered, after all. This time a chance gleam of the guide's lantern over a jagged precipice-side revealed a dark form huddled against an inner ledge. It was Bernard Ralston, insensible from the effects of his perilous fall, and proving that he still lived only by an occasional groan.

"I beg pardon very humbly, Miss Power," Mark Croxford whispered.

"And they tell me, Olive, that I owe my life to you," the convalescent said, wheeled out on the broad mountain terrace of his resting-place. "How shall I contrive to repay you, I wonder. Do you know—may, you cannot know—I had a dream this morning. After the doctor had left my room I dozed, and it seemed to me that—that the dearest girl in the wide world—and surely the bravest—came to my side and smoothed down the pillow—and—dare I whisper the words?—caressed my forehead. It was singular, was it not?"

Something in the poise of the averted face awakened a swift suspicion—a keen thrill of happiness. "It cannot be that—that it was not a dream?" he queried. "That my ward is willing to be still dearer—to be my wife?"

The small palm was not withdrawn, the lovely crimsoned face was swiftly and momentarily upturned, as he had seen it twice before, and this time a look of ineffable content was mirrored thereupon.

"If you really desire so to extend your guardianship of your 'wayward ward,'" mischievous accents answered. And Bernard Ralston's sometime problem had become his dearest treasure. Love itself had taught love's lesson.

Henry Clews, says the New York Times, finds happiness sometimes in talking of the old times when a Wall street panic bumped into him. "One morning," is the way he tells one story, "I came down town worth \$5,000,000, and that night I went home penniless." "What, penniless?" asked one hearer the other day. "Yes, sir; penniless, practically penniless; I only had about \$60,000 left along with my seat in the Stock Exchange." Friends say that Mr. Clews is richer now than he was even before the smashing days of 1873.

The wife of an habitual drunkard in Buffalo, N. Y., has obtained a verdict of \$1,000 damages against a liquor-seller who persisted in selling her husband whisky after he had been notified to desist. The verdict is a righteous one, though two of the jurors rendering it were saloon-keepers.

Max Hoffman was secretary of state of Indiana from 1868 to 1871, but was wrecked by dissipation and died in a hospital, leaving his family in poverty, and ever since his death his widow has supported her family and her aged mother by selling newspapers.