

**TWO INTERESTING ROWS.**

**PORTRAITS OF THE GENTLEMEN ENGAGED IN THEM.**

Julian Hawthorne, ex-Minister James Russell Lowell, Minister Edward J. Phelps and Allen Thorndike Rice—The North American Review.

An American minister and ex-minister at the court of St. James have both been attracting attention to themselves recently in a peculiar manner. Rather curiously, too, in both instances it has been in connection with journalists. They are troublesome persons, these journalists. Let them alone for setting the world by the ears.

It was amusing to an outsider to sit back and watch the pretty row Mr. Julian Hawthorne stirred up with James Russell Lowell, poet, college professor and diplomat that was.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne is an energetic newspaper man with a capacity for offending people.

He has had a hard enough life of it between a naturally bad temper and the writing of novels that did not pay. It is quite safe to suppose, with his peculiar temperament, that he has become somewhat embittered from his rough experience of the world, and since he has had to take to ordinary newspaper writing his pen at times seems to be dipped in vitriol. Newspaperdom has been the gainer, and certainly Mr. Julian Hawthorne has not been the loser, through his journalistic efforts, but still the influence of time on his temper appears to tend to the development of vinegar rather than wine.

The son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the greatest writer of fiction this country has produced, Julian H. cannot but be penetrated with the feeling that he has failed to live up to his blue china. To be a great man's son is a crushing weight to carry through life.

Mr. Hawthorne writes much for The New York World. Ex-Minister Lowell was a friend of the great Hawthorne, and when the son went to see him recently he poured out his thought freely. Quite unknown to him was it that he was being interviewed.

The next Sunday a paper appeared in The World, four and one-half columns of talk-talk, signed Julian Hawthorne. It was all about the ex-minister, and in that he was made to say some things which must have made his ears burn when he saw them in cold print.

For one thing, he excited the British aristocracy beyond measure, and really said, you know, that "it was worth while that such a class should exist; it showed what generous training could make of men." Worst of all, he was made to say that, if he could afford it, he would live altogether on the other side of the Atlantic. The climate suited him, the comforts and amenities of life were better realized in England than here, and, finally, said Mr. Lowell, "when one gets to be older one likes to be within easy reach of pleasant people." The inference was that it was not easy to be within reach of pleasant people in America.

Judge how Mr. Lowell must have felt when he saw that in print. He, the man who, thirty years ago, wrote the Bigelow papers, breathing republicanism, freedom and the equal rights of man!

Most Americans who reside in London while do turn snob like that.

Ex-Minister Lowell, in brief, was invested with quite the air of a bloated British aristocrat. No wonder the printed interview made him sick. It was enough to do so.

Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice is a Bostonian of an old New England family. He is only 33 years old, which accounts for the fresh blood and new thought which has come into the old North American Review. He bought it for \$3,000 when he was only 23 years old. It was a run-down property and had ceased to pay expenses. It was a quarterly then, and one of its former editors had been James Russell Lowell himself, who now approves Minister Phelps' snub to Mr. Rice.

The Review was changed to a monthly, and is now a handsomely paying property. It is known on both sides of the Atlantic for its liveliness and liberality. It is a periodical for the time, the most vigorous and radical thought finding expression there. All shades of decent opinion are represented. The paper signed "Arthur Richmond," criticizing Secretary Bayard, was a notable one as it was written by Mr. Rice.

Mr. Rice has been a great traveler, and is acquainted with the most distinguished people the world over. It was the suggestion of the Prince of Wales himself that Rice applied to Minister Phelps to be presented at court.

The lively young man has been snubbed into fame by Minister Phelps, though he was distinguished enough before.

Mr. Rice has always taken great interest in literature and politics. He planned and directed an expedition among the ruins of Central America a few years ago. It was under the joint patronage of the United States and France, and was eminently successful. Indeed, most enterprises of the sort like under Rice are successful, though he recently failed to get into congress from New York city as the Re-

publican opponent of Gen. Spooner, the Tammany candidate.

Minister Edward J. Phelps is a distinguished Vermont lawyer, noted for his resemblance to the late William H. Vanderbilt. He was a professor in Yale college when appointed minister to England. Perhaps that gave him the idea of applying some wholesome discipline to Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice.

Ex-Minister Lowell's complaint is that he did not know he was being interviewed, and that the interview makes him say just what he does not believe in. The sympathies of most newspaper readers, however, will be with Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Rice.

**A BOHEMIAN PALACE.**

Interior View of Flood's House in San Francisco.

It would not be surprising if the new house built by James C. Flood, the many-millionaire mine owner of San Francisco, was the finest in America. The mansions of the New York rich men seem nowhere compared with its magnificence. It seems intended to show the worn out aristocracy of the elite despots that America can produce at short notice as good a palace as any of their best over in Europe.

The description of its magnificence rather staggers the plain reader. It is upon a grassy ground, somewhat removed from the street—California street—which it faces. The house itself is 190 by 106 feet in size—simply immense. Its walls are 64 feet high and 25 inches thick. It is upon the top of the elevation in San Francisco known as Nob Hill. It is the first brown stone house on the Pacific coast. Building stone must be scarce in California.



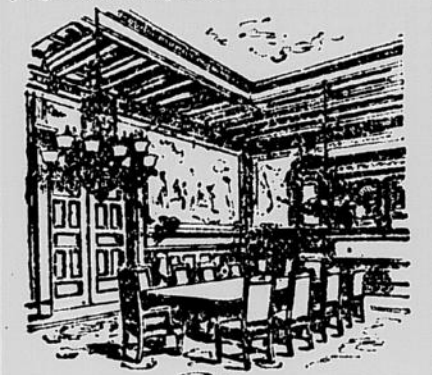
**DRAWING ROOM.**

A portico 50 feet long, with sixteen Doric columns, is at the front of the mansion. A newspaper writer says that leading up to this portico are "monolithic steps composed of a single slab." How glad one is to know that!

Through a doorway 9 feet wide and 14 feet high one enters the vestibule. The floor and ceiling of this are of Pompeian mosaic work. The wainscoting is entirely of Numidian marble, surmounted by a carved marble frieze. From the vestibule one enters the ante hall, thence through heavy portieres of genuine Gobelin tapestry to these apartments.

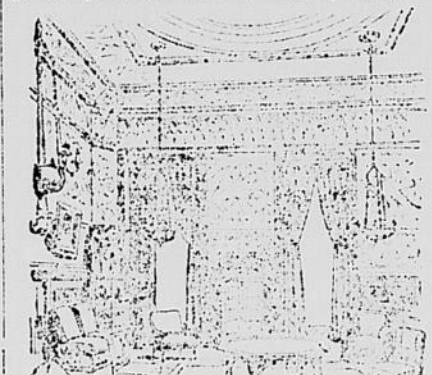
All are of bewildering magnificence, but the drawing room is one of the most striking. It is in the Louis XV style, all white and gilt, 45x50 feet in size.

The carpet is axminster, ivory white and yellow, the prevailing tints. It is woven in one piece, and took a year to make in Glasgow. It is an inch thick, the largest one-piece carpet ever made in Glasgow. The furniture is all gilt, upholstered in heavily embroidered silk velvet of old rose color. The mantelpiece of Mexican onyx is a splendid work of art. A mirror above it reaches to the ceiling. The chandeliers are gilt bronze. Fancy a plain laboring man stepping into such a place.



**DINING ROOM.**

The dining room in its way is scarcely less gorgeous and stunning. The wood work is English oak, Italian renaissance style. American oak was not good enough. The wainscoting is six feet high, above which is hung Gobelin tapestry. Sideboard and mantelpiece reach to the ceiling. The table can be extended till it is forty feet long. There is also a small dining room. A library and reception room are on the same floor. Up a splendid staircase of San Domingo mahogany you proceed to the sleeping and private rooms of the Flood family. Miss Jennie Flood's sleeping room is blue and old gold. A gorgeous hand embroidered portiere of blue plush separates it from the dressing room.



**SMOKING ROOM.**

The smoking room is especially meant for the convenience of young J. C. Flood, J. C. Flood, Jr. From E. Wait writes in Good Housekeeping:

"It is a Moorish interior, with all the refined splendor of the Alhambra, surmounted by a domed skylight, eighteen feet in diameter, of iridescent glass, beaded in the most intricate Oriental designs. It receives a soft, subdued light, inviting to repose and dream. Long, luxurious divans, decked with Persian tapestry, line the walls; woodwork of black ebony, inlaid with metal and mother of pearl,

eastern hangings, splendid Persian rugs, quaint Moorish lanterns, sash curtains of orange colored India silk, laden with oriental silk lace, and gorgeous red, black and gold brocade portieres complete the embellishments. Big, comfortable arm chairs, a mantel of Persian tiles and beveled mirrors, with stuccoed niches of gold and rich coloring, all conspire to render this retreat not only a paradise for smokers, but also an example of the highest form of which Moorish decoration is possible.

The reception room is the one entered first from the grand hall down stairs. The aim has been to make no two rooms alike, and the place of reception is furnished in East Indian style. Gold and silver embroidery, opalescent and jeweled glass and red silk velvet abound. The library is furnished in the early French renaissance fashion, and is dark gray, blue and bronze.

How many hundred thousand dollars the mansion cost is not told. Its owners will probably live in it three months in the year. When Mr. Flood dies or is tired of it, what a splendid gambling house it will make. We can't have old fauldes and palaces in America.

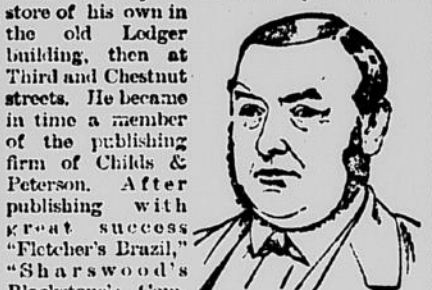
The house was designed by a San Francisco architect. The roof of the mansion is of wood, covered with copper. It should be called the Bohemian palace.

**GEORGE W. CHILDS.**

A JOURNALIST AND PHILANTHROPIST—A CELEBRATED HOST.

His Many Beautiful Homes Visited by Notables of All Lands—His Marble City Residence—Rich Country Home and Quiet Cottage by the Sea.

George Washington Childs went from Baltimore to Philadelphia at the age of 14. He started life there as a store boy in a book store. Four years later he opened a small store of his own in the old Ledger building, then at Third and Chestnut streets. He became in time a member of the publishing firm of Childs & Peterson. After publishing with great success "Fletcher's Brazil," "Sharpswood's Blackstone's Commentaries," "Lossing's Civil War" and "Kane's Arctic Explorations," he purchased The Public Ledger in 1864. It was then a poly little sheet, with no pretensions to greatness. It now ranks among the leading journals of the country.



**G. W. CHILDS.**

Mr. Childs' hospitality is unlimited and he has entertained more distinguished people than any other man in this country. In order to do this properly it was necessary that he should have such a home as the one at the junction of Walnut and Twenty-second streets, Philadelphia. It is of pure white marble throughout its exterior. Though a commonplace mansion in appearance its exterior like its interior is architecture of the utilitarian sort; there is everything that one can imagine to make life easy when one reaches the beautifully frescoed and furnished rooms and hallways within. The stairway in itself is a marvel, constructed of the finest old San Domingo mahogany and a combination of other rare imported woods. Beautifully wrought brass and bronze gas fixtures, the softest of imported carpets and a specially designed and manufactured sets of furniture made of costly woods are found in every part of this dwelling.



**MR. CHILDS' CITY RESIDENCE.**

On the lower floor every bit of space has been given up with a desire to make the parlors and reception rooms large enough to accommodate the great number of guests. Immediately in the rear is the dining room, where a happy combination of colors in the frescoes and furnishings make it simply gorgeous when the table, laden with silver and wondrous delicacies from the chef's pantry immediately in the rear, are exposed beneath the glittering lights.

Wondrous gatherings have been held at this mansion, and some of the most notable persons of these times, both on this side of the Atlantic and the other, have been within these walls and enjoyed the renowned hospitality of Mr. Childs; but of all these there was not one who came more often or stayed longer and seemed more perfectly at home than Gen. U. S. Grant.

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**"WOOTON"**

"Wooton" is the name of Mr. Childs' residence at Iron Horse, a short distance outside of Philadelphia. Wooton is almost in the very center of a beautiful little valley, and though the Childs has only been in possession since 1883 it is wonderful what a great work has been accomplished in making this one of the finest country seats on this continent. It is approached by a pleasant driveway and a walk along the most picturesque bit of road in the whole country side. A great lawn slopes away on all sides from the house, and it is noticeable for its great beauty and the careful manner in which the little evergreen trees have been set out over its smooth surface. Around the building are a number of trees planted here by famous people, who at one time or another have been guests of Mr. Childs. The house itself is entered by a massive mahogany doorway. The vestibule is laid in Roman mosaic.

The interior is fitted up in fine hard woods,

and the saw-way opens broad and airy into the very center of the hallway. This stairway is a marvel of the woodworker's art, and without an exception, there is not another like it in this country. It is the production of an old and well known stairbuilder in the neighborhood of Mr. Childs' Philadelphia house, in which he also built a handsome mahogany stair case. The rooms throughout the house are grand and beautifully arranged, and it is said that the whole place has been named after and modeled upon the plan of famous "Wooton" in England, where Mr. and Mrs. Childs spent many happy days with the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, when upon their first visit to that country. The house is filled with bric-a-brac and costly and quaint articles from all parts of the world. A fine library of excellent books is Mr. Childs' special pride and the library in which they are kept is fitted in elegant taste. At a short distance from the house, a cold spring water falls into an immense shell brought from Japan by Gen. Grant. A well stocked farm and dairy are attached to the grounds.



**LONG BRANCH.**

Several years ago, when Long Branch was still young, Mr. Childs built a house, which, while it does not equal the other two residences in cost, is equally as handsome and elegant. Within easy access of the beach and the railroad, it is a veritable paradise when the hot months in the city make it necessary to leave for cooler places. The house is built of wood and stone; it is surrounded by beautifully planned lawns and flower beds and driveways. The interior is



**AN OUTSIDE THANKSGIVING SCENE.**

**A HUMBLE THANKSGIVING.**

We cannot show a grand array Of toothsome things Thanksgiving Day— The day so very near: Our little pantry will not boast Delicious viands by the host To every palate.

'Neath weight of all the good things known Our little table will not groan, No, not the very least: Our little home will not be blest With many a welcome, joyous guest To help us at the feast.

Yet, notwithstanding what we lack, We'll not regretfully look back And sigh for better days; But we will fill in every part The spacious store rooms of our heart With gratitude and praise.

We'll count our present blessings o'er, And we shall find their number more Than all our trials do: Our happy, thoughtful hearts shall be Delightful guests—right royally They will reward us, too.

To seats we once did occupy We'll not look up with wistful eye And covetous unrest; But bending low down our gaze To poorer homes, to sadder ways, Thank God we are so blest.

Thank God that though our home is small, It still contains the dear ones all, Rich in affection's wealth: Thank God we have enough to eat, Thank God for clean, warm and neat, Thank God for peace and health.

Thank God we feel the fire's warm glow, While many cold and flickerless go In many a cheerless home, Oh, yes, most gratefully we'll lit Our stoves to hold the every god, And trust for all to come.

Thus 'round our fragrant little board, With cheerful hearts we'll praise the Lord And keep the jubilee; Nor shall there any more be found, Within this nation, almost bound, A happier family.

**FANNY PERCEVAL.**

**Fred. Douglass in England.** Fredrick Douglass, who has been traveling on the continent, wrote a letter to a citizen of Jefferson, Tex., in which he says: "I am again on the soil of dear old England. The contrast is a new present visit and that of 1845 inspiring. Then I came as a slave, now I come as a freeman; then as an alien, now as a citizen; then I was poor, now I am comparatively rich; then I had and the cause of my brethren in bonds, now to tell of their freedom and progress." Exchange.

**Volcano Dust as a Fertilizer.** Mr. Land, the government analyst of New Zealand, has proved by actual experiment that the dust thrown out during the recent volcanic eruptions is of a highly fertilizing kind. He obtained samples of the dust from these different places, and sowed a quantity of clover and grass seeds in each. The soil was kept moistened with distilled water, so that the mineral elements might be impacted by the water used. In all cases the growth was almost as vigorous as in rich volcanic soil. The rapid growth of the plants and their color show that the dust is a benefit to the soil on which it has fallen.—Cleveland Leader.

**J. F. BRONSON, SANBORN, Dakota.**



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Notice.—Township 47 North—E. S. Land office Fargo, Dak., Oct. 23, 1887. A complaint having been entered in this office by John M. Dahl against Andrew J. Wolf, for failure to comply with law as to timber culture city No. 624, and November 2, 1887, upon the NW 1/4 Section 24, township 47, range 37, in Steele county, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, contestant alleging that said Andrew J. Wolf has wholly failed to break, cultivate or plant to trees, rice seeds, roots, nuts or cuttings, any part or portion of said tract since making said entry up to the present time, and that said tract is wholly devoid of breaking or any other improvement, being wild prairie land in the natural state, just as it was November 8, 1881, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 10th day of December, 1887, at 10 o'clock a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure. E. C. GEARLEY, Receiver.

S. B. PINNEY, Auctioneer. 41-46