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**Edholm & Erickson,**  
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**LIFE.**

The following remarkable compilation is a record of the life of a man who has lived in the most difficult and trying circumstances, and who has emerged from them with a reputation for some of the most noble and heroic deeds of his generation.

My father was too good a disciplinarian to understand the force of this statement. He sat still, though impatient and scolding, while Sam got down and tramped through the interminable rows of black pillared trunks, seeking vainly for some landmark.

They're all so confoundedly alike! he muttered, scrambling to his seat. It only the stars would out!

How do you know that?

Ten miles or more. This year snow is so blindingly confounding--heated Sam. Get up now! Whipping up his four horses with a faint show of energy.

They made a start and then stopped, the drivers giving a neigh of terror.

Heaven help us! cried Sam. A far-off cry, like shrill yelps, was heard. My father started up.

Don't be uneasy, Jane, he said quietly. I am going out on the box with Sam. Keep the children quiet, if possible. Don't let the baby cry.

What is it, Charles?

Oh, no matter! Lynxes catamounts some miserable wood vermin.

The next moment he was beside Sam. Drive for your life. They are no coyotes--they are the great gray wolves!

I know it; they have been in the woods all winter.

That's what Joe meant?

Yes, when you wouldn't listen.

But it was no time for recrimination. The horses, urged by terror, needed no whipping. They dashed forward. The coach, racking to and fro, dashed violently at times against the trees. The cries of the wolves, and the yells of the men, were heard. They leaped upon the coach, hung upon the box, ran yelling alongside.

My father had placed a pair of pistols in Sam's hands. Both men fired alternately. But they had to stop to load, for they were out of their revolvers.

One fierce red-eyed brute sprang upon the window, from which little Mary, escaping from my mother had thrust out her head. My father fired, and he fell back on the yelling pack below.

My mother started a moment to tear him to pieces, and for that moment the coast was clear.

Then they came back with fresh fury. One of the horses gave a yell, human in agony.

Ugh! cried Sam. They've torn her throat. The mare was one of the leaders. My father drew his knife, and with great risk, crept along the pole between the running wheel-horses, and on the traces and reins of the two leaders.

The mare dropped on one side, the vehicle, and the other leader broke from him and fled through the woods.

These two'll not take us in, said Sam.

No. But we'll fight every inch.

The wolves had gathered about the fallen mare. The moon began to rise, and showed their number. My mother declared there were thousands of them. But she was not in a condition to count very accurately.

The two wheel-horses dragged the coach about half a mile. Then the pack came up again, leaped on their haunches, and tore the poor brutes so that the flesh hung in great strips.

Cut down another horse. That will keep them back ten minutes, said Sam, with white lips and staring eyes. He had fought silently and bravely. But he was thinking now of his wife and baby.

That would be to burn our ship at a vengeance, said my father. What would you do then?

Bring the women and children to the top of the stage and tight until our ammunition is gone.

I have two charges left.

Then we are lost!

At that moment my mother, who had not uttered a sound before, cried out. A wolf had leaped half into the window, and was scratching to get into the coach. My father shot him dead. He was not likely to get in with that shot.

And now the black swarming beasts sprang headlong on the horses. They staggered and fell.

It is all over, muttered my father. We are all dead.

My mother, who had been praying, was not so sure of that. Just then came a frightful noise of shouts, horns, guns firing, dogs barking. The wolves paused, pricked their ears--turned, and suddenly scattered through the woods.

The freed leader had fortunately outrun the wolves, and had reached Lansing and coming to the hotel, his bloody, torn sides and cut traces had told the story. In five minutes, every man and horse had returned to the village.

We were but two miles from the village, so that we slept in our own house that night after all, and from every other house in the town some little token of good-will was sent to make our sleep the sweeter.

My father was a changed man from that day--a tender, considerate husband and father. So that the night with the wolves brought a blessing in the morning, as the dark hours in life often do.

**Raisins, Foreign and Domestic.**

The United States is the greatest raisin consuming country in the world, and uses annually more raisins than the whole of Europe. This market is only supplied from Spain, the raisins known as the "Malagas" being considered the best. They come from a comparatively narrow strip of country in the south of Spain, which has hitherto been regarded as producing only raisins for raisins of that character. The annual yield of Malaga grapes averages 2,250,000 boxes of twenty pounds each. It sometimes reaches 2,500,000 boxes, and has been 2,000,000 in some years. Of this enormous yield the United States takes fully one-half, on which it pays a duty of 2 cents per pound. The American raisins are made from a white grape, the "Muscat of Alexandria," to the raising of which California is so well adapted. The vine begins to bear something in the second year, although the full bearing is not developed until it is five years old, and continues to bear for half a century, and sometimes for seventy-five years. In the cultivation of raisin grapes, American grape-growers have little to learn of Spain, but in the curing and packing of grapes a lack of experience is still felt. The raisins are not cured by any artificial process, however, but in a comparatively simple manner. The grapes are laid in gravel beds, and are exposed to the sun for ten or twelve days in August or September, when they are ready for packing, having turned from white to brown and gradually changed to the familiar dark color of the raisins of commerce. The white sugar which is generally found attached to the raisins sold in the market is entirely a natural product of the grape, and comes out with age--first appearing as a rule, when the raisins are about two years old.

**SALT-PETER FOR SQUASH AND CUCUMBER VINES.** Dissolve a tablespoonful of salt peter in a pailful of water, put a pile of this around each hill, shaping the earth so that it will not spread much, and the thing is done. The mortar salt-peter is better for vegetables, but the sorer death to animal life. The bugs burrow in the earth at night, but fall to rise in the morning. No danger of killing any vegetables with it; a concentrated solution applied to them makes them grow wonderful.

A woman's tears are usually more powerful than wind and rain, though so powerful an element as water, though very essential in rendering the latter effective.

**Anheuser-Busch**  
**BREWING ASSOCIATION!**

CELEBRATED  
**Keg and Bottled Beer**  
This Excellent Beer speaks for itself.

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JEWELERS AND MUSIC DEALERS.  
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Out of the many hundred manufacturers of this line of goods, we lay claim to representing the leading makers, and can show a more complete and larger line of Pianos and Organs than can be found in any ONE House in the west. Our NINE LEADERS are the following well-known and celebrated instruments:

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We want everybody desiring a Piano or Organ to call or write to us for information and GET POSTED. We can sell you the best instrument made for the least money, if you will give us a trial and want to buy. All we ask is to show you, as we know we can satisfy everybody from our Nine Leaders, which are recognized by those posted, as the best made. Send for catalogue and price list.

**MAX MEYER & BRO.,**  
WALDEN ROOMS,  
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**WILLIAMS,**  
CORNER 15th AND DODGE.

Below we give prices to convince you that goods are cheap and now is the time to buy. Our Motto,

**"We Will Not Be Undersold,"**

is strictly adhered to. We mean to give you bargains in all our departments.

**Ladies' Gauze Vests, 15 Cents.**  
**Ladies' Gauze Vests, 25 Cents.**  
**BEATS THEM ALL!**

**Our Sale of 45c Hose Still Continues**

Prices of Fans greatly reduced. Children's Parasols 25c. All our Parasols to be closed out. A good unlaundried shirt, with linen Cuffs and bosom, 45c. The best unlaundried shirt in the city for 85c. Take one home on approval and compare it.

**Very Low Prices on All Our Dress Silks, Satins, &c.**

**Closing Out Our Muslin Underwear, Chemise, and Drawers, 25 Cents.**

12 yards Fruit of the Loom Muslin for.....	\$1.00
12 yards Choicest for.....	1.00
12 yards Broad Dress Goods for.....	1.00
12 yards Good Gingham for.....	.70
12 yards Good Gingham for.....	.62
12 yards Unbleached Muslin for.....	.50
12 yards Crash Toweling for.....	.60
12 yards Irish Lace for.....	.15
12 Linen Napkins for.....	.50
12 pairs Ladies' Hose for.....	.60
12 pair Machine Knit Sox for.....	1.00

**Burt's Fine Shoes for Ladies.**  
**Burt's Fine Shoes for Men.**

Prices on all our goods have taken a tumble. After the stock is sold off we have cash enough left, we propose to take a SUMMER VACATION

**L. B. WILLIAMS & SON.**  
Corner Fifteenth and Dodge Sts.

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Double and Single Acting Power and Hand

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