

Thirty Years Record.

PLAYS ON THE VIOLIN.

**HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY.**

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

The Wonderful Daily Life of Baron Emil d'Erlanger, a Paris Financier, Who has Vast Railroad Interests in the United States.

The New York Journal Paris letter says: One of the most wonderful men in Paris is Baron Emil d'Erlanger. The great financier, who has vast interests in America—he thinks nothing of building railroads costing millions of dollars in the southern states all the way from Paris—is a very youthful-looking man, of fine figure, with an open, honest, frank, and shrewd face, so different from the usual appearance of moneyed men that it is almost impossible to realize that he is the famous banker. He has wonderful blue eyes, great, light, gray-blue orbs that fix upon you with a calm, penetrating look and read you instantly through and through. Baron Erlanger, if he were not one of the greatest bankers in the world, would be a celebrated artist. Every night of his life, after dinner, he spends a couple of hours with his favorite instrument—the violin—which he plays with such pathos and tender and true artistic feeling as to make it speak in his hands. He speaks English like an American, and half a dozen languages besides.

The Baron is half an American. He married the loveliest and cleverest of American girls, Miss Slidell. But, oh, I must not allude to the baroness, who has the greatest and most genuine dread of newspaper publicity. Nothing makes her so unhappy as to be mentioned in the newspapers, but the trouble is that the Baron is always doing some noble and generous action which brings his name before the public, so that the name of Erlanger has become a household word in Paris. If an artistic benefit is given to M. de Erlanger is the first to take a couple of boxes for \$2,000 (10,000 francs). If cholera or any other disease makes its ravages his purse is opened immediately. His heart seems to be continually going out to all those in need. His nature is so gentle and kind that he cannot bear to wound anybody's feelings, and his oldest friends have hardly ever heard him utter an angry word. He is one of the happiest men, if there is such a thing as happiness in his business, as well as in his artistic pursuits, and has no time to worry or brood over imaginary wrongs, always taking life cheerfully as it comes. His domestic relations are delightful. He has four splendid boys (no daughters) on whom he dotes, and all of whom give promise of excellent development. He seeks no society; whatever society he has—and you will find dukes and princes and the greatest of the land at his table—comes to him.

His table! Baron Erlanger probably gives the best dinners in Paris. His table supplies come to \$60 a day, and, without keeping a yacht, or four-in-hand, or committing any of the extravagances of our modern millionaires, he manages to spend, without the slightest attempt at ostentation, from \$150,000 to \$160,000 a year. But the table is laid every night for twelve. Eight trained men servants wait at dinner, and the entire establishment is the perfection of elegance and comfort. The Baron lives in the heart of the busy part of Paris, 20 Rue Talbot. He adheres to the old-fashioned mode of residing in his business place. One side of his house is the banking establishment and the other his residence. You go up to the left to have your coupons cashed and to the right to leave your card for a social visit. The Baron has only to run through a short hall to go from his lunch back to his office.

The house is a marvel of artistic beauty. The drawing-room is a perfect bower of flowers, plants, and shrubbery, and the master-works of painting on the walls, selected with the most exquisite taste, make it a thing of beauty as well as a joy forever. Millions must have been spent on the Baron's gallery, and yet if you were to meet him in the midst of all his splendor you would not but contrast the amiable modesty of his manner, and what seems almost like the shyness of his demeanor, with the airs and assumptions of others who are pugnacious compared to him in means as well as in intellect.

Indeed, the Baron is intellectually a giant. His father, the famous Baron d'Erlanger, of Frankfort, who founded the house, gave him a moderate amount of money with which to start a branch in Paris, and from this small beginning he has established this banking house which, next to Rothschild's, is probably the richest in Paris. He often makes single operations netting \$250,000 to \$500,000. And yet he cares very little for money beyond the comfort and pleasures and benefits which his family, his friends, and those in need can derive from it. He seems to know everything. His financial operations have been so varied that he can tell you to the minutest detail the inside machinery of a newspaper, a railroad, a coal mine, or a diamond field, and knows as much about the cost of press dispatches as he does about the price of a loan. He has a perfect genius for affairs, and it is a common saying in Paris that "everything he touches turns to gold."

The history of the fortune of the Erlanger family is very interesting. It is another illustration of the strength of honest and intelligent competition. The late Baron Erlanger, of Frankfort, the father of the Paris millionaire, started with next to nothing. He was a wonderfully shrewd and clever man, and had the good fortune of possessing in his sons (now in Paris) and Louis, who carries on the old house in Frankfort, able associates in his great work, which was nothing less than to break down the monopoly of the Rothschilds. No loan could be brought out without the latter in Germany. Now the Erlangers have established a dozen different banks, all of which they control, and which compete with the Rothschilds successfully for every loan that is brought out in Europe.

Russian Jews in America.

Few persons know that successful agricultural colonies are being established in the United States by refugee Russians of the Jewish faith. Contrary to the general opinion that the Jew has an hereditary dislike to outdoor labor, and farming of all sorts, it is undoubtedly true that makes an agriculturist of a high order. The history of Palestine, in which its golden prime had no superior in point of minute horticultural development in the ancient world, is sufficient on this point.

The Montefiore agricultural aid society of this city, so named in honor of the distinguished man whose hundredth anniversary was recently so widely celebrated, has donated no less than five successful colonies, one of them upon the communistic plan. These colonies were made

necessary by the immense outpouring of unhappy and penniless exiles from superstition-cursed South Russia, when, a few years ago, the anti-Semitic crusade assumed violent forms of fanaticism. Medieval accusations of stolen children, Blue-beard chambers, secret orgies and orgiastic banquets, became a part of the ignorant peasant's belief, and found expression in terrible atrocities, which drove thousands of people to seek homes elsewhere. It was about three years ago that the gentlemen who were aiding to guide and control the tide of Russian immigration to this country found that a large percentage were tillers of the soil. A colony was started in Louisiana, but failed, owing to a bad location. Other colonies attempted at Estelleville, New Jersey, and Cotoxox, Colorado, also went to the wall. But later efforts have proved successful. New Odessa, in Southwest Oregon near the Pacific, owns seven hundred and fifty acres and is exceedingly prosperous. They began operations in March, 1883, and still they haven't got a first class hotel in the place. Russians fled on Rome under the desert and act 600 years before Christ, and built a lunatic asylum on the Capitoline hill. In those days everybody was highly educated, and every common dog on the streets could talk the dead language like a normal school graduate. Greek and Latin were talked just as common at a prize fight or church social in Rome, among the middle and lower classes, as cigar boy Spanish is in Southern Colorado on Rome.

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Besides this colony, there are, in Dakota, colonies at Cremieux, at Bethlehem-Judah, and near Bismarck, at Painted Woods. Another colony is near Beaver Dam, New Jersey, and still another at Monteagle, Kansas. From the latter, an address was sent to Sir Moses Montefiore, which contains the following: "We are men of thy race, men of thy faith. Exiles from Russia, we found refuge in America, the land of freedom." The Dakota colonies are associated in close unity. A correspondent of the St. Paul Pioneer Press lately visited them, and speaks in terms of the highest praise of their frugality, energy and success. They are on the best of terms with their neighbors. They say "that they mean to prove that Hebrews can be as successful farmers as they have been tradesmen." Relatives and friends from Russia are joining them.

The colony of Alliance, or Vineland, New Jersey, is the largest agricultural settlement the Jews have in this country. Every dweller in the colony is said to read and write Russian or German, or both. The Hebrew Emigrant Aid Society of this city began this enterprise. Each head of a family is allotted fifteen acres. More than fifty families are now settled on this plan, and numbers of others are expected. The testimony of visitors seems to warrant the conclusion that this colony is now well established.

A RIDE AFTER A WHITE WOLF

Exciting Sport With Horse and Hounds Among the Mountains of Idaho.

Cincinnati Inquirer

With seven hounds and four hunters we left camp yesterday morning at dawn for a day's run after wolves. When an hour out of camp the baying of the hounds in a cackle to the right of us, told that something was started, and the next minute a lank gray wolf, with six cubs streaming after her, dashed out into the open ground and ran past us so close that we might have killed her with a revolver, but something like pity stayed every man's hand, and we let her go by us without a shot. The cubs were evidently four or five months old, and kept well up with their mother, who moved over the prairie like a gray streak. When the dogs finally broke cover she had disappeared around the face of a hillock, to the top of which we spurred our horses in order to see the remainder of the chase. In the course of a few minutes it was plain to see that the cubs were losing their wind, one of them falling behind so rapidly that he was almost in the jaws of the foremost hounds, and the others, while keeping ahead, giving every evidence of distress.

The mother wolf was not moving at her best by any means, and, if she would abandon her cubs to the dogs, might easily escape, but, instead of doing that, she suddenly wheeled around, while the cubs kept on forward, and doubling square on her track closed with the hound who was in the lead and not more than 10 paces from the exhausted young one. Before the dog could recover from his surprise, she had him by the throat, her long, white teeth cutting through skin and muscles, then closing and tearing out windpipe, jugular vein and gut. It was only a single bite, but the spread and strength of her jaws, as well as the sharpness of her teeth, made it fatal. Then she humped up her back, and in 10 bounds had regained the lost ground and was again in full retreat in the centre of her family. In the nature of things however, the cubs could not stand the killing pace; they fell behind in ones and twos, and the result was a foregone conclusion—at least it was so until the mother adopted a new set of tactics, she started off at right angle with the line pursued by the cubs, swerving in her course so as to bring herself very near the bounds, apparently with the purpose of attracting the chase to herself. Three of the dogs accepted the invitation, and presently were out of sight in the rough country to which she led them, while the remaining two busied themselves with the cubs, now left to their own devices.

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POISON Our

Treatment

On Blood Poisoning is of interest to all classes. Will be mailed free on receipt of your address.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., DUBLIN, IRELAND.

CONSTITUTIONAL SCROFULA.

A girl in my employ has been cured of but I believe was constitutional Scrofula by the use of Swift's Specific. J. O. Mc DANIELS, Atlanta, Ga., July 25, 1884.

PRESCRIBED BY PHYSICIANS.

I have prescribed Swift's Specific in many cases of Blood Poison and as a general tonic, and has made cures after all other remedies failed. E. M. STRICKLAND, M. D., Cave Spring, Ga., July 25, 1884.

FEARFUL BLOOD POISON!

A negro on my farm has been cured of a fearful case of Blood Poison by the use of three bottles of Swift's Specific. ANDREW J. HOWARD, Forsyth, Ga., Aug. 5, 1884.

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### BILL NYE IN ROME.

Ancient Reminiscences, Some of Which are Not Fragrant.

Oct. 5, Correspondence Denver Opinion.

We arrived in Rome last evening via the Rock Island road, and an old cattle friend of mine from North park, who is staying here, invited me to come and visit him during my stay in the city. He is here, he says, to obtain that polish which he was unable to obtain on the range. It has long been his heart's dearest wish to go abroad and complete an already very thorough education. He was always pretty fair in arithmetic, and could cipher the stocks right off our most eminent men, but he was a little rusty on Rome, he says.

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Brawne E  
Buchanan J M  
Brook F T  
Breviori W H  
Ballerger W  
Bassard A  
Cook N S  
Clynton H B  
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Crickinian J  
Cita F  
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Davel J  
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Eckerman A  
Fuller T M  
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Glemon F  
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Hus M  
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Hunt G  
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Higgins J J  
Jarpe P  
Jenkin J W  
Kohl H  
Klyden J  
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Krenen P  
Kehoe S B  
Little J  
Leonard F  
Lord J M  
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McCarthy C  
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President Parker J  
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LADIES LIST.

Archibald Mrs C  
Anderson Mrs A  
Allison Mrs C  
Apams Mrs M  
Adams Mrs M F  
Bryne Miss M  
Bohrer Miss M  
Brock Mrs W  
Carlson Mrs I  
Clark Mrs P  
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Frank Mrs M  
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Hayes Miss L  
Higginson Mrs C  
Hildebrand Mrs N  
Hanks Mrs M M  
Haid Mrs J W  
Johnson Miss L  
Johson Miss M  
Junks Mrs N  
Kaufman Mrs M  
Kroh Miss K  
Lemhard M  
Larsen Mrs J  
McGuire Miss A  
Meyer E P  
Mills Mrs A T - 2  
Miller Miss M  
McGuire Mrs J  
Meyers Mrs B  
Nelson Miss E  
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Pettipiece Mrs W  
Powell Mrs C  
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Rancher Miss B  
Sullivan Miss F  
Sherman Miss A  
Sherriff Mrs J  
Smith Miss J  
Spaniold Mrs M  
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Turner Mrs M  
Wells Mrs L  
Williams Mrs C H  
Whiteside Miss M

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McGraw Mrs K  
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