

News of the Northwest

FIRE VISITS CARNIVAL.

St. Paul Elks' Show Suffers Considerable Loss.
St. Paul, June 28.—The Elks' carnival was surely a "hot one" last evening while fire destroyed about one-third of the booths in "Exhibition street." The loss to exhibitors and the Elks will reach \$10,000 or \$15,000 with little insurance. The fire started from an electric wire in the booth of the International Stock Food company, and with wonderful rapidity the flames spread in all directions, although there was little or no wind. Patrolman Liadahl tried to check the flames with a hose, but by the time water was turned on the fire was beyond control and the fire department was called out. There were comparatively few people on the street at the time, and the men in charge of the grounds and the exhibits were able to save some of the exhibits.

CAUSED GREAT DAMAGE.

Cloud Burst Responsible for a Flood Near Winona.
Winona, Minn., June 28.—A cloud-burst in Pleasant Valley last evening caused a sudden and unprecedented rising of the Sugar Loaf mill pond. Before the gates could be opened the water was flowing over the top of them and a few minutes later the water also carried away considerable of the embankment and caused great damage to the Winona & Western tracks. Many acres of farm lands were inundated. A flood was also experienced by farmers along the Gilmore Valley road from the same cause, the water being much higher than during the flood of a year ago.

DROPPED DEAD DURING PRAYER.

Camp Meeting Excitement Attended With Fatal Results.
Watertown, Wis., June 28.—Frank Kassten, while in the midst of a prayer at the German Methodist camp meeting, dropped dead. He had been in attendance at all the services and had become very excited. At last he arose and announced that he would deliver a prayer. He had spoken but a few words when he reeled and fell. One of the elders rushed to the spot and found that Kassten's heart had stopped beating.

LOW WATER STOPS MILLS.

Fall of Mississippi and Small Streams Creates Log Famine.
La Crosse, Wis., June 28.—Navigation is impaired to such an extent that all the sawmills of the city have been forced to cease operations owing to scarcity of logs. The log famine is due to low water, for logs cannot be gotten out of the small streams into the river. Coleman's big mill shut down yesterday, throwing 300 men out of work, with no prospect of starting again.

TAWNEY RENOMINATED.

He Has No Opposition in the First District.
Dodge Center, Minn., June 28.—Congressman James A. Tawney was renominated by acclamation at the Republican district convention yesterday afternoon. No other name was heard and no vote was cast in opposition. The convention was the best attended ever held in the district. Nearly all the counties had complete representation and many visitors were in attendance.

SLEPT ON THE TRACK.

One Man Killed by a Train and Another Slightly Injured.
Cloquet, Minn., June 28.—Sam Wynn and a man named Patneud were struck by an ore train on the Eastern Minnesota railroad near Stony Brook. Wynn was badly mangled and died at the McKinnon house here shortly after the accident. Patneud escaped with slight injuries. The men lay on a pile of cinders between the rails, and evidently went to sleep.

Find Copper Near Helena's Limits.
Helena, Mont., June 28.—Holbrook & Huffaker, after prospecting on a "lead" just outside the western city limits of Helena for three months, have encountered at a depth of forty feet a copper vein, samples of which run as high as 20 per cent in that metal. A contract has been let to sink the shaft a greater depth to determine the exact width and richness of the vein. Experts say the outlook is most promising.

Overwork and Insanity.

Paraboo, Wis., June 28.—J. B. Powers has been adjudged insane and taken to the Mendota asylum for treatment. He was an agent for the Elgin Creamery and was engaged in establishing creameries for them. It is said that overwork from a desire to please his employers caused his derangement.

Staples to Have Waterworks.

Staples, Minn., June 28.—A special election yesterday for the purpose of voting bonds to the extent of \$9,000 for a system of waterworks was carried by a majority of 27 votes. A special meeting was held in Staples township and \$4,000 voted for the improvement of roads and bridges.

Street Car Strikes Him.

St. Paul, June 28.—William Johnson of Alton, near Stillwater, a farmer, was probably fatally injured in a street car accident at Sixth street and Maria avenue. It is said that the injured man is in a precarious condition.

Teamster Killed.

St. Paul, June 28.—John Sanber, a teamster, was accidentally killed yesterday afternoon. He fell from a load of hay, striking upon the top of his head and fracturing his skull. He died within two minutes after the accident.

Houses Struck by Lightning.

La Crosse, Wis., June 28.—A severe storm passed over this city last evening. The German Lutheran church on the North side was struck by lightning. Loss, \$1,000; fully insured. The house of Frank Koegel was struck.

SEVERE TORNADO.

Three Men Injured by Falling Wall and May Die.
Black River Falls, Wis., June 29.—People who have lived here thirty-five years say a tornado here as came about 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Shade trees, telephone and electric light poles and wires are a tangled mass and fill the streets and block the sidewalks. The belfry of the Universalist church was blown from the roof and demolished. Out-houses and hay barns suffered severely. A thousand shade trees are broken off or uprooted. D. J. Spaulding's brick warehouse and roof cellar was demolished. Three young men cleaning brick at the old iron furnace took shelter behind a brick wall, which blew over onto them. They are all badly hurt and may die. The injured are Conrad Olson, Edward Linnell and Herbert Adams. The damage to growing crops is very severe, and reports from the line of the Green Bay road indicate that the storm was much more severe further north. The main storm did not last over three minutes.

GOV. LIND AT LAKEVIEW.

He Reviews the Militiamen, Who Make a Fine Appearance.
Lake City, Minn., June 29.—Though yesterday's weather at Camp Lakeview consisted of a high wind, a liberal amount of dust and sun, at "100 above," the guardsmen of the Second regiment, M. N. G., are making splendid progress in drills and things and Col. Bobleter has reason to be proud of the fact that the soldiers are showing such excellent efficiency in the "manipulation of arms." Notwithstanding the almost intense heat none of the drills mentioned in the daily routine were omitted, and every movement was accomplished in a manner that was highly gratifying to the commanding officer. The most inspiring event of the encampment occurred last evening when the regiment passed in review before Gov. Lind and the members of his staff. The review was a pretty sight and attracted a large concourse of citizens to the grounds.

MILWAUKEE'S CARNIVAL.

Flower Parade the Chief Attraction of the Day.
Milwaukee, June 29.—Large crowds poured into the city to enjoy the carnival festivities. The weather continues good and everything is going according to programme. The most beautiful attraction thus far was the floral parade, which moved over a five-mile course in the afternoon. Ex-Gov. Peck was again chief marshal of the parade. While similar attractions of former festivals were looked upon as being perfect, this one far outshone all previous efforts, the success being largely due to the supervision of Mrs. George W. Peck, Jr.

VENDETTA IN WISCONSIN.

Man Accused of Murder is Shot While Out on Bail.
Stevens Point, Wis., June 29.—Gabriel Green, who shot and killed Louis Wiesner in January last, was himself shot and fatally wounded yesterday. He was out on bail. Leo Wiesner, a brother of the murdered man, and Frank Gilschinski, Wiesner's employe, were arrested charged with the shooting. Great excitement prevails.

RECKLESS SHOOTING.

Boy With Rifle Fires Upon Three Anoka Young Ladies.
Anoka, Minn., June 29.—The Misses Bruns, Reynolds and Carroll of this place while wheeling last evening near the Elm creek bridge in Hennepin county, were fired upon four times by a boy armed with a rifle. None of the shots took effect. The boy is known and will probably be prosecuted.

Destroyed by Forest Fires.

West Superior, Wis., June 29.—Forest fires are burning again in many parts of the county, and yesterday the trestle, half a mile in length, on the South Shore road at Rockmont was entirely burned. Debris fell on the Omaha tracks and delayed the train a few hours. It will probably take several days to rebuild the trestle.

Guthrie Acquitted.

Owatonna, Minn., June 29.—The case against Michael Guthrie of Blooming Prairie, terminated last night by the jury bringing in a verdict of not guilty. The defendant was charged with abetting an election fraud in the recent municipal election at Blooming Prairie. The other cases were dismissed.

Old Settlers' Reunion.

Spring Valley, Minn., June 29.—The old settlers of Fillmore county held their annual meeting here yesterday and though the Winona county association failed to arrive by reason of a wash-out on the railroad, which was a great disappointment, there was a large crowd in attendance.

Laying New Track.

Faribault, Minn., June 29.—John Grant, the well known railroad contractor, left with his outfit and a number of teams and men for Casselton, N. D., where he begins work on a contract for laying and surfacing sixty-four miles of new track for the Great Northern railway.

Damage Not Heavy.

Winona, Minn., June 29.—The damage done by the cloudburst here Tuesday evening was not so heavy as at first supposed. Four thousand dollars will cover the loss.

Boys Killed by Lightning.

Oskaloosa, Iowa, June 29.—William and Ross Busby, aged 22 and 19, were killed by lightning while in a hay barn near here. The bodies were partly cremated.

Serious Accident.

Mantorville, Minn., June 29.—While assisting the county surveyor yesterday afternoon D. C. Gardner, a farmer living seven miles northwest of here, had his thigh broken in two places and his collar bone dislocated by being thrown from his buggy.

THE FIRST BATTLE.

IN THE WAR FOR OUR INDEPENDENCE.

How the American Farmers Drove the British Back to Charlestown—The Latter Were Permitted to Fire the Opening Guns.

It is the night of April 18, 1775, in the little village of Concord, some eighteen miles northwest of Boston. The gray-haired sires have gathered their little flocks about them, read a chapter from the Good Book and prayed for King George and the Colony of Massachusetts. The fires have been raked up in the open hearths, the candles have been extinguished and the good people of the little village have retired for their rest.

Suddenly the clatter of a horse's hoofs are heard, echoing along the road, leading from Lexington and young Dr. Prescott, who has spent the evening in that village, gallops into the town and sends up the cry: "The red-coats are coming! Awake! Awake!"

The news which Dr. Prescott brings is dire news indeed. One Paul Revere and a man named Dawes have galloped from Boston to Lexington with the information that the British regulars to the number of 800 under Col. Francis Smith and Maj. Pitcairn are on the march toward Lexington and Concord. Their purpose is the capture of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, two colonial leaders whose activity and fearlessness have made them especially obnoxious to Gen. Gage and the destruction of military stores which Gage has learned are hidden in Concord. The doctor reports that he was present when Adams and Hancock were aroused from their beds at the Hancock-Clark house and induced to flee; that he and Revere and Dawes then started for Concord; that the two Boston messengers were surrounded and captured, but that he leaped his horse over a stone wall and managed to escape by riding hard across the fields.

The people are thoroughly aroused by his story and messengers are sent out afoot and on horse to alarm the people of other villages, while the local minute-men gather and parade in the darkness of the Common. As daylight comes, Col. James Barrett, commander of the militia, hurries hither and thither directing the work of removing the military stores to new hiding places, the farmers gladly tendering their huge wagons and ox teams to the service. Even the women carry away ammunition and hide it in their feather beds. While Col. Barrett is thus engaged, Maj. Buttrick leads the minute-men, to the number of fifty or more, to the top of the Old Hill burying ground, directly overlooking the Common and the road from Lexington. There are some fiery spirits among them, but the majority are sober-minded men—men who do not want war, who are still loyal subjects of his dull-brained majesty, King George, but who would die rather than yield one jot or tittle of what they believe to be their just rights. Moving among them with prayers and words of encouragement is their beloved minister, Rev. William Emerson, whose grandson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, is to become famous the world over, a century later.

The devoted little band on the hill await they know not what. Perhaps the red coats will turn back when they see the colonists are disposed to oppose them in their work of destroying the military stores. They did so at Salem and other places. It is about 7 o'clock when the scouts whom Maj. Buttrick has sent out on the Lexington road hurry back and report that the regulars are almost on them and that they are in great force. There are 600 light infantrymen and 200 grenadiers. Maj. Buttrick's little company of minute-men has by this time been swelled to perhaps 150, for the alarm has been widely spread and minute-men are constantly arriving in twos, in dozens and in scores. Shall they retreat and take up a new position? There is a difference of opinion among them. Rev. William Emerson, grand old preacher-patriot that he is, argues against a retreat. "Let us stand our ground," he says; "if we die, let us die here!" How like is this to the command which Parker had given his minute-men on Lexington Common only a few hours previously: "Stand your ground! Don't fire unless fired on! But if they mean to have a war let it begin here!"

As the minute-men march away to the north the British troops enter the village. Col. Smith immediately details a number of men to search for and destroy military stores in the center of the village. To prevent the possible arrival of companies of minute-men from other towns he sends a company to guard the South bridge, and orders Capt. Lawrence to take six companies and proceed to the North bridge, to which he learns the local minute-men have already retired. Arriving at the North bridge and seeing the minute-men grouped across the river, on the hill to the right, Capt. Lawrence leaves three companies under Capt. Laurie to guard the bridge while he sends the other three companies, under Capt. Parsons, across the bridge, not to attack the minute-men but to proceed along the road to the left and search the house of Col. James Barrett for munitious of war which are said to be stored there.

While Col. Smith is thus engaged in sending out his men, Maj. Pitcairn, who seems to be somewhat of a swashbuckler, enters Wright's tavern for refreshments. As he stirs his hot toddy with his finger he turns to a

group of fellow officers and boastfully says:

"Thus will I stir the Yankee blood before night!"

Little does he realize how true a prediction he is making. Little dreams he of how the Yankee blood is to be stirred by that day's events—stirred until it refuses to quiet before the misused colonies have united and by means of a long and bloody war have won their place as a free and powerful nation.

The minute-men on the hill at the northern extremity of the village see the smoke arising from the fires kindled in the center of the village and Capt. Joseph Hosmer turns indignantly to Col. Barrett and demands: "Will you let them burn the town?" Col. Barrett now calls the other militia officers about him and they con-



PAUL REVERE.

(From a painting made in 1804, 29 years after his famous ride.)
sult over the situation. Finally they resolve to "march into the middle of the town and protect their homes or die in the attempt." But it is understood that they are not to fire upon the British regulars unless they are fired on first. The march is immediately begun with the minute-men from the neighboring town of Acton in the lead, under command of Capt. Isaac Davis. As the minute-men approach the west end of the North bridge the British soldiers draw up at the other end and some of them begin tearing up the planks from the bridge. Maj. Buttrick calls out to the British in remonstrance and orders his men to advance at double-quick. They are within a few rods of the bridge when a shot rings out and Luther Blanchard, of Acton, and Jonas Brown, of Concord, are wounded by the same bullet.

Almost instantly this single shot is followed by a volley from the British. Capt. Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, both of Acton, fall dead and several others of the patriots drop their muskets and clutch at wounds from which the blood is gushing. The war has begun.

Maj. Buttrick, now as hot for the fight as he was earnest for delay, springs to one side, fires his musket at the British and shouts out his order: "Fire, fellow soldiers! For God's sake, fire!"

A volley crashes out and the first British soldiers to die in the face of the colonists drop to the ground. Three of them fall dead and a half a dozen are wounded, among the latter being three minor officers.

The British immediately retreat toward the center of the town, and the Americans follow them a little way and then turn off and draw up on the hillside. The regulars carry one of their dead with them, but two are left lying on the bloody ground.



MAJOR PITCAIRN AND HIS TODDY.

"Thus will I stir the Yankee blood before night."

Hearing the firing at North Bridge, Capt. Parsons ceases his work of destruction at Col. Barrett's and hastens with his three companies towards the

scene of conflict. His progress is not interfered with, and the minute men on the hill watch him as he joins his defeated comrades.

During all this time reinforcements have constantly been adding to the number of minute-men, and they are growing more and more confident. Moreover, Col. Smith sees that the people are desperately in earnest. He gathers his men together, marries, halts, counter-marches, hesitates and finally, fearing that in further conflict his command may be utterly worsted, he gives the order to return and his soldiers turn their faces toward Boston. They have no premonition of the very hell of shot which shall accompany them until they sink exhausted and decimated under the protection of the warships at Charlestown. Truly, Maj. Pitcairn has stirred the Yankee blood. The Lexington road through Concord curves in almost a semicircle and while the regulars are wearily marching southward over the route by which they so bravely came in the early morning, the minute-men swarm through the fields behind the wooded hill which skirts the road, thus getting by a shorter route in advance of the regulars.

At Merriam's corner the minute-men secrete themselves behind rocks, trees and stone fences, and as the British come along the road the muskets of the colonists cough out leaden death from front and side and rear. Pitcairn's horse is wounded and throws him. The swashbuckler receives a bullet in the arm; and, binding up his wound, trudges wearily on with his men. Pitcairn has learned something since he shouted "Disperse, ye rebels, disperse!" and fired his pistol in the faces of the rustics on Lexington Common. He has stirred the Yankee blood until his own is dripping through his coat sleeve. A musket ball enters Col. Smith's leg. Men drop dead and wounded from one end of the line to the other.

At last the British reach Lexington, pass the Common, scene of the bloody tragedy of but a few hours before, and see down the road but a little way what must have brought relief to their harrowed spirits—Lord Percy and a thousand troops sent out from Boston as reinforcements.

Like hunted deer close pursued by

hounds the panting British rush forward and fall exhausted within the lines made safe by Percy's cannon and musketrymen. Drink and food are furnished for as many as possible from the Monroe tavern, which Percy has made his headquarters, and the wounds of such injured as have been able to keep up with the weary march are hurriedly dressed.

The day is now well spent and Percy fears the consequences of re-



HISTORIC STONE.

(This historic old boulder lies on the northeast corner of the Lexington Common and marks the position of the American minutemen when fired on by the British, April 19, 1775. On it is chiseled the command of Capt. Parker to his men.)

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with the disaster they have inflicted? Not so. Scarcely has the march been resumed until they are on the flanks of the retreating British again. And thus it is until Charlestown itself is reached and the red-coats, worn, dispirited, decimated, fling themselves under the protection of the guns on board the ships of war in the river.

The first day of the American revolution is passed. Forty-nine colonists have been killed and thirty-six wounded. But the British loss has been far heavier—seventy-three killed, 177 wounded, and twenty-six missing.

THE BELL OF LIBERTY.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

The representatives of the people assembled in solemn conclave, and long and anxiously surveyed the perilous ground on which they were treading. To recede was now impossible; to go on seemed fraught with terrible consequences. The result of the long and fearful conflict that must follow was more than doubtful. For twenty days Congress was tossed on a sea of perplexity. At length Richard Henry Lee, shaking off the fetters that galled his noble spirit, arose on the 7th of June, and in a clear, deliberate tone, every accent of which rang to the farthest extremity of the silent hall, proposed the following resolution: "Resolved, that these United Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent states, and all political connection between us and the states of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

John Adams, in whose soul glowed the burning future, seconded the resolution in a speech so full of impassioned fervor, thrilling eloquence, and prophetic power, that Congress was carried away before it, as by a resistless wave. The die was cast, and every man was now compelled to meet the issue. The resolution was finally deferred till the 1st of July, to allow a committee, appointed for that purpose, to draft a Declaration of Independence.

When the day arrived the Declaration was taken up and debated article by article. The discussion continued for three days, and was characterized by great excitement. At length, the various sections having been gone through with, the next day, July 4th, was appointed for action. It was soon known throughout the city; and in the morning, before Congress assembled, the streets were filled with excited men, some gathered in groups, engaged in eager discussion, and others moving towards the state house. All business was forgotten in the momentous crisis which the country had now reached. No sooner had the members taken their seats than the multitude gathered in a dense mass around the entrance. The bellman proclaimed the joyful tidings of freedom as soon as the final vote was passed. A bright-eyed boy was stationed below to give the signal. Around the bell, brought from England, had been cast, more than twenty years before, the prophetic motto: "PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF."

Although its loud clang had often sounded over the city, the proclamation engraved on its iron lip had never been spoken aloud.

It was expected that the final vote would be taken without delay; but hour after hour wore on, and no report came from the mysterious hall where the fate of a continent was in suspense. The multitude grew impatient; the old man leaned over the railing, straining his eye downward, till his heart misgave him and hope yielded to fear. But at length, about 2 o'clock, the door of the hall opened, and a voice exclaimed, "It has passed." The word leaped like lightning from lip to lip, followed by huzzas that shook the building. The boy sentinel turned to the belfry, clapping his hands, and shouted, "Ring, ring!" The desponding bellman, electrified into life by the joyful news, seized the iron tongue, and hurled it backward and forward with a clang that startled every heart in Philadelphia like a bugle blast. "Clang! clang!" the bell of Liberty resounded on higher and clearer and more joyous, blending in its deep and thrilling vibrations, and proclaiming in loud and long accents over all the land the motto that encircled it.

Glad messengers caught the tidings as they floated out on the air, and sped off in every direction to bear them onward. When they reached New York the bells rang out the glorious news, and the excited multitude, surging hither and thither, at length gathered around the Bowling Green, and seizing the leaden statue of George III., which stood there, tore it in fragments. These were afterwards run into bullets and hurled against his majesty's troops. When the Declaration arrived in Boston, the people gathered to old Faneuil Hall to hear it read; and as the last sentence fell from the lips of the reader, a loud shout went up, and soon from every fortified height and every battery the thunder of cannon re-echoed the joy.

Wales as a Jockey.

The Prince of Wales once rode and won a horse-race. This event took place in Ireland, nearly forty years ago. The horse's name was Rupee, and the distance run a mile and a half. To the spectators the jockey was known as "Capt. Melville." His colors on this occasion were all white. Rupee was the prince's own horse. He determined to ride him himself, and, if possible, to win. This he did, though there were several experienced jockeys riding against him.