Hear the Heart of Jesus Pleading. BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Hear the Heart of Jesus pleading.

"Come, and sweetly rest in me,
With a peace and joy exceeding,
Meek and humbic ever be;
In my heart serene and holy,
Ail your selfash cares resign,
Dearest Jesus! meek and lowly,
Make, oh, make our hearts like thine.

"Purer than the lily's whiteness,
Fairer than the fairest snows.
In the beauty and the brightness,
Of your souls, I seek repose;
Calmly keep your hearts before me
From the strain of passion free,"
Heart of Jesus ! we implore Thee,
Make, oh, make us pure like Thee

Heart of love! in Thee confiding,
We shall learn to do thy will;
In thy sacred wounds abiding,
Burning love our breasts skall fill,
We shall bless Thee, and obey Thee,
Ever serve Thee faithfully;
Sweetest Heart! we humbly pray Thee.
Let us live and die in Thee!

NOTES FROM THE NORTHLAND.

Every one has heard of Minnesota as the land of lakes and lakelets. None

This is, it has been truly said, the gem of northwestern lakes where annually gather many thousands of nomadic health seekers, who find in the immense forests that surround it, in the rural homes that the inches that the property of the banks of its nestle in shady groves on the banks of its bays, and in the limpid depths of its waters the renewed vigor that comes from

waters the renewed vigor that comes from out-of-door life in our climate.

The Big Woods nearly encloses Lake Minnetonka in its midst, and many cozy villas are built beneath the branches of the great monarche of the forest on its banks, while villages and hotels have sprung up at convenient and available points. Steamers ply on its crystal waters to carry pleasure seekers to their destination, and fleets of sail and row boats are to be found at all parts of the lake, to supply the demand of fishing parties.

Wayzata, the railway station on the north shore of Lake Minnetonka, is reached from Minneapolis and St. Paul by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, the distance being fifteen miles from Minneapolis, and twenty-five miles

from Minneapolis, and twenty-five miles from St. Paul. Excelsior, on the south side of the lake, is reached from Minneapolis via the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, and the Minneapolis, Lyndale & Minnetonka Railway.

Minnetonka has its beautiful legend

which is so well related by an American writer that I gladly avail myself of the op-portunity to give it in his own words. It was a beautiful day in June, 1854, that I arrived at Lake Minne-ton-ka, and

taking a small and rudely constructed boat, was soon to a point midway of the lake, well known to the old settlers as the dividing line between the Sioux and Chippewa nations, where many a bloody battle has been fought, and where many was read to be also a down to the sleen of battle has been fought, and where many a warrior had gone down to the sleep of death. I ascended gradually from the lake to a height of some thirty feet, winding over an Indian trail, through a mass of rich foliage, blooming flowers, creeping vines, singing birds, chirping squirrels, massive trees, cooling shades, changing scenery, until I reached the top, and there a grand sight met my view. Stretching off in the distance was the sparkling water, and from various knolls ascended the smoke of the wireym. Where the women smoke of the wigwam, where the women were engaged in the sugar bush, while the men dotted the lake in their light canoes, in quest of game for their even-ing meal. The sun shone brightly, and a thousand diamonds seemed to glitter on the bosom of the fair lake, as the silver waves rippled against the pebbly shore, and darted back again, like a beautiful maiden toying with her jewels. Here and there were bays and inlets and promontories; nooks and quiet, secluded points; yonder was a dark, forbidding spot, thickly studded with trees, and as I gazed upon it, I could see that it was the resting place of the dead, or the hand of the Superpartural, where the Man-i ton and ls seemed Supernatural, where the Man-i ton and War-ka-ton (Indian spirits) reveled in their nightly visits to their earthly friends. Just at the right of me, and near where I stood, ran a bubbling brook, now quietly nestling under the cover of brush and trees; now dashing and laughing over the impediments in its way; now romping gaily onward to the lake. At my back was a charming spot, overlooking the whole scene I have described, and in it, but out from vulgar gaze by the thick foliage of the under brush, was an Indian tepee, with little, timid heads peeping out from under it, and a stalwart chief smok ing his pipe near its entrance. As I approached the chief arose, took his pipe from his mouth, greeted me cordially by a shake of the hand, and with a "How, cooler,"—how to do!—pointed to a log

near him, where I soon was seated.

"Beautiful, lovely, charming spot," I exclaimed somewhat enthusiastically, to which the chief responded—"ho!"—

"Heap big amount of fish—heap big game," again I ventured to remark, to which came back again the inevitable "ho!" All was silent.

The reader must remember that the

near him, where I soon was seated.

The reader must remember that the Indian can never be hurried, except in case of war or dinner. He has no particular pressing business—no notes to pay— no landlord to advance his rent—no butcher to poke a bill under his noseno groceryman to stop his flour if pay don't come—no big parties to give in don't come—no big parties to give in order to keep up appearances—no hired help to dog him about and bore him for services rendered—no fashionable society to cringe to—indeed, no particular labor, for the squaws perform the menial duties of the household, so he is really independent. If he is hungry, he knows where the game is, and a few hours' hunt will suffice to replenish the larder, at least until the next day. Besides, he takes no thought for the morrow, as he knows that if in want the tribe must share with him. Hence he

the stillness by requesting him to tell me something of the early history of the lake, what legend, if any, pertained to it, what battles had been fought, what superstitions existed, etc., etc., to which he gave only a existed, etc., etc., to which he gave only a gutteral response of "ho," cooly refilled his pipe, peered out into the sunlight, gave several rapid puffs, to be sure that the kinnikinick was well lighted, and INDIAN LEGEND.

"Many springs, and many moons, and many leaves of the forest, and many kins-men of Ink-pa go da have come and gone, since the Chippewas stealthily crept down upon a band of Sioux, numbering thirty, near where we now sit, and in a moment, all unconscious to our brave warriors, desolated our hunting grounds with the blood of the slaip. The slaughter was indicating the slaughter was blood of the slaip. The slaughter was indiscriminate, men, women and children; but one beautiful maiden was left, and she, it seems, was hidden by a Chippewa lover, who, when the fatal tomahawk was about to descend, arrested the blow, seized her around the waist, and with the agility of a nanther placed her activity in agility of a panther, placed her safely in a secluded spot, where, when the battle was over, he intended to return and claim her the land of lakes and lakelets. None lovelier adorn and enrich any part of the American continent than those which dot the surface of that favored state. If we begin with Minnetonka we see one of the most beautiful of the many fresh water gems of the magic Northland. Minnetonka! what sweet memories and loved associations the name calls up?

This is, it has been truly said, the gem of northwestern lakes where annually gather many thousands of nomadic health death of her whole band; the fear of the Chippewa, whom she did not at first recognize, caused her to crouch down in one corner of her hiding place and call upon Man-i-ton, the great spirit of scalps, to protect her in this, her hour of dreadful distress. To her astonishment, when she looked up, she teheld a kindly smile upon the chief's face, but a spirit of sadness brooded over the young Chippewa brave.

ness brooded over the young Chippewa brave.

"Minne-too-ka," said the chief, "fear not. I am sent by Mani-ton to aid you. You see me; you hear me speak, and yet you cannot touch me. I have come from the happy hunting ground, and with me is War-ka-non, who loves you. He loved you when in crossing the lake he lost his own; he loves you as a spirit yet, and comes back to minister to your comfort."

Minne-too-ka did not dare to stir. She crept still closer to her hidding place. Her heart beat violently and she trembled.

"Fear not, Minne-too-ka," said War-ka-non, in a gentle and sweet voice. My people panted for the blood of the Sioux, and oh, the horrors of that night. I could not see you stricken down with the rest, and so I saved your life in hopes of a union on earth, but I am now beyond the mere materiality of the world—I walk in the happy hunting ground, but I am not happy because you are not there."

happy because you are not there."
"Can it be possible," asked Minne-too-ka, "that these forms that I see before me are mere shadows of what they once were!"
"No," said War-ka-non, "we are the

"No," said War-ka-non, "we are the living realities of material men—the real men themselves."

"Tell me," said the maiden, as she gained confidence and drew near the two

gained confidence and drew near the two Indians, "if you be what you purport to be—spirits—if you come from that unseen land, tell me, where are my father, my mother, my sisters and my brothers?" "They are all there, Minne-too-ka," replied War-ka-non. With the red wand they passed the bad spirits, with the blue wand they passed the tempting spirits, with the white wand they passed into the beginning of a higher life." "Strange," said Minne-too-ka. "let me

"Strange," said Minne-too-ka, "let me "No," said the chief and his companion. "that would not do, because you would dissolve our materiality, without which you could not see us. We put on this you could not see us. We known. When we pass from you, we become invisible to earthly eyes, but visible known.

o spiritual eyes."
"Strange! Very strange," said Minnetoo-ka.

"Follow me," said the chief,
"No, I can't" said the maiden; "I am
oo weak and must have food."
"Very true," replied the chief, "remain

here until we return." In a moment they were gone. Minne-too-ka could not believe her senses; she must have been dreaming. Had she been talking with veritable men, or was her brain on fire? She emerged from her

seclusion, looked out on nature—all was beautiful. Why this affliction? Just then the chief and War-ka-non made their then the chief and War-ka-non made their appearance, and in their hands were fresh fish, duck, and a piece of deer. "Take, cook and eat," they exclaimed, and Minne-too-ka built a fire, dressed the game, cooked

it, and in company with her companions, eat heartily of the food so providentially placed before her.

"Come," said the chief, "now follow us,"
"and they wound down that path," said my informant, "crossed that brook, passed over that trail, all in sight of where you sit, to the edge of the lake, where they found a canoe, into which they embarked, and then, without noise, or paddles, the boat skimmed the water and touched the opposite shore. Entering the woods they were in the city of the dead—Wa-kon. They traveled a short distance, when they came to an open space and then halted. Here lay the bones of their ancestors and opposite shore. Entering the woods they were in the city of the dead—Wa-kon. They traveled a short distance, when they came to an open space and then halted. Here lay the bones of their ancestors and their relatives, especially those who fell by the hands of the Chippewas. The tall and thick trees shut out the sunlight—all was calm, and silent and grand. The chief and his companions moved toward the open space and selecting a somewhat secluded spot, paused.

"Look, Minne-too-ka," he said, "but utter no word. Be not afraid." The coy maiden trembled with fear. She was in the hands of an invisible power: she in the hands of an invisible power: she eart side of the lake, was the home of the Chippewas. Early in the day of a beautiful May morning, a Sioux maiden made her way toward their camp, well knowing that if once discovered her temerity would cost her her life. As she

coy maiden trembled with fear. She was in the hands of an invisible power; she tried to break away and run, but could not. She tried to scream, but could not, so standing between the chief and Warka-non, she patiently awaited what might follow. Presently a phosphorescent light gleamed among the trees; she saw her own people quietly reposing in and about their tepees; she saw her own self, when the morrow, as he knows that it in want their tepees; she saw her own self, when is lymphatic, not nervous; stoical, not gushing; cool, not ardent; taking his own time;—moves in his own way.

I sat at least ten minutes in silence, smoking the pipe which the old chief alternately passed to me, when I broke

she saw War ka-non seize her around the waist, and then—all was dark. She turned and looked; her companions were gone and the scene faded from her view.

Minne-too-ka was almost wild with excitement. What did this all mean? Was it a reality or a dream? How could she get out of this dreadful entanglement? Turning, she moved a few steps to the right, when her mother stood before her, so real, so calm, so gentle, so loving, that she involuntarily stretched out her arms to greet her, but the voice came back—"touch me not; I am your mother. I come to comfort you; I come to assure you that you are in the hands and under the control of Indian spirits. They will protect you. The scene you have just witnessed will be followed by another seene, and in it you can draw a moral lesson of the results of crime. Be not afraid, your father, mother, sisters and brothers are about you, and the chief and War-ka-non will protect you from all harm." With a smile of sweetness the warada, your indier, mother, saters and war-ka-non will protect you from all harm." With a smile of sweetness the figure gradually faded away, and Minnetoo-ka looked out again on the cold, black trees, the little mounds that covered the bones of the dead, and the dismal, brooding darkness, that, like a black pall encircled her light and beautiful form.

"Minne-too-ka is afraid," said the chief, as he and War-ka-non appeared on either side of her. "No harm come to Minnetoo-ka. Minne-too-ka governed, guided, protected by spirit band. Minne-too-ka good. Look!"

The darkness was dissipated by another flash of phosphorescent light, when off in

The darkness was dissipated by another flash of phosphorescent light, when off in the distance could be seen a beautiful country, with trees, brooks, lakes, deer, birds, flowers, sunlight, and reposing in peaceful plenty, Minne-too-ka saw the twenty-nine victims of Chippewa brutality, and standing out in bold relief from all the very was one old one which she all the rest, was one odd one, which she recognized as War-ka-non, the Chippewa brave who had saved her from a cruel brave who had saved her from a cruel death. The scene was so peaceful, the faces so happy, as they gazed affectionately upon her, the country so lovely, that she lost all fear, and looking up into War-ka-non's face, beseeched him to let her go. Oh, how she longed to be at rest in that beautiful land.

"No, Minne-too-ka," said War-ka-non, smiling segmely lower upon her "not yet

smiling serenely down upon her, "not yet Your mission is not yet filled. War-kanon go with Minne-too-ka to the happy hunting ground when destiny ends her career here

"See! Minne-too-ka," said the chief. "See! Minne-too-ka," said the chief, pointing to the left—"see!" And off in the darkness Minne-too-ka observed a black rolling river, and across it lay the trunk of a tree, and on this tree were several dark-visaged Indians, some trying to walk over to the other side, but all were in the act of falling; some floundering in the water, which was full of toads, lizards and snakes; some driven back by the good spirits from the other shore, but all in turmoil, distress, darkness and wee! turmoil, distress, darkness and woe! What a scene! It chilled the blood of the fair maiden, and she crept up closer to the side of War-ka-non and shuddered at the

side of War-Ka-nor sight before her.

"That rolling water," said the chief, "is the river of death. In its turbulent waves can be found everything horrible to the fashings of the Indian.

That tree is the fashings of the Indian. can be found everything normble to the feelings of the Indian. That tree is the bridge. When the good Indian dies, he passes over the bridge in safety into the happy hunting ground, but when the bad Indians die, the spirits grease the tree, and he falls into the stream below. These Indians did a wanton and cruel wrong,

Indians did a wanton and cruel wrong, and are reaping their reward."

Minne-too-ka's eyes sparkled with excitement; the warm blood gushed through the tawny skin of her cheek, and her little frame quivered, as she exclaimed—"I see clearly; I see it all; I will obey your bidding; will consecrate myself to the wishes of my spirit friends, but oh, remove that of my spirit interact, the chief gave a wave horrible scene." The chief gave a wave of his hand and the picture disappeared, and all was again damp, and dark, and clammy, and desolate.

"Come," said the chief. "Come," said

War-ka-non, looking down into the face of his now more than ever lovely Indian spirit bride, "come, go with us;" and they struck into a small trail that led out from the city of the dead to the banks of the the city of the dead to the banks of the lake and pure sunshine, where the birds were singing, the ducks were flying, the deer were bounding, the flowers were blooming, the trees nodding, and the gentle breeze, as it came from off the lake, cooled the feverish brow of the Indian girl, as she followed her spirit guides. They passed westward to the extreme chain of lakes, ascended gradually a hill covered with tall, noble trees, wound down around the brow of a mound, at the base of which, nestling in a bower of beauty and close

"Go in among your Sioux friends and seek rest," said her companions, pointing to the scene below, and then they instantly lisappeared.

Minne-too-ka approached the Indian antime-too-ka approached the Indian settlement with great timidity, was met cautiously, told her story, was cordially greeted and hospitably entertained; and here, amid all this regal beauty of nature's grandest handiwork, with the natures grantest mandword, which consciousness that she was beyond the reach of harm, the poor, weary, hungry, desolate orphan Indian girl found many hours of unalloyed pleasure and peace and hap-

erity would cost her her life. As she approached a tepee inhabited only by

she paused, and turned to retrace her steps, when a Chippewa brave stood before her. It was the spirit form of War-ka-non.
"Why falters Minne-too-ka?" he asked. "No harm comes to Minne-too-ka. Her duty performed, she will join War-ka-non

in the happy hunting ground."

Minne-too-ka was surprised, awed into silence, and feeling that she had not shown silence, and feeling that she had not shown the faith she ought to have done in her noble and devoted lover—for she had now become dearly attached to him—exclaimed "I will never falter again—thy will shall cures." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

stood in the presence of her savage foes, and told them how she had been saved by War-ka-non—how she loved War-ka-non—how the great spirit had come to her—had shown her the happy hunting ground—how the fate of the murderers had been pictured, and in most eloquent, thrilling tones begged of the warriors to drop the war-club, the scalping knife and the toma-hawk, and deal justly and fairly with their enemy. She impressed upon them the sure fate of their bad acts—the reward of their good deeds, and so wrought upon their savage hearts that they began to relent, when, in a moment, War-ka-non stood by her side. When the Indians saw him they fell to the ground, for they knew it was his spirit.

He said—"My people, you know War-ka-non! I come from the spirit land. I saw Minne-too-ka. I loved Minne-too-ka. She comes to you to impress you with the necessity of good deeds. The great Man-i-ton and War-ka-non are the friends of the lone Indian girl. Would you take her innocent life? Would you still make more crimson the river of blood that flows at your feet? My people, be good. My people, be just. My people, be kind. My people, hearken unto the voice of Minnetoo ka!"

In an instant he was gone, and left the Indian maiden standing alone in the conn.

In an instant he was gone, and left the Indian maiden standing alone in the council of her enemy, with their heads bowed to the earth and trembling with fear.

The morning dawned, and in the midst of the whole band of Chippewas, men, women and children, who then occupied the eastern portion of the lake, stood Minne-too-ka. Hatred had turned to love—to adoration—to worship,—and there, to adoration—to worship,—and there, in the presence of that timid girl and in the presence of the great spirit, the Indians resolved on a new and a better life, and from that day to this, said the old chief, the Chippewa nation have been firm friends of the whites, and brave, humane enemies of the Sioux.

"You see that tall, high knoll over there?" said the chief. "What, the highest point on the lake," I asked.

"Yes."
"Well, tradition has it that the next day after the marvelous meeting I have des-cribed, War-ka-non and Minne-too-ka were seen on the top of that knoll, and then, clasped together, they rose high in the air and floated over the lake in the plain view of hundreds of spectators, and finally entered the Happy Hunting Ground; and from that day to this it has been called Point Wa-kon, or the Supernatural, and s held in sacred memory by the Indians

of both tribes.

It is thought, by many, that the lake It is thought, by many, that the lake derived its name from this beautiful Indian girl, who, though left an orphan and sorely tried by a series of misfortunes, was finally united to her devoted lover, and together they joined their many friends in that peaceful land beyond the river of death. And thus Minne-too-ka became Minne-ton-ka, or beautiful water.

A Card from Generals Beauregard and Early.

A publication headed: "Are the Louisiana Lottery drawings fair," which originally appeared in several Northern and Western papers as an advertisement, by a hos-tile lottery company, as we believe, has been copied into a number of other papers, doubtless as an advertisement also. The charges, insinuations, and inuendoes con-tained in said publication are false in every ect, so far as they affect the fairness of respect, so that as they anect the larmess of the drawings of the Louisiana Lottery, or the integrity of the acts of the Lottery Com-pany. When the undersigned had charge pany. When the undersigned had charge only of the semi-annual drawings, they counted the tubes containing the numbers previous to each of those drawings to be certain that all were put in the wheel. Since they have had charge of the monthly deer were bounding, the flowers were blooming, the trees nodding, and the gentle breeze, as it came from off the lake, cooled the feverish brow of the Indian girl, as she followed her spirit guides. They passed westward to the extreme chain of lakes, ascended gradually a hill covered with tall, noble trees, wound down around the brow of a mound, at the base of which, nestling in a bower of beauty, and close to a rippling stream, were several Indian tepees.

"Go in among your Sioux friends and seek rest," said her companions, pointing to the scene below, and then they instantly the wheel has been under each drawing salso, the wheel has been under wings also, the wheel has been under wings also, the wheel has been under wings also, the wheel has been under each drawing salso, the wheel has been under wings also, the wheel has been under each drawings also, the wheel has been under wings also, the wheel has been under each drawings also, the wheel has been under wings also, the reach drawing sals, the wheel has been under wings also, the each store each drawing the wheel has been under wings also, the each put in the wheel, is too absurd to deceive any one who ever witnessed a single number drawing, and any lottery company which resorts to any such trick proves itself to be a fraud.

The intimation that persons have been paid to allow their names to be published as the winners of prizes in this Lottery is also false and without the slightest foundation in fact. Millions of dollars have been paid out by the Company in prizes through put in the wheel, is too absurd to deceive

paid out by the Company in prizes through the banks and express agencies, as can be ascertained from the bank officers in New Orleans, and the Express Agents in New York, Washington City, and in this city, as well as from the winners of the prizes whose

names have been given to the public.

Signed, G. T. Beatregard

J. A. Earby,

New Obleans, July 12th, 1883.

THOUGH the soil of Virginia grows the best tobacco leaf in the world, it does not all grow equal qualities. The production even of adjoining counties is often quite different, the one producing leaf which at once deteriorates if grown in the other. The leaf of the "Myrtle Navy" is the product of the choice sections of the State, which, through some combination officeal influence, produce a better quality than any others. This is shown by its always commanding a higher price than any other smoking leaf.

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are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or halfs.

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