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EDWARD MALONE, Editor and Prop'r.

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THE NEWS.

Compiled from Late Dispatches.

Wrote Mrs. David Rice of Shelby, O., was walking on the railroad a few days ago a spark from a passing locomotive set fire to her clothing and she was burned to death.

Commissioners and declare the law unconstitutional. The text of Warner's Silver bill, to be introduced at the session of Congress,

THE WATERFORD POST.

ED. MALONE, Proprietor.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1885.

Local News.

I. L. Hoover moves to Clinton this week.

Boots and Shoes at P. M. Jacobson & Co's.

Mr. Stear, an aged resident of the town of Norway, died yesterday.

New names are continually being added to our subscription list

A full line of boots and shoes at P. M. Jacobson & Co's.

Miss Carrie Moe has returned from her visit to Lake Geneva and Elkhorn.

Wm. Plucker is having the foundation made for the new addition to his hotel.

C. H. Locke will be in his new

IF I WERE YOU.

Why did he look so grave? she asked. What might the trouble be? "My little maid," he sighing said, "Suppose that you were me, and I was a wealthy, secret owner. Pray, tell me what you'd do?" "I think I'd tell it somebody," said she, "if I were you!" But still he sighed and looked as usual. "I would be very much obliged to you," he said. "Oh, tell me, little maid," he said. "If you were me, and I was a wealthy, secret owner. Pray, tell me what you'd do?" "I think I'd go and tell her so," said she, "if I were you!" "My little maid, 'tis you," he said. "I would be very much obliged to you," he said. "Oh, tell me, little maid," he said. "If you were me, and I was a wealthy, secret owner. Pray, tell me what you'd do?" "I think I'd go and tell her so," said she, "if I were you!" "My little maid, 'tis you," he said. "I would be very much obliged to you," he said. "Oh, tell me, little maid," he said. "If you were me, and I was a wealthy, secret owner. Pray, tell me what you'd do?" "I think I'd go and tell her so," said she, "if I were you!"

IN WALL STREET.

A Cattle King's Short Visit to the Stock Exchange.

Looking for Vanderbilt and Gould Among the Telling Brokers—Observations Upon the Fighting of the Bulls and Bears—Wanted 'Elbow Room.

The man was from Texas. Short and dark, he wore a cheap and unbecoming suit of black, rubber gaiters with drooping tops, and his nails were long and horny. Beneath the waving line of a soft felt hat his dark-brown eyes, small and at times sharp, restlessly took in every thing within range. He was a cattle king. Upon the rolling lands of Texas

"Yes, and—" "He got broke didn't he?" "Yes, but—" "Well, he oughter stuck to cows like I'm going to do. I tell you, I wouldn't live in this noise a week for the whole A-zer House. I'd jest die. A man hasn't got no peace of mind in New York. It's no place for me, and I'm going straight home to-night." The cattle king said that he hadn't much curiosity to go about much, as he was afraid of pickpockets and bunco steers, but he added: "I would like to see that place whar folks go crazy." "Blackwell's Island?" "No, that ain't the place whar they yell and gamble." "Oh, the Stock Exchange. Come with me." The two passed out to the elevator, the cost of whi h the cattle king asked, and then he reached Broadway, and looked suspiciously at those who gave him a passing glance. "Where are all these people going, do you reckon? Why, they seem good' after somethin' in a great hurry. Now, you tell me when we get to Wall street." "All right, here we are." "Wait a minute," said the Texan, as he stopped. He deliberately buttoned up his coat to the top and felt to see if his watch was still safe. He looked down the street like one expecting to see a surging mass of lunatics grabbing for each other's valuables, and the expression of his face betrayed the mystery of his disappointment. No one had at that moment merely glanced to take in the outline of a strange figure in the city throng. The Custom-house he thought was a jail, and the sub-Trans-

It must be admitted that the cattle king didn't present an attractive figure, and when the bustling broker was caught on the fly, and introduced, he gave the Texan a nod and said: "Morning." The friend said that a cattle king wasn't often in Wall street. The broker, showing interest, said: "Good morning." "And I thought," continued the mutual friend, "that one millionaire should meet another." "Ah, take a seat," said the broker. "I want to have a talk with you." The cattle king had maintained a silence, and as he took a chair he fopped one foot under him and began to swing the other. "Well, sir, are you a bull on the list?" asked the broker. "Oh, I ain't nothin' but a cow driver," said the Texan. "The best bulls I know are down at the head of the Concho, with my cows." "Well, we are having a great market," said the broker. "The man that will buy his stocks now and put them away is surer than death to make big money." "Same way with cows," said the cattle king. "Only cows don't get fat on water like some of yo' sheers of stock up here." "Isn't cattle raising a risky business? Seems to me I'd as soon have a mortgage on a school of mackerel off Cape Cod as money in cattle that you don't know where to find when night comes. Now a man with New York Central, Rock Island, Northwestern or Lackawanna can figure up what he is worth every night." "It's all on paper, ain't it?" "Yes." "Well, our stuff is in beef and bone, hide and horns, and it don't shrink so as to wipe you clean down to nothin'."

October 1, 1885 : The Waterford Post's mention of the death of Henry (Heinrich) Stier. This was our original ancestor who brought three of his children to America with him from Germany 29 years before his death.