

SUMMER IS COMING.

"Summer is coming!" the soft breezes whisper;
 "Summer is coming!" the glad birds sing.
 Summer is coming—I hear her quick footsteps;
 Take your last look at the beautiful spring.
 Lightly she steps from her throne in the woodlands;
 "Summer is coming, and I cannot stay;
 Two of my children have crept from my bosom;
 April has left me but lingering May."
 "What tho' bright summer is crowned with roses,
 Deep in the forest Arbutus doth hide;
 I am the herald of all the rejoicing;
 Why must June ways disown me?" she cried.
 Down in the meadow she stoops to the daisies,
 Plucks the first bloom from the apple trees' bough.
 "Autumn will rob me of all the sweet apples;
 I will take one from her store of them now."
 Summer is coming! I hear the glad echo;
 Clearly it rings o'er the mountain and plain.
 Sorrowful spring leaves the beautiful woodlands.
 Bright, happy summer begins her sweet reign.
 By Dora Goodale (10 years old) in St. Nicholas.

STANLEYS EXPEDITION.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley, since his return from Africa, has been described as a man slightly bent under a burden of memories, of fevers and cramps; with a boyish face, crowded with a shock of iron-grey hair, in curious contrast of effect with the black mustache with high cheek bones, a tanned skin, and the hands of a back-woodsman, roughened by cutting his way through forest and jungle, and carrying an elephant rifle firing a two-ounce ball. When he reached the ocean from the African interior, he was so emaciated that he weighed only 119 pounds. In fifteen days thereafter he gained half a pound a day, and his sea voyage almost restored his health. From the moment he entered the African continent on one side, until he emerged from it on the other, he never received a letter or a newspaper, nor heard a syllable of what was going on in the world. Said Mr. Stanley at the dinner given to him by the members of the Parisian press: "It was the journalistic instinct that caused me to speed like an arrow to the Victoria, that impelled me on my way through that untrodden land; it was journalistic instinct, that desire to have perfectly accurate intelligence, that led me to turn again, to go back to Ujiji, and finish what other explorers had left undone; it was, if you please to call it so, journalistic ambition that led me to say, 'I will not give it up; I will go and finish what Livingstone has left undone.' When at Nyangwe we heard those stories of the credulous people who wanted to frighten us back by their pictures of the dangers we should have to encounter, I again remembered that I was a journalist. I then said to myself, 'I am a soldier of journalism.' [Loud cheers.] I know what the title implies in its fullest signification, and I have done my best—and I make a boast of it—to add dignity to the name of journalism." Mr. Stanley's expedition is said to have cost \$115,000, the expenses being divided between the *Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph* of London.

The latest attempt to find out how to keep convicts at work without bringing their labor into competition with that of men outside of prison walls, is that of Mr. Browning, who proposed, in a bill before the New York Legislature, not to hire out convict labor by contract, but to employ it upon articles that are mainly imported from foreign countries. The products are not to be sold for less than market price, and the revenue is to be applied to the prison fund. Severe penalties are attached to violation of the act by prison officers.

HOW TO MAKE A TOWN.

Encourage every one, especially young men, to come and settle among you, particularly those who are active and worthy. Those who have capital will buy lots, built houses, and tear out and remove the old ones. Go to work and stimulate every legitimate enterprise by giving it all the encouragement, you can, or by waiting your industry, influence, and capital in the common cause. Cultivate a public spirit, and talk less than you work. Help your neighbor. If he is in danger of breaking down prop him up, in some way, either by kind words, good counsel, or a lift from your pocket book. If he gets fairly down before you know his situation, set him on his feet again, his misfortune is to be pitied, not blamed, and his talents and labors are worth money to the community. Besides some day it may be your own turn to need corresponding sympathy. Encourage your local authorities in making public improvements for the good of the town. Encourage your newspaper; in short do all you can to bring prosperity to your own door, as well as to the doors of your neighbors; and with a unity of action like this your town is bound to step into the front rank of the lively, active business place of the west.—X

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON AFTER LENT—WASHINGTON SOCIETY, WASHINGTON ART AND ARTISTS.—THE FLORIDA SENSATION.—PRIVATE CLAIMS AND THEIR FUTURE DISPOSAL.—THE COMING FINANCIAL FIGHT.—THE PRESIDENT CAN'T GET HIS PAY.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 27, '78.

Notwithstanding the gayeties of Washington are at their height before Lent, yet most delightful readings, acting, and other intellectual enjoyments for the last week have attracted the visitors of taste and culture in the city to drink at the fountain of Parnasus. One of the most interesting occasions has been the reading of essays on "Greek Literature" and "Raphael" by Mrs. Daggett, who, by a life of years abroad, amid the scenes which made the surroundings of "Pericle and Aspasia" and the great stalion painter, gave the true flavor to the subjects she presented. Another delightful event was the meeting of the Literary Club, at Judge Drake's, where Mrs. General Lander, Grace Greenwood, and many other celebrities of Washington gave recitations, replete with grace, wit, and wisdom.

Washington is pre-eminently the city of women; women of fashion and women of toil, women ambitious to win fame, and women of fame to be seen, heard and known. And some of the sex fully believe that they will very soon have more to do in Washington than they have at present. The lady artists of Washington are a delightful feature of its society, and their receptions are gatherings of both social and intellectual brilliancy. Mrs. Imogene Robinson Morrell is noted for her immense and beautiful historical paintings, "Washington welcoming the Provision Train" and "The First Battle of the Puritans." These pictures were painted in Paris, where the brave artist remained faithful to her work through all the horrors of the Commune, though she bears marks to-day of that terrible time. Mrs. Ransow is another artist of note. Her speciality is portrait painting. She has now in her studio just finished, a life-size picture of Gen. Thomas. Seen reflected in the mirror opposite, the man on canvas was mistaken for more than your correspondent, for one of the guests of the evening, so life like in face and form, attitude and expression. The next subject for the skilful fingers is, I believe, to be Gen. Robert E. Lee. Mrs. Fasset is another lady whose talent in this line and whose pretty face and charming manners make her an immense favorite. The social atmosphere of Washington, as already mentioned, is as balmy and delightful as the Spring airs that now envelop its parks and avenues. The streets are all remarkably wide, and the "Government Reservations" fill them with parks and plats, triangles and squares of verdant beauty that are a surprise and delight to the stranger.

The Florida Sensation seems to have died away as rapidly; as it was born. Prior to the publication in the daily papers of the McLin confession public expectation had been worked up to expect that the promised development would pan out much more "interesting reading" than the document proves to be. There is a growing sentiment that it is stale in its allegations, confesses nothing that has not been charged repeatedly, and is so full of spleen as to take away all its potency. Yesterday, when the managers of the Florida movement heard that it was to be published, they caused it to be circulated that there was another "McLin confession" much more damaging, but they are now willing to admit that the instrument published, is the genuine McLin confession, but that they have a hat full of affidavits from the understrappers, who confess doctoring returns of several counties. It was noticeable at the Capitol to-day that the excitement of the past four and twenty hours has entirely died away. No one seriously believes that a resolution for investigation, upon the allegation already made public, could get a majority vote. It is probable that the matter may afford subject for talk a few hours longer, and that that will be the end of it.

The House Committee in Civil Service Reform unanimously agreed yesterday to report favorably Mr. Potters bill for the judicial ascertainment of claims against the United States with certain amendments. The bill as amended provides that

all persons having claims against the United States shall file them in the Court of Claims, which shall report its findings to Congress, and advise upon disposition of the claims; further that Congress shall not henceforth entertain private claims until passed upon by said court, and that all claims not prosecuted within six years from the passage of the bill shall be barred, except where the claimants are under legal disability to one, in which case the time is extended three years. This bill will entirely do away with the bringing of private bills before Congress, and as it will largely increase the duties of the Court of Claims, a special court will probably be provided if it is found to be necessary.

The great financial fight over the repeal of the Resumption act will be opened in the Senate next Wednesday immediately after the expiration of the morning hour. The anti-resumptionists who go in for outright repeal will put their best foot foremost and start the contest in a manner that promises favorable results. Gen. Gordon, will make the opening speech, in advocacy of the repeal of the act. Gen. Gordon, will criticize the substitute reported by the Finance Committee, point out its good points and its weak points, and show why it ought not to be adopted in place of an act to repeal the law outright. He will also review the financial legislation that has weighed so heavily upon the country, and will show the people who is responsible for their sufferings. Gen. Gordon has prepared his speech with great care, and it will probably be the best effort of his life.

The Treasury Department officials have discovered that under the rules no more salary can be paid President Hayes until Congress has taken some action upon the Blair resolutions recently introduced. To this effect some months ago a decision was made by the Fourth Auditor in the case of a naval officer, whose name had been restored to the register by the Secretary of the Navy. The question having been raised as to the legality of the Secretary's action, a resolution was introduced in the Senate, and referred to the Judiciary Committee, calling for an investigation. As soon as this was done, the paymaster of the navy-yard applied to the Fourth Auditor for instructions in regard to taking up the officer's accounts and paying him his current monthly pay. The Auditor replied that if the Paymaster paid the officers any money, the amount would be checked against him in settlement of his accounts. It is admitted that the same ruling applies in the case of the President's salary.

EDWARD.

SHOWER OF ANGLE WORMS.

Millions of angle worms were dashed to the earth by last Monday night's rain. They were to be seen over the ground and on sidewalks. Where they struck the walks they were generally mashed into jelly. We would like to have an explanation of this phenomenon, as it is of frequent occurrence. We remember to have seen at Caledonia, Houston county, a few years ago, after a storm, the side of a building literally covered with these worms, in a mangled and lifeless condition. The general supposition is, that they are drawn into the clouds by water spouts, but we question whether they inhabit water or are ever seen in water. The earth is their natural home, and the only way of finding them is by digging down where they live.—*Preston (Filmore Co.) Republican.*

A CONSCIENTIOUS STRANGER.

A man came to the Central Station yesterday with a bloody nose to see what the police could do towards helping him secure revenge. "I allege," he began, "that a saloon-keeper near the Central depot hit me." "Allege! Don't you know that he did?" queried the Captain. "I allege that he did, and I allege it pretty strong too," replied the man. "Why don't you come right out and say that he hit you?" "I'm a good mind to." The Captain looked at him in wonder, and the stranger pinched his nose to stop the flow of blood, and said: "You see, I was having a fight with him, the boys were throwing snow-balls, and a horse was running away, all at the same time; and I don't want to swear that the man hit me when I might have been run over or struck with a snow-ball! It's awful to swear to a lie!" He was too conscientious to secure any satisfaction.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE MOFFAT BELL PUNCH.

Inasmuch as this little joker has become famous and is likely to be universally adopted, we append a description of the machine and its operandi, clipped from an exchange: "The use of this instrument was, we believe, first made in Virginia, where it proved a brilliant success. Its workings are easily described and its result plainly apparent. Each saloon is furnished with a bell punch, which is locked and sealed so that nobody but the revenue officer having it in charge can gain admission to its interior. Every drink that is sold must be accompanied by a stroke of the bell, the bar-tender being under heavy penalty, compelled to ring the bell as each drink is served. The strokes of the bell are recorded, and from this record the saloon keeper is taxed, or more properly, perhaps the drinker is taxed for the sale of the liquor.

The penalty being heavy and the tax light, there is little incentive for bar-tenders to disobey the dictates of the law, and the result is an aggregate revenue to the city much larger than that received through the ordinary license, while, perhaps a lesser number of drinks are served, because of an advance in their price made to cover the tax.

This is legislation that seems to be most fair for it taxes, directly the man who "enjoys the refreshment." The saloonkeepers, generally, regard it as a good thing, for in it they have an excellent excuse for refusing credit. Having to pay the tax from their pockets, they can with good grace refuse to "treat" the "stiffs" who hang around them for that purpose."

A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—As there have apparently been a great number of cases of hydrophobia lately, and there is at present no remedy known or even supposed for that awful disease, it is worth mentioning that Mr. Laporte writes from Birkdale Park, Southport, to describe a case, dating from three years back, in which a coolie bitten by a mad dog was cured sixty days after the bite, and apparently in the worst spasm of that frightful malady, by having an infusion of datura stramonium—the same leaves asthmatic patients smoke for their asthma—administered to him.

A handful of leaves were boiled in a pint of water till they had shrunk to one-half their original bulk, and the water when strained off was poured down his throat. After a violent paroxysm, a perspiration came on. The coolie then sank into a deep sleep, which lasted eight hours, and when he awoke there was no sign of disease. The cure, Mr. Laporte thinks, was due to the perspiration, as, in another case which he saw previous to the period of this case, the chief symptom, which vapor baths were in vain tried to cure, was the excessively parched and dry condition of the skin. It would be at least worth while for our medical men to try any alleged remedy for a disease which is at present supposed to be incurable.—*London Spectator.*

A Milkman's Mathematics.

Detroit Free Press.

When Thomas drove up to a house on Elizabeth street yesterday to deliver the usual quantity of mixture, the gentleman of the house kindly inquired: "Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver?" "Ninety-one, sir." "And how many cows have you?" "Nine, sir." The gentleman made some remarks about the early spring, close of the eastern war and the state of the roads, and then asked: "Say, Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?" "Seven quarts, sir." "Ah—um," said the gentleman, as he moved off. Thomas looked after him, scratched his head, and all at once grew pale as he pulled out a short pencil and began to figure on the wagon-cover. "Nine cows is nine, and I set 7 quarts down under the cows and multiply. That's sixty-three quarts of milk. I told him I sold ninety-one quarts per day. Sixty-three from ninety-one leaves twenty-eight and none to carry. Now where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away to one of my best customers by leaving a durned big cavity in these figgers to be filled with water!"

THE WRONG MAN.

Easton Free Press.

He was a peaceable looking man with a quiet looking horse attached to an unattractive sleigh, with unostentatious bells. He wore a wide-rimmed hat and a shabby coat, as he drove easily down the South-Easton hill, journeying from Bucks County to the land of Southampton. He was observed by a fellow of the specious rough, whom much loafing had made impudent, and who lifted up his yawp:

"S-a-a-y! hat, where are you goin' with that man?"

"Verily, I journey beyond the river friend," mildly responded the Quaker, "and thither goes my hat also."

"Hold up and take a fellow along, can't you?" called out the man of wrath.

"Nay friend, my business and inclinations forbid it."

"I'll soon fix that," and the fool ran forward and jumped on the runner.

"Verily, friend, if thee insists upon getting into my vehicle I will even help thee," and the man of peace reached out a right hand as resistless as any oyster dredge. It caught the youth around the throat worse than a four-year-old diphtheria, jerked him into the sleigh and slammed him down among the straw where he got tramped on by a pair of number thirteen cowhides until he thought he had been caught out in a shower of pile drivers. Finally he got a kick that lifted him clear over the side and ran his head in the bank of the roadside, where he dwindled down in a heap, like a gum shoe discouraged by a street car, and murmured, as he rubbed his ensanguined nose in the snow:

"Who'n blazes'd a' ever thought the castiron man'd go round up, an' disguised as a blamed old Quaker!"

An Astonishing Fact.

A large proportion of the American people are to-day dying from the effects of Dyspepsia or disordered liver. The result of these diseases upon the masses of intelligent and valuable people is most alarming, making life actually a burden instead of a pleasant existence of enjoyment and usefulness as it ought to be. There is no good reason for this, if you will only throw aside prejudice and skepticism, take the advice of Druggists and your friends, and try one bottle of Green's August Flower. Your speedy relief is certain. Millions of bottles of this medicine have been given away to try its virtues, with satisfactory results in every case. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents to try. Three doses will relieve the worst case. Positively sold by Jos. Bobleter and all Druggists on the Western Continent.

THE MANKATO WOOLEN FACTORY

has established a branch house in New Ulm, in Kiesling's brick building, opposite Epple's meat market. The undersigned, one of the proprietors, would respectfully announce to the public that he will receive and forward to the factory wool for spinning and carding purposes. Wool will also be received in exchange for goods. An experienced tailor has been employed, and orders for suits, of the best quality and at lowest prices, will be filled on short notice. Call and examine the goods and obtain prices.

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