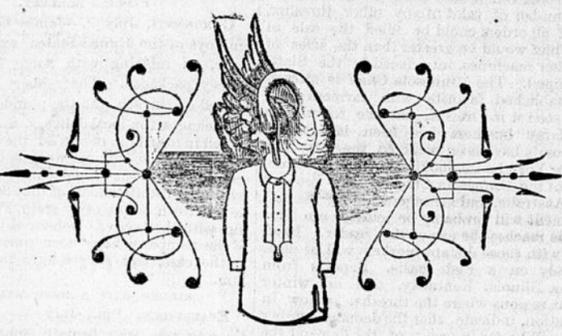




WHITE SWAN Unlaundried Shirts,

Best Quality \$1.25.

These shirts are made of Wamsutta muslin and 2200 Linen. BOSOMS, AND CUFFS 3 PLY. ALL LINEN.



Also a good shirt made of excellent Muslin and fine heavy Linen \$1

QUALITY STYLE AND WORKMANSHIP WARRENTED THE VERY BEST. A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Please call and examine them. For Sale by **KIESLING, KELLER & Co.**

C. WAGNER,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF **Furniture,** Pictures, Frames, Mouldings and Children's Carriages. Singer Sewing machine - \$35.00 New Davis " - \$35.00 Wheeler & Wilson " - \$35.00

J. B. Arnold,

Dealer in **COOKING & HEATING STOVES, HARDWARE,** Tin-ware & Farming Implements. The shop is in charge of an experienced man who gives the mending and repairing of tin-ware his special attention. All work warranted.

Fred. Boock,

Proprietor of the **New Ulm Machine, Wagon, Smith & PAINT SHOPS,** Cor. Minn. & 3d N. Sts., New Ulm. I am prepared to do all kinds of work in my line on short notice. Repairing of Threshers and Reapers a specialty. My machinery is all new and of improved pattern, and only experienced workmen are employed. A new paint shop has lately been added. New Wagons - continually on hand.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default has been made in the conditions of a certain Mortgage, bearing date the 23d day of October, A. D. 1876, executed and delivered by Philip M. Carr and Narcissa Carr, his wife, mortgagors, to George Baumgartner, mortgagee, which mortgage was duly recorded in the office of Register of Deeds, in and for the County of Brown, and State of Minnesota, on the 29th day of October, A. D. 1876, at one half o'clock, P. M., in Book "G" of Mortgages, on page 613. The amount claimed to be due and unpaid at the date of this notice upon said mortgage, is the sum of Ninety-six Dollars, (\$96.) and no action or proceedings at law, or otherwise has been instituted to recover the amount of said mortgage debt or any part thereof. Now therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and pursuant to the statutes in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed and the premises described in and covered by said mortgage, to wit: The West half of the South West quarter, of Section Twenty-seven (27) and the East half of the south East quarter, of Section Twenty-eight (28) in Township One Hundred and Nine (109) North, of Range Thirty-three (33) West, containing 160 acres according to Government Survey, situated in the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, with the hereditaments and appurtenances, will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash, by the Sheriff of said County, at the front door of the office of said Sheriff, in the City of New Ulm, in said County and State aforesaid, on Thursday, the 8th day of August, A. D. 1878, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of paying the money due upon said mortgage, together with twenty-five dollars attorney's fees stipulated in said mortgage to be paid in case of foreclosure, and the disbursements allowed by law, subject to redemption at any time within one year from the day of sale, as provided by law. Dated, New Ulm, Minn., June 20th, A. D. 1878. George Baumgartner, Mortgagee. J. Newhart, Attorney for Mortgagee.

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. CHRISTIAN ROOS.

NEW MILLINERY STORE,

JUST OPENED IN Redman's Block, Minn. St. New Ulm, Minn., BY **MRS. I. H. GIBBS.** I have just received a large and elegant assortment of millinery goods, and respectfully invite the public to call and examine my goods before purchasing elsewhere. Low prices and prompt attention, is my motto. Also Sewing machines kept for sale.

WEED SEWING MACHINES

NEW MODEL - HAS - **AUTOMATIC TENSIONS, ELEGANT WOODWORK, AND RUNS LIKE A TOP.** NO CAMS, NO GEARS, NO SPRINGS, AND NO NOISE. **This BEST Machine** Can be sold at Hard Times Prices. **INSIST UPON SEEING IT.**

Circulars and Price-Lists on application to **WEED S. M. Co., CHICAGO, ILL.**

FOR SALE BY **S. D. Peterson,** New Ulm, Minn.

MORRISON, FLUMMER & Co.,

WHOLESALE **DRUGGISTS** DEALERS IN **Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes &c.** Lubricating Oils. Highest market price paid for Ginseng Root. 52 & 54 Lake Street, CHICAGO, ILL. **FOR SALE, CHEAP** Five acres of wooded land, situated in Milford, about five miles from New Ulm. Inquire at the Review office.

Congressional Nominations.

DUNNEL IN THE FIRST—STRAIT IN THE SECOND—WASHBURN IN THE THIRD. The Republican Congressional convention in the first district was held at Albert Lea, and not at Owatonna as we stated in last issue, last Wednesday. Hon. Mark H. Dannel was unanimously renominated by acclamation after an informal vote. The informal ballot resulted in Mr. Dannel's receiving 83, Gen. J. H. Baker 14, J. Q. Farmer 12, A. J. Edgerton 1.

The Second District Republican Congressional Convention, which met in Shakopee yesterday, was the most harmonious and enthusiastic convention that we have ever attended. The resolutions adopted have, as a Dakota county delegate remarked, the true old Republican ring in them. After the reports of the various committees had been disposed of the convention took an informal ballot, with the following result:

- H. B. Strait.....59
- M. C. Russel.....9
- Sumner Ladd.....5
- S. B. Jennessen.....3
- D. L. How.....3
- M. S. Chandler.....2
- C. F. Brown.....2
- G. E. Cole.....1
- Henry Pöehler.....1

After the result of the vote was announced the Wabashaw county delegation withdrew the name of M. C. Russel, and on motion of Gen. Jennessen further balloting was dispensed with, and H. B. Strait was declared the unanimous choice of the convention, amidst great enthusiasm. A committee was then appointed to notify the Major of his nomination for a fourth term, and upon his appearance in the hall he was greeted with deafening applause. The Major then made a brief but pointed speech, thanking the convention for the honor of his renomination. His remarks were repeatedly interrupted by applause. At the conclusion of Mr. Strait's remarks, Gen. Jennessen requested the chairman of the convention to call on Senator McMillian, who was in the hall, for a few remarks. The Senator responded with a ringing speech, and at its conclusion the convention adjourned, all the delegates being well satisfied with the work of the convention.

We will publish the resolutions adopted, and the speeches of Senator McMillian and Maj. Strait, next week.

The Republican Congressional convention of the third district, which assembled at Minneapolis last Wednesday, terminated much more happily than there was reason to apprehend. The differences arising out of an unfair and illegal apportionment were amicably settled, and William D. Washburn was nominated by acclamation, Dr. Stewart having withdrawn from the contest. Dr. Stewart was interviewed by a *Globe* reporter as soon as the result of the convention became known, and from the doctor's expressions it is inferred that he will become an independent candidate. While it is not to be denied that Stewart was treated unfairly all round, we hope that the rumor has no foundation, as his candidacy now would insure the election of a Democrat from that district.

The Democratic Congressional convention for this district meets at Shakopee to-morrow to nominate some man for Strait to beat. We understand that H. Behnke will represent Brown county, in the convention.

LIVER IS KING. The Liver is the imperial organ of the whole human system, as it controls the life, health and happiness of man. When it is disturbed in its proper action, all kinds of ailments are its natural result. The digestion of food, the movement of the heart and blood, the action of the brain and nervous system, are all immediately connected with the workings of the Liver. It has been successfully proved that Greens August Flower is unequalled in curing all persons afflicted with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint, and all the numerous symptoms that result from an unhealthy condition to the Liver and Stomach. Sample bottles to try 10 cents. Positively sold in all towns of the Western Continent. Three doses will prove that it is just what you want. For sale by Jos. Bobleter.

A State Temperance Prohibition Convention will be held in Waseca, Tuesday September 3d, for the purpose of nominating candidates for Judge of the Supreme court, State Auditor and a congressman for each Congressional district.

Dane, Sauk, Columbia, Rock and Green counties, Wisconsin, were visited by a disastrous rain storm last week. The rain fell in torrents almost constantly for two days and nights. Bridges were washed away, and the damage to the growing crops is almost incalculable. The railroads all suffered greatly from washouts, but the damage was immediately repaired by workmen held in readiness at every depot, and trains were delayed but little.

Tramps are working through Iowa and Wisconsin Minnesotaward as fast as they can steal rides on railroad trains.

At Beloit, Wis., they took possession of a freight train the other day and side-tracked it until they could get breakfast. About 400 came into Davenport, Iowa, in one day last week, and some 130 received lodging for the night in the station houses. They were searched, and the enormous sum of 80 cents was found in the whole crowd.

The expected Irish-Orangemen riot, in Montreal, last Friday, was averted by the Orangemen at the last moment deciding not to march. Had they carried out their programme a bloody riot would have been the consequence, notwithstanding the numerous military that had been massed to prevent a disturbance, as the Irish element turned out en-masse determined to prevent the procession. As it was, only one Orangeman was way-laid and beaten to a jelly. The orangemen expressed a determination however to have a grand procession on the 16th of July, that being the anniversary of Hackett's funeral.

Lone Tree Lake Correspondence.

LONE TREE LAKE, JULY 12th, 1878. Editor Review: We wish to tell you how we spent the 4th. On the day before, a few of our townsmen turned out and extemporized one of the finest and shadiest groves that it has been our lot to see. It was, in fact, an artist in the use of the word, large, airy, and suggestive of coolness and comfort. As we stood looking down the long shadowy archways of leaves and trees, we could not help imagining that we had rather walk beneath an avenue of trees than beneath the most central in the world. This retreat of virtue of a tree, was incomparably splendid.

The morning was ushered in by the firing of guns. Guns and powder secured our independence, and we wished to pay homage to the fact—not the homage of barbarism but of civilization. At 10, the people began to gather—as jolly rollicking, mercurial and lively a crew as you would desire to look upon. An efficient committee was appointed, a programme arranged, and every thing carried out to the letter. Mr. Eldred was orator and discoursed eloquently on the beauties of Independence, the regeneration of politics, the selfishness of factions, and the impolitics and errors of our leaders. The oration showed much thought and care. On the piazza sat our friend behind a table, and before him an enthusiastic crowd cultivating the luxury of coolness as he dealt out the ice-cream—luscious and delicious ice-cream. There was an atmosphere around the table that breathed as if it were freed sherry.

At 1 o'clock, dinner was served, and judging by the manner the people discussed it in the cool, shady porch, it was a success. After being refreshed on cold white bread, the finest butter, and other things equally prize-worthy, the races began—foot-race, sack-race, horse-race and wheelbarrow race. Our tall friend came off No. 1 in the barrow race, but the boys say that he saw out of one eye. His steps were on the air and light. In the evening the air was illuminated with rockets, and the arbor was luminous with colored lanterns. Young men and maidens looked like walking shadows, and our tall friend like a Jewish High Priest, as they emerged from the somber background of leaf and bud and bloom into the more luminous rays of the balmy, embowered avenue. All day long, from sunrise to sunset, the air rang with torpedoes, crackers, and pistols. Fred Jr. is firing an old rusty musket, to the great delight of a crowd of school boys. Isaac is sending up a big glaring rocket, which scintillates like a succession of falling stars. Sylvester is making the welkin ring with the anvil chorus, which thunders with a 1000 airy voices, as though a bombardment had really begun. In the swing sits our worthy friend, gyrating like a revolving shaft, and by excess of revolution or lemonade (don't know which) falls out of swing to a horizontal position on the bosom of mother earth. (Speak it gently.) This grove to which we have alluded was put up on Mr. Hartwick's grounds, forming a connection with the magnificent domes of leaf and bough that already deck his forest-covered home. Mr. Hartwick has a natural love for trees, and his place is a picture of these columnar glories. While time shatters Egyptian temples, we hope no scintillating hand will profane this tabernacle, but that these trees shall strike their roots wider and wider with every year, and continue to cast their round of welcome shadows with every 4th of July. By the way our indefatigable friend called upon a lady one evening. The mother and daughter were sitting on the lounge. He, quite embarrassed, rose from his chair to solicit the lady's company for a walk. In his confusion he addresses the mother, but the daughter knowing that he meant her, very decidedly answered, "No, Sir." Still more embarrassed he stammeringly replied, "It's all square, it's all square," and departed with painful recollections. George says he went to the Gate on the 4th, and all he saw was a yoke of oxen passing by, and with this exception the streets deserted and silent as a grave yard. The whole air was marvelous by his stillness. Where was Horatio? Where the obnoxious children? "Never in my life knew the Gate so quiet," said George. The Review said that the Gate was going to have an old-fashioned celebration, and hand-bills to that effect were freely distributed. There was no noise in the village on the 4th. The solitude was unbroken. The Gate, I fear, has gone back on our fathers, and proposes to set up an Independence of her own. PATRIOT.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT IN EUROPE.

Here we are at last after a most magnificent trip across the Atlantic, during which we "took in" (but not by force) the interesting and well-worth-seeing cities of Halifax, Nova Scotia and St. John's, Newfoundland. Until I arrived at the last named place, I had been in the habit, with most other citizens of the U. S., of calling it New Yorkland, with the accent on the second syllable, but the Newfoundlanders call it Newfoundland, with the accent on the last syllable, which logically and rhetorically considered, is doubtless correct. Geographers, and the teachers in our public schools, please take notice accordingly.

Your Correspondent left Baltimore, by the steamship "Hibernian" of the "Allan" Line, on Wednesday morning the 6th of June, 9 A. M. sharp. The "Hibernian" is a magnificent boat of 3000 tons, commanded by Capt. William Richardson a bonny good Scotchman from Dumfriesshire, and a thorough sailor. This boat in common with all the steamers of the Allan Line, is provided with all the most recent improvements, elegant staterooms, and is so large that the width of the ship was not quite a large party from Baltimore who "saw off" a number of their friends, and we went down the sparkling Chesapeake merry as a marriage bell. But alas! the fun was not destined to last long. About twenty miles down the bay, the party of Baltimoreans left us in the tugboat "Maryland" amidst the wafting of hats, caps, and hankerchiefs, and then we were left entirely to our own resources and the ship's officers.

Somehow or other, passengers on board an Atlantic steamer seem always to have enormous appetites on the first day out. Every man, woman and child on board, promptly put in an appearance at breakfast, luncheon and dinner on our first day out. Even those of frail constitutions seemed the idea of sickness, and the water and smooth was the water and there was scarcely as much motion on the steamer as in a railway train. The Allan line of steamships are all constructed with what is nautically termed a "broad beam"; hence they roll less than other steamers of the same length in proportion to their width, and even in a heavy sea, they are staunch and steady as compared with other boats in which I have crossed. Congratulating ourselves upon our good luck we all "turned in" at ten o'clock at night—but a few of us "turned out" again in the morning. During the night, we had passed the cape and got fairly out into old Neptune's domains, who rocked us, fatherly like, in the cradle of the deep. Being well myself, I could not help notice that those of our passengers who did not have courage enough to appear on the breakfast table seemed all to have a sudden and peculiar hankering after "porridge," or oatmeal gruel; and the delicious salmon steaks, chicken and lobster salads, lamb's fries and tenderloin steaks, went a begging and were entirely discarded. There was a universal demand for porridge in the saloon, and for tin basins in the staterooms, which kept the stewards as busy as bees in the honey season. At luncheon and dinner, the same state of affairs prevailed; and a Baltimore gentleman made bold to appear at the dinner table and partake of sucking pig which formed one of the items of the Bill of Fare, told me confidentially three days afterwards, when I saw him again on the deck as we were approaching Halifax, that he had turned his pig overboard half an hour after dinner. Such is life on the Ocean Wave!

But three or four days at sea will cure almost the weakest stomach of sickness; and by degrees the seals at the tables became filled and full juice was done to the excellent and healthy Ginger-Beer as a beverage, and our captain pronounced the passengers convalescing. There was less demand for the doctor, but more for cigars and champagne. An "amiral troupe" was formed for the amusement of the passengers, of which your correspondent had the honor of being one of the "end men;" my nose is black yet, because the burnt cork has rubbed into the skin and won't get off, and we had games of "shuttlers," or "horse-billards" as the sailors call it, on the quarterdeck every forenoon. We saw lots of whales, dolphins, and other finny animals, and sailed into the harbor of Halifax, Sunday evening, June 9th, where we were to remain till Tuesday noon, following. This gave us abundant time to "do" this interesting city, which we did in the most approved manner, visiting in a body, the famous Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Citadel, the Navy Yard, and the British Ironclad "Bellisophon," which is the flagship of the North Atlantic squadron, and the mainmast of which was received with courtesy and hospitality; our only passport was that of being Citizens of the U. S., but that was enough to insure us a friendly reception. Some of us visited the Colonial Asylum for the Insane, which is situated a few months' ride opposite Halifax on the other side of the harbor, and is of about the same size, and managed very much like the Government Lunatic Asylum (no joke on the Capitol!) at Washington.

Leaving Halifax at noon on Tuesday, we arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, the following Thursday afternoon, and remained there about two hours and a half. The entrance to the harbor of St. John's is one of the finest in the world; immense cliffs rise almost perpendicularly from the water to a height of six hundred feet, leaving a narrow pass or entrance just wide enough for two ships to pass each other. The scenery is grand and wild; in the town itself there is not much to see except dried codfish and Newfoundland dogs. A fine pup, genuine breed, can be bought for about a dollar and a half, and it might pay an enterprising yankee to come up here and buy up a cargo of them on speculation. Wholesale they can doubtless be bought cheaper! The run of seven days from St. John's to Liverpool was attended by the finest weather it has ever been my good fortune to witness on the broad Atlantic. Seasickness was a legend of the past, and portridge was nowhere. The passengers became fastidious and indulged in nothing less than sardines for cold meat, and squabs on toast, "sandwich" at meals, and in the evenings had mock trials, musical performances, and private theatricals on board. Among our passengers from Halifax for England was the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, with his wife and two daughters, and our last Sabbath at sea we had an excellent service on board, after the Church of England ritual, which was held by his Lordship in the spacious saloon, and to which all the steerage passengers (among whom there were many "redcoats" or British soldiers) and sailors were invited.

The outlying rocks off Cape Clear, on the south coast of Ireland, were sighted about noon on Wednesday the 19th of June, and about eleven o'clock the same evening we arrived at Queenstown, where we had some passengers and the mail. Early yesterday morning [the 20th.] we quenched the wreck of the steamer "Idaho" of the Williams and Guion line, which went ashore [without loss of life fortunately] on the Irish coast, on her way from New York to Liverpool, a short time ago. About ten feet of her masts could be seen above water, that was all. Farther up we passed the place where, some twenty years ago, the "Royal Charter" was lost on her homeward voyage from Australia to the West coast, on the other side of Holyhead coming up the channel with the miller, a horse to highwater mark, marks the grave of the three hundred people who perished here! Next came the smoke of Liverpool, hanging like a black cloud in the distance; we passed the villages of Brighton and Wexford, and Mersey; shot by the picturesque old fort at the former place, and soon were in full sight of the enormous docks and tall chimneys of this, the second largest city in the United Kingdom. With the exception of the first two or three days out from Baltimore, our voyage had been one of unalloyed pleasure, thanks to the fine weather, the excellent sea-going qualities of the "Allan" boats, and the efforts of our gallant Captain; and the stoppages at Halifax and St. John's and the happy effect of breaking the monotony of the voyage, besides introducing the traveler to new and interesting scenes—a privilege which can be enjoyed by no other line. As the tender came alongside the "Hibernian" to take off the passengers and baggage, three thousand hearty cheers testified the popularity of Captain Richardson and the other officers of the ship; and then our Minstrel-troupe, standing on the paddle-box of the small steamer, performed the song: "And he is a jolly good fellow &c." (meaning Captain R.) your correspondent keeping tact with an umbrella. And thus ended our trip across the Atlantic. My next letter will be from Hamburg, and my next after that from the interesting city of Copenhagen Denmark; the "Northern Alliance" as Bayard's lawyer calls it! And until then, AD REVOIRE! ALPHA.