WEEKLY New Ulm Review.

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Weekly Review.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

JOS. BOBLETER.

Office over City Drug Store.

TERMS:

One Dollar and a half per Year in Advance.

Rates of Advertising

FURNISHED UPON APPLICATION.

Advertisements in double column, double the single column rates.

Business Cards of five lines, one year $5.00, each additional line 75 cts.

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Advertisements inserted in the local notice columns, ten cts a line for the first insertion and 5 cents a line for each subsequent insertion; but no notice inserted for less than fifty cents.

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Legal notices will be charged 75 cents per folio for the first insertion, and 37 cents per folio for each subsequent insertion. All legal notices must be upon the responcibility of the Attorney ordering them published, and no affidavit of publication will be given until the publication fees are paid.

In connection with the paper, we have a splendid assortment of Jobbing material, and we are prepared to execute all kinds of printing in a style unsurpassed and at moderate rates.

Business Cardi.

DR. C. BERRY,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
OFFICE AT THE CITY DRUG STORE.
NEW ULM, - - - MINNESOTA

DR. A. MARDEN,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Office, corner Minn. and First St. Sts.
NEW ULM, - - - MINNESOTA

ELI KUHLMAN, PH. C. M. D.
PHYSICIAN & CHEMIST.
Office and Drug Store next door to Skandinavian House.
New Ulm, - - Minn.

DR. B. CARL,
Physician and Surgeon.
NEW ULM, - - - MINN.
Office and residenee on 3d North Str.

DR. J. W. B. WELLCOME,
PYHSICIAN & SURGEON,
SLEEPY EYE, . . MINN.

DR. H. A. HITCHCOCK,
Physician & Surgeon.
Will attend to calls night or day.
OFFICE AT
H. W. Hitchcock's Drug Store.
Burns, Brown Co., - - Minn.

DR. G. C. WELLNER,
Deutcher Arzt.
Formals Armen Arzt zur "North Star Dispensary," Chieago, hat sich permanent in Burns niedergelassen und empfehlt sich hiermit seinen Landsleute.

B. F. WEBBER,
Attorney and Counselor
AT LAW.
Money to Loan.
Office over Citizen's Nat'l Bank,
NEW ULM, - - MINN.

GEORGE KUHLMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Contested cases made a speciality. Will buy notes and advance money on first class paper left with me for collection.
Office over Brown County Bank.
New Ulm, . . . Minn.

LEWIS THIELE,
Notary Public and Collecting Agt.
Renville, Renville Co., Minn.

J. J. RAY,
Notary Public, Conveyancer,
and Agent for St. Paul
FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO.,
Springfield, Brown Co., Minn.

Northwestern Hotel
Opposite Depot, New Ulm, Minn.

In taking possession of the above named hotel I would respectfully inform the public that the house has been thoroughly renovated and newly furnished and the weary traveler will always find a good table and clean bed. The bar will always be supplied with the best liquors and cigars.
Good stabling attached to the premises.
WM. SCHMIDT.

DAKOTA HOUSE.
OPP. POST OFFICE—NEW ULM, MINN.
ADOLPH SEITER, Prop'r.
This house is the most centrally located house in the city and affords good Sample Rooms.

TO THE
Traveling Public.

The undersigned would respectfully announce that, although the division has been moved to Sleepy Eye, he will continue to make the
MERCHANT'S HOTEL
one of the most popular resorts in the Minnesota valley. He will give his especial attention to the table, which will be first-class in all respects, and afford all the delicacies of the season, especially game. The rooms are all splendidly furnished with clean beds, and the waiters are kind and obliging. Rates to suit the times. The old and new friends of this hotel are cordially invited to give me a call when traveling New Ulmward.
CHARLES BRUST.

Big Wages During 1880
The voter's text book.
Every voter will have it. Address the Western Book Exchange, 161 & 164 La Salle St., Chicago Ill

C. H. CHADBOURN, President. C. H. ROSS, Cashier.
BROWN CO. BANK,
Cor. Minn. and Centre Streets.
NEW ULM, . . . MINNESOTA.
Collections and all business pertaining to banking
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILTIY
$500,000.

W. Boesch. J. Pfenninger G. Doehne.
Eagle Mill Co.
NEW ULM, MINN.
Merchant and Custom Milling Promptly Done.
Improved Machinery for the Manufacture of the Finest Grades of Flour.
Feed of all Kinds Manufactured.
Excellent Machinery for the sawing of lumber.
The highest cash price paid or flour exchanged for milling wheat.

John Belm, H. A. Subilia.
NEW ULM
CITY MILL
Centre Street, - - New Ulm
We are running day and night, and can supply any quantity of best brands of Flour at regular rates on short notice.
Flour exchanged for wheat on very liberal terms.
NEW ULM CITY MILL CO.

Frank Burg,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
CIGARS,
TOBACCOS, &
PIPES.
Minnesota street, next door to C. Sommer's Store.
NEW ULM, - - - MINN.

CENTRE STREET
SAMPLE ROOM & BILLIARD HALL

IN BASEMENT OF
Klesling's Block.
The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars constantly kept on hand.
Louis Felkel, Prop'r.

Meat Market.
CHAS. STUEBE, Prop'r
A large supply of fresh meats, sausage, hams, lard, etc., constantly on hand. All orders from the country promptly attended to.
CASH PAID FOR HIDES.
Minn. Street, - - New Ulm, Minn.

CITY
Meat Market,
M. EPPLE, Prop'r
A large supply of fresh meats, sausage, hams, lard, etc etc., constantly on hand. All orders from the country promptly attended to
CASH PAID FOR HIDES.
MINN. STREET. - NEW ULM. MINN

CENTRE STREET
LIVERY
Sale and Feed Stable,
ANTON BREY, - Proprietor,
Opposite Union Hall, New Ulm, Minn,
I would respectfully announce to the people of New Ulm and vicinity, that I have opened a first class livery, sale and Feed Stable, at Ed. Casey's old stand, opposite Union Hall, and that I am now fully prepared to furnish good livery teams with top or open buggies or easy wagons on short notice.
ANTON BREY.

C. F. HELD,
Undertaker and Dealer in
ALL KIND OF FURNITURE.
Proprietor and Mannfacturer of
THE FARMERS' FRIEND.
FANNING MILL.
The best fanning mill in the market. Store and Factory on Centre Street near City Mill.
NEW ULM, - - MINN.

30 Fancy Cards, Chromo, Snow Flake, &c. No two alike, with name, 10 cents. J. MINKLER & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

TEACHERS & Students $50 TO $100 or $200 per month during vacation. For full particulars, address. J. C. McCURDY & CO. Chicago, Ill.

Miss T. Westphal.
Keeps on hand a large and well sorted stock of MILLINERY, FANCY GOODS and ZEPHR WOOL, opposite the Union Hotel, between Second and Third North streets.
NEW ULM, . . MINN.

MILLINERY
—AND—
DRESS MAKING.
MRS. ANTON OLDING,
NEXT DOOR TO
SOMMER'S STORE, NEW ULM.
Has on hand a good stock of Millinery Goods, consisting in part of Hats, Bonnets, Velvets, Silks Ribbons, Feather, Human Hair, Flowers, &c.
Also Patterns for stamping monograms. Stamping of all kinds, Embroidery Work and Fashionable Dress making done to order.
Farm Produce taken in exchange for goods.

HAIR WORK.
Ornamental hair jewelry, such as charms, chains, pins, ear-rings, bracelets, rings and all kinds of solid work promptly made to order. Combings 50 cents an ounce.
MRS. K, PICKER.
Centre Str., New Ulm, Minn,

TALBOT & RINKE,
Dealers in
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, LADIES AND GENTS UNDERWEAR, NOTIONS, &c., &c., &c.
Highest market price paid for farm produce.
Sleepy Eye, Minn.

F. GOETZ. ADOLPH MEINECKE. C. PENZHORN.
MEINECKE & CO.
Importers and Jobbers of
Toys, Fancy Goods, Yankee Notions
WILLOW WARE & CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES.
No. 92 HURON ST. - MILWAUKEE, WIS.

E. SCHNEIDER & CO.
Importers & Wholesale Dealers in
Wines & Liquors,
Rectifiers of Spirits.
Cor. Clinton & S. Water sts., *Milwaukee.*
Hugo C. Stubbe, Agent.

C. H. HAMILTON PAPER CO.,
Manufacturers and dealers in
PAPER, STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, ALBUMS, PRINTERS' STOCK, &c., &c.
No. E. Water St., - Milwaukee.
E. WINTERHALTER, Agent.

J. FERNEKES,
Manufacturing
CONFECTIONER,
and dealer in
NUTS GREEN FRUITS,
etc., etc., etc.
351 & 353 East Water Str. Milwaukee

NOYES BROTHERS & CUTLER,
WHOLESALE
DRUGGISTS,
ST. PAUL, . . . MINN

HARNESS SHOP.
H. H. Beusmann & Co
Corner Minn. & 1st North str's.,
New Ulm, Minn.
This business is established and will be conducted as heretofore in the rear end of Mr. H. Beusmann's hardware store. It shall be our aim to constantly keep on hand a well assorted stock of Harnesses, Saddles Collars, Whips, Blankets, etc., which will be sold at bottom prices. Upholstery and all kinds of custom work promptly and satisfactorily attended to.
H. H. BEUSMANN & CO.

M. JUENEMANN,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harnesses, Collars,
Saddles, Whips,
Saddlery, Blankets,
etc., etc., etc.
Upholstery, and all custom work pertaining to my business promptly attended to.
Minn. St., Next Door to Ziher's Saloon, NEW ULM.

H. H BEUSMANN,
Dealer in
Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Iron, Steel
Carpenter's & Farming Tools
FARMING MACHINERY, &c.
COR. MINN. & 1st N. STS.,
NEW ULM, - - - - MINN.

NEW
WAGON & SMITH SHOP.
The undersigned would respectfully inform the public that they have opened a wagon and Smith shop on State Street, and are prepared to do any and all work in their line promptly and at living rates. All work warranted. New Wagons will always be kept on hand. A kind patronage is respectfully solicited,
J. Lauterbach & N. Faas.

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

MA.

A CHARMING little tiddy iddy bit of mother's bliss,
A tiny toddles, sweet as flow'rs of spring;
A precious popsy wopsy—give its mammy, den, a kiss,
A pretty darling itsy witsy ting!

PA.

So *that's* the little fellow! H'm! A healthy-looking chap,
Another mouth to feed, as sure as fate!
No, wife, I *don't* consider that his coming's a mishap,
But still I *could* have done with less than eight.

BROTHER.

My eye! Is that the baby? What a jolly little pup!
But I say, ma, wherever is it's nose?
And I say, father, by-and-by, when he gets more grown up,
He'll wear my worn-out jackets, I suppose.

UNCLE.

Another? Well, thank goodness, *I* am not a married man.
What! Don't I think him pretty? No I don't.
To keep him from the workhouse you must do the best you can;
Don't think that I'll assist you—for I won't!

DOCTOR.

How are we get[illegible] to-day? I trust we soon shall [illegible]d.
We mustn't think, we're strong just yet, you know;
We'd better take a something which this afternoon I'll send.
And let me see—hum!—ha!—Ah, yes—just so.

NURSE.

He's lovely, that he is, mum! See them sturdy little legs!
He's twice the size of Lady Smither's third;
And when he comes a-cutting of his little toosey-pegs,
He'll be a man, he will, upon my word.

NEIGHBOR.

Oh, yes, dear, he *looks* healthy, but you mustn't trust to that—
I do not wish, of course, your hopes to dash,
But when I see a tender babe, so ruddy, strong and fat,
I—look, dear, on his face! Is that a rash?

MA (*de capo*).

A charming little tiddy iddy bit of mother's bliss,
A tiny toddles, sweet as flow'rs of spring;
A precious popsy wopsy—give its mammy, den, a kiss.
A pretty darling itsy witsy ting!

—*London Fun.*

THE NEW ENGINEER OF THE VALLEY RAILROAD.

ALONG the single track of the Valley Railroad trudged a merry, brown-faced Italian, singing as he went. In one hand he carried a stout stick to which was fastened a platform about a foot and a half square, while with the other he held the end of a tiny chain attached to the collar of a small South-American monkey, perched upon his shoulder. In spite of his gay scarlet jacket, with its tarnished gilt military trimmings, Jocko looked very sad. Perhaps he was thinking of the good times he used to have scampering about with troops of merry playmates in his native Brazilian forests, or jabbering with his neighbors the toucans, the parrots and the long-tailed macaws.

Just then his master came in sight of the car-house at the end of the road. The engine, with its steam up, was standing ready to back down the track to the station, and quite a crowd of small boys and road hands were lounging around, waiting for the starting.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the Italian aloud, hurrying with all his might. "Now, Jocko, perhaps we haf a shance to make a leetle penny!"

In a moment more he had planted his staff firmly in the ground, and pulling a parcel from under his ragged coat, took out a soldier's cap, which he clapped on Jocko's head, and a tiny toy gun, which he placed in the monkey's brown paw, and then stood him on the platform, ready to show off the clever tricks which he had taught him.

"Shoulder arms! Present arms! Carry arms! Load! Fire! Scharge baynet!" shouted the merry Italian, at short intervals, holding up a stick threateningly.

Jocko obeyed, with the most soldier-like air possible. The small boys screamed with delight, and made up faces and capered about, acting a good deal more monkey-like than did Jocko, who stood up as stiff as a poker and as dignified as a Roman Senator.

Jocko hated small boys. In the first place, he thought if it were not for them he might live in peace, and not have to go through with those odious tricks, for if all the people in the world were grown up, they would have neither the time nor the taste for such nonsense. And, in the second place, small boys seemed born without mercy, for when he had played soldier again and again, until his back and limbs were sore and stiff, the greedy creatures never failed to ask for more.

The Italian pulled off Jocko's military coat and cap, and, opening the bundle a second time, took out a short brown petticoat and red waist, and white cap with a big frill around the front of it, and put them on the monkey, who scolded and jabbered away as if he was utterly disgusted at such folly. Then a little broom was given him, and he had to go through the motions of sweeping over and over again. But when he passed the hat around and heard the chink of the pennies, he felt better-natured, for he knew that so much money meant a good supper for that night.

"Jump in here," said the engineer, beckoning to the monkey's master. "I'll take you down to the station. Perhaps you'll have a chance to pick up a few pennies there."

The Italian clambered up the side of the engine, and Jocko sat perched on his shoulder, watching with his inquisitive, sharp little eyes the pulling out of the throttle-valve, and every movement made by the engineer.

At the station, the Italian had just fixed the stand to the platform, ready to show off Jocko's accomplishments, when a tremendous clatter was heard, and a horse with a pony phaeton, in which were a lady and two little children, dashed up the street at a furious pace. The engineer and fireman left their places, and all the men about the station ran toward the road, hoping to stop the horse as he came along. Even the Italian, in the excitement of the moment, forgot Jocko and darted off like a deer.

Finding himself alone, Jocko jumped down from the stand and scrambled up the side of the engine, and hopping on one of the seats of the cab, sat looking about him as wise as an owl or a college professor. Then his keen, mischievous eyes espied the throttle-valve, and reaching up his brown paw he gave the handle a violent pull.

"Pish! Pish!" The engine made a sudden plunge which nearly jerked the passengers' heads off, and caused two stout old gentlemen, who were standing in the aisle talking politics, to bump their noses together in a very painful manner.

"Pish-pish, pish-pish, pish-pish, pish-pish," faster and faster turned the wheels, and faster and faster came the great white clouds from the smoke-stack!

The train was already far beyond the switch, and Jocko, looking out of the window, saw that the runaway horse had been stopped and the lady and children were safe, and all the people were running after the iron horse as if they thought they could stop that as easily as they had brought the real horse to a stand-still.

"It's some rascally boy," said the fireman, hopping up and down in his anger, while the engineer shook his brawny fist toward the train and shouted until he was hoarse: "Stop! Stop! You young scamp. If ever I catch your I'll take your head off close to your shoulders." The long-legged conductor, however, gave chase to the engine, and ran as far as the car-house after it, followed by a stout old lady who kept waving her parasol and screaming: "Wait a bit, wait a bit!" until she puffed almost as much as the locomotive.

The track for some distance was a steep down-grade, and Jocko, delighted at the tremendous speed at which he was going, felt himself of considerable importance, and jabbered and grinned with joy. The people in the car thought it all right until they reached the first way-station, and the train thundered by without so much as a warning whistle. Then they began to put their heads out of the windows and wonder at the unusual rate of speed.

"Can we be late?" asked one of the stout old gentlemen, rubbing the bump on his red nose, and looking rather anxiously at his neighbor.

"Perhaps the engineer has a fit," remarked a fidgety old lady, as the cars gave a sudden lurch.

"What does it mean, Patrick?" asked a lady of the coachman who had brought her to the third way-station in time to take the train.

"Howly saints?" exclaimed Patrick, with a white face and big, round eyes. "Shure, ma'am an' it's the divil himself let loose and a dhrving the ingine. Be me sowl, I saw his tail!"

The locomotive slacked its furious speed as it puffed its way up the steep ascent just before the long level stretch which lay between the branch railroad and its junction with the main line. Then, Jocco suddenly remembered that he had seen the engineer push in the throttle-valve, and he did likewise and the train gradually came to a stand-still. But just as the passengers were starting anxiously for the door to find out what was the matter, the mischievous monkey pulled out the handle again, and the locomotive nearly leaped from the track, throwing the passengers violently against the seats. A few rods beyond, in went the valve again, and two or three times these strange maneuvers were repeated, while the passengers, in white, terror-stricken faces, sat holding on to the seats, expecting every instant some awful accident. Just as the train was nearing the junction, Jocko pushed in the handle of the throtle-valve for the last time, and in a moment more two of the station men, who had been watching in utter surprise the queer movements of the engine, sprang into the cab and backed the train down to the side-track, just in time to get out of the way of the lightning express which whizzed by on the main track, leaving a thick cloud of dust behind it.

"There's the new engineer on the Valley Road, your honor," said one of the men to the Superintendent, who came to see what the trouble was. "And he's raythe a green hand at it," and he pointed to the monkey, who sat there as solemn as a judge.

A telegram was at once sent to the Valley Station, explaining matters, and the Superintendent, delighted with the monkey's smartness, bought him for his two boys, paying the Italian a good round price for him. The engineer and fireman came very near losing their places for leaving their engine, but when the Superintendent found out that the runaway horse which the engineer's strong hand had seized was his own, and that the lady and two little girls in the phaeton were his wife and youngest children, he let the men off with a mild rebuke and some good advice.

Jocko led a happy and peaceful life, becoming a great favorite with the railroad hands, who petted him, and took him by turns to ride on the engines, and always spoke of him as the "new engineer of the Valley Railroad."

But the smart little fellow was never after allowed to be alone on the engine, as on the day when he made his first trial-trip.—*Emma W. Demerit, in St. Nicholas.*

South American Pampas.

THE South American correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "The provinces of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo are as yet far from being overcrowded; but an immigrant will not fare worse by going further for elbow-room, provided he be as careful to secure free and easy communication as a good general would be anxious to keep within reach of his base of operations. There are rivers in this region navigable by steam for thousands of miles, and the railways which seem to have been providentially invented to serve the purposes of the American colonization, are already reaching the borders of the Grand Chaco, the Grand Pampa, Patagonia, and other great deserts, where land is to be had for the mere asking, and where the red Indian has ceased to be the bugbear he was, and can not be made to face a breech-loading rifle. The land is in the main an immense flat, no doubt; very large tracts of alluvial soil, without a tree or a pebble; part of it mere swamps or salt wilderness. But even these thousand miles of unbroken level are not without a peculiar beauty of their own; their boundless horizon and awful solitude; the freshness and purity of the atmosphere, and the keen enjoyment of unlimited freedom. Nor, apart from the intercourse with his fellow-men, is a man here crushed by the sense of utter forlornness; for nothing is more striking than the teeming life of the animal kindom in the pampas—the abundance of game, the storks and herons, the owls and hawks, the flights of wild turkeys and flocks of ostriches, to say nothing of the ubiqitous ptero-ptero and chattering little cardinal; a multitude and variety of fowls and brutes—nameless to me as well as numberless—the gayety of whose plumage and fur and the strangeness and wildness of whose screeches and howls a settler will always and everwhere have with him, and which will only gradually make room for the flocks and herds, the barking and bellowing, the crowing and cackling of his domestic surroundings. Life in the prairies is life in the saddle; for the very beggar here is mounted; and, away from rail or tramways, neither for sex nor age is there any other practicable or at least endurable means of locomotion than on horse-back; and the horses are fleet and sure-footed, brave as lions, and gentle and docile as cows, and their purchasing and keeping cost little, and their stabling and shoeing nothing."

—"Strive to make a good impression wherever you go," said Jones, as he pulled his foot out of the mud.

Working Classes in Southern Italy.

AN English newspaper correspondent, who has been visiting the manufacturing districts of Southern Italy, writes that he had never before seen or dreamed of such misery and oppression as the working classes there endure. He says: From Salerno I drove through a fertile valley where the oats and barley are nearly ripe; the wheat droops with its own weight; the grapes are full budded. Olive-clad hills, oak and chestnut studded groves, stretch to the horizon on either side. But the striking feature of the landscape is the manufactory—gaunt, immense, glaring, sending up its clouds of smoke to the blue and cloudless sky. I presented my card and obtained permission to enter. The first thing that strikes one is the enormous number of women, girls and little children, carrying and unloading baskets of coal far too heavy for any of them. If you ask how much they earn, you are told. "A farthing an hour, the children; somewhat less than a halfpenny, the women and girls." "How many hours do they work?" "From dawn to dusk," is the invariable reply. In the entire establishment about 2,500 people are employed, chiefly women and children, because their work costs less. The men earn 10d. a day in summer, 7d. and 8d. in winter; the women, 5d. to 8d.; the children, 2d. to 5d. As they live at distances from two to six miles from the manufactory, none go home during the dinner hour. Once there was a soup kitchen, but soup making occupied time and labor, so a *pagnotto* of brown bread is substituted and distributed at midday to the working population, the price of the brown loaf being subtracted from the daily earnings. The eating of this brown bread is the only break in the twelve or fourteen hours' working day. I have visited many English factories where the atmosphere is sufficiently vitiated, but five minutes in these cotton mills beat me altogether. In one upper room were four hundred looms, one woman keeping two in work, a passage between the sets barely allowing two persons to pass abreast; every window hermetically closed. The haggard, pallid faces of the women; the wan, wizened, wistful faces of the children, need another pen than mine to describe. "Why, in God's name, don't you open the windows?" I asked, as one of my Italian companions turned sick and faint, and the walls seemed to reel around me. "Oh," said the overseer, "the hotter it is and the more the breaths are condensed the quicker go the machines, and the less break in the cotton threads." One scarcely dares imagine what those rooms would be when the gas is alight, or during the heat of an Italian summer; yet day and night—for the workmen and women come in two relays—these poor creatures work literally for their daily bread. And for what bread? Your paupers would fling it at the heads of the guardians, and with such loaves your prison inmates would stone their jailers. As you wind upward from the lower valleys, past newly-planted parks and recently-built villas, where the extraordinary fertility of the soil contrasts strangely with the emaciated forms and general wretchedness of the laborers, you come upon hamlets and villages, or, as they say here, communes; everywhere you find a lottery bank installed, everywhere receiving officers of the *dazio e consumo*—that is to say, of the tax on the common necessities of life; everywhere a municipal palace, a church and a prison. Having expressed a wish to a friend who accompanied me to see one of the Italian-kept woolen manufactories, I was given my choice of four, and alighted at the nearest. Here the condition of the working classes is at its lowest; they work as long as daylight lasts, there being no night relays; the men receive nine pence, the women four pence, five pence and six pence—that is to say, they ought to receive this sum, but they are compelled, one and all, to take the bread furnished by the contractor; otherwise twenty per cent. is deducted when the wages are paid fortnightly. In comparison with this bread, that furnished at the large manufactory is as gold to copper—this is made of the refuse of macaroni, such as is elsewhere given to swine and poultry. There are, besides, fines for every imaginable sin of omission or commission—fines for being late, fines for smoking, talking, or laughing; fines for supposed or real imperfections in the "pieces." Perhaps fines may be necessary for discipline and for keeping order, and we know that they exist in Tuscany, especially at the Ginori porcelain factory at the Doccia; but there, at least, they revert to the workingmen themselves, are handed over to the fund for the sick, infirm and orphans. But here the head of the factory divides the spoil with his agent, so it may be imagined how keen is the latter on the least shortcoming. Of infant schools there are none in the district, no hospital, no almshouse. The other day an old man who, I am told, was faint with hunger and blind with fatigue, had his arm torn off by one of the leathern straps. "He must have been drunk," quoth the owner, and the man was left to die of gangrene.

Advice.

IT is a little singular that in spite of our well-known relish for proffering advice, we should be averse to receiving it; however avaricious we may be, advice is the one thing we are happy to part with, in season and out of season, perhaps because we are certain that the supply is inexhaustible, and we are sure of payment, sooner or later. In giving it we feel a sense of superiority, an inflation of personal importance; in accepting it we acknowledge the wisdom of another, the better-seasoned judgment, and our vanity revolts at such a concession. In the meanwhile the most of us, without soliciting advice, have it thrust upon us, and in such allopathic doses that, were we to use it all, we should have no leisure for anything else. We are advised not only how to control our servants, as if they were in the habit of controlling us, but how to keep our temper, as if we were in the habit of losing it. While giving advice is the most subtle form of self-flattery, taking it is an example of the most permanent humility; but perhaps there is nothing more exasperating, in a small way, than being advised to follow the course which we had already predetermined upon, while the mentor, or tormentor, carries the credit of the happy result to her own account. The majority of us swallow this tidbit, as we would some nauseous drug, with a wry face, and a longing for something to take the taste out of our mouth, and those who lavish it upon us receive little gratitude, since it is reckoned a doubtful generosity to give that which is useless to ourselves, which requires no sacrifice of us, which we are, in fact, glad to dispose of as so much rubbish; and though many bestow advice under protest, as a matter of conscience, yet if every donation of this nature were accompanied with a neuralgic twinge, an attack of gout or malaria, and did not, instead, leave the donor with a pleasurable sense of duty fulfilled, benefit conferred and superiority acknowledged, we should not so often be called upon to accept that which we never intend to use. The young mother or housekeeper is unfortunate in being more bountifully provided with this article, perhaps, than any other of her sex; nobody is too ignorant or inexperienced to add to the burden; she who has never had a house to keep, or, having had one, has never kept it; she who has never known the care of children, or, having known that responsibility, has adroitly shirked it, is as opulent in advice as if she had herself received a legacy from her friends, and was anxious to share it with all mankind.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Vanderbilt's Millions.

SOME one has made a very curious calculation of what Mr. Vanderbilt could do with his money. William H. Vanderbilt's income from his investments in $51,000,000 four per cent. Government bonds is represented at $5,000 daily, which is $208.25 per hour, $3.37 per minute, or over five cents per second. Assuming that he is paid by the second, he cannot possibly spend his money, as he could not select his purchases and lay down the pieces fast enough. He could not throw it away; to pick up, cast, recover, pick up and cast again would take him two seconds, and if he worked all through the twenty-four hours without rest, he could only dipose of one-half his income. By living economically saving up for four years he could, placing his five-cent pieces side by side, make a nickel belt around the earth, or by converting his savings into one-cent pieces and mounting them in a pile he would, in twenty years, erect a road to the moon and have $500 to invest when he got there. Should his amusement take a charitable twist, he could out of a year's receipts donate to every man, woman and child in the United States 20 cents and have money left over. Other vast possibilities occur to the glowing fancy of the calculator. In one day he could go to 8,000 different circuses, eat 10,000 pints of peanuts, drink 5,000 glasses of lemonade, and have money left to get his boots blacked. He can afford to have 500,000 shirts washed in one day, and on the day of his death his income will buy ten first-class funerals.—*Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal.*

Finding the Bond.

A MAN with a grip-sack in his hand halted before a Jefferson Avenue fruit stand yesterday and priced a choice variety of peaches. When told that they were twenty cents a dozen he whistled to himself, walked softly around, and finally asked:

"Are you a Baptist?"

"Hardly."

"Neither am I. I didn't know but that if we both belonged to the same denomination you'd throw off a little. Do you lean to the Methodist?"

"Can't say that I do."

"That's my case. I never did take much stock in the Methodists. Twenty cents a dozen is an awful price on those peaches, considering how tight money is. I expect you are Universalist, eh?"

"No."

"Neither am I. Can't you say fifteen cents for a dozen of these?"

"Hardly."

"Aren't you an Episcopalian?"

"No, sir."

"Neither am I, but I was afraid you were. I've been sort o' looking you over, and I shouldn't wonder if you trained with the United Brethren. Come, now, own up."

"I never attend that church," was the steady reply.

"Nor I, either. Say, what are you, any how?"

"I'm a hard-baked old sinner."

"No! Whoop! That's my case to a dot! I'm called the wickedest man in Washtenaw County! I knew there was a bond of sympathy between us if we could only find it out! Now, do you say fifteen cents for a dozen?"

The fruit-dealer counted them out without further objection.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Why He Didn't Propose.

HE said he once fell desperately in love with a pretty blonde who had the most bewitching ringlets that ever ensnared the heart of a man in their meshes. That he raved like a lunatic over these golden tresses. That he wrote sonnets to their beauty and luxuriance, and even wore a tiny love-lock, which he stole from them one starry night, upon his head for six long months. And that, in fact, he was so much entranced by the ringlets that he resolved to marry their fair owner. And so one evening when he had fully made up his mind to propose, he set off to visit his inamorata, quoting poetry as he went along, and wondering how a fellow set about anyway when he really wanted to marry a pretty girl. Unluckily, the fair one with the golden locks was not at home when he called that night, and her younger sister came waltzing into the parlor to meet him. And, oh! horrors of horrors! she had pinned on her little head a mass of golden curls, which the poor fellow recognized at once. "Sister Belle's gone out," said the little minx, and I thought I'd put on her curls and come down to see her beau!" This broke up the intended match, put an end to sonnet-writing and other vague, lover-like rhapsodies, and added one more to the fearfully long list of Saratoga old bachelors.—*Sophia Sparkle, in New York Mail.*

A Curious Affection.

WE hear a curious fact about a young robin domesticated at New Meadows by Mrs. Smith. Some of the family found a young robin in a nest abandoned by the parents and the rest of the brood. Of course it was fed when found, and it ate ravenously, and then it was duly cared for. The robin is now well grown, flies all about the house, on the heads and shoulders of the family, and in fact is so tame as to be almost constantly under foot; it manifests no disposition to escape. But what is most singular, the old cat, having had her kittens killed, evinces a strong desire to adopt the robin, constantly being around it, lapping it, etc., and the robin, while showing no attachment to the cat, does not appear to be the least afraid of her. So cat and robin lie down together in unity.—*Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph.*

IT is said that Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, has accepted a United States Consulate in Japan.

PITH AND POINT.

ALL youths are not fitted for a college education. It is not best to make a one-story brain try to carry a three-story education.—*Whitehall Times.*

MAN alone can whistle. Thank goodness!—*Boston Transcript.* But he can also whistle when not alone. Thank badness!—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

DONA ANA RAFAELS, a very rich Cuban lady, is at Saratoga, and she makes all the men want to go to Cuba. Several are already bound to have Ana.—*Boston Post.*

THE ablest way in which to disguise a peach is to inclose it between two crusts and try to call the combination a "pie." It spoils the peach, and, as for the crusts, the man who invented them spoiled the flour when he did so.—*New Haven Register.*

AN Oil City maiden, who had just recovered from a two-days' attack of green-apple cramps, recited in public the other night that touching poem, "Go feel what I have felt," with such emphasis that it brought tears to the eyes of the green-grocer.—*Derrick.*

"I NOW have something for a rainy day," said old Mr. Snifkin the other evening, as he entered the room and greeted his family. "A windfall, a windfall," screamed Mrs. Snifkin in an ecstacy of mental paralysis. "No, no," he responded quietly, as he drew his slippers from under the sofa, "it's an umbrella."—*Andrews' Bazar.*

ONCE in a while a poet rises to the supreme height of his vocation and strikes a genuine chord. Hear this one:

I think the song that's sweetest
Is the one that's never sung.

Oh, that this couplet could be wedged cross-ways in the throat of the amateur individual who imagines his voice is—is—anything but what it is.—*New Haven Register.*

GIRLS who have become slaves to the demon of ice-cream should read carefully this little gem by one of our most noted poets, and reflect on the fate that awaits them. Two kinds of ice-cream are evidently what ailed her:

All pale and wan my little love
Doth in her chamber lie,
While Night looks coldly from above
With weird, Cyclopean eye."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Is your programme full, Miss Beetle-crusher?" asked a young man of a Western damsel who had struggled out of the refreshment room with disappointment in her eye and an "order of dancing" in her hand. "Programme full?" said the daughter of the Sitting Sun. "Waal, I guess not! I haint had nothing but a piece of cake and an ice-cream, an' they don't go far toward filling my programme, I can tell you.—*Boston Commercial.*

OUR Sarah Jane just dotes on botany. How that girl does love to analyze, to be sure! My! how she will tear the posies to pieces! Meeting her, the other day, with a joyous light in her eye and a mess of flowers and leaves in her apron, she told us she had been analyzing—as though there were any need of her telling that! Why, that girl's always analyzing! She had been analyzing, she said, a very fine specimen of the "symplocarpus, a genus of the perennial, aquatic, acaulescent herbs, belonging to the order *Lamnaceæ.* Its spadix," she remarked, "is oval, covered with purple flowers." Now, that sounded grand enough; but, bless you, sir, if you'll believe it, the girl had been tearing skunk-cabbage to pieces! Yes, that girl dotes on botany, and no mistake!—*Boston Transcript.*

A Tribute to Adelaide Neilson.

WHATEVER may have been the vicissitudes, trials, mistakes, and sorrows of her past, she was by nature a woman of pure domestic tastes—affectionate, gentle, confiding and true; and she would have made that home very happy, with the husband she had chosen. It is no secret to a few of her friends (it need not be a secret to any body now) that she was soon to be avowed the wife of Edward Compton, who acted with her during her farewell American tour, and who must now endure the awful affliction of seeing the sods laid upon her grave. The story of her successes on the London stage and all over Great Britain, and of her four visits to America, need not be rehearsed. There may come a time for that in another form. But it will not be amiss to note, with some slight emphasis, the fact of her youth, as it is seen when coupled with such noble and brilliant achievement. She was, to have done so much, a very young woman. She was in this sense a prodigy—and whatever were her faults or errors, it is remarkable that she bore so well the always perilous burdens of early triumph and the incense of a world's admiration. She had the intuitions of genius and also its quick spirit and wild temperament. She was largely ruled by her imagination and her feelings and had neither the prudence of selfishness nor the craft of experience. Such a nature might easily go to shipwreck or ruin. She outrode all the storms of a passionate, wayward youth and anchored safe at last in the haven of duty. Her image, as it arises in memory now, is not that of the actress who stormed the citadel of all hearts in the delirium of Juliet, or dazzled with the witchery of Rosalind's glee or Viola's tender grace; but it is that of the grave, sweet woman, who, playing softly in the twilight, sang—in that rich, tremulous, touching voice—an anthem that paraphrases the words of Christ: "With all your sorrows I am made partaker, and I am acquainted with all your griefs."—*William Winter, in New York Tribune.*

"Havana" Cigars from Paper.

THE straw paper manufacturers of the Chatham portion of Columbia County, N. Y., have for many years been aware that their product has nearly all gone South, and been used in Cuba as fillers for cigars. None of them manufacture specially with this end in view, although their paper is well adapted for "bogus" cigar making. The paper used for the purpose indicated is of the lightest weight (7 to 7 1-2 lbs.) it is possible to make. There is one mill in the county located at Queechy (town of Canaan) which manufactures the straw paper expressly for wrappers—not fillers. The Queechy Paper Company's paper mill is situated on a creek but a short distance below a lake, and being at the head of the stream, the water is of much greater purity, and hence their ability to produce the desired article of paper. The straw paper used in filling the Havana cigars is saturated with a decoction prepared from the stem and refuse of Havana seed leaf, mingled with which are extracts of liquorice root, senna, etc. The paper is so skillfully stamped to resemble the tobacco leaves, the very veins of the leaf being perfectly imitated, that it can seldom, if ever, be detected from the genuine article.—*The Paper World.*