WEEKLY New Ulm Review.

VOLUME IV.—NO. 9. NEW ULM, MINN., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1881. WHOLE NUMBER 163.

Weekly Review.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

JOS. BOBLETER.

Office over City Drug Store.

TERMS:

One Dollar and a half per year in advance.

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FURNISHED UPON APPLICATION.

Advertisements in double column, double the single column rates.

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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.

J. R. FOSTER,

DENTIST,

NEW ULM, MINN.

A full set of teeth for ten dollars.

Gas administered by Dr. Berry, and teeth extracted without pain

Office over Beussmann's hardware Store.

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

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Office and Drug Store next door to Skandinavian House.

NEW ULM, - - MINN.

DR. B. CARL,

Physician and Surgeon.

NEW ULM, - - - MINN.

Office and residence on 3d North St.

DR. J. W. B. WELLCOME.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Sleepy Eye, Minn.

DR. H. A. HITCHCOCK,

Physician & Surgeon,

Will attend to calls night or day.

OFFICE AT

M. W. Hitchcock's Drug Store.

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DR. G. C. WELLNER,

Deutscher Arzt,

Formals Armen Arzt zu "North Star dispensary," Chicago, hat sich permanent in Burns niedergelassen und empfehlt sich hiermit seinen Landsleuten.

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GEORGE KUHLMANN,

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 Co Bank.

NEW ULM, - - MINN

J. J. RAY,

Notary Public, Conveyancer,

and agent for St. Paul

FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO.

Springfield, Brown Co., Minn.

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 toble, which will be first lass 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.

CHAS. BRUST.

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.

Feet of all Kinds Manufactured.

Excellent Machinery for the sawing of lumber.

The highest cash price paid or flour exchanged for milling wheat.

John Bellm. H. A. Sabilia.

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 of and Dealer in

CIGARS,

TOBACCOS, &

PIPET.

Minnesota street, next door to C. Sommer,s Store.

NEW ULM, - MINN.

CENTRE STREET

SAMPLE ROOM & BILLIARD HALL,

IN BASEMENT OF

Kiesling's Block.

The pest 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. Str., - New Ulm, Minn.

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 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 KINDS OF FURNITURE

Proprietor and Manufacturer of

THE FARMERS FRIEND

Fanning Mill.

The best fanning mill in the market. Store and Factory on Centre Street near the City Mill.

NEW ULM, - - MINN,

Miss T. Westphal,

Keeps on hand a large and well asorted 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 Millnery 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' UNDERWARE,

NOTIONS, &c., &c., &c.

Highest market price paid for farm produce.

Sleepy Eye, Minn.

NOYES BROTHERS & CUTLER,

WHOLESALE

DRUGGISTS,

ST. PAUL, - - - MINN

J. FERNEKES,

Manufacturing

CONFECTIONER

and dealer in

NUTS, GREEN FRUITS,

etc., etc., etc.

351 &353 East Water Str. Milwaukee

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.

HARNESS SHOP.

H. H. Beussmann & Co.

Corner Minn. & 1st North strs.,

NEW ULM, MINN.

This business is established and will be conducted as heretofore in the rear end of Mr. H. Beussmanns hardware store. It shall be our aim to constantly keep on hand a well assorted stock of Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Blankets, etc. which well be sold at bottom prices, Upholstery and all kinds of custom work promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

H. H. BEUSSMANN & 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. Beussmann,

Dealer in

Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Iron Steel,

Carpenters and Farming Tools,

FARMING MACHINERY, &c.

Cor. Minn. & 1st N. Strs.,

NEW ULM, - MINN.

NEW

WAGON AND SMITH SHOP.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a wagon and Smith shop on State Street, and is prepared to do any and all work in his line promptly and at living rates. All work warranted. New wagons will always kept on hand. A kind patronage is respectfully solicited.

John Lauterbach.

S. D. Peterson,

Dealer in

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Agent for the

STOUGHTON WAGONS

AND SLEIGHS,

Dixon, Ill,, and Rock Island

PLOWS.

WATONWAN FANNING MILL,

AND

Weed and Domestic Sewing Machines

NEW ULM, MINN.

I would also inform the public that I have established a branch agency at Sleepy Eye, where everything in my line can be obtained.

S. D. PETERSON.

THAT SMALL PIECKE BOY FROM CHINA.

'Twas a little Asiatic
Sitting sadly on the deck,
Who with wailings loud, emphatic,
Watched his home fade to a speck,
While his saffron-hued complexion
Altered to deep olive green,
And the tears of retrospection
In his almond eyes were seen.
Still he scanned the far horizon,
Touching neither bread nor meat;
And we feared that he would die soon,
For we could not make him eat.
Sympathy, and e'en religion,
Had for him no hope or cheer.
"Speakee you too much fool pigeon,
Better China home than here.
Me no likee English junkee,
English chowchow, too, no nice.
Why no can some roasted monkey?
What for not some piecee mice?
Number one no washee dishee,
Catchee chopsticks, scouree bright;
Too much workee, this boy wishee
Top-side makee, flyee kite."

"Make a kite, you foolish fellow,"
Kindly then the Captain said.
With delight his cheeks so yellow
Flushed almost to rosy red.
As he worked, an inspiration
In his eager fingers burned.
Each on board made his donation.
Every scrap to use was turned.
To begin, the galley scullion
Gave a worn-out cracked guitar,
Which would utter shrieks mollan
As the breeze bore it afar;
Slats that were from blinds Venetian,
And a tattered parasol.
Wondered we at such provision,
Sure it could not carry all.
Two old bonnets, an air cushion,
With a bandbox painted green,
Rockets two, to set it rushing,
And an ancient crinoline,
Wings from a torn old umbrella,
While a tail of many rags
Showed in its red, white and yellow
He had stol'n the signal flags.

Vain our taunts, our sneers invidious,
For each day the structure grew
Stronger, vaster and more hideous,
Yet more awful to the view.
Cloven tongue all barbed and hissing,
And a snaky horned wig,
Goggle eyes revolving, whizzing
In a fiery whirligig;
Till with joy Kong's face resembled
A great orange sent from Seville.
All who saw the kite now trembled,
'Twas so very like a devil.
And Kong scanned the far horizon,
Till from out the western main
Rose a black and threatening typhoon,
And it blew a hurricane.
On the poop Kong danced ecstatic,
And he gave his demon string.
As it tugged with curve erratic
Loud and clear we heard him sing:
"No more chowchow mutton hashee,
Soon me suck fat shark tail fin,
Soon one pigtail full of cashee
Me give cumshaw Joss, Pekin;
Soon me sing my China sing-song,
Chowchow nice bird-nest pudding.
Ha quai, fly, go top-side Chin chong
Choy, old English junk. Chin chin."

Shrieked we all in accents frantic,
"Oh, come back, you China boy!"
Vain: he soared o'er the Atlantic
In a straight course for Amoy.
And the soldiers of Gibraltar
Saw him whizzing through the sky,
Like a bomb-shell to the assault, or
A gigantic comet high.
And the tempest waged still windier
As he crossed the great canal,
Till, with but a glance at India,
He reached safe the China wall.
There, in a pagoda finer
Far than I can tell or write,
That small piecee boy from China
Now reposes with his kite.

—*Lizzie W. Champney, in Harper's Young People.*

HISTORY OF NAMES.

A Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, there was a company of United States Infantry stationed some time ago, which had in it six men by the name of Smith. I heard the roll of this company called one morning and when the Sergeant came to the Smiths, the ceremony proceeded thus:

"Smith 1. *Here.* Smith 2. *Here.* Smith 3. *Here.* Smith 4. *Here.* Smith 5. *Here.* Smith 6. *Here.*

This had an odd sound, and still more peculiar was it to hear a good-looking, respectable soldier spoken to and spoken of as "Smith 6." It reduced poor Smith to an unhappy insignificance, for which there was no justification.

There is really no necessity for the continuance of this great army of Smiths; a name which has become so common as to be in some places no designation at all. The "Smith 6" aforesaid was named Henry Oscar Smith. Now, by simply changing the order of his names, and calling himself Henry Smith Oscar, or Oscar Smith Henry, he would have acquired a *name.* It is high time that something was done to reduce the multitude of Smiths, and I can think of no better plan than the one just mentioned. Because a man happens to have a Smith among his names he is not obliged to put it last. The Earl of Derby is named Smith; but seeing in the London Directory that his country is already blessed with a considerable number of Smiths, he has the good sense to sign his name "Derby."

The ancient Greeks for ages submitted to even a greater inconvenience; as, indeed, all the primitive races seem to have done. In old Athens, *Smith* had not even a *John* to help itself out with, for the people had but one name apiece.

Socrates was Socrates and nothing else. Demosthenes was only Demosthenes. As the eldest son usually received the name of his father's father, this would have been more than inconvenient, but for a way the lively Greeks had of giving apt nicknames. Thus, Demosthenes carried all through his life a nickname which he acquired in his boyhood—*Batalos,* which means stuttering. The most eloquent of orators was known among his fellow-citizens by the name of Demosthenes Stutterer.

Among the Greeks, the father claimed the right of naming all his boys, and he usually gave to his eldest the name of his own father; to his second son, the name of his wife's father; to his third son, the name of one of his wife's relations, and to his fourth, the name of his own maternal grandfather. The mother, it appears, named her daughters on a similar principle. On the tenth day of a Greek child's life a sort of christening festival was held, when the name was given; and the act was accompanied by a religious service and a feast, just as it is among Europeans at the present day. All the friends and relations of the family were invited; a sacrifice was offered to the gods, and the affair concluded with a repast.

The Romans did better than the Greeks in the matter of names. Every noble Roman had at least three names, like Marcus Tullius Cicero. Cicero was the name of his family; Tullius was the name of his tribe; and Marcus was his own personal name.

The great mass of the people, however, probably had but one name, suggested by the occupation, or by some personal peculiarity, as rough boys now call one another Shorty, Red-head and Long-legs. We perceive in the New Testament that the Jews of the same period commonly had but one name. "There was a man whose name was John." In some cases something was added to mark the individual, as Saul of Tarsus. Indeed, throughout the Bible, there are few persons mentioned who had more than one name; from Adam and Eve to the prophets, and from them onward to the Apostles.

This custom of giving but one name to each individual, explains why there are so many John Smiths in the New York directory. As late as the year 1300, the inhabitants of England, noble and simple, had each but one name, and the names in common use were very few in number.

The Rev. C. W. Bardsley, an English clergyman, who has minutely investigated the subject of English names, and written two interesting volumes upon it, mentions that, in the year 1300, out of one hundred Englishmen, there would be an average of twenty Johns and fifteen Williams. Next to these in point of frequency, were Thomas, Bartholomew, Nicholas, Philip, Simon, Peter, Isaac, Richard, Robert, Walter, Henry, Guy, Roger and Baldwin. Among female names, the three reigning favorites were Matilda, Isabella and Emma; next to these, Cecilia, Catherine, Margaret and Gillian; all of which except the last are still familiar to us.

Each person having but one name, and the number of names in use being so few, it was a thing of necessity to use more particular designation. Hence arose John the Smith, John the Carpenter, and the rest.

It was the more necessary in former centuries to add something to a man's name, because our forefathers were over-fond of family names, and it was not an uncommon thing for a father to name all of his sons alike. Many evidences of this are to be found in old will and registers. The following is an extract from a will of 1545, showing how different Johns in the same household were distinguished:

"Alice, my wife, and Old John, my son, to occupy my farm together till Old John marries; Young John, my son, shall have Brenlay's land, plowed and sowed at Old John's cost."

In this family there were three Johns, for the father was also of that name. A parish register of 1559 mentions that "John and John Picke" were baptized. A few days after, it was recorded that "the same John and John" were buried. There was one instance in that century of a certain John Barker who had three sons all named John, and two daughters, both named Margaret. This strange custom prevailed in the highest ranks, for we see that the Lord Protector Somerset had three sons named Edward, all of whom were living at the same time.

A custom arose of appending to a very common name certain syllables, such as *kin, cock, in on, ot et;* sometimes from fondness, as we do at the present day to children's names, and sometimes only to distinguish individuals. Thus, if there were two Eves in one house or circle, one of them would be called Evot. Thus the name Hancock was formed by appending *cock* to the Dutch *Hans,* or John. The literal meaning, therefore, of the name Hancock is Johnny. Another common way of designating individuals was to shorten or *nick* their names. Thus, Mab, Mabel and Mabbott were different forms of the same name; Gillian became Jill, Margaret became Margot, Mag and Madge.

Before the reign of Elizabeth, English names were few, simple, short and familiar. If a person had a new name of some length it was very sure to be shortened or *nicked.* In ordinary life few names were heard but Tom, Dick, Harry, Hal, Jack, Rob, Hob, Dob, Phip, Nancy, and similar abbreviations. But in the year 1560 an event occurred which in a few years changed half the names in England. The Bible was published in the English language, and one copy of the same, if no more, was soon to be found in each parish, perhaps chained to a desk in the church. Before that time, the English Bible was a forbidden book, and if a family had a copy, it was kept most carefully hidden, and never read except with great precautions. The Bible was sometimes fastened under the lid of a stool, and if danger threatened, the book was concealed by closing the lid. Sometimes the odious detective, when he entered, would be invited to take a seat on that very stool.

If you wish to make a book universally desired, you have only to put the ban of the law upon it. In 1558, Elizabeth became Queen of England, and soon after this passionately loved and long forbidden book was spread all over the kingdom. People read it as it had never been read before, and has never been read since. Peasants in remote parishes may be said in the most literal sense to have *searched* the Scriptures: they ransacked them from Genesis to Revelations, and particularly the chapters containing little more than lists of names. People in general regarded every word and syllable even of the English translation as the veritable language of Jehovah. They soon began to name their children from it. The old English names rapidly went out of fashion, and Bible names succeeded them. Although the new fashion lasted little more than two generations, some of the old names never returned. Hamlet, for example, was common in Shakespeare's day. Amice, Avis, Colet, Sibyl, Dinah, and many others, are now scarcely known. Even Barbara, with its nick-name of Bab, Dorothy and Dolly, Olive and Olivia, Cecilia and Cicely, are no longer the favorites they once were.

Some of the old forgotten names were no great loss. We read in an ancient parish register of a certain "Original Bellamy," who had a son named Original, and his son was also named Original. The discovery of this entry led to that of other Originals of the same century. There was a John Babington in 1550 who gave his son and heir the name of Original.

Many parents, it appears, have given their children something ridiculous in the way of a name. Mr. Bardsley copies from the London directory the following, all of which must have been given with deliberate intent to fasten a joke upon the unfortunate children: Cannon Ball, Dunn Brown, Friend, Bottle, River Jordan, Jolly Death and Sudden Death. A "Mr. Sudden Death" appeared as a witness in a London trial about two years ago. In this country we have had odd names like the following: America Sparrow and America C. Tabb. A certain Robert New christened his two sons Nothing and Something. We have had also Christmas Carrol, Pepper Mixer, Opportunity Hopper, China Ware, Lemon Peel, Salt Codd and Always Gentle. Finally, the London *Times* of December 7, 1878, announced the death of a highly respectable gentleman, "Mr. Emperor Adrian."

—*James Parton, in N. Y. Ledger.*

—The lead pencil of the future will substitute paper for wood. The paper is steeped in an adhesive liquid and rolled around the core of lead to the required thickness, and is colored after drying, when it resembles an ordinary cedar pencil.

—A report is going around that in a neighboring city a barber charges lightning-rod men only five cents a shave in consideration of the privilege of honing his razors on their cheek. Book agents are shaved for nothing.—*Hawkeye.*

—Sir Richard Temple, Governor of India, after thirty years' observation, bears enthusiastic testimony to the great good missionaries have done and are doing among the people of India.

SLEIGHING.

A BALLAD OF THE BELLS.

Fun? Well, for fun it can't be beat!
Over the glistening snow to ride,
Drawn by a nag both strong and fleet
And a pretty girl to sit beside.
The sun shines bright, and the clear crisp air
Makes her dimpled cheeks a rosy red,
And the fresh breeze toys with her soft brown hair
As over the road we're swiftly sped.
Gaily the moments pass for each.
And, just as the sinking sun goes down,
The famous Deerfoot House we reach,
An even dozen miles from town.
A cozy room, with a blazing fire,
And a toothsome supper we here obtain,
And then I order out the flyer,
Ready to start for home again.
The air seems chill when we first step out.
It's growing cold, since the sun went down,
And we closely wrap the robes about,
Then, nicely fixed, we start for town
Under the light of the rising moon,
Homeward we swiftly take our flight.
We reach the city all too soon—
My fun is o'er. I've said good night.
Yes, I enjoyed it. But, oh dear,
I think I should have liked it more
Had I not chanced to freeze my ear.
I've thawed it, but it's awful sore.

—*Boston Post.*

A HINT FOR THE THOUGHTLESS.

Mrs. Edwards spent three summers in a very pleasant village, and was treated with much courtesy by the residents. One day she called upon a lady whose home was new and who had just returned from Europe. The room into which she was shown breathed of elegance and refinement in all its appointments. The soft Turkish mats toned the inlaid floor; the rich and costly draperies were from Oriental lands and the upholstery was in harmony with them. The walls were hung with gems of art from the Old World, some of which were fine copies of earth's masterpieces, and on the etagere lay trifles that were no trifles, but spoke of Pompeii, Cyprus, Egypt, Babylon and the Holy Land. The opening gave a bird's eye view of a richly stored library whose home and used look told of the culture of the home circle. And beyond this was a conservatory that perfumed all the air.

"Your home is quite perfect," said Mrs. Edwards.

"Thanks. To me it is, and Mr. Adams told me yesterday that I have the finest parlor in the State. I like the praise of a man of his taste and culture."

"You may, indeed."

"Would you like to go over the house?"

Mrs Edwards knew Mrs. Wirt liked to show her house, and, too, she herself liked to see elegance, and new things, and old—so old they are new again, and said truly: "I would be very happy to."

From room to room they went, each fitted for its intended use, each well-nigh perfect even to the critic eye. On one bed were finely embroidered pillow-shams and sheet-top.

"Parisian work!" said Mrs. Edwards.

"Will you believe they were done here, and by a playmate of my childhood?"

"Indeed! by whom?"

"Mrs. Johnson. You've never heard of her?"

"No, I never have."

"She has quite a history. Let us rest a little and I will tell you of it."

Sinking into a stuffed easy-chair, Mrs. Edwards listened to the story, of which this is the substance:

"Mrs. Johnson was a pretty, sweet-tempered child, and grew up the belle of the town, and she used to wear the nicest embroideries of any of the girls—the work of her own hands. She married a merchant of the town, and all thought she had done well. But it was in the days when every storekeeper kept liquor, and he not only kept it but drank it, and led her a sorry life; but she never told any one, until it became too apparent to be concealed. He died miserably poor. Her early friends bought a little home for her, and she had supported herself by nice sewing."

Mrs. Edwards wished some embroidery, and told Mrs. Wirt, if Mrs. Johnson were not sewing for her, she would like to secure her for a time.

"I always keep her in work, so that she never can need it. But it is only plain sewing now, and that can be laid aside any time, when she can have other work. I will be happy to have her embroider for you, for it is work she likes best; and it pays her best."

"I wish there were more ladies like you, Mrs. Wirt."

"Thanks. I often wish I were better."

Mrs. Johnson's was a little band-box of a house, but in refinement a rival of Mrs. Wirt's semi-palace. The hard walls were white, and they were white, and spotless too, but the glare was deadened by a long ivy festooned and twined with irregular grace and many a nice engraving or friendly photograph peeped out amid the green leaves.

Mrs. Johnson, though forty-seven, was extremely pretty. Her slightly gray hair curled and waved naturally about a pure white forehead, and her clear eye was almost childlike in its tint of deep, dark blue. As one looked into their serene depth, one could not realize they had been the home of tears. But the placid smile was not that of one whose life had been a sunny day, but of one one whose life was hid with Christ in God, one whose walk is so above earth that its trials are felt only as Heaven sent for needed preparation before the mortal can put on immortality.

Her simple cambric dress fitted neatly, and her collar, cuffs and apron were of polished whiteness. Her voice was smooth and sweet, but clear and pleasant and her manner and conversation were lady-like and simple.

Mrs. Edwards spoke of her beautiful ivy.

"It is fifteen years old and a great pleasure to me. I love to wash its polished leaves, as the mother washes the face of her child."

"It gives a charm to your room."

"It does, indeed, to me. I have many flowers in winter."

"I believe there will be flowers and birds in heaven," said Mrs. Edwards, for the very air seemed full of Heaven, and she alluded to it easily, naturally, indeed, and the cleanness of the room led to another thought, "but I don't fancy there'll be any flies there."

"I like the little fly very much. He makes me work, it is true, but he keeps my air pure for me, and I am sure he is my true friend."

Then came talk of work, and most delicately Mrs. Edwards asked prices, but Mrs. Johnson had risen above sensitiveness and talked in the most matter-of-fact, quiet way, of work. Mrs. Edwards left in love with her and with the beautiful Christian faith and love and hope that could fill a life, else so lone and hard, so full of sweetness and beauty and happiness. Mrs. Edwards saw her twice after. Then came word that she was very sick, and in two days that she was dead.

From one who had been a life-long friend of both Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Wirt, she heard the full particulars of that last four days of earth.

"I went to see her Saturday evening; she looked somehow strange to me. So pale and yet so wondrously sweet. By dint of loving questions I got the truth."

"O, if God would only take me home! He bids me wait, and I do try to wait patiently, but I am so tired, so tired of living."

"You do not look well, or speak like yourself."

She smiled and said, "My will is not lost. His holy will, you see that."

"Ar'n't you sick?"

She burst into tears. "I am *hungry!* I have had only bread and salt for three days."

"Why havn't you told me?"

"I could not."

"I thought Mrs. Wirt kept you in work and paid you good prices. She has often told me so."

"She has kept me in work, but this summer their expenses have been very great, and she is, much of the time, out of purse. She has always been so generous to me, I did not like to ask her for my pay."

"You ought to have."

"I did last week, and she gave me all she had by her."

"How much was that?"

She smiled faintly. "A dollar."

"And how much does she owe you?"

"She is a good woman, and often sent me ice cream and jellies and delicacies from her own table."

"That is not an answer to my question. *How much does she owe you?*"

"Don't speak of it—$43.50."

"What is forty-three dollars to her?"

"So little that she does not realize how much it is to me."

I took her home and fed her on the best the house could offer—indeed, had extra for my Sunday dinner on her account. The result was an acute inflammation of stomach and death.

Every day Mrs. Wirt sent her flowers and little nice things to eat, not a mouthful of which she could eat in that disease. After she was gone Mrs. Wirt said:

"Beautiful saint! she is safe and happy now in a *mansion* prepared for her by the Son of God."

"Yes, and you and I sent her there," I said; "you starved and I crammed her to death."

"What do you mean!" she exclaimed, but I was already sorry for what I had said, and so made myself too busy to talk. But after the funeral she came here and insisted on an explanation.

When I told her all she sobbed out loud and said:

"I did not think I owed her so much, or that she lived so close to her earnings. But that is no excuse. *I ought to have known;* my elegant home will hereafter be haunted by that sweet, starved face."

"She was only glad to go. It was a joy to know she was dying. 'Entering life,' she called it. She would not come back. Let us both think of her only as a bright saint, with a golden harp."

"Only if I could see her long enough to ask her forgiveness. I would not have her *stay.*"

"She forgave, she more than forgave you. She appreciated all your kindness."

"My *kindness.*"

"She understood it all, and loved you."

"That makes it all the harder for me to forgive myself."

She said, over and over, she should never forget the lesson, and *I know I never* shall.

"And I am sure I never shall," added Mrs. Edwards, "how often—

'Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.'"

—*N. Y. Observer.*

A Speculative Yankee.

The real, old fashioned Yankee is still a fixture among us, though some writers would make us believe that he has been dead for years. There was a genuine specimen in the Erie depot yesterday, and was explaining to several interested parties:

"Father-in-law lives here in Jersey City, and I'm on a visit like. Thought I'd bring along a few traps and things and git up a dicker or two. Any of you like to invest in that?"

He put out the model of a rat trap and said:

"This trap not only catches the varmints, but it chokes 'em to death, throws the body out of that back window and then resets itself. In the top is an alarm, to go off at any hour you want and wake up the family. Here's an apparatus on this side for grating horse radish, and on the other is a mill for grindin' spices. Any of you like to buy county rights?"

No one did, and he then placed before them a vessel, about which he explained:

"This is now a water pail. By placing this iron cover on the bottom it becomes a kettle. By inverting the cover you have a spider. The pail is a half-bushel measure to a grain. Once around it is exactly a yard. Its weight is exactly two pounds, and I sell county rights for $50 each."

The next was a boot-jack, which could be transformed into fire-tongs, press board, stove handle, nail hammer and several other things. He had an augur which bored four holes at once, a gimlet which bored a square hole, a washing machine which could also be made to serve as a tea table, and one or two other things, and as he reached the last he said:

"Gentlemen, I am full of speculations. I'll invent anything you want. I'll sell anything I've got. I'll take pay in anything you have, and I'll give every one of you a chance to make a million dollars.—*Wall Street News.*

A Phenomenal Pair of Horns.

John Schilling brought to this office the other day a pair of deer horns, sent by Dave Bunch, the boss hunter of Garden Valley. Their size, measuring two feet eight inches between the two points furthest apart, will strike all old hunters as being something more than ordinary for those of the black tail or mule deer; but the strangest thing about the antlers is the arrangement of some of the points. From the first prong going out of the main one quite a number shoot off from all sides, forming a bunch of points at about the center of those of each antler, instead of all growing out of the same side on nature's established plan. Within an inch or two of the head, where one point from each horn is the rule, on one of these is two and the other four. There are twenty-two points in all, but partiality is shown for one side, it having twelve. This, we believe, is a common occurrence. Old hunters pronounce this a phenomenal pair of horns.—*Idaho Territory World.*

—A balneological exhibition to illustrate the various systems of bathing, bath appliances and kindred matters, is to be held in Frankfort-on-Main, Germany, next summer.

—Isn't it queer that contractors should be engaged to widen streets?

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—When a man kicks a book agent out of his shop he should put his whole sole into his work.—*Boston Transcript.*

—1881 does not resemble a pair of lovers on a sofa, because there is 1 at each end.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—The man who doesn't believe in any hereafter has got a dreadfully mean opinion of himself and his chances.—*Josh Billings.*

—A new book is out called "How to Draw and Paint." There are lots of actresses who can paint first-rate, but they do not draw worth a cent.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—The worst about kissing a Pittsburg girl is that you carry the marks of coal-dust about your nose and other features till you reach the nearest pump.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—Some wives are merely burdens to their husbands. But a wife who can keep the house warm enough for her husband without a stove ought to be a great help to him.—*Buffalo Express.*

—The average woman does not pretend to believe half she reads or what her neighbors tell her. It is only when she whacks up a dollar to a clairvoyant that she expects to get the real old solid gospel truth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The child of a very fashionable family was sick, and the colored servant was sent to the drug store with a prescription. "If the child can not keep the first powder on its stomach you must give it another one," remarked the clerk as he pasted on the label. "You don't reckon we would give him the same powder ober agin, does yer? We ain't no poor folks, we ain't."—*Galveston News.*

—Little six-years-old was taking his first lesson in addition, and when the teacher asked him, "If I were to give you two cats and another nice lady gave you two more, how many cats would you have?" he quickly replied, "Why, pretty soon I wouldn't have any, for my mamma would break their necks with the broom. She don't like cats."—*Norristown Herald.*

—During a recent lecture in Providence, Mrs. Livermore, in commenting on the wrongs which women suffer, remarked that when she learned that her first-born was a girl, she turned her face to the wall and wept. Not long ago, when a Chicago man learned that his third-born was a girl, he turned his face to the door and kicked. He was already buying sealskin sacques and striped stockings for two others.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Some Very Exact Statistics.

A Detroiter has been for the last two years collecting and arranging statistics of an odd nature, and if his book is ever published readers will find nothing dry about it. He goes right to business on page one by estimating that the number of lickings received by the average boy up to his fourteenth year at 125. This includes the spanking process during infancy.

Out of every 100,000 people in this country 19,000 get up cross in the morning, but only a hundred or so remain in that condition very long after breakfast.

Out of 50,000 men only 600 will put up money on a bet. The rest will crawfish around and finally back water on their assertions.

Only ten women out of every 500 who start out on a railroad journey consult a railroad map or have the least idea of the direction they take; 498 worry about their baggage, 497 are certain they took the wrong train, 494 wish they had never started.

The risk of being bitten by a dog is greatly overestimated. Out of every 1,000 big and little dogs only two care to get up a row with the human race, and those two are ready and willing to die.

The number of men who can put in a more pleasant evening down town than at their own fireside is on the decrease, and the number of wives who are taking a little extra pains to make home more pleasant than a concert saloon is on the increase.

Out of every 1,000 men who get mad and swear they will see a lawyer about it, only fifteen carry out their intentions.

Out of every 1,000 women who ride on street cars only twelve will move along to offer another woman a chance to sit down. Nine hundred and ninety-eight of them argue that it is a man's duty to stand up, even if there is plenty of room, and the other two are supremely indifferent.

Only one woman in 5,000 pays the first price asked for a bonnet, and only one milliner in 1,000,000 expects her to.

The time occupied by the average man in buying a full suit of clothes is just one-fourth the time occupied by the average woman in buying a single pair of stockings.—*Detroit Free Press.*

How One Boy Kept Twenty Indians at Bay.

A brave boy who kept twenty Indians at bay died of his wounds, a few days ago, at Denver, Col. Three days after the battle of White River, in which the gallant Thornburgh lost his life, Freeman Z. Wray, who was in charge of a camp forty-five miles north of White River Agency, was attacked by a band of savages. He contrived to get his rifle and to make so good a defense that they betook themselves to a ravine and besieged him at their leisure. After a while he got out of ammunition, and was forced to climb into a wagon to get a new supply. While he was executing this movement a bullet struck him in the calf of the leg, passing directly through. In another instant another ball caught him at the hip and knocked him down. With a whoop and a yell the savages ran toward the spot, expecting to take their plucky foe prisoner. But they were again foiled, for Wray was only down temporarily, and, getting to his feet again, scrambled into the wagon where lay his ammunition. He pulled a sack of flour in front of him and piled a bag of beans on top of that and took hold of such other articles within reach as made for him a barricade against the shower of balls that was promised. Rapidly cutting a hole in the canvass wagon cover he saw the Indians approaching. Leveling his rifle he fired at the foremost of his pursuers without the ball taking effect. This threw the Indians into confusion and they retreated to the walls of the ravine. They threw a hailstorm of bullets into the side of the wagon where the plucky boy lay intrenched. One of these leaden messengers caught young Wray in the right eye, crashing through his brain. The Indians finally retreated. After protracted delay the boy's wounds were dressed and the balls extracted, and after five months' nursing he seemed to be entirely well, although he had lost the use of one eye. One of the wounds broke out afresh eighteen months after the fight and caused his death.