New Ulm Review.

VOLUME VII .NO. 22. NEW ULM, MINN., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1884 WHOLE NUBER 335

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 addition al line 75 cts

All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

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 50 cts

Announcements of marriages and deaths inserted free; but obituary notices, except in special cases, will be charged at advertising rates.

Legal notices will be charged 75 cts per folio for the first insertion, and 25 cts per folio for each subsequent insertion. All legal notices must be upon the responsibility 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.

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

DR. C. BERRY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office over Kiesling, Keller & Co's
NEW ULM, - - - MINN.

DR. B. CARL,
Physician and Surgeon.
NEW ULM, - - - MINN.
Office and residence on German St.

DR. J. W. B WELLCOME,
PHYSICIAN SURGEON,
Sleepy Eye. Minn.

JOS. A. ECKSTEIN,
Attorney and Counselor
At Law.
Titles examined and perfected. Particular attention given to collection.
Office over Brown Co. Bank
NEW ULM, - MINN

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

Miss T. Westphal,
Keeps on hand a large and well assorted stock of millinery, fancy goods and zephyr wool, opposite the Union Hotel, between second and Third North streets.
NEW ULM - - MINN.

MILLINERY
—AND—
DRESS MAKING.
Mrs. Anton Oding,
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 kind. all embroidery Work and Fashionable dressmaking done to order

J. Klossner, Jr.
(Successor to M. Mullen.)
DEALER IN
Shelf & Heavy Hardware
AND
All Kinds of Farm Machinery,
NEW ULM, - MINN

J. FERNEKES & CO.,
Manufacturing
CONFECTIONERS
and dealers in
NUTS, GREEN FRUITS,
etc. etc. etc.
351 & 353 E. Water St., Milwaukee

L HÆBERLE
DEALER IN
STOVES & TINWARE
Minn. St., opposite Postoffice
NEW ULM - - MINN

J. B. Arnold,
Dealer in
COOKING & HEATING STOVES
HARDWARE,
Tin-ware & Farming Implements
The shop is in charge of an experienced hand who gives the mending and repairing of tin-war a special attention. All work warranted
NEW ULM, MINN.

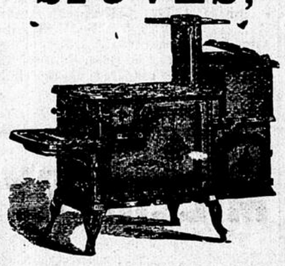
GARDEN GROWTH TEAS.
Families can save about one-half by sending to us for Teas, as we import our own, and have done so forty years. THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN TEA CO.
Send for circular, which gives prices and full particulars to ROB'T WELLS, Pres't., P. O. Box, 1287, 43 Vesey St., N. Y.
One Dollar's worth of any of our garden growth, China or Japan Teas sent by mail, post paid, or a larger quantity by express, charges paid.
June13-84.

R. PFEFFERLE,
Dealer in
Canned, Dried and Green Fruits,
FLOUR AND FEED,
STONE, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
New Ulm, Minnesota.

A. G. SEITER,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND CANNED
FRUITS
OYSTERS,
And everything else belonging to a first-class
CONFECTIONARY,
NEW ULM, - - MINN

C. BALTRUSCH,
—DEALER IN—
Dry Goods,
Hats and Caps,
Mens' and Boys' Clothing,
Ladies Jackets and Dolmans
LADIES' AND GENTS'
Furnishing Goods,
ALSO
GROCERIES,
CROCKERY & GLASSWARE
BOOTS AND SHOES,
And the very latest patterns in
Dress Goods & Trimmings
My purchases have been made direct and for cash, and I am thereby enabled to make the lowest prices. Call and examine my stock and compare prices before purchasing else where.
C. BALTRUSCH.

CASH PURCHASES
and CHEAP SALES
JOHN NEUMAN
Dealer in
DRY GOODS
Hats, Caps, Notions,
Groceries, Provisions,
Crockery and Glassware,
Green, Dried and Canned
Fruits, etc, etc.
I will always take farm produce in exchange for goods, and pay the highest market price for all kinds of paper rags.
In connection with my store I have a first-class saloon furnished with a splendid billiard table and my customers will always find good liquors and cigars, and every forenoon a splendid lunch.
All goods purchased of me will be delivered to any part of the city free of cost.
Minnesota Street, — — New Ulm, Minn,

H. Laudenschlager,
Dealer in
STOVES,

HARDWARE, TINWARE AND
LIGHTNING RODS.
The Celebrated White, Howe,
New American & Singer
SEWING MACHINES.
Cor. Minn. & 1st. Sts., - - New Ulm, MINN

Eagle Mill Co.
Manufacturers of
ROLLER FLOUR
BY THE
Gradual Reduction Roller
System.
NEW ULM. MINN

GEO BENTZ & CO.
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
WINES & LIQUORS
3 W. 3d St., ST. PAUL, Minn.

H. Rudolphi,
MANUFACTURER OF & DEALER IN
Boots and Shoes!
Minn. & 3d N. strs., New Ulm, Minn.
A large assortment of men's and boys' boots and shoes, and ladies' and childrens' shoes constantly kept on hand. Custom work and repairing promptly attended to

M. JUENEMANN,
MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN
HARNESESS, COLLARS, SADDLES,
WHIPS, SADDLERY BLANKETS,
Upholstery, and all custom work pretaining to my business promptly attended to. Minnesota street, next doo E. of Schnobrich's saloon,
NEW ULM, - MINN

H. H. Beussmann,
Dealer in
Steel and Iron Ware
n general; also a special large stock of Carpenter's Tools and Agricultural Implements. A complete stock of the newest and best constructed Guns and Revolvers of the most approved patterns; also ammunition and sportmen's goods of all descriptions.
In connection therewith is a complete
Harness Shop,
under the management of Hermann Beussmann, who will take pleasure in waiting upon all customers in want of anything in the harness or saddlery line.
Cor. Minn. & 1st N. St. New Ulm, Minn.

BROWN CO. BANK.
C. H. CHADBOURN President — C. H. ROSS, Cashier.
Cor Minn. and Centre Strs.
NEW ULM, - - - MINN.
Collections and all business pertaining to banking promptly attended to.
Individual Responsibility
$500,000

Frank Burg,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
CIGARS,
TBACCOS,
PIPES
Cor. Minnesota and Centre streets.
NEW ULM - MINN

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.

M. EPPLE,
Dealer in
Live Stock,
Hides, Wool.
Cattle bought and sold in large or small numbers. Contracts solicited

NEW
Meat Market,
ANTON BREY, Prop'r.
MINNESOTA ST. NEW ULM, MINN
THE undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he have established a meat market one door north of the Union House. I will spare no pains or means to keep my market supplied with only the best fresh meats, sausage and everything else usually found in a first-class meat market, and my prices will always compare invarably with those of my competitors. If so desired, articles purchased of us will be sent to the purchaser's house without extra charge. The highest market price will always be paid for fat cattle hides, etc.
ANTON BREY

H. WERRING,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Notions, Boots & Shoes
GROCERIES,
Medicines & Farming Implements.
Golden Gate, Minn.

H. BEHNKE, Jr.
DEALER IN
DOMESTIC and IMPORTED
Wines, Liquors & Cigars.
Minn. St., two doors north of B. & E. C. Behnke's store,
NEW ULM - - - - MINN

TUTT'S
PILLS
TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
and MALARIA,
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

800,000 ACRES OF VALUABLE
LANDS
in NORTHERN WISCONSIN on the line of the WISCONSIN CENTRAL RAILROAD for sale on liberal terms to Actual Settlers. Full particulars with good map sent free. CHAS. L. COLBY, LAND COMMISSIONER, W.C.R.R., Milwaukee, Wis.

The Original "Dixie."

The New Orleans Times-Democrat gives the following as the correct original of the famous "Dixie:"

"I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten;
In Dixie land whar I was bawn in,
Arly on a frosty mawnin'.

"Ole missus marry Will de weaber;
Will he was a gay deceaber;
When he puts his arm around her
He looked as fierce as a forty-pounder.

"His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat didn't seem a bit to greab 'er;
Will run away, missus took a decline,
Her face was de color ob de bacon rine.

"While missus libbed she libbed in clobes,
When she died she died all ober;
How could she act de foolish part
An' marry a man to broke her heart?

"Buckwheat cakes an' cawn-meal batter
Makes you fat, or little fatter;
Here's a health to de nex' ole missus,
An' all de gals as wants to kiss us.

"Now if you want to dribe away sorrow
Come an' hear dis song to-morrow;
Den hoe it down an' scratch de grabbel,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabbel."

CHORUS.

"I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray!
In Dixie's land
We'll take our stand.
To live an' die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie!"

A ROMANCE OF BROADWAY.

"I have earned three shillings, York, this blessed afternoon!" I exclaimed, with ill-suppressed exultation, as I threw down my pen, which I had been diligently using for four hours (I was penning "an article" for a certain "monthly," dear reader), pushed my closely-written manuscripts from me, and took a yellow cigar from my hat, which I have made my chief pocket since my fifth year, the time, I believe, when my discriminating parents exchanged my infant cap for the manly castor. Three York shillings have I made this blessed day, heaven be thanked, and now I can conscientiously take a little "ease in mine inn!" Whereupon I ignited my cigar with a self-enkindling apparatus, a gift from my considerate landlady—pray heaven she charges it not in her bill—to save her candles, and ascending the three steps to my window, I seated myself in my accustomed chair, and forthwith proceeded to speculate on things external. It was that calm, lovely time, which is wont to usher in the twilight of a summer evening. The roll of wheels in Broadway beneath me was ceaseless. Bright forms flashed by in gay carriages! The happy, the gallant, the beautiful, were all forth to take the air on the fashionable evening drive! Why was I not with the cavalcade? Where was my Rosinante? Where was my "establishment?" Echo answered "where?" I puffed away silently and vigorously for a few seconds, as these mental queries assailed me; and, blessed soother of the troubled, oh, incomparable cigar! my philosophy returned.

Diagonally opposite to my window stands one of the proudest structures on Broadway. It is costly with stone and marble, lofty porticos and colonnades. The edifice first attracted my attention by its architectural beauty, and eventually fixed it by a mystery, that seemed, to my curious eye, to be surrounding one of its inmates!

A lady of dazzling beauty was an inmate of that mansion, and, for aught I know to the contrary, its only inmate. Every afternoon, arrayed in simple white, with a flower or two in her hair, she was seated at the drawing room window, gazing out upon the gay spectacle Broadway presents of a pleasant afternoon. I saw her the first moment I took possession of my dormant nook, and was struck with her surprising loveliness. Every evening I paid distant homage to her beauty. Dare a poor scribbler, a mere penny-a-liner, aspire to a nearer approach to such a divinity, enshrined in dollars and cents? No! I worshiped like a publican, afar off. "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." But she was not destined to be worshiped by all. One afternoon she was at the window, with a gilt-leaved volume in her hand, when a gentleman of the most graceful bearing rode past my window. He was well mounted and sat upon his horse like an Arabian! He was what the boarding school misses would call an elegant fellow! a well-bred man of the world, a remarkably handsome man! Tall, with a fine oval face, a black, penetrating eye, and a mustache upon his lip, together with a fine figure and the most perfect address, he was, what I should term, a captivating man. His air, and a certain indescribable somme il faut, bespoke him a gentleman. As he came opposite her window his eye, as he turned it thither, became fascinated by her beauty! How much lovelier a really lovely creature appears when seen through 'plate glass!' Involuntarily he drew in his spirited horse, and raised his hat! The action, the manner, and the grace, were inimitable. At this unguarded moment the 'hind wheel of a rumbling omnibus struck his horse in the chest. The animal reared high, and would have fallen backward upon his rider, had he not with wonderful presence of mind stepped quietly and gracefully out of the stirrups to the pavement, as the horse, losing his balance, fell violently on his side. The lady, who had witnessed with surprise the involuntary homage of the stranger, for such, from her manner of receiving it, he evidently was to her, started from her seat and screamed convulsively. The next moment he had secured and remounted his horse, which was only slightly injured by the fall, acknowledged the interest taken in his mischance by the fair being who had been its innocent cause (unless beauty were a crime) by another bow, and rode slowly and composedly onward, as if nothing unusual had occurred. The next evening the carriage was at the door of the mansion. The liveried footman was standing with the steps down, and the handle of the door in his hand. The coachman was on the box. I was, as usual, at my window. The street door opened, and with a light step the graceful form of my heroine came forth and descended to the carriage. At that moment (some men are surely born under the auspices of more indulgent stars than others) the stranger rode up and bowed with ineffable grace, and (blessed encounter that, with the omnibus wheel) his bow was acknowledged by an inclination of the superb head, and a smile that would make a man of any soul seek accidents "in the cannon's mouth." He rode slowly forward and in a few seconds the carriage took the same direction. There are no inferences to be drawn from this; reader. All the other carriages passed the same route. It was the customary one! At the melting of twilight into night, the throng of drivers and riders repassed. The "lady's" carriage (it was a landau and the top was thrown back) came last of all! The cavalier was riding beside it! He dismounted as it drew up before the door, assisted her to the pave, and took his leave. For several afternoons successively, the gentleman's appearance was simultaneous with that of the lady at her carriage.

One evening they were quite late in returning. Finally, the landau drew up before the door. It was too dark to see faces, but I could have sworn that the equestrian was not the stranger! No! He dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, and the gentleman and lady descended! The footman had rode his horse, while he, happy man, occupied a seat by the side of the fair one! I watched the progress of this amour for several days, and still the stranger had never entered the house. One day, however, about 3 o'clock, I saw him lounging past, with that ease and self possession which characterized him. He passed and repassed the house two or three times, and then rather hastily ascending the steps, pulled the bell. The next moment he was admitted, and disappeared from my sight. But only for a moment, reader! An attic hath its advantages! The blinds of the drawing room were drawn, and impervious to any glance from the street; but the leaves were turned so as to admit the light of heaven and my own gaze! I could see through the spaces directly down into the room as distinctly as if there was no obstruction. This I give as a hint to all concerned who have revolving leaves to their Venetian blinds. Attic gentlemen are much edified thereby! The next moment he was in the room, his hand on his heart—another, and I saw him at her feet! Sir—would that I had language to paint you the scene! Lady—I then learned the "art of love!" I shall have confidence, I have had so good a pattern, when I go to make my declaration! The declaration, the confession, the acceptance; all passed beneath me most edifyingly. Then came the labial seal that made his bliss secure. By his animated gestures, I could see that he was urging her to some sudden step. She at first appeared to be reluctant, but gradually becoming more placable, yielded. The landau was at the door in ten minutes. They came out arm in arm and entered it! I could hear the order to the coachman: "Drive to St. John's Church!" "An elopement," thought I. "Having been at the breaking cover, I will be in at the death!" and taking my hat and gloves, I descended, as if I carried a policy of life insurance in my pocket, the long flights of stairs to the street, bolted out of the front door, and followed the landau, which I discerned just turning the corner of Canal street. I followed full fast on foot. I eschew omnibuses. They are vulgar! When I arrived at church the carriage was before it, and the "happy pair," already joined together, were just crossing the trottoir to re-enter it! The grinning footman who had legally witnessed the ceremony, followed them.

The next day, about noon, a capacious family carriage rolled up to the door of the mansion, followed by a barouche with servants and baggage. First descended an elderly gentleman, who cast his eyes over the building, to see if it stood where it did when he left for the Springs. Then came, one after another, two beautiful girls, then a handsome young man. "How glad I am to get home again," exclaimed one of the young ladies, running up the steps to the door. "I wonder where Jane is that she does not meet us?"

The sylph rang the bell as she spoke. I could see down through the blinds into the drawing room. There was a scene!

The gentleman was for going to the door, and the lady, his bride, was trying to prevent him. "You shan't!" "I will!" "I say you shan't!" "I say I will!" were interchanged as certainly between the parties as if I could hear the words. The gentleman, or rather husband prevailed. I saw him leave the room, and the next moment open the street door. The young ladies started back in the presence of the new footman. The old gentleman, who was now at the door, inquired as he saw him, loud enough for me to hear, "Who in the devil's name are you, sir?"

"I have the honor to be your son-in-law."

"The devil you have! and who may you have the honor to be?"

"The Count L——y," with a bow of ineffable condescension.

"You are an impostor, sir!"

"Here is your eldest daughter, my wife," replied the newly made husband, taking by the hand his lovely bride who had come imploringly forward when the disturbance reached her ears. "Here is my wife, your daughter."

"You are mistaken, sir, she is my housekeeper!"

A scene followed that cannot be described. The nobleman had married the gentleman's housekeeper. She had spread the snare, and like many a wiser fool he had fallen into it.

Half an hour afterwards a hack drove to the servant's side door, and my heroine came forth, closely veiled, with bag and baggage, and drove away. The Count, for such he was, I saw no more! I saw his name gazetted a day or two after as a passenger on a packet ship that sailed for Havre. How he escaped from the mansion remaineth yet a mystery.—*Every Other Saturday.*

Retarding Old Age.

The most rational treatment with a view to retard old age is, in the first place, to endeavor as far as possible to counteract the excessive action of atmospheric oxygen; secondly to retard the deposit of ossific matter and as far as possible to dissolve partially formed calcareous concretions. Distilled water and diluted phosphoric acid are believed by Mr. de Lacy Evans to have the desired effect. When considering their special action we cannot but fully coincide with him as to their efficacy in retarding old age by their combined chemical action. Now distilled water alone has a powerful action owing to its solvent properties, thereby dissolving and extreting the excess of earthly salts which otherwise would become blocked up in the system, gradually storing up these blockages which in time cause old age. The solvent properties of distilled water are so great per se that on distillation in vessels it actually dissolves small particles of them. Now the generality of waters contain more or less carbonate of lime, and are to be avoided, especially those from chalky soils, tending, as they do, to produce calcareous deposits. The action of distilled water as a beverage is briefly as follows: First, its absorption into the blood is rapid; second, it keeps soluble those salts already existing in the blood, thereby preventing their undue deposit; third, it facilitates in a marked degree their elimination by means of excretion. After middle life a daily use of distilled water is highly beneficial to those desirous of retarding old age.

Elevated to the Peerage.

Caleb Andrews, a well-known citizen of Arkansaw tells rather an amusing story concerning family pride.

"I was devotedly attached to Priscilla Ridman," said Mr. Andrews, "and after being fully assured that my love was returned, I approached old man Ridman; who had ever been a friend of our family and asked his consent to our union."

"'Certainly, Caleb,' said he. 'Certainly, for to tell you the truth I have had my eye on you for some time, because I know that you will make a good husband. Besides that, it is well that our families should be united.'

"'When can the marriage take place?' I asked.

"'Oh, anytime, or rather as soon as arrangements can be made.'

"I was delighted with the old man's frankness. His face seemed a model of noble expression. My father agreed with me concerning the old man Ridman, but my mother, woman like, would not agree that he deserved any credit, and dropped a mild hint that the Ridman family was no better than hers, that her mother was old Major Harvey's daughter, and that none of the Harvey stock need feel elated even if the governor of the state should grant the hand of his daughter. This was all very well, and quite natural, my mother necessarily being a woman, but with me, it robbed old man Ridman of none of the nobility with which I had surrounded him. Extensive preparations for the wedding were made, and I doubt that there was ever a happier clod-hopper than I. The marriage was to take place at noon Thursday. War had been declared between the states, and, after the ceremony, I, as captain of a company, was to march away, regretful at such an early separation from my young wife, but happy in the thought that I would be envied by all the young men in the neighborhood. Tuesday evening I went over to Ridman's house. He did not welcome me in his usual outburst of 'Why, my dear boy, how are you?' and I thought that he might be ill.

"'Mr. Andrews,' said he, 'let me see you a moment.'

"There was a chilliness in his voice and an expression in his eye which I could not quite understand."

"He led the way down to the pen where the hogs were eating. Placing his right arm over the fence, he turned to me with an air of importance and said:

"'I believe there has been some little talk in regard to a marriage between you and my daughter?'

"I looked at him in astonishment, and replied affirmatively.

"'Such a union is now impossible.'

"'Why?' I gasped.

"'Why!' he exclaimed. 'Why, indeed. You certainly cannot have heard of the governor's action concerning me. He has appointed me justice of the peace. A judge, sir, under the confederate government. This war, young man, is intended to define social lines. It is to confirm an aristocracy which for years has been growing. You are quite a respectable young man, with fair education, but you cannot hope to marry into the nobility. Before I was elevated to the peerage, I gave my consent to your union with my daughter, but now, sir, in duty bound to myself and family, I am forced to rescind my former action.'

"My blood arose,' 'Sir!' I exclaimed, 'you forget that I am a captain in the confederate army.'

"'I seek not to rob you of any laurels that you may have won. A captain can make his position honorable, but he is by no means a 'squire. If you attain the rank of general, then I shall be pleased to reconsider this decision, but until then or some similar elevation, I must discountenance your association with my daughter.'

"'Does your daughter share your opinion?'

"'My daughter may not share, but she accepts my opinion. She could not do otherwise.'

"I went home. 'The old fool!' exclaimed my father when I told him. 'I'll go over and whale him till he can't stand up,' and it was as much as I could do to dissuade him from his violent purpose.

"I went into the war without seeing the girl again. Just before Lee's surrender, I was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. After peace was declared I returned home. Miss Ridman had not married, and I was told that she had never ceased to grieve for me.

"One evening I strolled over to see her. The sitting-room door was open, and seeing no one within, I entered and sat down. Shuffling footsteps told of some one's approach. Old man Ridman entered. He looked at me a moment and said:

"'Have you come back to taunt me?'

"'No, old man, having attained the rank of general, I have come back to marry your daughter.'

"'How do you know, sir, that I will consent?'

"'You said that all barriers should be removed should I attain the rank of general.'

"'Yes, but you are only a brigadier-general. Well, as I did not specify what rank of general, I suppose it would be better to yield. Remember, sir, that I am soon to be a candidate under the United States government for justice of the peace.'

"We have been married for years. The old man lives with us, and is constantly engaged in copying opinions delivered under authority of the confederate government." — *Arkansaw Traveler.*

A. A. Swan, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, controls more stock than any other individual on the continent. His present possessions are valued at between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000, while the amount of stock of which he has the exclusive control and management is over 200,000 head, and valued at over $6,000,000. He was the organizer and is president and general manager of no less than five different stock organizations in Wyoming. He is a native of Green county, Pennsylvania, which place he left for the west in 1853, when 22 years of age, with $1,000 in his pocket.

In regard to crossing the Atlantic in a small boat, says the New York *Times*, it is generally called a very foolhardy undertaking. In point of fact, the man who goes to sea in the summer in a boat so constructed that she cannot sink and cannot get full of water, is in less danger of drowning than the man who goes to sea in a big steamer. He may starve through getting out of provisions, he may perish from want of exercise or sleep, or in consequence of exposure to weather, but he can only drown by falling overboard.

Flowers in Paris.

"Where do all the white lilacs come from?" I asked the nice old woman at the Madeleine flower market who has the contract to keep my vases filled throughout the winter. "I suppose you receive them from Nice or some other southern point."

"Not at all, monsieur," was her reply. "All these pretty flowers grow inside of Paris, where certain gardeners make a specialty of having lilacs in bloom all the year round. The trade is a new one, as it is only four years ago that the way of doing so was discovered. The heat of the sun is replaced by that of the greenhouse, and the plant, deceived by this fictitious temperature, blossoms forth in December just as though it was the month of May."

Then I learned that the gardeners who devote themselves to this branch of the trade are called *chauffeurs de lilas* (warmers of lilacs), and that there are only five of them in Paris, two at Montrogue and the others in the Quartier St. Fargeau. It is generally the Marly lilacs that are made use of. The plants are subjected to a temperature of 40 degrees centigrade day and night and in a fortnight are in flower, but strange to say, the plant will only give white flowers under this process. Naturally they are of a rich purple color. The Persian lilac is the only one that does not lose its color when thus forced to go contrary to the laws of nature. Another strange fact is that the hothouse lilacs are handsomer and more fragrant than those which bloom in the open air. The reason is that the gardeners are careful to destroy all the leaf buds, so that the whole sap of the plant flows to the flower buds.

The plants do not die from the violence of the process, but they are so seriously damaged that it takes them years to regain their strength that they have lost—years which must of course be spent in the open air and in ordinary soil—but their flowers are forever after white, the coloring principle seemingly having been destroyed forever. In point of fact, however, the *chauffeurs de lilas* do not take the trouble to replant the poor bushes that have suffered so much. Three years is far too long to wait for profitable return, so the plants when stripped of their flowers, are rooted up and cast to one side, and when dry are made use of as kindling wood. The five *chauffeurs de lilas* in Paris consume in this way something like 6,000 plants a year, which cost them one franc each at the nursery gardens. The flowers they produce yield them 2,000,000 francs. One-half of the crop goes to foreign countries and the other half is sold here at the central markets, where the small dealers lay in their stock every day.—*Paris Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Independent.

During the trial of a civil suit, brought before a rural justice of the peace, noticing that the "judge" was treading on the recent discussions of the supreme court, a lawyer called his attention to the disregard of higher authority.

"Your honor," said the lawyer, "your ruling is in error, for in the case of Higgie vs. Stackwell, recently decided by the supreme court——"

"Hold on, sir. The case of Higgie vs. Stackwell was originally brought before me and an appeal was taken to the circuit court, from which tribunal it was carried to the supreme court. Now, I want to say right here that I've got as little respect for the supreme court's opinion as that grave body of men have for mine. They have a right to control thier own court, but I'll be blamed if they shall control mine. Proceed with the arguments, gentlemen."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Congressional Fun.

A scene occurred on the floor of the house to-day, during a discussion on the Wood-Peters contested election case, such as is rarely witnessed. It was cranks' day in the house and they made the most of it. The fun began with a two hours' speech from Mr. Wood, the contestant. He read his speech in the central aisle, displaying a portly figure of a man about 50 years of age in a bob-tailed coat and with a country grocery air. It was the greatest effort in his life.

But this was the bluest of skim milk by comparison with that which followed. Judge Bennett, of North Carolina, had made a minority report in favor of Wood, the rest of the committee on elections being unanimously on the other side. On his report Judge Bennet made a speech nearly two hours in length, in which he discussed constitutional law in the most florid style and pompous manner. He is a large man with a towering bald head, the hair having apparently all slipped down on his chin, and has a voice like a bull. He raged and reared with ponderous fury, and was constantly guyed by the whole house unmercifully. Every time he misquoted the law the lawyers laughed, and every time he slaughtered Latin a groan went up from the scholars, which set the whole house in a roar. This amused the house so immensely that one member after another got up and gave Bennett additional time, until they wore him out. He then convulsed the house by asking permission to rest awhile, filling in with Mr. Pettibone. This was granted, whereupon Pettibone amused the house still more, his harangue being more fitted for field service than for the house of representatives.

When Bennett had again run down the house took a vote, which was practically unanimous against him. In the vote to give Wood the seat, only Bennett and Calamity Weller stood up against the whole house, which result was hailed with shouts of laughter.—*Washington Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

Flamley's Fashionable Wife.

Mrs. Flamley attempts to be fashionable. The other night when she dressed preparatory to attending the theater she appeared with a silver spoon on her breast.

"Margaret, what in the world do you call that?" asked her husband.

"This was my grandmother's sauce-spoon. You know that it is fashionable now to wear old family plate."

Flamley said nothing more, for he knew that it was unnecessary to argue with his wife. The next night he asked his wife to attend the theater with him, and again she put on her spoon. After awhile Flamley came out with an enormous butcher knife on his shirt front.

"My gracious, Henry, what is that?"

"That was my grandfather's butcher-knife. It's fashionable now to wear——"

"I'll take off the spoon."

"All right. Off goes the knife."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

MEN WHO WANT TO KILL.

Homicidal and Suicidal Impulses That are Likely to Spring Up.

"Considering the number of cases of homicidal and suicidal impulse that come under the notice of experts in nervous diseases," a distinguished specialist remarked, "it is a wonder to me that so few tragedies from that source really happen. Last week a business man in this city, who owns a handsome country residence on the Hudson, and would be regarded by his acquaintances as the last person in the world to be possessed by such a whim, came to me in a great worry of mind and told me he had something to communicate that must be held strictly inviolate. The story was typical. I have heard it with trifling variations a thousand times in five years. He had not been feeling very well—rather nervous and ill at ease—for some days. That morning, as he left the house to take the train for New York, he happened to pass his gardener who was at work on the grounds, and stopped to talk to him a minute. The man was stooping over a clump, of ornamental shrubberies, thinning out the dead stalks with a pruning knife. A spade was leaning against the trunk of a tree just at his hand. 'I had never had any quarrel or misunderstanding with the man,' said this patient, telling his story. 'But the impulse was upon me in an instant to seize that spade and brain the poor fellow on the spot. I trembled all over like a leaf, with a kind of nervous terror that I can hardly describe to you, Doctor. Finally, not daring to trust myself longer, I turned and walked away as fast as my legs could conveniently carry me. I believe, sir, that I should have killed the man if I had lingered five minutes longer. Now, what is to be done?"

The doctor advised his patient to avoid temptation for a few days, turn his mind resolutely to something else, and gave him a sedative prescription—bromides, of course—with instructions to call again in a day or two. The man was sensible enough to act on the advice, and on the fourth day he dropped in and told the doctor that the trouble had passed off, and he felt like himself once more. And so a tragedy was averted probably.

The physician went on to say that he had no less than nine cases of homicidal or suicidal impulse then under treatment. Of these seven were suicidal, and the other two homicidal. One of the latter had been on his hands for three weeks. The patient, a man of some note in literature, had been sleepless for several weeks before the impulse manifested itself. He was a married man, and loved his wife devotedly. One night, after dozing a few minutes with terrible dreams, he awoke with a strange presentment of impending disaster. His wife was sleeping quietly. The moonlight, struggling through the window pane, fell upon her face and white, shapely throat. As sudden as the leap of a tiger, the impulse seized him to cut the woman's throat, and he was actually out of bed and hunting for his razor in the bureau drawer, before any realizing sense of the enormity of the deed that he was about to perpetrate interposed to prevent the tragedy. He returned to bed, and lay in a tremble till daylight. His wife never knew how near she had been to death. He had had no wish to kill anybody else as yet.

"One of my suicidal patients," continued the doctor, "was first seized with the impulse on a Brooklyn ferry boat. He had been across the river on business, and was on his way back. He went on board one of the boats at the Fulton Ferry, and stood gazing listlessly at the rampart of business houses extending far to the right on Furman street. The boat started suddenly as he stood ruminating. He insists that the impulse had its origin in irritation of the retina caused by the movement of the sunshine-flooded surfaces of brick across the optic field, and very likely he was right. 'For an instant,' he says, 'I was wild; and when I came to myself my hand was on the railing, and a couple of stalwart passengers had collared me. I had never thought of such a thing as committing suicide except as a coward's resource.' Now," added the doctor, "this man was no more mad than I am; it was a typical case of suicidal impulse, caused, perhaps, by long nervous tension."

In point of fact, both suicidal and homicidal impulses appear to be far less frequent with women than men. In all his experience, the doctor has treated only five cases of the impulse in women, while of the sterner sex his patients have been numbered by scores. He inclines to the belief that the habit contracted by men of business of always being in a hurry, engaged, occupied, is one of the principal instrumentalities, next to malarial poisoning, in producing this type of nervous disturbance. "And I imagine," he concluded, "that our former Commissioner of Lunacy, Dr. Ordronnaux, was not far out of the way when he declared that one man in every hundred who walks the streets is potentially a murderer or a suicide; a startling declaration, but one that my own practice during the last ten years has abundantly verified."

Sometimes the impulse is accompanied by voices in the ears, urging the patient to kill; sometimes a red light—lurid, dismal, weird—suffuses the eyes and with one of the doctor's patients the attack is announced invariably by a premonitory shiver or shudder of momentary duration only, which precedes it by a second or two. It is a curious fact, also, that serious organic troubles with the brain and spinal tract seldom gives rise to these strange paroxysms.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Explorer Stanley is thus photographed by a traveler who recently encountered him on the Congo: "Here he was, seated on his camp-chair, his pipe in his mouth and a semi-circle of grinning kinglets squatting in front of him, some of them smoking long-stemmed, little-bowled pipes in complacent silence, and others putting many questions as to his recent journey to Europe, and receiving his replies with expressions of incredulous wonder, tapping their open mouths with their hands. Stanley sat benignly chatting and smoking, his face lighting up with amusement at their naive remarks, while the bearing of his head still retained that somewhat proud carriage which inspired these African chieftains with a real respect for his wishes and a desire to retain his friendship."

"Is this beautiful little girl your grandchild, Mrs. Yerger?" asked that demented creature, Gilhooly. Exasperated, and stung to the quick at not being taken for the child's mother, Mrs. Yerger unthinkingly retorted: "Is that child large enough already to be taken for a grandchild?"