How Watch Cases are Made.

Most persons have an ambition to carry a gold watch case, and yet few people know how a watch case is made, or the vast difference in the quality of them. In a SOLID GOLD WATCH CASE, aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the metal is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply strength. The surplus is not only needless, but undesirable, because gold is a soft metal and cannot furnish the stiffness, strength and elasticity necessary to make the case permanently strong and close-fitting. The *perfect* watch case must combine gold with some metal that will supply that in which the gold is deficient. This has been accomplished by the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case*, which saves the WASTE of *needless* gold, and INCREASES the SOLIDITY and STRENGTH of the case, and at the same time *reduces* the cost ONE HALF.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued.) 1

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.

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Thin people. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia. &c. $1.

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Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

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My husband (writes a lady) is three times the man since using "Wells' Health Renewer."

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

Prevalence of Kidney complaint in America; "Buchu-paiba" is a quick, complete cure. $1.

Confessions of a Mosquito.

I am only a mosquito, one of that outlawed class against whom the hands of the entire world are raised in perpetual warfare and slaughter. I come when the buttercups begin to brighten the summer fields; when fragrant clover diffuses its incense on the soft, tropical air and azalias and the stately golden rod tremble in the zephyrs along the river bank. My advent is heralded by the gentle music of my wings. I sing the romance of mosquito life.

Little as I am I strike terror into the hearts of thousands. The moneyed magnate and the impecunious sport tremble alike at my approach. The high-handed tyrant of the household and the political boss acknowledge in me an object of fear. I am proscribed and undergo a species of relentless persecution that would crush many a haughtier spirit. Nevertheless, I bear up under it all and apply myself to my appointed mission, finding ample compensation in the approval of my own conscience. I have seen strong men who have braved the heat of battle—men to whose ears the roar of cannon was music—tremble with terror at my approach. I know my power, but I can't say that I glory in the consciousness of it.

You must know that there are social distinctions made in mosquitodom just as there are in well regulated society, and they are just, strong and immutable. Each mosquito is a creature of circumstances and into whatever channel chance directs his life he goes and follows it until death. When I was ushered into this world I had the good fortune to fall under the guidance of a grizzled old fellow, who had done years of honorable service in mosquito life. His wits were as sharp as his bill, and his skin, which was shrunken and wrinkled, was as tough as leather and calculated to resist the most savage assault. There was not a man of note upon the continent with whom he was not intimately acquainted. His recollections of persons and events were simply marvelous, so it was no wonder that I was an object of envy among the youngsters who came up along with me, as such a mentor insured my future success and social standing. I well remember the day when I was about to start forth into the world the old fellow said to me:

"Now, my son, for heaven's sake do not make yourself common and spoil all of your prospects in your first exploits by billing some politician or book agent. If you do your future is irrevocably blasted." And tears stood in my mentor's eyes as he bade me adieu. I took his advice. The first desirable person I saw was a rich bank cashier, who, it is needless to say, was deacon of a church. With a wildly palpitating heart and filled with excitement to such a degree that I couldn't utter a single note, I paid the old fellow my respects. I must confess that I was really pained and shocked at the startling language he used. It is said that a fledgeling mosquito stings ten times harder than an adult. He gave me an awful fright, the deacon did, and I determined to select some other than a strict church man for my next acquaintance. So I lit on a retired merchant and a severe moralist. I experienced the same startling results. I was young and had strong faith in mankind. Inexperience thrown upon a world of humanity moved by so many different forces will soon receive many severe shocks.

Perched on a netting in a fashionable hotel, with bowed head I yielded myself a prey to the doubts which surged upon me, when my old mentor dropped lightly at my side.

"Why so downcast, my boy?" he inquired, as he complacently wiped his mouth. He had just finished paying his court to one of the bluest bloods in the establishment and consequently felt in excellent humor. I explained to him what had happened and how my sensibilities were affected, and finally expressed my determination to devote myself to the canaille, when the old veteran shook with laughter and said:

"Why, son, yours is the experience of every mosquito. Its benefits may strike you as being doubtful when your good home training is taken into view, but the effect will eventually be good. It will teach you the frailty of man, his susceptibility to make a perfect demon of himself in secret while he masquerades as a saint. You will see how hollow most lives are."

I felt comforted by his advice and went about my mission once more, and though my path was literally crowded with curses, some low, some deep, I took it all with the consoling philosophy my adviser had advanced. I only received one shock after the incident I have referred to, and that was one time when I tried to make friends with Henry Bergh. When he felt my bill I had lit on his nose; he uttered something that did'nt sound at all like a greeting and struck murderously at me with his palm. He followed up his assault with several savage endeavors to murder me. Just think of it! After that I positively had faith in no one.

My association with the class of people I moved among placed me high in mosquitodom and I was looked upon as one of its shining lights. It grieved me, however, to see how many of my young companions had fallen from the start. One made his debut by associating with an insurance agent and he has imbibed so much of his characteristics that his whole body has a bright, brassy appearance. Another struck a bibulous politician and he has been doing the politicians and other alcoholic gentry since. He is now a sot and unfit for respectable company. So it is very easy to see where the distinctions are made. A few years ago I had the misfortune to bill a dude in mistake for a gentleman and the mere recollection makes me sick at heart.

The summer season is here again and my work begins.—*Philadelphia Times.*

What Science Does for the Dumb.

At a New York institution for deaf mutes there was lately given an exhibition of the skill in lip-reading acquired by the children whose sense of hearing and whose power of speech are gone. A girl was so placed that she could not see the instructor's face, but could watch the shadow of his lips on the wall. Very severe tests of this girl's aptness were made, but in every case she demonstrated the thoroughness of her attainments to the complete satisfaction of the teachers from other asylums who were present. It does not appear from the reports of the affair whether the reading of the shadows demands greater or less skill on the part of the student in lip-reading than a direct observation of the lips. However it may be, the advantages of the new system of teaching the deaf and dumb how to converse with their fellow men commands our constant admiration. When only by the manual alphabet or by writing was it possible for them to overcome their quasi-banishment from the world, very much of the enjoyment of life was denied them. Lip-reading lifts the curtain which has so long concealed an entire world from them, and, with their eyes for ears, and, as has been accomplished, being given the power to speak, their isolation from humanity has hardly a terror. Knowing this, how can any one declare that blindness is preferable to deafness? Science, guided by humanity, has done much to alleviate the awful gloom of the perpetual darkness in which the sightless move. But it has not yet removed, probably never will take away, from the blind the feeling of dependence which must always be with them.

Gounod, one of the profession which is the outcome of the cultivation of the ear, has lately declared that between the two calamities, blindness and deafness, he should not hesitate an instant, if he had to make the choice, to name the loss of hearing as the easiest to be endured. Rubinstein, it is said, has lately expressed similar views, and in his case the opinion is strengthened by the fact that his sight is failing. One is moved at reading of the deaf Beethoven standing amid an orchestra which had just performed his Ninth Symphony. Hardly a sound had been heard by him, nor, his back being turned, was he aware that the audience was calling to him to acknowledge the expression of its homage. It was necessary for Mme. Sontag to turn him about by the shoulder that he might see something of the enthusiasm of the Viennese. But Beethoven deaf was still Beethoven the master. He could still hear music through his eyes, and, sight remaining to him, the inspiration which the contemplation of Nature might furnish him was as active as ever. To day Robert Franz would yet find in music all the charm it ever had for him, despite his deafness, were he not otherwise sorely afflicted. The great Mr. Handel lost not all greatness when advancing years took away his sight. Blind, he was led to the organ that he might play the accompaniment to his own setting of the blind Milton's lines, "Total Eclipse," assigned to the blind Samson of the drama. But Handel blind was no longer Handel the master. There but remained to him his memory, and though he might invent, opportunity to give his inventions to the world was greatly narrowed.

Rev. Mr. Haweis discusses the question: "Would you rather be blind or deaf?" in his latest work, "My musical Memories," with his customary brightness and effusiveness. The conclusion at which he arrives, with hardly an allowance for the opposite side of the case, is that blindness is by far the lesser evil. His argument is ingenious, thought not particularly logical, and will not convince many. To him whose ears are forever closed, and whose tongue may be forever tied, but whose eyes retain their sight, the whole world is open. Music alone, unless he be a musician whose deafness has come in later years, he can not enjoy. But nearly all else that there is in Nature, literature or art awaits his study and admiration. In what a narrow world must he move whose sight is gone! The books are few that he can read by feeling, and only at second hand may he enjoy the written thoughts of others, or even be made aware of what the world is doing. Conversation with any one has been the advantage which has been conceded as his, when comparisons of his condition with that of his deaf and dumb brother have been made. But now that the deaf may know the speech of others by lip-reading, and the dumb may articulate intelligibly, the advantage is all on the side of him who yet may see although his hearing is gone forever.—*Boston Transcript.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

—A little child's foot "went to sleep," as the expression goes. She tried to walk, but couldn't, and said: "Papa, I can't walk, my foot is so dizzy."

—"Clara Morris, the actress, discharged her gardener because he kissed the kitchen girl!" Some people seem to desire the entirety of this mundane sphere.—*Boston Globe.*

—Take as much care of your money as you can if your means are limited, but don't try to save your smiles or kind words. The more liberal you are with these the more you will have.

—"What do you consider the most attractive phases of country life?" asked one young Bostonian of another. "The faces of the country girls," was the quick reply.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"Now, children, about what shall I talk to-night?" asked a prosy Sunday-school superintendent. "About three minutes," said a little girl. The witty answer convulsed the church with laughter.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—There is just as much family government now as ever there was—just as much as in the days of our fathers and grandfathers. The only difference is that then the old folks did the governing; now it is done by the young ones! —*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Mother," said the High-school girl, who had been listening to the conversation of the family physician, "I don't believe Dr. Bluepill is orthodox." "No," replied the old lady, "he's been a homœopathist ever since he began to practice."—*Oil City Derrick.*

—An intoxicated husband, on reaching home, seized an umbrella from the rack, opened it and proceeded to his wife's bedroom. "Are you crazy?" exclaimed the grieved and indignant matron. "No," replied he in an unsteady voice, "but—hic—hic—I supposed there'd be a storm, so I've—hic—come prepared for it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The girl with soft gray eyes and rippling brown hair, who walked all over your poor, fluttering heart at the charity ball, has just finished a crazy quilt containing 1,064 pieces of neckties and hat-linings, put together with 21,390 stitches. And her poor old father fastens on his suspenders with a long nail, a piece of twine, a sharp stick, and one regularly ordained button.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—"Look here, now," exclaimed the young man, looking aghast at the mirror, "you've gone and shaved off mustache! Wouldn't have had it done for fifty dollars." "I beg your pardon," said the barber, "but really, you know, I didn't notice that you were here."

Squashes.

Every season we hear farmers and others complain that something kills their squash vines, and that they can not raise this crop as formerly. It is true it is more difficult to raise squashes than it used to be, and the same is true of most everything, for the insects injurious to vegetation have largely increased within the past few years.

It is very discouraging, after one has been to the expense of planting squashes, and has taken the trouble to fight cut worms, striped bugs and the large black squash bugs, and the vines have begun to run well, to have them all die in consequence of the injury done by the squash-borer, that penetrates the main stalk of the plant, near the ground. We have seen fields where nearly all had been killed in this way. There are two ways in which this destructive insect may be circumvented, one of which we know is sure, and the other quite good.

The one that is the least trouble, and that generally answers the purpose, is to take coal ashes, after the vines have been hoed for the last time, and fill up round the stem of the plants, an inch or more in depth, so that the borer can not work. The sure way, if the plants live long enough to run, is to cover up the vine at every joint—say three or four joints—and so encourage the vines to throw out roots, which they will readily do if the weather is fairly moist, and then, when these joints have sent out roots, the vine will go on and flourish and bear, even though the borer destroy the main vine. It is not very much work to do this, and is pretty well for doing.—*Orange Judd Farmer.*

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the payment of the sum of one hundred and twelve (112) dollars, and twenty-three (23) cents which is claimed to be due and is due at the date of this notice, in and upon a certain mortgage duly executed and delivered by Silas W. Haggard, (an unmarried man), mortgagor to Warren N. Drew, mortgagee, the same bearing date the 28th day of June, A. D. 1883, and duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, in and for the county of Brown in the State of Minnesota, on said 28th day of June, A. D. 1883 at 5 o'clock P. M. in book "O" of mortgages, on page 3rd.

That on the 2nd day of June, A. D. 1884, the said Warren N. Drew duly assigned said mortgage for a valuable consideration to J. B. Drew: That on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1884 said assignment was duly recorded in the office of said Register of Deeds at 9 o'clock a. m. in book "P" of mortgages on pages 393 and 394.

And no action or proceeding has been instituted to recover said debt or any part thereof. Now therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a power of sale in said mortgage contained, and pursuant to the statutes in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed and the premises therein mortgaged, to wit; the southwest quarter (¼) of section ten (10) in township one hundred and eight (108) north, of range thirty-five (35) west; containing one hundred and sixty (160) acres, in said Brown county and State aforesaid, will be sold at public auction, by the sheriff of said Brown County at the front door of the Court House in the city of New Ulm, in said Brown county on the fourteenth day of November, A. D. 1884, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to satisfy the amount then due on said mortgage, together with twenty five (25) dollars attorney's fee, stipulated in said mortgage to be paid in case of foreclosure, and the disbursements allowed by law.

Dated this 18th day of September, A. D. 1884.

J. B. DREW, Assignee of mortgagee,
M. B. DREW, Atty. for the Assignee.
Marshall, Minn.
Nov 12 '84.

PROBATE NOTICE.

State of Minnesota, County of Brown, ss. In Probate Court. Special Term. Sept. 20th, 1884.

In the matter of the estate of Christian N. Rukke deceased.

Whereas, An instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Christi n N. Rukke deceased, late of said county, has been delivered to this Court;

And whereas, Guudjir Rukke has filed therewith a petition, representing among other things that said Christian N. Rukke died in said county about the 15th day of July, 1882, testate, and that said petitioner is the executrix named in said last will and testament, and praying that the said instrument may be admitted to probate, and and that letters testamentary be to her issued thereon;

It is ordered, that the proofs of said instrument, and the said petition, be heard before this Court, at the Probate Office in said county, on the 17th day of October, A. D. 1884, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when all concerned may appear and contest the probate of said instrument;

And it is further ordered, that public notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested, by publication of these orders for three weeks successively previous to said day of hearing, in the New Ulm Review a newspaper printed and published at the City of New Ulm in said county.

By the Court.
(L. S.)
ERNST BRANDT, Judge of Probate,
Oct 16—84

BAND MEN

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Office of LIND & HAGBERG,

Attorneys-at-Law, New Ulm, Minn.

Mr. Frank L. Randall having withdrawn from the partnership heretofore existing between us, the undersigned with C. A. Hagberg will continue, in the firm name of LIND & HAGBERG, and I take the liberty to assure my clients that all litigated matters will receive my careful and personal attention as in the past.

We attend to all suits in the State and United States Courts, examine and perfect titles, negotiate loans, buy and sell real estate, foreclose mortgages and make collections.

We refer to the Citizens Bank of New Ulm, Minn.; The Brown County Bank of New Ulm, Minn.; and the German Imperial Consul of Chicago.

JOHN LIND.

Stories on the Road.

Commercial Travelers at a Wayside Inn—

Something to Put in a Gripsack.

"Gentlemen, I almost envy you the positions you fill; your experience of the world; your knowledge of business; the changing sights you see, and all that, you know."

This warmly expressed regret fell from the lips of an elderly pleasure tourist, last August, and was addressed to a semicircle of commercial travelers seated on the porch of the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis Mo.

"Yes," responded a New York representative of the profession, "a drummer isn't without his pleasures, but he runs his risks, too—risks outside the chances of railroad collisions and steamboat explosions."

"What risks for instance?"

"This, for instance," said Mr. W. D. Franklin, who was then traveling for an Eastern house, and is known to merchants in all parts of the country: "The risk—which, indeed, amounts almost to a certainty—of getting the the dyspepsia from the perpetual change of diet and water and from having no fixed hours for eating and sleeping. I myself was an example. I say was, for I am all right now."

"No discount on your digestion?" broke in a Chicago dry goods traveler, lighting his cigar afresh.

"Not a quarter per cent. But I had to give up traveling for a while. The dyspepsia ruined my paper. Finally I came across an advertisement of PARKERS TONIC I tried it and it fixed me up to perfection. There is nothing on earth, in my opinion, equal to it as a cure for dyspepsia."

Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of New York, the proprietors, hold a letter from Mr. Franklin stating that precise fact. PARKER'S TONIC aids digestion, cures Malarial Fevers, Heartburn, Headache, Coughs and Colds, and all chronic diseases of the Liver and Kidneys. Put a bottle in your valise. Prices, 50c. and $1. Economy in larger size. Oct. 17-84.

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Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals and restores the senses of taste and smell 50 cts. at druggists; 10 cts. by mail. Sample bott by mail 10 cts.

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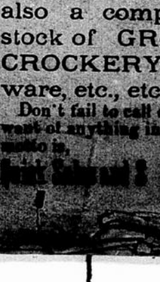

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Brown, } IN PROBATE COURT.

In the matter of the estate of Sarah Sweet deceased:

Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims and demands against the estate of Sarah Sweet late of the County of Hennepin deceased, that the Judge of the Probate Court of Brown county will hear, examine, and adjust claims and demands against said estate, at his office in the City of New Ulm in said county, on the first Monday of each month for six successive months, commencing with the first Monday in Oct. 1884; and that six months from the 22d day of August 1884 have been limited and allowed by said Probate Court for creditors to present their claims.

ELLA M. SWEET,
Administratrix of the Estate of Sarah Sweet, deceased.

$24 84.

J. B. Schmidt,

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