New Ulm Review.

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Weekly Review.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

JOS. BOBLETER.

Office over City Drug Store.

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One Dollar and a half per year in advance.

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—AND—

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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 and Heavy Hardware

AND

All Kinds of Farm Machinery,

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J. FERNEKES & CO.,

Manufacturing

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The shop is in charge of an experienced hand who gives the mending and repairing of tin-war special attention. All work warranted

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GROCERIES,

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STONE, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.

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FRESH AND CANNED

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And the very latest patterns in

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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 elsewhere.

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This brewery is one of the largest establishments of the kind in the Minnesota Valley and is fitted up with all the modern improvements. Keg and bottle beer furnished to any part of the city on short notice. My bottle beer is especially adapted for family use.

Country brewers and others that buy malt will find it to their interest to place their orders with me. All orders by mail will receive my prompt attention.

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HARDWARE, TINWARE AND *LIGHTNING RODS.*

The Celebrated White, Howe,

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SEWING MACHINES.

Cor. Minn. & 1st S. Sts., - - New Ulm, MINN

GEO BENTZ & CO.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

WINES & LIQUORS

3 W. 3d St., ST PAUL, Minn.

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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 repairin promptly attended to

NEW Meat Market,

M. EPPLE, Prop'r.

MINNESOTA ST. NEW ULM, MINN

THE undersigned desires to inform the people of New Ulm and vicinity that he has re-established his meat market and is now prepared to wait on his old customers and friends with only the best fresh and cured meats, sausages, lard and everything usually kept in a first-class market. The highest market price will be paid for FAT CATTLE, HIDES, WOOL, ETC.

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Send *MODEL OR DRAWING.* We advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make no *CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.*

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marble of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multtude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall street, New York.

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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 Responsibiliy

$500,000

C. LEONHARDT,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

New Ulm Foundry

& MACHINE SHOP

Corner Centre & Front Streets.

NEW ULM, - - MINN

The Foundry has been thoroughly refitted and can now prepared to do all kinds of work on short notice. Repairing of all kinds of machinery and Agricultural implements a speciality. Only experienced workmen are employed and work entrusted to my care will be executed with neatness and dispatch. ALL WRK WARRANTED.

CHAS. LEONHARD

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The undersigned is prepared to furnish all kinds of native lumber for building purposes on short notice and at very low prices.

MAPLE FLOORING, BASSWOOD FLOORING, BASSWOOD SIDINGS A SPECIALTY.

LOUIS BUENGER,
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Manufacturers of

ROLLER FLOUR

BY THE

Gradual Reduction Roller System.

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.

New Ulm, - - Minn

Cheap Cash Store

GEORGE JACOBS,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS. GROCERIES. CROCKERY and OILS.

Also Musical Instruments and WHEELER & WILSON'S Latest Improved SEWING MACHINES.

All Goods Sold at Bottom Prices.

NEW ULM, - MINN

New Tailor Shop,

WM. BEHMLER, Prop'r.

Melges' Building, Minn. Street.

I would respectfully inform the people of New Ulm and vicinity that I have permanently located in New Ulm, and am now prepared to execute all orders for first-class tailoring on short notice.

New Suits Made to Order. All Work Warranted.

Mending Promptly Attended to.

Wm. Behmler.

FR. WILLIAMS,

Dealer in

Fine Imported & Domestic

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS,

ETC., ETC.

Splendid Free Lunch from 10 a m to 12 m

Cor. Minn. and 3d N. Streets,
NEW ULM, MINN

When the Woods Turn Brown.

How will it be when the roses fade,
Out of the garden and out of the glade?
When the fresh pink bloom of the sweet-brier wild,
That leans from the dell like the cheek of a child,
Is changed for dry hips on a thorny bush?
Then, scarlet and carmine, the groves will flush.

How will it be when the autumn flowers
Wither away from their leafless bowers;
When sun-flower and star-flower and golden-rod
Glimmer no more from the frosted sod,
And the hillside nooks are empty and cold?
Then the forest tops will be gay with gold.

How will it be when the woods turn brown,
Their gold and their crimson all dropped down,
And crumbled to dust?

O, then as we lay
Our ear to Earth's lips, we shall hear her say,
"In the dark I am seeking new gems for my crown."
We will dream of green leaves, when the woods turn brown.

—Lucy Larcom, in the Floral Cabinet.

THE OGRE'S CASTLE.

This Ogre's castle was a big white house set on a hill overlooking the village, and it had been a deserted castle, until one summer the owner suddenly appeared and took possession. He lived in London, and had not been to this quiet out-of-the-way place since boyhood.

And now he kept singularly secluded, and the girls from the seminary called him the Ogre. A party of them passed there every morning and afternoon, but not once did they see the mysterious stranger.

"Surely he has committed a murder, and is in hiding," said Nelly Blakesly, one afternoon, peeping between the bars of the gate.

She was a brown-eyed, brown-haired girl of about seventeen, soft-voiced, generous-hearted, and a very imp for mischief. You would not judge so from her face, so demure and sweet; but those bright dark eyes were sparkling with mischief, though they could be very soft and tender, and even fill with tears when her sympathies were roused.

"Now, to-day you said you could dare to do anything, Nell, and yet I wager my ruby ring you would not dare to enter the Ogre's Castle," said Sadie May.

"I would dare to do it."

"Prove it—prove it!" cried half-a-dozen eager voices.

The color rose to Nell's fair cheeks.

"Now?"

"Yes, now."

"Then take my books, and I will go in and ask the Ogre for some of those roses blooming by that window; and I will go in at the one opened down to the floor, and not run the risk of being turned away from the door."

She raised the latch of the gate and pushed it boldly open. It creaked loudly on its rusty hinges, and the girls hurried away a short distance, all but Nell. She stood her ground bravely and walked in. No one appeared. The Ogre's Castle might have been deserted for all the sounds around it that summer afternoon, and the girl's light steps echoed on the veranda, and her heart beat quick in a sort of fear when she stretched out her hands to part the lace curtains hanging straight down over the window to the floor.

The room beyond looked so dark at first, that she, just coming from the yellow glare of the sunshine, could not distinguish objects.

"Who enters?" suddenly inquired a deep voice, and a man who was sitting in a large armchair, with his head bowed on his hands, raised up and turned towards the window. Nell grasped her breath and retreated a step or two, secretly wishing herself outside of the gate again.

"'Tis Nell Blakesly, a school-girl," she faltered; then, plucking up courage, and stepping in, ventured to look at the ogre.

He was slender and handsome, with a refined face, and manly, well-cut features, but something in his expression puzzled the girl.

"Come in," he said, rising to his feet, and speaking politely but coldly. "Excuse me for asking you to get your own chair, Miss Blakesly. I am blind."

"Oh, how sorry I am, sir!" cried Nell, with the deepest pity in her voice and eyes. "Pray pardon this intrusion, Mr. Chichester; I came in simply because the girls said I would not dare to do it."

"Ah yes; I am the ogre," he said with a faint smile.

"Now how did you hear that?" exclaimed Nell in confusion.

"Ogre's have many mysterious ways of hearing remarks—particularly if they are about themselves. Do not be in haste to go. I am blind and harmless."

Such a look of gloom overspread his face, that, in pity for him, the girl lost her embarassment. She longed to do something for him—to lighten, if possible, that darkness which, night and day, must envelop him.

"It has been a good while since I received a caller."

What could she say to him—a stranger—that would comfort him? She saw a new uncut magazine on the table.

"Would you like me to read a little to you?" she said rather timidly.

"If you are a good reader you may, unless you have other and more pressing engagements. My aunt sometimes makes an effort to read; but her voice is weak."

It was not a very grateful acceptance, and for a moment Nell felt the color rise in her cheeks; but one glance at the pale weary face of her ogre, and compassion rose uppermost again. She had a clear young voice, well modulated, and read with interest—in fact, she almost forgot her listener, until a stately, elderly lady entered the room. Mr. Chichester introduced her as Mrs. Lanel, his aunt. She looked somewhat surprised at his company; but, as though he knew her thoughts, he quietly explained that Miss Blakesly called to gather a few roses, and kindly consented to read for him.

Nell rose to go, not waiting to hear the gentleman's courteous thanks. She hastily pulled a handful of roses and hurried away, but her companions had gone on home.

Next morning they gathered around her to hear the news, but she gave only a very brief, subdued account of her call.

"Girls, he is blind."

"How does he look?"

"Very pale and sad."

"Is he handsome?"

"Yes, I suppose so. He is a perfect gentleman. It must be a dreadful thing to be blind," said Nell with a shudder.

That afternoon Mrs. Lanel stood at the gate when the girls passed by, and she called Nell.

"Will you come in again, my dear? Edward desires it."

The girl hesitated. She had no duties to call her home, and she would be willing to study her lessons at night if the slight sacrifice would benefit or add anything to the pleasure of that poor prisoner. She went in.

"He talked of you last night, and seemed more cheerful than usual. He thinks you are a little girl," said the lady, her eyes glancing over the young graceful figure at her side.

Nell smiled.

"How long has he been blind?" she ventured to inquire.

"Almost a year now. The doctors think there is hope that his sight may be restored. It was a dreadful blow to him, he was so strong, so full of life and the joys of life. He came here to get away from the world and his friends, but the loneliness is terrible."

She talked as one pleased to have a listener, and Nell looked so fair and sympathetic.

"You will not object to giving him at least one hour, occasionally, if he desires your company, will you? I know it is a great favor to ask, but anything to amuse and interest him, I will do."

"It will be a pleasure to me," said the girl earnestly.

Mr. Chichester welcomed her with a smile.

"You have come to cheer the ogre's loneliness again, have you, little friend? What is your name? Oh, yes, Nell. I may call you Nell, may I not?"

"Certainly, sir," and Mrs. Lanel nodded approval.

"Then come sit near me Nell, and read in this book if you are not tired."

So she settled herself in a low chair near him, while Mrs. Lanel took a seat by the front window.

She read a while, and then Mr. Chichester asked her some questions about her school-studies, and finally began to tell her of places and people seen abroad.

"Im not over thirty myself, Nell, and before this terrible darkness fell on me, I loved life as ardently as any one could."

He was a good talker, and Nell felt that in listening to him, she was repaid for her kindness.

The ladies of the village called on Mrs. Lanel, but none of them except Mrs. Blakesly, Nell's mother, saw the master of the house.

She was a good woman and not given to ambitious dreams, but she could not help looking forward to the future, and thinking how this acquaintance between her young daughter and Edward Chichester might end should his sight be restored.

It was a summer never to be forgotten by Nell Blakesly. From being one of the wildest, most daring girls in the school, she became one of the quietest.

The girls teased her a good deal, but she only laughed good-humoredly at it.

Early in autumn the doctors ordered Mr. Chichester abroad. He would spend the winter in Italy and go on to Paris in the spring, where a famous oculist had promised to try his skill on his eyes.

"I wish I could adopt you and take you with me, Nell."

"Wait till next year, and you can come back for her, Edward," said his aunt.

"Yes, if the doctors do me any good, and even if they do not, I feel that you ought to belong to me now. How old are you, Nell?"

She blushed scarlet, and looked appealingly at Mrs. Lanel.

"She is seventeen, Edward."

"Seventeen," he cried in astonishment. "Why, I thought her a child of twelve or thirteen."

He became silent, and, after waiting a little, the girl approached him.

"You are not angry, sir, because I did not tell you?"

"Angry, sweet friend, no; but I must adjust myself to the new condition of things. I must plan a different future."

He stretched out his hand graspingly, and Nell laid her's in it. He carried the slender fingers to his lips.

"Can I ever repay you, Nell?"

"Oh, sir, you have more than repaid me already," she said, her tears falling. They were tears of pity for him, and tears of grief for herself. There was a dreadful pain at her heart, and she felt almost frightened at the gleam of the future. What should she do when her occupation was gone?

The Ogre's Castle looked very desolate when he went away, and Nell often paused at the gate to look in, and to sigh for the time when the ogre would return.

It was just a year from the time he went away till he came back. Nell saw the carriage coming up the street, and ran to the window, but its closed windows made her heart sink. Alas! he came back as he went—blind.

The girl had developed wonderfully in body and mind that year. Her school-days were over now, and she might have had lovers in plenty, but her true heart remained faithful to that friend so far away. And it did not falter now when her hopes were crushed. In the evening Mrs. Lanel came after her, and without a question she hastened to make ready for the visit. She put on her prettiest white dress, and fastened roses in her hair, just as though he would see her.

"It is a foolish whim, but I cannot help it."

She could not trust herself to ask how he bore the disappointment of not having his sight restored, and Mrs. Lanel, for once, did not mention his name. In fact, she was singularly silent on the subject, and ushering Nell into the parlor, went away.

A lamp burned softly on the table, and there in the armchair sat Mr. Chichester, his head bent down, a bandage over his eyes. With throbbing heart the girl advanced towards him.

"Mr. Chichester."

"Nell!"

He raised his head and stretched out his hands to her.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you again!"

"Ah, Nell, it has been the strongest desire of my life to see, now for a year! Come closer; let me put my hand on your head."

She knelt down before him, and he passed his hand slowly, caressingly over her head.

"You are not a school-girl now. You will not care to read or talk to the ogre any more."

His helpnessness put her shyness to flight.

"I will always care to be of service to you, sir."

"Would you be willing to sacrifice your life for the pleasure of a blind man—waste your youth in attending to the whims and idle fancies?"

"It would not be wasted," she said in a low firm tone.

"Will you be my wife, Nell?"

"Yes sir," unhesitatingly.

"From pity; ah yes!"

"No, sir."

"Nell, my love, my darling, kiss me! Ah, there is, after all, some compensation in being blind," he said, as he folded her to his breast.

Tears of mingled joy and pain gathered in the girl's eyes. It would be no sacrifice to her to marry him, to devote her life to him, be eyes for him, light to his pathway, but his regret must be hers also.

"Do not think of being blind. Make me your eyes," she said softly.

"Nell, Nell, forgive me dear one, for thus trying you. The Paris doctor did cure me. I can see, and I must see you this moment."

He put her from him, snatched the bandage from his eyes, and looked at her with tenderness and love.

Nell shrank away, crimson with shame, then pale as death.

"It was not right to play on my feeling and take advantage of my ignorance," she said. "Oh, sir, how could you do it?"

"It was cruel, but I could not resist the temptation. You did not know it, but I took your picture with me, and it was the first thing I looked at when permitted to see the world again. Can you not forgive me, Nell? Love, do not turn coldly from me, for what will sight or life be if I must lose you?"

He stretched out his arms to her, but she stood still, too proud and shy to go to him now, and he went to her.

"Am I not to receive pardon, Nell?"

And Nell hid her face against his shoulder. That was answer sufficient.

Mr. and Mrs. Chichester spent their winters in London, but every summer they visited the Ogre's Castle, and Mrs. Blakesly feels satisfied.

For discordancy the concerts of the Chinese band which came over to London to the Exhibition puts Wagner quite in the shade. First one hears wild shrieks, then the thrummings and throbbings as of a thousand negro minstrels, changing to an army of bagpipes, the squealings of maltreated babies, the whistling of locomotives, the fog horns of a steamer, the clashing of cymbals, the beating of drums. There is a vast assortment of Chinese musical instruments, from the two stringed fiddle to the great horn. There are three sorts of guitars—the hepa-balloon shaped, three feet in length and much used for festal rites of a religious character; then comes the *sanheen*, or three-stringed guitar, and the full moon guitar, *que kich.* Then comes drums, cymbals, etc., and the organ, the embryo of our own, with several tubes of varying length and inserted in a bowl.

A DRY TIME.

When the Earth Drinks up Her Oceans.

Prof. Cookley, of New York, says: Most of the planets have probably cooled down by radiation to a solid under crust like the earth. The sun, owing to his greater mass, is still a fiery globe not yet cooled down so as to have a solid crust. But our moon, being a body of small mass only about one-eightieth of the earth's mass, is supposed to have had time to cool down to a solid globe all the way from its surface to its center. Its internal heat is supposed to have been all radiated away into the surrounding cold space. Now, the hot interior mass of the earth can, of course, contain no water, and little or none of the free gases that constitute an atmosphere. They would be boiled off, expanded and driven to the surface where are found now the great bulk of our oceans and our atmosphere. But when the earth shall have parted with all her internal heat, having thrown it into the surrounding cold space as the moon has done, then the cold, solid, but porous mass within its present crust, which is now incapable of absorbing water or air, on account of the present high temperature, will begin to drink up the water and air, just as the parched soil after a summer's drought drinks up the rain, and the ground is dry in a few minutes after the shower. But you may well ask, could the solid porous mass within the present crust of the earth thus drink up the whole of the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and cause all the waters of our globe to disappear? Let us examine this more closely.

While the interior of the earth remains as hot as it is at present it is no more possible for the water and air of our globe to penetrate to these fiery regions than it is for a drop of water to remain on a hot stone. But the earth is losing its heat day by day and year by year, radiating it out into the surrounding cold space. I know it has been computed that the earth receives from the sun annually just as much heat as it loses in a year by radiation into the surrounding space. Grant that it be so for the present and for many thousands of years to come. But the trouble is that the sun himself is cooling off, and, therefore, will not be always able to send us as much heat as he does at present. The time will, therefore, surely come when we shall lose more heat by radiation into space than the sun will be able to return to us. Then it will be only a question of time for the earth gradually to cool down, as the moon has already done, from surface to center. When that time comes, will not the dry but solid and porous core of our globe drink up the oceans and atmosphere, causing them to disappear, not into large cavernous pockets, but into the minute pores of its substance?

The proposition appears to be established by strict calculation that the interior of the earth when cold will be able to absorb more than four times, possibly more than thirty times, the amount of water now on its surface. Now, it seems certain that in the manner first explained the earth will continue to lose both its superficial water and its atmosphere. The earth, the other planets, and even the sun himself, are regarded as doomed at some future day to the same fate. Melancholy fate! some will say. But why complain of the general law of nature? Everything in nature has its morning of life, its high meridian of glory and strength, its evening decline and its midnight of blackness and death. Is the case of a world—is that the last term of a series?

Caspian Petroleum.

Of the relative merits of Pennsylvanian and Caspian oil, it may be said generally that the former yields on an average seventy per cent. of kerosene, with a large residuum of lubricating oil. The latter yields only from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. of pure oil, and from twenty to thirty per cent. is refuse, only fit for fuel. But here Nature seems to adapt her gifts to the need of the recipients, since the American oils flow in the heart of the forests, while in Central Asia the oil-fuel makes existence and travel possible.

As regards quantity, in the year 1872 only 212,000 barrels were saved from the waste at the Caspian wells. In 1881 the amount rescued was 4,000,000 barrels, equal to 160,000,000 gallons. In the same year America produced 1,450,000,000 gallons. Commenting on these figures, Ludwig Nobel says that the same amount could annually be produced at Baku without the slightest difficulty, but that at present it would be useless to do so, owing to difficulties of cheap transport. As it is, great stores lie waste for lack of purchasers, and the amount wasted is fully equal to that which is exported.

As regards price, which in America has varied from tenpence to one penny per gallon, it has at Baku fluctuated from one shilling and eightpence to one penny. In like manner, the barrel of forty gallons of crude petroleum, which in the days of monopoly sold at Baku for eight shillings, has latterly fetched fourpence, and by the latest accounts was further reduced to threepence halfpenny per ton on the spot! This is due to the enormous increase in the supply. Thus, last November a steady-going old well, which for the past ten years has been quietly yielding a fair amount of oil, suddenly commenced to play, and thenceforth threw up a daily average of five hundred tons!

The supply is apparently altogether inexhaustible, for already twelve thousand square miles in this region have been proved to be oleiferous, and of this vast surface only six miles are as yet being developed. The oil-bearing stratum is found to extend beneath the Caspian Sea, where it crops up in Teheliken, a true isle of oil, which literally streams into the sea from hills and cliffs which are entirely formed of ozokerite—in other words, of crude paraffine.—*From "The Oil-Supply of the World," in Popular Science Monthly for December.*

The Value of Eloquence.

Every day's experience proves that the power of public speaking is not only absolutely essential to the most moderate success in many professions, but is indispensable to the highest grades in all. In Congress, at the bar, in the pulpit, it is, of course, necessary from the very outset, if the very least eminence is to be looked for. But not only in the professions of which oratory is the very foundation, but in every case of life where a certain degree of eminence has been attained, it becomes of equal importance, and the want of it will be equally felt. The merchant and the manufacturer, even the soldier and sailor, when they rise to eminence in their professions, are called on to speak in public, and grievously suffer if they can not do so. Many a gallant spirit which never quailed before an enemy has been crushed and his reputation injured by inability to speak in a public assembly or to answer appropriately a complimentary speech at a public dinner. Indeed, the influence of public speaking in this country is not only great, but daily increasing, and it confers influence and distinction often far beyond the real merits of the speaker, and, for its want, the most solid or brilliant party in other respects can make no comparison. The great body of men invariably impute inability to speak in public to want of ideas, whereas, in reality it generally arises from want of practice, and often coexists with the greatest acquirements and the most brilliant genius.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Every Point in Her Favor.

It was in an East Boston ferry horse car. She was slight, delicate, and standing up. He weighed over 200 pounds, and was sitting in the corner by the rear door. Suddenly he jumped from his seat to ask the conductor a question. She (innocent, unthinking creature) thought he meant to leave the car, and so she slid into the seat he had just vacated. Soon he concluded the interview with the conductor, and began to slide back into his seat again. The little woman saw the proportions of the bulky form gradually assume frightful magnitude and a very alarming proximity. Quickly digging her elbow into the ribs of her neighbor, whose head and beard looked like a bundle of saffron, she interested him sufficiently in the jeopardy of her situation to induce him to raise his colossal fist and "fend off" the settling monster. Words cannot picture the look of horror upon the man's face when he received a vigorous thrust in the small of his back, and turned and saw this little wee woman in his seat. "Great Scott, ma'am! Yer a pretty hard hitter, ain't yer? I hain't had such a clip as that since I was struck by a ice boat. Oh, don't move, ma'am; be just as easy as yer can. You've ev'ry point in yer favor."

Dolly Madison's Tact.

Dolly Madison was the prince of entertainers. She never forgot a name or a face, and scores of stories are afloat here regarding her memory and her kindness. One old story which is current is in reference to a green youth at the White House who was standing up at one of the receptions there, when she, seeing that he was embarrassed, came up and attempted to make him more at home. The boy was drinking a cup of coffee, and he had about half finished it. When he saw Mrs. Madison coming he was so frightened that he emptied the rest of his coffee into the saucer, and put the cup into his pocket. Mrs. President Madison at once engaged him in conversation, asked after his family and every one of his forty-second cousins, and treated him so well that he soon forgot his embarrassment. He managed to remove the cup from his pocket during the talk, and drank a second cup with his hostess before he left.

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adding greatly to the health of our women. The role of invalid is no longer fashionable, and it is considered rather a reproach to be delicate. San Franciscans are rivaling English women in their physique and powers of endurance. Small waists and feet, or rather shoes, are going out of style, and physicians who make female complaints a specialty are losing money. Our growing girls are well developed for their age, and following the examples of their mothers, are devoted to all manner of physical exercises. Pretty girls naturally, perfect health, will make them beautiful, and strong enough to stand any amount of mental culture. What may we not predict for the future of San Francisco, ruled by the sons of such women, for after all, a boy is like his mother.

The last subject of the great historical frieze which runs around the wall of the Capitol dome has been selected. It represents the ceremony of driving the last spike in the Pacific Railroad, which bound the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards together. The notable persons assembled are placed in the foreground of the cartoon.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

The Latest Novelties Prepared for the Holiday Season.

"They are giving us heaps of new things this year, in the shape of pretty nothings. The Christmas cards will be on sale soon, and they are more beautiful than ever," said a book man yesterday to a reporter.

"There are many new things in bronzes. The newest of these is an unique cigar basket, and is intended to be filled with cigars and passed around the table with coffee at the close of a dinner. The basket is a curious affair of polished bronze open ware of cherubs and grotesque heads, and has six compartments, the partitions of which are odd designs of scroll work, gently sloping upward and terminating in cherubs' heads at a common center. An antiqué spirit lamp of polished bronze accompanies the basket. Ancient sconces, too, are made much more elaborate this year. By the way, I noticed Saturday a description of 'He, She, It,' the new and fine imitation of an old Egyptian work. That's a fine and elaborate imitation, but the copies, I understand, cost half a $5 note. We have an idea that we furnish something almost as ancient for less money."

Just here the gentleman dived into the showcase and brought out a bundle of paper that made one's hand at once seek one's nose. It looked as though somebody had been cruising around away up the "River Time," and in the course of his rambling had landed on the "Isle of Long Ago," unearthed and rifled the writing-desk of Cleopatra or Helen of Troy. The peculiar musty color which is generally given paper only by the "years in the sheaf as they come and go," was on this bundle. This effect was heightened by the ragged edges seeming to have been eaten away by the ravages of time. So true to nature are the ancient and time-eaten edges that it requires no great stretch of the credulity to imagine this the very paper on which the fair belle of Pompeii lined notes to her lovers. The paper is called Pompeiian, and comes in octavo and commercial sizes.

In Christmas cards the manufacturers and designers have outdone themselves this year. In these favors banners and bannerets occupy prominent places. There is a star card in two designs. One of these represents the child Christ playing with lambs surrounded by cherubs; the other shows a church interior with rosy-cheeked children singing carols within the star, while the star itself is surrounded with holly and merry Christmas bells. The backs of these cards are ornamented with a conventional design of drapery, with a picturesque winter scene in the background. These designs are bright and pretty. They are made either with plain edges or bordered with a rich silken fringe.

There is another pretty set in three floral designs. One is a bunch of the thistles of old Scotland, another is the sweet-scented clover, while a third is a bunch of the beautiful golden rod and asters. These, like the cards mentioned above, are shown either with plain edges or bordered with silken fringe. Another very pretty design is made out of the cards in this set by combining two of them in a book form, and ornamenting the combination thus formed with richly-colored satin fringe and silken tassels. No adequate idea of the richness and beauty, or the artistic manner in which the different colors and materials harmonize and blend together, can be obtained from any illustration in prosaic black and white.

In addition to these, there are many other beautiful cards, which include some very unique and pretty designs. Among these are four oil chromo designs, representing different members of the animal kingdom as rejoicing over the good will and cheer of Christmas day. One has an old bear, with its front paws, which serve as its arms, loaded with holly, dancing before two cute little cubs in clumsy glee; another bears three sedate owls perched before a book of music, from which they are chanting with solemn gladness hymns of praise; a third has a timid hare and ungainly turtle wishing each other a merry Christmas, while the fourth represents two playful kittens gravely seated before a book, from which they are singing a tender "mew-"sic in honor of the day. The back of each of these cards is beautifully illuminated with a design representing a most solemn-looking owl perched upon one of the horns of a crescent which is moving through light, fleecy clouds. The other specimens are equally as fine and beautiful, and together form as pretty a line of these cards as has yet been brought out.

The Frolics of a College "Grind."

The students at the Normal University gave a "grind" the other evening, which we attended. When a lot of students, some of whom are so green they would give cows that might devour them the colic, and who do not know each other from a side of sole leather, get together and try to get acquainted, it is a "grind."

One of the chief "grinders" who knows everybody introduces all the others, and then they sit in the corners and blush at each other, and look as if they had forgotten something they have to have in their business, and swallow the lumps that come up in their throat, and examine the toes of their shoes.

After a while somebody proposed that a play be inaugurated, and in a moment or two a circle was formed around a male and female "grinder," and went marching around singing something about "down on this carpet you must kneel, as green as grass grows in the field."

At a certain period in the song, the he "grinder" kissed the she "grinder" smack on the mouth, and it was a kiss that got over a good deal of ground, and seemed to have the desired effect, too. When he had got rid of his kiss, the "grinder" got up looking as happy as a man who has just had a quart of warm molasses poured down his back, and the "grinderess" seemed to feel that she could use up enough kiss to bull the market.

In due time somebody wanted to make a kiss climb a ladder, and we kind of felt all over, as it were, and accepted an invitation from a pretty girl to be a part of the ladder. We knew that if she started the kiss up the ladder we would be perfectly willing to have it tramp on our lips on the way up, but they put a girl that looked as if she had been washing her face in a solution of concentrated ugliness for two years right in front of us, and then we all joined hands and kissed back and forth until we could taste onions for a month. Some people claim that they can't get enough kiss. To all such, we say: attend a college "grind."—*Chicago Herald.*