

THE THREE INFINITIES.

The vast remote blank darkness of the skies,
Where silence foldeth the immortal chime
Of wheeling stars in awful companies,
White whispers on the lips of ancient Time;
The hollow waste of the unfathom'd deep
Where no sound is, and light is but a gleam
Lost in dim twilight shades, where never creep
The dying rays from daytide's golden dream.
The dark, obscure, mysterious human heart,
Where fierce tides ebb and flow for evermore,
Where thoughts and dreams and hopes forever part
For ruin or haven on some unknown shore—
O, vast abyss, more deep than starry night,
More awful than the mid-sea's soundless might!
—William Sharp, in Harper's Magazine.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

BY GENEVA MARCH.

TBELIEVE, just as Tom Moore says, "They're all the same—a jilting, smiling, cheating through." Take my advice, Rick; have nothing to do with them!"

It was Stanley Burroughs, with a sarcastic smile on his handsome face, who made the above remark to his friend Rick Wilson.

Both men occupied free-and-easy positions on the piazza, smoking their after-dinner cigars.

"Old fellow, Tom Moore must have been hard to hit in his day, or he never would have written those lines. In fact, I never saw any one except a disappointed man so dussedly hard on the fair sex," replied Rick Wilson, who always said what he thought.

"Humph! that's one for Moore, and two for me, I suppose," grinned Stanley.

"You may take it that way, if you like," answered Rick laughing. "I've always thought, Stanley, that you must have been jilted some time or other."

"Shouldn't wonder," and Stanley took his cigar from between his lips and laughed carelessly. Yes, I've been jilted," he added, replacing his cigar and speaking slowly. "I don't mind telling you about it. It happened nearly five years ago, and as time is a great healer, you know, I can look back on it now as a foolish affair, and talk about it without feeling any disturbance in that organ near my left side."

"And you think all the women are alike?"

"Yes; as I said before, they're all the same, a jilting, smiling, cheating through."

"How about your cousin Margaret?" asked Rick, coolly.

Stanley Burroughs raised his hat at mention of her name.

"My cousin Maggie is an exception. Four years ago I would have gone to perdition had it not been for Mag, and she has been my good angel ever since. No, there's not a woman living to-day whom I have any faith in, except Margaret," said Stanley, earnestly.

"Then you don't think they're all the same. There are a great many more like your cousin, if you only took the trouble to discover them."

"I can hardly swallow that, Rick," replied Stanley with an expressive shrug of his broad shoulders.

"Well, if Margaret is the only one you'll ever have faith in, why don't you marry her?"

"Marry Margaret? I never thought of such a thing!" and Stanley eyed his friend in astonishment.

"Any one can see that she loves you, Stanley."

"I hope not, in that way."

"You hope not in that way," mimicked Rick. "You are not a fool, Stanley Burroughs; you know how your cousin loves you!"

"Well, then, I can't help it; I'm not inclined for matrimony. I'm perfectly content as I am, and I know Mag will never marry. She finds happiness in being near me."

"Stan, you're the compound extract of selfishness! You won't marry her yourself, and you are keeping some other man out of a good wife," said Rick, hotly.

"What!" said Stanley, laughing, "are you interested in that direction? Well, I don't know how I could get along without Margaret, but I wouldn't mind making a little sacrifice for such an old friend as you, Rick. If you are in love with Mag, why—"

"Stanley, you're incapable of making a sacrifice," interrupted Rick. "I am not in love with your cousin, but I know somebody that is—"

"Now, Rick, I can't stand a lecture, you know," laughed Stanley. "Suppose we have a game of chess; it may keep us from quarreling."

Both men rose, and as they did so, heard the rustle of a woman's garments at the window behind them. Stanley turned hastily, and drew aside the curtain, but no one was visible, so they concluded they had been mistaken.

Little they dreamed that Margaret Burroughs had been standing there and heard every word that had been said about her.

Ten minutes before, she had been about to join them, when she overheard her name and stood still within the window, though every word pierced her heart like a dagger.

She sat a hasty retreat from the window when her cousin proposed the game of chess, and hurried to her own room, where she buried her pale face on her pillow and murmured:

"My God! have mercy! give me strength to bear this terrible blow!"

For years she had loved her cousin, for years she had labored to show him that all women were not like the one who had deceived him. For years she had hoped that some day he would ask her to be his wife, that he would ask her to be his—love her in return for all the love and care she lavished upon him.

But that hope was gone from her now. Her handsome cousin cared nothing for her, and in her weak woman's heart was a keen pain, as the last ray of hope left it.

It was no news to her that her cousin thought of himself before all others, but she never knew the depths of his selfishness until now.

"And everybody knows that I love Stanley—love him in vain. Ah, that accounts for Harry Raymond's look of pity—Harry, who has loved me ever since I can remember. It was he that honest Rick Wilson meant when he said he knew some one that loved me."

Margaret was walking the floor now.

"Poor Harry! he has loved me all these years. I wonder if he has suffered on my account. Ah, he deserves my love! Why can't I love him, instead of my selfish cousin?"

Half an hour after, when Margaret came down stairs, there was no sign of the terrible ordeal through which she had passed, save that her face was a trifle paler than usual.

She took no notice of her cousin and his friend, who were still at chess, but passed out on the piazza, and sat in one of the rustic chairs.

The last rays of light were fading away, when a footstep sounded on the gravel walk. She did not look up, but she knew who was coming. Another moment, and a tall, handsome man came up the steps.

"Well, rare pale Margaret, why sitting here all alone," he asked, smilingly.

"I'm glad you've come, Harry," said she, quietly extending her hand.

"You are glad I've come, Maggie? Why, has anything happened?" and Harry's brown eyes were fixed upon her face.

Margaret's lips quivered, and she hung her head.

"Maggie, what does all this mean?"

"It means, Harry, that if you will let me, I am going to try to love you, and I don't think it will be a very hard task."

"Ah, Maggie! at last mine!" and he clasped her in his arms.

Stanley Burroughs stood, hat in hand, waiting for Margaret to fasten the rosebud in his button-hole.

"My little coz, how could I ever get along without you?" and he pinched her ear playfully.

"You'll have to learn to do without me soon, Stan," said she.

He was about turning away, but her words made him stop and ask:

"What's that, Mag?"

"You must learn to get along without me; I am going to marry Harry Raymond."

"Maggie!" he exclaimed, and his heart gave a great bound.

He was going to lose her, and he loved her! He caught her in his arms.

"Maggie, you cannot mean what you say, you belong to me—you will not marry Raymond!"

Margaret shook her head sadly. She was sorry for her cousin now—that was all. She laid her hand upon his arm, and looking up in his face, said:

"Stanley, you know as well as I do, what might have been, but I love the man I've promised to marry."

Stanley Burroughs walked through life regretting his loss:

"For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been."

IT WAS THE WRONG DOG.

The Little Darlings Mistakenly Thought They Could Have Fun With Him.

There was a tremendous rumpus and excitement in a prominent drug store on Chestnut street, near Twelfth, one afternoon, says the Philadelphia Record. A fair maid, strolling down the street with a large mastiff, stopped in the store for soda. The place was crowded, and among the crowd were two other ladies with two other dogs.

The other dogs were considerably smaller than the mastiff, but by a lighting calculation they decided that by combining forces they might take a fall out of him. Instantly acting, the rumpus began.

In one-fifth the space of time it takes to write it their was filled with snarls, yelps, barks, growls, dog hair, female shrieks, children's howls and screams, soda water, muffs, small packages, and male profanity. Women and children clambered upon the counters or fled into the street; the clerks and soda water boys grabbed the fighting dogs, and the big mastiff was dragged out upon the pavement where a crowd had already gathered.

Seeing his mistress on the outskirts of the crowd, the mastiff gave a bound toward her and hurled an old gentleman and a small girl flat on their backs. The crowd scattered as if it had been an egg thrown against the barn door, the big dog barked loudly, and the old man grew red in the face in his efforts to do verbal justice to his feelings.

The excitement lasted until a reserve policeman came up and asked what the matter was and was told nine different stories, all of which were wrong.

Inside the damage was computed at six broken tumblers, five or six dresses ruined by soda water stains, and a huge bowl of fresh eggs rendered valueless by being sat in by a fat baby, which was placed there by its mother during the first outbreak of the excitement. One of the small dogs had about a half pound of meat bitten out of him by the big one.

PERTAINING TO THE FARM.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING FARM WORK.

Grooming the Farm Horse—Smut in Oats—A Barbarous Practice—Preventing Milk Fever—Other Matters.

Grooming the Farm Horse.

In that delightful book, "Tom Brown at Rugby," there is a little incident which "points a moral" for all owners of horses who fail to give them the attention they ought to receive. When Tom and his friend had rescued Tom's humble playmate from the minions of the law, who were after him for poaching the young "convict," though fagged out and dripping wet from a long run in the rain, would not come in to his supper until he had thoroughly rubbed down and cared for the horse they had brought with them. That was the true spirit of a horseman—of one who understood the needs of the horse, and had the disposition and force of character to sacrifice his own immediate comfort to minister to them.

A man who owns a ten or twenty thousand dollar race horse will spare no pains to keep his valuable beast in the best possible condition. He is provided with comfortable and even elegant quarters, and his food and exercise and grooming are as carefully looked after as though he were a prince in disguise. Such care keeps the horse in excellent condition, ready at any time for the special function for which he has been trained.

Now, is there any real reason why the farmers' horses should not, in a degree at least, be as well cared for as the far less useful animals devoted to racing and sport? It may be urged that farmers haven't the time, and when the day's work is done are too tired to attend to such trivial matters as making the horses clean and tidy by thorough grooming. But if it is essential to the health and continued value, it is not a trivial matter. It has an important bearing on the profit the owner derives from them. They last longer and are worth more while they last.

Many farmers are simply thoughtless of the comfort and safety of their horses. They leave them unblanketed in cold weather when heated with exercise and neglect to groom them carefully before and after the labors of the day. If these things occurred to them and they appreciated their importance they would find time to attend to them. They abuse their horses through mere heedlessness. Others simply don't care and let their horses suffer because they are too lazy or heartless to give attention to their needs.

But such neglect, whatever the source of it, shows the lack of a real affection for the horse, of the comradeship with him which made "Tom Brown's" humble friend forget himself till he had cared for the dumb creature which could not care for itself.

If farmers would devote a little more time to the grooming of their work horses the effect on the appearance and condition of the animals would speedily indicate its value. A horse's skin is very sensitive, and thorough work with the curry comb and brush, with frequent washing of the legs to keep them clean, makes a vast difference in his comfort and health. Horses that are put into the stable reeking with sweat and with legs covered with mud do not rest as well and are more liable to take cold or contract some other ailment than when they are well rubbed down and made as comfortable as possible.

It is an old, true saying that "the merciful man is merciful to his beast." But, judged by their treatment of their faithful, useful work horses, how many American farmers can be included in the category?

Smoot in Oats.

Our experiment stations are getting down to work of practical value to the farmer. Dr. Arthur of the Indiana station has made a study of smoot in oats, and his conclusions are thus summarized:

1. The annual loss on account of smoot in the oat crop in Indiana is very considerable, varying from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 a year.

2. The occurrence of smoot in oats may be completely prevented at a little trouble and expense, and by means entirely within the reach of every farmer.

3. Prevention is effected by treating the seed oats in such a manner that all adhering spores of the smoot are killed without killing the seed.

4. The recently discovered hot water method of treatment is recommended as much superior to the copper sulphate method heretofore recommended.

5. The hot water method consists in immersing the seed grain for five minutes in hot water standing at first 135° to 145° F., which may drop during the operation to 130° or may fall even below 130° if the time is correspondingly prolonged.

6. After drying by spreading upon a floor, the seed may be sown immediately, or after a time, with equally beneficial results in either case.

7. This treatment not only removes the smoot from the crop, but improves the growth and increases the yield.

8. The increased yield is sufficient to pay for the labor and trouble of treatment several times over.

The smoot of oats is of a parasitic nature, like that of wheat, but is a different species. The germinative power of the former is a hundred-fold greater than that of the latter, and

hence its greatest destructiveness. The hot water method of destroying smoot is called the "Jensen" process from the name of its discoverer. It is certainly worthy of trial by every farmer whose crops are usually injured by this pest.

A Barbarous Practice.

The season is now here when some people commence one of the most cruel and barbarous practices ever retained by a civilized people, viz.: That of burning the lampass from the mouths of young horses! At what time or among what people the practice originated I will not pretend to say. It is most likely a remnant of the dark ages of barbarism. But there is one nation which should either discontinue it, or else say less about the general difficulties of useful knowledge, that is America. The idea that the enlargement of that part of the root of the horse's mouth is a disease is absurd, and has long been exploded by all veterinary surgeons, and is ridiculous to a man possessed of common sense. All horses are subject to be affected between the ages of 3 and 5. In some cases the soft, spongy enlargement descends to a level with the fore teeth, yet upon examining it there will appear to be no tenderness or inflammation indicating disease; and if left alone to the operations of nature it will disappear and the horse will have a sound and a healthy mouth.—H. M. C., in Rural New Yorker.

Stock on a Grain Farm.

In looking over the past and laying plans for the future, this subject comes up and puzzles hundreds of us. Some of us know how much grain or hay it takes to make a pound of pork, beef or mutton, while others are still guessing at it. But the difficulties do not stop here. The majority of us don't know whether it is more profitable for the farmer and better for the farm to keep stock on a grain farm where clover hay sells for \$5 per ton, I know it is sold clover hay ought not to be sold off of the farm, but nevertheless it is sold, and sold now at the above figure, and there is always a demand for fat hogs, sheep or cattle. If stock was kept on such a farm a large amount of the grain and all of the straw and cornstalks could be fed up and the manure put back on the farm. Or it is more profitable to keep only what stock is necessary to do the farm work and plow down clover and sell all the grain, straw and cornstalks and hay that was left, like some do, getting from \$1 to \$1.50 per ton for straw, from 2 to 3 cts. per bundle for cornstalks, and \$5 per ton for clover hay? What do the farmers say? Shall we keep stock on the grain farms or not?—Geo. W. Parker, in Ohio Farmer.

The Intelligent Horse.

We hear men sometimes remark that they have good horse sense at least, and sometimes we think they probably do not understand that horses are very teachable and intelligent animals. Nearly all persons who own or use horses know that they are easily taught the meaning of "gee," "haw," "whoa," "back," etc., but few horses are trained to put their head into the halter when it is taken up for them, or to come to the wagon to be hitched, though these are as easily taught as the former. Horses are sociable and intelligent animals and must be kindly treated if you wish them to obey you gladly. It may be necessary sometimes to use the whip upon a horse, but in most cases it is not. While I do not say a horse should never be struck with a whip, I do say a horse should never be abused by that very prevalent and cruel punishment of jerking. Be kind to your horse. You are his guardian and upon you his happiness depends. Take an interest in your noble animals and they will return your kindness with patient toil, and you will enjoy life better for having been a benefactor instead of a beast.—A. J. Lusk in Ohio Farmer.

Preventing Milk Fever.

To prevent milk fever should a cow be dried off when she persists in milking all the way through? This is a very hard question to answer. There has arisen of late years a new school of medicine or a new practice in the old one that says when a cow is taken down with milk fever after calving the udder should not be entirely milked out but only the excess of pressure taken off by slight milking. The philosophy of this, as we have seen it advocated, is that the glands at that time are active and ready to go to work as soon as the udder is empty, and to keep them quiet the udder should be left fairly filled. A full udder makes no demand upon the system of the cow unless it is over-crowded while an empty udder calls for work on the part of the milk secreting glands. This looks like good logic whether it is good medicine sense or not.

Carelessness About Chickens.

Carelessness is the disease that carries off most of the young chickens. One way in which it does this is by not properly protecting them from cold draughts and dampness. If there are openings about the bottom of the coops the little chickens, being close to the floor suffer from it. All the ventilation should be from above, so that they will not be in line of the draught. Do not let them run out, either, when the weather or ground is cold or damp. Clear, dry, cold weather will not hurt them, but the dampness will. Be careful, too, in giving the water. Keep it constantly before them fresh and clean, so that they may get to it as wanted, but have the trough arranged so that they can not plunge in and get wet all over. If you will observe this matter and then keep them free from lice, you will probably grow most of your chicks to maturity and find some pleasure or profit in the business. Otherwise not.

A RARE COLLECTION OF CANES.

A Theatrical Manager Who is the Proud Possessor of More Than Eight Hundred Walking Sticks.

J. M. Hill, the theatrical manager, is the owner of a museum. This museum, however, differs from all others in that it contains nothing but canes, and it is doubtful if there exists anywhere a larger or more valuable collection of walking sticks than is there shown.

Although possessed of this immense store-house of rare and costly specimens of the canemakers' art, it is a curious fact that Mr. Hill is never seen carrying one, nor, indeed, has he ever so done. The entire lot was presented to him by personal friends and up to the date of the accident which resulted in a broken leg and confined Mr. Hill to his bed for several weeks it consisted of less than three hundred. This catastrophe, however, seemed to emphasize his need of a further number, for in five weeks more than five hundred more were sent to him by his many acquaintances and friends. They represented every zone and were of all sizes and dimensions.

Notable among Mr. Hill's collection are a splendid specimen of the Heidelberg students' staff known as the Ziegenhainer, various types of the blackthorn bludgeon, canes with compartments for cigars and liquid refreshments, and others containing swords, torches and articles for gentlemen's toilet use while traveling. Besides these, there is a cane that can be turned into a stool or field-rest at a moment's notice, as well as one of the Louis XIVth snuff-box sticks. Then there is a heavy staff that was once the property of Frederick William I., of Prussia; a shillelah that belonged at one time to O'Brien, one of the Manchester martyrs, as well as several others made from tropical woods and vines and mounted with walrus tusks and the snouts of the swordfish. For the snuff-box cane, Mr. Hill, it is said, has been offered fabulous amounts by Messrs. Stafford and Whittaker, who are also in the cane collecting line, but he will not part with it. The museum now contains 832 canes and is valued by connoisseurs in the thousands.

PATENT PROOF-READING.

The Curious Plan Pursued by a Novice in the Service.

Capt. H. C. McCallum is now a resident of Detroit. This simply means that he has returned to the home of his childhood. When a young lad at school he was known as plain "Hank," a rough-and-tumble youngster, who was in for all the fun and mischief going, but at the same time was recognized as a bright and precious boy. He left home early to take a single-handed crack at the world, and comes back a winner. He is a vessel owner, a capitalist, and a man who knows how to make money as opportunities present themselves.

When introduced to a representative of the Free Press, the captain said: "Why, I am a newspaper man myself. Yes, sir; I'm one of the 'profs.' When Lincoln was assassinated, I went down and invested a half dollar in Free Presses. I made several dollars, reinvested, and wound up with a big day's earnings."

"Was that the extent of your newspaper work captain?"

"Not by a long shot. About twenty-five years ago the proof-reader on the old Post was taken sick. He asked me to go down and serve as his 'sub.' 'But I know nothing about the business,' was my reply.

"Go in, old boy, I'll back you. Just correct the errors and you'll have no trouble. Tell them you're an old hand at the bellows and anything will go."

"Well, sir, I tackled the job. I didn't know one of the cabalistic signs used by a proof-reader, but the old Post never came out cleaner than it did the next morning."

"How in the world did you manage it?"

"Simple enough. Every time that a batch of proofs came in I took the compositors down and bought them a drink. I would have patented the scheme, but it really came higher than a first-class proof-reader."

Fashion Note.

"Papa, can't I go and get me a new dress?"

"Why, child, you have plenty of good dresses."

"Yes, papa, but they are out of style."

"Nonsense, girl! the trees come out in the same style every spring."

"Yes, papa, but they always look green too."

Papa, aside; one might think he couldn't get ahead of an editor's laughter—All right, go to the store and get a dress. Tell the clerk to charge it.

Our Elastic Language.

First Customer—I wish to select a vase.

Floor Walker—Yes, madam. James, show the lady to the crockery department.

Second Customer—I wish to select a vase.

Floor Walker—Yes, madam. George, show the lady to the bric-a-brac department.

A Lost Mine.

Tradition says a very rich mine was discovered somewhere near Salt Lake twenty-five years ago by a Mormon, and for some reason Brigham Young forbade the prospector to work the mine or make its whereabouts known. Just before dying the man indicated the direction in which the mine lay, but hundreds of miners have vainly sought the treasure.

Fritz Williams,

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