RUINED.

For years he woo'd a Boston maid
With actions most demure,
And so much culture he displayed,
He thought he had her sure.

He talked of Browning by the hour—
His accent was just right;
And thus he held her in his power.
Until one fatal night.

In mighty wrath the maiden rose,
For by unlucky chance,
In speaking of high art in clothes,
He called his trousers pants."
—Tom Masson in Clothier and Furnisher.

THE LAST CURTAIN CALL.

CURIOUS appellation for a citizen of this great commonwealth—"On Hand" Thompson. It came to him quite naturally. His mother called him John away back in the musty boyhood days, but when he began starring on the stage in a play called "On Hand," and used big six-sheet stands of bills for his country billing, the center sheet having a big red hand and "Thompson" emblazoned thereon, they gave him his subsequent title.

His play was a marvel of astounding dramatic strength and with red fire extending from the wings like moisture from well-pressed clay. The towns afflicted by "On Hand" were mostly located in Central Illinois, even as far down as Egypt. Thompson had a charming wife and a pretty golden-haired little girl that he frequently, when her mother consented, farmed out to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupes to play Little Eva.

These two formed his family gods, and likewise his family goods, for he had no other property. With this little literary overture allow me to introduce the saddest episode in the Thompson family.

Have you ever been down in Central Illinois? Well, for black mud, big corn-fields, horse-trading, poor railways and general cussedness, the small town and country contributing thereto in Stark, Plarid, Tazewell and similiar counties have long ranked high. And it was down there some fifteen or sixteen years back that old "On Hand" received his last curtain call.

The Rock Island and Peoria Railway is a shortfeeder to the Great Rock Island Route, and in the days I speak of was an independent trunk line of 92 miles in length, tapping a pretty rich coal country, but so generally "hard up" that receivers were as common as rotten ties, and every mile of the road was stanchly supported by able-bodied mortgages. Remember, I'm speaking of "those days."

Well, one lovely spring day it was discovered by the On Hand Dramatic Company that they were short of billing matter, and John Thompson left his Thespians sheltered in the shadow of a country hotel and started for Peoria to replenish his printing. He kissed his pretty little wife good-bye, and under the somewhat unusual caress managed to borrow $5 the poor little woman had saved up and kept concealed from her husband. Then John started. He spent the day in Peoria meeting very convivial fellows, singing old songs, practicing at the bar until it was too late to take the evening passenger train, so he started out "to make a night of it."

It was with trembling limbs, sick stomach, but a fat bottle of whisky that "On Hand" Thompson got on to a freight caboose early the next morning away up at the "yards" near the roundhouse. He was en route for the town where Mollie and the baby waited for him.

The road winds about the hills and bluffs back of Peoria, thereby giving a continuous grade for nearly six miles. The actor and his load lay sluggishly along a bench in the caboose, and after the railroad wit of the brakeman had rattled carelessly over his form, he was left in peace to sleep and dream.

It was against the rules, but they did it just the same. The conductor had his breakfast in a pail and sat on the fireman's seat in the engine cab, and the head brakeman was idly swinging around on the wheel of the second-car-back-brake. Then the hind brakeman, whose place while the train is in motion is supposed to always be in the cupola of the caboose clambered out and started across the tops of the freightcars for a confab with his chumbs forward. That was a bad man for "On Hand" Thompson.

Suddenly the engineer, conductor and crew felt the part of the train they were on make a sudden leap like an unleashed greyhound, and with a startled look the experienced engineer leaned away out of his cab and said:

"Good gracious, Pete, we've broke in two."

The conductor was only yaguely alarmed. There had on other occasions been similar accidents, but nothing serious had happened.

"Nosey's on the caboose. He'll set her sliden' en then we'll go back en catch the old sash 'an blind factory," said the "con," taking a bite from his plug of tobacco and beginning to climb down from his comfortable seat.

The forward part of the train had shot around a curve and the conductor now noticed that the engine was pulling but five box and two flatcars. Then he mentally ran over the full train complement and decided that 11 freightcars and a caboose composed the "cut-off."

By the time they had set several brakes and reversed the engine, the conductor learned that the forward part of the train held his two brakemen. You idiots, he cried, that train will start backward and no power hereabouts can stop its career until it turns bottom side up somewhere in the yards.

On the run started the conductor and his crew around the curve between two high bluffs, and when 10 minutes later they stood at the top of a straight stretch of down-grade track, they turned very pale and looked one at the other, pretty much in the way I fancy two telegraph operators look after signaling a train wrong and knowing that there would soon be a disaster.

This was what they looked upon: Scooting down the track, thundering over culverts, high trestle bridges, and at times seeming to lift clear of the iron rails, was the hind section of the train on its unbidden way to Peoria.

The break of a link occurred about five miles out, and at the rate the cars were going it would only be a few minutes before the railway-yards, the shops, the roundhouses and the passenger depot would be reached by the runaway.

Good heavens, there were scores of switch engines, any number of passenger trains being switched about the yards, and all unconscious of the oncoming train. I was an attache of the rode at the time, and was up at the shops on business when the shrill shreak of the little shifting engine standing in front of the roundhouse called every one outside. It was a thrilling sight. The red caboose leading and rocking until it seemed impossible for it to stick to the rails. On the roof of the second car back of the caboose was a man, his white face and terrified expression chilling the blood and causing more than one hardened railroader to turn away sick and weak with fear.

There wasn't any earthly power could add many minutes to the span of "On Hand" Thompson's life here below.

Then the rushing, flying cars, like specters swept past the shops and down Waller street toward the depot. The lucky little "grasshopper," as the smaller switchengines were called in those days, had had time to get in on a side track and then throw the switch back for the main line, but it was a pretty white looking engineer that sat motionless in his cab watching the runaway sweep on.

Farther down the yards, near the big brewery, was a large shifting engine with a crew sitting on the cow-catcher, lazily puffing along. Happening to look up the head switchman saw the on-coming cars, heard the shrill blasts of warning from the engines up at the Rock Island road shops, and with a yell, a curse and a scramble he was on his way down the little declivity toward the Illinois River, or Peoria Lake, as it is called.

Luckily the engineer and the fireman of the shifting engine heard the yell, and they fell rather than sprang from the cab, rolling to the foot of the embankment and then tearing along out of danger's way.

There isn't much more to tell. Old railway men said it was a little bit the worst wreck they had ever seen. The caboose struck the shifting engine, there was a report, a roar of escaping steam, pieces flying through the air, then the entire mass of debris, splintered cars, gnarled iron running gear, wheels, pieces of boiler, and somewhere, mixed up with the rest, "bits of "On Hand" Thompson. Six cars and the engine rolled over and over to the edge of the lake, and there was a hurrying of rail-roaders, and the search began for the man seen a moment before on top the second car clinging to the brake wheel.

After hard work they pulled the actor out of the mass of wreckage, his face made up by grim death for the minor role in the game of "Masks and Faces." Blood makes a sorry pigment. "On Hand" wasn't quite finished. He couldn't respond to an encore, but he managed to whisper something to a rough tearful switchman who was holding his battered head in his lap.

What do you suppose it was?

Oh, no, not a prayer. I am afraid old "On Hand" had left that out of his repertoire so long that he wasn't up in the lines. Something about his family? You are right.

When the blood stained lips were tenderly wiped, and his parched throat revived by a swallow of cool water, he softly, and with extreme difficulty, said:

"Tell—Mollie—please—that—that—the—printing and programs—are—all right. Up—by express—today."—L. W. B.

MILITARY RULE IN EUROPE.

War Is Considered Possible and Even Probable at Any Moment.

European civilization to-day is based on the idea that war is not only an imminent possibility, and a great class in every country has been trained to look upon blood-shedding as its proper vocation. The great prizes are reserved for soldiers; honors, fame, position, and the monarch's favor go to the sons of Mars. The military budget exceeds—many times over does it exceed—the appropriations for public instructions. The salary of a colonel is earned by but few professors, writes W. E. Thayer in the Forum. The cost of the powder and shot wasted in Europe between any dawn and dusk would probably pay the running expenses of all her public hospitals. In each government, whether it be constitutional or autocratic, the army may with truth be said to direct legislation, for the legislatures willingly or unwillingly vote the appropriation demanded by the war department. Even if a legislature dares to question or protest it is quickly frightened into acquiescing by an alarming report from the minister for war. Thus the military class controls government and has laws passed to suit itself, and prevent all attempts to cut down or to abolish its powers. It intimidates the state not less really, though less openly, than the pretorian guard intimidated old Rome. Kings and ministers do indeed assure the public that they chiefly endeavor and desire to preserve peace, but in the next breath they call for larger funds and more recruits. Kaisers meet and kiss each other on both cheeks; they extol the sweetness of brotherly love; they attend each other's grand maneuvers, and then they increase the garrisons along their respective frontiers. A strange method this for testifying to their peaceable intentions!

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE FARMER.

How to Deal With the Troublesome Potato Rot—Corn Does Not Make Bone—A Short Farm Catechism—Oyster Shells—Colt's Feet.

How to Deal With the Troublesome Potato Rot.

Potato rot is one of the most difficult disorders with which farmers have to deal. No way of absolutely preventing its ravages has yet been discovered. Do what he will, the potato grower must expect some loss, especially in seasons favorable to the development of the disease. Nevertheless, there are some things which may be done to mitigate the severity of the attack.

For one thing, good cultivation will be found of great value as a preventive measure. Frequent stirring of the soil and keeping the weeds down will enable the young plants to make a vigorous growth and thus be better prepared to resist the attack of the disease. The same law governs in plant as in animal life. A man with a torpid liver is less able to cope with the assault of fever than one in perfect health, so if the potato plant is enfeebled by the growth of robber weeds and stifled by encrustation of the surface soil it is in ill-condition to meet so formidable an enemy as the rot. Yet even the thrittiest growth will not serve as an absolute preventive. It is, however, of great importance to secure such a growth as a means of lessening the danger.

When the disease does appear the grower should be prepared for an active campaign. He must begin to spray the vines at once with the so-called Bordeaux mixture, and the work must be thoroughly done and repeated as often as necessary up to about the middle of July.

The usual prescription for making the Bordeaux mixture is as follows: Dissolve six pounds of sulphate of copper, blue vitriol, in sixteen gallons of water. Slake four pounds of fresh lime in six gallons of water, and when the lime is cold pour it into the copper solution and stir the mixture thoroughly. If there are bugs on the vines, the addition of Paris green or London purple will serve to dispose of them at the same time.

Care should be taken in spraying to reach the under as well as the upper sides of the vines and leaves. The date of the first application cannot, of course, be definitely indicated. The appearance of the rot will depend entirely on the thrift of the plants and the character of the weather. It should be watched for carefully, and on the first indication of its presence the preventive work should begin. From that time on the vines will probably need to be sprayed at intervals of about ten days, until the tubers are so large that it is no longer safe to apply the poison.

It may be that there would be no danger of the absorption of any of it by the potatoes, but as they are intended for human food it is just as well to avoid all risk in the matter.

If a heavy rain should occur shortly after an application of the mixture, it should be reapplied immediately, as a large part of it will be washed off, and it is important to keep the mixture actively at work so long as it is needed.

By these means it is reasonably certain that even in bad years a fair crop of potatoes may be secured.

A Short Farm Catechism.

1. What should be the chief aim of agricultural effort?

To obtain the largest possible crop from a given area in the least deteriorization of the fertility of the soil.

2. How may this be accomplished?

By cultivating no more land than can be well fertilized and thoroughly cared for.

3. What is the cheif mistake of American farmers as a class?

Attempting to crop larger areas than can properly be manured.

4. What advantage is there in restricting the area planted?

1. There is a saving of labor. 2. there is improvement in the quality of the crop in consequence of more thorough cultivation. 3. The land is left in better condition after the crop is removed. 4. By these means there is a considerable gain in the farmer's profits.

5. What is the great lack in American farm methods?

The failure to keep clear and exact accounts.

6. What sort of accounts should be kept?

They should be as simple as possible, so as not to require the services of an expert bookkeeper, yet sufficiently detailed to show, when ballanced, the gain or loss on each crop raised or animal kept.

7. What crops should a farmer raise?

Those which he finds, by careful experiment, to be best fitted to his soil and locality.

8. Should farming be general or specialized?

For some farmers and some localities general farming is more advisable; but specialized farming is, as a rule, more profitable when conducted by an expert.

9. What then should the farmers' aim be?

To become thoroughly familiar with some particular branch of agricultural industry, so that he may produce the best in that line, and thus command a sure market for his product.

"Should the farmer ignore "book learning" in carrying on his farm?

By no means. No man can learn by personal experience all that is desirable to know of farm methods, and books by competent authors—of which there are many—supply the knowledge he needs to keep him abreast of the progress of agricultural science and practice.

11. How may farmer's sons be induced to remain on the farm?

1. By treating them as sons, not slaves. 2. By taking them as early as possible into partnership, and thus awakening the sense of ownership and responsibility. 3. By affording them every possible facility to become intelligent, thorough-going, scientific agriculturalists. 4. By making the farm home attractive.

12. What are the prime duties of the American farmer as a citizen?

To be a God-fearing Christian man, to sustain American industries and customs, to be the best farmer in the world, and an honest, helpful, fearless member of the community.

Beans For Market.

A yellow-podded bean sells more rapidly than a green pod, and in some markets the green pods finds no sale. The busy market gardener does not want to plant largely of any bean requiring support, nor too many varieties of any one kind of vegetable.

After finding out what the market requires one can plant the same varieties at intervals of two weeks apart, for a succession. The dwarf kidney wax makes one of the best table snap beans; the pods are white, stringless, and brittle, and on a mellow, gravelly or sandy soil they will not rust, while with us the black seeded variety rusted badly, even in a dry season, so we discarded them altogether and raise only the dwarf kidney wax. They are a small, kidney-shaped bean with two shades of purple spots on a white ground.

In planting but one variety we save our own seed and they are always pure, never mixing with other kinds; but when a gardener raises his own seed, one row should be planted early and left only for seed, no pods picked for market nor for any other pur pose, for if beans are picked from vines that are intended for seed the next year's supply will be worthless and the beans will run out. All pods not sold can be utilized in different ways. They make excellent pickles if thrown into salt water, scalded, put into cans, and strong hot vinegar poured over and the cans sealed. They make an excellent winter dish after they are preserved in jars with a weak brine poured over. A little clear water poured over them half an hour before needed, will be sufficient to extract the salt, and then boil with a piece of meat. They are a necessary addition to mixed pickles in the fall and for this purpose they must be planted the first of July; if planted earlier the supply will be exhausted before the demand for pickles, for these are not called for until late autumn.—A writer in Ohio Farmer.

Oyster Shells.

The New York experiment station has been experimenting in feeding oyster shells, with the following conclusions:

"The difference is so great that no other conclusion seems possible than that the egg shells were constructed from material supplied in large part by the oyster shells. These hens lost in weight a total of five ounces during the first period, and a total of two ounces during the second, a change in weight of little consequence and one that might have occurred at any time within a few hours.

"The feeding of oyster shells during the laying season, where they can be cheaply obtained, is recommended. One pound will contain lime enough for the shells of about seven dozens of eggs. Fine gravel containing limestone will probably as well supply the deficiency of lime existing in most foods, but the use of some sharper grit with it may be of adantage.

"Long or sharp splinters of glass or dry bone should be avoided. The size of particles of grit had, for hens, better be larger than that of a kernel of wheat and should be smaller than that of a kernel of corn. An unlimited supply of pounded glass has been attended with no bad result when the food and other grit available to the fowls contained an abundance of lime, but when the food was deficient in lime and no other grit was attainable, hens ate an injuriously large amount of glass."

Corn Does Not Make Bone.

Even Western prairie farmers are beginning to learn that Indian corn is not a well-balanced ration for hogs. Corn makes fat—too much of it, in fact—but it does not supply equally necessary elements in the animal structure. It does not, for example, furnish sufficient bone-making material. In some careful experiments made at the Wisconsin Agriculture Station this fact was plainly shown, and that if stronger bones were desired the corn must be supplemented by food containing elements of which they are composed. It was found that by feeding bone meal, for instance, the strength of the thigh bones could be doubled, and that hardwood ashes nearly doubles the strength of the bones.

The results of the experiments are summed up in the statement that pregnant sows and growing pigs should not have their diet restricted to corn, although that grain is exceeding valuable as a part of the ration. A variety of food should be provided such as clover, blue grass, shorts, peas, oats and skim milk. These furnish ash material as well as muscle food, and some of them, at least, should always be fed along with the corn. The complaint of prairie farmers that their hogs are "too fine in the bone" would soon cease if they would supply their hogs with bone-making food. Even charred corn cobs are better than nothing.

Colt's Feet.

Keep sharp watch of the feet of the colts. Have them rasped or pared as often as once a month and be sure that they are leveled so that the coronet on each side of the heels will be at the same distance from the bottom of the hoof. See that the toes are not allowed to become too long. It pays to look after these little things. Neglecting to do so may result in ruining a valuable youngster for life.—American Horse Breeder.

THEY USE OPIUM.

Their Number Far More Numerous Than People Generally Imagine.

"The number of 'opium fiends,' as they are called," said a professional man, "is greater than most people have any idea of, and seems to be growing. It's a disease. When it gets hold of anybody it seems next to impossible to make it let go. I know plenty of opium users, people who use the drug in one form or another, and the station houses and asylums are full of those who have been pulled down by it. Whisky is bad enough, but as to effects by the side of opium all intoxicating liquors amount to nothing comparatively, because its use is easily kept secret until the victim of the habit is practically beyond advice or help. A relative of mine keeps a drug store uptown, and he could tell tales concerning the use of this terrible drug that would make your hair curl so tight you couldn't get your eyes shut.

"The Chinese 'joints' are but evidence of the last stages of the disease—the lowest rounds of the ladder of human disgrace. The opium habit thrives in the very highest ranks of society and comes down, permeating all classes excepting the working mechanic class, which is less tinctured with the disease than any other. I don't know why it is but you don't find many opium users among skilled mechanics. It may be that men and women who fashion things simultaneously with brain and hand have less craving for opiates.

"It is the active brain worker and the restless idler—two extremes—who are prone to fall before the deadly poppy plant. The disease assails women and men alike—and women are the most unfortunate because harder to detect. Respectable people who would consider it vulgar to drink in public and a lasting disgrace to get drunk on liquor will go around under the influence of opium every day and retire drunk with it every night. I don't mean to say this is general, but that there are a great many such—so many that nearly everybody knows somebody who uses the drug.

"Frequently the habit is the outgrowth of illness, acquired innocently and accidentally. If you would look over the prescription book of any drug store you would be astonished to see how widely opium is used by physicians, and the same is true of patent medicines of all kinds. Opium has its legitimate uses, and, confined to these uses, is a precious boon to suffering mankind, but beyond these it is a subtle fiend, most deadly because insidious, that steals away brains, honor, life. Better have the yellow fever than the opium habit!"—New York Herald.

A WONDERFUL ART.

How the Japanese Gardeners Make Miniature Gardens and Landscapes.

The Japanese horticulturist shows wonderful patience, coupled with what we practical Americans would term ill-directed skill in his rare art of propagating miniature trees and vines, says the St. Louis Republic. It is a well-known fact that both the Chinese and Japanese are not satisfied unless they can maim and distort both nature and art. This may be seen in the outlandish cartoons which their painters turn out as works of art and in the deformed buildings fashioned by their architects. But if either may be said to excel in these unseemly practices it is surely the Japanese. Unlike the American and the European gardener, who strains every nerve to secure large and thrifty plants and trees, the Jap loses sleep trying to devise some plan that will deform, cripple, and stunt the growth of his trees and vines, and, as a general thing, when they set their minds to do a thing it is usually done. The Japanese art of making minature landscapes and gardens consists chiefly in starving plants so as to retard the circulation of the sap or the life-giving juices. Furguson, who was one among the first of English adventures to visit China and Japan, mentions the fact that he saw at Canton "a boxe about the bigness of ladyes snuffe-box which did contain a littyl dirt and sixteen tiny littyl trees, foure of which were in full blow, the whole boxe, trees and all, so small that a man could put them in hys mouth together." Keampfer is also quoted as describing a trio of trees he saw in a box 1½ inches broad, 4 inches long and 3 inches deep, for which the owner asked the traveler the modest sum of $500. The three denizens of the box were in a bamboo, a monthly-blooming plum tree and a blue-leafed pine, all perfectly formed and seemingly enjoying their dwarfed existence. When Lady Hester Wetherall visited the royal palace at the Japanese capital in 1886 she was shown a miniature pine tree growing in a lady's silver thimble suspended by silken threads. The tree was a perfect forest monarch in miniature, its branches exhibiting not less than fifty perfect little cones.

Pearls Before Swine.

"The evening was advanced when a venerable squire of ancient name and lineage arose to propose a toast. Seldom have I heard one more successful. He began modestly. It is always well to begin modestly. 'I feel,' said the good man, that a plain country squire like myself to address a dignified body like the Presbytery of St. Andrews, including in its number various learned professors, is indeed to cast pearls before the swine.' He had to pause long ere he got further. Thunderous applause broke forth. We knew perfectly well what the laird meant. I was sitting next to him as he spoke the words. I heard them with these ears."—"Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews."

LOUIS BUENGER,
UNDERTAKER
and Dealer in all Kinds of
FURNITURE.
Cor. Minnesota and 3d St., N.
NEW ULM, - - - MINNESOTA.

BUILDING STONE FOR SALE.
The New Ulm Stone Company is ready to sell building stones at the Quarry. For prices inquire of J. Pfenninger, W. Boesch, A. Scheil, or Chas. Stolzenberg Redstone.
NOTICE.—The use of land for pasturing or cutting of wood or quarrying and hauling of stone is not allowed unless by a written permit from the company.
NEW ULM STONE CO.

LIME! LIME!
WINKELMANN'S LIME KILN.
On Minnesota River, near New Ulm, is fully prepared to furnish lime of the very best quality in any quantity to contractors and builders. Delivered to any desired point either by team or rail at liberal prices. All orders by mail promptly attended to.

FRED A. GRAY
City Scavenger.
New Ulm, - - - Minn.
Vaults, Cesspools and Chimney Cleaning. All kinds of Scavenger Work Promptly Attended to. P. O. Box 588. All Orders by Mail Promptly attended to.

PETER SCHERER,
DEALER IN
LUMBER,
LATH, SHINGLES, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
—and all kinds of—
Building Material.
NEW ULM, - - MINN.

Star Sample Room,
and
Farmers' Home.
JOSEPH SCHNOBRICH, Prop'r.
Dealer in
Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
A fine lunch will be served every day.
Cor. Minn. & Center streets.
New Ulm. - - Minn

Aug. Schell,
Brewer and Bottler.
NEW ULM, MINN.
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.
OTTO SCHELL, Manager

C. F. Ruemke
Cor. Minnesota and 3rd North Sts.
NEW ULM, - - - MINN.
— Dealer in —
CHOICE GROCERIES, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE and NOTIONS.
All Goods offered at prices which defy competition. Goods will be delivered free to any part of the city. All kinds of farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

DAKOTA HOUSE.
OPP. POST OFFICE—NEW ULM MINN
MRS. A. SEITER Prop.
This house is the most centrally located hotel in the city and affords good Sample Rooms.

Meat Market,
CHAS. STUEBE, Prop'r.
A large supply of fresh meats, sausages, hams, lards, etc., constantly on hand. All orders from the country promptly attended to.
CASH PAID FOR HIDES.

NEW ULM MARBLE WORKS,
Ig. Schwendinger, Prop'r.
Monuments, Tombstones and all other work in my line made to order promptly and in a workmanlike manner at reasonable rates.
NEW ULM. MINN.

GEO. BENZ & SONS.
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
WINES & LIQUORS,
217 & 219 E. 3rd Str. St. Paul, Minn.