

WHICH ONE DO YOU SAY.

When I was young for Sunday's feast We used to have potatoes And chicken fixings, beans, and beets. And with them, oit, tomatoes

But yesterday a gourmand gray, A pig from head to fat toes, Informed me that of vegetables He much preferred—tomatoes.

For other folks I wouldn't care, Although my words were not those They proper deemed, but she I love, She always says—tomatoes.

To fail in aught that she expects, Intolerable the thought grows, Trembling say: "Now, give me, please, Tomato—tomatt—tomatoes."

—Grace MacGowan Cooke.

A HASTY MATCH.

LESS my soul! Well, this is singular! Supposing the reader may feel a little curious to know what it was that Mr. Gregory considered so singular, we will take the liberty of glancing over the newspaper which he has just laid down, and read the advertisement. It runs as follows.

"INFORMATION WANTED—Of Janet Campbell, who came from Scotland in 1840, if she is living, and this notices should meet her eye, she will find something very much to her advantage by calling on Peleg Brief, Attorney-at-law, No. — Court Street."

John Gregory was a substantial business man, resident in the good city of Boston, U. S. A., and was well known on 'Change some twenty years since. Although well-to-do and abundantly able to support a wife, forty-eight years had elapsed and still he was a bachelor. To tell the truth, there was very little romance about John Gregory, and if ever he did marry probably money would have more to do with determining his choice than any softer sentiment.

So John Gregory, avoiding the matrimonial snares which were laid for him by enterprising matrons who had large families of daughters to dispose of, lived quietly in a modest house for which he had been fortunate enough to secure a capable housekeeper who understood his peculiar tastes.

Janet Campbell—this was the name of the housekeeper—was of Scotch birth and lineage, but had been brought to America while yet a child, by her father, who fancied he could succeed better in building a fortune in the New World than in the Old.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated John Gregory. "Well, this is singular! To think of his being my housekeeper, too. I've heard of such things before, but it never came home to me as I may say, before. I wonder how much money she is likely to receive, for of course it is money. Very much to her advantage—that's what the notice says. I declare, I've a good mind to go and see Mr. Brief. Janet has not seen it, and I may be in some sense considered to be her representative."

Acting upon this determination, Mr. Gregory took his hat and cane, and, with more than his usual alacrity, turned his steps in the direction of Court Street. He soon found himself in the office of Mr. Brief.

A small, dapper man turned upon him an inquiring look.

"Mr. Brief?" said John Gregory, interrogatively.

"The same," responded the little man.

"If I mistake not, you are the one who is referred to in an advertisement in this morning's paper?"

"In the matter of Janet Campbell?"

"Yes."

"Can you give any information regarding her?" asked Brief, with sudden interest.

"I think so," answered Gregory, cautiously.

"Think so! Don't you know so? Excuse my mode of speaking, but you are aware that we require something definite."

"Then, sir," said the visitor, "I may say unequivocally and positively that I know where Janet Campbell is to be found."

"Then you will have the goodness to inform me."

"I am much obliged to you for your information, sir," said John Gregory. "In regard to finding the person you have advertised, you may set your mind entirely at rest. Day after tomorrow I will call with her in person."

So saying John Gregory bowed and left the office.

"Five thousand pounds. Twenty-five thousand dollars," he muttered to himself. "Who would have thought Janet would ever be so rich? I suppose that she won't be willing to remain as my housekeeper any longer. Can't blame her. But how am I going to get along without her? Nobody knows exactly how to suit me in every respect as she does."

John Gregory walked on awhile in thoughtful silence.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars is a good deal of money," thought he. "I wonder what she'll do with it? It would be a great deal of service to me. With the help of it, I could double my business."

John Gregory thought a while longer, and a new and happy idea flashed upon him.

"There is one way of accomplishing both these desirable objects—retaining Janet in my family and obtaining possession of this money—and that is to marry her."

John was at first startled by his thought, but the longer he harbored it the more reasonable it seemed.

"To be sure, she isn't handsome, nor is she very young for that matter. However, she must be some few years younger than myself, and when a man reaches forty-eight, he can't afford to be very particular on that point. Zounds! I'm half determined—yes; I will propose, and that without waste of time."

John Gregory went home to dinner a little earlier than usual.

It so happened that Janet, for a wonder, had not succeeded so well as usual with the dinner, and this, knowing as she did how particular he was, made her feel nervous and fidgety. However, to her surprise, he ate without appearing to remark that anything was out of the way. He seemed unusually abstracted, as if he were intently thinking of something. At length he said abruptly:

"Janet, did you come to this country in the year 1840?"

"Yes, sir," answered Janet, in surprise. "But how did you know?"

"I believe you told me once, Janet."

Another silence.

"How long have you been with me?"

"Eight years, sir."

"You have been very faithful. I have been very well satisfied with your services."

"I am sure I am glad of it, sir," said Janet, in increased surprise. "I am sorry the dinner isn't better cooked to-day, but things seemed to work contrary."

"The dinner is excellent," said Gregory. "It couldn't be better."

"Well, I declare," thought Janet, "I wonder what's come over him. I expected a scolding."

"I hope that you will always stay with me, Janet."

"I am sure, sir," said the astonished housekeeper, "I shall be happy to do so; that is, if you are satisfied with me."

"Satisfied with you! Perfectly. But it is not as a housekeeper that I desire you to remain with me."

"Not as a housekeeper!" ejaculated Janet. "I am sure," thought she, "I don't know what's come over Mr. Gregory. He does not appear at all as he usually does."

"No, Janet; not as a housekeeper. You have served me so well in that capacity that I am convinced you would make an admirable wife."

"Oh, Mr. Gregory!" exclaimed the housekeeper, blushing.

"You will not be so cruel as to refuse me?"

"But you are only joking, sir."

"Joking! I was never more serious."

"I have always thought a great deal of you, Mr. Gregory," said the spinster, hesitating, "and if you desire it very much, I—I don't know that I have any objection."

that? There's a windfall for you. Five thousand pounds!"

"It doesn't mean me!" answered Janet.

"Doesn't mean you!" exclaimed her husband, in dismay. "Isn't your name Janet Campbell, and didn't you come over from Scotland in 1840?"

"Yes," said Janet; "but there was another Janet come over at the same time, a very distant relative of mine. She is the one meant in the advertisement."

"Are you quite sure?" inquired John Gregory, in great uneasiness. "Didn't you have an Uncle Robert?"

"I never had any uncle at all. She had an uncle, however."

On visiting Mr. Brief, Mr. Gregory found it was too true. The true Janet Campbell had called upon him and established her claims. He had become the Jo of the wrong Janet altogether.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

An Illustration of How a Man Can Always Find Time for Something More.

An anecdote told in the "Life of Dean Burgon" illustrates how a man, every hour of whose daily life is occupied finds, like an omnibus, "room for one more." The Dean, then at Oxford, was leaving St. Mary's Church after morning service one Sunday when a gentleman walked up to him, and with a decided American accent said, "Stranger, have you got any leisure?"

"Well, let me see," said the Dean, "it is now a quarter-past one o'clock. I have to get my luncheon, and be back at the University sermon at two o'clock. At three o'clock I have a pressing appointment. At four o'clock I have an afternoon service. At six, if I have time, I shall have some dinner."

"Anyhow, I must be at church again at seven for evening service, which will last until half past eight. Then on returning to my rooms I shall find 20 or 30 undergraduates waiting for me, and I shall be engaged with them until about 11. Oh, at 11 I shall have some leisure."

"Ah, I'll come to you at 11," said the stranger.

"The usual routine of the day's work went on," continued Dean Burgon in telling the story, "and—tired as a dog, you know—I had just turned the men out of my room at 11 o'clock, having quite forgotten the inquirer on the stairs, and a knock at my door."

"Come in," and in came the man, and again asked, "Have you any leisure now?"

"Tired as I was, I said, 'Oh, yes. Come in. Now, my dear sir, will you kindly tell me what you want of me?'"

"Well, can you convince me of the truth of Christianity?"

"What, sir, do you really come to me at this time of night to ask such a question as that?"

"Yes, stranger, that's what I came for."

"What do you mean, sir? What are your doubts?"

"Well, the Gospels, they contradict one another."

"The Gospels contradict one another. Now, I pin you to that, sir. Where do they contradict one another?"

"Oh, so and so."

"My dear sir, that is too easy. Do think of something else."

"No; that's enough. Explain that first."

"I explained it at once, of course. It was too ridiculous. He then mentioned something else, to be as easily made clear to him; and so went on, mentioning, hammer and tongs, until the college clock struck two, when he rose to go, saying, 'Well, I guess if any one has convinced me of the truth of Christianity, it's you—you are so beastly positive. Good night.'"

"Before leaving, he told me he was a clergyman of the American Church, but from doubts that arose in his mind he had thrown up his living, and had travelled a great deal. He never lost an opportunity to hear a preacher of whom he had heard favorable mention, and if he found him an earnest man, he always made a point of asking him if he could convince him of the truth of Christianity."

The Origin of "Whitecap."

The origin of the term "Whitecap," according to the statement of Hiram Berry of New York, was not due to the peculiar head-dress worn by this bad fraternity in Indiana, but to a family in Ireland who engaged in this kind of reform. Nearly 100 years ago, when Ireland was more populous than at present, and when the people were not so harassed by British misrule, there lived in County Kerry a large and influential family named Whitecap, who, whenever any of their neighbors became too obstreperous or immoral, waited on them in the night, took them from their houses and gave them a sound thrashing with a cat-o'-nine-tails as a warning to desist from their wrong doing and evil practices. Similar clans were formed in other sections of Ireland, all of whom were called Whitecaps, not White Caps, two words, as they are written in this country. The Whitecaps in Ireland were a terror to evil-doers, and were of value to the good order of the society of their day, but I don't know that there is need for them in any part of America.

Marbled pork, that is, alternate streaks of fat and lean is produced at less cost than solid fat pork and brings a more ready sale at better prices. Nice, young, thrifty hogs, such as clover pasture, wheat bran and natural exercise will make, not highly fattened ones, are what epicures demand and pork eaters in general are beginning to look for

PRAYEN AND CHICKENS.

Uncle Rastus Explains Their Connection to a Heartless Disbeliever.

"Rastus, how is it you have chicken for breakfast every morning?" asked a gentleman of an old colored man, writes Opie Read in the Banner of Gold. "You don't raise chickens and I know you can't afford to buy them."

"Hit's de fait ob pra'r sah," Rastus replied. "Yo' membahs degood book sais ef yo' axes in fait yo' git what yo' axes fer."

"Do you mean to say the Lord gives you chickens in answer to prayer?"

"Yes, sah, dat what I means."

"Well, it isn't so. Such things don't happen nowadays."

"Yo' gwine an'ertake ter say dot de good Lawd won't raise up a chicken fer de faithful when he's axed in pra'r?"

"Yes, that's what I say."

"Den yo' des hol' on dar till I sais a wo'd. Yo' don, b'leebe a chicken come in answer ter pra'r ka'se yo' ain' neber seed none come, an' yo' ain' neber seed none ka'se yo's lackin' in fait; I's pecks yo' neber seed no mountings moobe, but de good book says dey sho'ly ain' no harder fer de good Lawd to raise up er po' little runty ole chicken outen nuffin' what it is fer him ter moobe er great big mounting?"

"Such talk won't do with me, Rastus."

"Den yer don b'leebe what I's sayin' bout how I gits dem chickens?"

"Certainly I don't."

"Den Ideas gatter say yo's lackin' in de spirit of fait an' pra'r, an' I's des gwine ax de good Lawd ter open up yo' understandin'."

"My understanding is all right, Rastus. I understand perfectly that you get your chickens out of my chicken-house at night. I saw you there last night, and if I see you there again I'm going to shoot you."

"Dar, now, des der wickedness an' s'piciousness ob de worl'y hea't. What kin'er show fail and pray'r got longer dem dis'bleebin folks what takes de eberdence ob der own sinful impuffet eyes to dey do dat er der good book?"

Raising Rattlesnakes.

As it is usually considered desirable to get rid of such unpleasant neighbors, this is an occupation quite out of the common way. An old hunter, accustomed to all kinds of dangers, found that there was money to be made in selling rattlesnake oil to the druggists, and as he had the good fortune to live among mountains where rattlesnakes were plentiful, he concluded to try the experiment of a rattlesnake farm.

Instead of clearing away the rocks from the side of the hill on which he had taken up his abode, he gathered more, until he had made a regular snake grotto, with plenty of holes in it, and everything that snakes could desire for a residence. Catching the reptiles and introducing them to their new quarters were mere child's play for so experienced a hand, and the queer farm was soon progressing finely.

But the hunter did not wish to receive calls from his wriggling tenants, he took care to build his own dwelling very substantially of stone, and cemented it both inside and out before he stocked the farm. No snake could get in very easily, even had it been disposed to leave the charming quarters so carefully provided for it; and this feeling of security was a great help to the courageous man in managing his colony. Day after day he brought home fresh recruits, until the assemblage had reached the respectable number of ten thousand or so; and every year about two thousand are killed for the sake of their oil, which is used in making liniments. It seems strange, indeed, that any healing property should be found in one of the most venomous of reptiles.

Rattlesnakes, like bears, go into winter-quarters for a long sleep, and in the autumn, they are always in their best and fattest condition. This is the season, therefore, when they yield the most oil and it is known as "killing-time" on Rattlesnake Farm. The snakes come daily to be fed in a cleared spot, like domestic animals, and are then easily caught with a slip-noose of wire. After being despatched, they are taken to the house, and thrown into a caldron to render out the oil, which is put into heavy bottles, and shipped to wholesale druggists all over the country.

Keep Your Engagements.

There are certain habits and small virtues whose presence makes so vast a difference in family life that any one neglecting them is found "hard to live with," if no severe criticism is allowed, though this is indeed severe enough, and I sometimes think that Carlyle's mother, when she spoke of her illustrious son as "hard to live with," made a criticism upon him keener and more enduring than any of his fulminations against fraud and vice.

None of these virtues are beyond our earnest effort; all are capable of cultivation, and each one is founded on the divine law of doing to others as we would wish others to do to us.

Punctuality, for instance; did it ever occur to you that the lack of this good habit springs from selfishness? What right has any member of the family to keep the breakfast table standing long after all the others have finished the meal and gone to the daily task—and while the late comer is breakfasting alone, a servant (who, likely, has been up and at work for hours with no breakfast as yet) is kept standing with idle hands waiting to clear away the last of the breakfast things and get to the daily routine.—S. I.

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. Fleninger, W. Bosch, A. Schell, 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 583. 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 luncheon 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 worksmenlike manner at reasonable rates. NEW ULM, MINN.

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

Fritz Williams, Proprietor of SAMPLE ROOM AND BILLIARD HALL. A Fine line of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always kept in Stock. NEW BLOCK Minnesota Street, New Ulm.

JULIUS KRAUSE HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER AND Paper Hanger. Ceiling Decoration a Specialty. All Work Executed Neatly, Promptly and at Low Rates. Shop, Corner Broadway and Fifth Street North. NEW ULM, MINNESOTA.

FAAS & KOBARSCH. The above parties would give the public notice that they are now prepared to do all manner of plumbing and are ready to guarantee satisfaction. Charges reasonable. Office at Kobarsch's shop.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, Chas. Stengel, Prop. Opposite Depot. I will serve a hot and cold luncheon every morning, and at the same time the finest line of wines, liquors and cigars will always be found on hand. I will endeavor to accommodate everybody to the best of satisfaction, hoping to always extend and improve the place. CHAS. STENDEL. NEW ULM, MINNESOTA.

H. FRENZEL, Manufacturer of SODA WATER, SELTZER WATER AND CHAMPAGNE CIDER. Centre Street, New Ulm, Minn.

LIVERY, SALE AND BOARDING STABLE. Fine turnout furnished with or without drivers at reasonable rates. Fishing, Hunting and Pleasure Parties Furnished Teams, Ladies Saddle Horses. Fine Carriages for Funerals. Office and Barn in Skating Rink. Fine Hearse for Funerals is kept in Order for such occasions. KRETSCH & BERG, Proprietors.

Cement Work. The undersigned announces that he is now prepared to do all kinds of cement work, such as sidewalks, cellars, cisterns etc., either by contract or by the day. All kinds of material and especially cement of the best quality kept on hand and sold at low figures. JOHN LUETJEN.

H. HANSCHEN CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER. Estimates on buildings or on material and labor, more especially on masonry work, furnished on application. Prompt attention given all work and satisfaction guaranteed. The sale of all kinds of cement, lime, adamant (a new kind of hard plaster) and plaster hair a specialty. NEW ULM, MINN.

BRUSTS HEADQUARTERS. For the Best of Liquors and Cigars the only place in the City is at Chas. Brusts, Minnesota Street, NEW ULM, MINNESOTA.