

ALEGACY.

John G. Whittier writes this as "A Legacy" in the Independent. Beautiful lines, and worthy of his eightieth anniversary.

But pleasant thoughts alone Of one who was thy friendship's honored guest.

And drank the wine of consolation pressed From sorrows of thine own.

Leave with thee a sense Of hands upheld and trials rendered less— The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness Its own great recompense;

The knowledge that from thine, As from the garments of the Master, stole Calmness and strength, the virtue which makes whole

MAMIE'S EPISOD.

BY EDITH E. KNIGHTWOOD. From the Youth's Companion.

"Oh, girls—oh, girls!" exclaimed Mamie Burton, rushing wildly up to a crowd of three girls, "guess what!"

"What is it, oh, what is it?" from the three girls in a chorus.

"Why, the master of the Grange has returned!" she cried, looking at them triumphantly, and feeling that she had imparted news equal to a bombshell.

"Oh!" in a series of gasps. "Does he wear a big hat?"

"And carry a cane?" "Has he got a mustache?" asked the third, pretty Susie Camp, casting a look of scorn upon her companions for asking such extremely senseless questions.

"Do tell us, Mamie, and don't stand there gaping as though you contemplated swallowing us."

"Well, girls, let us sit down here on the hedge, and I shall endeavor to describe him. All seated? So far, so good. To begin with, he's about two feet six—no, no, I mean six feet two—a regular whooper! He's got shoulders about as broad as I am long; black hair and eyes, and such a mustache!

Words are inadequate to describe it! The kind you read about, girls, and seldom see. I see I've got you all worked up, so I'll just finish him. Girls," in an awfully sweet voice, "I wouldn't marry that man for anything—not if he begged on his knees for a week. He is the sternest looking man you ever saw. His heavy eyebrows are drawn together in one straight line and his black eyes and extremely dark skin makes him look like some fierce Italian king."

"And he didn't wear a high hat?" asked Katie Bend, a shadow of disappointment setting on her sunny face.

"No, indeed, Kate, when I saw him, he was leaning against a tree with his long legs crossed and a slouch that pushed back carelessly on his head, surveying the broad acres of the Grange—and feeling his importance, I dare say!"—sarcastically.

"Oh, Mamie," exclaimed Laura Brown, suddenly, "what shall do about those beautiful roses, now that he is home. Our table at the festival to-morrow night will be a complete failure without them; and we counted on them so much. I wish he would have stayed away a little longer."

"Have those roses, I will, if I have got to go and ask for some," and Mamie shook her fluffy yellow head resolutely.

"Why do you not?" urged Laura. "It would be a much more honest way than stealing them!"

"But I hate to Lal. If he was a woman, I would not care."

"As he is a man, why can't you be a boy; then you wouldn't hate to ask him. Boys have audacity enough for anything," and Laura shook her little head wisely.

"Be a boy! how delightful! I declare, Lal, your head will make you a fortune yet. I can put one of brother Sammie's suits on, tuck my hair under a cap, blacken my hands and I'll make a splendid boy! I'll do it, see if I don't!" And the four girls laughed gleefully at the novel way in which they were to get the coveted roses.

"All right, girls, be around at 7:30 sharp. Of course, you must go along as far as the gate with me. I suppose I shall have enough roses for each of you an armful." And with another merry laugh, they departed.

Hearing a slight rustle of leaves on the other side of the hedge, let us glance over and see the cause of it.

There, lying prone on the regrass, his hands supporting his head, and a quiet smile playing around the corners of a rather grave mouth, lies a man five and thirty, answering Mamie's description of the master of the Grange.

"Well, my little girl, you shall have all the roses you desire. If you are one-half as pretty as your voice is sweet, I daresay you will make a charming little lad. Wouldn't marry me if I begged on my knees for a week. Ha, ha, ha, that's rich! but I shall have my revenge to-night."

Taking a cigar from his pocket and lighting it, Mr. Richard Tremaine, sole master of the Grange, walked away with a lighter heart than usual, who he could not tell. In fact, he was hardly aware of it. When he was 28, he met, loved and courted a beautiful woman. That was when he was a poor artist and before he had inherited the Grange and its vast estates. Though she loved him as well as her shadow, nature would permit, she cast him aside for a richer man. Richard Tremaine was not the man to wear the willow, but he never trusted women afterwards, and always seemed to shun their society, rather than court it.

The clock chimed seven, then the quarter past. The shadows in Mas-

ter Dick's study were deepening and he hung for lights.

"I want a good look at him—her, I should say. I say Thomas," suddenly, to the servant who was just retiring, "if a boy asks to see me to-night, show him in here."

"At last she cometh," as the door-bell peals loudly.

"A young lad wishes to see you, sir," announced Thomas.

The "young lad" enters. "Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, my boy," with a slight emphasis on the boy. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes sir, please, a young lady sent me to ask if you would please give her some roses for the festival to-morrow night." The lad's voice trembled perceptibly, and the truth is he would have given all he possessed if he was safely out in the open air, and a pair of piercing, quizzical eyes were not fastened so steadily on his dusty face.

And did he imagine or did he really discern a shadow of a smile quivering over that dark, handsome face.

"When I was a little boy," says the master of the Grange, tilting back coolly in his chair and elevating his feet, "my mother taught me to take off my hat when entering a house."

Mr. Tremaine had the satisfaction of seeing the small face dyed scarlet. Quickly a small hand is raised as though to remove the hat and as quickly falls.

"If you please—sir, I haven't got any mother."

"Poor boy," compassionately, "what is your name?"

"My name?" in a frightened voice, "I haven't got—oh, Petey—Petey Green, sir" desperately.

"Well, Petey," said the master of the Grange, in rather a suffocating voice, "you would like to have some roses, would you? Very well; follow me."

"Oh dear—oh dear!" groans Petey, inwardly, "I would give ten millions if I never had been born."

"Are these the roses, Petey?" asked Mr. Dick.

"I don't know, sir. I guess the young ladies may come after 'em, sir. I guess I'll go."

"No, Petey, you may as well wait for them; I'll have them ready in a minute, besides the girls would laugh at you if you went back without them," in a peculiar voice.

Of course it is by accident, but as Mr. Tremaine turns, his arm brushes against Petey's cap, and Petey's cap falls to the ground.

"With a low, agonized 'oh' Petey puts both dirty little hands to his head. It is no use. A profusion of long, yellow curls tumble around his shoulders and very much give Petey the appearance of a girl.

"Why, Petey," exclaimed Master Dick, his dark, stern face the picture of surprise, "what beautiful curls you have—just like a girl!"

Every drop of blood in Mamie's body rushed to her face. She tries to look indifferent, but her face is so hot that it forces the mortified tears down her cheeks.

"Oh, you great, big disagreeable man, I hate you!"

To save her life, Mamie cannot keep the hot passionate words back, for he stands regarding her silently, a tantalizing smile curving the lips which the immense black mustache does not entirely hide.

"There, now, I am sure you are a girl."

Poor Mamie's mortification is too deep to heed the remark.

Throwing herself on a rustic bench, she gives vent to her mortification in a flood of tears.

Mr. Tremaine now begins to think that probably he went too far, that the girl is heartily crazed with shame he can plainly see.

"Come, Miss—Petey, do not cry so."

The hated name only augments her misery.

"Miss Mamie," using the right name this time, "you really distress me. If you say nothing about this little episode, I am sure I never shall. I overheard you planning it this afternoon, and could not forego the temptation of confusing you a little. Really, I did not think you would take it so to heart, or I would not have unmasked you."

"Did not think I would take it so to heart! You must think I am in the habit of going around in—boy's clothes!" flashed Mamie, raising a pair of swimming blue eyes wrathfully to his dark grave ones.

"Indeed, no, Miss Mamie, I did not mean to imply anything. Besides, I'll never know you when you get petticoats on, there will be such a change," he said consolingly.

"I never thought of that," a relieved look coming into the blue eyes. "But oh dear, oh dear! I'll never, never get over it."

With a bound she reaches the door and dashes along the corridor, which leads from the conservatory to the main hall.

In another minute the cool air is blowing on her scorching hot face.

"Did you get them?" three low voices inquire, as she tears up to them.

With another burst of tears, Mamie tells her friends all.

Bitter are the denunciations hurled at Dick Tremaine's dark head.

The next night the festival was at its height and pretty Mamie Burton, in a crisp, white muslin and blue sash, was busily engaged in tying up candy, when a light touch on her arm startled her.

"Here, miss," handing her a beautiful bouquet of roses. "I was to hand these to you."

"What lovely—"

But she never finished the sentence. She knew the roses, for they were the ones on which she had set her heart for the festival. A slow, burning blush spread from brow to neck, and Dick Tremaine, half screened by a stone pillar, thought her the perfection of dainty loveliness.

Six months later. A dashing team and a jaunty little cutter waits in front of Lawyer Burton's residence. A very tall, dark man alights and rings the bell, and the door is opened by Lawyer Burton's pretty daughter, Mamie.

"Ah, good afternoon, Miss Mamie. Would you like a little sleigh-ride this afternoon—it is so pleasant! I should be so happy," letting his dark eyes rest on her trim figure.

"Thank you, Mr. Tremaine, I should be delighted!" she answers, her merry blue eyes fall beneath his more ardent ones.

They are riding along an extremely lonely road and Dick Tremaine reins in the horses.

"Mamie," bending over her and taking her gloved hands in his, "cannot you guess why I brought you out this afternoon?"

"For a—"

She was going to say "for a ride," but the words die on her lips as she sees his face, and she turns her head.

"Mamie, Darling, could you love an old, stern man like me well enough to live with him always? I think you have bewitched me, for I cannot get you out of my thoughts. Is it yes or no? probably this is abrupt, but when men get my age they are usually impatient. For God's sake child don't keep me in suspense.

His breath comes in quick, labored gasps, and his deep, grave eyes are fixed intently on the half-turned face of Mamie.

"If I say yes?" turning to him questioningly and veiling her mischievous, bonny eyes.

"I'll be the happiest man in God's universe," snatching her in his arms and kissing her.

"And if I say no?"

"I'll blow my brains out! No I won't either. I shall publish our first romantic meeting."

That was the first illusion he had ever made in regard to Petey Green's errand.

"There! I shall not marry you now."

"Not if I get on my knees and coax for a week?" he asked, a merry twinkle in his eyes and a suspicious twitching around his mouth.

She flashed him a quick, shamed glance.

"Did you hear me say that, too?"

"I heard everything, sweet."

"I might just as well surrender, Dick Tremaine, for I have no opinion, nor a particle of respect for myself, and if I can dispose of myself so readily, I ought to be thankful."

"Yes, for even I might change my mind, (?) darling."

Passing Glimpse of a Famous Woman.

This woman who sweeps by in the gay crowd on Broadway was a famous beauty in her day. She is still good looking. Her face is a trifle stouter and there are wrinkles on her brow and crow's feet in her cheeks; but it is still a face that would be noticed in a crowd. It is Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague.

This once famous beauty, who wielded more power in American politics, perhaps, than any other American woman has ever done, is going down the hill of life in a quiet, easy way. She comes to New York occasionally to visit friends, but her home is in Washington. She is no longer the gay butterfly of fashion, and her dresses, while fashionable and well made, have not the dash that made her so much talked about in ante-bellum days.

Her life in the national capital is a simple one. There is none of the luxury of Edgewood that characterized her life during her father's career. But she is happy, nevertheless, for her children are growing up around her, and she looks on calmly at the progress of events with a smiling face.

The White House has passed out of her mind forever. It was an idle dream at best. But there is sunshine at Edgewood such as this woman could never have found had she become the wife of a president of the United States.—New York Mail and Express.

A Story for Young Men.

There is a moral in the following story; it is true, and it is applicable to every position in the commercial, literary or professional world. It will apply to the most eminent lawyer and to the clerk in a corner grocery. A young St. Paul man applied to a well known merchant in this city for the place of assistant bookkeeper. He was asked what salary he expected, and replied:

"Eighteen dollars a week."

"We had decided not to pay more than fifteen," demurred the merchant.

"Well, sir," answered the young man, frankly, "I need the place, but you must remember I should work just as hard if you paid me but \$5 a week."

"All right, sir," replied the merchant, with an approving smile, "you are just the kind of man we want! Go to work to-morrow at \$20 a week." —St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Colored Girls Can Get White.

Among the curious incidents of the thunderstorm which played such havoc in the interior of New Jersey on Friday none has caused more surprise than a freak of the lightning. On that day the residence of Mr. F. M. Riley, cashier of the Cumberland Bank, on West Commerce street, Bridgeton, was struck by lightning. The fluid ran down the chimney, struck an iron screen which was three or four feet away from the fireplace, and then passed to the arm of the cook, a colored woman, who was standing near. She says she did not feel the shock. The fluid entered her wrist and passed out of her elbow, turning the flesh a snowy whiteness. Her arm was only slightly burned, and otherwise she suffered no pain at all. The doctor who attended her says that in all probability her arm between the wrist and elbow will remain white.—New York Journal.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE RISING GENERATION.

A Fox Story—A Little Sunbeam—Lemonade by Rule—Cargo of Elephants—Disarmed

A Fox Story.

We are accustomed to lavishing a great deal of sympathy on the fox that is chased over hill and dale, through wood and meadow, by packs of hounds and red-coated huntsmen, and men have been known to state their opinion that this is a very hard world because the fox gets chased all about, but never has much sport in the hunting line himself, which is a very mistaken notion. If any creature gets sport out of life, it is no less a being than Master Reynard himself, who terrorizes Brer Rabbit is an inveterate wild and tame goose-chaser, and who as a hunter of mice is unsurpassed. One fox that I was reading about a short time since retired early from the hunt in which it was intended he should be victim, and to escape the hounds took refuge in a magpie's nest, while he whiled away the hours of the afternoon eating up the magpies as they returned home in very finished style.

Another story it said to have been told by a "gentleman of the strictest veracity," who got the t-t-le in France. A friend of his was in the habit of shooting in a very wild and rocky section of the country. Part of the rocky ground was on the side of a very high hill, not accessible to sportsmen, and from this hill the hares and foxes, which were the chief game of the region, would at night betake themselves to the plains below. Leading from these rocks to the lower ground were two gullies made by the rains, near one of which the voracious gentleman who tells the story stationed himself and his attendant one night in the hope of bagging some hares.

Hardly had they taken up their position when they perceived a fox creeping stealthily down through the gully, followed closely by another. After they had played together for a few minutes, one of the foxes went into hiding under one of the larger rocks at the end of the gully, and the other having apparently bidden him good night, sneaked back to the hill again. In a moment he was back; but before him, racing down through the gully—being chased, in fact—was a hare fleeing for her life; and as the intended victim was passing the rock where the first fox lay concealed, he tried to seize her by suddenly springing upon her, but his aim was bad and he missed. The pursuing fox came up at this moment, and finding that the lack of skill of his co-conspirator had resulted in the loss of his supper, he began to snap and snarl at the other in such a fashion that the spirit of the offending fox was aroused, and a rough-and-tumble fight resulted. They fought fiercely for several minutes, but as neither seemed to be getting the better of the other, the huntsman himself took the matter in hand, and shot them.

It is true that this little story ended in a tragedy for the foxes, but there can be no doubt that they had all the sport out of the hare that they were entitled to, nor is there any reason to believe that had they caught her they would have treated her any more gently than the fox-hunter is accustomed to treat his prey, so that after all the cunning creatures are not entitled to very much of our sympathy.—Harper's Young People

A Little Sunbeam.

Railroad engineers and firemen, grimy and taciturn, lead a more dangerous life than any soldier, but their occupation is prosaic, and few give them credit for heroism or the gentler feelings which make up the romantic side of human nature. Yet in their existence there sometimes falls a spark of light or a ray of sunshine illuminates the smoky cab. The overland train had arrived at Oakland, California, and the great iron engine was throbbing and puffing after a long and sinuous trip over the mountain sides and rocky defiles, lofty trestles, and marshy stretches.

The din in the depot was deafening, but out of the chaos sounds of a sweet, girlish voice was heard welcoming her parents, who had arrived on the train. She was a little golden-haired beauty, scarcely seven years of age, with a quick intelligent eye and a loving nature, to which she gave vent in the radiant and impulsive way she welcomed her parents back. At last they took her by the hand and proceeded towards the waiting ferry-boat.

As they passed by the engine attached to the train, the little one broke away, ran up to the big, black machine, and patted the driving wheels affectionately with her small white hands. Then, looking up at the smokestack she said—

"Yonggood, big old iron horse, you have brought back papa and mamma safe over the great mountain to their little girl, and I want to thank you, even if you don't care for me, because I am so little. And you, too," she continued, turning her face wistfully towards the grimy engineer and fireman, who were looking down at her; "I love you all." Then she kissed her hand to them and was gone.

"Bill," said the engineer to his fireman, "what was that?"

"Peared like an angel," said the fireman, echoing the other's thought.

Just then a fleeting sunbeam from the great orb sinking down in the Golden Gate came stealing through a chink in the depot and fell on the engineer into his cab. The was a

strange look on his face for an instant and when he turned his head there were two light spots on his dust begrimed cheeks.—Golden days.

Lemonade by Rule.

Eleanor Hamilton was fourteen years old, and like most girls of fourteen she was fond of the society of young women even more advanced in age than herself. So when Kitty Williams, her dearest friend, aged fifteen, brought her cousin Maud Williams, aged seventeen, to call—well, Eleanor felt like a grown-up young lady.

It was a warm summer afternoon, and Eleanor had taken her guests to the broad piazza that was already furnished with two little tables, a hammock, and a number of chairs. It was so sheltered by vines that only a stray sunbeam found its way into the green retreat.

Kitty and Maud had been seated about five minutes, when a trim little maid appeared, bearing a pitcher and three tumblers.

"Miss Jessie sent you this, with her compliments,"

"Oh, lemonade! How kind of your sister!" exclaimed Kitty. "I hope we will see her this afternoon."

"Jessie is up to her eyes in dough, so to speak," answered Eleanor. "Ever since she graduated from the cooking-school nothing will keep her and her cook-book out of the kitchen."

"And did she make the delicious lemonade?"

"Of course she did," said a fresh blithe voice. "She made it, as she makes everything else, by rule."

"Oh, Jessie, do tell us your rule. Somehow I never get it quite right. Do tell me exactly how you made this, and I'll promise to follow your directions 'ever after,' as the fairy-books say."

"I've got some mouse packed in the freezer that I must go back to in a minute. But here's the receipt: To begin with, allow one lemon to each tumbler of water. If you want to make lemonade for four persons, use four lemons. Squeeze three and a half into a pit her, and slice up the last half-lemon. Use a sharp knife, and slice it very thin."

"Why not squeeze all four lemons?" asked Maud. "Why add the sliced lemon?"

"For ornament only," answered Jessie. "It looks pretty in the glasses with the ice. Then," she continued, "add four tumblers of water, but don't fill the tumblers quite full. The ice will melt some, and that weakens the lemonade a trifle. Add three heaping teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar for every lemon used, unless you want it very sweet. Then stir it thoroughly, so that when the last glassful is poured out, it won't be a mass of syrup. Last of all, add some cracked ice."

"How much?" asked Eleanor.

"As much as the cook will give you," answered Jessie, laughing. "Oh, dear!" she added, in mock despair. "My mousel! my mousel!" And bidding a hasty good-by to her friends, the little cook betook herself to her kitchen and to the interesting concoction known as mousse, leaving Eleanor, Kitty, and Maud to their own devices.

Cargo of Elephants.

"An elephant's shoulder is never still," is a Hindoo saying indicative of the restlessness of the animal. Mr. J. L. Kipling, in his "Man and Beast in India," tells how the animal's passion for moving about once came near wrecking a ship.

A batch of elephants were taken on board at Calcutta, and the steamer went down on the Hooghly, and at night anchored off Sangor Point. The sea was as still as oil, but the ship rolled so much that she was in danger of rolling over. The elephants had found that by swaying to and fro all together, they could produce a pleasant rocking motion.

As the ship had no other cargo, and rode light, the captain was much frightened. The mahouts were hurried down into the hold, and each one, seated on his own beast, made him "break step"; but they had to stay there for a long time.

Disarmed.

A true Celt does not need to kiss the "blarney stone" in order to gain a flattering tongue. In his as part of his birthright.

A little eight-year-old Irish boy in one of our public schools was reproved by his teacher for some mischief, says an exchange. He was about to deny his fault, when she said:

"I saw you, Jerry."

"Yes," he replied, as quick as a flash. "I tells them there that much you don't see wid them putty black eyes of yourn."

That was the soft answer that turned away wrath.

Her Sympathy.

Little Dorothy takes a trip alone in the horse cars every morning, under the conductor's care, on her way to the kindergarten. On her return at noon she always has some story to tell of what she has seen on her journey.

"What did you see in the car this morning, Dorothy?" asked her mamma at dinner one day.

"Why, mamma," said sweet-tempered Dorothy, sorrowfully, "I saw a man and woman sitting side by side and quarreling! So I went and sat between them, for I felt so sorry for that poor man, mamma!"

Milk and cream are very susceptible to odors and should not be kept in cellars where there is anything that will contaminate.

A cow that can not be made to give 300 pounds of butter a year isn't much of a cow, or the owner isn't much of a feeder: In general we must convict the owner and acquit the cow.

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