

THE TWO PICTURES.

An artist from Italian soil
Had limned a young and perfect face.
And sought a model for a foil.
To give its beauty added grace.

At last he found it in the crowd
That daily o'er the pavement swarm—
Wan, wrinkled, faded, bent and bowed,
A weird misshapen woman's form.

But as he painted day by day
The faded features he had sought
Some neighbor passed along that way
And told of good that she had wrought.

And how they loved her in the land;
And lo! each day some added grace
Transformed beneath the artist's hand
The piteous plainness of her face.

Until its fame spread far and wide,
And half the earth the picture knew.
All worthy to be placed beside
The fair young face the artist drew.

—Beth Day.

HIS SECOND WIFE.

"Well, I never!" said Miss Peggerell
"What is this world coming to?"
"Much the same as it always was, I
suppose," retorted Agatha Simplex.

She was the village tailor's; a resolute, bright-eyed woman of seven or eight-and-twenty.

"I wouldn't have believed it, unless you had told it with your own lips," said Miss Peggerell, dolefully.

"Why not?" said Agatha.

"It's just selling yourself—that's all," sniffed Miss Peggerell.

"No, it's not," said Agatha Simplex, bruskiy. "He's a very nice man."

"He's twenty years older than you are."

"Well," said Miss Simplex, "and what difference does that make? I'm solitary and alone in the world—and Mr. Mixsell is willing to give me a home—and I respect him very highly—and I've no doubt we shall be very happy together."

"Humph!" commented Miss Peggerell. Agatha turned sharply around.

"What does that mean?" said she.

"Nothing," said Miss Peggerell. "Only he bullied his first wife into her grave."

"He'll not bully me into mine," shrewdly remarked Miss Simplex.

"I'm not so sure of that."

"I am!"

"Well, at all events," added Miss Peggerell, "you can't say you've not been fairly warned."

"No, I won't," said Agatha Simplex, and she married Mr. Moses Mixsell before the moon was a fortnight older.

Mr. Mixsell was a very worthy member of society, bald-headed, double-chinned and rather spoiled in consequence of always having had his own way. The late Mrs. Mixsell had been one of those meek, retiring little persons who never seem quite certain whether their souls belong to themselves or to somebody else, and there were those who, like Miss Peggerell, did not hesitate boldly to assert that her brief space of life had been shortened by the dominating will and stern discipline of Moses, her lord and master.

But all these reports Mrs. Mixsell the second neither heeded nor believed.

"My dear," said she to her husband, after they had been married about three weeks, "the Hutchison family is going to give a concert here, on Wednesday evening."

"Are they?" said Moses; "well, what of that?"

"I should like to go," said Mrs. Mixsell.

"I shouldn't," said Mr. Mixsell.

"I mean to go," said Mrs. Mixsell.

"And I mean you sha'n't," said Mr. Mixsell.

Agatha's cheeks crimsoned; her eyes sparkled with an ominous luster.

"Why not, Moses?" said she.

"I don't approve of concerts," said Mr. Mixsell. "It's my opinion that a married woman is better off at home darning her husband's stockings than gadding off to public places."

"Don't I keep your stockings well darned."

"I don't say but that you do," admitted the bridegroom. "But I don't mean to encourage this fancy of yours for running to every wild beast show and public exhibition in town! And, not to mince matters, I intend to put it down!" with great emphasis on the last three words.

"I shall go!" said Agatha.

"You shall not!" said Moses.

"How will you prevent it?" said Mrs. Mixsell. "Unless, indeed, you lock me into my room!" with a little laugh.

"I shall do that, if it proves necessary," said Mr. Mixsell. "And keep you there on bread and water, my fine madam."

"You dare not!" said Agatha.

"You shall see," said Mr. Mixsell.

And so the married couple came to high words within the month.

Agatha was putting on her bonnet and shawl in her own room on the Wednesday evening, when Mr. Mixsell came to the door and eyed her with extreme severity.

"You are determined to make a fool of yourself, eh?" said he.

"I am determined to go to the concert!" retorted she that was Agatha Simplex.

"Then it's my duty to enforce my marital authority," said Mr. Mixsell. And he locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

"Here you shall remain, madam," said he, "until you break that stubborn will of yours. At 6 o'clock to-morrow morning I shall put in a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water."

Mrs. Mixsell made no reply, and her husband began to fear that the task of reducing her to subjection was not going to be as easy as he had anticipated.

He stalked off, and spent the evening comfortably by the fire.

The next morning, Ebenezer Hillgrove, who was going to lay half a dozen yards or so of stone wall for

the Mixsells, came, bright and early, to breakfast. Mr. Mixsell himself was frying ham and eggs over the kitchen fire.

"Where's your wife?" demanded Ebenezer.

"She hasn't left her room yet," said Mr. Mixsell, adhering to the letter of the truth, if not to its spirit.

"She was up pretty late at the concert last night, eh?" said Ebenezer.

"At the concert!" said Mr. Mixsell, forgetting in his surprise to turn the last slice of ham, which lay trizzling in the pan.

"I saw her there," said Ebenezer, "in a black silk gown, and a hat with blue feathers on it! Laughed awfully at the comic parts and cried at the 'Farewell Hymn.'"

Mr. Mixsell, with a last gleam of presence of mind, rescued the ham from its fiery ordeal and put it on the plate.

"Sit down and eat, Ebenezer," said he, "while I go and see after Mrs. Mixsell."

And off he trudged with his square loaf of bread and pitcher of water.

Arriving at the door, he unlocked it and peeped in.

There, leaning against the window-sill, with its back to him, was the well-known figure in the black dress and scarlet shawl, with a white worsted scarf half concealing its face.

"Mrs. Mixsell," said he.

No answer was returned.

"Sulking, eh?" said Mr. Mixsell.

"Well, you can have it out at your leisure," grimly commented her lord and master, "Here's your breakfast."

And he went his way, firmly convinced that Ebenezer Hillgrove had been mistaken in the fact of Mrs. Mixsell's presence at the concert.

But no sooner was the morning meal concluded than in walked Miss Peggerell.

"Mornin', Mr. Mixsell. How did Agathy enjoy the concert last night?"

"She didn't enjoy it at all," said Mr. Mixsell. "She wasn't there."

"Not there!" echoed Miss Peggerell. "But she was, and she sat next to me, and I walked home as far as Chicken lane under her umbrella. You'll tell me next I wasn't there myself!"

Mr. Mixsell excused himself and went hurriedly upstairs.

"I'll be at the bottom of this mystery," said he, "or I'll know the reason why!"

He unlocked the bedroom door and flung it open.

"Agatha!" said he, sternly; "Agatha!"

And then he saw that the figure by the window, with its immovable white face and unalterable smirk, was only that of the dummy which had decorated Miss Agatha Simplex's windows when she took in tailoring, dressmaking and the general millinery business. And the window was wide opened and the bed had not been slept in.

"Goodness me," tragically cried out Mr. Mixsell. "She has—left me!"

Just then he heard the sound of puffing and loud breathing behind him, and turning beheld the portly form of Miss Peggerell herself.

"What a dreadful quick-motivated man you be," panted Miss Peggerell. "Why couldn't you have stood still long enough to let me tell you her message?"

"What message?" breathlessly demanded Mr. Mixsell.

"That she was gone back to the shop, and if you wanted to see her, you'd find her there!"

"Mr. Mixsell considered. Should he go or should he not? True, his pride was concerned; but then, again, how nicely Agatha ironed his shirts and cooked his supper; how pleasant was her welcoming smile when he came home a little late of a frosty October night!"

"Yes," said Mr. Mixsell, "I'll go."

And he did go. The late Miss Simplex sat behind the big "To Let," in the bay-window, composed and calm. She greeted Mr. Mixsell with an icy politeness that went to his heart.

"Agatha!" said the ex-widower; "you—you're not going to leave me?"

"I'll stay with no man that treats me like a child," said she.

"But I won't treat you so."

"I'll live in no house whose proprietor locks me up," went on Mrs. Mixsell.

"I'll never do it any more, my dear!"

"And forbids me to go to concerts!"

"I'll take you myself next time, Agatha."

And upon this understanding Mrs. Mixsell returned to the conjugal home, and Mr. Mixsell chopped up the abominable dummy for firewood.

Agatha Simplex had conquered, and Mr. Mixsell never was the same man again.—Asa Bell, in New York Ledger.

A Plague of Mice.

A battle royal with mice is "on" in Scotland. There has been wholesale destruction of hawks, weasels, and other mouse-eaters in the interests of game, and now the wise agricultural heads of the kingdom are cogitating how to get rid of the mice in the interest of the farmer. It is a weighty problem, for the multitude of mice has become a serious menace to one of Scotland's foremost industries, the raising of sheep and cattle. The mice are ruining the pastures, and ruined pastures means ruined men.

Well, we are sorry for the misfortune of our Scotch friends, and suggest their hopeless case as an impressive warning to our own farmers to go a little slow in the destruction of the owls and hawks, and even the snakes, which, with other mouse eaters, are nature's most efficient agents for preventing the multiplication of the little rodents that spoil the pastures.

According to the Rural New Yorker, the easiest and best mixture for preventing potato blight is, two pounds of copper sulphate and one and a half pounds of lime to thirty-two gallons of water.

ARTISTIC TATTOO WORK.

DESIGNED BY A JAPANESE EXPERT.

Wonderful Skill Exhibited by Hori Chio, Who has Decorated the Limbs and Bodies of Many People, Including Those of Two English Princes.

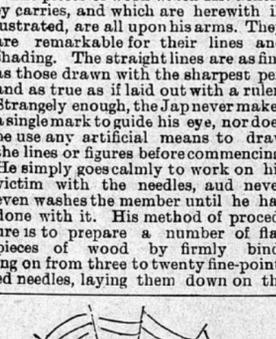
Albert H. Geffeny, the Japanese interpreter of the United States Immigration bureau in San Francisco, has upon his arms the finest specimens of the tattooer's art that ever came to that city. The tattooed man or woman of the dime museum may possess more covered surface, but never do they meet such artistically executed and intricate designs upon their anatomy as those which adorn the arms of Mr. Geffeny. Then, too, theirs are frequently fakes, but this is warranted to be fast coloring and not to fade or crock. People who have always beheld the crude butchery of Indians and sailors, wherein they use the wearisome anchors of false or toms embowered in distorted and painful weeping willows, have a right to regard with horror such a relic of barbarism. They have never seen tattooing as a genuine art, as a profession wherein none but a finished and original artist can excel and produce the wonderful designs which



AN INTRICATE PIECE.

adorn, besides Mr. Geffeny, some of the most prominent people of the world. Hori Chio, the Japanese artist tattooer, is a singularly gifted man and is not 30 years old at the present time. He was formerly a jirricksha coolie—one of the miserable slaves who trundle people about in a small, two-wheeled vehicle—and, as is the custom with that class of people, he had a local artist tattoo his body. Becoming interested in the operation, he attempted the use of the needles, and soon discovered his rare artistic ability. For seven years now he has been the leading artist in Japan for people's cuticles, and has made a reputation and a fortune. His renown has so spread of recent years that every prominent traveler who visits Japan adds a goodly portion of his money to Chio's bank account, and bears proudly away the indelible traces of the Jap's wonderful craft. It has become necessary to make appointments a long time ahead, and visitors frequently send their names to Arthur & Bond's curio establishment, where Hori is, two or three weeks in advance of their coming.

The pieces of work which Mr. Geffeny carries, and which are herewith illustrated, are all upon his arms. They are remarkable for their lines and shading. The straight lines are as fine as those drawn with the sharpest pen and as true as if laid out with a ruler. Strangely enough, the Jap never makes a single mark to guide his eye, nor does he use any artificial means to draw the lines or figures before commencing. He simply goes calmly to work on his victim with the needles, and never even washes the member until he has done with it. His method of procedure is to prepare a number of flat pieces of wood by firmly binding on from three to twenty fine-pointed needles, laying them down on the



SPIDER WEB DESIGNS.

end of the stick side by side with their points all even on the end and just separated from each other. When he starts to work the limb is bared, he grasps a brush containing the ink in the joint of his thumb, and then gripping the member in the same left hand, uses the extended thumb as a fulcrum for a leverage—jabbing the inked needles into the skin over the thumb with the right hand and then prying on the stick until the skin breaks with an audible snap. The row of needles is not used the flat way, but edgewise, so to speak, so that a long scratch is formed every time he jabs and pries. As the work proceeds he moves the left hand toward himself and keeps jabbing and refilling the needles from the brush very rapidly. These needles are never used on more than one person and are then destroyed.

The designs executed upon Mr. Geffeny required two whole days, in which considerable port wine was imbibed and much tobacco was smoked

to brace up his nerves. The healing required a month, and he wore silk sleeves all the time. During that period three upper cuticles peeled off from the wounds, each carrying a great deal of color, and then the work showed in a bright, clear and remarkably distinct greenish-blue ink with some patches of red.

On the right forearm the most noticeable feature is a snake which winds its tortuous coils about from the wrist to the elbow, and there its quick forked tongue darts out to catch a fly. The curves are perfect, the head flat and natural, and every scale in its entire length is finished in infinite detail. On the cross-bones and also a knife thrust through the flesh and again protruding. Its handle is carved and is characteristic of Japanese workmanship. Above the elbow upon the biceps muscle an eagle with outstretched wings is worked out with extreme care. Every feather appears, and so natural it seems as if the breath would ruffle the plumage. A splendid steel engraving could not be clearer. A small floral piece completes the decorations on that arm. On the left forearm a tobacco leaf, worm eaten and with a Japanese landscape upon it is shaded with such a subtle art that no trace of the instrument is visible. The coloring blends from a deep shadow to the whiteness of the skin as softly as the vignette of a photograph. On the upper above the leaf is a great spider's web with the wily insect in the middle and several flies entangled in the net's meshes. It is here that the accuracy of the drawing is so striking. The lines are as fine as a hair and as straight as a plumb line. The piece is a very attractive one.

Above these on the biceps is the crowning triumph of all. It is an argus pheasant, with all its magnificent plumage and graceful long tail streamers completed with a softness and delicacy which are simply amazing and which command the beholder's admiration instantly. There, as in the eagle, the details are executed with an indescribable patience and the drawing is faultless. Not a distortion mars the effect of a single piece and the wonder only increases with a careful inspection. To be sure the peculiar and imitable style of all oriental art is preserved, and some of the figures show the novel and charming poses in which only these people would ever place a bird or animal.

The price that Hori Chio charged Mr. Geffeny was exceedingly moderate and was a special favor to him because he was so well known in Japan and so much esteemed by the artist. He charged \$57 for the whole job. His usual schedule of prices would have amounted to \$267. The

Queer Things About the Watch.

The Jeweler's Review has the following interesting facts concerning that wonderful little mechanism the watch:

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance wheel as it flies to and fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out. This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment.

The watch carried by the average man is composed of ninety-eight pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eyes cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-1000ths of an inch wide. It takes 508,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth \$1,585.

The hair-spring is a strip of the finest steel about 9/16 inches long, 1-100th inch wide and 27-10,000ths inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care.

The strip is gauged to 20-100ths of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 20-100th part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs, when finished and placed in watches, is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of steel made up into hair-springs when in watches is worth more than twelve and one-half times the value of the same weight in pure gold.

Hair-spring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound. The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day, and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and one-fourth times which makes 197,100,000 revolutions every year.

In order that we may better understand the stupendous amount of labor performed by these tiny works, let us make a few comparisons.

Take, for illustration, a locomotive, with 6-foot driving-wheels. Let its wheels be run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does, without other attention than winding once in every twenty-four hours.

A Careless Boy.

Mrs. Boggs—"Little Johnny has lost his knife, and I was thinking—"

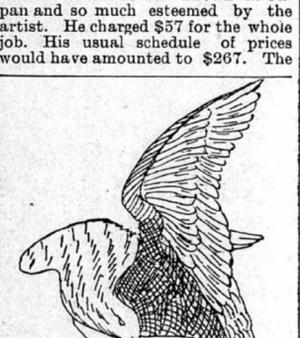
Mr. Boggs—"What? Has that boy lost another knife? It's outrageous! Here I am slaving myself to death to support my family, and everything going to rack and ruin. That was a good knife, and it's a shame."

Mrs. Boggs—"I was thinking, my dear, that as I have found six or eight knives that you have lost, you might give him one of them."

It is never wise to overcrowd poultry. Fifty hens in an overcrowded house, says an exchange, will not lay as many eggs as twenty-five that are not crowded, and they will eat twice as much food. That's it, exactly.

his hair at the back of the neck and emerges on his forehead, preceding down his nose to the chin, the great spider is suspended.

Hori once offered to place a fac simile of a photograph of a tomb, with sixty-two letters on the stone, together with flowers and the iron fence which surrounded all, reduced to the size of a postage stamp, and with every letter legible, upon a man's arm for nothing except as an advertisement for himself. The offer was refused for good reasons, so that the finest thing he ever contemplated was not carried out.



TATTOO OF GEFFENEY'S RIGHT ARM.

eagle and the pheasant would have been \$65 apiece.

Hori Chio has had some royal patrons and many distinguished travelers bear his pictures upon their persons. An English nobleman who once visited Japan became enamored of a splendid-looking Japanese woman who resided there. His infatuation exceeded the usual bounds of love and he sought out the artist tattooer and had the lady's portrait carefully pricked into his whiteskin. Hori Chio made a beautiful likeness and the smiles which his sharp needles left will never fade or dim when age has made its wrinkles in the fair girl's face and time has harrowed out all the old love-lit glances. The Englishman willingly paid \$150 for the everlasting portrait and graciously submitted to the pain that his inordinate affection cost him.

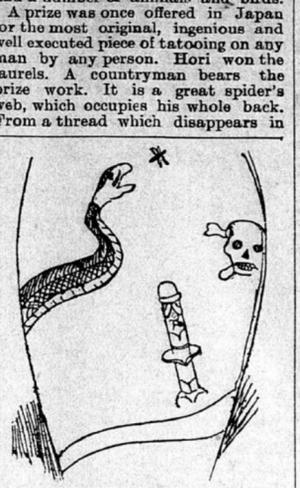
Robinson, who was recently killed in the orient by Hetherington, was ornamented by Hori, and bore upon his breast a proud English vessel as she rode in the stream. On his arms, too, were birds and the snake which fascinates the would-be decorated. A young American woman conceived a strange idea and had a monster crab etched upon her shapely calf. The secret got out at a bathing resort.

One of the most beautiful designs is borne by an English society lady of high degree. It represents a flight of swallows and extends from her rounded shoulder down her tapering arm and nearly to her wrist. It is singularly graceful and of rare beauty. The son of Henry W. Longfellow, who has traveled extensively, is exquisitely tattooed from head to foot. The work is that of Hori Chio and it cost over \$1,000. He has a large serpent wound about his leg, which is starting in its realistic coils.

On his back is a decided departure from the usual designs. It is a gigantic dragon, with all the horrors to which vivid Japanese imaginations have bent their ingenuity, and in its wide-open mouth is a figure of Buddha, the god idol which the people worship. The work on young Longfellow consumed several weeks. A companion who traveled with the poet's son had a most elaborate fox chase placed upon his right leg. It was a very expensive piece and contains dogs, horses, trees, brushes and the cunning animal of the hunt.

Hori's most important commission was in tattooing the royal sons of the prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, now dead, and Prince George. These young men were stamped with the royal signia of their regal family, the royal coat of arms of their country, the feathers of the prince, their father, and a number of animals and birds.

A prize was once offered in Japan for the most original, ingenious and well executed piece of tattooing on any man by any person. Hori won the laurels. A countryman bears the prize work. It is a great spider's web, which occupies his whole back. From a thread which disappears in



SNAKE AND SWORD PATTERN.

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. Pfenniger, 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. Ruenke. Cor. Minnesota and 3rd North Sts. NEW ULM, MINN. 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. OFF. POST OFFICE—NEW ULM MINN. MRS. A. SEITER Prop'r. 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, sausage, 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 St. St. Paul, Minn.