

**DARKNESS AND LIGHT.**

A night bird flew into my heart  
And built its nest,  
And every leaf and twig it brought  
Weighed in my breast  
With leaden weight, till my full heart  
Could bear no more;  
Then in my hour of woe a wind  
Blew from heaven's shore,  
It cooled my heated heart and drew  
The nest away,  
So oft of darkest night full oft  
Comes brightest day,  
And with thy wind another bird  
Came to me breast;  
A nest of softest down it built,  
And there took rest  
Up to the unseen walls it soars  
The whole day long;  
At night returning fills my soul  
With light and song.

—E. Wardlaw Best.

**THE MISOGYNIST.**

Donald Calvin was a city-bred bachelor who believed that men should commune with nature and never with women. He arrived at his misogyny by a process of reasoning and not by a process of experience. He had no canker growing at his heart nourished by the memory of a faithless love. Yet he hated women. He hated them, however, not in the savagespirit. He was still polite and courteous to particular representatives of the fair sex, yet he formed no acquaintance with any of them that went beyond the most frigid and distant relation possible. Hence at the age of 30 Mr. Calvin was the most unpopular man in his circle of society.

As an artist of considerable ability in his special line of work he was kept busy from Monday morning at 8 o'clock until Saturday noon, at which hour he regularly left his work, when the weather was fine, and repaired to the river bank. He owned a small skiff and an outfit for hunting and fishing that was the finest in the state, and with this equipment he left the city wharf and rowed steadily until to some spot a number of miles up the river than any other sportsman with similar means of travel ever journeyed, and here he hunted and fished until Sunday afternoon, when he gathered his spoils and dropped down the river back to town.

One afternoon as he started out he heard a great medley of laughter and shouts coming from the crowded decks of a steamer. Hundreds of children were racing hither and thither in the frantic, spontaneous glee of childhood. They climbed up the stanchions, slid down the cables, leaped from deck to deck, and comported themselves generally like an irrepressible mob of brownies.

"They will not be so gay twenty years hence," muttered the bachelor as he pulled out from his moorings. "But after all extreme youth is one of the blessed things of this world. Men who attend a Sunday-school picnic and look about them in the right spirit will be better for it than a whole year of sermons would make them." He had been rowing a half-hour or more when the steamer with its merrymen came puffing gayly up the river. He pulled lazily until it was abreast of him, waiting for it to get by and nodding pleasantly in return to the shouts the children sent to the solitary boatman across the water. At one point on the steamer's upper deck the demonstrations were wildest and he directed his eyes thither as he dipped his oars into the billows thrown up by the wheel.

In the midst of the group standing on a chair as she waved her dainty handkerchief was a girl of 20, clad in white, her yellow hair floating away from her fair, fresh face and losing itself in the expanse of a huge picnic hat of blue straw. She took it from her head at length and shook it at him, imitating the example of the children around her. But to her dismay the wind suddenly jerked it from her grasp and it went sailing out over the river like some huge blue swallow. He was compelled to laugh at her pretty feminine anger as she stamped her foot and beckoned the hat to return. Impelled by an impulse that was too inconsistent with his professions to be properly analyzed, he pulled across the stream to where the hat floated on the waves and took it aboard. Then turning the nose of his boat up-stream he resumed his laborious journey. And as he did so Mr. Calvin ruminated: "Women are a distraction and an abomination to man; they are the cause of nine-tenths of his troubles; they produce dissensions and strife where peace and equanimity before were found; they—"

But Mr. Calvin had a category of their demonic attributes that was as lengthy as it was cynical. Suffice to say that in every one of them his belief was firm and unmistakable. And yet he toiled up the muddy current of the Ohio with a blue chip hat staring him in the face from the stern of his boat. "I will return to the city as usual Sunday afternoon and advertise in the papers," he said.

But when he came in sight of the steamer where it lay moored at the foot of a wooded grove, of which the swarming little ones had taken possession, Mr. Calvin turned his boat toward the shore and was shortly afterward ascending the bank swinging the hat at his side. He had not got well within the grove when a cheery voice exclaimed:

"What, Calvin! you at a picnic?"

The solemn bachelor turned to find himself face to face with an intimate friend, if he could be said to possess an intimate friend.

"I'm a mere interloper," he said, smilingly. "This hat fell into the river as I was coming—ah, there she is now!"

As he concluded the young lady he

had seen on the steamer came running up to them.

"My hat," she said simply, and blushing.

"I thought you might want it," he said, bowing. "And took the liberty to fetch it."

"You are very kind, sir. Mr. Williams, you are wanted at mamma's tree immediately."

This to Mr. Calvin's friend.

"I obey promptly," said that gentleman, smilingly. But before I go permit me to present Mr. Calvin—Miss Turner."

And Mr. Williams hurried away.

"Mr. Calvin—" exclaimed she, and stopping abruptly, broke into a smile.

"Is the name familiar?" asked the misogynist in solemn astonishment. "Well, I have heard you discussed," she said, reddening. "You are very different from what I thought you were."

"Why so?" he questioned, with a smile in his mild eyes.

"Won't you come and take dinner with us?" she suddenly exclaimed. We'll be glad to have you."

Mr. Calvin grew serious and looked distressed.

She was very close to him now and carelessly stuck her reclined hat on the back of her head. He worded a declination in his mind but said:

"I will be delighted to stay, Miss Turner, though I was going on up the river."

And stay he did.

For some reason or other he was restless and impatient while the little picnic dinner was in progress. The shouts of the children began to annoy him. The presence of so many people in the vicinity exasperated him.

"You seem ill at ease here," she said to him at length with a mischievous smile.

"I am," he answered eagerly. "Can't I—can't you get us away?"

She laughed and turning to the crowd announced:

"Mr. Calvin and I are going to take a ride in his skiff."

He could scarcely keep pace with her as she darted away to the river bank.

"You are very kind," he puffed, as they stopped. "Had I known you would have consented I should have invited you to a boat-ride an hour since."

"What!" she exclaimed suddenly, with mock horror. "The famous abhorror of the sex—what has become of your views?"

He slightly bit his lips and then replied:

"I—I have changed my views considerably."

"Oh, have you, indeed?"

She attempted to laugh gayly, but her face was suffused and she toyed nervously with some ribbons on her dress.

They were sitting opposite each other in the skiff by this time and he was swiftly rowing out into the stream.

It was a small estuary from which they were moving and as he shot the boat past its confines the effect was the same as if he had sharply turned the corner of a crowded street. The channel at that particular point in the river was close to the shore and as the boat skimmed into it there was a momentary vision of a huge bank of white, a sudden whirl and clangor of machinery and bells and the next instant the skiff had been run down by a swiftly moving packet. It had all happened so quickly that the inattentive oarsman was floundering in the river at a distance from the boat before he realized the situation.

His first thought was for his companion. Ten feet away the steamer was stiving to slow her speed by reversing when he saw something white near the paddles. He recognized the face of her he sought and struck out in an agony of fear that he was too late. She saw him coming and appealed to him with her eyes to hurry.

Then as the paddle struck her with terrific force and sent the doomed girl beneath the current for the last time, Donald Calvin shuddered as though she dragged his soul right with her.

Donald Calvin is more reticent and unapproachable than ever in his life before. He has abandoned those weekly water excursions for the solitude of his atelier, in one corner of which is a picture, drawn from memory, representing a fair-haired girl waving a broad-brimmed hat from the deck of a crowded steamer.

How They Steal in Mauritius.

Robberies are inconveniences incidental to every community, and the orthodox procedure of "infractio into houses with intent to steal" is not unknown to Mauritius. It is essential before retiring to rest to pass round and see that every bolt is properly in its place, and occasionally on these expeditions a boy may be found lurking under a table or concealed between the doors, upon mischief bent, and such proceedings are heard of elsewhere.

But it is not certain that to be robbed under your very nose is a common experience all over the world. For purposes of ventilation the upper part of the window is left slightly open, and through this, when the occupant of the chamber is plunged in slumber, the end of a bamboo wand is thrust, having attached thereto a small bag filled with a substance whose exhalation is powerfully narcotic. When the sleeper is put beyond all power of interference the operator, who, stripped to the skin, has taken the precaution to oil his person thoroughly, in case of possible attempt at capture, slips through the open window, and has time leisurely to help himself to all he wants. The influence of the opiate wearing off, the happy dreamer wakes to find with morning light that his clothes and property have all vanished.—Blackwoods Magazine.

**OLD MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS**

A UNIQUE COLLECTION TO BE SHOWN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

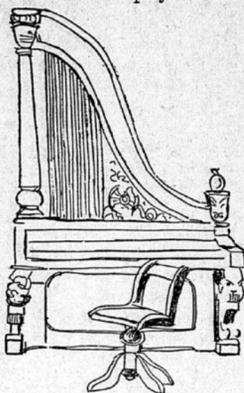
Secretary Wilson Has Ransacked Europe and America to Secure the Finest and Most Complete Collection of Instruments Ever Seen

One of the most interesting features of the World's Fair will be the collection of musical instruments which will illustrate the growth of the art divine from the time of the Chaldeans down to the present day. Secretary Wilson, of the bureau of music, while in Europe recently arranged with the owners of many antiquities for the loan of their treasures, according to the Chicago Inter Ocean. He visited all of the leading museums on the Continent and secured promises from many collectors that they would make an exhibit at the Exposition next year.

FROM THE WIEN EXPOSITION.

He had particular attention to the Wien Exposition, at which a wonderful collection of historical musical instruments was displayed. He succeeded in securing the entire British collection shown there, the exhibit at the Paris Conservatory; and is now negotiating for the famous Steiner collection in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, which contains specimens of nearly every instrument known. Mr. Wilson is corresponding with many antiquarians interested in the evolution of musical instruments. That his task is gigantic is demonstrated by the fact that much doubt exists as to what the first instrument was, and the multitude of different ones that seem, theoretically, to have been the first invented.

It is unanimously agreed upon by antiquarians that the first known instruments were those of percussion, the untutored ear being quicker to perceive rhythmical accentuation than variations of pitch. From this

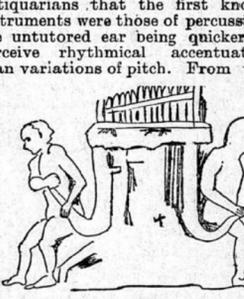


A SPINET.

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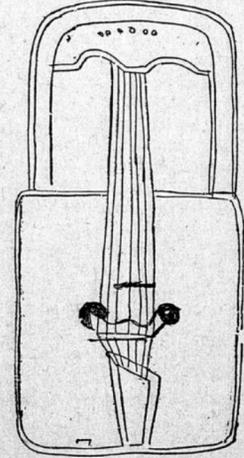


AN EGYPTIAN ORGAN.

theory the deduction may be safely ventured that the first music made by the aborigines was by the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet, which theory, if granted, by evolution gives rise to the cymbal.

SOME OLD INSTRUMENTS.

Cymbals are mentioned in various portions of the Old Testament by Solomon and Daniel, and are described in the epics of Homer—particular mention being made in the hymn to Apollo of cymbals played on by a chorus of Delians. The scabilla



AN EARLY VIOLONCELLO.

belongs to the same class, and are described as inserted in the shoes of the performer, used by Grecian flute-players probably to beat time. The cymbals to be exhibited at the Fair will comprise specimens in the original, and reproductions of those used in the Bacchic orgies at Rome, and in the worship of Cybele and Juno in Greece. One pair of these instruments was brought from Etruria by the Trojans, and was found in the excavating of Herculaneum.

Under this head the syrinx also belongs, it being a mystical instrument used by the Egyptians in the worship of Isis, and also supposed to have been used to call together troops, as is the modern kettle-drum. The syrinx is obsolete. Probably the one formerly belonging to the library at

St. Genefve, in Paris, is the only instrument of this character now in existence. It will be brought from Paris with the Conservatory collection.

One of the most interesting exhibits will be the collection of harps, lyres and the organ in various stages of development. This collection represents much study and time, and is



ASSYRIAN DULCIMER.

very exhaustive. It includes instruments from all the nations of ancient history, and was gathered from the various museums of France, Germany and England for the Wien exposition.

As date and order of the invention of these instruments is purely a matter of conjecture, reproductions of many have been rendered necessary for the purpose of completing an exhibit, and will be made from the most authentic sources obtainable.

BACK TO THE FIRST MAN.

This collection goes back to the first mention of musical instruments, as found in the fourth chapter of Genesis: "Jubal, he was the father of all such as handle the harp or organ" Genesis, iv., 21).

The phraseology of this sentence does not indicate the order of time in which the harp or organ was invented. The harp mentioned is probably synonymous with the lyre, or lyra, which is acknowledged to be of Asiatic invention.

Tubal's "organ" must be clearly allied to the syrinx, the invention of which and the theory of wind instruments are described by Ovid.

Many specimens of Hebrew, Assyrian and Egyptian handwork will be shown at the Fair. This portion of the collection will be particularly large and certainly of great interest.

The British collection which is to be brought to the Fair contains specimens of violins and other instruments of that family from the rebec to the most noted productions of the Cremona artisans who flourished in the seventeenth century. The rebec was undoubtedly the parent of viol and violin, also of the once fashionable but now obsolete violon-de-gamba. The latter day violoncello is the offspring of the gamba.

The rebec is the originator of all this class of instruments, and is said to be of Arabic origin. In general form it resembles the mandolin. It had three strings and emitted a sound both loud and harsh. It was chiefly used, however, in orchestral accompaniments to dancing.

SPIDERS AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

They Use the Threads in Their Webs Like So Many Telegraph Wires.

In a paper in Longman's Magazine Grant Allen gives the result of some personal observations of the common garden spider. Last summer

two of these creatures, both females, spun their geometrical webs outside Mr. Allen's window, and he prevailed upon the housemaid, though with some difficulty, to leave the webs alone. What struck Mr. Allen most forcibly was the barbaric bloodthirstiness of the spiders. One of them even devoured the male companion. But to see the fiercer of the two destroy a wasp was a sight to behold. Mr. Allen grows eloquent on the business like fashion in which the wasp was rolled round and round and swathed rapidly and effectually in a dense network of web, the spider meanwhile, taught by ancestral experience, keeping out of the way of the wasp spinning. Sometimes the wings were sawn off to prevent further struggling and consequent damage to the precious web. The blood of the insect was then sucked to the last drop.

Large bumble bees the spiders seem afraid to encounter, but humming bird moths, in spite of their size and quickness, would be killed immediately. Mr. Allen thinks the spiders did not trust to their many eyes to tell them when a catch had been made, but kept one foot on a particular thread of the web, which thus became a kind of telegraph wire. One might ask how there could be any certainty that the eyes were not used, but the minuteness of Mr. Allen's observation can be judged by his positive assertion that he could tell when one of the spiders was smiling.

An Electric Hotel.

An hotel in New York is run on the principle of "You touch the button and we do the rest." Electricity furnishes the light, heat, and power, required.

A servant can be called by electricity, but a guest has little need of one, for he has his room lighted, heated, cooled or ventilated, simply by pressing a button.

Eggs are cooked and dishes are kept hot on the table by means of an electric coil; a wire connected with a storage battery keeps the sadirons in the laundry at a uniform heat; the elevator is called and operated by electricity; an ammonia refrigerator, supplied with an electric current, freezes cream, and cools water and wine. A patron of this hotel does everything by electricity except tipping the waiter and paying his bill.

**Fritz Williams,**

Proprietor of

**SAMPLE ROOM**

—AND—

**BILLIARD HALL**

A Fine line of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always kept in Stock.

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**JULIUS KRAUSE**

**HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER**

—AND—

**Paper Hanger.**

Ceiling Decoration a Specialty. All Work Executed Neatly, Promptly and at Low Rates.

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**FAAS & KOBARSCH.**

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**COMMERCIAL HOTEL,**

Chas. Stengel, Prop.

Opposite Depot.

I will serve a hot and cold lunch 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,**

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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 mason 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.

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NEW ULM, MINNESOTA.

**BUILDING STONE FOR SALE.**

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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.

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**WINKELMANN'S LIME**

**KILN.**

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**LUMBER,**

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SASH, BLINDS,

—and all kinds of—

**Building Material.**

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and

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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.

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