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The New Ulm Stone Company is ready to sell building stones at the Quarry. For prices inquire of J. Pfenninger, W. Boesch, A. Schell. or Chas. Stolzenberg Redstone.

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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.

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A fine lunch will be served every day.

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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

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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.

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This house is the most centrally located hotel in the city and affords good Sample Rooms.

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A large supply of fresh meats, sausages, hams, lards, etc., constantly on hand. All orders from the country promptly attended to.

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Monuments, Tombstones and all other work in my line made to order promptly and in a workmanlike manner atreasonable rates.

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GEO. BENZ & SONS.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

WINES & LIQUORS,

217 & 219 E. 3rd Str. St. Paul, Minn

THE SYMBOLS.

IN MEMORY OF DANIEL DOUGHERTY.

Pure of heart and sound of head,
Loyal friend and honest foe,
When the fight was thick you led,
When the nation's sun was low,
You to all the Best were true!

No evil aim, no evil thing
Marred the glory of your days;
Alas! that grief should have its sting;
And we be late with words of praise
Of all the good and truth in you.

Come, let us lay a violet crown
Upon the grave we love so well.
That grave in which our hearts lie down,
And feel the sweet and bitter spell
Of love whose life is gloomed by grief.

A violet crown, not only bays,
But from your lips rare poesy sprung;
A violet crown for all your days
Were great with fine things thought and done;
And in your crown no withered leaf.

He was Athenian, yet Christ's son,
Free as a Greek, with Christian heart;
Corinthian deeds were Christly done;
He chose, of will, the better part.
And we, not he, have pain of loss.

A violet crown I claim for him—
Him of the tongue and heart of gold;
Who is there that speaks shame of him?
Not one: O you new Greek of old,
For you the violets and the cross!

—Maurice Francis Egan in Boston Pilot.

PATTY'S PRESUMPTION.

"Hullo!"

The pale face turned wearily and a gleam of interest shot into the tired eyes as they caught sight of Patty outside the window. Patty was short and fat and her face covered with freckles, but to the little invalid she seemed a picture of beauty, for she belonged to the great outside world, of which the sick girl only caught an occasional glimpse from her window in the red brick hospital.

"Hullo!" she said, returning Patty's vigorous greeting in a weak little voice.

"See, I have brought you some flowers," continued Patty, holding up her hands full of buttercups and daisies. "I got them at a picnic, but how shall I get them up to you? Will they let me climb up to the window?"

Patience nodded, and Patty tying the flowers in her handkerchief, climbed lightly up, clinging to lightning rod and window sill, and holding on by one hand, emptied the contents of the handkerchief in Patience's lap.

The sick girl gave a cry of gladness, and gathering them up held them close to her face.

"They're lots prettier in the woods and meadows," said Patty. "They just peek up among the green leaves so cute! I wish you could see them."

"I wish I could," said Patience, her face full of longing, I never was in the woods in all my life."

"Oh, my!" gasped Patty, "how sorry I am for you! I wish I could take you there; but we haven't anything but our baby carriage, and you couldn't double your feet up in that, 'cause you're lame."

Just then the matron entered, giving Patty such a fright that she nearly fell off the window ledge; but the matron only smiled when she saw her, and stopped to look at the flowers.

"Her name is Patty," explained Patience, "and she lives next door. She feels so sorry for me because I'm lame that she saved me some flowers. She said if she had a carriage she would take me to the woods too."

"Well I don't know about that; if they had a carriage they would be like all the rest of the folks—never a thought for any one but themselves. I often think if the people who have carriages would remember the sick in hospitals how many weary days would be brightened.

"Patty, Patty!" called a shrill voice, "ma says to come home and take care of the baby," and she slid down to the ground pondering the matron's words. Patty lived so near the hospital that she caught many glimpses of the suffering within those high brick walls, but she had never been able to show her sympathy for the little inmates except by an occasional cheery nod and a "hullo" when she caught sight of a face at the window.

Patience had been there so long that she felt well acquainted with her, and her tender little heart was filled with plans to take her to the woods, as she sat there bobbing the baby up and down in his cot. She lived in the rear of one of the great avenues, and as she watched the carriages roll past, she wondered why it was that it was only those who had none who wanted to take sick people to drive. Just then a carriage came by that Patty had often admired. The stately horses with their clanking silver chains, the immovable coachmen in his high-topped boots, and the soft, silken cushions, against which Mrs. Marchmore leaned, would be just the thing for Patience's lame back, Patty thought.

"She looks sick herself, she commented, as Mrs. Marchmore's eyes rested upon her and the baby for a moment, and then turned languidly away. "I shouldn't wonder a bit if she would do it. I believe I'll ask her."

The idea was so fascinating that Patty could think of nothing else. She had always wanted to make a call on somebody and here was her chance. She remembered having heard somewhere that people who called must have calling cards and she set about making one. A sheet of note paper was cut in two, and Miss Patty Hawkins was printed on it in her very best letters. Then her mother's best hat and lace mits were borrowed. She did not stop to ask for them, so sure was she that the object of her call would make her mother willing to lend them.

The baby was cross that afternoon and would not go to sleep, and Patty was in despair for fear her visit could not be made. But at last she was free, and summoning all her courage she mounted the massive stone steps, card in hand, and rang the bell.

The tall footman who opened the door stared in astonishment at the queer little figure before them. The fat, freckled face, surmounted by the tall hat crowned with waving feathers, and the monstrous lace mits, brought a smile to his usually severe countenance.

"Is Mrs. Marchmore to home?" asked Patty, serenely handing her card. Thomas was about to reply that Mrs. Marchmore was engaged when the voice of her maid at his elbow stopped him.

"Don't send her away. The mistress is in one of her worst spells, and if anything can bring her out of it a sight of that young one will."

So Thomas gravely led the way to Mrs. Marchmore's room, Patty's card on his salver, and followed by Patty herself.

"Miss Patty Hawkins," he announced, throwing open the door. Mrs. Marchmore raised her languid eyes and sat up in surprise.

"Ah? Miss Hawkins, are you well?"

"Yes'm, so as to be about," answered Patty, remembering the oft-repeated phrase of an old woman who visited her mother. Thomas placed her a chair and departed with a grin. Mrs. Marchmore hesitated for a moment and then asked: "Is there anything special you have called to see me about?"

"Yes'm," answered Patty; "It's about your carriage. I should like to borrow it." Then, seeing the lady's look of astonishment, she hesitated to add: "It's for Patience—she's lame, you know; I can walk. If your man is too busy to go my pa can drive real good. He drives the grocery wagon lots of times."

"I do not think I quite understand you," faltered Mrs. Marchmore. I do not know who Patience is."

"Why, she's the little girl over to the hospital." And Patty forgetting that she must hold her head very still on account of her hat, which was much too large, nodded toward the building. Down dropped the hat to her shoulders, completely hiding her fat face She hastened to push it back, crimson with embarrassment, stealing a quick glance at her hostess. But no one could have told from Mrs. Marchmore's face but that she was accustomed to having her visitor's hats extinguish them like a pair of snuffers. By a few words she succeeded in making Patty feel quite at ease and was listening with interest to her story of Patience.

"Tell her when you see her again that I shall be very glad to take her to the woods to-morrow if it is pleasant; and my man is never too busy to drive," she added with a smile.

Patty, full of excitement, ran home to tell her mother, forgetting the borrowed hat.

"Why, Patty Hawkins," cried her mother angrily, giving her a shake, "where have you been with my hat?"

"I've been to call on Mrs. Marchmore," answered Patty eagerly, "and she asked me to come again."

"Well if you ain't the most presumptuous child I ever heard of!" And Mrs Hawkins, forgetting her vexation, burst into peals of laughter. "Asked you to come again, did she? Ha, ha, ha! with that hat' ha, ha, ha! And those mitts, ho, ho, ho! If you ain't the very funniest-looking figure I ever see! You're enough to make the most melancholy woman in the world go into hysterics, ha, ha, ha!"

"She didn't laugh at all, cried Patty, the tears starting to her eyes. "and she's going to take Patience to ride."

True to her word, Mrs. Marchmore called for Patience the next day, and it seemed to her, as she sat by the child's side, that she looked at the trees, the fields and the river for the first time, for she saw them through the eyes of the little invalid whose pleasure was too deep for words.

"It's most like heaven," she said once, in answer to a question from her new friend. "No, ma'am, I never saw anything so beautiful before. I got hurt when I was a little bit of a thing and I never could walk since. Oh, no, I don't mind so much because I can sit in a chair by the window. It is hard to stay in bed all the time."

That was the beginning of many a drive for Patience, and before the summer was over she went for a week to Mrs. Marchmore's cottage at the lake and Patty was invited to go with her and help amuse her. When she had once begun, Mrs. Marchmore found it hard to stop, and the little inmates of the children's hospital began to think of her as a good fairy

Had Broken Something.

If people never cried until they were hurt, there would be much less noise in the world; but sometimes the crying is both amiable and amusing.

An exchange says that a servant sent money to Ireland to pay the passage of her sister to Boston. She was to come by the Cephalonia. Meanwhile the girl watched the papers daily to see whether the steamer had arrived. At last she found the desired item, but it came to her as a terrible disappointment, and she ran to her mistress in a state of distress.

"The Cephalonia has got in," she said, "but oh, saints in heaven, an accident has happened to her!"

"What is it?" said the mistress. She took the paper, and this was what she read:

"The Cephalonia below; she has broken her record."

Pulled His Wife's Ears in a Dream.

Girls ought to be warned of the fearful danger to be incurred in marrying railroad men, especially brakemen. It is said that a member of that hardworking fraternity at Patterson on being aroused from a dream of an impending crash, was found by the neighbors sitting up in bed holding his wife by the ears, having nearly twisted the terrified woman's head off in his effectual exertions to "down brakes."

COST OF SOME BIG THINGS.

Buildings. Paintings. Books. Horses and Cigars Which Represent Large Amounts.

The magnificent national capitol at Washington has cost, since the laying of the corner-stone in 1793, very nearly $15,000,000, but the state capitol of New York at Albany, although not yet completed according to the architect's designs, has already cost almost $20,000,000, and is the most expensive building of modern times. The largest and most expensive city hall in the United States is that of Philadelphia, and its principal tower is to contain the largest clock in the world. The greatest price ever paid for a horse was $150,000, given by Malcom Forbes, of Boston, for Arion, which he bought from Senator Stanford, of California. Axtell, the trotter, brought $105,000 when 3 years old, while in 1891 St. Blaise was sold for $100,000. One hundred and three thousand dollars has been offered and refused for a Hebrew bible now in the library of the vatican at Rome. This makes it the most valuable book in the world, so far as dollars and cents go. In 1635, when the entire Dutch nation was crazy upon the subject of tulips, a single bulb was sold for $2,200. At such prices it would pay better to raise tulips than to own the most valuable gold mine in the world.

Speaking of gold mines, where do you suppose the most valuable bit of ore ever smelted in the world, so far as known, was found? asks Harper's Young People. In California or Australia or India? No, indeed. It was a lot containing 200 pounds of quartz holding gold at the rate of $50,000 per ton, and was found in a mine at Ishpeming, Mich.,

The costliests cigars ever exported from Havana were a quantity made expressly for the Prince of Wales and valued at 1.87 apiece in the factory. The largest sum ever asked or offered for a single diamond was $2,150,000, which the Prince of Hyderabad, in India agreed to give the jeweler who then owned the imperial, which is considered the finest stone in the world. The shah of Persia and the sultan of Turkey each possesses a prayer mat, or rug, made of diamonds and pearls, and valued at something over $2,500,000 apiece. The largest and most expensive rug in the world, made of the ordinary materials of which such things are manufactured is owned by the Carlton club, of London. A broken wooden horse with which Napoleon Bonaparte played when a child was recently sold for 1,000 francs. Think of paying $250,000 for a single meal. That is what a wealthy Roman once did when he wished to impress a dozen guests with his disregard for riches. The most valuable of modern paintings is Meissonier's "1814," which was bought by a Frenchman for $170,000. The same gentleman paid $150,000 for "The Angelus," by Millet, of which you all have doubtless seen photographs or other reproductions.

In the Coils of a Python.

Not many persons have been hugged by an angry and hungry python fourteen feet long and have escaped. One man had that experience recently, and he probably would not now be alive had assistance not arrived just in time. He is Superintendent Stephen of the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, and he was engaged in taking all the snakes out of a cage and putting them into a box in order to make some changes in the cage. There were several boa-constrictors and one big python, and all were active, as they had not been fed for some time, which with a big snake means for a week or two.

Mr. Stephens had succeeded in putting all the snakes into the box except the python, which, when his back was turned, made a rush at him. He saw it coming, and as he could not escape, he seized the great serpent by the neck with his right hand, and with his left clutched its body about a foot behind the head where the muscles are strongest. The snake instantly coiled about Mr. Stephen's legs, and a contest of strength and endurance began.

Finally Mr. Stephens was obliged to loosen his grip upon the serpent's neck. Instantly the great mouth seized his hand and swallowed it to the wrist, closing its jaws as it did so, and breaking a fang in the man's flesh. The pain roused him, and he clutched the snake's throat until it gasped for breath, when he drew out his imprisoned hand. At that point attendants rushed into the cage and beat the python until it uncoiled, and Mr. Stephens was released. Fortunately the bite of the python is not poisonous.

Lively for the Letter-Writer.

The carelessness of danger which characterizes certain soldiers does not always extend to certain persons about them. The French Marshal, Bugead, was once dictating, very near a battle-field, a letter to his secretary.

As the general spoke the words of his letter, a bomb from the enemy's camp fell just in front of the door of his tent. The general went on talking, but the secretary seized his paper and half rose from his seat.

"Why are you stopping?" asked the marshal.

"The bomb!" gasped the secretary.

"Have I said anything about a bomb?"

"No—but—the—bomb—the bomb!"

"Now what," said the marshal, impatiently, "has the bomb got to do with the letter I am dictating to you? Go on with your writing!"

He resumed his dictation.—Tit-Bits.

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24 Rollers and 4 Burrs.

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At the Highest Market Prices.

We sell all kinds of FLOUR, SHORTS, BRAN, &c.

AT LOW RATES,

Special Attention given to

Custom Work

An extra stone for grinding feed. Steam Cornsheller.

Wood taken for cash or in exchange

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CASH PURCHASES and CHEAP SALES.

Fr. Aufderheide,

Manufacturer of

Fire, Well Building and Steeple Brick,

Fine Pressed Brick for ornamental fronts.

Have the best of shipping facilities and will pay prompt attention to mail orders

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All kinds of mason work and plastering done to order, whether in city or country. Reference, C. A. Ochs.

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Having taken M. Epple's meat market, I am prepared to wait on all customers with fresh meats, sausage, hams, lard, etc., always on hand. Orders from the country attended to.

Anton Schwerzler.

Kiesling Block, New Ulm, Minn.

—DEALER IN—

WINES AND FINE LIQUORS.

I handle Bourbon Whiskey, Dave Jones' Brandy, Anderson Club, Cognac, and Imported Port Wine for medical use; also the celebrated St. Julien Clarets, Rhine and Riesling Wines and Champagne. Whiskey ranging in price from $1.50 to $6 per gallon. My goods are of the very best grades and are guaranteed as represented.

JOHN HAUENSTEIN,

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The only first class brick fire proof Hotel in the city.

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Contractors and Builders,

Plans and specifications furnished to order. Having received new and improved machinery we are able to furnish all kinds of work in our line, as Sash, Doors and Mouldings, also all kinds of Turned and Scroll Saw Work.

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Has on Hand a good stock of Millinery Goods consisting in part of Hats, Bonnets, Velvets, Silks, Ribbons, Feathers Human Hair, Flowers &c.

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Custom grinding solicited. We grind wheat for ¼ (one eigth) or exchange 34 lbs. flour, 5 lbs. shorts and 8 lbs. bran for one bushel of wheat. Flour and feed sold at low rates and delivered in New Ulm free of expense.

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