

Women Will Vote

as usual at the next school election—but for many candidates. They give a unanimous vote—every day in the week—in favor of

KIRK'S WHITE RUSSIAN SOAP

because they know it has no equal as a labor and temper saver on wash-day. The "White Russian" is a great soap to use in hard or alkali water. Does not roughen or injure the hands—is perfectly safe to use on the finest fabrics.

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Dusky Diamond Tar Soap. Makes the Skin Soft and Smooth.

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The goods are of Foreign and Domestic manufacture and of superior quality. Fit Guaranteed.

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We mean Summer Dress Goods.

Prices to suit.

Satisfaction is yours in buying of

G. F. DONGUS.

THE LITTLE ARMCHAIR.

Nobody sits in the little armchair. It stands in a corner dim. But a white haired mother gazes there. And yearningly thinking of him. Sees through the dusk of the long ago. The bloom of her boy's sweet face. As he rocks so merrily to and fro. With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand. Sometimes a pencil and slate. And the figures hard to understand. And she sees the seal of his father's hand. So proud of the little son. And she hears the word so often said. "No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear, sweet days. When a child with sunny hair Was hers to scold, to kiss and to praise. At her knee in the little chair. She lost him back in the busy years. When the great world caught the man. And he strode away past hopes and fears. To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream. Like a picture out of date. She sees a head with a golden gleam. Bent over a pencil and slate. And she lives again the happy day. The day of her young life's spring. When the small armchair stood just in the way.

The center of everything. Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Bazar.

THE FATHER.

Thord Overaas, of whom we are about to speak, was the wealthiest man in the parish.

His tall figure stood one day in the pastor's study. "I have got a son," he said eagerly, "and I wish to have him baptized."

"What shall he be called?" "Finn, after my father."

"And his godparents?" They were named, being relatives of Thord and the best men and women in the district.

"Is there anything else?" asked the pastor and looked up. The farmer stood a minute. "I should like to have him baptized by himself," he said.

"That is to say on a week day?" "Next Saturday at 13 o'clock."

"Is there anything else?" "Nothing else."

The farmer took his hat and moved to go.

Then the pastor rose. "There is still this," he said, and going up to Thord he took his hand and looked him in the face. "God grant that the child may be a blessing to you!"

Sixteen years after that day Thord stood again in the pastor's study.

"You look exceedingly well, Thord," said the pastor. He saw no change in him.

"I have no trouble," replied Thord. The pastor was silent, but in a moment he asked, "What is your errand to-night?"

"I have come tonight about my son, who is to be confirmed tomorrow."

"He is a clever lad."

"I did not wish to pay the pastor before I heard how many were to be confirmed. I have heard that, and here are \$10 for the pastor."

"Is there anything else?" asked the pastor, looking at Thord.

"Nothing else." And Thord went away.

Eight years more passed by, and one day the pastor heard a noise without his door, for many men were there and Thord first among them. The pastor looked up and recognized him.

"You come with a powerful escort to-night."

"I have come to request that the banns may be published for my son. He is to be married to Karen Storliden, daughter of Gudmund, who is here with me."

"That is to say, to the richest girl in the parish."

"They say so," replied the farmer, stroking his hair with one hand.

The pastor sat a minute as if in thought. He said nothing, but entered the names in his books, and the men wrote under them.

Thord laid \$3 on the table.

"I should have only \$1," said the pastor.

"I know that perfectly, but he is my only child. I will do the thing well."

The pastor took up the money. "This is the third time now, Thord, that you stand here on your son's account," he said.

"But now I am done with him," said Thord. Taking up his pocketbook, he said good night and went.

Just a fortnight after this the father and son were rowing over the lake in still weather to Storliden to arrange about the wedding.

"The cushion is not straight," said the son. He rose to put it right. At the same moment his foot slipped, and he stretched out his arms, and with a cry fell into the water.

"Catch hold of the oar!" roared the father. He stood up and stuck it out. But when the son had made a few attempts he became stiff.

"Wait a minute!" cried the father, and began to row.

Then the son turned over backward, gazed earnestly at his father and sank. Thord could scarcely believe it to be true. He kept the boat still and stared at the spot where his son had sunk, as though he would come up again. A few bubbles rose up, a few more, then one great one. It burst, and the sea again lay bright as a mirror.

For three days and three nights the father was seen to row round and round the spot without either food or sleep—he was seeking for his son. On the morning of the third day he found him and carried him up over the hills to his farm.

It was about a year afterward when the pastor one autumn evening heard something rustling outside the door and fumbling about the lock. The door opened, and in walked a tall, thin man with bent figure and white hair. The pastor looked long at him before he recognized him. It was Thord.

"Why do you come so late?" asked the pastor.

"Why, yes, I do come late," said Thord. He seated himself. The pastor sat down also, as though waiting. There was a long silence.

Then said Thord, "I have something with me that I wish to give to the poor."

He rose, laid some money on the table and sat down again.

The pastor counted it. "It is a great deal of money," he said.

"It is the half of my farm, which I have sold today."

The pastor remained long sitting in silence. At last he asked, but gently, "What do you intend to do now?"

"Something better."

They sat there awhile, Thord with downcast eyes, the pastor with his raised to Thord. Then the pastor said slowly and in a low tone, "I think at last your son has really become a blessing to you."

"Yes, I think so myself also," said Thord. He looked up, and two tears coursed slowly down his face.—Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Translated For Romance.

Petroleum For Diphtheria.

In the village of Neuville-Champ-d'Oisel, about nine miles from Rouen, a malignant type of diphtheria broke out last year. The country doctor, M. Frederic Flahaut, treated the cases in the usual way, but the deaths were numerous. Remembering, as he says, that the English use petroleum as an antispasmodic and an antiseptic, he determined to try it as an experiment. His first trial was in the case of a little girl 7 years old. He had already given her up and proposed to the parents to make the experiment, which consisted in swabbing the throat with common petroleum. He had little hope of the success of his new method, but to his astonishment he noticed an improvement after the very first application. He continued the treatment, and the child recovered. Then he tried it successfully with his other patients.

This year he had 40 cases of diphtheria to treat, and he was successful in every one. In order to be perfectly sure that the cases in question were genuine ones of malignant diphtheria he had the expectorated matter submitted to the analysis of Professor Francois Hue of the Rouen College of Medicine, and the professor reported that he had clearly discovered the presence in it of numerous bacilli of diphtheria. Moreover, his diagnosis was confirmed by Drs. Deshayes, Lerefant and Bailly of Rouen, the last named being the physician in chief of the hospital of that city.

The treatment presents little difficulty or danger. The swabbing is done every hour or every two hours, according to the thickness of the membranes, which become, as it were, diluted under the action of the petroleum. The brush, after being dipped in the petroleum, should be shaken to prevent any drops falling into the respiratory channels. The patients experience relief from the very first application. The disagreeable taste of the petroleum remains for a few moments only.—Normandie Medicale.

From Beggary to Wealth.

Simon Oppasich, a millionaire who has been sentenced in Vienna to seven years' hard labor for repeatedly perjuring himself, was born without feet or arms. His father and mother were professional beggars, and in his twelfth year he was put on the street by them to solicit alms. His physical defects brought him an exceptional amount of sympathy and goldens. He saved his money, and in 1880, at the age of 47, he had accumulated \$60,000. With this sum he began business as usurer and real estate speculator. In 1888 he had increased his fortune to \$125,000 in cash, and some \$200,000 in Trieste and Poreno real estate. Since then he has quadrupled his wealth; by trading on the Bourse. His miseries led to his present troubles.

He had promised to marry a woman, but eventually threw her over to avoid incurring the expense of a wedding. When she threatened him with legal proceedings, he bought her forbearance for 4 cents a day. This expenditure was impoverishing him, he told her after a few months, and so he discontinued it. In the trial of the case which she then made against him he swore that he had never contemplated marrying her, had never promised to do so, and had never paid her 4 cents a day. After all this had been proved false, he was tried and condemned for perjury.—Boston Journal.

Eat Bananas and Turn Brunette.

Those who eat heartily of bananas may run some risk of becoming tawny or copper colored. This may be inferred possibly from the peculiarities of plumage in the turacos of Africa. As long as the weather is dry these birds are gay, the primary and secondary feathers being gorgeously crimson, but when rain comes the color is washed out, and the birds seem to be humiliated and ashamed at the transformation. But the color returns in dry weather. The cause of the coloration has been traced to copper in a very pure state. A single feather burned gives the characteristic indication. The source of the turacin has now been traced to bananas, on which the turacos feed chiefly. All the aborigines who make bananas a diet are very deeply tinted, but the color is sooty rather than red. The North American Indian cannot owe his copper hue to bananas. He has only known of this fruit on reservations and chiefly by the peelings.—San Francisco Call.

Making Marble Out of Chalk.

In nature marble is made out of chalk by water, which percolates through the chalky deposits, dissolves the chalk partly by particle and crystallizes it, mounting pressure solidifying it. It has been found that similar results may be accomplished by chemical means. First, slices of chalk are dipped in a color bath, staining them with tints that will imitate any kind of marble known. For this purpose the same mineral stains are used as are employed in nature. For example, to produce counterfeits "verde antique" oxide of copper is utilized. In like manner green, pink, black and other colorings are obtained. Next, the chalk slices go into another bath, by which they are hardened and crystallized, coming out to all intents and purposes real marble.—London Science Sitings

PASSION TIDE.

The young child Jesus had a garden Full of roses rare and red, And thrice a day he watered them To make a garland for his head.

When they were full blown in the garden, He called the Jewish children there, And each did pluck himself a rose Until they stripped the garden bare.

"And, now, how will you make your garland, For not a rose your path adorns?" "But you forget," he answered them, "That you have left me still the thorns."

They took the thorns and made a garland And placed it on his shining head, And where the roses should have shown Were little drops of blood instead. —Richard Henry Stoddard.

A WILLOW'S WALK.

The Marquise de Beauminois had mourned sufficiently for a gouty and unreasonably jealous husband. She had recently laid aside her weeds and began a new life, when an order from the king enjoined her to lodge a captain and his squadron, which had been sent to clear the country of an audacious band of brigands.

The young widow submitted with good grace. While the dragoons had free access to the pantry, she did the honors of her table for their chief, the Duc de Merval. Don Marouffot, the chaplain of the chateau, acted as chaplain.

One evening the duke was talking and drinking in the large wainscoted room, where he was playing chess with Don Marouffot. The marquise, who wore an exceptionally elegant toilet, was asking herself for the thousandth time that week, "Do I really love him?" and, though she reflected, seriously, her question remained unanswered.

"That Gillou is a clever bandit!" growled the captain between two games. "For two weeks we have scoured the country, and still he slips through our fingers. I have decided to search for him tomorrow with the whole squadron."

"Gillou is not an ordinary brigand," continued the duke; "they say he is educated, courteous and even gallant upon occasion."

As the marquise drew her chair nearer to the table where the two men were sitting, the captain began to tease her.

"What a serious countenance, madame! I fear my stories about brigands have so frightened you that you will not dare to venture two steps in the park this evening."

Don Marouffot looked at the clock and said: "It is the hour for your new-vaive, madame. I will ring for the servants to escort you."

"No, no, it is needless!" replied the marquise, piqued by the duke's sarcasm. "I shall go to the chapel alone. I wish to prove to Captain Merval that women are not such cowards as he believes."

The old chapel was at the farther end of the park. Once out of the house the marquise began to regret her bravado. Mme. Beauminois' mind was filled with the stories she had heard concerning Gillou—"the man in the mask," as the old women of the country called him. Under her fine satin corsage her heart beat so loudly she could almost hear it.

At last she reached the chapel, and entering kneeled and said her prayers a little more quickly than usual. Then she rose and went toward the door.

Suddenly she stooped and caught her breath. A masked man was standing near the holy water vessel. As she saw that he remained motionless and in a respectful attitude, she took courage and advanced.

The man dipped his fingers in the holy water and held them out to her. She did not dare to refuse the stranger's offer, and, thanks to a ray of moonlight that filtered through a stained glass window, she remarked that he had a very beautiful hand.

A little reassured, she made a sign of the cross and left the chapel.

She had scarcely taken 10 steps before the unknown man rejoined her, and she started at hearing a voice which she thought she recognized, although it was singularly softened.

"Will you allow me to offer you my arm, madame? Some accident might befall you alone in this great park at such an hour."

He had such a courtly bearing that the marquise felt perfectly safe.

As they crossed an opening bathed in moonlight, she examined her companion more closely. His mask left the lower part of his face uncovered. Not only did she believe that it was not the first time she had heard this voice, but it seemed to her that it was the same blond mustache which had lightly touched her hand each evening in a discreet kiss.

The masked man had therefore almost the same voice, mustache and figure as the duke.

He had disguised himself to frighten her. This discovery gave her a great desire to laugh, and she leaned upon his arm with more confidence. Finding the adventure a pleasant one, she resolved to play her part of the courageous woman seriously so long as it should please the duke to remain a brigand.

Besides, what a fine occasion to learn under cover of jocularly the duke's real sentiments!

"Do you often go out alone like this, my pretty devotee?"

"Yes, M. Mask, all alone, just like this."

"Do you not know that Gillou and his band are running about the country?"

"Yes, I know it."

"Are you not afraid of brigands?"

"That depends upon the brigand."

"Myself, for example."

"Are you a real brigand?"

"Alas, yes, fair lady," he said in a melancholy tone.

"Indeed," replied the marquise. "I am sorry for you, but you do not frighten me a bit. Quite the contrary."

The stranger had such a grateful, tender and eloquent look that the young woman was touched. She would never have believed that the duke's eyes could express so much as that.

"Would it be indiscreet, beautiful princess, to ask why you went to the old chapel?"

"I went to finish my new-vaive."

"A new-vaive! And for what reason?" "Guess."

"Are you married, my queen?" "I have been, but"

"Ah! I understand. You were offering up vows for the end of your widowhood."

"Perhaps that is it."

Without another word he began to press a series of kisses upon the marchioness' taper fingers.

Her hesitation increased the enemy's boldness, and when she thought of drawing away her hand he had already abandoned it for a skirmish where the kisses closed her eyes.

Suddenly she escaped from her imprisonment and noticed that his eyes were fixed upon the brilliant diamond she wore upon her little finger.

"Do you want a pledge of pardon for your boldness," she said; "here it is."

And putting her whole soul into it, playful smile she added: "It is a talisman that will aid you in returning to the right path, my dear brigand. Remember that I should prefer to see you dead rather than unfaithful or a felon."

At these words, lightly uttered, the masked man showed extraordinary emotion. Then, with reverence this time, he kissed the lady's hand and disappeared.

When she entered the house, she found the duke and Don Marouffot at the chess table. The duke was so absorbed that he did not even turn his head as she came into the room. She thought that really she was in the presence of a consummate actor.

She leaned over his shoulder as he was moving a knight and suddenly turned pale—the duke had no ring on his finger!

The poor marquise passed a restless night.

Toward morning she had scarcely closed her eyes when she was awakened by the sound of gunshots, followed by the noise of galloping horses.

The duke at the head of his dragoons was returning to the chateau. He had alighted and was taking off his pistols when the marquise appeared.

"It's all over," he called out to her. "I brought down Gillou with a single shot. We had hardly got outside the park gate before the idiot came to us. He threw himself between our horses' legs, so to speak. And for fear that I might not recognize him he cried out: 'I am Gillou! Kill me!'"

"He kneeled down 10 steps from me. When he saw me aim my pistol at him, he raised his hand in the air and held up something brilliant; then he cried out again, but I don't know what he said, for the report of my pistol drowned his voice."

"He fell, and one of my men picked up the brilliant thing he held in his hand. If you want it, here it is. It shall be your part of the booty. But there is a little blood on it."

The duke handed a beautiful diamond to the marquise. Recognizing her ring, she turned deathly pale, and suddenly she read clearly in her heart. She had never loved the duke, and now she detested him.—From the French.

French Imitation Pearls.

The best grade of French imitation pearls cannot be distinguished from real ones, even by the most expert jewelers, unless the string is handled, when the difference in weight becomes apparent, the real pearl being heavier than an imitation one.

An American lady who herself owned valuable jewels once told me that she and her husband were shown on one occasion by her Parisian jeweler a cluster of strings of pearls, half of which were real and the other half imitation, and they were requested to point out the real ones. They both inspected the pearls long and with the most minute care, and finally indicated their choice. The gentleman had indeed fixed upon a string of genuine ones, but the lady, though she continually wore and had had in her possession for years a magnificent necklace of real pearls, forfeited her claim for discrimination by picking out one of the imitation ones.

The very finest of the French imitation pearls are expensive, costing from \$10 to \$15 a string. Oddly enough, the longer they are kept the better they become, as the passage of years lends a yellow tinge to the wax, which causes the pearls to look at once more lustrous and more real. The pearls prepared for embroideries, dress trimmings, etc., are merely small beads filled with wax and lack the careful shaping, as well as the inner coating of fish scale liquid that make the pearls manufactured for necklaces and earrings so perfectly deceptive.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Fashion's Gold Tipped Shoes.

In this year of 1883 gold, yellow, shining, heartless metal, mother of murders and temptress to terrible privations, the yellow roar of red evil, holds sway. In the silver age we had combs and brushes, buckles, toilet cases, picture frames and other stuff gleaming with the paler metal. It wasn't rich enough for the blood of New York. Gold has not displaced it here in the metropolis, but triumphantly flaunts itself above it.

A little time ago the satin slipper with silver filagree toe and heel tip was quite good enough for any one. But it only cost from \$20 to \$40. Society insisted on something more expensive, and now New York's swell set rest satisfied as they poke their gold tipped toes from beneath Worth afternoon "creations."

The gold tipped shoes are only for house wear. You don't see 'em on Broadway. Their use is to make poor callers envious, than which there can be no greater happiness.

This is but one instance. The men are as bad or worse, for a pair of gold tipped shoes at \$150 are at least visible, and a pair of \$75 gold suspender buckles haven't even that merit. The only use for them is to show that one can stand the pace.

The extravagance of wealthy people in small personal expenditures has grown out of all proportion. Trifles and trinkets cost fortunes, good pictures by American artists go begging, and authors of good books trim their cuffs.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

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