

New Ulm Review

ERNST WICHERSKI, PROPRIETOR
F. W. JOHNSON, EDITOR

Wednesday February 24, 1897.

Around the County. *

Ole Broste of Linden has purchased a farm in Lake Hanska.

C. T. Levig of Granite Falls has been spending several days with Theo. Thor-medson in Linden.

The Pythian Dramatic Company of Sleepy Eye will present "Damon and Pythias" at Springfield on the evening of the 25th.

C. A. Johnson of the western end of the county has gone to western Texas to buy a stock ranch.

The Medical Society met at Sleepy Eye on Tuesday.

The young people at Sleepy Eye have caught the dramatic fever and have been giving the people a taste of high-class art. Among the tragedians are Chet Case, L. L. Schade, B. H. Larrabee, Geo. Hanson and N. N. Woolley.

Peter Bellig of Stark secured another bounty from Auditor Vogel last week for a wolf scalp.

Otto Schreyer of Cottonwood and Miss Falk, a young Milford lady, are to be married on the 2nd of March. The prospective groom is a son of Carl Schreyer of this city.

Grant Brambel furnishes the following lame excuse for his strange conduct recently in connection with the rotary engine: "During the past few days I have become satisfied that H. F. Allen is not an honest man. He had sent me his address as 8 Pall Mall, London, but when my attorney called there with the deed the residents claimed to know nothing of such a man. I have not yet been able to find him. He had sent me checks, usually certified, aggregating \$100,000, but when I sent these to the city for deposit they were found to be worthless. One million five hundred thousand dollars in cash was to be paid on delivery of the deed, the balance being payable in stock. The deed has not been delivered and I still own the patent. I acted in good faith in this matter and have kept quiet until I felt sure that Allan was trying to defraud me out of my patent. I have several other and more reliable, if smaller, offers."

The doctors used to bleed mankind for every ill that they might find; but since a different view they took they simply bleed the pocket-book.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

All Sorts. *

The widow mentioned in the Bible was religious with all her mite.

Kind words never die, but as much cannot be said of a grey-haired widower.

It is considered very impolite to ask for a second piece of pie, but the man behind the lunch counter likes to have you do it all the same.

If the serpents in Eden had all been nice, we would still be living in paradise.

The salt cellar is our friend in season and out, though we all give it the shake.

It is well enough to pray for the heathen in Africa, but give your money to the orphans in your own block.

The pessimist represents the skimmed milk of human kindness.

Evil insinuations never hurt a clear conscience.

The funeral director, doing a stiff business, should not complain of his lay-out.

Don't think your wife a commonplace woman merely because she married you.

A diseased liver has often given a man the reputation of being pious.

Wear a pleasant face, speak a pleasant word, do a pleasant deed and don't worry about your soul.

Love may be blind, but he generally invites the prettiest girls to a picnic.

A tramp would rather have the cook give him the cold shoulder than to have the dog give him a warm bite.

Would you care to live just where you do, were all your neighbors just like you?

The public seldom thinks twice as much of a man for leading a double life.

When a knife-blade loses temper, it is dull for evermore; when a woman loses temper she's more cutting than before.

It's a poor quality of paper on which a scheme won't figure out all right.

Lawyers and doctors charge for their opinions and photographers for their views of things.

A sober man hates to be "held up" on his way home but an intoxicated man must be.

A good many hard words are said on tombstones.

A good dianer is worth any amount of sophistry.

Civilization is the result of having easy means of communication.

There can be no Christianity where there is no charity.

It is better to know all you tell rather than to tell all you know.

Truth fears but one thing—genius.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

The poet Bryant, while editor of the New York Evening Post, insisted that young poets should be sympathetically noticed in the book column of the paper. Once a sub-editor handed him a thin volume of poems, saying that they were worthless.

Mr. Bryant looked through the book and then said: "You might say that it is prettily bound and clearly printed."

The editor of this story is said also to have had a soft side for young men who would write poetry:

"Give me your candid judgement on these lines," said the young man of literary aspirations. "Do they convey the idea of poetry at all?"

"Yes, sir," replied the editor, looking them over; "they do. There is something in every line that conveys the idea. Every line," continued the kind-hearted man, letting him down as gently as he could, "begins with a capital letter."

"Oh, may I not hope, through the desert of life, you'll be my oasis—to call you my wife?" "No, I can't be your wifely oasis," said she. "But I will be your friend!" "Oasisiter," sighed he.—Exchange.

Exchange Comment. *

The time is coming when the untenable dogmas of the church will no longer find defenders. It must yield them. But it has nothing to fear. If it surrendered every contested point and clung only to one doctrine and that the imitation of Christ, it would still have a religion broad enough to appeal to the whole world and sublime enough to save mankind.—Minneapolis Times.

What The Times deems it important to impress upon the autocratic and domineering president of the Great Northern is that, however great may be his interests or the interests of his road, the interests of the people of the northwest are infinitely greater; and it is to protect the latter that The Times has opposed and will continue to oppose his efforts to consolidate the two great lines under his single management, or the management of any one man. Mr. Hill must get rid of the idea that he is above criticism and that it is treason or impiety for any newspaper to oppose his scheme to control the transportation system of the northwest.—Minneapolis Times.

When partisanship supersedes common sense, legislation becomes dangerous to the people's welfare.—Princeton Union.

Avarice and luxury are pests that have been the ruin of many proud nations, and \$500,000 balls in these times of poverty and destitution will not tend to cultivate patriotic sentiments in the breast of the man who is not able to obtain the common necessities for his wife and children.—Fairmont Sentinel.

McKinley is evidently forming his cabinet on the theory of the reconcilability of irreconcilables. There will sit at the right of the head of the table Sherman, facing Alger, whom he bitterly denounced for buying off his delegates in the convention of 1888, thereby defeating him of the nomination. Across from him will sit Gage, head of the treasury, who frankly declares the Sherman silver-purchase act to have been "both idiotic and immoral," and demands the retirement of the green-backs, which Sherman insists are the best money any nation ever had.—St. Paul Globe.

At the recent silver banquet Donnelly referred to John Lind as "that great man, who will surely be the next governor of the state of Minnesota," and the three hundred men present rose spontaneously to their feet and cheered the sentiment to the echo.—Fairmont Sentinel.

The number of republican papers that openly advocate repudiation of the bimetallic promise on which Mr. McKinley was elected is astonishing. The insincerity and worthlessness of platform pledges were never more effectively illustrated. Here is a sample from the leading evening republican paper of New York city, the "Commercial Advertiser," which says that "so far as the pledge in the platform is concerned, everybody understands that it was not incorporated to be carried out."

Who is the "everybody" that has such an understanding? Is it the president-elect? Is it the men who are supposed to be in his confidence? Is it a fact that the pledge was not made in good faith, and that there is to be no effort whatever to carry it into effect? It may be, as

the paper just quoted from says, that "international bimetallicism is as dead as Jehosaphat," or, as other organs are now saying, is a "chimerical dream"; but cannot these hypocritical partisans see that they are preparing the way for a new silver crusade for 1900, when they and their party will stand before the country wholly discredited and dishonored—a party whose most solemn promises will have no more influence in shaping the result of an election than the whistling of the wind?

If the republican leaders and statesmen are not devoid of sense, they must see that if this country should find itself on a silver basis in the first year of the twentieth century, the reason therefore will be found in the blind folly of the professed friends of "sound money." It is one of the strangest of all incomprehensible things that republican organs of influence and character cannot see the downright folly of trifling with this great question. When they look at the returns of the November election, and find that nearly all of McKinley's majority was piled up in a few great states and New England; when they consider the marvelous strength and vitality of the silver combination; when they realize that if the election were to come off now, the result, in all probability, would be reversed, how can they fail to perceive that absolute fidelity to the pledge to promote bimetallicism is indispensable to the cause of "sound money?" Surely, they realize that if that pledge had not been put into the St. Louis platform, and worked for all that it was worth, they could not have hoped for success. But in spite of this knowledge, they are proceeding on the dangerous and utterly false assumption that the vote for McKinley has finally and forever settled the silver question in all its phases and adopted the gold standard for all time to come.

The republican promise to make the utmost effort to secure international agreement was as distinct and positive as it was possible for a party pledge to be made. Now, when the people look for some movement toward redeeming that promise, they are told in effect that they must have been fools to ever have believed that it was anything but a political trick. They are told that they have simply been humbugged; and, as the "New York Commercial Advertiser" says: "International bimetallicism is as dead as Jehosaphat. And it is always gracious to let the dead rest in peace. The don't want to be disturbed. As a nation, let us tarry no longer at the tomb. We are sorry that death has overtaken so promising a child, but we cannot weep."

Could partisan superciliousness and insolence go farther than that! Is that an insult the people of this country are likely to forget in a short four years? Can party organization palm off upon a great country like this a shabby and contemptible political trick like that with impunity?—Minneapolis Times.

Mr. Foss' great measure passed the house yesterday. It was a bill to prohibit people from sending flowers to prisoners. Mr. Foss had conceived, from reading the newspaper comments on these manifestations of feminine foolishness, that the practice was objectionable, at least to high-toned people like the newspaper men. If anybody objects to anything, there is, of course, but one thing in the world to do about it, and that is to pass a law to suppress it. If you disapprove of yellow dogs, pass a law to extirpate the brood. If you think it not quite the thing to eat fried onions, pass a law about it. At least that is the view of statesmen. Ordinary persons might indulge the easy-going notion that public opinion might be left to take care of all the infinitely multifarious objects of somebody's disapproval. But your true statesman must have his statute for everything in the world that doesn't just suit him. Mr. Foss is a statesman. His name will go down to history linked with the great measure that is to deprive foolish women of at least one opportunity to make fools of themselves. But there are still several thousand opportunities left to women to make themselves ridiculous. Does Mr. Foss propose a separate penal statute for every distinct manifestation of feminine weakness? There is a great career before Mr. Foss.—Pioneer Press.

It will be an agreeable surprise to persons subject to attacks of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by O. M. Olsen, druggist.

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EXTRA FINE TOWEL FOR	.20
TABEL LINEL, 56 INCHES, BLEACHED	.45
" " " 70 " " "	.56
" " " RED, FAST COLOR	.15
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NAPKINS, FRINGED AND PLAIN AT ALL PRICES.	

The above are only a few prices of a few things, if you will come in we will show you a lot of them. We have also just received a lot of the best calicos which we will sell for 5 cents.

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Market Report.

Wheat, No. 1	65
Wheat, No. 2	63
Corn, new	18
Oats, per bushel	10
Barley, per bushel	15
Rye, per bushel	25
Flax	60
Potatoes, new, per bushel	25
Butter, per pound	10 to 15
Eggs, per dozen	12
Flour—	
Patent	2.30
Straight	2.20
Bakers	2.00
Low Grade	1.15
Graham	2.10
Corn Meal	1.00
Rye	1.40
Bran	.25
Shorts	.35

TIME CARD C. & N. W. R'y.

East Bound.	West Bound.
No 4 6:00 A. M.	No 3 2:17 P. M.
No 2 2:55 P. M.	No 7 8:30 P. M.
No 14 11:50 A. M.	No 13 5:05 A. M.
No 86 8:30 P. M.	No 75 1:10 P. M.

\$ Daily. All others daily except Sunday.

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No. 15 St. Paul, Mpls Pass 6:30 A. M.
No. 29 St. Paul, Mpls Pass 11:10 A. M.
No. 53 Winthrop Acc'dation 4:00 P. M.

Arrival of Trains.
No. 54 Winthrop Acc'dation 7:15 A. M.
No. 30 St. Paul, Mpls Pass 2:20 P. M.
No. 16 St. Paul, Mpls Pass 8:50 P. M.

All Daily Except Sunday.
No. 15 arrives Mpls 9:47 A. M. St. Paul 10:20 A. M.
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For further information, call on local Agents of the Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R.

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