MINNEAPOLIS, NEW ULM & SOUTH-WESTERN RAILROAD.

Departure of Trains.

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 8:00 A. M.
No. 30 St. Paul, Mpls Pass 2:20 P. M.
No. 16 St. Paul, Mpls Pass 8:55 P. M.

All Daily Except Sunday.

No. 15 arrives Mpls 9:50 A. M. St Paul 10:20 A. M.
No. 16 leaves St. Paul 5:00 P. M. Mpls. 5:35 P. M.

No change of cars between New Ulm, St. Paul & Mpls.

Close connections for Chicago Milwaukee and all points East.

For full particulars apply to

JOHN RYCZEK, Agent.

GEN. SHAFTER'S LESSON.

It Was on This Occasion That He Learned to Decide For Himself.

Here is a story that the Cleveland Leader proffers about General Shafter. It centers about his salient trait of being pugnacious, just as all current and well invented anecdotes of "Fighting Bob" Evans revolve around some incandescent bit of profanity. But the story runs thus, as the general is made to tell it:

"Once, when I was a boy at school—I wasn't more than 10 or 11 years old at the time—our teacher called up the class in mental arithmetic and began putting questions, beginning with the pupil at the head of the row and going down toward the foot, until some one could give the correct answer. I stood somewhere near the middle, and next below me was a boy who was three years older and considerably ahead of me in the various studies that we had.

"'How much are 13 and 9 and 8?' the teacher asked.

"While one after another of the boys and girls ahead of me guessed and failed to get it right I figured out what I thought the answer ought to be. The question had almost got to me when I heard the big boy just below me whispering, apparently to himself, but loud enough for me to hear, '29, 29, 29.'

"Finally the pupil above me failed to answer correctly, and then it was my turn.

"'Well, Willie,' said the teacher, 'let's see if you know the answer. Come, now, be prompt.'

"I cocked my head up proudly on one side, cast a triumphant look at those who had 'fallen down' on the problem and said, so that everybody in the schoolroom could hear me:

"'Twenty-nine!'

"'Next. How many are 13 and 9 and 8?

"'Aw!' said the big boy below me, with a look of supreme contempt at the rest of us, '30!'

"That was what I had figured it to be myself, and when the teacher said 'correct' I wanted to fight.

"I didn't assault him, but I made up my mind right there and then to depend on my own judgment in the future, and ever since then when I have had anything to do and had figured out what I considered the best way to do it I have gone ahead, remembering, when people criticised or tried to throw me off the track, how that big boy made a fool of me in the mental arithmetic class."

SETTLED THE BORE.

An Abrupt Termination to a Restaurant Conversation.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, when on his first visit to this country several years ago, was taking a chop and a glass of ale in a Washington restaurant one afternoon, and a man around town who is somewhat noted for his forwardness, not to say his freshness, was dining in the same room, and he recognized the English parliamentarian. He walked over to Chamberlain's table, and, quite uninvited, took the opposite seat. Within the space of five minutes he was telling Chamberlain what a third rate outfit he considered England to be. The man's talk, needless to say, was in very rank taste. Chamberlain adjusted his monocle firmly and looked at the obtrusive chap amusedly.

"Now, we'll take England in the matter of great men," said Chamberlain's uninvited table mate. "Where does England cut in in the matter of great men nowadays, anyhow? England has got Gladstone, of course, but he was born about 110 years ago, and he's a back number. I'll just ask you, Mr. Chamberlain, a fair question, What really great man, what noted character, has England produced, say, within the past 50 years? Answer me that, sir!"

"With pleasure," said Chamberlain, permitting his monocle to fall into his lap and taking his hat and cane from the rack. "Great man, me. Noted character, Jack the Ripper. I bid you good afternoon."—Washington Post.

Domestic Repartee.

She had put on her hat and gloves and was moving toward the door, when he looked up from his newspaper and asked:

"Where are you going?"

"A husband with good sense never asks his wife where she is going."

"But I suppose a woman with good sense has the right to ask her husband where he is going?"

"A woman with good sense never does anything of the kind, because if she has good sense she never marries, so she has no husband. Ta, ta!"

And it never dawned on her that she had called herself an idiot.—Pearson's Weekly.

His Enviable Lot.

Mr. Pitt—Since your friend Blinkins married Miss Bonds he has been leading the life of a dog.

Mr. Penn—I'm sorry for him.

"I'm not."

"Don't you sympathize with him?"

"Not at all. He has nothing to do but eat, sleep and amuse himself. It's the life of a pet pug dog he leads."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Once Too Often.

"What's all this excitement about?"

"Nothing worth mentioning. Man got knocked down."

"Accident?"

"Not exactly. One of these men who always catch hold of you and push you out of their way when you happen to meet them at a crowded corner grabbed the wrong man just now. That's all."—Chicago Tribune.

The Suspicious Mother.

Admire a baby and the mother always looks pleased. Admire her dog and she glares at you. Maybe the reason for this is that she is quite sure you do not wish to steal the baby, but isn't altogether certain regarding your attentions where the dog is concerned.—Exchange.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

HOW LONDON FIRST LEARNED THAT IT HAD ENDED.

Story of the Reporter Who Got the "Scoop" and Who Then Induced Bismarck to Allow Him to Send Out the News Over His Private Wire.

During the Franco-German war, from Oct. 18, 1870, to March 1, 1871, I was attached to the headquarters of the crown prince, who occupied an unassuming little villa called Les Ombragos, in an outskirt of Versailles, his august father residing throughout the investment and siege of Paris in the prefecture of the whilom "royal burgh," and Count Bismarck, with his staff of councilors and secretaries, in a detached house of the Rue de Provence. I often met the chancellor out of doors, walking or riding, during that long and bitter winter, but sedulously refrained from soliciting audiences, being well aware that the visits of a war correspondent, who had everything to ask and nothing to tell, could not possibly be welcome to so desperately overworked a statesman as Bismarck.

By what means I need not explain in this place, I had been made acquainted with the precise terms of the capitulation of Paris at an early hour of the morning after the conclusion of the armistice, and had, moreover, good reason to believe that the conditions of the surrender had not been communicated to any other correspondent of an English or even a German newspaper at headquarters. Having obtained the supremely important item of news, what was I to do with it? Unless it could be forthwith transmitted to The Daily Telegraph office by telegraph, my chances of forestalling my fellow correspondents would be annihilated, and there was no wire at my disposal—or, for that matter, at that of any foreign journalist—within the vast radius of the lines of investment.

The situation appeared an utterly hopeless one, until suddenly the happiest of "happy thoughts" flashed through my mind. Perhaps the all powerful chancellor, newly created a prince of the young German empire, would authorize the transmission to London of my dispatch over his own official wire, by means of which he was "en rapport" with every European capital except beleaguered Paris. There was no time to lose. Before 8 a. m. I had taken down the articles of capitulation from the lips of my informant, within half an hour I had copied them out, "large, bold and handsome," on two pages of foolscap and had made myself presentable.

At 9 o'clock I presented myself at the street door of the house in the Rue de Provence and sent up my card to Councilor Lothar Bucher, with a penciled request that he would allow me to speak to him in private. Almost immediately he came down to the waiting room on the ground floor, into which I had been shown, and asked me what he could do for me. "Can you procure me a five minutes' audience of the prince?" I replied. "I don't know," was the rejoinder, "but I'll try. The chancellor is extremely busy, but perhaps he'll see you if you can assure me that the matter is really urgent." I declared that for me it could not possibly be more so, whereupon Bucher left me—I confess, in a fever of anxiety—and was absent for about a quarter of an hour, at the expiration of which he reappeared and beckoned to me to follow him up stairs.

In an ex-boudoir on the first floor converted into a sort of office I found the chancellor awaiting me. After the briefest of greetings he said, "Pray, tell me what you want in the fewest possible words, for I have not a moment to lose." I produced my dispatch, handed it to him and asked him if it was substantially correct.

After looking through it he answered: "Yes, it is. I don't know how you got your information, and I don't intend to ask, but these are the terms on which Paris surrenders. What then?" When I besought his permission to forward the message over his wire, he laughed rather grimly, saying, "You must be mad to ask such a thing!"

I urged upon him that the tension of public feeling in England with respect to the fate of Paris was very painful—many people's sympathy being temporarily averted from Germany by harrowing accounts of the sufferings undergone by the population of the French capital. "That tension would be considerably relieved, sir," I replied, "by the knowledge that the siege of Paris is come to an end and that the victors have accorded merciful terms to the vanquished." Prince Bismarck held out against my importunity for about a couple of minutes, but he yielded at last, only stipulating that I should efface my name at the end of the dispatch.

"On no account can I allow you to sign a message sent over my wire. If your people in London do not believe it to be authentic when it reaches them, that is their affair. But it must go unsigned or not at all." It did go unsigned; it was accepted as authentic, and its publication that very afternoon in a special edition of The Daily Telegraph proved to be one of the greatest journalistic coups effected by any London newspaper during the Franco-German war.—London Telegraph.

Bagpipe Music.

A Glasgow paper thus analyzes the music of the bagpipe: "Big flies on window, 72 per cent; cats on midnight tiles, 11½ per cent; voices of infant puppies, 6 per cent; grunting hungry pigs in the morning, 5½ per cent; steam whistles, 3 per cent; chant of cricket, 2 per cent."

In Japan a very useful accomplishment taught children is the use of both hands in writing and other work; hence there are no right or left handed people, as a rule, but both hands are used indiscriminately.

A CHINESE WEDDING.

Everything Connected With the Ceremonies Is Decked In Red.

The Chinese place a significance upon every color, and in connection with a wedding red obtains a deep rooted, mysterious importance, the next bridal color in value being gold. At a betrothal the bridegroom elect sends his sweetheart a pair of bracelets fastened together with a piece of red ribbon or cord. The bride and bridegroom drain two wine cups at the wedding, which are also connected by a red cord. In northern China the attendants wear tall felt hats, and each hat has a red feather stuck upright in it. The attendants also carry the wedding presents. A sedan chair bears the bride herself.

In south China a sedan most wonderfully gilded is used by the wealthy classes, and it is decorated with what appears at first sight to be brilliant inlaid stones, but which are in reality the glossy feathers of the kingfisher. A handsome cloth of glowing red with trimmed border is also thrown over the chair.

In the case of the poorer classes red is also the prevailing bridal color, and a chair of ordinary carved wood, painted a bright red, is used. Above the door of the chair a kind of charm is placarded or hung upon a red cloth. The chair itself is sent by the bridegroom, accompanied by what corresponds to our best man. This functionary brings with him a letter written in yellow or gold upon red paper, praying the lady to enter and take her place.

Men dressed all in red and carrying red parcels containing the presents fall into the procession. Other bearers carry boards and banners, inscribed in golden letters upon a red ground. These banners tell the pedigree of both parties. Behind the bearers come the other attendants, with long poles, on which are hung very handsome lanterns. The bride's veil is of bright crimson hue and her dress regal gold and scarlet.—Wide World.

JACK HORNER.

The Rich Plum That He Extracted From That Christmas Pie.

For the benefit of those who are not quite little folks Agnes Carr Sage, in Lippincott's Magazine, tells the origin and history of some famous nursery stories and rhymes, among them "The Pleasant History of Jack Horner," containing "His Witty Tricks and Pleasant Pranks," for so it is set forth in a very old chapbook, carefully preserved in the Bodleian library.

It appears that this worthy was steward to an abbot of Glastonbury. The good abbot learned that his majesty Henry VIII had seen fit to be indignant because the monks had built a kitchen which he could not burn down. Now, a king's indignation was dangerous and must be appeased. Therefore the abbot sent his steward, Jack Horner, to present the sovereign with a suitable peace offering. It took the form of a big and tempting looking pie, beneath the crust of which the transfer deeds of 12 manors were hidden.

But Master Jack had an eye for the profit of No. 1, and on the road he slyly lifted the crust and abstracted the deeds of the Manor of Wells. On his return, bringing the deeds, he plausibly explained that they had been given to him by the king; hence the rhyme:

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner (of the wagon),
Eying his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum (the title deed),
Saying, "What a brave boy am I!"

Town Names.

The Cleveland Leader says that a man registered in a local hotel the other day, giving his place of residence as Sleepy Eye, Minn. Half an hour later another guest registered from Painted Post, Ia.

The clerk paid no especial attention to this, but when the next man to register boldly wrote "White Pigeon, Mich.," after his name, both the clerk and the bookkeeper began to get interested.

While they were talking about the queer names that had been given to some of our western towns, a dignified looking man stepped up to the office, whirled the register around, and scrawled "Horseheads, N. Y."

Superlatives.

Dr. Johnson says in his "Grammar of the English Tongue:" "The comparison of adjectives is very uncertain, and, being much regulated by commodiousness of utterance, is not easily reduced to rules."

Then he quotes passages from "Paradise Lost," in which these words are found, "virtuousest," "powerfullest," and a passage from "Samson Agonistes" which contains the word "famousest."

Surely Milton had an ear.—Notes and Queries.

Municipal Jealousies.

New Yorker—You are a stranger here, I presume?

Chicago Man (haughtily)—I am from the great city that New York is jealous of.

New Yorker—Ah! And how are things in dear old Lunnon!—New York Weekly.

New Way to Get Rich.

An Arkansas contemporary records a queer case of financial irregularity. It appears that a young man down there swallowed a copper cent by mistake and a doctor made him cough up $2.—Chicago Times-Herald.

She Did.

"Sissy," said the fresh young man, "does your mother know you're out?"

"Oh, yes," replied the fair one, "and she gave me a penny to buy a monkey. Are you for sale?"—Philadelphia North American.

Excels That of a Woman.

Wife (reading the paper)—The giraffe has a tongue 18 inches long.

Husband—Aren't you jealous?—New York World.