

# LIVER TROUBLES

"I find Theford's Black-Draught a good medicine for liver disease. It cured my son after he had spent \$100 with doctors. It is the medicine I take."—MRS. CAROLINE MARTIN, Parkersburg, W. Va.

If your liver does not act regularly go to your druggist and secure a package of Theford's Black-Draught and take a dose tonight. This great family medicine frees the constipated bowels, stirs up the torpid liver and causes a healthy secretion of bile.

Theford's Black-Draught will cleanse the bowels of impurities and strengthen the kidneys. A torpid liver invites colds, biliousness, chills and fever and all manner of sickness and contagion. Weak kidneys result in Bright's disease which claims as many victims as consumption. A 25-cent package of Theford's Black-Draught should always be kept in the house.

"I used Theford's Black-Draught for liver and kidney complaints and found nothing to equal it."—WILLIAM COFFMAN, Marblehead, Ill.

## THEFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

### H. FRENZEL,

MANUFACTURER OF

Soda Water, Ginger Ale,

Peach Beer,

Champagne Cider,

Seltzer Water,

and all kinds of carbonated drinks. Delivered to all parts of the city on short notice.

New Ulm, Minn.



### Special Reduced Excursion Rates

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 16-29, K. P. Encampment.  
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San Francisco, Sept. 19th to 25th, Sovereign Grand Lodge I. O. O. F.

For information as to rates, dates of sale, etc., of these or other occasions, call upon the Ticket Agent of the North-Western Line.

### SUMMER TOURIST RATES TO THE BEAUTIFUL SUMMER RESORTS OF WISCONSIN AND THE NORTH-WEST

Via the North-Western Line. Send 2 cent stamp for summer resort literature to W. B. Kniskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago. For rates, tickets, etc., apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

### EXCURSION TICKETS TO CLEAR LAKE (WASCOA, MINN.)

will be sold by the North-Western Line at reduced rates during the summer season from New Ulm, Minn., on Fridays and Saturdays at \$1.65 for the round trip, limited to return until the following Tuesday, and at \$2.65 for the round trip daily, limited to return within thirty days. Black and silver bass and pickerel fishing is especially good in this beautiful lake, and accommodations for fishermen, with abundant supply of boats, etc., are furnished. Modern hotels and other resorts along the lake, with yachts add to the attractions. For further information apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

### BEAUTIFUL LAKE KAMPESKA

is an ideal summer resort, the pleasures of hunting and fishing being found here at their best. Prairie chickens, snipe, ducks and geese are plentiful in season. Wall-eyed pike, bass, pickerel and perch are abundant. Good hotel accommodations and livery at reasonable rates. The North-Western Line, to afford an opportunity to reach this favored spot, has reduced its rates to Watertown (for Lake Kampeska) to \$4.35 for the round trip from New Ulm, applying Fridays and Saturdays, tickets limited to return on or before the following Tuesday, and at \$5.80 tickets sold daily, limited to return within thirty days. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

### EXCURSION TICKETS TO LAKE SHETEK (TRACY, MINN.)

will be sold by the North-Western Line at reduced rates during the summer season, from New Ulm, Minn., on Fridays and Saturdays at \$1.85 for the round trip, limited to return until the following Tuesday, and at \$2.95 for the round trip daily, limited to return within thirty days. Lake Shetek is a beautiful summer and fall resort where the best of fishing and hunting can be found, prairie chickens, snipe, ducks and geese being plentiful. Good hotel and livery accommodations at very reasonable rates. The following lakes can be reached from this point: Current Lake, Lake Siegel, Lake Fremont, Lake Sarah, Bear Lake, Long Lake, Buffalo Lake, Iron Lake, Beauty Lake, Willow Lake, Lake Isabella and Clear Lake.

## Mrs. Bluebeard

By Izola L. Forrester

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

"Is it antique?"

Suzanne trailed her fingers idly over the piano keys in a little impromptu prelude of troublous chords before she answered the query.

"I suppose it is," she said crossly. "I'm sure I can't tell whether it's real antique or not. It looks old and dusty and is all covered with heavy carvings, if you mean that sort of thing. Why, Bess"—she turned to the questioner with sudden energy—"I wouldn't have thought a thing about it if he had shown it to me or even mentioned it. He told me about everything else in the house, and I'd never have known a thing about this if I hadn't told Nora to clean out that 'catch all,' as she calls it, at the turn of the garret stairs. There is a large windowless space over the dining room wing, and it was in there."

"And locked," concluded Bess positively. "Every drawer. I asked Nora how long it had been there, and she said it had come with Bob's trunks from home while we were on our honeymoon. I'm not a bit curious"—She paused.

"Of course not," assented Bess warmly, "or suspicious."

Bess nodded her head wisely over the interested sigh.

"It is kind of mysterious Bob's not telling you a word about it and hiding it in there out of sight, and then the fact of it being locked shows that some one didn't want it opened."

As she gave her conclusive point of logic Bess rose. She was pretty and petite, with a decisive tilt to her chin and the confidence of eighteen in her blue eyes.

"Of course you'll do as you please, Sue. You always did. But if I had only been married a month and had found a locked desk in my house that I knew nothing of I know what I'd do."

Young Mrs. Sheldon left the piano with an impatient movement. She was tall and slender beside her sister, and the indefinable charm of a bride was visible in her dainty negligee toilet of white crepon.

"I believe absolutely in Bob," she declared. Bess raised her eyebrows and smiled mischievously.

"Of course you do. It may be only some old love letters or souvenirs that he doesn't care to part with. Do you remember Adelaide Gifford?"

"That was two years ago."

Bess laughed.

"Goodby, sis. Believe in Bob all you want to. He's a dear, and if it were I'd hunt a locksmith all the same."

Mrs. Sheldon stood at the window and watched the small, girlish figure as it vanished down the street among the fluttering snowflakes. It was dusk. The room was unlighted as yet, and a sudden sense of loneliness stole over her in the semigloom, the first she had experienced since the joyous wedding of a month ago. If the affinity of moods and colors were true, she was in harmony with the soft violet gray of the twilight tone that was stealing over the world.

New Year's eve and Bob away. The tears blinded her eyes. Of course it was business. Merely a flying trip to New York for the firm, made all the more imperative by his neglect of business during the honeymoon, but she felt a vague rebellion in her heart against even the separation of a few days.

And there was the locked desk. Bess' words and arguments ran swiftly through her mind. Come to think, Bob had told her not to tress herself out rummaging while he was away. Rummaging! That meant hunting in the garret and running the risk of discovering the desk.

And Bess had spoken of Adelaide Gifford. There had been talk of a summer engagement, she remembered. Adelaide was older than Bob. Some way, she had always blamed her for the romance and had looked upon Bob as an impressionable youngster. But if he had cherished her letters and kept-keeps then he must have loved her. Adelaide was engaged to old Mr. Thurston now, Copper Thurston, the boys called him. Perhaps after all Bob had been jealous of the copper made millions and had married her in a fit of pique.

She turned from the window with sudden determination. It lacked half an hour of dinner time. A lonely dinner for a bride, she thought, as she went upstairs, her first New Year's eve. Perhaps by the time the midnight bells rang out she might be making a few strange resolutions for the coming year.

It was dark on the garret stairs. She stopped at the door of Bob's dressing room and took a candlestick from the mantel. It was a wedding gift, a Japanese bronze griffin with outspread wings and spiral, sinuous tail.

As she held it to the gas jet to light the candle something fell on the rug at her feet, and she picked it up. It was a small, old fashioned ordinary brass key. She looked at it hesitatingly. It had never been on Bob's ring, she knew. The space between the wings of the bronze griffin was a clever idea for concealment.

She set her lips closely and went up the garret stairs with the candlestick in one hand and the key in the other. Halfway there was a turn at a small landing, and it was at the angle made by this that she had found the little

low door leading to the "catch all." She opened it now and entered, half closing the door after her.

The desk was pushed to one side with some trunks and boxes. It was a quaint, antique affair of mahogany, severely colonial in style. The main body was crescent shaped, supported on hand carved legs. There were four drawers, two on each side, and a small, low cabinet of pigeonholes on top.

Suzanne stood motionless before it for several minutes, trying to make up her mind to insert the key. When she did so in the lock of the nearest top drawer, her hand trembled slightly, and she held her breath. The key turned easily, and the drawer was ready for inspection, but she did not open it. Thoughts whirled like the fluttering snowflakes through her mind, and she stood again irresolute.

She had told Bess that she believed absolutely in Bob. Higher than her love for him had been the unflinching belief and confidence in him. It was the very keystone of her marriage faith, and yet at the first blow of suspicion it gave way.

Bess was a child, with the impulsive judgment of a child. She had been wrong to even tell her of the desk, wrong to discuss Bob or his motives with her at all or to listen for an instant to any doubt of him, even in jest. She must have faith and wait. He had probably locked the desk against the curiosity of the servants and had forgotten it in the hurry and excitement of the wedding. She must believe in him. The mere fact that they were married did not give her a corner's right to hold a postmortem over his dead past.

There was the sound of a footstep on the stairs, and she relocked the drawer quickly.

"I'll be down in a moment, Nora," she called. "You may serve dinner."

The voice that answered was familiar and masculine. She nearly let the candle fall in her surprised recognition of it.

"It's only I, Sue. What on earth are you doing in here?"

She stood mute and motionless as he bent his head and entered the low door. It was Bob, and he was smiling and happy, his clear eyes seeking for the glad welcome he expected.

"I only ran down for tonight," he added. "I couldn't let you face the first new year alone, sweetheart."

His arms reached for her, but she shook her head and handed him the key.

"I haven't used it," she said brokenly. "But, oh, Bob, I came so near it. You don't have to tell me what's in the old thing. I'll believe you just the same, and I don't want to know."

"Know what?" he demanded. "Don't cry, Sue. He drew her to him tenderly. "What's up, anyway?"

"That desk," she sobbed. "It's locked."

"Is it?" He stared at the desk in bewilderment. "Well, the key was on my mantel, dear. You found it all right, didn't you? Couldn't you unlock it?"

"I could, but—but I don't wish to know your private affairs." She tried to draw herself away, but he took her hands and held them from her tear wet face so that he could see her eyes.

"Sue, darling," he said, "you blessed little Mrs. Bluebeard, that desk is a wedding present to you from Grandmother Hadleigh. It's been in the family since the year 1, I guess, and there isn't a single thing in those drawers. It came the last minute the day we were married, and was so heavy and unwieldy I told father to send it along with my things and have it put away somewhere until we came home. And I laid the key in the griffin for safe keeping. What did you think was in it?"

But Suzanne silenced further questioning in her own effectual way. The keystone of her happiness was firm and immovable. But as they went downstairs to dinner she registered one New Year's vow in her heart. In the future she would let love laugh at locksmiths.

### Cattle and Rattlesnakes.

"Cattle seem to have an instinctive dread of a rattlesnake," said a Texas ranchman, "and will take every precaution to avoid a locality where they have reason to think one of these reptiles is concealed. I was once driving a herd of beaves over a lonely trail when suddenly the leader of the herd, a huge steer, started back in terror, gave vent to a snort of warning and, moving to the right, passed on. Those immediately in his rear turned to the right or left, and their example was followed by the whole herd. On arriving at the dreaded spot I dismounted, expecting to find that a rattlesnake had been the cause of alarm. Instead of finding a serpent, there in a little tuft of grass sat a harmless plover, covering her nest, while her wings were kept in constant and violent motion. Seen indistinctly through the grass, she had evidently been mistaken for the steer for a rattlesnake."—Exchange.

### The First Will Ever Written.

The father of all the wills and the most ancient document of its kind known to the historians and antiquarians is that of "the great king," Sennacherib, who is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures and also by Herodotus and Josephus. Sennacherib lived and reigned between the years 702 and 680 B. C., over 2,500 years ago. In the will, which is written upon a tablet of clay, and which was found by the excavators who were exploring the site of the royal palace, the "great invincible" wills his sons "certain stores of precious things" at that time deposited in the temple of Nebo. These same sons afterward killed their father "while he was engaged in worshipping his private god."

## Her Management

By Euphemia Holden

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The shaded light from the library lamp fell on her hair, bringing out its golden glints, which refreshed his tired eyes. He had an hour for recreation before going uptown to edit the morning edition of a big daily paper.

A few years ago she had been his chum's jolly little sister. Lately he had discovered she was a woman whose smile was more to him than clubs, theaters or books.

"You are certainly printing the worst things in your paper," she burst out suddenly—"How to Capture a Man's Fancy," "How to Get Married," "How to Manage a Man," how to do everything no nice girl would think of doing."

His boyish hoot interrupted her.

"You dare to pretend you don't manage men, when you do it with such perfection the poor things never discover the machinery."

The corners of her mouth turned up, though her voice was sulky.

"Well, anyway I'm not up in the art of getting married, and there are startling exceptions to my management."

The flash from her eyes aroused his boyish mirth again.

"Am I difficult to manage?" he asked, with pleased satisfaction.

"Impossible," she declared emphatically.

"Don't I always do what you want me to?" She considered.

"In a question of actual service, yes; otherwise what I want when you want to."

"The same old question," he burst out, almost in earnest. "You want to dine with a mob of your friends. Ten dollars' worth of agony for me to 10 cents' gratification for you."

She raised her round chin.

"I like men who don't count costs," she sniffed.

"Spotted and unreasonable," he muttered.

"I should say so," she replied, with a slight lift of her shoulders. "A girl with an older brother and seven unmarried uncles and aunts is so apt to be, especially when each one is more critical than the next wherever you begin or end."

"But you forget Howells and the others. He's certainly done a lion's share."

"If you mean a man spots a girl by showing her consideration, attention, perfect manners"—she began hotly.

"Are you going to marry him for his manners or his money?" he interrupted.

"I haven't decided," she returned, with sudden chilliness.

"You're engaged to him, then?" he asked suddenly.

"What right have you to ask?" The lines of his face drooped.

"None," he replied humbly.

"Well, I'm not," she retorted, more than appeased at his humility. After a pause he spoke softly.

"My mother always said I'd be very easy to manage."

"But you know she spoiled you. You were her only boy. Personally I wouldn't try it if you were the last man on earth."

She was almost sorry when she saw his mouth tighten and the fine nervous lines in his face grow deeper.

"That's a blow," he said, with dry lips. "Yet you told me once that I had never failed you."

"In service—no."

"Only in the little things, then?"

"They're what count with a woman."

Howells—he's not clever enough. It's rather a wonder you have stuck it out so long. You're unusually fascinating. Did I ever tell you that?"

"You never told me anything nice," she said pettishly.

"But you knew that for me you were the prettiest, sweetest woman in the world. And I believed in your talent. Why, if you'd been willing to marry me we'd have made you a famous artist. You won't find many men who hold the theory of a woman's right to individuality."

"Oh, theories!" she cried impatiently. "You'd feed a woman on theories when she was starved for a kiss."

He sprang to his feet, his face flushing.

"That's cruel and unjust! You condemn me without knowing. Lots of times your face has been so close to mine I had only to put my arms about you and—instead I've clinched my hands and moved away because I knew you held a kiss a sacred thing and I had so little to offer except my love."

"You merely mean," she said, her breath coming a little queerly, "that you refrained from gratifying a passing temptation?"

"Why will you try to hurt me?" he demanded, stopping his quick pacing and looking down at her. "I mean I refrained from telling you I loved you with all my heart and soul, that you are the one woman in the world who satisfies all my imaginings, and then—"

"I can't see why you didn't," she murmured, half bold, half tremulous. "I've kept my lips for such a kiss!"

"Something dropped from him like a dark garment."

"But you said," he faltered. She put two trembling hands upon his shoulders.

"You've never told me you loved me, and I've waited so long." Her face was hidden now.

"You said," he choked, holding her very close—"you said you wouldn't marry me if I were the last man on earth."

"I said manage—I don't want to manage, I just want to be loved."

### Took the Rooms.

"In every house, Miss Powell," said young Mr. Benson with some agitation, "there is a spare room. It is kept for the use of some honored guest. In every heart, too," and he laid his hand impulsively on his own, "there is a spare room."

"Yes," she murmured dreamily. "Miss Powell—Irene," the young man exclaimed, choking down a large and expansive lump of rising sighs, "in my heart there is a spare room sacredly set apart for you!"

"Only one, Mr. Benson?" she whispered.

"Do not mock me, Irene Powell! It shall be a whole suit if you like. More than that, you shall have the entire premises if you'll only say so, and if that isn't enough we'll tear down and build bigger."

"This spare room, this suit of rooms, Arthur," said the maiden softly, "that you are speaking of, how—how are they furnished?"

"In first class modern style, Irene," replied the young man, with a businesslike ring in his voice. "Uncle Bullion died last week."

"Say no more, Arthur," whispered the girl as she pillowed her head over the young man's heart and listened to the wild thump, thump, that resounded through its spare chambers. "I'll take them."

### Old English Cookery.

Speaking of old English dishes and the wonderful mixtures as to seasoning, etc., which prevailed down to the sixteenth century the Quarterly Review says:

"Buckwade was the name of a typical preparation, and this was made of meat hewn in gobbets, pounded almonds, raisins, sugar, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, onions, salt and fried herbs, thickened with rice flour and colored yellow with saffron."

"Mornere or mawmory was a sort of porridge to which the cuisine of our own day affords no parallel. Its components were plenty of wine and sugar, a quart of honey, a gallon of oil, a pound of powdered spices, to gether with ginger, cinnamon and galangale (Cyperus longus), a plant much used for flavoring. All these were boiled together with the pounded flesh of eight capons and the mess served in bowls like porridge, with, according to one recipe, a lighted wax candle stuck in the middle of each."

"Mortwars, a dish mentioned by Chaucer in his 'Canterbury Tales,' was held in great esteem. It derived its name from the mortar in which the meat used in making it was pounded."

### Bad Way to Bet.

"If you wish to get on the outs with your best girl just make a bet that will interest her to see you lose," said a forlorn chap to a friend this morning. "It was like this," he continued. "I had been smoking so much that my health was becoming impaired. She warned that I could not quit. I took her up and staked a five dollar bill against a necktie. At the end of thirty days I could return to my dear old weed. I have not used tobacco in any form now for ten days, and as the young lady in question believes I shall persevere to the end she is showing me a spirit that indicates her displeasure at my daring to abstain so long. To tell the truth, I think she imagines me absolutely mean because I am determined not to lose."

"What would you advise me to do?" "I would suggest," replied the friend, "that the next time you desire to give your lady friend a five dollar present you should not pretend that you are going to quit smoking in order to secure her acceptance."

A passing policeman prevented an altercation.—Philadelphia Press.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an Execution, on Transcript from Justice Court issued out of and under the Seal of the District Court, in and for the County of Renville and State of Minnesota, upon a judgment rendered and docketed in the said Court, on the 9th day of July A. D. 1904, in an action wherein N. V. Kieck Plaintiff, and W. R. Carson Defendant, in favor of the said Plaintiff and against the said Defendant, for the sum of Thirty Eight and 80-100 dollars which execution was directed and delivered to me as Sheriff in and for the said County of Brown, I have this 21st day of July A. D. 1904, levied upon all the right, title and interest of the said Defendant, W. R. Carson, in and to the following described Real property in Brown County, State of Minnesota, to-wit:

The undivided one-tenth (1/10) of Sub Lots one (1), two (2), three (3), four (4) and five (5) of Lot three (3) and Sub Lots two (2) of Lot two (2), all in Sec. 16, Township 11, Range 32, containing thirty-one (31) 1/40 acres.

Notice is hereby given, that I, the undersigned as Sheriff aforesaid, will sell the above described Real property to the highest bidder, for cash, at public auction, at the Front door of the Court House in the City of New Ulm in the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, on Monday the 20th day of September A. D. 1904, at 10 o'clock A. M., of that day, to satisfy the said execution, together with the interest and costs thereof.

Dated July 21st A. D. 1904.

W. J. JULIUS,

Sheriff of Brown County, Minn.

A. V. RIEKE,

Attorney for Plaintiff, Fairfax Minn.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution, issued out of and under the Seal of the District Court, in and for the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, upon a judgment rendered and docketed in the said Court, on the 17th day of March, A. D. 1904, in an action wherein the Minnesota Thresher Manufacturing Company, a corporation is Plaintiff, and Carl Franke is Defendant, in favor of the said Plaintiff and against the said Defendant, for the sum of One Hundred and 90-100 (\$100.00) Dollars which judgment was by deed of assignment said in said Court May 20, 1904, assigned and transferred to the Northwest Thresher Company which execution was directed and delivered to me as Sheriff in and for the said County of Brown, I have levied upon all the right, title and interest of the said Defendant Carl Franke in and to the following described Real property situate, lying and being in the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, to-wit:

The Northeast Quarter (NE 1/4) of Section Number Ten (10), the East 1/2 of Section Number Ten (10), the Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) of Section Number Three (3) all in Township Number One Hundred and eight (108) North, of Range Number Thirty-three (33) West of the 5th P. M.

Notice is hereby given, that I, the undersigned, as Sheriff aforesaid, will sell the above described real property to the highest bidder, for cash, at public auction, at the front door of the Court house in the City of New Ulm in the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, on Thursday the 22nd day of September A. D. 1904, at 10 o'clock A. M., of that day, to satisfy the said execution, together with the interest and costs thereon.

Dated August 6th, A. D. 1904.

W. J. JULIUS,

Sheriff of Brown County, Minn.

LIND & STRINHAUSER,

Attorneys for Judgment Creditor.

### Order for Hearing on Claims.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss  
COUNTY OF BROWN, ss  
In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of Jacob Larson, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Jacob Larson, deceased, late of the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, being granted to John Larson.

It is Ordered, that six months be and the date of this order in which all persons having claims or demands against the said deceased are to file the same in the Probate Court of said County for examination and allowance, or be forever barred.

It is Further Ordered, that the first Monday in March, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock A. M., at a General Term of said Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office in the Court House in the City of New Ulm in said County, be and the same hereby is appointed as the time and place when and where the said claims and demands will be examined and adjusted.

And it is Further Ordered, that notice of such hearing be given to all creditors and persons interested in said estate by forthwith publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper printed and published at New Ulm in said County.

Dated at New Ulm, Minn., the 4th day of August A. D. 1904.

By the Court,

S. A. GEORGE,

Judge of Probate.

### Order to Examine Accounts, Etc.

State of Minnesota, ss  
County of Brown, ss  
In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of August Ott deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Albertine Ott as Executrix of the estate of August Ott deceased of the said County of Brown, State of Minnesota, praying that a time and place be appointed for examining and allowing the final account of her administration of said estate and for the assignment of said estate to the parties entitled thereto by law.

It is ordered, that said account be examined and allowed, and the date of this order in which all persons interested in said estate are to file the same in the Probate Court of said County for examination and allowance, or be forever barred.

It is Further Ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order once in each week for three successive weeks in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper, printed and published at the City of New Ulm in said County.

Dated New Ulm, Minn., August 6th, A. D. 1904.