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THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

GOING EAST. No 504-Daily, new line... GOING WEST. No 517-Daily, new line...



Democratic candidate for Railroad and Warehouse Commissioner—4 year term.

Mrs. T. A. Town, 107 6th St. Watertown, S. D., writes: 'My four children are subject to hard colds and I always use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound with splendid results.'

Cataract Cannot be Cured

with local applications as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies.

A Wideawake Prisoner.

'The jury has unanimously found you guilty, prisoner at the bar,' said the judge dryly.

'All right, you're honor,' replied the prisoner. 'If that's the case I guess I'll be hanged in effigy.'—Harper's.

Alayed His Fever.

Old Bachelor—'Whatcher looking so blue about, old man? De Chappie-Reason enough. Last night I dramatically told Doc De Eocks that I was consumed with love for his daughter, and the old chump prescribed quinine for a fever and said he'd send the bill later.'—Boston Record.

HISTORIC SWORDS

A Pair That Did Duty at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

ENEMIES IN THAT CONFLICT.

Now They Are Clasped in Peace in the Massachusetts Historical Society Building—A Legacy From the Historian Prescott and His Wife.

The most impressive memorials of the battle of Bunker Hill are the huge shaft over in Charlestown and a pair of swords which hang crossed like a pair of clasped hands over the door of the building of the Massachusetts Historical society.

Both these swords were used in the heroic duel of June 17, 1775, the one by the commander of the patriot forces, the other by the captain of one of the British war vessels which bombarded Charlestown and protected the crossing of the English troops.

It was to these weapons that Thackeray referred in the very first paragraph of his novel 'The Virginians,' which reads thus:

'On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America there hang two crossed swords, which his relatives wore in the great War of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the king, and the other was the weapon of the brave and honored republican soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy has earned for himself a name alike honored in his ancestors' country and his own, where genius such as his has always a peaceful welcome.'

William Hickling Prescott, author of 'The Conquest of Mexico,' 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' and other fascinating histories, the grandson in his paternal line of Colonel William Prescott, who led the hill against the British grenadiers and gave the world the first taste of the valor of the Continentals and whose wife was the granddaughter of Captain John Linzee of the royal navy, who commanded the sloop of war Falcon during the battle, was the writer to whom Thackeray referred.

The only son of Colonel Prescott of Bunker Hill, named for his father, was born thirteen years before the battle was fought in Charlestown. This son was educated at Harvard, graduating with the class of 1783. Admitted to the bar in 1787, he became eminent in his profession and accumulated a fortune. His wife was Catherine Green Hickling, the daughter of a Boston merchant who was afterward consul in the Azores. The future historian was their son.

Captain John Linzee on that April day in 1775 was charged with the duty of cannonading the rebels and covering the passage of the British soldiers. The British ships of war were moored at various points in front of the Charlestown peninsula.

Three years after the battle, on Aug. 8, 1778, the Falcon was sunk off Newport, R. I., to prevent its capture by the French fleet under Admiral D'Estaing.

This Captain Linzee's daughter, Hannah Linzee, became the wife of one of the leading merchants of Boston, Thomas C. Amory, and it was the daughter of Thomas and Hannah Amory, Susan Amory, whom William H. Prescott married. Thus the two swords came into the possession of one family.

The historian had a degree of pride in his ancestry and liked to discourse upon occasion about these swords. In this respect he resembled Sir Walter Scott. The weapons used to hang over the recess of the great window in his library used commonly as a reception room, where they were the more conspicuous because of the thousands of books, the busts and the pictures by which they were surrounded. It was from the room of the scholar that these ancestral memorials were removed to the quarters of the historical society. That happened in this wise:

Upon the death of the historian it was found that the thirteenth item in his will read thus: 'The sword of Colonel William Prescott, worn by him in the battle of Bunker Hill, I give to the Massachusetts Historical society as a curiosity suitable to be preserved among their collections, and the sword which belonged to my wife's grandfather, Captain Linzee of the British royal navy, who commanded one of the enemy's ships during the same battle, I give to my wife.'

When William H. Gardner on April 14, 1859, sent a letter to Robert C. Winthrop, president of the Historical society, formally conveying the information that the swords were to become the property of the institution he said as to the Linzee sword, 'Mrs. Prescott and the other heirs of Captain Linzee unite in requesting me to present at the same time in their behalf the sword of their ancestor also, that the two, enriched by all the memories which now belong to them, may still hang together on its walls.'

The letter read, a cover was removed from a packet on the officers' table, and there were the swords, crossed presumably as they had been on the library wall and as they are today.—Boston Herald.

Courage is resistance to fear, mas tery of fear—not absence of fear.

VERDI'S COOL CRITIC.

A Chap Who Liked to Eat His Cake and Still Have It.

When Giuseppe Verdi's opera 'Aida' was first being presented to Italian audiences the composer received the following letter, dated May, 1872, from a man residing in Reggio, a town near Parma, and about 100 miles from Milan:

'Much Honored Signor Verdi—The 2d of this month I went to Parma, drawn there by the sensation made by your opera 'Aida.' So great was my curiosity that one-half hour before the commencement of the piece I was already in my place, No. 120. I admired the mise en scene, I heard with pleasure the excellent singers, and I did all in my power to let nothing escape me. At the end of the opera I asked myself if I was satisfied, and the answer was 'No.' I started back to Reggio, and listened in the railway carriage to the opinions given upon 'Aida.' Nearly all agreed in considering it a work of the first order.

'I was then seized with the idea of hearing it again, and on the 4th I returned to Parma. I made unheard of efforts to get a reserved seat. As the crowd was enormous I was obliged to throw away five lire in order to witness the performance with any comfort.

'I arrived at this conclusion about it: It is an opera in which there is absolutely nothing which causes any enthusiasm or excitement, and without the pomp of the spectacle the public would not stand it to the end. When it has filled the house two or three times it will be banished to the dust of the archives.

'You can now, dear Signor Verdi, picture to yourself my regret at having spent—on two occasions—32 lire. Add to this the aggravating circumstances that I depend on my family, and this money troubles my rest like a frightful specter! I therefore frankly address myself to you in order that you may send me the amount. The account is as follows:

Railroad-going 2.50 Railroad-returning 2.50 Opera tickets 8.00 Detestable supper at the station 2.00 Twice 1.50 13.50

'Hoping that you will deliver me from this embarrassment, I salute you from my heart. Bertani.

'P. S.—My address: Prospero Bertani, via San Domenico, No. 5.'

Verdi happened to be more amused than offended at the cool impertinence of this amateur critic, and he instructed his publisher to forward Signor Bertani the sum demanded minus 4 lire. By way of justifying this deduction he wrote, 'The sum is not quite so much as the gentleman demands, but I think he might have taken his supper at home!'—Exchange.

How It Affected Him.

A young lawyer asked a veteran at the bar if a lawyer ever got used to losing cases.

'I can't say, sir,' responded the veteran. 'I really can't say; but, as for myself, I am very much in the same fix as the man from Osceola who had been defeated for office. He was telling me about it and, in order to acquit himself of the charge of being a bad loser, kept interjecting the remark that he was not complaining. 'It doesn't pay to complain,' I said, agreeing with him.

'No, sir, it doesn't,' he exclaimed, 'and I won't complain, but at the same time I want you to understand, sir, that it makes me durned sick.'—Kansas City Journal.

Just a Jolt.

'What's the matter?'

'Oh, nothing.'

'No, no; don't tell me that. Something disagreeable or discouraging has happened. Your look shows it.'

'Well, if you insist on knowing, I started out this morning feeling as gay and chipper as a boy of twenty, but a little while ago I met a former sweetheart of mine, and she told me that her second daughter had just graduated from high school. Say, are the wrinkles around my eyes very noticeable?'

—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Downtrodden Farmer.

A city man heard that a farmer wanted to sell a motorcar. He sympathized with the poor farmer and his family because they were forced to part with the machine for financial reasons, he believed, and went out to the farm to buy it. The farmer was not at home, but his daughter was there. 'I came out to buy your motorcar,' he said. 'Which one?' asked the girl.—Kansas City Star.

Two of a Kind.

Pecunious Father—'You dare to say you are an ideal match for my daughter? Impecunious Youth—I do, indeed, sir! Pecunious Father—Why, you have never earned a dollar in your life. Impecunious Youth—Neither has she.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Established a Record.

'What did mother say when you proposed to her, daddy?'

'She hung her head and was silent for several minutes. And that is the only time I have ever known her to be silent for several minutes.'—Detroit Free Press.

Missed the Story.

'Say, what was that story about, Elvira?'

'Well, can you keep a secret?'

'Sure.'

'So can I.'—Ull.

The stone sharpens knives, but is dull itself.—Plutarch.

JUST LIKE GHOSTS

The Norwegian Vardogrs and Their Curious Warnings.

A STUDY IN PSYCHIC FORCE.

Voices and Sounds and Visions That Foretell to Those Properly Attuned to the Phenomenon the Speedy Coming of Relatives or Friends.

In Norway, or at least in certain parts of it, there is a well known phenomenon, instances of which are of frequent occurrence, known locally by various names, but in the east of the country commonly called vardogr. By this term is understood a certain property, attaching itself to particular persons, by which their arrival at a particular place, most frequently their own home, is announced beforehand by distinctive sounds, such as are usually or naturally made by the person in question.

It is only a limited number of persons to whom this property is attached who "have a vardogr," as the phrase is, and the premonitory sounds are not always heard nor by all persons. Very often it is only members of the family or near relatives who notice them at all. Much more rarely the person is seen instead of being heard some time before his or her arrival. It is to be particularly noted that the idea of the vardogr is not one which is confined to the uneducated classes. It is equally recognized and its reality admitted by persons of education and culture.

The following interesting account was given by Miss P., a schoolteacher in the town of Drammen:

'It is nothing unusual to find people in Norway who have a vardogr—that is to say, that one can hear or see them before they really come in person. Such cases are found in nearly every family, but in some more frequently than in others. In the cases of my father and eldest brother it happens so often that we do not think it in the least remarkable. I remember one particular instance which I shall relate.

'We expected my father home from a long voyage and got word that he had arrived at a little harbor in the fjord, but at the same time there came a message saying that unfortunately he could not get home for several days, as the ice prevented him from coming up. We were very much disappointed, because we were just then about to have a family gathering. When we had assembled in the evening we talked about how delightful it would have been if father could have come. My mother then took a book and read aloud, while we children worked, when we all heard the kitchen door open and father's well known step come in. He put down a box which he was carrying, and we heard him speak to the servant, who sat in a side room.

'Oh, there is papa!' shouted three or four of us together and rushed out to the kitchen to be the first to welcome him. But there was no one there. We ran in to the servant, but she had heard nothing. We thought that perhaps he had gone out again, but no—there was no one. So distinctly had we all heard him, however, that my youngest sister, who was rather nervous, burst into tears, thinking it must be a warning that something had happened to him. It was the first time she had heard his vardogr, but my mother, who was well accustomed to it, said very calmly:

'Go to bed, children. It was only papa's vardogr, and now we know for certain that he will be home for tomorrow.

'Sure enough, an hour afterward we had him safely home. Now, since he has got older, and especially since he gave up going to sea, we hear him much more seldom. But in his youth his mother heard him constantly and sometimes even heard him knock on her window and call her by name. Sometimes it woke her by night, and she would rise and go to open the door, but there was no one there the first time. An hour later he would actually come. That happened particularly when he was expected home from sea.'

Another lady, Miss R., gave the following account, which shows that the vardogr does not merely announce what might naturally be expected, but conveys impressions of facts quite unknown to the person hearing it: 'It was in the year 1901. I was staying in Christiania with my uncle and aunt, who had no children of their own. Uncle and aunt went away for two days and intended to come home between 11 and 12 in the evening. The servant girl had gone home that night, so I was alone in the house.

'I was just about to undress when I heard them come. I heard the sound of the street door, heard them come upstairs and open the hall door and talk to each other. It seemed to me that uncle carried something heavy, and I heard them talk about 'being careful.' I wondered what they could have brought home with them. I expected to hear them open the room door and go in, but suddenly all was quiet.

'About ten minutes after I heard exactly the same noises. This time they really came, and they brought a little cousin with them. She was fast asleep, and they had to be careful not to wake her. Next morning I told them what I heard, and uncle said: 'That is not so wonderful. You have only heard a vardogr.'

Innumerable other instances just as striking might be cited.—W. A. Cragie in Blackwood's.

LIGHTS THAT FAILED.

Gloom Reigned When Thackeray and Charlotte Bronte Met.

Those do not always shine who should, as many a chagrined host or hostess has found out. Amusing in retrospect, if quite otherwise at the moment, must have been the occasion when Charlotte Bronte, "the little lady from Yorkshire of whom all England was talking," appeared at the London house of the author of "Vanity Fair." "The Thackeray Country."

Thackeray gave a dinner party to meet Charlotte Bronte in June, 1850, and among the guests were the Carlyles, the Proctors, the Brookfields, Mr. Crowe, Miss Elliot and Miss Perry.

"It was a gloomy and silent evening," Lady Ritchie has recorded. "Every one waited for the brilliant conversation which never began at all.

"Miss Bronte returned to the sofa in the study and murmured a low word now and then to our governess, Miss Trueblood. The room looked very dark; the lamp began to smoke a little; the conversation grew dimmer and more dim; the ladies sat round still expectant. My father was too much perturbed by the gloom and the silence to be able to cope with it at all. Mrs. Brookfield, who was in the corner in which Miss Bronte was sitting, bent forward with a little commonplace, since brilliance was not to be the order of the evening.

"Do you like London, Miss Bronte?" she asked. Another silence, a pause; then Miss Bronte answered very gravely:

"Yes—no." "After Miss Bronte had left I was surprised to see my father opening the front door with his hat on. He put his finger to his lips, walked out into the darkness and shut the door quietly behind him. Overcome by the gloom and constraint, he was running away to his club."

TERROR OF A BOMB.

A Dramatic Incident of the Political Unrest in Russia.

Here is the story of a Russian anarchist outrage in the words of one who was nearly killed in the explosion: While staying at Cannes, E. Jones Thaddeus, author of "Recollections of a Court Painter," met the Grand Duchess Elena of Russia, who gave him an account of the then recent attempt upon the life of the czar. The czar was a few minutes late in his arrival in the dining room, and for this reason the explosion was premature. After describing the event the grand duchess told Mr. Thaddeus:

'When the echoes of the explosion died away a dead silence succeeded, which, united with the darkness prevailing, so dense as almost to be felt, conducted to render our helpless position still more painful and unendurable. We dared not move. There was no escape from the peril which surrounded us. Presently out of the darkness came the clear, calm voice of the czar. 'My children, let us pray!' The sound of his voice, while reassuring us as to his safety so far, relieved the awful strain on our nerves and brought comfort to our hearts.

'We sank to our knees, sobbing. How long we remained so I really do not know. It seemed an eternity of anguish before the guards appeared with candles, little expecting to find us alive. Some of us were nearly demented when the welcome relief arrived, and our feelings were not calmed as we then contemplated the awful nature of the destruction we had escaped.

'A few feet in front of the czar was a black chasm where so short a time before had been the brilliantly lit dining room filled with servants. Not a trace of it or of them remained.'

The "Copper."

There are two theories as to the source of the term "cop" or "copper," the familiar name for an officer of the law in the mouth of the mischievous gamins. One derives it from the letters C. O. P.—central office police—but the other and more usual explanation of the word is that it referred to the eight point star made of copper and surrounded by a copper ring worn by the Metropolitan police of New York in the late fifties. This badge, a huge affair, which was fastened to the buttonhole by a chain about four inches long, was later superseded by a special badge of smaller size.

For His Own Pleasure.

'I suppose your wife was more than delighted at your raise of salary, wasn't she?' asked Jones of Brown.

'I haven't told her yet, but she will be when she knows it,' answered Brown.

'How is it that you haven't told her?'

'Well, I thought I would enjoy myself a couple of weeks first.'—Judge.

Cupid's Recall.

'Father, what do you think of the recall?'

'Well, my dear, I hardly know. Some people think it is dangerous. But why do you ask?'

'I sent Ferdie away last night, and now I'm sorry.'—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Long, Long Run.

'I believe honesty pays in the long run.'

'So do I, but I often wish it were not such a mighty long run.'—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Main Thing.

Actor—I can bring tears to the eyes of the audience. Theatrical Manager—Hub! We want somebody who can bring the audience.—Puck.



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