

**MANKATO MAIDS MEET MICE.**

Listen my children, and you shall hear  
Of the awfullest night spent in terror and fear.  
It will make you turn pale and your toes curl in fright.  
This terrible tale of a terrible night!  
"Talk about your outing parties all you please, and rave of lake air and woods, where crawley, creepy, clammy things abide. I'm through!" announced a Mankato girl yesterday to a group of friends who were making plans for a week-end at one of the lakes.  
"What's sored you on the world?" queried the one who always wants to know.  
"It all happened last Saturday night," obligingly continued the first. "A bunch of us rented a cottage at the lake for Saturday and Sunday, building high hopes on the peace and quietness of a night's sweet repose far from the wild dissipation of moving pictures and Mankato's Great White Way. We figured that at \$2 per day rent the refreshing rest obtained would be worth hundred in the saving of threatened doctor bills but we were painfully rewarded for these base thoughts of cheating the physicians. Woe was we! Little did we reckon of the things that lurked in the darkness, ready to pounce upon us, and take us unawares! Our cottage was to be furnished, but the housekeeping arrangements were most primitive, and would have done justice to a cave man. After foraging the nearby town for a supply of food we were forced to go on a hunt for dishes and pans in which to cook our grub. By eight o'clock that night we had our supper ready, after exactly six hours exasperating and hard work. Hungry? Well, I rather guess that what we did to that table of potatoes, meat, pickles, bread, butter, coffee and a few other trifles would have shocked the cannibals. After that we tried a marshmallow roast on the lawn but the old lady next door was afraid we would set fire to the woods, and we abandoned this project to save her reason. Then we sat on the porch a while and let the mosquitoes feed. Poor things! We felt sorry for them—they were so hungry. Hadn't had a square meal for a week, I guess, by the way they bit. After slapping ourselves black and blue in an effort to be sociable to the mosquitoes we decided to go to bed and mutually congratulated ourselves on how soundly we would sleep and rest.  
"I saw a mouse in the kitchen this afternoon," casually announced one of the girls as they made ready for bed.  
"A mouse!" grasped the timid one, drawing her feet from the floor.  
"Where? When How?"  
"The cautious one was in the kitchen, rattling among the pans and presently returned with the dish pan, a bread pan, the wash dish and a spider. She then brought in the pail of water and a dipper, and placing her dishes in a row on the floor proceeded to fill each one with water.  
"I'm not going to have any mice crawling over my bed tonight," she stated. "I'm going to put each bed post in a pan of water, and then the mice can't crawl up."  
We had a good laugh at her as she made her arrangements, and finally were all tucked snugly in bed with our mamma's sheets and pillow cases, which we had thoughtfully brought from home, between us and the contaminating coverlets and bedding furnished by the beneficent landlord.  
"The timid one and I occupied a bed made of a couch and a cot pulled close to the wall, and the cautious one and her pal climbed into the moated bed. We left the light dimly burning in fear of kidnappers, and at last gentle slumber was enfolding us. How tired I was! I had forgotten the world and its troubles when I was rudely aroused by the horrible feel of sleek clawey legs running through my hair and across my face. Terrified, I sat up in bed and by the dim

light I saw a big mouse scamper away over the covers. I peered cautiously over the edge of the couch, and two more scooted from beneath the cot, while a sleek, bright-eyed rodent, peeped around the door at me. I found my voice.  
"Mice!" I yelled.  
"Half asleep, but easily alarmed, the timid one at my side gave a scream of mortal fear, and as if shot from a cannon, one leap landed her in the middle of the bed across the room where a chorus of groans and yells greeted her arrival.  
"This place is alive with mice!" I megaphoned across to them.  
"Rodents, my dear," corrected the cautious one. "Swim over. This is the only safe spot."  
"Trembling as though with ague I made ready for the leap.  
"Bring that bunch of bricks, and the stove poker from the kitchen," ordered one.  
"Maybe if we fed the mice some nice bread they wouldn't gnaw our ears," suggested the timid one.  
"Bring a loaf along," ordered another.  
"With my toes curling up under me from the horrid slivery floor and my heart pounding to suffocation I executed these commands, and weak with relief at last found refuge on the moated bed.  
"Then began the time of our lives.  
"We sprinkled a generous quantity of crumbs on the floor, and then sat in a row along the edge of the bed, each girl armed with a mighty brick awaiting the approach of the enemy.  
"And one by one, in twos and threes, and in small detachments, they came sneaking in from all corners and cranies of the room until our fort was completely surrounded.  
"Like a troop of German invaders," said the one of English descent.  
"Like a bunch of underdone British" sneered another, whose grandfather had come over."  
"Reminds me of Russian Cosacks," sneered a third.  
"To avert mutiny aboard I reached over to the wall a few feet from the bed and captured a tiny American flag which draped a Fourth of July picture and stuck it in a convenient crack in the bed post.  
"This is an American ship," I announced, pointing to the Stars and Stripes, "and we are banded together to defeat the common foe!"  
"The girls greeted this eloquent speech by laying down their bricks for a moment and indulging in tumultuous applause.  
"Thereafter we devoted ourselves to throwing things. Mice came from everywhere, eager little bodies, staring and alert for a chance to get one of the tempting crumbs on the floor, but our hearts were as stone, and we aimed our bricks with deadly dexterity. Until 4 a. m. we worked our murderous will upon the dauntless enemy, and then a truce was called and the last living mouse faded away in to the shadows. Did we kill any? Well, I should say so! Seventeen dead ones lay prostrate on the floor, a fitting tribute to our prowess. Sleep was no longer possible so we sat huddled up on the bed and discussed the meanness of a landlord who would charge \$2 per day for a mousey cottage, and finally the morning bells began to ring. Strange to say we all felt fine the next day, but nothing could persuade me to pass another night in that place!"  
"Geel! That must have been fun!" gasped one of the audience, who had listened breathlessly to the dread tale.  
"I'm going right out and rent that cottage! Which one was it?"  
"Verily no one can truly learn, except by bitter experience.—Mankato Free Press.  
Astronomical experts say that the Mellish comet has been breaking up. If this is a sign that the war is going to do likewise, the comet is to be highly commended for leading in the movement.

**LEAK IN PIPE CAUSES DAMAGES.**

A leak in the service pipe entering the Red Front Grocery, the Dietz harness shop, the Fortschritt printing shop and the flats above caused considerable damage to the paving on Minnesota Street for some little distance. The leak has evidently gone unnoticed for some time and was only discovered last Friday when escaping water had filled the ground for some distance on all sides causing it to sink. This in turn caused a quite noticeable depression in the paving for almost a hundred feet which led to the discovery of the break in the pipe. It was found necessary to tear up the paving to get at the pipes.  
Upon investigation it was found that the lead service pipe had sprung a leak and caused the damage. It was at first feared that the break was in the water main which would indeed have been a serious mishap. The people dependent on the pipe for water were left high and dry for several days while the repairs were being made.  
The damage to the paving will be considerable, it is feared. The water has played havoc with the sand cushion on top of the concrete base. This sand cushion, lying between the concrete and the paving blocks above has been washed away in spots and raised in others till a very uneven surface has resulted over a considerable area of the paving. It is feared that it may be found necessary to take up the paving in this locality and rearrange the sand to get a smooth surface again.

(Continued from first page.)  
passed by the members by the company  
At the close of the toasts the following members of the Machine Gun company were given their honorable discharges: O. R. Dinger, Jos. Stadick, E. Hahselbruck, Otto Trauttmiller, Jacob Polta, Frank Hesse, Ben. Juni, Hugo Windhorn, A. Groebner, Wm. Abraham, Herm. Adam, John Stubblefeld, H. F. Jahnke, Frank Matsch, Herm. Frenzel, Alf. Baltrusch, H. Dahms, Peter Domeier, Jacob Engel, Louis Glaser, J. J. Glaser, Alb. Grams, Col. Herrian, Chas. Kretsch, Chester Olsen, Adam J. Peters, Herm. Stegemann and Art. Schleif. It is anticipated that the greater number of those, receiving their honorable discharges will re-enlist. They have thirty days, within which to do so.

**BIG DELEGATION FROM NEW ULM.**

New Ulm is to be well represented at the diamond jubilee celebration of the Central Verein in St. Paul next Sunday. At least 300 members of the local St. Joseph's Society will make the trip to the capitol city to take part in the celebration. The Second Regiment band is to go with the New Ulm society and will be a big feature of the parade.  
The St. Joseph Society will march to the special train leaving at 7:19 from the M. & St. L. depot after observing holy mass at the Holy Trinity church. Many of the surrounding towns will also send delegations to the big celebration. Round trip tickets will be sold for two dollars and will be good for return use up to the 10th of August, the following Tuesday.

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