

ANOTHER MUNICIPAL PLANT FOR SALE

Marshall has under consideration at

CREAMERY MEN TO MEET.

A call has been issued by H. F. Lange of Courtland, secretary of the Nicollet

OBITUARY

WILHELM MUESING

down into their places. "Be seated here, ladies," said I. "These places are, as you see, always spread for you. Your covers wait. And all the ship's silver shall see duty now. L'Olonnois, my hearty, you and I shall serve, eh? I am indeed delighted—greatly delighted. I shall not inquire; I shall only hope."

BERNHARD KRAUS

Bernhard Kraus, for many years a resident of the city of New Ulm, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs.



PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Office over Brown Co. Bank. NEW ULM, MINN.

G. F. REINEKE, M. D. Specialist in Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. OFFICE HOURS: 10 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Office in the Olsen Block. Residence, 622 Center. New Ulm, Minn.

SOMSEN, DEMPSEY, & MUELLER ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS. Practices in all State and U. S. courts. NEW ULM, MINN.

STEINHAUSER & ERICKSON ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office over Review. Special attention given to probating Estates. Practices in all Courts of the State and U. S. Court. New Ulm, Minn.

William Pfaender Agency General Insurance Insurance against fire, hail, tornado, automobile, accident and death in the best of companies. Real estate bought and sold. Legal documents executed, loans negotiated, steamship tickets sold.

CHAS. EMMERICH PLUMBER STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING GAS FITTING. We are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a first-class manner. Do not fail to call upon us when plumbers' services are required. Minn. and Center Sts. Phone 281 New Ulm

M. A. BINGHAM. A. W. BINGHAM Bingham Bros Coal & Grain. DEALERS IN NEW ULM MINN.

Paul Weigand Painting & Paper Hanging Telephone 175 or 747

M. & ST. L. Time Table SOUTH BOUND. No. 60—Ex. Sunday.....9:30 a. m. To Estherville. Local freight. No. 86—Ex. Sunday.....7:45 a. m. To New Ulm only. Time freight. No. 110—Ex. Sunday.....8:45 p. m. St. Paul, Mpls. to New Ulm. Passgr. No. 28—Ex. Sunday.....12:25 p. m. To Storm Lake. NORTH BOUND. No. 128—Ex. Sunday.....5:15 a. m. Leave New Ulm to St. Paul and Mpls. No. 29—Ex. Sunday.....1:00 p. m. To St. Paul, Mpls. Watertown, connect at Winthrop. No. 181—Ex. Sunday.....5:15 p. m. No. 87—Ex. Sunday.....2:30 p. m. New Ulm to Winthrop. No. 61—Ex. Sunday.....3:45 p. m. Estherville to Winthrop. All passengers thru trains with no change of cars between New Ulm and Twin Cities.

THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. GOING EAST. No 504—Daily, new line.....4.15 a m Thru to Twin Cities and the East No 22—Ex Sunday, old line.....6.25 a m Connects at Kasota for Twin Cities or 8:10 a m No 514—Daily, new line.....3.39 p m Thru to Twin Cities and the East No 24—Daily, old line.....3.41 p m No 14—Ex Sunday, new line.....6.55 p m Connects at Mankato for points South on Omaha GOING WEST No 517—Daily, new line.....1.20 a m Thru from Twin Cities and the East No 13—Ex Sunday, old line.....1.20 a m No 503—Daily, new line.....1.39 p m Thru from Twin Cities and the East No 23—Daily, old line.....1.35 p m No 27—Ex Sunday, old line.....8.50 p m Connects at Mankato Junction with trains from East on. at Kasota with Twin Cities. No. 22 now makes sharp connection with Omaha No. 8 at Kasota for all points North, arriving St. Paul 10:25 a. m., Minneapolis 10:55 a. m. F. P. Sharr H. J. Wagon Agent New Ulm General Agent Minn. Winona, Minn.

THE LADY AND THE PIRATE

By EMERSON HOUGH

Copyright, 1913, by Emerson Hough

"You grow flippant as well as rude, sir! As though you knew anything of that Byington girl. I doubt if you ever saw her." "Oh, yes—last night. Miss Emory and I both saw her last night at Lut-g's. As for your varlet's providing, while I would not too much criticize a man whose waistcoats I wear even under protest, it is but fair to say that these oranges and all the fresh things taken on at New Orleans, are of my providing and not his. He was so busy providing other things for Miss Sally Byington." "I don't think she is so beautiful," said Helena, ceasing with her orange. "Her color is so full. Very likely she'll be blowsy in a few years." "How can you say so?" I rebuked, with much virtuous indignation. "You don't think so yourself?" she remarked. "Think what?" "That she is so beautiful." "No, I do not. Not as beautiful as—" "Look at the funny bird!" said Helena suddenly. Yet I could see nothing out of the ordinary in the sea bird she pointed out skimming and skipping close by. "Sir," demanded Aunt Lucinda, also suddenly, "how long is this to last?" "You mean the orange dish, Mrs. Daniver?" I queried politely. "As long as you like. I also am a good provider, although to no credit, as it seems." "You know I do not mean the oranges, sir. I mean this whole foolish business. You are putting yourself liable to the law. Why did you do this crazy thing?" she continued. "To marry Helena and with your free consent as her next friend," said I, swiftly turning to her, "since I must be equally frank. Please don't go!" I said to Helena, for now, very pale, she was starting toward the cabin door. But she paid no heed to me and passed. "So now you have it plainly," said I to Mrs. Daniver. She turned on me a face full of surprise and anger mingled. "How dare you after all that has passed? You left the girl years ago. You have no business, no fortune, not even the girl's consent. I'll not have it. I love her." The good woman's lips trembled. "So do I," said I gently. "That is why we all are here. It is because of this madness called love. Ah, Mrs. Daniver, if you only knew! If I could make you know! But surely you do know. You, too, have loved. Come. May you not love a lover, even one like myself? I'll be good to Helena. Believe me, she is my one sacred charge in life. I love her. Not worthy of her, no, but I love her." "That's too late." But I saw her face relent at what she heard. "I have other plans. And you should have told her what you have told me." "Ah, have I not?" But then I suddenly remembered that, by some reversal of my logical mind, here I was making love to Aunt Lucinda, whom I did not love, whereas in the past I had spent much time in mere arguing with Helena, whom I did love. "I'm not sure that I've ever made it plain enough to her, that's true," said I slowly. "But if she gives me the chance I'll spend all my life telling her that very thing. That, since you ask me, is why we all are here, so that I may tell Helena and you and all the world that very thing. I love her very much."

CHAPTER XVI. In Which is a Storm.

IT must be understood that our party on the Belle Helene was divided into two, or, rather, in deed, three camps, each somewhat sharply defined and each somewhat ignorant of the other's doings in detail. The combination of either two against the other in organized mutiny might very well prove successful, wherefore it was my task to keep all apart by virtue of the authority which I had myself usurped. The midship's cabin suit of three rooms was occupied by myself and my two bold young mates when the latter were not elsewhere engaged. We made what might be called the ruling classes. Forward of our cabin and accessible only from the deck was the engine room, where Williams worked, and off this were two bunks, well ventilated and very comfortable, occupied by Williams and Peterson. Forward of this, and also accessible only from the deck, lay the dining saloon, with its fixed table, its cupboards, dish racks and wine room. In her bows and below the saloon was the cook's gallery, a dumb waiter running between, and the sleeping quarters of John, the cook, and Willy, the deck hand, were in the forecastle below. This left the two captives all the after part of the ship pretty much to themselves, and as the after suit of cabins was roomy and fitted with every modern nautical luxury they lacked neither freedom nor comfort. So far as these may obtain on shipboard. Obviously I said little to the ship's crew, except to Peterson, and my two mates had orders to keep to their own part of the ship, under my eye. Thus, like ancient Gaul, divided into three parts, we sailed on our wholly indefinite voyage, and all I could do was to live from day to day or hour to hour. I was content, for Helena was there. Indeed, I question if these last three years her image had not been always present in my consciousness, such are the fevers of our unreasonable blood, such the power of that madness known as love. But, thus divided as was our company, I had none such excellent opportunity for often seeing Helena as might at first be supposed. She and her aunt refused to join us at any meal in the dining saloon, although now and then they came for breakfast to what Aunt Lucinda with scorn called the "second table." It was not feasible for me often to do more than call of a morning to inquire if all was well with them, and conversation through a lead glass transom is not what one would call intimate. Hardly had we three—Black Bart, Jean Lafitte and Henri L'Olonnois—seated ourselves at table for luncheon before I became sensible of a faint shadow at the saloon stair. I saw a trim boot and a substantial ankle, which I knew belonged to Aunt Lucinda, and then I looked up and saw on the deck Helena also, stooped, her clean cut head, with its blond hair, visible against the blue sky. "May I come in?" she asked gayly enough. "You are always invited," said I, and perhaps I flushed in my pleasure. "John," I called down the tube, "two more—the ladies!" And I heard his calm "All right."

"What difference?" "None." "Why ask, then?" "Tell me!" "Well, then, no, not so far as I know." "You are sorry?" "I had hope for it. It was all coming on so handsomely. At Natchez he was—he was—well, you know?" "Almost upon the point?" "Quite so. I thought I believed that between there and—" "Say between there and Baton Rouge?" "Well, yes?" "He would come to the main point?" "Yes." "And he did not?" "You can best answer. It was at Natchez that you and those ruffianly boys ran off with Mr. Davidson's boat?" "That's all, your honor," I remarked. "Take the witness, Mr. Davidson?" "But what right you have to cross question me I don't know!" commented Mrs. Daniver, addressing a passing seagull and pulling down the corners of her mouth most forbiddingly. "My disused and forgotten art comes back to me once in awhile, my dear Mrs. Daniver." I answered exultantly. "Pray, do you notice how beautiful all the world is this morning? The sky is so wonderful, the sea so adorable, don't you see?"

CHAPTER XVI. In Which is a Storm.

"I don't think she is so beautiful," said Helena, ceasing with her orange. "Her color is so full. Very likely she'll be blowsy in a few years." "How can you say so?" I rebuked, with much virtuous indignation. "You don't think so yourself?" she remarked. "Think what?" "That she is so beautiful." "No, I do not. Not as beautiful as—" "Look at the funny bird!" said Helena suddenly. Yet I could see nothing out of the ordinary in the sea bird she pointed out skimming and skipping close by. "Sir," demanded Aunt Lucinda, also suddenly, "how long is this to last?" "You mean the orange dish, Mrs. Daniver?" I queried politely. "As long as you like. I also am a good provider, although to no credit, as it seems." "You know I do not mean the oranges, sir. I mean this whole foolish business. You are putting yourself liable to the law. Why did you do this crazy thing?" she continued. "To marry Helena and with your free consent as her next friend," said I, swiftly turning to her, "since I must be equally frank. Please don't go!" I said to Helena, for now, very pale, she was starting toward the cabin door. But she paid no heed to me and passed. "So now you have it plainly," said I to Mrs. Daniver. She turned on me a face full of surprise and anger mingled. "How dare you after all that has passed? You left the girl years ago. You have no business, no fortune, not even the girl's consent. I'll not have it. I love her." The good woman's lips trembled. "So do I," said I gently. "That is why we all are here. It is because of this madness called love. Ah, Mrs. Daniver, if you only knew! If I could make you know! But surely you do know. You, too, have loved. Come. May you not love a lover, even one like myself? I'll be good to Helena. Believe me, she is my one sacred charge in life. I love her. Not worthy of her, no, but I love her." "That's too late." But I saw her face relent at what she heard. "I have other plans. And you should have told her what you have told me." "Ah, have I not?" But then I suddenly remembered that, by some reversal of my logical mind, here I was making love to Aunt Lucinda, whom I did not love, whereas in the past I had spent much time in mere arguing with Helena, whom I did love. "I'm not sure that I've ever made it plain enough to her, that's true," said I slowly. "But if she gives me the chance I'll spend all my life telling her that very thing. That, since you ask me, is why we all are here, so that I may tell Helena and you and all the world that very thing. I love her very much."

"Well," boomed the deep voice of Aunt Lucinda, "we came because we did not like the look of things." "To be sure, things are not looking bully," I assented vaguely. "I mean the weather. It's getting black, and it's colder." "It is fortunate that you honored us, my dear Mrs. Daniver," said I, "for I have here in the cooler a bottle of ninety-three. I had an inspiration. I knew you would come, for nothing in the world could have pleased me so much." I was looking at Helena, whose eyes were cast down. I observed now that she was in somewhat elegant morning costume, her bridge coat of Vienna lace, caught with a wide bar of plain gold, covering some soft and shimmering underbodice, which fitted closely enough to be formal. And I saw she had on many rings, and her throat sparkled under a circlet of gems. She must have caught my glance of surprise, for she said nervously: "You think we are overplaying our return call? Well, the truth is we're afraid." "So then?" and I bowed. "So then I fished out all my jewelry." "We are honored." "Well, I didn't know what might happen. If one should be shipwrecked—" I caught her frightened gaze out an open port, perfectly aware myself of the swift weather change. "Let us not think of storm and shipwreck," said I, "at least until they come. I want to ask your attention to John's imitation of Luigi's oysters, a mariniere. The oysters are of our own catching this morning, for you must know the water hereabout is very shallow and is full of oysters." "And as for this storm of which you speak, ladies," I added as I poured, "I would there might come every day as all a wind if it would blow me as great a good as yourselves for luncheon." "Yes," said L'Olonnois brightly, "you might blow in once in awhile and see us fellows. I told Black Bart that captives— But here I kicked Jimmy under the table. Poor chap, what with his Auntie Helena's hand at one extremity and my boot at the other he was strained in his conversation and, in disgust, joined Jean Lafitte in complete silence and oysters. "Really," and Helena raised her eyes, "isn't it growing colder?" "Jean, close the port behind Miss Emory," said I. It was plain enough to my mind that a blue norther was breaking, with its swift drop in temperature and its possibly high wind. "The table's acting funny," commented Jean Lafitte presently. He had never been at sea before. "Yes," said Aunt Lucinda, with very much—too much—dignity. "If you all will please excuse me, I think I shall go back to the cabin, Helena!" "Go with Mrs. Daniver at once, Jimmy," said I to L'Olonnois. "Aye, aye, sir!" saluted he joyously, and added aside as he passed me, "Hope the old girl's going to be good and sick!" I could see Peterson standing near the saloon's door and bethought me to send Jean Lafitte up to aid him in making all shipshape. We were beginning to roll, and I missed the smooth thrust of both our propellers, although now the engines were purring smoothly enough. Thus by mere chance I found myself alone with Helena. I put out a hand to steady her as she rose. "Is it really going to be bad?" she inquired anxiously. "Auntie gets so sick." "It will be rough for three hours yet," I admitted. "She's not so big as the Mauretania, but as well built for her tonnage. You couldn't pound her apart no matter what came. She's oak and cedar, through and through, and every point—" "You've studied her well since you—since you came aboard?" "Yes, yes, to be sure I have. And she's worth her name. Don't you think it was mighty fine of—of Mr. Davidson to name her after you—the Belle Helene?" "He never did. If he had, why?" "Don't ask such questions, with the glass falling as it is," I said, pulling up the racks to restrain the dancing tumbler. "Oh, don't joke," she said. "Harry?" "Yes, Helena," said I. "I'm afraid." "Why?" "I don't know. But we seem so little and the sea so big. And it's getting black and the fog is coming. Look—you can't see the shore line any more now!" It was as she said. The swift bank of vapor had blotted out the low lying shores entirely. We sailed now in a narrowing circle of mist. I saw thin points of moisture on the port lights. And now I began to close the ports. "There is danger!" she reiterated. "All horses can run away, all auto cars can blow up, all boats can sink. But we have as good charts and compasses as the Mauretania and in three hours—" "But much can happen in three hours." "Much has happened in less time. It did not take me so long as that to love you, Helena, and that I have not forgotten in more than five years—five years, Helena. And as to shipwreck, what does one more matter? It is you who have made shipwreck of a man's life. Take shame for that." "Take shame yourself to talk in this way to me when I am helpless, when

and frightened half to death!" She sobbed, choking a little, but her head high. "Let me out! I'm going to Auntie Lucinda. I hate you more and more. If I were to drown I'd not take aid from you." "Do you mean that, Helena?" I asked, more than the chill of the norther in my blood. "Yes, I mean it. You are a coward!" I stood for quite a time between her and the companion stair, my hand still offering aid as she swayed in the boat's roll now. I was thinking, and I was very sad. "Helena," said I, "perhaps you have won. That's a hard word to take from man or woman. If it is in any way true you have won and I have lost and deserved to lose. But now, since little else remains, let me arrange matters as simply as I can. I'll admit there's an element of risk in our situation. One screw is out of commission, and one engine might be better. If we missed the channel west to the shoals we might go aground. I hope not. Whether we do or not, I want to tell you over yonder, forty or fifty miles is the channel running inland, which was my objective point all along. I know this coast in the dark like a book. Now, I promise you I'll take you in there to friends of mine, people of your own class, and no one shall suspect one jot of all this other than that we were driven out of our course. And once there you are free. You never will see my face again. I will do this as a ship's man for you and if need comes will give my life to keep you safe. It's about all a coward can do for you. Now go, and if any time of need comes for me to call you you will be called. And you will be cared for by the ship's men. And because I am head of the ship's men you will do as I say. But I hope no need for this will come. Yonder is our course where she heads now, and soon you will be free from me. You have wrecked me. Now I am derelict from this time on. Goodby!" I heard footfalls above. "Mrs. Daniver's compliments to Captain Black Bart," saluted L'Olonnois, "and would he send my Auntie Helena back because she's off sick." "Take good care of your Auntie Helena, Jimmy," said I, "and help her aft along the rail." I followed up the companionway and saw her going slowly, head down, her coat of lace blown wide, her hand at her throat and sobbing in what Jimmy and I both knew was fear of the storm. "Have they got everything they need there, Jimmy?" I asked as he returned. "Sure! And the old girl's going to have a peach of a one this time. She can't hardly rock in a rocking chair 'bout getting seasick. I think it's great, don't you? Look at her buck into 'em!" Jimmy and his friend shared this immunity from mal de mer. I could see Jean now helping haul down our burgee, and the deck boy, Willy, in his hurried work about the boat. Willy I could not see. But Peterson was now calm and much in his element, for a better skipper than he never sailed a craft on the great lakes. "I think she's going to blow great guns," said he, "and like enough the other engine'll pop any minute." "Yes?" I answered, stepping to the wheel. "In which case we go to Davy Jones about when, Peterson?" "We don't go!" he rejoined. "She's the grandest little ship afloat and not a thing's the matter with her." "Can we make the channel and run inside the long key below the Cote Blanche Bayou?" "Sure we can. You'd better get the covers off the boats and see the bottom plugs in and some water and supplies shipped aboard—but there's not the slightest danger in the world for this boat, let me tell you that, sir. I've seen her perform before now, and there's not a storm can blow on this coast she won't ride through."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK.

Goblirsch-Altman

At Holy Trinity Church Monday morning at 9 o'clock occurred the marriage of Henry Goblirsch of Wabasso and Miss Rosa Altman of this city. The witnesses were George Altman and Miss Katie Goblirsch. The young people will make their home on a farm near Morgan. Rev. Schlinkert performed the marriage ceremony.

Buggert-Neegard

Rev. George Mayer performed the marriage ceremony that united Miss Ellen Neegard and Wm. A. Buggert Monday at the Friedens parsonage at 2 o'clock. The groom is the oldest son of Mrs. Wm. Buggert, Sr. of Sigel, and the bride is the foster daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Klossner of Lafayette. The attendants at the marriage were Miss Annie Buggert and Charles Buggert. The newly-weds will go to Grantsburg, Wisconsin to make their home on a farm.

Krzmarzick-Ziegenhagen

Rev. Schlinkert of Holy Trinity Church officiated at the marriage of Miss Anna Ziegenhagen of Milford to Mr. J. P. Krzmarzick of Sleepy Eye yesterday morning at 9 o'clock. The witnesses were Alex Krzmarzick and Miss Frances Ziegenhagen. The young couple have gone to housekeeping on a farm near Sleepy Eye.

Klossner-Kottke

A second marriage was performed Tuesday afternoon by Rev. Mayer when Elmer Klossner, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Klossner of Lafayette and Miss Lydia Kottke daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kottke, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at the home of the bride's parents in Klossner. The witnesses of the marriage were Emil Liebisch and Miss Adeline Kottke. These young people will make their home near Klossner on a farm.

3000. ACID STOMACHS. GASES OR INDIGESTION

Each "Pape's Diapepsin" digests 3000 grains food, ending all stomach misery in five minutes.

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, foul breath or headache. Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest stomach remedy in the whole world and besides it is harmless. Put an end to stomach trouble forever by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.

CASSIE T. ERICKSON

TEACHER OF Instrumental Music Six Years Experience GRADUATE OF G. A. COLLEGE.

Post Graduate Work at St. Paul and Rock Island. Tel. 103 or address No 9.No. German Street.

OH MY!

It has capacity enough to supply the largest family with the following:

BEVZIN'S BEST No. 1 Wheat Flour Bestin's German Rye Flour, Bestin's Breakfast Food, Bestin's Corn Meal, Bestin's Graham, Bestin's Rye Meal, Bestin's Farina.

So Don't be Afraid That We Cannot Make Enough For You.

JOHN BENTZIN

PLEASE PHONE NO. 4, IF YOU CAN'T GET IT AT YOUR STORE.