OBITUARY

MRS. LOUISA DAHMS.

In the death of Mrs. Louisa Dahms, widow of the late Johann Dahms, Nicollet county has lost another pioneer. Mrs. Dahms passed away at the home of her daughter Mrs. Louis Fitzner, Courtland Township last Thursday morning, December 28, after an illness of more than ten months. Myocarditis is given as the cause of death. She had passed her eighty-fifth birthday.

Mrs. Dahms, whose maiden name was Louisa Stolt, was born in Sallentin, Province of Pommern, Germany, September 7, 1831, and was married to Mr. Dahms in that country in 1854. They came to America in 1859, stopping at Madison, Ill., where they remained for about a year and then coming to Minnesota, settling in Nicollet township, Nicollet County, in 1860, taking a homestead a mile west of Nicollet village. Following her husband's death in 1895, Mrs. Dahms continued to live on the old homestead until about twelve years ago, when she went to reside with her daughter, Mrs. Fitzner in Courtland. Mr. and Mrs. Dahms were Nicollet county residents during the Indian uprising, and experienced many of the early-day hardships of those perilous times.

Mrs. Dahms was the mother of nine children, six of whom survive her, as follows: J. C. Dahms, Walnut Grove; Mrs. Louis Fitzner, Courtland; Mrs. Charles Braun, Mankato; Mrs. Henry Bode, Courtland; Mrs. Charles Tomschin, New Ulm; W. M. Dahms, Nicollet township. She also leaves three sisters and one brother, Mrs. Minnie Kettner, Mrs. Louis Bode, Sr., Mrs. Elisa Cornelius, and Christian Stolt of Nicollet township; also forty-four grand-children and forty-one great-grand-children. Mrs. Dahms was a life-long member of the Lutheran church.

The funeral was held Saturday afternoon, from the home of Mrs. Fitzner, with services at the Courtland Lutheran church, Rev. H. Strasen, the pastor, officiating. Burial was in the church cemetery.

JOSHUA HODGSON

Joshua Hodgson, a veteran of the Civil War, and a pioneer resident of Belgrade township, Nicollet county, died at his home there last week, from a complication of diseases. He was born in Clinton county, New York, in 1846, and came with his parents to Belgrade in 1857. He served as a private in the Company F, First Minnesota Heavy Artillery.

He is survived by one daughter, Miss Luella Hodgson; a brother, J. Hodgson, and three sisters, the Misses Sarah and Charlotte Hodgson, all living at the farm home.

The funeral was held from the home Friday afternoon, and burial was in the Glenwood cemetery.

MRS. MARY LINDMEIER.

Mrs. Mary Lindmeier, widow of the late John Lindmeier, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Bauer, on North Franklin street, at 10:30 Sunday night. The cause of death is said to have been weakness induced by old age. She was past 80 years old.

Mrs. Lindmeier, whose maiden name was Mary Kestner, was born in Germany, November 23, 1836, and was married to Mr. Lindmeier nearly fifty years ago and came to America in 1881, settling in Stark township, where Mrs. Lindmeier continued to live until a few years ago when she left the farm and removed to New Ulm to make her home with her daughter. Her husband died a short time after settling on the farm in Stark, which he had purchased on his arrival in America.

Seven children were born to her, five of whom are living. They are: Mrs. John Bauer, New Ulm; Mrs. Anna Wild, Saxton, N. D.; John Lindmeier, Minneapolis; Andrew Lindmeier, Watertown, S. D.; Anton Lindmeier, New Ulm. She also leaves a brother, Anton Kester, and a sister, Mrs. Lena Helget, of Sleepy Eye.

The funeral will be held Thursday morning at 9:30 o'clock from Holy Trinity Catholic church, and burial will be in the Catholic cemetery.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to express our thanks to all the kind friends who assisted us during the last illness and death of our beloved wife and mother,

MRS. ANTON LIEB

We are especially grateful to Rev Father Schlinkert and Rev. Father Schmidt, the Sisters at the Loretto Hospital, the pall bearers, and all others who showed their sympathy and kindness in any way.

Anton Lieb and children.

FEED BIRDS IN WINTER PLEA OF CARLOS AVERY

Carlos Avery, state Game and Fish Commissioner, has sent out a plea for the protection of the birds that remain with us in winter.

"Such birds are always in imminent danger of starvation during periods of deep snow and low temperature," says Mr. Avery. 'Many birds live on foods obtained from the ground—others from weed tops and plants that are covered by deep snows. Much can be done to supply the birds with food and many bird lives can be saved by a little care and attention."

Mr. Avery suggests that feeding stations be established near residences for such winter birds as the downy and hairy woodpeckers, chickadees, nuthatchers, brown creepers, evening grosbeaks and other winter residents and visitants. Suet, seeds of various kinds, ground meat scraps, etc., placed in artificial feeding stations, or in any suitable place, will attract the birds in large numbers. Suet may be fastened to branches of trees, grain may be scattered on straw or litter in sheltered places which may be protected by boughs to prevent covering with snow.

Discussing Mr. Avery's appeal for the caring for the birds, a New Ulm citizen and an old hunter said yesterday:

"I am heartily in favor of doing all that I can to care for the birds that remain in the north during the winter, but I think that some steps should be made immediately to protect the prairie chickens from the ravenous hunters. The legislature at this session should amend the game laws to protect the chickens for at least five years, by prohibiting their being killed. Unless this is done it will be but a short time when they will have become entirely extinct in this part of the country."

Other sportsmen have expressed the same sentiments here within the past few weeks. It might be well for the Commercial Club to put the question up to the legislature, and no doubt other sections of the state would fall in line and insist that the Legislature take prompt action.

Hollanders and Herrings.

Holland can claim the honor of having first established herring fisheries and taught its people the very great nutritious value of this fish. A Dutchman, Wilhelm Benkelszoon, discovered the secret of preserving herrings in the fourteenth century, and the salted herring made its appearance on the market in precisely the same manner as it now does, for the preserving process has undergone no marked change. Your Dutch fisherman is an expert at his job and can manage as many as 1,200 fish in an hour, working at top speed. He ties a short knife to the third and fourth fingers of his right hand by a string, which is attached to the handle of the knife. He thrusts it through the gill cavities and, with a sharp cut, brings away the gills, heart, gullet and pectoral fins of the unfortunate herring.

"Pray Before Being Married."

Here is a Russian proverb that might be made good use of. It certainly would dispel a multitude of sorrows, especially the last one, which would prevent many hasty marriages and relieve the courts of many divorce cases. It takes matrimony out of the pale of whims and makes a divine consideration of it. The proverb runs this way:

"If you go to war, pray; if you go on a sea journey, pray twice, but pray three times if you are going to be married."

Good advice, all of it. There is too much that is hysterical in the matrimonial venture, and a little praying will tend to relieve the mind.—Ohio State Journal.

Without Offending.

Two things you can say to almost any man without offending him. One is, "You are working too hard." The other is, "You ought to get more pay."—Boston Globe.

CROSSING THE LINE

When Neptune Owns the Ship and Holds High Carnival.

PLAYS SOME ROUGH PRANKS.

As a Vessel Nears the Equator the Sea King's Reign Begins, and For the Time Being No Passenger Is Too High or Mighty to Escape.

It is to be expected that the people shut up in the little republic that is bounded by the iron walls of an ocean liner should seek many ways of diverting themselves. Perhaps "republic" is not altogether a happy word to use in that connection, because no czar of the Russias ever had such autocratic power over his subjects as the captain of a great liner has over the travelers on his ship. But he uses his power very sparingly, and if his temporary subjects behave decently and obey the unwritten laws of the sea he lets them do about as they please.

They exercise their ingenuity in providing all sorts of entertainments to relieve the monotony of the passing days. Shuffleboard and deck golf, ring toss and bull board and a concert usually suffice for the brief journey across the Atlantic ocean, but on the more distant voyages to India or Australia or down the long coast of South America these mild amusements pall upon the voyagers, and they plan something more elaborate. Tournaments of various kinds, races of every sort, lectures and plays are the order of the day.

But the most time honored and extravagant revelries are sure to take place when the ship crosses the imaginary line between the northern and southern hemispheres. From time immemorial that has been the day dedicated to jokes and quips and pranks of all kinds. The captain's serious face relaxes; the mates and even the quartermasters and sailors are evidently concocting some huge scheme of fun; no horseplay is outlawed; no practical jokes are too rough; no exalted personage is too dignified to be exempt from Neptune's "rough house."

The most elaborate fun of that sort that I remember witnessing was on a trip from New York to San Francisco. The night before the ship was to cross the line we saw a spot of light off the starboard bow. It seemed to draw nearer and nearer, and pretty soon old Neptune himself, clad in oilskins and dripping water from his garments and his long white beard, climbed the black side of our ship and, standing upon the hurricane deck, surrounded by an adming throng of passengers, announced that the next day at 2 o'clock in the afternoon we should cross the line and that he would welcome us to his domain with suitable "equator ceremonies." He spoke in thunderous and somewhat sepulchral tones. Then he disappeared over the side of the ship.

The next day at 2 o'clock Neptune was promptly on hand again. To prepare for his coming the sailors had arranged on the lower deck a great canvas tub, perhaps twenty feet square, filled with water to a depth of about three feet. The tub was surrounded by a rail, and Neptune, seated on a gorgeous throne, at first commanded that the passengers should be initiated into the mysteries of his domain. He had come aboard this second time with a great flourish of trumpets, and he was followed by a long train of fantastically arrayed subjects.

Those subjects ruthlessly seized the passengers, right and left, and Neptune commanded that the men should be shaved. They were seated on the edge of the improvised bathtub, and the barber appeared, wielding a lather brush nearly as big as a broom and a pasteboard razor also of huge dimensions.

Covering a victim's face with a liberal supply of lather, the barber raised on high his tremendous razor. But just as he was about to apply it to the face of the unresisting passenger, two of Neptune's myrmidons, standing in the great tub of water, suddenly pulled the victim over backward and immersed him completely. A moment later he emerged, spluttering and coughing, but making a desperate effort to appear good natured.

If any passenger was particularly dignified or dandified, if he had shown any overweening conceit in his own abilities, Neptune's slaves sought him out especially. The more spotless the linen, the more stylish the necktie, the more fleckless the white flannel suit, the surer was the owner to have the starch literally taken out of him.

Of course not all of the 650 passengers could be initiated with these elaborate ceremonies. Most of those who were enjoying the fun to the utmost, and who were congratulating themselves that they had gone scot free, did not notice some sailors in oilskins climbing the masts directly over their heads. The sailors had a big hose in their hands. While the last victim was being submerged and the boisterous fun was at its height the heavens seemed suddnely to open, and out of a clear tropical sky a tremendous shower poured down upon the heads of all the passengers.

Few escaped a thorough sprinkling. The tables were turned on the hilarious onlookers, and the chief initiates took their turn in laughing at the others. When it was all over, Father Neptune served a bountiful collation, and to each passenger was given an elaborate and beautifully engraved certificate as evidence that he had received his sea christening and that he had the right henceforth to pass freely over the equator.—Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark in Youth's Companion.

GASTRIC REBELLION.

Some of the Mistakes In Eating That Incite Poor Digestion.

Indigestion is often attributed to hasty eating, and people are reproved, and rightly so, for bolting their food, but it is interesting to observe that, while the bolting of meat is always severely censured, one never hears any blame attached to those who swallow fruit by the mouthful and devour uncooked vegetables without any attempt at mastication. Nevertheless it is the hasty swallower of vegetable fiber who is really the inciter of gastric rebellion. Vegetables are at all times very imperfectly digested by the stomach and require their tough fibers to be thoroughly broken up by the teeth if they are to be dissolved even in the bowel.

There is a well known saying which avers that digestion waits upon appetite, and there is no doubt that of all the adjuvants to digestion a keen desire for food is the most powerful and important. But appetite itself often depends upon conditions which are independent of the body's absolute necessities. Thus the aspect of the food, its smell, taste and even the manner in which it is served all help either to stimulate a desire for it or to induce a sense of aversion, while the environment of the diner often exercises important influence, beneficial or otherwise.

Brain work of any kind interferes with the rapid digestion of food, and even the habit of reading during mealtimes, practiced by so many, is conducive neither to appetite nor digestion. A well lighted room, music and frivolous conversation will often permit a chronic dyspeptic to enjoy without remorse the pleasures of the table, while a depressing atmosphere, uncongenial company and unappetizing dishes may induce a fit of indigestion in the most healthy individual.—Food and Cookery.

CHARM OF THE BIBLE.

Its Poetic Beauty and the Marvel of Its Word Pictures.

Then some of us who cared for literature took up the Bible casually and found its poetic beauty. We read the book of Job—which, by the way, Mr. Swinburne is said to have known by heart—and as we read it even the stars themselves seemed less wonderful than this description of their marvel and mystery:

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?
Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?

Or we read in the thirty-seventh chapter of the book of Ezekiel of that weird valley that was full of bones—"and as I prophesied there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to bone"—surely one of the most wonderful visions of the imagination in all literature.

Or we read the marvelous denunciatory rhetoric of Jeremiah and Isaiah or the music of the melodious heartstrings of King David. We read the solemn adjuration of the "King Ecclesiast" to remember our Creator in the days of our youth, with its haunting picture of old age, and the loveliness of "The Song of Songs" passed into our lives forever.

To this purely literary love of the Bible there has been added within the last few years a certain renewed regard for it as the profoundest book of the soul, and for some minds not conventionally religious it has regained even some of its old authority as a spiritual guide and stay. And I will confess for myself that sometimes as I fall asleep at night I wonder if even the most picturesque of modern writers has written anything to equal the Twenty-third Psalm.—Richard Le Gallienne in Phoenix.

When the World Is Full.

The mean decennial rate of increase in the population of the world is 8 per cent, and at this rate the 28,000,000 square miles comprising the fertile regions of the earth, which Ravenstein computed can only support 207 persons per square mile, will have their maximum population of 5,994,000,000 persons in the year 2072. This estimate allows fourteen persons per square mile in the 18,000,000 square miles of steppes and deserts.

Crookedest Railroad In the World.

Up California's Tamalpais runs the crookedest railroad in the world. Of the eight miles of track the longest tangent is but 413 feet. In one notable instance the road makes five complete loops and ties two complete bowknots to attain an elevation of ninety feet. The end of the line is about half a mile higher than the starting point, and there is not one particularly steep grade in the entire system.—Wall Street Journal.

Painfully Frank.

Hostess (to departing guest)—Must you go so early, Mr. Blank? Blank—I'm very sorry that I must leave, Mrs. Park. The fact is, not expecting to have such a pleasant time this evening, I made another engagement."—Boston Transcript.

Worse Still.

"Did Mr. Jobbless pay his bill?"

"Yes, sir," answered the collector, "but he made a lot of fuss about it."

"Um! Don't let that trouble you, son. It's the fellow who bellows and doesn't pay that we should worry about."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Hint That Failed.

Visitor (waiting an invitation to lunch)—Two o'clock! I fear I'm keeping you from your dinner. Hostess—No, but I fear we are keeping you from yours.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

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