

## If Your Cistern Is Out of Order

or Soft Water is scarce,  
don't worry yourself for a moment—  
go right ahead and use hard water with

## KIRK'S WHITE RUSSIAN SOAP

and you'll never know the difference.  
The clothes will be just as white,  
clean and sweet-smelling, because the  
"White Russian" is specially adapted  
for use in hard water.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.  
Dusky Diamond Tar Soap. Best Soap for the Hands.

## Summer Goods.

A Large Stock of the Best Patterns at  
the  
Merchant Tailoring Establishment  
PETER MOERGER, PROP.

The goods are of Foreign and Domestic  
manufacture and of superior quality.  
Fit Guaranteed.

## TIVOLI AND BREWERY.

Proprietor,  
Pure beer sold in quantities to suit  
the purchaser. Special attention paid to the  
bottling of beer.

## Meat Market CHAS. STUEBE

A large supply of fresh meats, sausages,  
hams, etc., constantly on hand. All orders from the country  
promptly attended to.

Cash Paid for Hides

## F. BURG

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

## CIGARS, TOBACCOS, PIPES.

Corner Minn. and Centre Str.  
New Ulm - - - Minn.

## AUG. SCHELL, BREWERY AND MALTSTER

NEW ULM, MINN.

This brewery is one of the largest establishments  
of its kind in the Minnesota Valley and is fitted up  
with all the modern improvements. Keg and bottle  
beer furnished in any part of the city on short  
notice. My bottle beer is especially adapted for  
family use.  
Country brewers and others that buy malt will  
find to their interest to place their orders with me.  
All orders by mail will receive my prompt atten-  
tion.

OTTO SCHELL, Manager.

## H. HANSCHEN, Contractor and Builder.

Estimates on buildings or on material  
and labor, upon application. Prompt atten-  
tion given all work and satisfaction guar-  
anteed. The sale of all kinds of cement,  
lime, and plaster (in any kind of hard plaster)  
and plaster hair a specialty.

New Ulm, \* \* \* Minn.

## NEW Summer Dress Goods.

Prices to suit.  
Satisfaction is yours in buying of

G. F. DONGUS.  
Wm. Frank. John Benizin.

## Cottonwood Mills

Custom grinding solicited. Will grind  
wheat for 1/4 (one eighth) or exchange 34  
lbs. flour, 5 lbs. shorts and 5 lbs. bran  
for one bushel of wheat. Flour and feed  
sold at low prices and delivered at New  
Ulm free of expense.

Frank & Benizin

## Dakota House.

Opp. Post Office—NEW ULM, MINN.

Mrs. A. Seifer Prop.

This house is the most centrally located  
hotel the city affords.  
Good Sample Rooms.

## TWILIGHT.

Sing, sweet; it is the twilight hour;  
Thy voice brings rest and peace,  
And unto thee is given the power  
To bid all discord cease.

Let day fade with its load of sorrows:  
Now is enough for me;  
I care not for the coming morrows,  
For they may banish thee.

Oh, that this eve could last forever.  
Ambition's sun be set,  
For with thee near my heart would never  
The busy world regret.

Only count us as Love's immortals:  
Let each be one in soul;  
Bid Night halt at the western portals  
And Death collect no toll.

Then twilight would be fraught with  
splendor,  
Bathed in Faith's golden stream,  
And each to each all love would render—  
Sing, sweet, and let me dream.

—Flavel S. Mines in Harper's Weekly.

## THE STUFFED CAT.

I was all alone one evening in my  
study.

Do you not know this study? That is  
natural because I never have introduced  
you to it. Perhaps you would not like  
it. I like it very much—first of all be-  
cause it is mine, and then because I have  
arranged it according to my tastes.

There is a little of everything in it—a  
colossal writing desk with an infinity of  
drawers and pigeonholes, a bookcase,  
some shelves for books, two tables, one  
large and one small; a divan, an arm-  
chair, on the floor rugs and cushions  
thrown down everywhere, pictures on  
the walls, a gas lamp in the center. In  
one corner on top of a column of black  
wood is a stuffed cat—a magnificent  
tiger striped cat with sparkling green  
eyes that seems ready to spring down  
from its pillar, tired probably of acting  
Simone Stylites.

In this den or study, as you please to  
call it, I pass beautiful hours, day or  
evening, writing, reading, meditating,  
smoking and doing nothing.

It is here that I retire in hours of the  
blues, in those hours of unconscious,  
instinctive ill humor which one cannot ex-  
plain or justify and which exactly on  
that account one translates into an ex-  
traordinary nervous irritation.

This den is the despair of my wife and  
the rest of the household because they  
are positively forbidden to touch, to  
even move a book or a paper under that  
pretext of putting into order which re-  
solves itself into real disorder. I will  
wager that if my wife, my sister-in-law,  
my nieces, could arrange my den accord-  
ing to their tastes, turning it upside  
down, they would be happy. But they  
do not venture for fear of me. Only  
when I speak of my study all those  
feminine lips curl with smiles, disdain-  
ful, ironical or compassionate.

It is especially the stuffed cat that jars  
upon their nerves. My wife absolutely  
wished to throw him away, give him  
away, destroy him. I was obliged to de-  
clare to her that such an outrage would  
immediately provoke on my part a de-  
mand for legal separation pending the  
approval of divorce by vote of the Italian  
chamber of deputies.

Now that I have presented, so to say,  
the surroundings, I will go on to relate  
the fact, the terrible, frightful fact that  
has taken place in my delicious den and  
to which I am indebted for the gray  
hairs that embellish my 36-year-old locks.

One evening in the autumn all my  
family was in the country. I only had  
staid in town to attend to some urgent  
work.

I was all alone in the house. A woman  
came every morning to clean, to  
sweep and air the rooms and went away  
after noon. I dined at a restaurant.

Now, for some days I thought that I  
noticed in my study something strange,  
odd, unaccounted for. It had the same  
effect upon me as if something were not  
in its place. I would have taken my  
oath that certain books had been moved,  
certain papers had been rummaged.

I questioned the domestic, who swore  
and perjured herself to the effect that,  
faithful to her trust, she had touched  
nothing, but had limited herself to  
sweeping the floor and dusting the furni-  
ture. And no one else ever entered the  
room.

One morning it seemed to me that the  
stuffed cat, my good cat with the green  
eyes that I called Tic when he was alive,  
had been touched. Certainly his attitude  
was not the same or I was dreaming.  
Yes, yes, his head was turned another  
way, and the expression of his face, that  
of an honest feline, was different from  
that which I was accustomed to have  
before my eyes. How in the world had  
such a strange phenomenon happened?

But this was nothing. For two or  
three evenings, shut up in my study,  
writing—alone in the large apartment—  
I thought I heard singular noises here  
and there. I arose from the desk, went  
out of the study and all through the  
house, carefully examining every room,  
stopping now in this one, now in that,  
listening. Nothing. The rooms were de-  
serted; the silence was complete, pro-  
found.

Then I returned to my study and set  
to work again. But the noises persisted  
and became more decided and frequent.  
I would have sworn that some mys-  
terious and invisible being was scratch-  
ing in the walls or forcing some lock.  
One evening indeed it seemed to me  
that the noise was just behind me, and I  
turned mechanically.

Well, I would have taken my oath  
that I saw the cat Tic move almost im-  
perceptibly, and his eyes gleam brighter,  
and his back arch, and his bold, majestic  
tail stretch itself in an act of defiance.

But surely it was an hallucination, be-  
cause the cat was still in his place, im-  
passible, and gave no sign of moving  
from his column.

All these small things, insignificant and  
extraordinary at the same time, had im-  
pressed and disturbed me. By instinct,  
by nature, I don't fancy what I cannot  
explain. I am a foe to the supernatural,  
the marvelous, the mysterious. I like  
to see clearly within and around myself.  
I, you see, am of a well balanced and  
sound temperament. Nervousness, mor-

bidity and such nonsense annoy me  
and are repugnant to me.

And as I think I know myself pretty  
well, I was surprised and bored by a  
state of mind so contrary to my habits  
and nature. Evidently my physio-psych-  
ological system was in a moment of  
crisis.

How could I get out of it—be cured?  
Must I, too, take the first train and go  
into the country? Perhaps that would  
be the best way. But unfortunately I  
could not. I had an important engage-  
ment to supply some work, and I could  
not run away and leave it for whims of  
a dreamer fit for a hysterical woman.

"Per bacco!" I told myself, "Pay no  
attention to the thing! Let us be a man,  
what, the deuce?"

And I returned home that evening as  
usual, after having dined and visited the  
cafe.

I had planned to work hard that even-  
ing, in order to make haste to finish.

Having entered the house I made as  
usual an inspection of the apartment  
and found everything as before. Not  
even a chair out of place. Then I went  
into my study and lighted the gas, to be-  
gin work.

But as soon as I seated myself at the  
desk and cast a glance upon the manu-  
script where I had left off writing, a  
marvelous, amazing surprise awaited  
me.

You must know that I was writing a  
novel—oh, what a novel! Something  
fine, exceptionally fine! A romance like  
that surely no one ever wrote. The  
real and the fanciful, the romantic, the  
classic, the naturalistic, were skillfully  
mingled in it.

Now that day when I went out I had  
interrupted the story at a very interest-  
ing point, and the period ended thus:

"He burst into a sonorous laugh of  
scorn; he was very sure that the time of  
phantoms and specters was long past!  
That apparition then gave him no fear.  
It must be a trick."

I had left it there.

Taking up the pen in order to contin-  
ue, with my good cigar lighted in my  
mouth, I cast my eyes on the paper, and  
what did I see?

Just heavens! What indeed!

Directly below the last line written by  
me had been written one word only—  
Fool! There it was, ironical and men-  
acing, in Gothic letters, which showed  
the handwriting of a former age.

Who had traced this scornful and  
mocking word? You can imagine whether  
I remained amazed. I will say even-  
more—I felt an impression of terror.  
My servant did not know how to read or  
write. No one had come into the house  
during the day. Then by whom had the  
words been written?

I grew livid and felt myself shudder.

I sprang to my feet. I felt the hair  
stand on end upon my head and a cold  
perspiration trickle down my forehead!

Tic, the accursed stuffed cat, looked  
fixedly at me, and his green eyes seemed  
to dilate and become variegated with a  
thousand colors. But was that cat  
really stuffed? Or was he not rather  
alive by virtue of some witchcraft?

All at once I roused myself. I had a  
feeling of shame and rage; and furious,  
striking with a heavy fist on the writing  
desk, I exclaimed:

"But who is the demon who has writ-  
ten this word? I would like to know  
him to twist his neck!"

If I were to live a thousand years, I  
shall never forget what happened then.

I had hardly finished speaking those  
words when the study resounded with  
mocking laughter—dry, strident, infer-  
nal.

Then the wall opened suddenly, and  
there came forth a woman wrapped in  
a great black mantle. And Tic, the ac-  
cursed cat, made a leap from his pillar,  
and moving as he had never moved in  
his lifetime went to rub himself against  
that mysterious being.

I drew back more dead than alive.  
Still, I had enough presence of mind to  
stretch a hand behind me, open a drawer  
of the desk and take out a loaded re-  
volver. As soon as I had seized the  
weapon I felt safer.

I raised my arm and pointed the re-  
volver at that being, with the exclamation:

"Now, we will see who you are!"

Alas! Once, twice, thrice I touched the  
trigger, but the revolver was no longer  
obedient.

The mysterious figure made two steps  
toward me. The black mantle that en-  
folded her fell to the floor.

What a fearful sight! It was not a  
man nor a woman. It was a skeleton—a  
skeleton with two lights flaming in its  
empty, cavernous eye sockets—a skeleton  
that laughed satanically, while the cat  
Tic made fantastic and wild leaps.

It was—it was Death!

In the morning they found me insensi-  
ble in my den. The servant ran to call  
a physician, who found me in a high  
fever. My family hastened from the  
country. I was taken care of, treated  
and cured. But the fact remains, my  
hair had turned gray.

When I was able to return to my den,  
the cat Tic was no longer there. My  
wife had made a coup d'etat and sent it  
to be thrown into the river. The column  
had also disappeared. It had been given  
away, I do not know to whom.

My manuscript was, however, still in  
its place. Only the word "Fool" was no  
longer there.

Then it had not been written?

Still I was very sure of having read it.  
Who knows? If the cat Tic had still  
been there, perhaps he could have told  
me. But poor Tic was there no more.

Then, what am I to think?

What shall I believe?—Translated From  
the Italian For Short Stories.

## Curious Offer of Marriage.

A piece of evidence some time back  
in a Quebec breach of promise case was  
a cuff with an offer of marriage written  
on it. One night, while the defendant  
was holding the plaintiff's hand and  
whispering fervid words, he popped the  
question on the smooth linen at her  
wrist. She was sentimental or shrewd  
enough to keep that article out of "the  
wash."

## FUGACES ANNI.

Oh, my love, my queen of May,  
The light of youth is gone.  
Thy balmy tresses gather gray.  
Thy rosy lips are wan.

Will thy true eyes alter yet  
And their nuptial smile forget?

Oh, my love, will time deceive,  
Will thy wither true love so?  
There is more in love, believe,  
Than the silly nations know:

More in love, when bloom is dead,  
Than the rose wreath round his head.

Oh, my love, and if thou need  
Harbor from the north winds blow:  
If thy tender footprints bleed  
On the flints among the snow,

Love will raise a sheltered cot,  
Where the ice blast enters not.

Oh, my true love, we are wise:  
When snow whitens on our land  
Underneath the cloudy skies  
We will travel hand in hand,  
Since we have not far to go  
To our rest beyond the snow.

—Lord de Tabley.

## Individual Freedom.

There is greater individual freedom in  
Great Britain and her colonies than in  
America. For instance, every Sunday  
small knots of men may be seen in the  
principal London parks, giving expres-  
sion to the most varied sentiments on  
matters political, social and religious,  
and language painful to the great major-  
ity of the people is constantly being used.  
No restriction is ever placed on such ex-  
pressions of opinion, so long as they are  
uttered on sites designated by the police,  
where there can be no obstruction to  
traffic or danger of intimidation being  
exercised. In America, however, no  
meetings of any kind are permitted in  
these open spaces.

In Central park, New York, no one  
may even pick up a leaf without danger  
of fine or imprisonment. No one may  
walk on the grass unless he is playing a  
game. I barely escaped arrest for walk-  
ing on the carriage drive. The police  
march about with their batons out—  
often swinging them—and appear to re-  
gard themselves more as the masters  
than the servants of the people.—Earl of  
Meath in Nineteenth Century.

## Wendell Phillips' Power.

The writer heard Wendell Phillips  
once on the nobility of the North Ameri-  
can Indians, and while the spell of the  
speech lasted he was almost as amazed  
himself for being white instead of cop-  
per colored. One secret of the power of  
Phillips with an audience was that he  
was always definite, certain in his state-  
ments and position. If he had privately  
doubts about a course or a policy, he  
never exhibited them when on the plat-  
form. He very well knew that there is  
nothing an audience likes so little in a  
speaker as indecision and beating about  
the bush. There was no haziness in  
what he said. His subject stood out be-  
fore his hearers as clearly cut as a cameo.  
—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

## The Minister Agreed.

During the war an Ohio minister was  
on his way south as an emissary of the  
Christian commission, and he boarded  
an Ohio river boat at Portsmouth. At  
the first landing below, the mate "turned  
loose" at the deckhands. He cursed  
their eyes, their hearts, their lubberly  
feet, their laziness, their whole line of  
ancestry from Adam to that hour. Final-  
ly, exhausted with profanity, he turned  
to the shocked minister with the query:  
"Don't this beat hell?"

"Yes, sir, I'm afraid it does." And  
the good man retired to his cabin.—Cleve-  
land Plain Dealer.

## Experiments With Durable Woods.

In some tests made with small squares  
of various woods buried one inch in the  
ground, the following results were ob-  
tained: Birch and aspen decayed in  
three years; willow and hickory chestnut  
in four years; maple and red beech in five  
years; elm, ash, hornbeam and Lom-  
bardy poplar in seven years; oak, Scotch  
fir, Weymouth pine and silver fir decayed  
to a depth of half an inch in seven  
years; larch, juniper and arbor vite  
were uninjured at the expiration of the  
seven years.—Chicago Times.

## The Political Chameleon.

When the chameleon had to explain  
his changes of color, it is recorded that  
"Then first the creature found a tongue."  
The political chameleon differs from the  
natural one. He is all tongue, and he  
uses it, while exhibiting in succession  
all the hues of the rainbow, to prove  
that he has never changed his color at  
all.—London Saturday Review.

## Why the Duke Sold His Estate.

The Duke of Westminster, who has  
scandalized the English aristocracy by  
selling Cliveden, his ancestral estate in  
Berks, to Mr. Astor, excuses himself by  
saying that he has a family of 10 children  
to provide for. The sale adds \$50,000 a  
year to the duke's income.

## Times Have Changed.

Mrs. Smythe—Before we were married  
you didn't use to groan the moment I  
sat on your knee.

Smythe—I know it, my dear, but you  
didn't use to stick a millinery bill under  
my nose then, either.—Life.

The letters in the various alphabets of  
the world vary from 12 to 202 in num-  
ber. The Sandwich Islander's alphabet  
has the first named number, the Tar-  
tarian the last.

While Eyraud was being prepared for  
the guillotine he said: "Don't bother me  
about religion. Tell my wife and daugh-  
ter to do the best they can. That is all  
I wish to say."

Remember that proper cultivation and  
use of the voice not only add to its beau-  
ty, but prevent it from becoming pre-  
maturely old, worn and cracked.

The largest cut stones in the world are  
in the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec.  
Many are more than 60 feet long, 20 feet  
broad and of unknown depth.

Perpiration of the feet is a sign of  
good circulation, but perception of it is  
a sign of vulgarity. Neatness is a sure  
cure.

## SUMMONS.

State of Minnesota, County of Brown, ss.  
District Court, Ninth Judicial District,  
Henry Pfeiffer, Plaintiff.

VS.—  
John Hohner, Heinrich Kruse, and Ernst  
Fricke, the unknown heirs of said John  
Hohner, Heinrich Kruse, and Ernst Fricke;  
and also all other persons or parties un-  
known claiming any right, title, estate,  
lien or interest in the real estate described  
in the complaint herein. Defendants.  
The State of Minnesota to the above  
named defendants:  
You and each of you are hereby sum-  
moned and required to answer the Com-  
plaint of the Plaintiff in the above entit-  
led action which is filed in the office of the  
Clerk of the District Court of the Ninth  
Judicial District, in and for the County of  
Brown and State of Minnesota, and to serve  
a copy of your answer to the said Com-  
plaint, on the undersigned at his office in the  
City of New Ulm in said County, within  
twenty days after the service of this sum-  
mons upon you, exclusive of the day of such  
service, and if you fail to answer the said  
complaint within the time aforesaid, the  
Plaintiff in this action will apply to the  
Court for the relief demanded in the com-  
plaint.

Dated June 5th, A. D. 1893.

JOS. A. ECKSTEIN,  
Plaintiff's Attorney,  
New Ulm, Minn.

## NOTICE OF LIS PENDENS.

State of Minnesota, County of Brown, ss.  
District Court, Ninth Judicial District,  
Henry Pfeiffer, Plaintiff.

VS.—  
John Hohner, Heinrich Kruse, and Ernst  
Fricke, the unknown heirs of said John  
Hohner, Heinrich Kruse, and Ernst Fricke;  
and also all other persons or parties un-  
known claiming any right, title, estate,  
lien or interest in the real estate described  
in the complaint herein.—Defendants.  
Notice is hereby given, that an action  
has been commenced in this Court by the  
above named Plaintiff against the above  
named Defendants for the purpose of de-  
termining any adverse claim, estate, lien  
or interest in and to the real estate here-  
inafter and in the complaint herein de-  
scribed, and to have the same adjudged  
void; also to have said defendants and all  
persons or parties claiming under or  
through them forever barred from claim-  
ing and from any and all claims, right,  
title, estate, lien or interest in and to the  
real estate or any part thereof adverse to  
the Plaintiff herein; and to have said  
plaintiff adjudged to be the owner in fee-  
simple and entitled to the possession of  
said premises and real estate and to have  
the title thereto forever quieted in him.

The premises affected by said action are  
situated in the County of Brown and State  
of Minnesota, and are described as follows:  
Lot No. one (1) of Block No. One hundred  
and twenty-four (124), Lot No. Eleven (11)  
of Block No. One hundred and twenty-  
five (125), Lot No. Nine (9) of Block No. One  
hundred and forty-one (141), all north of  
Center street, also Lot No. one (1) of Block  
No. Ninety (89), Lot No. Twelve (12), Block  
No. One hundred and forty-two (142) south  
of Center street, all of the City of New Ulm,  
in said County according to the plat of  
said City on file and of record in the office  
of the Register of Deeds in and for said  
County.

Dated June 5th, 1893.

JOS. A. ECKSTEIN,  
Plaintiff's Attorney,  
New Ulm, Minn.

## SUMMONS.

State of Minnesota, County of Brown, ss.  
District Court, Ninth Judicial District,  
Henry P. Cronie, Plaintiff.

VS.—  
Thomas Joch or Jock, the unknown heirs  
of said Thomas Joch or Jock, and also all  
other persons or parties, unknown, claim-  
ing any right, title, estate, lien or interest  
in the real estate described in the complaint  
herein.—Defendants.  
You and each of you are hereby sum-  
moned and required to answer the com-  
plaint of the Plaintiff in the above entit-  
led action, which is filed in the office of the  
Clerk of the District Court of the Ninth  
Judicial District, in and for the County of  
Brown and State of Minnesota, and to serve  
a copy of your answer to the said Com-  
plaint, on the undersigned at his office in  
the City of New Ulm in said County, within  
twenty days after the service of this sum-  
mons upon you, exclusive of the day of such  
service, and if you fail to answer the  
said complaint within the time aforesaid,  
the Plaintiff in this action will apply to  
the Court for the relief demanded in said  
complaint.

Dated July 10th A. D. 1893.

JOS. A. ECKSTEIN,  
Plaintiff's Attorney,  
New Ulm, Minn.

## NOTICE OF LIS PENDENS.

State of Minnesota, County of Brown, ss.  
District Court, Ninth Judicial District,  
Henry P. Cronie, Plaintiff.

VS.—  
Thomas Joch or Jock, the unknown heirs  
of said Thomas Joch or Jock, and also all  
other persons or parties, unknown, claim-  
ing any right, title, estate, lien or interest  
in the real estate described in the complaint  
herein.—Defendants.  
Notice is hereby given, that an action  
has been commenced in this Court by the  
above named Plaintiff against the above  
named Defendants, for the purpose of de-  
termining any adverse claim, estate, lien  
or interest in and to the real estate here-  
inafter and in the complaint herein de-  
scribed, and to have the same adjudged  
void; also to have said defendants and all  
persons or parties claiming under or  
through them forever barred from claim-  
ing and from any and all claims, right,  
title, estate, lien or interest in or to said real  
estate or any part thereof, adverse to the  
Plaintiff herein; and to have said plain-  
tiff adjudged to be the owner in fee simple  
and entitled to the possession of said pre-  
mises and real estate and to have the title  
thereto forever quieted in the plaintiff, his  
heirs and assigns.

The premises affected by said action are  
situated in the County of Brown and State  
of Minnesota, and are described as follows:  
Lot No. thirteen (13) in Block No. one hundred  
(100), South of Centre Street in the City  
of New Ulm, in said County, according to  
the plat of said City on file and of record in  
the office of the Register of Deeds in and  
for said County.

Dated July 10th 1893

JOS. A. ECKSTEIN,  
Plaintiff's Attorney,  
New Ulm Minn.

State of Minnesota, County of Brown, ss.  
In Probate Court, Special Term, June  
23d 1893.

On the matter of the estate of Elizabeth  
R. Crandall, deceased.

Letters of administration on the estate  
of Elizabeth R. Crandall, deceased, late of  
the County of Cook and State of Illinois,  
being granted to James N. Crandall of  
Chicago, Cook County, Illinois.  
It is ordered that six months be and the  
same is hereby allowed from and after the  
date of this order, in which all persons  
having claims or demands against the  
said deceased are required to file the same  
in the Probate Court of said county for ex-  
amination and allowance or be forever  
barred.

It is further ordered, that the first Mon-  
day in February A. D. 1894 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 ap-  
pointed as the time and place