

New Ulm Review

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Wednesday Dec. 25, 1895.

If Blaine had been president or secretary of state last week it is more than likely that Premier Salisbury would never have written the reply that he gave to Cleveland. He would have known from the start what answer he would get and would have been shrewd enough to refrain.

Speaker Reed was very gracious to the Minnesota members of the House in the appointment of committees. Jim Tawney goes on the Ways and Means committee, Fletcher takes a place with the Commerce committee, McCleary will help determine matters of Banking and Currency, Eddy will look after Indian Affairs, Kiefer after Public Buildings, Heatwole after Foreign Affairs and Towne gets his desired place on the River and Harbor committee.

The Review does not begrudge the Minneapolis papers financial prosperity, but it does regret and must condemn their course in endeavoring to make money out of such disgustingly sensational literature as Harry Hayward's confession. The reading matter is revolting in itself and evil in its effect upon the public mind, and, what is worse, the whole confession has been demonstrated to be a lie from the lips of one of the most contemptible criminals in history. There may be some excuse for publishing the details of a crime at the time it is committed, but a paper steps beyond the bounds even of sensational journalism when it makes itself the medium of dime novel literature and self-confessed lies.

Bob Evans has written a public letter in which he declares without equivocation that he will not be a candidate for governor. There is a manly tone about this declaration, for it demonstrates that Mr. Evans is above an itching desire for office, that he sees the breach in party forces and the widening effect that a complication of candidates must have, and that he is broad enough to rise above the clamor of his friends in order to heal the party differences and lessen the danger of defeat. Mr. Evans is unquestionably one of the best fitted men, thus far mentioned for governor, but his self-denial is commendable and would be equally meritorious if manifested by some of the other men who are hankering after the executive position.

The Cuban war has been and is now noted for its inhuman atrocities, perpetrated by the regular soldiers of the Spanish army. Spain has not only for the present time, but for a decade past, oppressed the Cuban people, and now seeks to destroy them entirely. The United States as a nation is interested, not only commercially, but because of republican liberty and humanity, and ought of right to interfere. A Republican president would have done so long ago, and it seems that Cleveland has at last come to the conclusion that Americanism is better than partyism and that helping a weak neighbor contending for liberty is nobler still. A prediction to the effect that he will in a brief spell of time recognize the Cubans as belligerents would not be far from a correct one.

Whether the president wrote his now popular Venezuelan message for political purposes or whether he was prompted by patriotism only, matters not. The message in itself has the true American ring and we should consider it solely for its effect upon the domineering attitude of England. In this respect it will undoubtedly force England to consent to a peaceful arbitration of the boundary dispute, and an unequivocal statement of her claims to interference if she really has any. These claims will have to be reasonable and devoid of any attempt to extend her possessions, or war will be the result. The dispute is one that has hung fire for many years and England has always refused to arbitrate with the assistance of the United States, as the guardian, under the Monroe doctrine, of the republics to the south. The president therefore takes the position that this government should take the initiative in investigating the boundary dispute, through a commission appointed by congress, and be guided by the decision of that commission. Then, if England still insists on running things on this hemisphere and wants to advance her greed through war, why let her have it. But she won't. Her past history gives her ample claim to braggadocio and bluff, but her so-called statesmen know well enough that war with the United States would mean the ruin of her temporal power. Fighting for empire would

never win against fighting for the doctrine of liberty and justice promulgated by Monroe.

The city of Hastings has been selected as the site for the new fourth hospital.

There may be a chance for a fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons now.

Talking about war between England and the United States is most ridiculous. Why, we've whipped 'em twice before, and we would do it this time before they landed.

There is a peculiar law suit on foot in Mankato, growing out of the action of a couple clerks in cutting down an evergreen tree in one of the cemeteries for the sake of store-window decorations. The owner of the lot from which the tree was taken brings the suit, but the clerks claim that they paid for it.

Canada talks of putting 30,000 men into the field in case of war for the purpose of invading the United States. It would be well perhaps for the Canadian generals to read up a little about our latest war history and the battles in which we used to kill twice 30,000 in a single day. Let's see. The Union army alone during the Rebellion was made up of something over 2,000,000 men wasn't it?

The Review greets its readers to-day with a wish that every child may be merry and every home gladdened with sunshine of Christmas cheer. Whatever may be the religious beliefs surrounding Christmas, whatever may have been the origin of the popular celebration, it is still a day, the happiest of all the year—happy because it fosters the innocent merriment of children and appeals to the goodness in men and women. It opens the hearts of all, spreads joy and gladness among rich and poor, young and old, and while it puts childish superstitions into the little ones about "Kris Kringle," "Santy Claus" and "Reindeers," still the little tots like the yarns so well that we often wish that they were true.

About two years ago the Review predicted that it would not be long before the people of this country would be demanding minister Bayard's recall. That time has now come, as the following from the New York Herald would indicate: "An ambassador who could be guilty of such egregious folly as to make a public speech of the tenor of Mr. Bayard's is totally unfit to represent a great country such as the United States. He should be recalled. To impeach him would be like breaking a butterfly on a wheel." The Review does not lay any claim to prophetic power, but it merely drew its conclusions from Mr. Bayard's past history. Whenever he has had an opportunity to express himself publicly, as for instance during the rebellion and during his career as senator and secretary of state, his sentiments have been un-American and unpatriotic; his attitude, one of constant toadying to the English.

The action of the English capitalists in trying to injure our national credit by creating a panic in Wall Street through the sudden liquidation of American securities, evidently for the purpose of intimidating the president, should teach the American people a lesson. That lesson is that Americans should learn to depend upon Americans and not continually lend themselves to a slavery under the Rothschilds and Shylocks of London and Wall Street. It is a pitiable fact that in the leading city of our country we have a band of men who are lost to all patriotic feeling and willing to become partners to any crime against their country that will enrich themselves, but it is a fact nevertheless. The sooner our people recognize it and free themselves from the unnatural bondage, the better it will be for the perpetuity of Republican institutions.

Doctrine of no doctrine; international law or no international law; it is a principle that this nation should maintain, even at the cost of war. That whenever England or any other foreign power seeks to browbeat the weak republics of this continent, either for the sake of domination, indemnity or spread of possessions, the United States should cast its influence with the weaker power. Even though it has no commercial interests to defend, it has a principle to fight for and that principle involves the discountenancing of European greed and the extension of European monarchical power when it comes so close to home as to put it into our power to prevent. Liberty lies at the foundation of our form of government, and liberty can only be enjoyed by ensuring it to others. Naught but selfish aggrandizement prompts English meddling with South American affairs and naught can prevent submission on the part of our neighbor republic but our own interference. That assistance is one which is always due from the strong to the weak, and if it isn't international law, it is something higher and more exacting—it is justice.

ANECDOTES OF SPURGEON.

How the Great English Preacher Came to Be a Smoker.

Some years ago I was at a hotel in Paris, and to my great delight found Mr. Spurgeon one wet afternoon in the smoking room. He was attending a religious conference and was accompanied by a kind of bodyguard of elders and deacons, one or two of whom constantly watched him. Fortunately for me, none of them smoked, and when they mounted their usual watch he literally choked them off in a few minutes. I was therefore his sole audience on two or three occasions. I have known most of the good conversationists and raconteurs of my time; but, except perhaps Robert Louis Stevenson, he was by far the best. I understand that a biography of Mr. Spurgeon has lately appeared, but I have not seen it and doubt if the author has preserved the following anecdote, which I venture to write down, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words:

"You wouldn't guess what calling I wanted to follow. I wanted to be a whipper in of hounds. Yes, there was never a meet near where I was brought up without my attending, and many a long run I had, often across plowed fields, and many a time I was alone at the death. I could not do it now"—and then he looked at his ample waistcoat and laughed. I never heard a more pleasant laugh nor one more sympathetic and infectious. He continued:

"You wouldn't guess how I came to be a smoker. When I was 16, I went to my father and told him there was a vacancy, and that I should like to go in for it. 'A vacancy for what?' he asked. 'For a whipper in to the hounds, and I should be sure to get it.' He answered, very solemnly, 'Charles, my son, you should be a whipper in of souls,' and he sent me down into the Fen country to preach in the villages. When I came home, I developed a violent cold, with a good deal of fever and some twinges of rheumatism. I told my father all my experiences—how I had been received, how they had crowded in—but there was one thing in particular that I dwelt on.

"I had observed in every cottage that the old people sat in the chimney corners and that the table before me was ornamented with two long pipes, crossed, between two jars of tobacco and two hymnbooks. At one of these meetings, just as I was about to speak, an old man took up and filled a pipe, and then drawing a hot cinder from the fire proceeded to offer it to me. I gave him a look intended to wither him up, for I allowed no levity"—here another laugh.

"I see," said my father, "how you have acquired that heavy cold." When I was better, I started on another tour, but before I left home my father said in his most impressive tones, 'Charles, my son, if they fill and light a pipe for you, smoke it. If they don't, fill and light for yourself. And, in any case, don't keep them from their tobacco. In that climate and at this time of year smoking is your best protection against feverish colds.'"—London Realm.

A HARROWING EXPERIENCE.

Story of an Execution by Electricity Related on an Elevated Train.

They got on a crowded Sixth avenue elevated train at Fourteenth street, and every one looked at them because they were both young and both pretty. They talked together in audible tones, with all the enthusiasm of youth, and the other passengers listened to it all with great interest.

Suddenly one of them, the smaller one, turned to her companion and with a look of horror on her face asked:

"Oh, Win, did you ever see any one killed by electricity?"

"Gracious, no!" exclaimed the other.

"I should hope not."

"I did," laconically rejoined the other.

"Why, Florence, what do you mean?" demanded her companion.

"Oh, it was terrible," replied Florence in all seriousness. "I never want to see anything like it again."

"How utterly ridiculous!" remarked her friend. "Whom did you ever see killed by electricity?"

"Why," replied Florence, an aggrieved expression coming over her face, "it was the other afternoon up in Harlem. I saw a cat run over by an electric car."

The other passengers tried not to smile, but it was too funny, considering that the girl meant every word she said. Neither girl noticed the amusement of the other passengers, however, and Florence doesn't know yet of the amusement the passengers got out of her harrowing experience.—New York Sun.

Carlyle Corrected.

At a Royal academy dinner in London some years ago several artists were expressing their enthusiasm about Titian. Carlyle and Thackeray, it appears, were among the guests. Mrs. Annie C. Wilson tells the story of what followed:

"His glorious coloring is a fact about Titian," said one man, striking the table to give emphasis to the remark.

"And his glorious drawing is another fact about Titian!" cried another artist. And so they went on until Carlyle, who had been listening in silence to their rhapsodies, interrupted them by saying, with a slow deliberation which had its own impressive emphasis:

"And here I sit, a man made in the image of God, who knows nothing about Titian and cares nothing about Titian, and that's another fact about Titian."

Thackeray was sipping claret at the moment. He paused and bowed courteously to Carlyle. "Pardon me," he said; "that appears to me to be not a fact about Titian, but a fact, and a lamentable one, about Carlyle."

Might Have Known.

Young Wife—Hubby, dear, do you love me better than your pipe?

Young Husband—What a foolish question to ask, dear!

Young Wife (sadly)—Yes, I might have known without asking.—Detroit Free Press.

State of Minnesota, County of Brown, ss. In Probate Court, Special Term, December 18, 1895.

In the Matter of the Estate of August Meier, Deceased.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of August Meier, deceased, late of the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, being granted to Henry Heimerdinger;

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 examination and allowance, or be forever barred.

It is Further Ordered, that the first Monday in July A. D. 1896, 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 appointed as the time and place when and where the said Probate Court will examine and adjust said claims and demands:

And It is Further Ordered, that notice of such hearing be given to all creditors and persons interested in said estate by forthwith publishing the order once in each week for three successive weeks in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper, printed and published at the city of New Ulm, in said County.

Dated at New Ulm, Minn., this Fourth day of December A. D. 1895.

Jonas Landenschlager, Judge of Probate.

(Seal.)

State of Minnesota, County of Brown, ss. In Probate Court, Special Term, Dec. 7th, 1895.

In the Matter of the Estate of William Hummel, Deceased.

On Reading and filing the petition of William Hummel, the father and Administrator of the estate of William Hummel, deceased, representing among other things, that he has fully administered said estate, and praying that time and place be fixed for examining and allowing the final account of his administration, and for the assignment of the residue of said estate to the parties entitled thereto by law:

It is Ordered, that said account be examined and petition heard, by the Judge of this Court, on the 3d day of January, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the Court House in New Ulm in said County.

And It is Further Ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order once in each week for three successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper printed and published at the city of New Ulm in said County.

Dated New Ulm, Minn., Dec. 7th A. D. 1895.

By the Court, Jonas Landenschlager, Judge of Probate.

(Seal.)

State of Minnesota, County of Brown, ss. In Probate Court, Special Term, Nov. 30th, 1895.

In the Matter of the Estate of Catherine Craft, Deceased.

On Reading and filing the petition of George Craft of New Ulm, Brown Co., Minn., representing among other things, that Catherine Craft, late of New Ulm, Brown County, Minn., on the 20th day of November A. D. 1895, at New Ulm, Brown County Minnesota died intestate, and being a resident of this County at the time of her death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this County, and that the said petitioner is a son of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to George Craft and William Brust granted:

It is Ordered, that said petition be heard before the Judge of this Court, on Friday, the 27th day of December A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Office of the Probate Court in the City of New Ulm in said County.

Ordered Further, that notice be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper printed and published at the City of New Ulm in said County.

Dated at New Ulm, Minn., the 30th day of November A. D. 1895.

By the Court, Jonas Landenschlager, Judge of Probate.

(Seal.)

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

ROMAN CHAIRS, CORNER CHAIRS, FINE BIRCH AND MAHOGANY ROCKERS AND PARLOR SUITS. CENTER TABLES, COMBINATION BOOK CASE AND WRITING DESK, LADIES DESKS, HALL CHAIRS, PICTURES, FRAMED PICTURES, MIRRORS, EASTLES RUGS, ARTSQUARES, OTTOMAN'S CARPET SWEEPERS. EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THESE ARTICLES WILL MAKE A FINE AND VALUABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT. THEY WILL BE SOLD AT A VERY LOW PRICE.

H. L. SAVERIEN

THE LARGEST FURNITURE DEALER.

A Pretty Foot. . . .

"Her feet, like little mice, Steal in and out as if they feared the light."

What a Pretty Little Foot she has!

How often you hear that from observing men and appreciated women. Most everyone likes to see a pretty foot and most every lady would like to show one THAT'S RIGHT. Now then, when you get a pretty, well made, easy fitting shoe on a pretty foot, what a combination! Oh, say! Life is worth living, after all! Well, we have in stock just that kind of goods. We lead and others follow.

Your Obedient Servant,

H. LOHEYDE,

THE SHOE MAN

50 BELOW ZERO!

The above (50 below zero) means that we sell our entire stock of Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes.

50 PER CENT CHEAPER

than any other Merchant in the city and its neighboring towns.

You will be surprised and say this is the truth if you were in our store on our Bargain Day.

Don't spend your money for nothing. Come to our store and get something you are in need of very bad.

J. F. NEUMANN.

THE LEADING MERCHANT.