

A DAY AT JESSIE

The Binford Cornet Band went to Jessie, last Sunday, in accordance with the wishes of the Jessie people, to render music to the populace of that little city. By noon a large crowd had assembled from the surrounding country, and there being twenty of the band boys present, music became the order of business at once. Whenever the band goes down to our neighboring town, they visit every place in town, knowing very well that the proprietor of each place will come out with the cigars and an invitation to partake of whatever other hospitality he has to offer, and the proprietors know fully as well that the band boys are always ready to accept invitations. The places visited were J. W. Ressler's general store, (out he comes with the "cigs,") Hjort, Thingelstad & Co. (out they come with the "cigs,") Jessie Hardware Co. (out they come with the "cigs,") Geo. J. Collett's confectionery and pool room, (out he comes with the "cigs,") and Hotel Jessie (out comes Landlord Groven with an invitation to the boys to come in and quench their thirst with some of his delicious soft drinks.) Then some more music and a march to Laffan's store to sit for a photograph, after which the genial Laffan treats to lemonade. As the boys are about to retire from the store Landlord Groven meets them with an invitation to come with their ladies to Hotel Jessie for supper. You bet they went, and never was there a better supper laid before a pack of hungry men than was spread for them at that same hotel, and never was there a better cook on earth than Mrs. Groven or better waiters to attend to the wants of a starving crowd than Mr. Groven had in readiness for this occasion—and we honestly believe that never did a bunch of people eat more than that same bunch ate at that table. The people of Jessie always give the band a warm welcome and the boys appreciate it to the extent that they are always ready to go there and play for them. We all had a fine time and there are no two ways about

it. Several people from Coopers-town were present, among them being Editor Rearick and family who had heard that the band would be there that day and had made a special effort to be present.

POINTS OF INTEREST

Photographer G. E. Kilmer, of Wimbledon, played the new Eb bass to assist John Knapp who played the same music on the old instrument. Some clever work was done by these gentlemen.

George Lockett broke a drum head.

The boys visit Hart & Elliott's hen ranch, and see a scrap.

A gentleman mistook the street for the "Nickle Plate" and drove over an alto horn, squeezing all the wind out of it, and turning the bell to one side. It would be better hereafter for all the boys to take their instruments along with them when they go inside.

George Lockett and Acton Cross remained too long at the supper table, and Dr. Truscott has been busy ever since with his bottle of "Perry Davis."

A dog fight furnishes diversion for a few seconds.

Everybody has a good time.

CALLED BY DEATH.

Word was received here Monday to the effect that Mrs. D. S. B. Johnston had passed away at her home in St. Paul on Friday, May 26th. The St. Paul Dispatch has the following obituary in its issue of May 27; and the Times joins other Binford friends in extending sympathy to the sorrowing relatives:

"Mrs. D. S. B. Johnston, a woman well known in church and D. A. R. circles, died yesterday at 3 p. m., at her residence, 565 Holly avenue, in this city. Her disease was inflammation of the brain, and her illness did not take a serious turn until about two weeks ago.

She had two weeks of slight incoherence of speech last spring, about a month apart, but no one attached very serious importance to them. However, under med-