

Frank Davis returned from his claim near Dickinson last Saturday, but could come only as far as turn-table Cooperstown—apologies to the people of that town—by rail, our dear passenger train having acquired the habit of turning round there and going back to Sanborn if there is a skimmy thickness of clouds north of the turn-table. Mr. Davis remained in Cooperstown until about eleven o'clock Sunday A. M., when he started out and hiked up the railroad track, arriving here at 4:30 P. M. according to schedule, something our dear little passenger train hasn't done for months, and he came through without the rotary which they claim our little passenger can't do. Frank has that dinky passenger "skinned a mile" for railroading.