

The editor visited Jessie a few hours Tuesday afternoon and found many changes since his last visit there. The new bank building is a very neat structure both inside and out, and Cashier St. John looks very appropriate "behind the bars." N. O. Houggen has erected a neat little building to be used as a meat market, and it looks all right. The hotel has changed hands but the high standard established by Ole Groven is maintained by the new landlord, Mr. Dribbenboss. "Steamboat" Johnson is the station agent and is the same jolly old side-wheeler that he was when in Binford. Oscar Rogne has been out west and gobbled a piece of Uncle Sam's prairie gardens, and Charley Hart and George Elliott are out there now doing the same thing. Paul Michalla, the blacksmith, is as rugged and hardy as ever but he shakes hands with his south paw because the one banging on the north side is still disabled slightly as a result of snagging his shoulder on the corner of a star when he took his ski trip to the sky last winter. Jack Ressler must be selling cranberries, he seems so busy, and everybody else is getting along nicely.