

Editor Trubshaw, with his foreman, Bill Schannach, and B. A. Parsons, were up from Cooperstown last Thursday, to take in the Jessie-Binford ball game—and that ain't all they did. Percy—gol darn it, we know it was him—had been in the office, and it was a beaut of a mess he had made. The office stools, broom, mailing machine and everything else conceivable in the mind of a joker was piled on top of the presses. And that ain't all. The truth hurts once in awhile, but as long as Percy sprung it, we're going to re-spring it. Here it is: "This is a bum shop and nobody runs the blamed thing. P. S. Hurrah for Binford." This was signed by Percy and the other two gentlemen—but Percy wrote it. That's what we're sore about. Wait till we get a whack at Percy's shop.

Tony Baumgard, who has been employed by Marion Wilkinson, near Jessie, was drowned in the Sheyenne

river last Sunday. He, with a number of companions had gone to the river to spend the day, and during the afternoon they decided to go in swimming. Mr. Baumgard was the first to enter the water. The water at this point was about ten feet deep. It is the supposition that he was seized with cramps as soon as he struck the water, as he was in a helpless condition when he arose, and the water here was too deep for his companions to render any assistance, without endangering their own lives. They immediately summoned more help, and did everything possible to recover the body before life was extinct. The river was dragged with a fish net and many dives were made in an attempt to locate the body, but more than an hour was spent in the effort before it was recovered, and then all efforts to revive him were futile. The body was taken to Cooperstown, where it was embalmed and will be shipped to his home in Wisconsin.