

* JESSIE NEWS.

Good morning, through seeding yet?

H. A. Brown, of Cooperstown, was a visitor in Jessie on Tuesday.

Robert Thorn spent Friday and Saturday in Cooperstown on business.

Some of the friends of Art Olsen received a smiling photo. A good photo artist can sure improve on nature.

We are pleased to welcome Arthur Haugen of McHenry. Arthur will fill the position of assistant in the Jessie State bank.

Art Olsen says in a letter to Oliver Jenson that Van Hook has the best baseball team in the west. Shucks, Art, you ought to see our team. Ask Glen.

Our old fellow townsman, Max Wild, came up from Revere Tuesday. He says somehow Jessie seems like home to him. Some attraction, eh, Max.

Marian Wilkinson tried to plow on his farm last week, but said that on account of the water holes it made his back ache, the furrows being too crooked.

Jimmie says the water has gone but the wind got busy so he had to work hard getting the lumber pile straightened up. Too bad, James, better get a ball of binding twine.

A sight for sore eyes was Louis Rude at the wheel, with a former resident in the rear, furnishing the motive power. Oh no, the high price of gasoline was not the cause.

A good pump is a necessity on a farm. We can please you with our line, a full and complete stock of pump repairs on hand. Repairing quickly done at Roney's Hardware, Jessie.

Our genial friend, Fred Tollefson, went to Jamestown last week on business and had planned to go to Montana, but returned on Saturday. He says the roads were not dry enough for walking.

Fred Clous, our tonsorial artist, had a birthday last Saturday, and as a result of the celebration Fred has been using a newspaper on the chair before he sits down. You have our sympathy, Fred.

Mrs. Marks, of Jamestown, has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. F. Tollefson, for several days, and on Tuesday Mr. Marks arrived. It is expected they will be frequent visitors here thruout the summer.

Jack Ressler heard the boys talk about flies so he dug up the screen door and had it newly wired, and then he hung it. 'Twill take more than a screen door to keep out the flies referred to, Jack.

Speaking of being hung—one day when Daniel Webster was helping his father mow the hay, he complained that the scythe didn't hang right. His father fixed it several times, but Dan was not satisfied. Finally his father told him to hang it himself. Dan proceeded to hang it—in a tree.