

day March 19: The maiden name of the departed was Annie Barteau, daughter of Mr and Mrs. David Barteau of this village. She was born in Hillsdale, Columbia county, New York, on May 4th, 1861, hence was in her 37th year at the time of her death. In April 1884 she was united in marriage with Mr. W. S. Vande Bogart. The union was blessed with five children all of whom are living.

The deceased spent her life for the most part in Wisconsin and Dakota. In the latter state she spent fourteen years, coming to this place in September last. She was greatly devoted to her family, it was that the children might have better school and church privileges that she and her husband decided to make their home near Zumbrota. All who know her will unhesitatingly say she was a genuine christian. Her unostentatious faith, her fervent zeal and godly example will ever be to her family a heritage of blessing.

One week ago last Tuesday she gave birth to a daughter, and on the following Thursday threatening symptoms appeared and despite all that medical aid could do she rapidly sank. On Thursday night last at eleven o'clock she passed away. Her prison walls were broken down and angels sped her swift remove. She has left her earthly home and entered into the heavenly inheritance her eternal possession.—Zumbrota Independent.

### An Explanation.

Gallatin, N. D., Mar. 29, '98.

TO GRIGGS COUNNER:

For the general satisfaction I offer a few explanatory remarks concerning Mr. S. J. Pound. In the first part of October last year he asked me if I could keep his chickens over winter to which I at once consented: A few days afterwards he complained about not having a place for his cow during winter and I offered to take that also. Just there and then he begged me to take in himself. After somewhat over a week's deliberation we decided to risk taking him in over winter. He was to furnish a part of the victuals and board with us, that was the partnership to which I referred in my card.

About 1st of October he moved in. After this he always spoke as though he was going to stay continually. I never paid any attention to him when he spoke that way except once, in the first part of February, I asked him how long he meant to stay with us. He said: "I wish to stay as long as you folks will let me, when you don't want me any longer just tell me so in plain English and I will go." I told him I should later on. After that nothing was said until 20th of March. We had made up our minds it was time to tell him he must move out as soon as convenient. I knew that he rather wished to stay and I also knew that he became desperately angry when anything went against his wishes. So I thought that the best thing to do was to let him know in writing. Sunday morning, March 20, we were going over to Thor Hagen's to a small birthday-party. While the ladies were getting ready I wrote the card and left it on Mr. Pound's table. He was down at the barn at the time. Just as we left the house he came along, wished us a pleasant day and we left him.

Now let us partly in imagination and partly from evidence follow him till he is dead. He walks up to his room and finds my card. He reads it and get angry. He reads it again and again and gets desperate. He thinks for a while, his mind is made up, then he gets up and looks at the gun. It is all right. He sits down to his table to write his last wishes. That takes a long time. It gets towards noon, but he thinks of no dinner. His last letter is ready, he folds it up, takes the letter, the gun

and my card and goes down to the kitchen table, puts the gun by the door and takes my card down to Mr. John Atchison, calls Mr. Atchison aside, he wept because, as he said, no one wanted him and he had no place to go. Then Mr. Atchison told him that he had a shanty that he would let him live in, provided he found no other place. Mr. Pound does not seem to listen to this proposal, but gives directions about his mail. He asked Will Atchison to go with him up to my place because he had some silverware that he wished Will to deliver, and he himself was going away for a while. Will went with him. Being alone again, Mr. Pound goes down to the barn there is his cow—his best friend on earth he used to say—there is also the calf, his cat and his chickens. He bids them all fare well. This done he walks up to the house and into the kitchen for his gun. Coming out again he carries his gun in his left hand, walks about six paces from the house bends over with forehead against the muzzle of the gun, pulls the trigger and his earthly career is done. M. H. HAGEN.

### Grand Opening.

Mrs. E. E. Downe will on Wednesday and Thursday

April 3 and 7

open up the finest line of millinery ever brought to Cooperstown. Ladies are invited to call in and see her goods and leave orders for Easter bonnets. Miss Lena Timmerman, an expert trimmer will get you up any kind of a bonnet or hat to suit your taste. Kid gloves, switches, veils, etc., an endless variety to select from. Mrs. Downe invites her patrons to call and look over her goods and guarantees to satisfy as to style and price.

### Temperature Record For March, 1898.

Maximum average, 31 above.

Minimum average, 12 above.

Average for the month at 7 a. m., 13 above.

Average for the month at 12 m., 28 above.

Average for the month at 6 p. m., 27 above.

Coldest day, 22d, 10 below.

Warmest day, 7th, 60 above.

No. of clear days, 19.

No. of partial clear days, 4.

No. of stormy days, 3.

No. of cloudy days, 5.

Snow fall on 9th, 12th, 19th, 21st.

Amount of snow fall for the month 4 1/2 inches.

## ACETYLENE GAS.

The Light of the Future.

Why not be independent and own your own little gas plant which will give four times more light than ordinary gas or electric lights at one half the cost? Applicable for use in churches, stores, factories, hotel, residences and country homes; safer than ordinary gas or kerosene lamps. Approved by all the Boards of Underwriters throughout the United States. We want a first class agent in every town. Write for catalogue and prices.

THE ACETYLENE GAS MACHINE CO., Akron, Ohio.

### \$50 for One Bottle of Medicine.

This is to certify that my wife was for years afflicted with asthma, and was so far gone that several physicians decided that her case must terminate in consumption. I was induced to try a bottle of Dr. Warner's White wine of Tar Syrup. To our great satisfaction it gave almost immediate relief, and two bottles completely cured her. She is now well and healthy, but I would not be without the medicine if it cost fifty dollars a bottle. WM. H. FARRIS, Chn. Bd. Tp. of Wilton, Monroe Co., Wis.

More Than All Others.

ROME CITY, Ind.

Dr. C. D. WARNER, Coldwater, Mich.

Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure in recommending your White Wine of Tar Syrup to the public as an excellent cough cure. I have sold over a gross within a short time and I always warrant a cure and have never had a bottle returned. I sell more of your White Wine of Tar Syrup than all other cough remedies I keep in stock. I sold on dozen bottles to one of my customers.

Resp'y Yours.

I. P. CHAPMAN.