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THE HUMAN STOMACH.

How It Is Overworked by Three Big Daily Meals.

It requires about five hours for the stomach to work on an ordinary meal and pass it out of itself, when it falls into a state of repose; hence if a man eats three times a day his stomach must work fifteen hours out of twenty-four. After a night's sleep we wake up with a certain amount of bodily vigor which is faithfully portioned out to every muscle of the system and every set of muscles, each its rightful share, the stomach among others.

When the external body gets weary after a long day's work, the stomach bears its share of the fatigue, but if when the body is weary with the day's toil we put it to bed, giving the stomach meanwhile a five hours' task which must be performed, we impose upon the very best friend we have—the one that gives us one of the largest amounts of earthly enjoyment—and if this overtaxing is continued it must as certainly wear out prematurely as the body itself will if it is overworked every day.

And if persons eat between meals then the stomach has no rest from breakfast in the morning until 1, 2, 3 or 4 o'clock next day; hence it is that so many persons have dyspepsia. The stomach is worked so much and so constantly that it becomes too weak to work at all.

Dangers of the Apothecary.

The distilled essential oil of almonds, which when diluted supplies the popular flavoring for sweets and confectionery known as "ratanha," contains in its strongest form a sufficient percentage of hydrocyanic acid to make it highly dangerous. A young man who was executing an order by pouring it from a large bottle to a smaller one noticed that he had not put the label quite straight on the smaller bottle and took it off again. Before replacing the label he licked it to make sure of its sticking properly. But while pouring he had inadvertently let a drop or two trickle on the outside of the bottle where he had affixed the label. Then when he touched the label with his tongue he felt as if something hot along that member and also a jump of his heart. So he rushed to a tap, which was fortunately close at hand, and put his tongue under the running water. Never as long as he lived did he feel world's best food that poison sensation. (Columbers' Magazine.)

Truth and Repose.

A self denial no less austere than the saint's is demanded of the scholar. He must worship truth and forego all things for that and choose defeat and pain so that his treasure in thought is thereby augmented. God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both.

Between these as a pendulum man oscillates. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, he meets, most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity and reputation, but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings and adrift.

He will abstain from dogmatism and recognize all the opposite negations between which as walls his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinions, but he is a candidate for truth as the other is not and respects the highest law of his being.—Emerson's "Essay on Intellect."

Too Queer to Pass.

"Yes, I still have the first dollar I ever made," said the gray haired passenger.

"The idea!" exclaimed the traveling acquaintance. "And how did you keep it so long?"

"It was very imperfect, being my first, and I'd have had trouble in passing it."—Philadelphia Press.

Didn't Count In the Bill.

Dr. Jalap—Well, you may thank your fine constitution for pulling you through. Nothing else could have saved you.

The Convalescent—But I cannot see that you have made any reduction in your bill for my fine constitution's share in the cure.—Boston Transcript.

Congre would prepare a drama for the stage in a week or ten days, though four or five times this period was spent in revision.

Pay Your Debts.

"No, sir," declared Gazzan as he warmed up to his subject, "you'll never be happy so long as you are in debt. Pay your debts. Swayback; pay your debts."

"But I have no money," said Swayback.

"Then borrow it."—Detroit Free Press.

KISSING THE HAND.

The Practice Was Instituted by the Early Roman Rulers.

The practice of kissing the hands was instituted by the early Roman rulers as a mark of subjection as much as one of respect, and under the first Caesar the custom was kept up, but only for a time.

These worthies conceived the idea that the proper homage due to their exalted station called for less familiar modes of obeisance, so the privilege of kissing the emperor's hand was reserved as a special mark of condescension or distinction for officers of high rank.

No such restriction, however, was placed on the emperors themselves, who, if they wished to confer signal honor on any of their subjects, kissed either the mouths or the eyes of those they wished specially to favor, the kiss generally intimating some promotion or personal satisfaction for some achievement.

Roman fathers considered the practice of kissing so delicate a nature that they never kissed their wives in the presence of their daughters.

Then, too, only the nearest relatives were allowed to kiss their kindred of the gentler sex on the mouth, for in those days, as now, kissing was not a mere arbitrary sign, but it was the spontaneous language of the affections, especially that of love.

Under the Romans if a lover kissed his betrothed before marriage she inherited half of his worldly goods in the event of his death before the marriage ceremony, and if she died her heritage descended to her nearest relatives.

A PANTHER'S DEN.

Clean and Bright, In Decided Contrast to the Popular Idea.

It was my good fortune to discover the newly abandoned lair of a cougar family and further and to me new evidence of that fastidious cleanliness which is a marked characteristic of the animal. This retreat was not at all the typical "panther's den" of tradition, but a bush grown harborage under the edge of a rock with just enough of shelf to keep off the rain. I should not have found this breeding place but for a certain well gnawed array of bones scattered over a little smooth bench above a creek channel. From this boneyard there was a very traceable path leading through grass and brush to the retreat where the dam had housed her young. The evidence here told plainly of the cougar's long immunity from annoyance and attack and of a thoroughly cleanly habit of life. There was no bone or other sign of feasting about the lair. The dam had carried her kill to the creek bench in every instance, and the children had been called to the dining room. As bones which would have been crunched or eaten by grown animals had been perfectly cleaned by the kits I was able to judge of their summer's diet. This had consisted mostly of minor game, rabbits, marmots, grouse and the like, with an occasional small deer. At least one whole family of badgers, old and young, had been served, pussy having probably lain for them at their hole until they were all in.—Franklin Welles Calkins in Outlook.

The Horse Is Useful Even if Dead.

The whale can be put to a great number of uses when dead, as can also the horse, the various parts of which are utilized as follows: Hair of mane and tail for haircloth, stuffing mattresses and making bags for crushing seed in oil mills, etc.; hide and skin tanned for leather for covering tables, etc.; tendons used for glue and gelatin; flesh for food for dogs, poultry and man; fat used for lamps, etc.; intestines used for covering sausages, making gut strings, etc.; heart and tongue for food; hoofs for gelatin, prussiate, fancy snuffboxes, etc.; bones for knife handles, phosphorus, superphosphate of lime and manure; blood for manure and shoes for reuse or for old iron.—Spare Moments.

CURES FOR TOOTHACHE.

Remedies That Do Not Appeal to the Ordinary Man Today.

The man in dental anguish sometimes curses with Burns "the venomous stang that shoots his tortured gums along." Sometimes, on the other hand, he prays. St. Augustine in his "Confessions" relates how he once suffered from "dolor dentium" (toothache), apparently in an aggravated form, for he could not speak. Thereupon he wrote on wax a prayer to God for the other brethren to repeat, and as soon as all were on their knees the pain went. "But what a pain!" he says. "Never since my tender age had I experienced the like." Southerly in his "Life of John Wesley" tells of that eminent preacher that when his own tooth ached he prayed and the pain left him.

Unfortunately ordinary men do not seem to have such efficacious faith. When the excruciation begins, they must bear it philosophically, and on Shakespeare's authority toothache finds out just the weak place in the philosopher's armor of patience. In the middle ages the devout who were racked with pain had a special patron to whom they could call for deliverance. St. Apollonia, a martyr under the emperor Phillip, among other cruel indignities had her teeth pulled out. In consequence she became toothache's tutelary saint, as her emblems—one of which is "holding a tooth in pluckers"—sufficiently testify.

And there would seem to have been yet another martyr, St. Blaise, who took cognizance of the disease. He was honored in the little town of St. Blazey, in Cornwall, where candles of lead were set in the form of a cross to be burned in the fire to cure toothache.—Cincinnati Journal.

A GENEROUS EDITOR.

Cheated by a Fake Story in His Own Newspaper.

The following true story of a New York reporter is told by a correspondent:

"As a reporter my friend had not won the regard of his city editor. He frequently failed to return from an assignment with 'a good story.' So when he was told to draw \$10 from the office, go out and give it to a man genuinely in need of it and then write, as a social study, the needy man's valuation of current reports of abounding prosperity in the country my friend thought he had a task that was easy, but organized charity would not, because of principle, encourage such 'indiscriminate giving' and refused to tell of any one who was in extremity. Going down to the Bowery, the reporter questioned a policeman and was directed to a certain tenement. When he got there, the man had been dispossessed and had taken his family out of the neighborhood. After no success with two other devices for discovering a man really in want it looked as though the reporter would once more have to go back to the office and report failure.

"But what so preposterous as to say to the city editor that a man who was badly off for the lack of \$10 and who had views on the subject of prosperity was not to be found?"

"Press time was near. Some plan of action had to be decided on. Meeting a friend who, though earning a good deal, always spent more, the reporter said, 'For heaven's sake, don't you need \$10?' With excellent presence of mind the man answered in the proper way, and the reporter dashed back to his desk to write his little social study. He imagined a poor man who had a pitiful need and told an imaginary tale about him.

"It was charming, but very sad. The city editor next afternoon praised him; it was 'the finest story of the day.' He added: 'Already several men have stopped in to leave checks, and here is a fifty dollar bill the chief himself just dropped on my desk for the poor man. You cash these checks and take all the money to him and write something about the relief it will afford to him. Wait a moment; here's another \$25. Why, it's from the chief again; you see what an impression you've made!' Taking the money, the young reporter hesitated, fumbled it. 'Well?' inquired the city editor.

"Then the young reporter had to give the account of the hunt for a needy man as here set forth. After looking out the window a long time the city editor said:

"Of course you are indefinitely suspended. I ought to devise some torture for you also. You might, he concluded, rising, 'picture to yourself what feelings the old man will have—that kindly old chief to whom I must return this \$75—when he hears that he was cheated by a fake in his own newspaper.'"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Cheerful Face.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is a cheerful face. There is no mistaking it. The bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile—all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, yet cannot express, and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through our veins for very joy. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.—Exchange.

A Story of Queensland's Mines.

Three men had arranged for a blast of dynamite. Two of them walk away, while the other lights the fuse. The fuse being lighted, the navy throws the lighted match aside. It drops into a keg of gunpowder, and he is blown up.

He falls, lacerated and burned, just across the hole where the dynamite is. His comrades see his danger, run forward and drag him away just in time. And they go on with their work as if nothing had happened.—"Queensland in 1889."

AMOY'S GRAVEYARDS.

The City and the Cemeteries Are Hopelessly Intermingled.

The city of Amoy is on an island of the same name. For upward of 1,000 years it has been an important trading place. The population of the island is estimated at over 400,000, and it has been said that there are something like 5,000,000 dead bodies packed in its soil. For many centuries the hillsides of the city have been used as a burying ground. Now the city and the cemetery are hopelessly mixed. The graves touch one another at every point and form a solid white surface of rock, brick, porcelain and cement, covering more than 1,000,000 square feet. Near one of the josshouses 30,000 bodies are buried vertically to save space. They stand on a plot of ground of as many feet square.

The wells from which the city draws its water supply are shallow and are sunk on the edge of graveyards and even among the tombs themselves. The water is muddy and is colored by the perpetual turning up of the soil. It has no sewers, and the streets vary from two feet to six feet in width. No wheeled vehicle can use them. Here and there is an open place or plaza, dug out so as to be a huge receptacle into which the streets discharge their refuse. Filth abounds, and its twin sister, disease, flourishes. The atmosphere is laden with noxious smells, and the hum of the dead goes

IMPACTED EAR WAX.

Where It Comes From and How It Should Be Treated.

The normal secretion of the orifice of the ear is the product of glands situated in the outer half of the canal only. This secretion—the cerumen, or ear wax—is slowly poured from the gland ducts as a thin, yellowish liquid. As it quickly loses a large amount of its watery elements by evaporation and becomes admixed with dust it forms a thin layer, waxlike in color and consistency, which normally covers only the outer portion of the canal, that in which the glands are located.

This layer of material probably has its chief function, in common with the few small hairs in the same location, in protecting the vibratory membrane—the drum—from the contact of dust. It is interesting to observe that the exit of this layer of wax is accomplished by nature chiefly with the aid of the motion communicated to the ear canal by the movement of the jaw in chewing and talking, a motion readily felt by touching the orifice with the finger tip during these processes. The constant increase of the secretion is therefore provided with a corresponding loss, which takes place almost as imperceptibly as the constant loss of the superficial layer of the skin from the surface of the body.

This explanation serves to make clear why the use of ear spoons, pins or hairpins is unnecessary. The use of such objects is not only superfluous, but it is often the cause of the very condition which those who use them would prevent.

Even too vigorous washing with a twisted cloth or sponge, for example, may result in pushing the wax back into the canal until a mass sufficient to block the entire opening is accumulated.

The first intimation of the presence of impacted wax is often the sudden occurrence of a considerable degree of deafness. This is most likely to happen on a damp day or just after or during a bath. A slight amount of moisture causes the mass to swell so that the narrow chink previously existing between the mass and the canal is closed. If it is not now removed, the mass may shrink and the hearing power be temporarily restored, only to be lost again when conditions arise causing an increase in the size of the mass.

Firm, gentle syringing with warm water from a piston ear syringe is usually regarded as the safest and best method of removing the mass, the handling of which had better be entrusted to a physician or trained nurse, if possible.—Youth's Companion.

Sure to Please One.

George Selwyn, the famous English wit and man about town, took an extraordinary interest in dentibed scenes, criminal executions and funerals, and in "Jesse's Memoirs" the story is told of him that when the first Lord Holland was dying and learned that Selwyn had called to inquire after his health he said: "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls show him up. If I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he will be glad to see me!"

GOUGH'S QUICK WIT.

A Retort That Silenced an Interlocutor in the Audience.

An effort of one of John B. Gough's tours of the west was to arouse converts to a political movement in favor of prohibition, and in several states the politicians began to give consideration to the cry. The distillers and liquor dealers are said to have been so frightened that they employed men to follow the lecturer, sit among the audience and endeavor to confound him with questions. He had worked a Topeka (Kan.) audience up to a fine pitch of excitement and in his effective manner cried:

"Temperance! Temperance! Temperance! It will make money in your pocket, clothes on your back, happiness in your home and God in your heart!"

Up leaped one of the paid interrupters and shouted to the audience:

"Money in your pockets! Why, fellow citizens, follow this man's ideas and we'll be rid in the parhouse! Think of the fields of tasseled corn that stretch on every side! Whisky is made from corn. We sell millions of dollars' worth of corn to the whisky makers. Stop the manufacture of whisky, and what'll we do?"

Then, turning to Gough, he went on: "You, Mr. Smarty—what'll we do? Tell us, if prohibition comes, what'll we do with our corn?"

"Raise more hogs, my friend," replied Gough without a second's hesitation—"raise more hogs!"—Philadelphia Times.

A Marvelous Invention.

Wonders never cease. A machine has been invented that will cut, paste and hang wall paper. The field of inventions and discoveries seems to be unlimited. Notable among great discoveries is Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. It has done a world of good for weak lungs and saved many a life. Thousands have used it and conquered Grip, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption. Their general verdict is: It's the best and most reliable medicine for throat and lung troubles. Every 50c and \$1.00 bottle is guaranteed by H. H. Bateman, Druggist. Trial bottle free.

Strayed.

From my farm on Sunday, Dec. 28, I bay horse, about 7 years old, weighs from 1100 to 1200. Any one finding horse, please notify me.

M. MOGAARD,
Hannaford, N. Dak.

Domestic Troubles.

It is exceptional to find a family where there are no domestic ruptures occasionally, but these can be lessened by having Dr. King's New Life Pills around. Much trouble they save by their great work in Stomach and Liver troubles. They not only relieve you, but cure. 25c, at H. H. Bateman, Druggist.

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