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A Spin on an Ice Yacht.

The wind is strong and steady, and the boat glides faster and faster. Sharp exclamations of pleasure testify that the passengers are enjoying it. The speed increases. Before lies a field smooth as plate glass and level as a billiard table. For two miles it extends without a flaw. At its farther edge lies a tremendous crack filled with ground up ice and heaving black water. The full power of the wind strikes the white wings as the smoothest ice is reached, and the craft darts away at a tremendous pace. Faster, faster, she flies, till she is traveling faster than the wind that drives her. The air seems to be full of electric sparks; a frosty haze blurs the view; every hearer is throbbing with delight at the wild, free speed of it all. Before one has had time to think the crack seems to be rushing at the boat. A moment of intense anxiety, a catching of breaths, a wild pumping of hearts, then a shriek of excited joy. The good boat has flown the gap as a hunter clears his fence, has flung it behind her with never a rap, and is tearing away over another good bit as though she had no need to touch anything more solid than the cold, sweet air.—Outing.

A Greedy Little Fish.

The little fish known as miller's thumb—the fresh water sculpin—is one of the natural checks on the overproduction of trout and salmon. It eats the eggs and the young fish. It is found in all trout waters as fast as examined. It is very destructive. At an experiment once made in the aquarium of the United States fish commission, in Washington, a miller's thumb about four and one half inches long ate at a single meal, and all within a minute or two, 31 little trout, each from three-quarters of an inch to an inch in length.—New York Sun.

A Novel Plan.

When Lawson Tait, the English surgeon, and his wife were driving through the city of Montreal one hot summer morning, Mrs. Tait, observing large blocks of ice standing opposite each door, remarked, "See what a novel plan they have of keeping the air nice and cool by exposing small icebergs opposite each door."

A Restless Town.

The city of Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, was founded 300 years ago by Juan de Onate, and there has never been a rat, a mouse or a cat within its corporate limits. The air is too high and dry for rodents and felinae.

The Maori and the Witness.

Captain Hayes in his book, "Among Horses in South Africa," tells several amusing stories. A friend of his in New Zealand had been a government interpreter among the Maoris and had many stories to tell about these people. On one occasion a native chief, who was under cross examination in court, on being asked why he had not brought a certain man with him replied:

"I have brought him."
"But," said the barrister, looking in vain round the court, "I don't see him. Where is he?"
"He is here," chuckled the Maori proudly, stroking his massive chest.

Peculiar Taxation in Holland.

Some of the most peculiar of taxations recorded are to be found in the archives of Holland. In 1791, for instance, there was in existence a tax imposed on all passengers traveling in Holland. In 1874 a duty of 2 shillings was levied on each person who entered a tavern before noon, on those who entered a place of entertainment, on marriages and deaths and on many other things. If a person was buried out of the district to which he belonged, the tax was payable twice over.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Horses and Saddle.

A man bought three horses and a saddle for \$220. If he puts the saddle on the first horse, they cost as much as the other two horses; if he puts the saddle on the second horse, they cost two times as much as the first and third, and if he puts the saddle on the third horse they cost three times as much as the first and second. Find the cost of each.—Mathematical Puzzles.

Mr. Thomasson's Lesson.

"Yes," said Mr. Thomasson, "I went home intoxicated one night about ten years ago, and the lesson my wife taught me made a lasting impression on my brain."

"What did she say?"
"She didn't say anything. The lasting impression I refer to was made by a fatiron. See that bump?"—Indianapolis Sun.

A man's labors must pass like the sunrises and sunsets of the world. The next thing, not the last, must be his care.

Why is it that gloves worn by toll bearers are always too long in the fingers?—Acheson Globe.

THE COMMUTER.

How He Spends His Hours of Daily Railroad Traveling.

The much abused suburbanites, whom the cartoonists picture as coming to the city every morning from "Lonesomehurst," "Lost Man's Lane," "Prunehurst-by-the-Trolley" and other places with equally suggestive names, are an interesting class of individuals. The transient element of the city's population spends several hours every day whirling over the railroads. When the novelty of these daily bits of railroading has passed into the monotony of years of travel through the same country the commuter has learned to make the best of the time he spends on the train.

The "card fiend" is a prominent figure in this class. Both morning and evening four or five games of cards are going on in every smoking car, and it is safe to say that thousands of dollars change hands in this "innocent amusement" while the commuters are hurrying to or from business.

Next to the "card sharp" is the man who only enjoys his cigar and paper. He is oblivious to all his surroundings and only shows animation when he is at his journey's end.

Many of the policies and plans of some of this city's most successful business men have been born or developed on these trains. The short respite between the bustle of the city and the cares of home life is to this type of man a season for meditation.

Another interesting commuter is the individual who is on good terms with all his fellows. He travels up and down through the car exercising his repertory of latest jokes or sympathizing with some gloomy looking friend who thinks that all the world is against him. He seems to never grow weary in his well doing.

The train life of the commuter is now and then enlivened by wrecks. Though tossed about and sometimes cut and bruised, he generally escapes serious injury. Such experiences as these he considers the spice and coloring of his existence.—New York Mail and Express.

COLOR OF GOLD COINS.

Reasons For Differences in Tint of Coins of French Mintage.

Some time ago a Frenchman placed together a number of gold coins of French mintage of the beginning, middle and end of the last century. He was much surprised to see that they differed in color. He set about finding out the reasons for this difference, and the results of his investigations have been published in La Nature.

There is a paleness about the yellow of the 10 and 20 franc pieces which bear the effigies of Napoleon I and Louis XVIII that is not observed in the goldpieces of later mintage. One admirer of these coins speaks of their color as a "beautiful paleness" and expresses regret that it is lacking in later coins. The explanation of it is very simple. The alloy that entered into the French gold coins of those days contained as much silver as copper, and it was the silver that gave the coins their interesting paleness.

The coins of the era of Napoleon III were more golden in hue. The silver had been taken out of the alloy.

The gold coins of today have a still warmer and deeper tinge of yellow. This is because the Paris mint, as well as that in London, melts the gold and the copper alloy in hermetically sealed boxes, which prevents the copper from being somewhat bleached, as it always is when it is attacked by hot air. So the present coins have the full warmness of tint that a copper alloy can give.

If the coins of today are not so bland some in the opinion of amateur collectors as those issued by the first Napoleon, they are superior to those of either of the Napoleons in the fact that it costs less to make them. The double operation of the oxidation of the copper and cleaning it off the surface of the coin with acids is no longer employed, and the large elimination of copper from the surface of the coins, formerly practiced, made them less resistant under wear and tear than are the coins now in circulation.

No Keys to White House.

In these modern days the front door of the White House is not locked at night. Practically no doors are locked, and if the steward should look around for keys he would probably not find half of those formerly in use. Big policemen are about the only doors at the executive mansion. They guard the main doors at all hours of day and night, and there is no need to close and lock the inner doors. Before President Lincoln's time policemen were rare at the president's home, and when all the clerks and servants had gone home at night the housekeeper went around and carefully locked all the doors inside and outside except to rooms occupied by those going in and coming out.—Washington Star.

Don't Be Sparing of Your Love.

The power of love is one of the greatest gifts to humanity. It generates the sunshine of the moral universe, without which life would be a desert waste. Use this divine power without stint. Be prodigal of your love. Let it radiate freely. It will brighten the dark places. It will gladden the sorrowing. It will lift you above the petty, grinding cares that so soon corrode the mind and sap the energies. It is the golden key that will admit you to the palace of the true life.—Success.

Well Enough.

"Didn't I tell you to let well enough alone?" said the doctor to the convalescent who had disobeyed and was suffering a relapse.

"Yes, doctor," whined the patient, "but I wasn't well enough."—Detroit Free Press.

HER SUMMONS CAME.

THE PERSON IN WHICH MRS. GALLUP READ HER DEATH WARRANT.

She Dropped the Dishcloth and After That Fatal Warning Spent the Balance of the Evening in Telling Mr. Gallup How She Thought He Ought to Run the Funeral.

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As Mr. Gallup lighted his tin lantern after supper and started out to buy half a pound of Rio coffee for breakfast and call at the postoffice Mrs. Gallup was in excellent spirits and had most of the dishes ready for washing. He was absent 32 minutes, and when he arrived home he found her huddled up in the big rocking chair, with a pillow behind her head and the camphor bottle in her hand. She took three long sniffs at the bottle and gave three long drawn sighs as he entered, but it was labor thrown away. Mr. Gallup blew out his lantern and hung it up behind the cellar door, and, having deposited the coffee on a shelf in the pantry, he removed and hung up his coat and hat, sat down and took off his shoes and then, taking a circular from his pocket and putting on his glasses with great deliberation, began to read. It was a circular regarding a new discovery in the cure of consumption, and he had not yet finished with the first testimonial when Mrs. Gallup sobbed four times in succession and faintly asked:

"Samuel Gallup, do you know that your dyin' wife is present in the room?" He made no reply. That testimonial from one who had been cured after his coffin had been purchased made him hold his breath as he read.

"Yes; she is present," dolefully continued Mrs. Gallup after several sniffs



Huddled up in the big rocking chair at the bottle, "and she wants to hev a few last words with you. When you started over town, I was singin' 'Barbara Allen' and thinkin' my days might be long in this land. Not five minits later the summons come. I had just started to wash the dishes, and I had that cracked blue platter in my hand, but I hadn't gin it over two wipes when the dishcloth fell to the floor with a great spat. You are hearin' what I say, ain't you, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup wasn't. He was devouring the second testimonial, which gave the case of a woman who had been given up by over 50 doctors, and yet two bottles furnished her with a new pair of lungs.

"When that dishcloth fell, I knew that my time had come. That's the way Mrs. Grover and Mrs. Taylor went. Their dishcloths fell, and in 24 hours they was in heaven. I shall be up there by tomorrer night, Samuel, while you'll be free to stay out all night to hear the political news. I'd hev died before you come back home, only I wanted to talk with you a leetle about the funeral. Let's see. If I die tonight, you'll hold the funeral day after tomorrer, won't you, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon?"

Mr. Gallup was listening to a noise outside. He heard something to remind him of a hen trying to crow, and he wondered if it could be that so long after dark.

"If you want it a day sooner, you can hev it," continued Mrs. Gallup after sobs and gasps and sniffs at the bottle, "but you must look out or the naysburs will talk. Better hev it day after tomorrer, and I hope, for your sake, it won't be a rainy day. I've sometimes thought I'd like a big funeral when I went, with over 40 wagons in the procession and the church bell a-tollin and the dogs a-howlin, but I've given that up. No, Samuel, you needn't make any spread over me. I'm one of the kind that kin go to heaven without any burrah and fireworks. If there is ten wagons in the procession, I shall be satisfied. Don't you think ten ought to be 'nuff for a person like me?"

It wasn't a direct question, but had it been Mr. Gallup would not have answered. He was devouring the third testimonial and making up his mind to try a bottle on the sly.

"Ten wagons in the procession, Samuel, and the bells needn't toll nor nuthin else happen. If anybody is diggin' taters or makin' soft soap or dyin' carpet rags, they needn't stop on my account. If 25 people come to the house, that will be 'nuff. We've got 'leven chairs altogether, countin' them with brok'n backs, and Mrs. Walters will lend you the rest. You'll hev our own preacher, of course, but he needn't go on for an hour or two and tell how good I was and how much you'll miss me. If he says that my toll is o'er, and that you won't never find a more savin' wife, that'll be about 'nuff. Shall you do any cryin' at the funeral, Samuel?"

No answer.

"I'd do a leetle bit if I was you—jest a leetle. If you don't, folks will talk about it same as they did about Jim Dewitt. He never cried at all, and to this day folks say he didn't use Haner right. I don't ask you to break down and sob and git up an excrement, but you kin gasp a few times and wipe your eyes and blow your nose. I'm sorry you'll hev to take that long ride to the graveyard, as you want to

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Styles and Price....

The best way to be
on time is to get
your.....

Watch Repaired.



Knife like cut, warranted 35c.

We wish to close out a lot of
six quart milk pans. Special price
now 5c

We have a
Standard Sewing Machine
with a drop head. Regular price \$40.00
To close it out..... \$25.

A Snap Second Hand Cast Range
used only a short time \$21.50

EVENSEN & ALLEN.

Aristocracy of Doldrums.
"My doll can shut her eyes and go to sleep just lovely."
"Hub! My doll never goes to sleep at all; she's got insomnia."—Chicago Record.

Navigation in the Suez canal is often interrupted by sand storms.

In Malta fowls are plucked alive in the open market.

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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