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Don't let a \$12.00 calf eat up \$20.00 to \$30.00 worth of cream. The cream from the average cow will sell for 20c to 30c a year and just as good calves can be raised on sweet separator skimmed milk as with the cow. Don't waste Time, Labor and Cream by trying to skim your milk by hand. It is like trying to care for a 40-acre patch of corn with a hoe.

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The U. S. skims the cleanest, cleans the easiest, wears the longest, is the most profitable, etc., etc.

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Vermont Farm Machine Co., Bellows Falls, Vt.

Brutally Tortured.

A case came to light that for persistent and unmerciful torture has perhaps never been equalled. Joe Gololick of Colusa, Calif., writes: "For 15 years I endured insufferable pain from Rheumatism and nothing relieved me though I tried everything known. I came across Electric Bitters and it's the greatest medicine on earth for that trouble. A few bottles of it completely relieved and cured me." Just as good for Liver and Kidney troubles and general debility. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by H. H. Bate-man druggist.

For Sale.

An A. No. 1 threshing outfit, comprised of a Garr Scott 25 horse engine never a better brought to Dakota, a 36 inch Avery separator, a Fosston wind stacker, a perfection weigher and self feeder. There is nothing better to go into a field of grain with. They just about run with no expense. Also a good big boarding car, a first class sleeping car, water tanks, pumps and hose pipes. All new and everything in good order. Will sell cheap and give long time. Will find you threshing to do in payment. Age and sickness sole reason for selling. Apply to JAMES A. DAY, Sec. 26-145-57, Riverside Twp., 7 miles west of Hope.

The angular passenger stuck her head out through the car window.

"Why," she asked the man on the station platform, "did you speak just now of that singular looking machine as 'she'?"

"Because, ma'am," replied the man on the platform, "it's a mail snatcher." And she took her head in again.—Chicago Tribune.

Stamina Needed.
The one indispensable quality of success in these days of tremendous competition is stamina. The young man who lacks that will never get far. He will soon be forced out of the race and sidetracked. Those who have possessed it have conquered innumerable difficulties.—Success.

Incurable.

We hear of six newspaper editors who recently inherited fortunes. Trouble is, when such things happen, they generally enlarge the paper and get poor and happy again six months after.—Atlanta Constitution.

The First Requisite.
Ascum—Haven't you got a job yet? Layzee—No. I'm still waiting for something to turn up.
Ascum—What you need to turn up are your sleeves.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Gets There Just the Same.
You often hear it said a woman has intuition. As a matter of fact, it is suspicion.—Acheson Globe.

SPEECHES THAT LIVE.

Oratorical Triumphs That Stand the Test of Reading.

It is often said that if a speech reads well it is not a good speech. There may be some truth in it. The reader cannot, of course, get the impression which the speaker conveys by look and tone and gesture. He lacks that marvelous influence by which in a great assembly the emotion of every individual soul is multiplied by the emotion of every other. The reader can pause and dwell upon the thought. If there be a fallacy, he is not hurried away to do something else before he can detect it. So, also, his more careful and deliberate criticism will discover offenses of style and taste which pass unheeded in a speech when uttered. But still the great oratorical triumphs of literature and history stand the test of reading in the closet as well as of hearing in the assembly. Would not Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Caesar, had it been uttered, have moved the Roman populace as it moves the spectator when the play is acted or the solitary reader in his closet? Does not Lord Chatham's "I rejoice that America has resisted" reads well? Do not Sheridan's and Burke's great perorations in the impeachment of Warren Hastings read well? Does not "Liberty and union, now and forever," read well? Does not "Give me liberty or give me death" read well? Do not Everett's finest passages read well?—Senator Hoar in Success.

Laughter Better Than Pills.

The cure for the bilious man is a clown, not pills. For indigestion go to a show where there are one or two first class fools who know how to make "monkeys" of themselves. The fun, however, should be clean, innocent, harmless and hearty, with no suggestion of indecency or vulgarity. In other words, the fun should be "hygienic." Fun that is foul and malodorous is unhealthful.

The best sort of fun for the dyspeptic is the fun that burlesques the follies and foibles of the odd "characters" you have met. If you can't find the show with the burlesque "artists" who can make you laugh, seek out companions who are jolly and who know the art of clowning.

Don't let any half baked idiot load your mind with his business or domestic troubles. When you get an hour or two from the desk or store, abandon yourself willingly and cheerfully to the frivolities of a jocular friend.—What to Eat.

To Make Him Happy.

Old Peterby is rich and stingy. In the event of his death his nephew is to inherit his property. A friend of the family said to the old gentleman:

"I hear your nephew is going to marry. On that occasion you ought to do something to make him happy."

"I will," said Mr. Peterby; "I'll pretend that I am dangerously ill."—London Telegraph.

Too Much.

Mrs. Marryat—Mamma is talking of closing her house and coming to live with us. Do you think you could support both of us?

Mr. Marryat—My dear, I can support you very nicely now, but I'm afraid your mother would be insupportable.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Still More Exclusive.

Mrs. Woodby—There's nothing like a college education to open the way to exclusive society. Since my son started to go to the university he's got into the Four Hundred.

Mrs. McGinty—My son's doing even better at college. He's on the nine.—Philadelphia Press.

COLOR IGNORANCE.

It is a matter wholly apart from color blindness.

Color blindness was the topic under discussion. "They tell me I'm color blind," said the lawyer, "but I don't believe it. Often, I admit, I make mistakes in colors. I say that pink is red, I say that green is blue. But it is only the names of the colors I am off in. I am not, I insist, color blind." The oculist who was in the party nodded approval.

"Exactly," he said. "These diagnosticians of yours mistake your case. They take color ignorance for color blindness. Here they are as wrong as though they should say music ignorance was music blindness—as though, I mean, because you could not tell that a certain struck note was 'E flat,' you were dead to all musical gradations. Some years ago, when the examination in colors of railroad men was inaugurated, a bowl went up over the amazing amount of color blindness in America, and many a good man lost his job unjustly. These men had been off in the names of colors, not in the colors themselves. They could in a day or two have been taught what they lacked. Many of them, it is likely, were not color blind. I say this because recently I heard of an examination of 800 railroad men that was conducted in the proper way on an English line. About seventy of these men were a little off regarding color nomenclature, but not a single one of them was color blind."—Philadelphia Record.

Oriental Squatters.

Most artists depicting the east show men sitting crosslegged, tailor fashion. Easterners don't sit like that. Usually they stick their calves beneath them, sit on their heels and with the soles of the feet pointed upward, a painful posture for an occidental. The Hindoo usually rests on his haunches, with his knees pyramid style and his chin on their level. Try that attitude ten minutes and see how you like it.

Traveling eastward, as soon as you touch Turkey you reach a district where sitting on the floor is the custom. You may then journey on for thousands of miles, also north and south, and the millions in that region are all floor squatters. When you arrive in China, however, then you are among other millions who sit on chairs. Go over to Japan, and then you get among squatters again. The question is, Why should the Chinese, among all the nations of the east, use chairs?

How Romans Took Their Food.

The Romans reclined at their banquets on couches, all supporting themselves on one elbow and eating with their fingers from dishes placed in the center of the table. Each was supplied with a napkin, and knives were used, though it does not appear that every one was supplied with one. Nothing, it would seem, could be more fatiguing than to partake of a repast in such an awkward posture or less conducive to neatness, it being almost impossible to keep the hands clean even with water supplied by the slaves or to prevent the food and wine from falling on the clothing and the draperies of the couch. This manner of eating disappeared during the dark ages so far as the couch was concerned, but the peculiarity of taking the food with fingers from a common dish continued afterward for more than 1,000 years.

The Mind During Sleep.

"During sleep," says an authority on mental subjects, "the workings of the mind are under no control, and yet it seems to have a wonderful faculty of building up and arranging scenes and incidents. I remember once having a vivid dream of going into a house the furniture and inmates of which belonged to the middle ages. So clear was the dream that I had no difficulty in recalling it, and then as I went over each detail of dress, armor, jewelry, ornaments and other objects seen in my vision I realized that everything I had beheld was historically accurate—that is to say, that probably in a fraction of a second my mind had conjured up a scene to construct which, with the same faithfulness to detail, while awake would have taken me several hours."

Marvelous Memories.

Among men noted for wonderful memories were Milton, who was said to be able to repeat Homer; Professor Lawson, who boasted that he could repeat the whole of the Bible, except a few verses; Lord Macaulay, who made the same boast about "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost"; Dr. Lerdner, a friend of Sir Walter Scott, who could repeat an act of parliament on hearing it read but once, and a London reporter, who took no notes, but could write out an unexpected debate verbatim. Henry Clay could not memorize a single stanza of a poem, but never forgot a name, a face or an argument.

A Training Table.

"Friend of mine today," said Mr. Kidder, "was talking of coming here to board."

"I hope," remarked Mrs. Starvem, "you were pleased to recommend our table and?"

"Sure! Told him it was just the thing for him. He's a pugilist and wants to increase his reach."—Catholic Standard and Times.

No Small Matter.

Mrs. Casey—Shure, an' when we moved it tuk tree furniture wagons. Mrs. Clancy—Huh! It tuk tree deputy sheriffs to move us.—Kansas City Independent.

She's Right.

She—I'm right because I'm right.
He—How do you know?
She—I'm right because I'm right. I don't need to know.—Pittsburg Gazette.

SOME QUEER NAMES.

MAINE'S COAST ISLANDS AND THEIR PECULIAR DESIGNATIONS.

The Animal Kingdom, Household Articles and Shipping Terms Figure Conspicuously, and His Satanic Majesty Is Not Forgotten.

It would be almost impossible to enumerate the names of islands along the coast of Maine. They cover almost every article of household use, as well as gear pertaining to vessels. The animal kingdom figures conspicuously as well as his Satanic Majesty. Just how the names were derived no one seems to be able to determine. Some were named for early inhabitants squatting thereon and getting a living from the sea, others from incidents that have taken place to sailors and fishermen who have been their visitors.

Rutherford's island was named from the first minister who established a parish in Bristol, and owing to his salary, which was in arrears, the town gave him a title to the entire island. Heron island was up to recent years the home of a vast number of these birds, which came annually and made their nests in the top of the tall pines and spruces which lined the shores. Ram island was once the home of a fighting buck which disputed the right of any one to land there. Fishhawk island was once the favorite resting place of these keen eyed foragers of the sea.

Devil's Limb, Devil's Rock and Devil's Elbow represent the head fireman of the lower regions. Hog island was once inhabited by a thrifty number of these domestic adjuncts, which ran wild and lived on the snakes and mice, which were plentiful. Mouse island was once infested by these rodents, as are most of the other islands. They are a wood species and do not trouble human habitations. Just where they came from no one knows. They are found on islands far out from the shore. Squirrel island was once the home of a large colony of gray squirrels which came down to the seashore every seven years from the inland woods. Red squirrels are found on most of the islands and are not desirable residents, for they prefer to nest in unoccupied cottages.

Haddock island was so named from this useful little fish, which are caught in large quantities about its shores. Old Man and Old Woman were named by the fishermen from a supposed resemblance. Harpoon island from this implement, which was dug out of the sand there; Killickstone island because it contained these stones for the fishermen's use, Hungry island because of its barren condition. Gull island is the home of this sea bird, and its eggs, which abound there, were often gathered for eating purposes until Uncle Sam put a stop to it; High island for its wooded head that looks out over the surrounding country; Cow island was once used as a pasture, and the animals were transferred in scows; Thief island from a culprit who was captured there.

Damariscotta was named by the Indians, who made it a resort for powwows, Thrum Cup from its peculiar formation. Monehagan once during the war deserted by the white, the Indian chief landing there said, "Man he gone." Two Bush island from two bushes that could be seen from the sea, Old Hump from its resemblance to a whale back, the Hypocrites from their deceiving ledges, which have lured many a vessel to destruction; Hatchet island from a stone ax used by the Indians and found there.

Witch island was known as "Stewart's" 200 years ago from a supposed owner. Two cellars and a stone wall are all the early history that is left. Fore island from the redoubt built there as a refuge from Indian attacks, Gangway island from its peculiar resemblance to this ship's article. Sequin island was so named by Mogg, chief of the Canibus tribe of Indians, who, discovering the white inhabitants trying to secrete themselves in a small cave on one side, said, "See go in."

Beaver island, in John's bay, from the English man-of-war named Beaver that anchored behind it and shelled the fort at Pemaquid. White islands are so named from the high bluff of felspar that glistens in the sunlight, the Motions, off Booth bay, because they are always agitated, both at high and low water; the Washbowl from its general resemblance to this useful article, Peter's island from an early owner, known as the haunted island. Fishermen's has always been a favorite resort for the lobster catchers, Hen Cackle from the chickens once raised there, Turney island from its peculiar soil.

Needle's Eye is off Thrum Cap and forms the outer ledge of the Thread of Life. It is the most treacherous point on our shore, and many vessels have gone to pieces there. Various other names are found not far from here—Bulldog, Nigger, Kents, Fosters, Merry island, Little Gins and Skunks Misery. Many of these islands have peculiar stories associated with them.

Another reason for the name Mouse island is its outline, which certainly resembles a mouse extended, with its tail outstretched.—New York Telegram.

Mother Couldn't Objees.

"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" asked his hostess.
"No, ma'am."
"Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?"
"Oh, she wouldn't care," said Willie confidentially. "This isn't her pie."—Little Chronicle.

If you need a physician, employ these three—a cheerful mind, rest and a temperate diet.—Poshamhcrampus.

FARMER'S EXCURSION.

Griggs County Well Represented at the Agricultural College Last Week.

The Griggs County farmer's excursion to the Agricultural College at Fargo last week must have been a most enjoyable one if we may judge from the reports made by some of the participants.

Six of the excursionists, this year, came from Foster and fifty-two went from our own county.

Mr. Crane who had charge of the party was thoroughly satisfied with the representative character of the delegation as evidenced by the fifty seven names herewith listed—the fifty-eighth that of a boozey barber from Binford run in by the N. P. agent at that point under the cognomen of a sober industrious farmer—he will try to forget(?)

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Ayres, E M | Arestad Stephen |
| Anderson, August | |
| Barkley, Jno | Bothwell Jas |
| Brown, C H | Bustrak, S |
| Flick, J M | Flewell, Jno |
| Flewell, Mrs | Fogderud Olaf |
| Fosberg, Alvin | Fosberg, Mrs |
| Falla, Andrew T | |
| Gunderson Geo | Huntley Chas |
| Hasland Chris S | Howden J B |
| Howden B N | Hazzard J C |
| Houghton Wilmot | |
| Hagberg Jno | |
| Johnson J D | |
| Krogsgard Emil | |
| Lynne A B | Logie Iven |
| Lunde Henry | Lee Jno G |
| Maurer, H J | Maurer Mrs |
| Mills Geo W | |
| Nelson P C | Nelson Mrs |
| Olson Geo | |
| Platt Chester C | Pratt R H |
| Rorvig Paul | Rickford Albert |
| Skramstrad M H | Stokka Bernard |
| Sutton John | Stewart Jno |
| Stewart Mis | Stal Ed |
| Skjelsaet Arne | |
| Vofstedt Krag | Vatne Cornelius |
| Vatne Tonnes | Vatne Mrs T |
| Wentley O M | Wentley O O |

Hannaford.

If the amount of rainfall was commensurate with the fuss our storms make, we would know how to sympathize with Kansas.

The Dagoes are with us once more and will relay the track here north some 5 miles.

Hadlock Bros., shipped out two carloads of good cattle last Saturday.

Carlotta Bengier has returned to her home in Minnesota. Geo. Lonne has gone for a weeks visit.
Misses Edith and Sadie Sinclair returned Monday from their Boston trip tired but feeling well repaid for the journey.

Daniel Sinclair boarded Saturday's train for a visit with his son Fred at Portal.

Supt. Wilson has ordered the stones that were placed across the road on the right of way, removed, allowing us the temporary use of the road.

Georgia Bengier is making Mabel Mills a weeks visit.

Ole Fogderud has changed his mind about moving to town and will rent his house to Mr. Peterson.

Tom Moore has about completed negotiations for the sale of his property.

Some one, who didn't go to the ball game last week, entered Sinclair's and Hyde's houses and abstracted some thirteen dollars. If he don't want trouble of all kinds he better return the money. 13 is an unlucky number.

Walter Richardson has purchased from W. S. Hyde, Rob Reya a thoroughbred shorthorn calf.

A week ago Friday Binford took the Courier's advice and headed Hannaford off in a warm game to the tune of 8 to 7. There were two things that won the game for Binford. First was Flores's inability to catch Billy. Time and time again did Sinclair strike out a Binford batter only to see the 3rd strike go to the backstop. There was enough of this to loose the game, but Widlund clinched it by making a 3 base hit when the bases were full.

Dedication services at the Presbyterian church next Sunday at 10:30 a. m. There will be special music, a solo by Sadie Sinclair and sermon by Dr. Brown of Fargo. Evening service at 8 p. m.

Owing to our already having an account of the Cooperstown and Hannaford ball game in type we are compelled to omit our correspondents report.—Ed.

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Cooperstown, North Dakota.