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FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

How to Make and Arrange an Album of Notable Portraits.

Children, don't you think it would be interesting as well as helpful in the way of furnishing you with certain historical data to make a "notables" portrait album?

Well, here is the way to do so.

Take a large scrapbook and letter the pages alphabetically. Then paste on the blank pages the portraits of noted persons, portraits that you will obtain from time to time by cutting them out of newspapers and magazines. Magazine pictures are always the best, but often one cannot procure the desired pictures from that source and must be satisfied with those from the daily papers. Leave only the name of the person under the picture, cutting away all other printed matter. Place the pictures in alphabetical order or as nearly so as it is possible, for this will enable you to turn readily to any picture you may wish to refer to.

The greatest care should be taken in trimming the edges of the portraits nicely and pasting them in the pages with due regard to their respective sizes.

Great Fun With a Comb.

Every boy and girl using a comb to smooth out tangled locks on a cold morning has heard and wondered at the electricity that crackles as the comb passes through the hair. This property of the comb can be used in an interesting little experiment. Cut out a lot of little paper figures. On the next cold day when your hair begins to snap and stand on end in its efforts to follow the comb hold the comb over the figures. The little puppets immediately appear to be endowed with life. They commence to jump and dance or stick to each other and the comb as if fastened with glue. Often a little figure will stand on its head. Another, fixing himself by one hand, will hold his tiny form upright in a comical fashion. Sometimes they will form themselves into long strings and go through all manner of seemingly intelligent movements.

Wife Beating in England.

Henry Labouchere has been discussing the matter of wife beating in the London press. He says that a strap is preferable to either the hand or the poker, as, while it causes much pain and has therefore good corrective qualities, it leaves little mark and is never likely to lead to trouble with the coroner's jury. The whole moral effect of the correction is lost, says he, if the police are called in. "Magistrates," he concludes, "to do them justice, are nearly always kindly and sympathetic to husbands who do their work with a reasonable amount of tact and discretion. They are not too particular about a black eye or a little blood or an occasional broken rib."

Autograph Collector's Method.

"I am getting up," said the minister, "a new department—the autographs of famous living poets. So far I have done well. Alfred Austin, Stephen Phillips, Madison Cawein, W. B. Yeats and several others have sent me admirable letters."

"How do you get such great men to write to you?"

"Very easily. I compose a poem, sign it with a poet's name and get it printed in our local paper. Then I send a marked copy of the paper to the bard concerned along with a letter asking if he really is the author of the cited lines. Promptly by return mail I get a white hot letter of denial."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Three Bank Bills.

General Samuel Vestal of Bangor built the first railroad in Maine and also founded the Vestal National bank of Bangor. He had occasion to visit Boston once and made the trip by the circuitous means of transportation used in those early days, by stage, railroad and steamboat. He arrived in Boston in the evening and went to the old Tremont House for the night. All he had with him was an old carpet-bag, and as he was unknown to the clerk he was informed that, having no baggage, he would be expected to pay in advance.

"All right," said he, reaching into his inside pocket. He drew out a pocket-book and took therefrom a \$1,000 bill of his bank. The clerk took it, got out his bank detector and looked up the standing of the Bangor bank institution. In a moment he came back and said:

"That bank has issued but three bills of that denomination."

"Yes," said the general, "and if that one is not enough for you, here's the other two." And he laid the bills before the eyes of the astonished clerk.—Boston Herald.

A Book and a War.

Copyright questions are grave enough nowadays, but they no longer threaten to end in war, as in the case of St. Columba, the Irishman who settled in Iowa converted north Britain and is commemorated on June 9. He had a passion for fine manuscripts and copies of them and among others copied a certain Latin psalter belonging to an Irish abbot whereupon King Diarmid condemned Columba at Tara ruling that "to every book belongs its copy, as to every cow its calf." Columba appealed against the verdict in the practical form of inciting his kinsmen to revolt, and they defeated Diarmid in the battle of the Passer. The book is claimed to be the one which in a silver cover was carried into battle by the O'Donnells during more than a thousand years and may be seen at the Royal Irish academy today.—London Chronicle.

THAT PATAL RESEMBLANCE.

Reproduction of a Child Who Gave the "First Wife" Story.

"There is just one thing that embarrasses me mightily," said the top floor girl, "and that is for a man to tell me that I look for all the world like his first wife. It makes me feel awfully silly. I never know what to say. There was a time when I construed all remarks of that nature as decided compliments. Nowadays my opinion is wavering. The first time a man upbraided the first wife I thought of the occasion required it. I put on a long face and spoke in slow and solemn accents."

"I am very sorry," I said, "to revive painful memories."

"The man laughed. 'Oh, you needn't take it so hard,' he said. 'I don't. We parted by mutual consent. She has been married twice since then. We meet every little while at the theater and at little parties.'

"That reply was a terrible disillusionment, but I treasured it because I thought it would prove a guide for future occasion. A short time after that another man told me that I looked like his first wife, and I, remembering my former experience, forestalled him by assuming a frivolous manner.

"(She must have been a beauty,' said I sippantly.

"(Not a bit of it,' he said. 'She wasn't even good looking, but she was the best woman the Lord ever put on earth.'

"I think I never felt quite so small as I did then. I saw that levity was by no means a safe rule to go by in the matter of first wives. The next time a forlorn widower noted my remarkable resemblance to his departed spouse I struck a note of moderate sympathy.

"(You must miss her greatly,' I murmured.

"(Oh, I do,' said he. 'I have never yet found anybody that could make such apple pie as she could, and when it came to mashed potatoes she could beat the world.'

"Since that I have varied my replies to like remarks to suit the circumstances and the temperament of the man, but somehow they have never been happy. That is why I wish somebody would tell me the prescribed formula for such occasions."—New York Press.

Could Not Catch the Train.

There is a man in Enfield, Conn., who drives a carriage to and from the station for the accommodation (?) of the public. He is exceedingly slow, nearly always being a little behind time.

One day he was engaged to carry a lady to a train which it was very important she should catch. She watched and waited, with hat and coat on, until it was nearly train time. At last Mr. C. drove up, hurrying not an atom.

The lady's husband flew to the door and impatiently shouted:

"What's the use of coming now? It's nearly train time!"

"Waal," drawled the immovable hackman, "if your wife has her things on and is ready to start, I reckon I can get her most there."—Boston Herald.

On Exhibition.

The social queen is languid and depressed this evening.

"Jane," she says to her maid, "what are my engagements for tonight?"

The maid enumerates them.

"Very well, you may send my \$4,000 dinner gown to Mrs. Flubber's, my \$1,500 gown and string of pearls to Mrs. Hurrup's, my lace ball gown to Mrs. Dancum's, my diamond coronet and stomacher to the theater and my applique velvet gown to the Guinness-Knose wedding. That's all the people care to see nowadays. I'm going to bed with a headache, and if any one calls I'm not at home."—Chicago Tribune.

She Didn't Grind.

During a summer sojourn in the mountains a physician who is much interested in epilepsy in its different forms heard of a woman with that disease who had lived to the age of seventy-nine years. Curious to know the details of so unusual a case, he interviewed the widow. Having inquired concerning different symptoms, he proceeded, "Did she grind her teeth much at night?" The old man considered for a minute and then replied, "Well, I dunno as she wore 'em at night."

The Exception.

"See that plainly dressed man over yonder? Twenty years ago he walked into this town barefooted, bought a box of soap on credit and commenced peddling it for a living. How much do you suppose he is worth today?"

"Oh, I don't know; about a million."

"No, sir; he ain't worth a cent, and he still owes for the soap."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Getting Out of a Straps.

First Chemist's Assistant—By jingo! I've quite forgotten to make up the prescription for Frau Schmidt. She will be in a fine frenzy, for she has been sitting outside waiting for three-quarters of an hour.

Second Ditto—That's very simple. Charge her three times the usual price, and she will think it was extra difficult to make up.—Berlin Journal.

To Reform Him.

She—No, I do not think you would make me a good husband.

He—Ah, but I'm sure you'd make me one. Please try.—Boston Globe.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

The Results of Johnny's Efforts in the Competition Line.

When asked to write a short composition on some interesting experience Johnny, after much labor, handed his teacher the following:

"Twins is a baby, only it's double. It usually arrives about 4:37 in the morning, when a fellow is getting in his best licks sleepin'. Twins is accompanied by excitement and a doctor. When twins do ennything wrong their mother can't tell which one to lick, so she gives it to both 'em so as to make sure. We've got 'em in our house, and I'd swap 'em enny day for a billy goat or mee anything."—Success.

To Make It Sell.

Willie—That ink my ma used to mark my handkerchiefs all came out in the wash.

Pa—Yes?

Willie—Yes, and it was called "indelible." Why is some ink called "indelible?"

Pa—So that some people will think it is and buy it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Resourceful.

"Some of these physicians still insist on our cigarettes destroy health," said the manager of the tobacco factory.

"We'll fix that," answered the proprietor. "We'll give away coupons entitling every man who gets 1,000 of them to admission to a sanitarium."—Washington Star.


Just a Slight Joke.

Miss Cutting—Some men are as easy to read as a book.

Sapleigh—Yaws, I presume so. But can you—aw—read me that way?

Miss Cutting—Of course not. I read you like a paragraph.—Detroit Tribune.

Not For Him.



Stagely—Jenks wants a comedy part. He thinks he'd be a success as a comedian.

Knowhim—Nonsense. Why, everybody would laugh at him.

Would Answer Her Purpose.

Beatrice—So Ethel is engaged to Algy Hicclair. Well, I'm afraid she will find him a very shaky reed to lean on.

Angelina—Oh, she doesn't want him to lean on; she wants him to sit on.—Brooklyn Life.

Had Realized It.

"You women," said the stingy man, "don't know what it is to get money by working for it."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the stingy man's wife. "It's pretty hard work for me to get any."—Philadelphia Record.

WHEN STAGS ROAR.

They Always Maneuver to Get Their Opponents Downhill.

"There are certain spots known to and recognized by the deer in most forests called 'boiling pools,'" says an English writer. "They are usually pesty pools, to which the stags resort often at night to wallow and have a good time generally. Here I have occasionally seen them rolling on their backs, though more often black bubbles bursting sluggishly on the surface of the water have told me that I have come just in time to miss their late occupants. I was spying a distant hillside one day last September when some bright object flashing in the sun caught my eye, and, looking through the glass, I saw it was a stag. He was standing shaking himself by the edge of one of these pools, the water flying off him in all directions. It was the sun flashing on this which had attracted my attention. The pools are much used in the fall of the year, beginning approximately on Sept. 20, known in Gaelic as 'the day of the roaring,' though, of course, the exact date varies very much according to the season. I have heard stags roar as early as Sept. 10, though this is rather unusual. It is more of a howl than a roar and is quite awe inspiring at close quarters, more especially if the roarer is himself hidden.

"The end of the season is always the most exciting time for stalkers. Stags then are all on the move, and great fights take place. I have never had the luck to witness a real pitched battle between two champions. I doubt whether they often fight to the death, but the numbers of stags with broken and damaged horns which are met with after the autumn season is over show that pretty severe contests do occur. Stags always maneuver when fighting to get their opponent down hill. They have tremendous power in their hindquarters and in this position can use it to the best advantage. Deer do not fight only with their horns, as both sexes will rise erect on their hind legs and strike savagely with their forefeet, the sharp edges of the latter making a very nasty wound.

"A rather curious fact with regard to the fights between red deer, illustrating the toughness and elasticity of their skins, was told to me by a Dorsetshire agent. There was a big park full of red deer on the estate, and a large number of stags had been killed owing to fights. On skinning the dead ones he found that, though in many cases the lungs and flesh were pierced through and through, the skins themselves were comparatively uninjured."

Getting at the Facts.

The census taker rapped at the door of the little farmhouse and opened his long book. A plump girl of about eighteen came to the door and blinked at him stupidly.

"How many people live here?" he began.

"Nobody lives here. We are only staying through the hop season."

"How many of you are there here?"

"I'm here. Father's in the wood shed, and Bill is—"

"See here, my girl, I want to know how many inmates there are in this house. How many people slept here last night?"

"Nobody slept here, sir. I had the toothache dreadful, and my little brother had the stomach ache, and the new hand that's helping us got sunburned so on his back that he has blisters the size of eggs, and we all took on so that nobody slept a wink all night long."

Not an Index of Power.

Young Mr. Whimper, who had a worthy ambition for public office, had closed his canvass of his native state. He felt sure of his nomination and was waiting in good spirits at his father's fireside to receive it.

He had been asked to tell his experiences as a "spellbinder" and had willingly consented.

"But, on the whole," was his modest conclusion, "I was rather successful. And what gratified me particularly was that in the places where I was least known I met with the warmest reception."

It was several seconds before Mr. Whimper understood why his father and the girls laughed, and even his mother smiled.

A Sum in Oriental Division.

An oriental died, leaving seventeen camels. He willed one-half to his eldest son, one-third to the second and one-ninth to the third son. While disputing about the division a camel driver came along and offered to settle the question. This he did by loaning them one of his own camels, thus making eighteen in all, when the division was easy. No. 1 took nine camels, No. 2 six camels, No. 3 two camels—seventeen in all—and the borrowed camel was then restored to its owner. How can we explain the fact that each son got his share and something over?

Particular About His Critics.

Scribbler— I always make it a point to submit my poems to friends for suggestions and criticisms before publication, and I have brought some pages for you to look over.

Bibbler—Um! Yes, of course. But why not take it to Bibbler?

Scribbler—Huh! He's a born idiot! The last time I showed him a poem he found fault with it.—New York World.

To Keep Celery.

To keep celery for a week or even longer first roll it up in brown paper, then in a towel, and put it in a dark, cool place. Before preparing it for the table put it in a pan of cold water and let it remain there for an hour to make it crisp and cool.

Chocolate Filling For Cake.

One cup powdered sugar, one-half cup milk, butter size of an egg, one square chocolate or one tablespoonful cocoa. Boil five minutes and add one-half teaspoonful vanilla. Beat a couple of minutes and spread between layers and on top.

Sand For Scouring.

Keep coarse sand in the kitchen for scouring purposes. With sand kitchen tables and other wooden articles may be kept beautifully clean with half the trouble entailed in producing the same effect with the scrubbing brush.

ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

How to Wash Ribbons Without Injuring Color or Fabric.

A housewife who has phenomenal success in cleaning ribbons of all kinds and characters washes them in warm water, rubbing on them white soap as she works, says Pittsburg Dispatch. Then she rinses them and irons them wet. As soon as they are dry she rubs them between her hands until they are soft and then irons them again. They usually issue from the ordeal like new.

The same woman has her own way of washing crocheted shawls. She puts the one to be cleaned into a pillowcase, ties it up and swashes it very thoroughly in hot soap suds. Then she rinses it until all evidences of the soap are gone and hangs it out, still in its bag, to dry. The day for the work should be sunny and breezy. The idea of washing the wool in this way is to keep it from shriveling and changing temperature, which are responsible for much shrinking. It should not be wrung.

Care of the Feet.

The feet should be bathed every morning, or else every evening, for a few minutes in water from which the chill has been taken, using soap and a nail brush. When the feet are taken out of the water and wiped no moisture at all should be suffered to remain between the toes. Many have brought suffering upon themselves by roughly and swiftly drawing a crash towel between their toes, whereas something soft should be used. The nails should be trimmed evenly so that they do not protrude beyond the tips of the toes; otherwise pressure will be felt on the upper part of the toe.

Apple Cream.

Peel, core and slice one and a half pounds of sharp cooking apples. Put them in an enameled pan with half a cup of water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and the grated rind of one lemon. Stew till soft and then beat well with an egg whisk. Whip up half a pint of thick cream till stiff, stir in the apples and color a pale pink with a few drops of liquid cochineal. Heap up in a glass dish and sprinkle with chopped almonds. Garnish with apricot jam.

Removing Grease Spots.

For removing grease from a woolen or silk dress try sprinkling the spot with warm flour. Rub the surface quite hard, then brush the flour off and repeat the process. The spot will gradually disappear. French chalk may also be used for removing grease. Rub the spot well with the chalk and then hang the garment in a dark closet for a few days. If the spot has not entirely disappeared repeat the process.

To Remove Cocoa Stains.

Cocoa stains on table linen may be removed with oxalic acid when boiling water fails. Spread the stained part on a plate and pour on it a little hot acid. Rub gently with a soft brush. When the stain disappears rinse the article in plenty of cold water and then in ammonia water to neutralize the acid. A tablespoonful of ammonia to two quarts of water will be the right proportion.

Homemade Varnish.

Articles made of brass may be kept bright and free from tarnish if you will cover them with a thin coat of varnish made of colorless shellac and alcohol, which may be procured at any drug store.

THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

Parisian public opinion has been pretty thoroughly aroused over the proposal of the municipal authorities in relation to the principal playground of Paris, the beautiful Bois de Boulogne. The Paris municipal council recently purchased from the state that part of the fortifications and glacis immediately adjoining the Bois with the intention of leveling the ground and dividing up the park by about 100 acres and the destruction of over 6,000 trees. In the old days of the empire such a plan once resolved upon would have been carried out regardless of protests, but the Figaro, leading the protest, has now aroused public opinion to such an extent over the proposed vandalism as regards the Bois that it is scarcely probable the authorities will carry out the