

THE
F
C
Governor
Secretary
Auditor
Treasurer
Superintendent
Bendall, Y
Surveyor
Judge
Francis, O
Committee
Rukke
County
Smart
Clark
Sheriff
Frenck
Surveyor
Supt. of
Judge
Coroner
Committee
F. Kerr
Justice
Harry Cl
Davidson
Constable
C. H. Jol
Gene
heart d
sey, Tl
He leav
a fortu
sort of
was ed
the bre
enjoye
and pi
young
positio
armies
breaki
becaus
a col
he war
were
ganize
here h
the de
or else
idency
mac,
while
ditch
nee f
ham I
to his
ward
The
white
geese
the nu
ing c
sleight
awak
e by
Coop
Henry
in a te
with a
knife.
Pinker
Th
as an
from
erally
it is s
it sel
tal'y
court
his t
scrat
tery
other
All
tween
Dun
marr
-Sau
ried
ter, a
ed hi
Miss
He a
Chic
dent
two
dalo
his
and
he sl
that
ple's
W
of
nam
weel
chik
in a
"no
sure
Fe
you
tenc
year
mill
the
he l
C
offic
caus
of L
elec

Additional Locals

Fresh assortment of nails at Adams & Glass.

W. L. Wilcox, of Hope, made us a pleasant call, Thursday.

Edward H. Koleon, of Ottawa, favors us with a renewal of his subscription.

Rev. Jordan will preach at Chalmer's school house next Sunday morning, and in Cooperstown in the evening.

The "Busy Bees," a society of young school children, give an entertainment at the Congregational church, the 9th. Admission 5 cents.

Rev. E. F. Jordan preached Sunday, in Sanborn. Rev. G. W. Huntley filled Mr. Jordent pulpit.

Mr. B. A. Clausen is waiting the arrival of goods to commence the drug business of C. O. Krogstad & Co. The Christie building has been rented.

Norwegian services at 3:15 p. m. at the Baptist church. All Scandinavians are requested to be present. Friends, come.

REV. C. L. WESTBERG.

The mite society at J. N. Brown's Monday evening, was well attended, and thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. and Mrs. Brown endeavored to make the affair the pleasantest of the season, and they succeeded admirably.

Ferdinand Retzlaff died at his farm, Wednesday night, of inflammation of the bowels. The deceased was born in Pommern, Prussia, and was in his 36th year. He was a brother of H. Retzlaff, of the Union house, and leaves a wife and three children.

On Saturday night Miss Hattie Rickford, a graduate of the Iowa college for the blind, will give a vocal and instrumental concert, at the court house. Miss Rickford's musical attainments are spoken highly of, and she will be assisted by Mr. L. B. Allen, the well known violinist.

The Valley City Times' man has interviewed Rev. Thomas Sims, as to his Cooperstown call, and learned that the gentleman does not recognize that he has been called. Mr. Sims has a pleasant church and congregation where he is, and perhaps does not permit himself to be called without the money is up. We have heard of such cases before.

Cash

Paid for choice butter at the Palace Hotel.

Hotel Tables.

From an article on Hotel-Keeping, by George Iles in the August Century, we quote the following: "When I have seen the lengthy bill of fare so commonly furnished at large American hotels and thought of the waste entailed, I have often believed that a reformer might succeed, by establishing, say in New York, a hotel on a new plan, one that would afford the small, good variety that one finds at the smaller London hotels of the best class—a variety well cooked and served, through the cooks' attention not being dissipated among a multitude of dishes. At two restaurants in New York, on Broadway and Fifth avenue respectively, one gets an excellent table d'hôte dinner of this kind at the reasonable charge of one dollar and twenty-five cents, which includes a pint of *vin ordinaire*. The best hotels, it gives me pleasure to state, are fast moving in the direction of simplicity of bill of fare. In New York the leading house on the American plan does not provide its table with much more than one-half the variety of dishes one may have offered at second-rate, pretentious concerns throughout the country. The dietary, too, in America is unquestionably improving. Fruit and vegetables are consumed much more plentifully than before quick trains transported them cheaply and earning became a prodigious business. Baked joints and fowl, so often parboiled and sodden are giving place to better things in the way of genuine roasts. The gridiron, thank goodness, has well-nigh driven the frying-pan out of the kitchen, and wholesome broiled steaks and chops have taken the place of the hard, greasy meats that spoiled so many digestions in the past. Pie, too, is going, and its exodus has had much to do with the genesis of fat. But hot bread and cakes still hold their own, and the bafe ice-pitcher remains, active for stomach mischief. Porridge, however, is more easily had at a hotel in New York than in Edinburgh, and, with cracked wheat, has gone about throughout the Union, crossed the Rockies, and visited the Pacific slope, doing good all the way. Salt fish, salt meat and pork are now little used. Fresh fish and oysters are consumed very largely, and, exchanged for the game of distant backwoods and prairies, are carried from lake and sea to the most interior cities and towns of the continent—another blessing due to the rugged old Englishman who first put a boiler on wheels and sent it traveling about the country! Under the influence of improved diets and the custom of taking a vacation during the heated term, we are glad to learn from statisticians that the physique of our people is improving, and that they are living longer than their predecessors did. Adipose is being deposited on Janky forms, and although Brother Jonathan can scarcely yet be depicted as a plump person, he bids fair to become such if he keeps on adopting common sense measures in food and

Of What Use Are Eyes?

The Somerset (Ohio) correspondent of the Philadelphia Times says of Benson Taylor, a blind farmer:

His farm is between two and three miles from the village, and he thinks nothing of starting out, with no guide but his cane and no companion but his dog, to come to the store for groceries, or to go to any of the neighbors' on an errand. He manages the farm himself, and, while there are a number of things which he can not do, such as plowing and seeding, yet there are so many things about the farm which he can and does do, that he is fairly entitled to the name of farmer. He has cooked for himself for years, baking bread and pies with apparent ease, and even allows himself occasionally the luxury of a sponge cake. His kitchen garden is kept a very model of neatness and cleanliness, all the planting and tending being done by himself. He milks and churns with the ease of a dairy maid. He is gifted with a wonderful memory, seldom forgetting anything he cares to remember, and is never so happy as when some friend reads to him. He has a decided taste for the sciences, being especially interested in geology and botany. He is past middle age, broad shouldered, dark hair and beard, and with intelligence and range of information much in advance of the average farmer.

"How is it that you can travel over the hills and hollows of this rough country the way you do?" he was asked.

"Oh, I learned the lay of the country when I was a boy, and as I didn't go entirely blind until I was about 15 I had mapped out in my mind the position of every gate, fence and road, almost in the country. I never was lost but once, and that was one day when I had been out with a neighbor collecting some money. When we had got within a mile or so of home I told him I could go the rest of the way myself. I got along all right until I came to a place where there should have been, according to my calculation, a fence running in a certain direction, but there was no fence there that I could find. It was in the middle of winter, snowing and blowing like all possessed, and I knew it must be considerably after dark. I was in quite a quandary, and I listened for a long time to hear the bark of a dog or something that would give me an idea of where I was, but I could hear nothing, and it looked like it would be my last trip, for if I once got bewildered I would very likely have frozen to death. The happy thought struck me that perhaps the fence had been removed, and when I felt about in the snow with my cane I found a few scattered rails that had been left, and I went on them and got home all right.

"Yes, I'll put my judgment on the weight of stock against any man around here. I sold a lot of hogs a short time ago, and told the butcher they would average over 150 apiece. He laughed and said they wouldn't go over 140, but when they were weighed he found I was correct. A few years ago I began to make a study of the color of horses from the feet of the hair, and now I can tell the color pretty nearly every time."

"How do you do that?"

"Well, you'll notice that a bay horse generally has smooth, short hair, evenly distributed over the body. If the hair of the legs is coarser, it shows they are darker colored. Now, a roan feels something like a bay, only in running your hands down you'll notice little off-sets, as if it isn't even. Black horses have strong manes and tails and hair generally a little longer than other horses. If a grey the hair has a dull, dead-like feeling—doesn't seem to have the life that others do. The mane and tail of a sorrel are soft and fine and hair rather longer with a soft, smooth feel to it."

Mr. Taylor has an enviable reputation among his neighbors for strict business integrity and is a church member in good standing. He keeps his eyes bandaged to protect them.

Grover Cleveland's Present Residence.

The house that Grover Cleveland lives and works in covers nearly one-third of an acre of land, and has cost, all told, \$2,000,000. It is modeled after a castle in Duoin, and the architect, who was a South Carolina man named Hoban, got \$500 for drawing the plans.

When it was first built, away back in the nineties, it cost \$300,000; but the British burned out its inside, and its cost has since added to that sum about \$1,700,000. In it all the presidents since Washington have lived, and each has added to its beauties and its expenses.

John Adams bought the first billiard table which was used in it. But in John Adams' time it was only half furnished, and Abigail Adams used to dry her clothes in the big east room. Year by year, however, furnishing has gone on, until now it is a sort of museum of art and beauty. —Boston Post.

Wilhelmj, the eminent violinist, is not without a grim sense of humor of his own. The audience which greeted him at Gothenburg, in Scandinavia, was quite small, but on the succeeding day, when the artist took his departure, great crowds gathered at the depot and cheered him with enthusiasm. As the train moved off Wilhelmj turned to a stander-by and said: "Next time I come to Gothenburg I shall give my concert at the station."

Another attempt is to be made to start a co-operative store on a grand scale in New York City.

WE DO NOT SCARE WORTH A CENT.

But are selling the best goods money can buy at SQUARE, HONEST PRICES!

We keep no "leader" as a bait, not even Arbuckle's coffee; and don't advertise what we have not in stock, or purchased.

We are Opening up this Week

\$2,000 worth of Ready-made Clothing. \$3,000 worth Dry Goods and Notions; 50 Buffalo, coon and dog coats; 25 lady's and misses wraps.

Thirty cases wool boots, arctics and foot wear.

Two car loads of Groceries.

One car load oil, 150 and 175 test.

One car load Winter Apples.

One car fresh Pork. 10 cases of Arbuckle's Coffee.

We still pay 3 and 5 cents over elevator rates for wheat, and will continue to do so, as long as prices remain under 75 cents for No. 1 hard.

Whidden Bros.

"Lad, you know that brass thing the feller gin me for my trunk there at the depot?"

"Yes."

"Well, 'twant nothin' but brass, was it?"

"No, I 'spose not."

"Good! Well, I tucked it in to that hackman back there for a quarter, and he went off satisfied."

Jonathan found out what kind of a game he had played when he saw the hackman present his check and take his trunk from the baggage master, in spite of his own loud protestations that it belonged to him. —Harper's Weekly.

A Greenville woman whose husband had been missing for three weeks concluded Thursday that he must be the man that was drowned in the Yankee River. She called upon two undertakers, and finally reached the coroner's office, where she learned there were a number of articles by which the dead man might be identified. She was shown the ten-dollar bill and the two two-dollar notes, and that settled it. "I don't know," said she, "when my man had as much money as that. When he let home he had not a cent with him." —Norfolk (Va.) Bulletin.

In a poem called "The Organist" we are informed that "He sits him down at twilight hour, before the ivory keys, and lets his fingers wander o'er the clavier as they please. * * * Though dark and still the empty church, an angel flits o'erhead, and, passing near with drooping wings, he leaves the player—dead." That angel should not weary in his good work. Sometimes, when a man is clawing the ivory keys, the neighbors want to hurl a brick at him; but they would be satisfied if an angel would hover over him and leave him dead. The angel should also hover over the amateur flute-player, the cornetist, the accordion-bleat, and other musical aggravations. —Norristown Herald.

The Brooklyn Gazette says: The great skill in doctoring claimed by clairvoyants was fully illustrated last week by a circumstance which happened in Sharon. An estimable lady who had been sick for a long time with a cancer, which good physicians knew to be incurable, was induced to try a clairvoyant doctor. The one selected was a certain "doctor" of North Easton. He professed to be able to tell the exact condition of the patient without seeing her, and sent medicine and a diagnosis each week. Every letter stated that she was getting better. A few days after her death the following was received by the family:

"Mrs. —: I gnd you about the same. The acid in the blood has rather diminished. Use the medicine and bathe the same. Keep along with the poultice."

"The Indians," said the teacher to the Spectator, "possess a local mind. The negroes do not. The negroes are quick to see a fact, but they do not put one fact and another together and draw a conclusion or make a comparison. The Indians do. For instance, one of my Indian boys the other day asked me the meaning of miss. 'To miss,' I told him, 'is the same as to fail. You shoot at a bird or at a mark, and do not hit it; you miss it. You go to a tailor's for a coat, and your coat fits badly; it is a miss-fit. You hope to enter the middle class next year, but you cannot pass the examinations, and so you miss the promotion.' His face wore a puzzled air and he shook his head. 'I en,' said I, 'the o is another meaning of miss. We call a married lady madam; but an unmarried lady miss.' His face brightened; he smiled and nodded. 'Ah! I see,' he said. 'She has missed her man.'"

—Christian Union.

Had Their Pictures Taken.

The sight of a blushing bride, in full bridal costume, sitting in an open buggy on Baltimore street, met the eyes of all passers-by a few days ago. The bride—who looked old enough to know better—wore a wreath of orange blossoms and similar and veil, while her hands were encased in white kid gloves and her feet in white kid shoes. At her bosom she wore a large bunch of orange blossoms. The white contrasted greatly with her raven black tresses, which fell in ringlets about her neck. Her husband wore a full suit of store clothes and a straw hat. He had great difficulty in steering the poor horse, and the buggy looked as if it would fall to pieces. The bride and groom rode up and down Baltimore street, much to the amusement of the crowds on the street, and in vain tried to find a photographer who would take them. At last they found one near Gay street. When the groom found the place he had been trouble in getting the horse and buggy up to the curb, and at last had to get out and lift the buggy into position. Then he lifted his wife out, and she stood on the pavement in all her bridal glory and finery, the observed of all the observers; but she did not mind that and seemed to care more for the safe disposal of a bandbox and a lace shawl than the crowd who watched her. The couple went into one gallery, but there they could not be taken large enough, and so they came down again and went into another. The groom put on his white kid gloves, and they had a perfectly "sumptuous time" sitting for their picture in bridal costume. Several plates were used before a good negative was secured, because the groom insisted upon kissing the bride every time the photographer's back was turned. After the "bore" the bride took off her orange blossoms and veil and opened the bandbox and got out a white bonnet and put it on. Then the couple left. The groom went into the middle of the street, and after taking off the shamoon hawser that tied the horse to the hitching post, turned him "off" so the wheel would not dirty the bride's white dress, and the lady, unassisted, stepped into the buggy. He followed her, and soon the vehicle and its precious load went down the street and out of the city toward Philadelphia. —Baltimore American.

Hints for Invalids.

If an acid drink is required, water in which prunes have been soaked over night is good.

Nurses, don't sit or stand too near your patient. The beds are low, and there is a sense of stifling, if being shut in, if you are too near. Above all things, don't talk when you are over a person.

Half a teaspoonful each of sugar and cream of tartar with a little flavoring stirred into a third of a tumbler of water, and half a teaspoonful of soda added just before drinking, will sometimes correct acidity of the stomach.

Accustom yourself to as little tight clothing as possible and keep comfortable. I think too much heat weakens one, and that many of the sores which come from lying in bed so long would never put in an appearance if one would "keep cool."

Eating a few pieces of common starch will sometimes "settle" a weak stomach. Gum arabic is a simple remedy for a weak stomach, also for tickling in the throat; an old lady told me that she always carried a few pieces in her pocket and ate them for that purpose.

Water strongly impregnated with tar is becoming very popular in Europe as an insecticide.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

SAINT PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, OR DULUTH

And all points in

Minnesota, Dakota, Montana,

Idaho, Washington Territory,

OREGON,

BRITISH COLUMBIA, PUGET SOUND,

—AND—

ALASKA.

Express Trains Daily, to which are

attached

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPERS

and

ELEGANT DINING CARS.

NO CHANGE OF CARS

—BETWEEN—

ST. PAUL AND PORTLAND, O.

on any class of Ticket.

EMIGRANT SLEEPERS FOR

The Only All Rail Line to the

YELLOWSTONE PARK

For full information as to time, rate

etc., Address

CHAS. S. FEE,

General Passenger Agent

St. Paul, Minn.

IF YOU WANT TO FILL YOUR GAME BAG AND MAKE

BIG SCORES

USE

REMINGTON

RIFLES—AN

SHOT GUN

All the Latest Improvement

FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS

ADDRESS

Lamberson, Furman & Co.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

E. REMINGTON & Co.

Sporting Arms and Ammunition.

281 & 283 Broadway

NEW YORK

WESTERN OFFICE,

D. H. LAMBERSON & Co.

73 State Street, Chicago

ARMORY, — — — ILLION, N. Y.

REMINGTON

SHOVELS,

SCOOPS, SPADES

MADE IN THE BEST MANNER, BY SKILLED WORKMEN.

REMEMBER THAT OUR GOODS ARE ALWAYS READY TO HAND.

One Piece of Solid Steel

NO HOLES OR RIVETS TO WEAKEN THEM.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

REMINGTON AGRICULTURAL

ILLION, N. Y.

New York Office, 115 Chambers Street.

THE

CHICAGO

COTTAGE

ORGAN

Has attained a standard of excellence

admits of no superior.

It contains every improvement that in

science, skill and money can produce.

OUR

AIM

IS

TO

EXCEL.

These excellent Organs are celebrated

for volume, quality of tone, quick response

of combination, artistic design, beauty of

perfect construction, making them

attractive, ornamental and desirable for

homes, schools, churches, lodges, societies.

ESTABLISHED REPUTATION

UNEQUALLED FACILITIES.

SKILLED WORKMEN

BEST MATERIALS

COMBINED, MAKE THIS

THE POPULAR ORGAN

Instruction Books & Piano

Catalogues & Price Lists, on application

The Chicago Cottage Organ

Corner Randolph and Ann Streets

CHICAGO, ILL.

COOPERSTOWN MEAT MARKET

Retzlaff Bros., Props.

COOPERSTOWN, DA