

Around Town.

Mite society to-night at the hotel.
Northern Pacific Preferred 55—catch on.

Mr. Joseph Miller now gets his COURIER at Lee.

A. L. Bowden has the widest wagon that ever you did see.

John K. Olson left his subscription with the COURIER to-day.

Nels Ostlund is going to Valley City for the winter.

Geo. L. Lenham made a flying trip to Cooperstown, Wednesday.

A grand ball is under way for next Wednesday night.

Charley Allen tomahawked himself in the head, Wednesday, but was at the mite society just the same.

Hunter Bros. stabled eighty horses last Wednesday night, beside their own stock.

The election of John Hogenson, of Romness, as county commissioner gives general satisfaction.

Wm. Howden completed threshing Wednesday, making \$4,934.91 with one machine, in fifty-eight days.

The genial Conductor Bryant favors us with a pitcher of fine Vermont cider.

One old settler is left who does not subscribe for his county paper. He is now invited to walk up, pay his \$2 and receive the Farm, Stock & Home.

Thursday night the United States mails were supposed to have arrived. What is common, the greater part of the COURIER mail (all the exchanges) was carried on to Bismarck. Turn the rascals out.

Jack Smith, who was so badly carved at the Dakota house, has been sent to St. Paul, by contribution among the boys.

The blind girl's concert paid \$75. J. H. McDermott and Joseph Buchheit sold thirty tickets at \$1 per ticket. Miss Rickford sang nicely, and the audience went home well pleased. Messrs. Allen and Enger assisted, with the violin and cornet.

The Busy Bees' concert, at the Congregational church, was well patronized, and thoroughly enjoyable. There was, in the language of our devil, "a regular swarm of 'em." The singing, dialogues, etc., all showed natural talent, and the careful supervision of a competent instructor.

A very pleasant little soiree danced at the Palace, Tuesday evening. About a dozen couples enjoyed themselves until the "we sma"—"we sma" three o'clock A. M. Landlord Bowden, with his usual courtly grace, saw that each guest was made happy. Messrs. L. B. Allen and Anton Enger furnished the music.

Capt. Kidd, Central America; Buffalo Bill, Upper Trail; C. A. Rufford, Fargo; S. Goldthrite, Ottawa; R. C. Hoyt, Fargo; Capt. Burdick, Aneta; A. B. Richardson, F. B. Buck, J. G. White, R. Blow, Wm. Saunders, H. McQuestion, Ohio, at the hotel this week.

England has declared war against Theebaw, the bloody king of Burmah and has sent out an army of invasion, 15,000 strong, and a fleet of gunboats. Mandalay, the capital, will be shelled at once. Burmah has a population of 4,000,000, and its wealth is in its teak forests, for ship building. The cause of the war is an unjust tax levied by Theebaw upon an English corporation. The haste in which England makes war is in an inverse ratio to the power of the enemy. She will stand a good deal of "sass" from one of her size.

Sam Jones says that he wouldn't wipe his feet on a professional base ball player. We wouldn't either, Sam. Take for instance a pitcher who weighs about 170 pounds, well proportioned and who has a dynamite delivery; one of the last things we would think of doing would be to wipe our feet on him. Some men who take an interest in professional base ball players and who have no respect for themselves would tip him over and use his chin for a scraper and scrub their feet around on his stomach and otherwise associate with him, but we wouldn't. We would much prefer to go in the house with our feet not quite so clean, and work the mud off on the chair rounds and playfully shove our feet under the sofa while the hostess was hanging up our hat and polish them off on her Brussels carpet or poodle dog. —Estelle Belle.

Teachers Wanted.

Two competent teachers wanted for Red Willow School township. Salary, \$35 per month. Apply to Wm. McCulloch, clerk, Jesse, D. T.

Teachers Wanted.

Two school teachers, a male and a female; wages \$40 per month. Apply to John K. Olson, Clerk, Ottawa, D. T.

Fresh assortment of nails at Adams & Glass'.

The Icebergs.

Down from the northern seas the icebergs came. A freight train suffused with splendors bright. Tremendous shapes of poling to the sight, With turrets, domes, and crags all kissed with white. Cold, glittering monsters which no man could tame. Impersonations of unearthly force!

As if by instinct sure they keep their course, Defiant stern, untouched by pity's claim. For helpless bark, nor fearing mightiest fleet.

But, 'neath the war of elements they groan, Drip icy tears, as angry waters eat. Their sides away. By ruthless winds they're blown. Till cruel rocks arrest their wandering feet; Or yield, as proud strength must, to warmth alone.

—Eugene Parsons.

Girls, as You Go Along.

Come all you fair young housewives and listen unto me (I mean those lucky ones who are from servant-bedchamber free). And some advice I'll give you in a simple little song. With the simple little chorus of—Girls, as you go along.

Oh! as you go along, Leave everything where it should be, girls, as you go along.

You take a fancy for a cake, late in the afternoon. And flour, butter, sugar, eggs and milk and bowl and spoon. And other necessary aids, the kitchen table throng. Don't let them stay, clear them away, girls, as you go along.

Oh! as you go along, Put each one back in its right place, girls, as you go along.

And then you'll find how easily a great deal can be done. Without your being "tired to death" at setting of the sun. And though, some times, in spite of care, things seem to turn out wrong, 'Twill always pay to smooth the way, girls, as you go along.

Oh! as you go along, Then never leave your work behind, girls, as you go along.

—Margaret E. Lane, in Good Housekeeper.

HIS WIFE'S JEALOUSY.

"Well, no; I don't exactly dread the advent of my step-mother-in-law as much as I might, because I don't believe she is of the formidable strong-minded type, but I will confess that I should be just as well pleased, and perhaps a little more so, were I not looking forward to the felicity of welcoming her to my home for the first time to-day."

"For the first time, and you've been married two years, and you effected your courtship while your intended wife was stopping with her grandmother, and her stepmother was traveling in the east for health and diversion? My son, you've nothing to complain of. Heaven has been good to you. Ta, ta!"

The two men separated, and Leonard Roche walked slowly up town, had the brougham brought around, and then ran up to his wife's room to suggest that it was time she got ready to go and meet her mother.

Mrs. Roche was in the sitting-room with her baby on her lap. She did not turn her head when Roche came in.

"Come, Bessie, my love; give the boy to his nurse. Let us, by all means, make a good impression on our mamma-in-law to start with. Hallo! What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Bessie, with dignity, and proved the truth of her words by snatching the child from its father's arms and walking with statelyness to the door.

Her pretty eyelids were red and swollen, and her light hair twisted with a negligence which showed a temporary magnificent disregard of all things earthly at the back of her head. She was still in her pretty limp blue wrapper, and evidently contemplated no change of dress.

"Good Lord, what's up?" said Leonard, losing his temper, as a man might well do under the circumstances. "Has anything happened?—Can't you speak to a man?"

"There is no necessity for explanation," remarked Bessie from the door, and vanished.

"Very well; when you come to your sense perhaps you'll be kind enough to tell me what has occurred. Meantime, I'm going to the station." Roche shouted after her, and he marched downstairs and out of the house.

"Pleasant piece of business; and on top of this I've got to go and meet my mother-in-law!"

That lady was not at first apparent to his vision when he rushed in among the discharging passengers of the newly-arrived train. He was looking helplessly about when there was a slight tap on his shoulder.

"Kiss your mamma, my son," said an autumn-haired lady in the most elegant of severe tailor-cut traveling-dresses, and Roche found himself embracing Mrs. Orme.

"Good Heavens!" he gasped. Mrs. Orme laughed as she disposed herself and her maid and her effects in the brougham.

"Can't you get accustomed to me?" she said.

"Well, to tell you the truth, you look so young, and so—so very charming—"

"That I take away your breath? A mother-in-law in caps and spectacles would be more theoretically correct, I suppose. But there are no women in caps and spectacles any more, you know. There is no such thing as an old woman nowadays. The species is extinguished."

"You will never grow old, anyway!" cried Leonard, admiringly.

"I hope not, indeed," Mrs. Orme remarked with gravity. "And now, Bessie? How is she?"

"You will see for yourself," observed the husband with reticence.

Mrs. Orme did see for herself. "What is the matter, Bess?" she asked after dinner, when Leonard had

gone out. "Why are you sulking at your husband?"

"I am not sulking," replied Bessie, staring with a face that partook in equal parts of the lachrymose, the non-committal, and the dignified, at the bit of infantine cambric and lace between her fingers.

"Oh, yes, I beg your pardon, you are," said her stepmother, serenely; "and it's very unbecoming to your style. A dark, statuesque woman sometimes looks like a handsome thunder-cloud when she is in a rage, there's some little dignity and effect about it, anyway. But a fair creature of the angelic type, like yourself, should never allow herself to get angry, my Bess. It's very unattractive."

"I have other things besides my personal appearance to think of," remarked Bessie with significance.

"Evidently. For your dress is not by any means as elaborate and becoming as it might be, my dear. I'm sorry to see you make such a mistake. I lived with your dear father fifteen years, and I'm sure I never allowed him to see me in all that time in anything so little fascinating as that dull drab."

And Mrs. Orme's gaze took in her daughter's attire comprehensively, and then rested with brief approval upon her own face, and velvet, and the two small feet, in the faintest of stockings and shoes, encoined upon the embroidered cushion.

"If I can only hold my husband by employing such frivolous means as that," said Bessie with scorn in her eyes, "I should think him little worth keeping at all."

And the injured wife gathered up her needles and remarked that she was very tired, and had much to think of, and that if her stepmother would excuse her she would retire to her room.

An hour later Leonard returned.

"Where's Bess?"

"Gone to her room," replied his mother-in-law, while her bright eyes took in his handsome face, his fine athletic physique, and the whole overflowing virility of his personality.

"To think of a woman married to a man of that temperament being lachrymose and drooping, and making him aggrieved scenes! What short-sightedness! That a step-daughter of mine should be such a silly little goose!"

"Do you know, mamma-in-law, I am prepared to fall in love with you? I hope you like me, for I assure you I like you immensely," said Leonard, drawing up his chair.

"Yes, yes—you suit me very well," laughed Mrs. Orme. "We shall get on very smoothly together. But tell me what the trouble is between you and Bessie."

"My dear mamma, that's just what I want you to tell me. I can't account for her acting in this incomprehensible way."

"You don't mean to say you don't know what the cause is?" cried Mrs. Orme.

"Not any more than that proverbial fellow in the moon, and that's the truth."

"Why, she's jealous, of course."

"Jealous? That's good! I haven't looked at a woman, that I know, since we've been married!"

"I really believe you, I am not often mistaken in my reading of men. (Nevertheless, there won't be the same tale to tell a year from now if Bess adopts this style of treatment.) Mrs. Orme added within herself.) However, that does not alter the fact. Bess is jealous. All the symptoms are there. It is as plain as the nose upon her pretty silly little face. Now, it's for you to find out of whom she is jealous."

"I shouldn't find out if I thought a month. It's a preposterous whim. If you draw her out she may tell you, but as for me—"

"Well, I'll do my best and report. But the gaining her confidence may not be so easy. Bess is rather inclined to disapprove of her mamma. She thinks me frivolous."

"By Jove! I wish Bess were frivolous in the same way," exclaimed Leonard with enthusiasm.

As Mrs. Orme had foreseen, the operation of inducing Mrs. Bessie to open her woe to a friendly ear did not prove an easy one. Bessie sulked and then Leonard sulked, and after making repeated efforts in every key of marital persuasion and coercion to get at the core of the grievance from whose effects he suffered, the latter took to going out evenings and adopting an air of general indifference which did not tend to make the thorny path smoother.

"All I get out of her when I ask her what the deuce is the matter, is 'You know, and I'll be hanged if I do! It is the beastiest bore!'"

"Well, if you use that sort of language," Mrs. Orme would interrupt, "I don't wonder you can't get her to relent. I'm sure I'd give you a wide berth, too."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Orme was troubled in her mind.

"Look here, Bessie," she said with decision one morning, "this thing must stop. Your whole happiness, foolish girl that you are, is being ruined, if you can only see it. Don't you understand men, and Leonard in particular, better than that? It's a pity I hadn't the bringing up of you instead of your grandmother. I should have taught you one or two things you are grievously ignorant of. Keep on this way, and your husband, in one year's time, will be completely alienated. If you have anything to say, speak out, silly child! Don't you see that you are losing your beauty, too, grieving and pining away like this? And I'm perfectly convinced it's all for nothing."

And finally Bessie was prevailed upon

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Whidden Bros.

on to state her trouble. It was simply this:

She knew her husband was unfaithful. She knew he loved some other woman—some woman with gold-red hair—and that he had met her the preceding summer when she (the wife) was in the country with baby.

And now was she so sure of this precious story? asked Mrs. Orme peremptorily.

She had found a long red-gold hair in the pocket of one of Leonard's summer-coats when a few weeks before, she had taken his light effects from their winter winter wrappings.

"And is that the sum total of your proof?" inquired Mrs. Orme.

"It is quite sufficient," said Bessie coldly.

Mrs. Orme did as she had promised; she reported.

"Are you sure you remember no episodes in which a red gold-haired syren figured?" she asked.

"I don't remember even meeting a woman who answered that description the entire summer," cried the husband. "What perfect nonsense! To make a whole affair tragically out of one hair! Can't Bessie believe me when I say that I know no more how that hair came into my pocket than the child does? It's as likely as not off some child's head, anyway. I am always playing with children."

"No; it's too long, she says. I did not see it; she guards it as jealously as though it were a pearl of great price! But I'll beg, borrow, or steal it if I can, to see whether the sight of it may not stimulate your memory."

Mrs. Orme did not have to resort to any such desperate means as the last mentioned to get possession of Bessie's treasured object of torture.

Possibly Leonard's wife was beginning to sink under the burden of her long-maintained reticent resentment, and to yearn surreptitiously for any favorable explanation which the suppositions delinquent might haply be prepared to make.

In any case, the hair was forthcoming without much difficulty.

"It's a totally unfamiliar-looking hair to me," said Leonard, scrutinizing the shining strand upon its background of tissue-paper, where Bessie had, with a heroism that shrunk before nothing, carefully placed it, as though it were some rare insect; "absolute y unfamiliar! I can't think of a woman I know who has hair of that color. It is more like yours," he said with an irrepressible laugh, turning to Mrs. Orme, "than anyone else."

He took the long gold thread and deposited it upon her fashionably-arranged tresses.

"I never saw such a match!" he cried.

Mrs. Orme stared, suddenly threw her arms up to her head, and stood transfixed.

"Leonard," she ejaculated, "don't you remember that I sent you some of my hair last summer when I was ill, to have you or Bessie take it to that celebrated clairvoyant?"

Roche stood speechless a moment, and then burst into laughter that echoed upstairs to Bessie's ears.

"Really, this is too good a joke!" Leonard was crying as the young woman entered the room. It was so good that he could not find breath to explain it. Mrs. Orme relieved him of the obligation.

"You see, my dear child, how very unnecessary all that agony on your part was," she said when the two women were alone a little later. "But I wish that what you might see still more clearly is that even if there had been any cause for righteous alarm, you took altogether the wrong measures for winning back your husband's errant fancy. What! Cry, and grow careless about one's dress, and re-

proach a man with every word and look a hundred times a day! Heavens! what a want of tact!"

"If you will only stop with me, and give me the benefit of your experience, I may learn better in time," cried Bessie, whose face was once more wreathed in smiles, and had grown five years younger in as many hours. "I really think you are a very clever woman, mamma, and a very fascinating one, too, as Leonard says. Why is not every mother-in-law like unto thee? But, then, it is quite out of the proper order of things that you should look so young, and have such lovely hair—do you know that? For a mother-in-law that is really not permitted."

Intermittent Scenery.

The scenery between Genoa and Pisa is very beautiful, lying along that lovely coast of the Mediterranean called the *littorale di Levante*, but there are reasons why we shall not enjoy it as much as we would like. These reasons are eighty in number, and consist of tunnels, some long and some short, and all very unceremonious in the suddenness with which they cut off a view. As soon as we sight a queer old stone town, or a little village surrounded by lemon groves, or a stretch of blue sea at the foot of olive-covered mountains, everything is instantly extinguished, and we sit in the dark; then there is another view which is just as quickly cut off, and so this amusement goes on for the whole distance, which is only a little over a hundred miles. There is an old story, once told to a story-loving king, about an immense barn, filled to the top with wheat, and a vast swarm of locusts. There was a little hole in the roof, and first one locust went in and took a grain of wheat, and then another took a grain, and after that another one took a grain, and then another locust took another grain, and then the next locust took a grain, and so on for ever so long; until the king jumped up in a passion and cried out:

"Stop that story! Take my daughter, and marry her, and let us hear no more of those dreadful locusts."

The tunnels on the road between Genoa and Pisa remind one very much of that locust story.—From *"Personally Contued,"* by Frank R. Lockton, in *St. Nicholas* for August.

A Walking Incubator.

Wednesday night a ducky went into Greer & Foyed's store and took a seat on a bit of mackerel near the front door.

After awhile Andy Foyed thought he heard the chirp of a young chicken. He heard it several times, and pretty soon Arch Greer's pointer dog had his attention attracted by the noise. After making a search for the source from which the noise came, the dog came to a dead point in front of the ducky on the mackerel-bench.

"Haven't you got a young chicken about you?" asked Mr. Foyed.

"No, sah; not 'I knows of," said the ducky.

But the chirp was heard again, and this time there appeared to be no doubt about the locality of the thing that was doing the chirping. The ducky saw that he would have to "show up," so he waddled into his breeches pocket and drew out an egg.

"Chirp," went the egg.

"Bress de Lawd, if dis sight had got a young chicken in!" exclaimed the ducky in surprise.

And sure enough it had. The egg had "pipped," and it turned out that the ducky was a regular walking incubator, for he pulled out three pipped eggs.

Henry Hooks took the eggs, and now has two young chickens from them.—*A Daily (Ga.) Advertiser.*