

Around Town.

Mrs. G. F. Newell went to Jamestown, Wednesday.
Justin Smith, the lumber dealer, was in town, Wednesday evening.
Hiram Williams was out to the dance—as lively as a two-year-old.
Mr. Kingsley, who has been visiting his son, has returned home.
R. M. Cowen is selling a large number of coupon tickets to the frozen east.
Davis & Pickett's furniture and feed store will soon be 140 feet deep.
One hundred and thirty civil case on the docket at Jamestown.
Among the subscribers and re-subscribers, this week, are Wm. Healey, Martin Ouren, John Moore and John Pashley.
Captain Joseph Allen rejoices in the birth of a fine ten-pound son, which Joseph thinks he will call Salisbury. Mrs. Allen is doing nicely.
Mrs. Ray Goode and Lillian Waters, the hawps shot by Barras, at Chicago, have so far recovered that they are out again, while Barras is in the cooler.
Tom. Skattebo is back again. He will paint and paper the Pickett mansion, and do some sign writing for the drug stores, Union house, Wm. Glass, and others.
John Pates, who claimed the mules attached by Whidden Bros., failed, before the sheriff's jury, to substantiate his claim, and the mules remain with the sheriff.
Percy Trubshaw, who has a host of friends in this locality, is with us once again,—jolly and full of the devil as ever.—New Rockford Transcript.

P. Jensen, presiding elder of the Norwegian Methodist church, for the Red River Valley district, will preach in Norwegian at the Baptist church, Sunday at 3 p. m.
John Thompson, the legless man with the striking machine, claims to have made \$1,900 at his business since last May. He gets a Hudson Bay company's pension of \$15 per month, but is, nevertheless, always dead broke.
Rev. Thos. Sims to-day mailed a communication to the members of the Cooperstown Congregational church, declining the call to become their pastor and setting forth his reasons, which are very logical. The citizens of Valley City will be glad to know he has decided to stay here, and now, boys, let's all go to church regularly.—Alliance.

More College Talk.

G. H. Barnes, one of Fargo's capitalists, announces he will donate \$50,000 toward founding a Congregational college at Fargo, to be called the Barnes University. But that does not signify it is bound to go there, unless there is no other place found with back bone enough to make a manly effort to get it. Since land is avowedly as important to the institution as money, what is to hinder Cooperstown from donating a tract of sufficient extent to become an object for the location of the college here? The necessary capital might be secured from abroad. The institution has friends who can reach influence and wealth. One of our landed men says: "We have plenty of land for them, if that is what they want, but no money." Now that being the case, why not put it at once into a bona fide offer? If we have any land to offer let us do it at once, and see what will come of it. We shall await with expectancy such a proposition. Will our desire be met, or shall we be compelled to wish, out loud, that some one public spirited man might be found here, who is not so much engaged in accumulating the domineering dollars, with which to "paddle his own canoe," that he is content to let the public craft steer itself? If this gentleman is in town, he would certainly be conferring a favor by giving this matter enough attention to formulate an offer for the consideration of the committee. There is undoubtedly no time to lose. X

To Our Readers.

We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers the necessity of subscribing for a family, weekly newspaper of the first class—such, for instance as THE INDEPENDENT, of New York. Were we obliged to select one publication for habitual and careful reading to the exclusion of all others; we should choose unhesitatingly The Independent. It is a newspaper, magazine, and review, all in one. It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural, a financial, and a political paper combined. It has 32 folio pages and 22 departments. No matter what a person's religion, politics or profession may be, no matter what the age, sex, employment or condition may be, The Independent will prove a help, an instructor, an educator. Our readers can do no less than to send a postal for a free specimen copy, or for thirty cents the paper will be sent a month, enabling one to judge of its merits more critically. Its yearly subscription is \$3.00, or two years for \$5.00.
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KEEPING UP THE FASHION.

Considering the facility of communication and the amount of travel between Europe and America, the Drawer is astonished at the slowness with which certain foreign fashions spread and prevail here—not only fashions in clothing and jewelry, but in attitudes, manner of walking, and general carriage and disposition of the limbs. A study of these phenomena ought to yield some results in sociology. Female fashion, perhaps because women are more alert in such things, are caught more quickly than male fashions. Changes in woman's dress appear often to come by cable, though there is an appreciable time between the creation of a new shade and a new mode in Paris and its adoption in New York, and it requires many months, (unless it happens to be Centennial year) for the change to be seen in the country at large. Statistics are wanting to show how long it was after the adoption in Paris of a certain style of carrying the parasol before it prevailed in this country. It was a very engaging style. The right arm was thrown forward, the elbow elevated, and the handle of the parasol was daintily held about midway by the fingers, the little finger projecting. This attitude required a little mincing in the step, which was equally engaging. In an incredibly short space of time after this fashion landed, every girl in America carried her parasol in this manner. This attitude was succeeded in time by another method of moving the arms, also imported. But none of these styles were so long in coming across as a certain style in men's scarf-pins. The horseshoe scarf-pin originated in Paris by the jockey men, became all-prevailing, and ran for at least three years before it became popular in America. Either our jewelers did not "catch on" promptly, or, which is more probable, the left-over stock of French pins were shipped here after the market there was supplied and the style began to change. In regard to the cut of the hair, for men, England seems more successful in imposing its style on this country than France. The mode of cutting the hair out over each temple, which obtained in France, even in the provinces, four or five years ago, was only moderately adopted here, and a sort of loose tie of the cravat has not yet reached us. But our men have taken very kindly to the close crop of the English, which suits very few people, for very few heads are shapely enough to bear this exposure. In regard to gloves, as has been observed before, it was fully two years after the Prince of Wales's set made it the fashion to go without gloves to evening entertainments before it was perfectly recognized as good form to do so in New York. And it is likely that young New York will be bare-handed years after evening London is gloved again. The slowness of adaptation to the mode ought to be mortifying to American pride. The most interesting phenomenon of the summer has been the slow adoption of an English style of walking. This seems to have originated with the smart young Londoners, business "parties," bank clerks, and "Howell and James young men," who as long ago as four or five years might have been seen hurrying along Bond street, Regent, and Pall Mall. It came in with the cut-away coats buttoned tightly across the breast. The toes were turned in, the shoulders were elevated so as to narrow the chest, the elbows were turned out and upward, the tightly rolled umbrella was carried at a precise angle, and the young man moved swiftly forward with an indescribable air of business smartness—a sort of plunge. Why this commercial and dandiacal sort of gait should be popular here it is impossible to say, especially as its associated pertness and hurry contrast with the weary leisure of the so-called dude. But "it's English, you know." It must be confessed, however, that a close observer of city pavements and watering-places the gait coming into use here lacks the push and dash of the Bond street walk, which was satirized years ago in *satire*.

Beethoven's Eccentricities.

In 1816 Beethoven began to keep house, and a sad kind of home he had. He was like a child in the hands of servants and landlords, and rarely found himself at peace with either. He constantly changed his lodgings, and seldom had time to get things settled in a house before it was necessary to move again. It was seldom that a servant staid more than a few weeks, and the house frequently took care of itself. His room was generally a model of confusion. Letters strewed the floor, and the remains of his last meal, sketches of his music, books and pictures covered the chairs and tables. Sometimes it would be weeks before he could discover a manuscript which he sorely needed. He broke nearly everything he touched, and sometimes upset the ink in the piano. He loved to bathe, and frequently would stand pouring water over his hands, shouting his music; if any musical idea occurred he would rush to the table and note it down, splashing the water over everything in the room. Every day, whatever the weather, Beethoven took a long walk; he had his favorite haunts around the city, and nearly all his musical ideas came to him in the woods or meadows, amid the trees, the rocks, and the flowers. He was never without a little book in which he wrote down any thought which seized him; and then at home the thought would grow into a song or a symphony. He was quiet and rapt when at the piano; but he was told that when conducting an orchestra, his movements were violent. At the *diminuendo* he would gradually crouch lower and lower, till he dropped entirely out of sight, rising slowly during the *rescend*, when he would almost jump into the air. With his pupils he had the sweetest patience, repeating the correction over and over again; he would always forgive a wrong note, but woe to the unlucky pupil who failed to give the right expression to a phrase or bar, for this the master thought indicated a lack of soul, and this he would not forgive.—*Agatha Tans, in St. Nicholas for August.*

A Slight Mistake.

It happened on the limited express between Chicago and New York. She was a pretty, innocent-looking girl, and while the porter was making up her berth she moved into the next section. "May I sit here?" she inquired of the occupant. "I won't trouble you long."
"Certainly," he replied, and at once proceeded to engage her in conversation. Somehow the talk drifted to business vocations.
"And what is your business?" she asked, with charming frankness.
He hesitated a moment, and then replied: "Bookmaker."
"O, how nice. What kind of books do you make?"
"Most any kind," he replied.
"I hope you don't make those horrid French novels," she ventured. "I think them awful."
"No," he said slowly; "that is not the kind of books I make."
"I'm so glad," she returned with evident relief. "Where is your piece of business?"
"Oh, most anywhere." He was getting a trifle restless under her questions. "It has been at Washington Park for the last two weeks; but now I'm on my way to Saratoga."
"Washington Park! Why, that's a funny place to make books. Do you always make them at races?"
"Well, generally."
Just then the porter announced that her berth was ready, and she retired to it in a brown study. She couldn't understand it. He heaved a sigh of relief, and adjourned to the smoker.—*Rambler.*

She Was Keeping House.

George Moore lives with his wife and 14-year-old daughter in the mountains, on what is known as the Quintuple oil tract, in McKean county, Pennsylvania. His little girl is a particularly bright child, and noted in the neighborhood for her fearlessness. A few days ago she was "playing house" in the yard with a lot of broken dishes. Her only companion was a kitten. When her mother went to look for her she was nowhere to be seen. Her mother called her, but received no reply. The locality is a wild one, being surrounded by deep woods. Mrs. Moore alarmed a neighboring family, and sent for her husband, who was a mile away. A search was made through the woods and kept up all night, but no trace of the child could be found. The opinion became unanimous that she had been carried off by some wild beast, which are plentiful in the neighborhood. The parents were frantic. The search was kept up next day, and in the middle of the forenoon the little girl was found snugly quartered beneath the branches of a fallen tree. She had taken with her several pieces of broken crockery, a bottle, and the kitten, and had arranged a cozy play-house under the tree. At one side was a litter of green branches and leaves, which was evidently her bed. The kitten was playing about as contentedly and happily as if she were on the sofa at home. The child seemed overjoyed at her situation, and when she saw the person who discovered her she clasped her hands and exclaimed:
"See how nice me an' titty is in my house. Is you talkin' on us."
She gathered up her things quietly when told that her father and mother were crying because she was gone, and went back home, apparently not surprised that her absence had been such a husband.—*New York Sun.*

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