THE LIME KILN CLUB.

the Picale Passes Off Quietly-The Games, Winners and Prizes.

Delegates to the seventh annual election and picnic of the Lime Kiln club began to errive at midnight on Wednesday night. The first one to put in an appearance was Col. Dodo Rockafellow, of Covington, Ky. He made the trip afoot, in exactly twenty days. By midnight on Friday 207 honorary memers and delegates had appeared and been furnished quarters. Among the very promi-ment delegates present were thirty-four colonels, seventeen majors, fourteen judges, twenty-one professors, thirty elders and six cirs. The most commanding and the best dressed delegation was from South Carolina, and consisted of Judge Prehensile Smith, Col. Danforth Gore, Professor Oscillation Baker and the Rev. Carmine Pathfinder.

As each delegate arrived at the hall he was dusted off with a horse brush, given a pint of feed ten and assigned to quarters with some local member. The only cases of attempted fraud was on the part of a stranger claiming to be a delegate from the White Rose branch club, at Sandusky, O. The credentials he submitted proved to be a recipe for mixing a horse liniment, and when flung down on his back and stepped on he admitted that he was one Samuel Davis, of Toledo, who wanted to learn the inside workings of the club and go about personating Givendam Jones. way he was hustled down three pairs or stans will live in his memory for a hundred years

A business meeting was held in the library Friday evening, at which all committees reported. The thanks of the club are extended to the many Detroiters who came to the front to make the banquet a grand success.

At 8 o'clock Saturday evening, preceded by a band which threw off sweet strains at every step, the procession marched to the foot of Eighteenth street and embarked on a harge to be towed down to Fighting island. Most of the local members were accompanied by their wives and children. Among the banners in the procession were noticed those bearing legends as follows: "Never let go of • spring chicken to look for an old hen," "Five hundred years hence the black will be on top," "The man who poisons a watermill-yon deserves the rope," "Wo have got our ands above water."

At the island overything had been arranged for a good time. Before beginning the games which were to test the strength and agility of the members, Brother Gardner mounted a barrel and made a brief speech. He referred to Cleopatra, the siege of Troy, the New Or-Seams exposition and the recent trouble with Mexico, and expressed an carnest wish that every member should stand ready to lay down his life in case the United States decided to go in and give France, Germany, Austria, Roumania and Russia a gentle drut Ilis remarks were received with such enthusiasm that Maj. Powhattan Green, a delegate from Virginia, fell in a fit and had to be soaked in the river eighteen minutes bury watch.



Maj. Powhattan Green had a fit. The following is a list of games, winners and prizes: Throwing an anvil-Prize, an oil painting

"AI" Queer Wrinkles. Lawyer (to witness)-What is the defendant's character for veracity, Uncle Rastus! Uncle Rastus-Vorassity, sah! Why, 1 has seen dat Sam Joansing cat a hull ham

A BAD EREAK. "Yes," said the chairman, sadly, "our temperance meeting last night would have been more successful if the lecturer hadn't been so absent minded." "What did he do?"

"He tried to blow the foam from a glass of water." A TRUSTWORTHY ANIMAL.

Liveryman (to customer)-There, sir, is as good a hoss as ever pulled a waggin. Au' you needn't be afraid of him; he's puffeckly safe an' reliable.

Customer (eyeing the animal dubiously)-I don't know 'bout that. I'd hate to trust him with any oats.

WILLING TO DO WHAT HE COULD. Madam (looking for country board)-You

have plenty of pure milk, Mr. Hayseed? Mr. Hayseed-Yessun, Madam-I shall want milk from one cow for baby. And eggs-have you plenty of fresh eggst

Mr. Hayseed-Yessum, but I don't b'lieve I kin give 'em to you from one hen.

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE. "What's the price of sausages!"

"Dwenty cents a bound."

"You asked twenty-five this morning." "Ya; dot vas ven I had some. Now I ain'd got none I sells him for dwenty cends. Dot makes me a rebutation for selling cheab und I don'd lose noddings.

THE PERILS OF BOARDING. "You look thoughtful to-night, Dumley," remarked Featherly, as he stretched himself on the bed.

"Yes," sighed Dumley. "I've just got a note from the landlady." "What does she say?"

"She says that I must pay my back board at once or her daughter will sue ms for breach of promise. I'm thinking what I'd better do.-New York Sun.

A Humorist's Trials.

A humorous lecturer is reported by Th Philadelphia Times as relating this incident: I gave the show in the hotel dining room and had everybody roaring with laughter except one awfully sedate looking man. I i my funniest gags upon him and was wild to awaken a gurgle or at least a smile. But all in vain. His face was as solemn as a tombstone through it all. After the show, however, fancy my surprise to see the molancholy cuss come up and give me a congratu latory shake. "I must thank you, sir, for a very pleasant evening. Your performance

was very clever. I almost laughed, sir." Artemus Ward used to tell a similar but a much better story. He said that once while on a lecture tour, night found him at a small town in Nevada. In the landlord of the hote he recognized a friend of his boyhood who gave him a hearty greating. Supper over the landlord said to his guest: "Now, Brown, we hasly ever have any show of any kind in this place, and I don't think we over had a lecture. Can't you give us your lecture up in the ball room! It will please the people mightily, and I'll take it as a great favor if you will." With characteristic good nature, Artenus consonted. The ball room was well filled when he rose to speak, and before he had been on his feet a minute he made an observation which provoked a roar of laughter. At which the landlord, his face white with rage, rose and advanced toward the platform with the remark: "One minute, Mr. Brown." Artemus paused, and the landlord having taken his place beside him, drew a revolver from his back pocket and, address-ing the audience, said; "Ladies and gentlemen, the speaker is a particklar friend of mine, and the speaker is a particklar friend of mine, and if he's interrupted agin, d—— me if I don't shoot! You can proceed. Mr. Brown." Artenus proceeded, and although he gave them his funniest lecture, he reported that there was afterward no further "interrup-tion."—New York Tribune.

Died at His Post.

Some time last fall a well known huntaman Big Sewickley, and the most strenuous exer tions made to find the animal proved fruitless, so finally he was given up as hopelessly company with three other gentlemen, were traveling through a section of the Big Sewickloy woods, when they came across the seleton of a dog in attitude, the left forepaw raised and the tail sticking out straight as a ramrod, the bones being held in position by the sun dried cords and sinews. The collar around the neck established beyond a doubt that the remains were those of the long lost Leo, and a further search brought to view, about a rod from the dog's nose, the bones and feathers of a pheasant. The mystery now became clear as day. With the wonderful and inscrutable instinct that controls birds and brutes, the pheasant had lain per-duc, afraid to rise, while the dog, like the Roman sentry at Pompeii, had died at his post of duty. The hunter exhibits the recovered collar as proof positive of the truth of his story.-Pittsburg Sportsman's Referee.



SHE HELD TO A PRIMITIVE FASHION.

"How delightful is a summer At a quiet country place, Free from all the well known follies That beset the human race." So imagned sweet Miss Nellie, For she loved the shady trees As she swung beneath their branches In a hammock at her ease. In a harmock at her case. No one there to note her actions-No one there to make remark, be could dress to suit ber fatcy And enjoy each rustic lark.

Righting was her favorite pastine, And of it she had no lack; But she rote in primitive fashion-She went corrback.



For the leaves are turning brown And it's now that sweet Miss Nellin

And it's now that sweet Miss Nellio Once again returns to town, And as usual joins the forces Of the giddy Gothamite, Engaging in the balls and parties That comprise the social fight. Size could dance from night till morning With the gayest of the gay, Making computers by the dozen In a most conjustish way. To dress for balls she does delight in, And for it she has a knack.

And for it she has a knuck, But she sticks to the primitive fashion-She goes bareback. -Chip in Judge

MAN.

What a queer combination of cheek and per-

versity, Insolence, pride, gab. impudence, vanity, Jealousy, hate, scorn, baseness, insanity, Bonor, truth, wisclose, virtue, orbanity,

is that whimsical biped called man

Who can fathom the depths of his innate depravity? To-day he's all gayety, to-morrow all gravity.

For blowing his own horn, he has a propensity, Even under clouds of singular density. Oh, mystical day-bank called man!

He can be the source of beastly brutality. Be mostest and meek; or indulge in hilarity, Don airs and graces of saintly totality, Or equal the devil in daring rascality,

This curious enigma salled man. -W. J. O'Reardon in Life.

The Champion Grand Army Story Teller. "I suppose you were in the war, comrade?" said a prominent speaker as he sat down again at a "post" banquet after telling a few dozen select "war incidents" with great applause. "Oh, yes," remarked his neighbor, who had industriously been putting away the shrimp salad and champagne during the speech mak-ing. "I was a member of the Michigan 'Big Foots "

"What regiment was that!" "Why, the Forty-fourth Michigan regiment, you know. The men were selected ex-clusively on account of their big feet. I wear No 20's myself."

The Taylor Family in Politics. Not only have two Taylor brothers laws nominated respectively by the great parties in Tennessee for governor and their father been proposed as a candidate by the Prohibitionists, but a third brother is now mentioned as a possible candidate of the Labor party. It is to be hoped in common justice that old Mrs. Taylor will be recognized by the Woman Suffrage party.—Albany Times, The people of Tennessee are to be congrat-

ulated on their prospect of escaping in some measure the character of personal politics which so often disgrace heated campaigns. The gubernatorial standard bearers of the two parties being brothers, the llepublican candidate cannot well call his opponent a slab-sided son of a saw-log without reflecting at the same time on his own origin, while the Democratic candidate will be restrained, for the same reason, from hurling the charge against his antagonist that his grandfather stole a sitting hen from her nest.-Louisville Courier-Journal. It is said that the father of the Taylor boys

of Tennessee got them into their present awkward position of running against each other for the governorship of Tonnessee by making them speak against each other when children. Ho kept them up till 11 o'clock at night on occasions, and often had to whip cach one of them three times before the do-bate was closed.-Dallas News.

A Healthful Tonic.

Anxious mother-When Clara came down to breakfast this morning the poor girl didn't look well at all. Her system needs toning What do you think of iron! 1;), Fatner-Gool idea. Mother-What kind of iron had she better

Father-Sho had better take a flatiron .-

New York Sun.

Life in Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wales are father and mother to one of the bouncingest little girl bables in the Texan country. She tipped the scales at exactly fifteen pounds just after the angel left her on the front stoop of her pa's mansion on Wednesday night, and she cries as natural as if she had practiced it for years. -El Paso Tribune.

It Made Some Difference Which. Inebriated party-I shay, mister, how fu is it to Canal street?

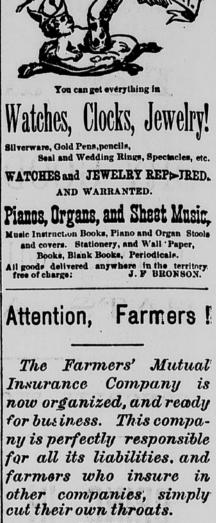
Citizen-Twenty minutes' walk. Inebriated party-For you or (hic) for -Texas Siftings.

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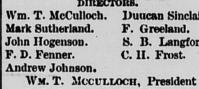
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S. B. LANGFORD, Vice President. ANDREW JOHNSON, Secretary.

Contest—U. S. Land office, Fargo, D. T., Aug. 19, 1986. Waldennar E. Klubben against Frank F. Knowlion; to the parties above named and to each of them. The Commissioner General Land Office, upon the complaint of Waldemar E. Klub-ben duly corroborated, having directed this office to order a hearing to determine the validity of Timber Culture Entry No. 6606, made by Frank F. Knowlion, April 3, 1882, for the s¹/₂ of n-e¹/₂ sec. 26, twp. 145, r. 58, Griggs county D. T. Now. therefore, it is ordered that the respective parties-hereto, plaintiff and defendant, appear before the Register and receiver at Fargo, D. T., on the 221 day of October 1886, at 10 a.m., to respond and turnish testimony concerning their respective claims to the said tract of land. E. C. GEAREY, Receiver. Dated, Sept. 1, 1886. Iver Jacobson atty. 34-39

Netice of Final Proof-Land Office at Fargo. D. T., Sept. 1, 1886. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final Proof and secure final en-try thereof, viz: Dresden D, McDaniel, D. S. No. 18821 for the net of sec 23, tp. 146n. r. 61 w. and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Albert E. Turner, Alexander Kennedy, Frank Gorthy, H. Peters, all of Cooperstown P. O., Griggs Co., D. T.

DIRECTORS. Wm. T. McCulloch. Duucan Sinclair. F. Greeland.

S. B. Langford. C. H. Frost.

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of a canal beat going ashore in a dreadful storm. Won by Capt. Bebenoth Smith, who succeeded in throwing it on Elder Toots' left foot.

Standing jump-Prize, a kerosene lamp with a green body and warranted not to ex-plode. Won by Professor Serious White, who broke a pair of six shifting suspenders in so doing. Foot race of 100 yards-Prize, a decorated

wall basket, which can also be used to hold pointces, carry game or knock burghers out. Won by Shindig Watkins, whose divorced wife was present, and fell so clated over his victory that she returned home with him.

Boxing match-Prize, a lithograph of John L. Sullivan. Won by Giveadam Jones, who knocked out three aspirants in such a manner that they imprired what year it was when they had been revived.

High jump-Prize, a fine large bottle of cement to mend crockery and glassware. Won by Snowball Cotton, who cleared the stick held at five feet, but came down on his head and drove his neck back three inches. Wheelbarrow race-Prize, four bunches of

celery with hand painted stalks. There were eight contestants, and the prize was carried off by Truthfal Taylor.

Playing the harmonican-Prize, a door mat on which was the word "Welcome," About forty members contested for the prize, and during the balf hour in which the struggle took place passing schooners were driven ashore and a cyclone just missed the island. The winner was Samuel Shin, but he lay exhausted for the next half hour .- Detroit Free

Medicine Could Not Harm Her. "Look heah, Unk Rafe," said Dr. Jim, addressing an old negro, "yer knows dat I'se er graduate o' de medical perternity, doan yer?" "Doan doubt it."

"I'se yer, color, ain't I? Wall, den, why doan yer 'ploy me ez yer fam'ly 'zition? All de time yer wife's been sick yer neber hab sent fur me. Now, look heah, lemme go ter see de lady, an' i'll promise yer dat ef I doan do her no good I won't do her no harm."

"You mer go ter see her ef yer wants ter." "All right: thankee, sah."

"Dar wuz er time when yer mout er done her harm, but you kain' do it now." "Why so?"

"Case de lady died dis mamin', ab."-Arkansaw Traveler,

The Clerk Could Go to Bed.



A countryman and his son "put up" at a city hotel. Son out seeing the town. Old gent comes down from his room at midnight and says to the night clerk:

"Has my son come in yet?" Night Clerk-Guess not. Haven't seen

him. Old Gent-Well, you needn't set up for him any longer. -Texas Biftings.

"Yes. You see the peculiarity of our fol-lows was they had such big feet they couldn't fall down when they were shot. After an ac-tion the officers went round calling the roll. When a man didn't answer they know he had

been promoted to a happier land than ours; so they just dug a grave right behind him, and flopsed him over and filled him in." And solemnly handing their badges over to

the champion incidenter the members put out the camp fire and went home.-San Francisco Wasp.

Mr. O'Kecfe's Forethought.

"Sure," remarked Mr. O'Keefe, the other day, "thare's nothin' loike forethought into the future. Whin Oi wuz in Washington Oi shtopped at a strange hotel wan noight, and before retoirin' Oi saw thare wuz only a half before reform 'O saw thare wuz only a half a dozent matches in the box. 'Now, sup-poge,'sez Oi, 'suppoge Oi wud get up in the noight to loight the gas, an' thim matches shud be no good at all, at all. A foine fix ye'd be in, me bye.' So phat does Oi do but thry the six av thim. Oi found thim to burn parfeckly well, so I goes to shlape knowin' that Oi cud git a loight wid no throuble, if nade be. Thare's nothin' loike havin' an oi to the future, me laddy buck."-The Rambler.

So Says Bob Burdette.

The Medical Record discusses the question, "How to sleep," and gives a long, scientific formula for inducing sleep. What's the mat-ter with going to church?

BETTER SAILOR THAN COOK.

Gen. Saigo, commander in chief of the Japanese navy, has been inspecting the navy yards of this country. We have enten the general's famous pudding, and while we de-sire to avoid precipitating the two nations into war, we must say that it has more stickiness and fewer taste than any other table attority invented by the hatred of man .-Brooklyn Eagle.

No Trouble.

Two friends, after long separation, meet each other. "Well, how are you getting along, Tom?"

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"So, so, Jim; can't complain." "Do you have any trouble meeting your monthly bills!"





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