

# LAWRENCE BROS.

—Are now open, and have on hand—

## GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

### Flour and Feed!

## DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

### Clothing and Furnishing Goods!

## HATS AND CAPS.

**CONCRETE STORE.** Cooperstown, Dak

## BRING IN YOUR WHEAT.

Elevator Burned, But We Still Live.



# CARGILL BROS.

COOPERSTOWN,

And are prepared to do the fair thing by the farmer.

WHEAT, TO-DAY 56 CTS.

## HARDWARE,

Stoves, Tinware, Paints, Oils, Etc.,

Cedar Felt Paper, for Inside Finish.

A. N. ADAMS.

#### Scenes From Life.

**Bridget (who has been sent to crack some nuts in preparation for Mrs. Blank's little dinner party to be held during the evening, enters with a few badly cracked upon a plate)**—An', inlads, Missus Blank. O'ill lose no place befor' O' break me tath a-crackin' any more of thim nuts. Me jaw's all lame now, as it is, so it is.

**AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION.**  
Husband—What were you and old Mrs. Smith talking so earnestly about? Wife—Oh, nothing in particular; simply one thing and another. Husband—I see. She talked about one thing and you talked about another.

**BEING LIBERALLY TO FIT.**  
Fat old lady (in dry goods store)—I will look at your dress goods. Clerk—Yes, ma'am. Something in double width?

**A PLEASURE IN STORE FOR HIM.**  
She (at a musicale)—Are you an admirer of Beethoven, Mr. Hobson? He—Well—er—yes. I admire his music very much, but I have never met Beethoven himself.

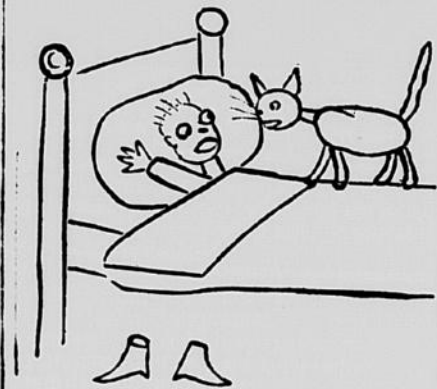
**NOT TO BE DESPISED.**  
Boston hostess (to young man visiting from the west)—We Boston people, Mr. Breezy, are laughed at a good deal for being so partial to beans, but we don't mind it. Western young man (gallantly)—No, indeed, I wouldn't if I were you, Mrs. Waldo. Beans are a very valuable product. Father, who knows as much about such matters as anybody in southern Illinois, says they are even better than corn to fatten hogs with.—Life.

**So "M. Quad" Says.**  
They tell a story in Washington on Congressman Laird, of Nebraska. He is one of the members who can, but does not, keep his own carriage. He patronizes the street cars. On the line on which he rode most frequently one of the panels was ornamented with the legend "Go to Moses," the name of a dealer in furniture, etc., at Washington. This sign annoyed Laird for some unaccountable reason. The annoyance ripened into irritation and the irritation into intolerance. He took his revenge by having his confidential clerk rent the space directly beneath the sign in each car. Then he had an artist print in his own space, "And be D—d." This brought the other advertiser down on the company, and the company came down on Laird. But he had them both and continued to sit on them until, by a compromise, the objectionable sign was remodeled.

**WHY HE WANTED SO MANY.**  
Customer—Will you please show me your engagement rings? I would like to get about a dozen.  
Jeweler—What on earth do you want with a dozen engagement rings?  
Customer—I am a West Point cadet—  
Jeweler—Ah, certainly. Excuse me.

**HARMONY.**  
A guest—What kind of a tombstone would you like for your husband? We have some handsome red granite.  
Weeping widow—I don't want a red one. My poor husband was a blonde and red would not harmonize with his complexion.—Detroit Free Press.

#### A Warning to Boys Who Kill Cats.



"Soft, I did but dream—  
Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou affect me!"—Richard III, Act V.—Texas Siftings.

**Olive Branches.**  
Johnny has been in the habit of calling on the groceryman and being supplied with speckled apples from the barrel, which, although not very salable, are appreciated by his boyish appetite. Last week his yellow head came up to the counter and he inquired: "Dot any speck apples?" "No, Johnny; the apples are all gone." "Dot any speck oranges?" "No, not to-day." His face was downcast, his spirit sad, his mouth watering. A new idea came into his little mind, and his face brightened as he asked: "Dot any speck cakes?" The cake was at once produced.—Wilmington Home Weekly.

**JOHNNY'S AMBITION.**  
"Do you go to school, Johnny?" inquired a lady. "Yes'm." "And do you study hard?" "Yes'm." "I suppose you want to be a great man when you grow up?" "Yes'm." "And what do you think you'll be?" "I know what I'm goin' to be." "What is it, Johnny? Tell me." "I'm goin' to be the man that wears the big fur hat and throws the stick around in front of the band."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A little girl who is just at the age when her table manners are beginning to be looked after, called out at supper one night recently: "Give me some cake." "How do you ask?" said mamma, correctively. "Please give me some cake," returned the little miss, and added, unabashed: "I didn't forget. I was saving it up."—Springfield Republican.

#### No Use.

Backwoods school teacher (to boy)—How far have you gone?  
Boy—An't never been very fur, 'bout ten mile from home, I reckon.  
Teacher—I mean how far have you advanced in your book?  
Boy—Over ter this here pictur.  
Teacher—Why, that's where the first lesson begins. You can't spell, can you?  
Boy—Ken spell dog an' dam, but I ain't no great shakes on bird an' bossly.  
Teacher—You little rascal, you must not talk that way. Did your father ever hear you talk that way?  
Boy—None.  
Teacher—Then I'm glad that there's some one whom you respect.  
Boy—No, mah talkin' that way befo' dad, fur he's deaf. Ef er boss ruster fling dad he couldn't hear his'f hit the ground.—Arkansas Traveler.

The Danville Breeze tells of a young woman riding with a young man, and exclaiming at the sight of two calves: "Oh, see those two little cowlets!" "You are mistaken," said the young man; "those are not cowlets, but bullets."

# GULL RIVER

# LUMBER

COMPANY.

E. W. Blackwell, - Manager.



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LUMBER. BUILDING MATERIAL.

## J. J. Howe & Co.

—Yard at foot of Burrell Avenue—  
COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA.

## MERRELL BROS.

DEALERS IN.....

## FARM MACHINERY.

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**TWINE** Having purchased our twine in large quantities, and at low rock bottom figures, we can sell to all parties for cash, or sound paper, in spite of competition.

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