

From Truthful Contemporaries.

The weather in Arkansas is so hot that the quailers bake their hoo cakes on the fences.

MOSQUITOES IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY. Another voracious statement from below is that a young man went to work for the first time on his homestead, providing himself with a good sand fly netting bar.

The Old Man Wasn't "Right." "That's a nice dog, little girl. What's his name?" "Uno, sir."

Fun-atic Spelling. "Mistah Borey, what yo' tink of do pro-fect reform in spellin' dat's been agitated?"

Two of a Kind.



He—you are the only college girl I ever liked. She—Why, how so? He—Oh, the others all know so much.—Life.

Brevities.

Since the earthquake we are beginning to suspect that the south is not as solid as represented.—Philadelphia Call.

Somebody who has nothing better to do advertises "Clothes without buttons." We have all had them. But why parade them thus ostentatiously?—Washington Post.

Conductor on Vermont Railroad—Madame, isn't that boy old enough to pay full fare? Lady—He wasn't when he started, but I guess he is now.—Boston Herald.

"Auch! That horrid man stepped on my big toe." "My dear young lady, that is impossible. How can a person having such a beautiful little foot as you possess a big toe?"—Berlin Times.

A magazine in New York announces that its series of war articles will continue through the ensuing year. The literary magazine of the period has become a powder magazine.—Chicago Times.

Young Wife (who is trying hard to be practical)—I see eggs are firmer, according to the market reports. Husband—Yes, my love. Wife—That means that they are hard boiled, doesn't it?—Boston Budget.

The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with, but a man can make a goose of himself with one. Shoe and Leather Reporter.

With the two biggest insurance companies in the territory and fourteen churches in active operation, Sioux Falls ought to be able to reduce loss or damage by fire here or hereafter.—Sioux Falls (D. T.) Press.

A rural contemporary writes feelingly on "How to Treat an Editor." A good rule is to follow the example of Col. Crockett's finest gentleman-in-New-York: Hand him the de-canter and turn your back.—Buffalo Express.

The captain of the British yacht Galatea is named Henn. Ah! Henn—hatchway—lay to—lay two; hem-hatchway—lay to—la.—It strikes us there is a pun there somewhere, but hanged if we can twist it into proper shape.—Drake's Magazine.

"Can you tell me, my dear," said a husband to his scolding wife, "the difference between your mouth and a court house door?" "No, sir, I can't." "Well, then, you had better leave one or the other of them closed so that other people can tell the difference even if you can't."—Newman Independent.

"Well, skipper, you warned 'em nicely," said an enthusiastic yacht-man to one of the yellow-mustached crew of the Mayflower after the race. "Sure," said the sailor. "Der British naffer was no good pater Yankers sail-ors a'longside, althetty."—New York Sun.

A traveling theatrical company in this city about to take the road with a piece that requires a red-haired girl, not necessarily handsome, advertised for such, and got not a single answer. The next day they advertised for an Auburn-haired beauty and the office was crowded with red-headed girls ugly enough to scare a gorilla.—Exchange.

Facetiae.

"I have ventured," he said, "to buy this diamond ring, fondly hoping that you would allow me to slip it on your finger as a token of our engagement."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Smith, but you are too late—I am already engaged; but if you will have it altered to fit my little finger, I will shower upon you the wealth of a sister's affection."

NO TIME TO BE LOST.

Telegraph operator (reading message)—What's this? "Will marry you whenever you wish?"

Ageless spinster—Yes, do you think it too forward? It's my first offer, and I'm afraid hell get away.

A GENTLEMAN BY COMPARISON.

Irate Mrs. Murphy (who has just fallen, to sympathetic lady)—Bless yer dear kind soul, mum, yer more av a gentleman than thin fellows, wid all ther foine clothes, fur shure they never so much as offered to help me up.

SUSCEPTIBLE TO PROOF.

Brown—Deacon Smith is reporting about town, Robinson, that you were out gumming last Sunday.

Robinson—Well Deacon Smith will get himself in trouble if he doesn't look out. It's a mistake.

"Brown—I'm glad to hear you say so, Robinson. I didn't think you were a man to go gumming on Sunday."

Robinson (emphatically)—No, sir, I did not go gumming last Sunday, and, if necessary, I've got the fish to prove it."

A GOOD SCHEME.

Brown—Did you go for a vacation this summer, Smith?

Smith—Oh, yes.

Brown—How did you manage your business affairs?

Smith—I took my advertisement out of the papers until I returned, so there wasn't any business to manage. Great scheme, eh?—Harper's Bazar.

The American Olive.



A commercial report says: "The greater portion of the olive oil consumed throughout the world is manufactured out of Cincinnati lard."—Life.

Queer Wrinkles.

Mother—Are you going to take Bobby to the circus this afternoon?

Father—No, these circuses are all nonsense. He will be better off for not going.

Mother—The poor little fellow will be disappointed. But what makes you so late to dinner, dear?

Father—I have been down at the depot watching them take the elephants off the train.

RENEWED INTEREST.

Husband—You know that pretty Mrs. F. Wife—For goodness sake, John, don't talk about that pretty Mrs. F. I can't go anywhere without hearing her praises sounded, until I am sick to death at the sound of her name.

Husband—I was only going to tell you of a rumor I heard about her to-day.

Wife—A rumor? Oh, John, tell me all about it; that's a good soul.

FAMILIAR WITH HUMAN NATURE.

"I suppose," said Dumley, after he had registered to the hotel clerk, "that when a guest has no baggage his personal appearance has more or less to do with making him pay in advance."

"Oh, yes," replied the clerk. "In this business we soon learn to size a man up. Will you have your trunk sent to your room, Mr. er—Dumley?"

"No, I haven't any baggage. I only expect to be in town a day or so."

"Four dollars, please."—New York Sun.

Select Morsels.

College Student—You saw the Apennines, I hear, when you were abroad, Miss Modern. Miss Modern—Oh, yes! It was a treat, too. College Student—Did they play better than the Detroiters, Miss Modern?

IN DEMAND IN CHARLESTON.

"Gimme four Bibles and a couple of prayer books in a hurry," said a customer in a Charleston book store. "Can't do it; all sold out since the first shock."

WHAT SHE WAS COMING TO.

Spriggs—How much older is your sister than you, Johnny? Johnny—I dunno. Maud used to be 25 years, then she was 30, and now she ain't only 18. I guess we'll soon be twins.—Tid Bits.

Perfectly Willing.



Officer—I have a warrant of arrest for you Mr. Hoolligan.

Mr. Hoolligan—That's me name; come and take me. The saints forbid that I should interfere wid the course of justice.—The Judge.

Conclusive Evidence.

"You needn't talk prohibition to me," said old Uncle Abele Binley with an oracular shake of his head; "I know better. There I had as four of the likeliest girls as the Corners ever see, an' all the tellers for miles around a-lookin' up to 'em. Wat did I do? Why, yelld an' prohibited an' kicked an' prohibited an' chased feller all over my forty-acre lot, and wat's the result? Why ev'ry one o' them girls is married and bringin' up the likeliest families in these parts. Does prohibition prohibit! Not by a jugful."—Rockland Courier-Gazette.

FOUND IN THE EDITOR'S DRAWER.

Quaint Anecdotes Cleverly Told—Ghosts Who Never Cuss.

The question to Lettie Sayles, when she was upon the witness stand, as to whether or not she believed in ghosts, in one of Miss Murfree's stories, reminds me of a dialogue I once heard between a lawyer and a witness in Independence, Jefferson county, Mo. One of the "James gang," as the band of robbers were called, who for a few years previous to that time, 1881, had committed numerous crimes in that portion of the state, was on trial for participation in what was known as the "Glendale train robbery." Mrs. —, a witness for the state, testified that on the night before the robbery occurred she saw the prisoner and heard him talking to her husband about the proposed robbery. Upon her cross-examination the following dialogue took place:

Q.—Now, Mrs. —, tell us again how you happened to see the prisoner upon the evening in question.

A. He come to the house long in the fast part of the evenin', an' asked me where was my old man. I said out-doo-someers, an' he went out to find him. Bime-by I 'lowed I'd better see if he'd found him; an' when I got out-doo-s I heerd voices in the corn patch, an' I went along kinder still like, an' I looked through the fence. I was a couple o' fence corners from 'em. 'Twas light as day, 'most.

Q.—You saw them distinctly?

A.—Yaas.

Q.—Well, Mrs. —, I want to know if you believe in ghosts—in spooks!

A.—Waal, I don't know as it's any o' your business what I believe.

"You must answer the question," said the judge.

A.—Waal, then, I do. I've seen 'em.

Q.—Your house is said to be haunted, isn't it?

A.—Yaas.

Q.—And ghosts have been seen walking about outside by yourself and your family?

A.—Yaas.

Q.—I thought so. Now can you swear that it wasn't ghosts that you saw and heard out in the corn field that evening?

A.—Yaas, I can.

Q.—Well, how do you know?

A.—Cause they war a-cussin. I've seen 'em heerd ghosts, but never ghosts as cuss.

The Oldest Name in the World.

"Curious, isn't it, that we should all meet in this way, all three going to different places, and all three belonging to different countries?"

It was curious, undoubtedly. The three hungry guests who were doing full justice to the good cheer of the Black Lion were a Londoner on his summer holiday, a Scotchman from the mouth of the Clyde and an American tourist from New England taking a hasty run to Europe and back. They had encountered one another in front of the snug little wayside inn, at a point where several roads met, and had agreed to dine together in honor of the coincidence.

The dinner lasted a good while, for all three had walked far that morning. But nothing can last forever, except a law suit or a serial which is paid by the sheet, and at length our heroes showed signs of having had enough.

"Well," said the American, casting a glance through the open window at the westerling sun, "I don't know how you feel, gentlemen, but it seems to me that it's just about time to be starting again."

"And before we go," suggested the Englishman, "let's toss up for who shall pay for the dinner."

"Aweel," remarked the canny Scot, "I'm thinkin' the best way wad be for each man to pay his own share."

"No; I'll tell you how we'll do it," interposed the Yankee. "We haven't told each other our names yet, so whichever of us has got the oldest name shall go free, and the other two shall halve the score between 'em."

"Done!" cried his two companions with one voice; and the Englishman, thrusting his hand into his pocket, produced, with a confident snile, a card inscribed "Richard Eve."

"My name as old as humanity itself, anyhow," said he.

"Ay; but before Eve there was Adam, ye ken," observed the gentleman from Clydesdale, with a dry chuckle, as he displayed the name of "Adam McTaggart." "Can ye beat that, friend?" added he, turning to the New Englander.

"Seems to me I can," replied the unmoved Yankee, "for my name's the oldest in the world."

And so it was; for the card that he threw upon the table—at which the two others gazed with a stare of blank bewilderment that gradually broadened into a hearty laugh—bore the name of "Mr. B. Gimling."—David Ker.

She Was Left Like the Galatea.

Johnny's mother was the wife of a fisherman at Marblehead not many years ago, but is now, alas! his widow. She was not one of the women of Marblehead who tarred and feathered and carried in a cart the old hard-hearted sea captain, Floyd, but she came of the same race, and Johnny often suffered dire bodily punishment at her hands when he had unfortunately aroused her anger. One day, to prevent a threatened and doubtless deserved chastisement, he took to his heels. His mother immediately gave chase, but as she was large and fat, she was left somewhat behind at the start. Johnny held his course down the narrow street, however, and the heavy wind in their rear proved so efficient an aid to his pursuer that Johnny's sprier feet and superior agility were hardly apt to serve him to escape. The strong press of wind against his mother's spreading and voluminous garments was carrying her down the street at such a rapid rate that to an unmoved observer it appeared very much as if the little fellow was destined to suffer to appease his parent's wrath, which, of course, was greatly increased by the excitement and exercise of the chase. One of Johnny's friends, who was standing on the corner coolly and calmly—because he himself was not in any danger—observed the chase, and quickly calculated the chances. He immediately perceived Johnny's disadvantage, and putting his hands to his mouth trumpet-wise "Try her on the wind, Johnny—try her on the wind," he shouted, and together the two young friends doubled the corner, and soon left the old lady far in the rear, breathless and impatient with rage.—Harper's Monthly.

A Suggestion of Economy.

Lady (in dry goods store)—I will look at your material for towels. Clerk (recently transferred from the dress goods department)—Yes, ma'am; something that won't show dirt.—Life.

Not Worth Much.

During the recent election in Palaski county, Arkansas, one of the township ballot boxes, when brought to the county clerk's office, was found to be empty.

"How is this?" asked the clerk. "How's that?" the man who had brought the box replied.

"Why, there are no ballots in the box."

"They told me to bring the box," the fellow replied. "Didn't say nothin' about the tickets."—Arkansas Traveler.

An Envious Editor.

Mary Anderson is going to Killarney to kiss the blarney stone. Happy blarney stone. —Burlington Free Press.

W. D. Howells writes all his novels with a type-writer.

Two women approached each other from opposite directions yesterday on Seventh street. One was looking into the shop windows and the attention of the other was attracted to the opposite side of the street. They collided. Both looked around with a frown and, glaring at each other, said: "You clumsy thing, do you want the earth?" A little further down the street one of the women collided with a smart looking young man. When she saw it was a man that had brushed against her she smiled and said: "I beg pardon" in her most insinuating tone. He replied, as he tipped his hat: "Don't mention it, please." The close student of human nature will observe that this story is true.—St. Paul Globe.

A Quiet Vocation.

Several men are practicing rifle shooting. They notice that a modest-looking fellow, who sits a short distance away, stops up his ears whenever a shot is fired. One of the men approaches him and says:

"You appear to be nervous?"

"No, not particularly."

"But this firing seems to disturb you?"

"Yes, I am unaccustomed to hearing guns fired."

"You must lead a very quiet life?"

"I do."

"Won't you come up and try a shot?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"Are you a minister of the gospel?"

"No, sir."

"A sort of professor, I suppose?"

"No, but my vocation is not consistent with the firing of guns."

"What is your calling?"

"I belong to the United States army."—Arkansas Traveler.

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NOTICE OF CONTEST—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Aug. 6, 1886. Complaint having been entered at this office by Ole Arneson against Wm. J. Murphy, for failure to comply with law as to timber culture, entry No. 6477, dated Feb. 18, 1882, upon the n.w. 1/4 of section 20, township 18m, range 57w, in Griggs county Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, contestant alleging that the said Wm. J. Murphy has wholly failed to break, cultivate or plant to trees, tree seeds, roots, nuts, or cuttings, any part or portion of said tract since making said entry, up to the present time, and that said tract is wholly devoid of breaking or any other improvement, being wild prairie in its natural state just as it was Feb. 18, 1882, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 22d day of Sept. 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure. E. C. GEAREY, Receiver, A. F. Gaffill, att'y., Fargo, Dak.

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CONTEST—U. S. Land office, Fargo, D. T., Aug. 19, 1886. Waldemar E. Klubben against Frank F. Knowlton; to the parties above named and to each of them. The Commissioner General Land Office, upon the complaint of Waldemar E. Klubben duly corroborated, having directed this office to order a hearing to determine the validity of Timber Culture Entry No. 6596, made by Frank F. Knowlton, April 3, 1882, for the s. 1/4 of sec. 36, township 135, 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 22d day of October 1886, at 10 a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning their respective claims to the said tract of land. E. C. GEAREY, Receiver. Dated, Sept. 1, 1886. Iver Jacobson att'y. 34-39

Notice 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 entry thereof, viz: Dresden D. McDaniel, D. S. No. 18861 for the n.e. 1/4 of sec. 24, 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. The testimony of claimant and witnesses to be taken before Geo. B. Clark, Judge and ex-officio clerk of probate court, at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 27th day of Oct., 1886, at his office. HORACE AUSTIN, Register, Glass & MacLaren, att'ys. 34-40

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