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BRING IN YOUR WHEAT.

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CARGILL BROS.

COOPERSTOWN,

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

WHEAT TO-DAY 53 CTS.

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COOPERSTOWN, - - - DAKOTA.

Fine driving rigs, single and double, with or without drivers—furnished at prices cheap for cash. The patronage of the FARMERS particularly solicited.

The Lime Kiln Club.

Shindig Watkins announced that he had lately received several letters of inquiry asking if the initiation fee of the club had been increased during the last year. He was answered that it still remained at the same old figure—fifty cents—but in case a member desired a certificate an additional fee of fifty cents was charged. These certificates are 2 1/2 in size and are filled out with red, black and blue ink. They not only look picturesque hanging up in the parlor of a house on which the rent is paid regularly in advance, but when carried in the pocket they closely resemble a \$1,000 certificate of stock in a western silver mine.

A CIRCULAR.

On motion of Waydown Beebe, and after considerable discussion of the matter, the secretary was instructed to mail a circular to all branches and honorary members setting forth the fact that any one found guilty of believing in Wiggin's prophecy of earthquakes and cyclones would be requested to tender his resignation. Such belief will be taken as evidence of either insanity or idiocy, and believers will be treated accordingly.

After the transaction of routine business of no importance to the public the meeting adjourned.—Detroit Free Press.

He Was Not Walking.

Jabe Mathis, of the Thirtieth Georgia, was a good soldier, but one day when the Confederates were retreating from the gory field of Gettysburg, Jabe threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the road side and exclaimed with much vehemence:

"I'll be dashed if I walk another step! I'm broke up! I can't do it!" And Jabe was the picture of despair.

"Get up, man," exclaimed his captain; "don't you know the Yankees are following us? They'll get you, sure!"

"Can't help it," said Jabe; "I'm done fer. I'll not walk another step!"

The Confederates passed along over the crest of a hill, and lost sight of poor, dejected Jabe.

In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly Jabe appeared on the crest of the hill moving like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed past his captain this officer yelled:

"Hello, Jabe! thought you wasn't going to walk any more!"

"Thunder!" replied Jabe, as he hit the dust with renewed vigor, "you don't call this walking, do you?"—Savannah News.

Necessary to Complete His Tour.

It doesn't make any difference what his other name was, but he was a congressman in Paris, and he had never been there before. It is the custom in that city when a stage is full to put the sign "Complet," and no more passengers can get in. Our congressman wanted to see everything, and as these labeled stages would pass him he would try to stop them, but the driver would shake his head and drive on.

"You can't get in any of those," said an English speaking citizen who had watched his vain attempts.

"But I want one of them," he persisted.

"Take one of the others, with fewer people in it. There's plenty of them," urged the citizen.

"You go to thunder," he said angrily; "I guess I know what I want. I'm in this town to see the sights. Everybody seems to be going to Complet, and I'm — if I ain't agoin' there too, if I have to wait a week to catch a bus with room enough in it for me. That's the kind of an American citizen I am, and don't you forget it."—Washington Critic.

"Hot."



Detective—Have you seen a tramp about here with one eye and one arm?

Tramp—No, pard, I ain't.

Detective—Sorry, I was looking for a man of that description. He's wanted for a murder in New York.—Tid Bits.

Told By Traveling Men.

The fall style of thermometers are being built with basement attachments.

A man's liabilities are what make him successful in business very frequently.

William Smith sat down hard on a can of dynamite. Later on his wife went around and collected her Bill.

Some enterprising cigarette firm should advertise that they will give away a first class coffin on the return of a certain number of empty packages. The coffin would be useful as well as ornamental.—Merchant Traveler.

He Knew His Duty.

This story brings to mind one that is told of a Confederate guard who was once on duty over in South Carolina. An officer was discussing war matters, and remarked:

"You know your duty here, do you, sentinel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, suppose they should open on you with shells and musketry, what would you do?"

"Form a line, sir."

"What, one man form a line?"

"Yes, sir; form a bee line for camp, sir."

Johnson—Do you know young Jones?

O'Kelly—Yes, sir, I know him.

Johnson—Can a person believe what he says?

Pat—Faith, an' it's jist this way: When he tells ye the truth, ye can believe every word he says; but when he lies to ye, ye better have no confidence in him at all.—Detroit Free Press.

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