

# The Spectrum

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## Cuba.

There lies beyond the distant this island, posed between Tropic a beautiful Island, Florida and Yucatan, stands washed by the rolling waves as a guardian of the gates of the Atlantic Ocean and Caribbean Sea, an island where the American Mediterranean, and how her southern shore and the orange trees, never touched by frost, are loaded with golden spheres; where clusters of bananas cling under feathery foliage and green cocoanuts hang high; where the black soil shines in its glossy richness, as if the drifting of the universe from the mighty upheaval had, by the Creator's hand, been gathered upon this lovely spot: around whose coral shores is snowy surf of seas matchless in color, and, over all, the exalted arch of the sky, with a delicate blue tint, is studded with stars that are strangely brilliant, and the constellations move with unutterable majesty. One cannot help but think of Byron's line that gives the beautiful image of womanhood, "She walks in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies."

This island, this glorious island of Cuba, was discovered in 1492 by the bold Spanish sailor Columbus, who defying public ignorance and scorning tossing billows, sailed boldly to the unknown regions of the distant west, and discovered, not only a new island, but a new world.

Look at the map and see how

posed between Florida and Yucatan, stands as a guardian of the gates of the American Mediterranean, and how her southern shore confronts the Caribbean Sea, whose waters, famous in history, are stored with romance from the days of the Caribs with their brave canoes and the Spanish galleons freighted with gold and silver from the new world. There were the roaming pirates and the giant fleets of England and France, that with their contending broadsides of thunder, disputed the command of the ocean that held the incomparable Indies, until at last in 1782 the British snatched the Leeward islands from the grasp of the French and saved Gibraltar and Hastings's Indian Empire to the Crown of England. But, three years after, the Spanish yoke which they have borne unto this day was replaced upon the people. The people of this island are now engaged in a struggle in which they, with one voice and one accord support, "Give us liberty or give us death."

Foreign despotism has always been detestable, but on Cuba, the yoke has been specially severe. For several generations, this island has been systematically plundered and in a severe and shameful

way dominated by foreign rulers. Spain not only collects large sums of money which she says Cuba owes her, but she is also generous. Yes! she gives unto Cuba her church epistles, and says: "Take these or die." Oh, what a merciless and cruel act, in our Nineteenth century Christian civilization.

Do you ask any further reason why Cuba so earnestly takes up her struggle for independence and liberty, and strives to break the fetters which Spain so cruelly has rivited upon her and which bind her tighter than did England's bondage enforced upon our own new-born Union in 1776?

After several uprisings and struggles, Cuba has now collected all her forces and like a wounded tiger, trembling, quivering, and shaking, faces her antagonist. The struggle begins, the war cry goes forth, the Rebel Raiders have marched six hundred miles through the heart of the island. The far famed tobacco lands have been wasted, while the glare of the burning cane-fields has reddened the southern sky. There is a clash of arms, the Cuban machete against the Spanish broad-sword, the bellying and roar of cannon and musketry proclaim liberty, liberty! And the mountains towering above them echo back in long-drawn regular cadences, liberty, liberty.

The sound spreads across the gulf, and is answered in a whisper from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, liberty, liberty!

The struggle goes on. Spain like a devilfish, strives to wrap

its long arms about its struggling victim, so as to suck from it, the life-blood, and to fill its own greedy self with the life-current of struggling liberty. But Cuba fights for freedom, which is far dearer than life and, one by one, those long slimy arms will be severed until, at last Cuba shall shake the giant monster from its body, and rise in glory, a free state, a new star, in the constellation of nations. For about two years the war has been raging. Spain empties cargo upon cargo of the life-blood of her race into this bottomless pit of Cuban valor, young boys are torn from their mother's arms, while thousands upon thousands of men are driven, an innocent flock to die in a country which they do not know, in which they have little or no interest and where they are cursed at, as the representatives of the the most odious and execrable tyranny. One hundred and forty-five thousand Spanish soldiers are annually sacrificed without result in this holocaust of tyranny.

Those fortunate enough to escape the flaming machete or the death angel of the thundering musket, and there are thousands of them, fall stricken with the death sword in the hands of that pale and fearless avenger, the yellow fever. Misguided government! when will you replace those youths, whom the nation so generously and trustfully confided to you? O, despotism! when will you learn that you cannot conquer an army that fights for freedom?

"For freedom's battle once begun,

Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft is always won."

Are you not horrified at the load of responsibility of burying in Cuba ten million Spaniards? Too late you shall awake from your ghastly dream, to find the life blood of your nation wasted by the horrible war angels of death and destruction. But experience teaches, and well may Spain learn a lesson. The people must always conquer. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles, the tangled, pathless thickets, their palisades, and nature and God are their allies.

The end of the war is not yet. The last war in the island of Cuba lasted from 1868 to 1878, when it closed with a compromise, said to have been reached by Spanish gold.

But however unluckily the war may terminate for the Cuban patriots, they will not again agree to compromise, for they have said, and said it with a will; "We will conquer and

be free cost what it may or happen what will, and though we may have to raise a hospital on each corner, and a tomb in each home, we shall be conquered only on a pile of ruins." Do we then wonder at the patriot struggle which is going on? Can we Americans in a free and united land help but admire and cheer them? For as Walter Scott, in his immortal verse of patriotism exclaims:

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him  
burned,

As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
From wandering on a foreign strand!

If such there breathe, go, mark  
him well,

For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his  
name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can  
claim;

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch concentrated all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he  
sprung,

Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

## Told By The Campfire.

### A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. MERTON FIELD.

One evening in the latter part of October, 1888, a party of hunters, including the nar-

rator, camped by one of the small lakes of North Dakota.

We had had a hard day of it, trudging from slough to lake, and from lake to slough, and now we had settled for the

night by what is known as Lake Buffalo.

We were a picturesque group as we gathered around the camp fire. From the end of the wagon pole, propped high in the air, was suspended a portion of our days "catch," consisting of geese, ducks, swan,

brant, and land, as well as water fowls. One or two badgers and a coyote were lying near by and also an antelope which had been killed because of its too great inquisitiveness.

Our horses were picketed on a small, triangular grass plot, so often left near lakes when the fires sweep around on each side and come together some distance away.

The dogs were tired, and had sought for themselves various places of rest on blankets or other articles which might furnish warmth as well as a soft place to lay.

Supper had been served, the dishes and articles of food had been packed away for the night and blankets spread out upon which to rest our weary bodies.

Thus gathered around the camp fire, we enjoyed the genial warmth, for it was a cold, cloudy, drizzly night. Occasionally was heard, above the flapping of the tent canvas, the peculiar howl of a coyote, that, perhaps, had detected the odor of fried bacon.

Young and old enjoy sitting around the firesides of pleasant homes, reading stories of camp life, but only those who have had the experience can realize the fascination of such tales.

Nightly for nearly two weeks we had gathered by the camp fire. Tales of adventure had been narrated, the scenes of which were laid in every quarter of the globe.

The evenings had gone swiftly by, as we told or listened to these tales with never failing interest. This evening no one seemed disposed to entertain the party.

Jack, our cook, who also acted as teamster, drew nearer the fire. He was a young man who, at an early age, had come, with his parents to this western state. Like many other westerners, he was bright, shrewd and alert, with a free independent manner.

"You fellows seem to be awful quiet this evening. What's got into you anyway?" he asked in his open, straightforward way.

"Homesick, I guess," I answered. A sympathetic smile came over the face of several of our comrades.

"Oh, that won't do, you can't get home yet nohow," said Jack. If a little storm like this upsets you what would you think if you'd had to rough it as I have?"

This chafing aroused an interest. Jack had been very reluctant to talk of his own adventures, but had been quite free in recounting scenes of prairie life, in which his was a minor part. Here, we thought was an opportunity to get something more personal from him, so we asked him to tell us some event in the life he had lead on the prairie. Jack hesitated for a few minutes and then began:

"Well, I hardly know what to tell about. You are tired of prairie fires, blizzards, stampedes, and the like. Say, did you ever hear tell of trapping a wild cat with a cow bell? No? Well, here's something perhaps you'd like to hear:

"When my father came west he went to buying up cattle till he got ahead. In summer, my brother and I would take the cattle off some place where

grass was plenty; but in the winter time, we kept them on the Missouri river bottom, because the thick brush there sheltered them from the cold winds, and the wild pea vines, with a little hay every day, kept them in good shape all winter.

We didn't like summer herding a bit, but we had lots of fun in winter, hunting rabbits, chickens and deer. There were wild cats in the woods, too, but they were harder to get. Every night about five o'clock, we would hear their c-a-a-a-a, repeated two or three times. One of the cats we called Tom, because its yell was louder and coarser than the others. We planned and schemed to catch him, but couldn't hit on anything successful.

One day, Mr. Bates, an old hunter, dropped in on us, fetching a deer with him. He said he'd come to stay a month. We threw the head and hide of the deer up on the roof. That night we heard a noise up there, and next morning there was a whole lot of cat tracks around the house, or shack, as it is called out here. Then we noticed that the head had been gnawed a good deal.

"B'ys, we must git that cat, said Bates; 'why, he'll be lugging off everything. Them pesky critters git mighty sassy sometimes. I've seen 'em tackle fellers, and it might've gone right smart hard with 'em if I had'nt bin 'round.

"That's so, said my brother Ed, you told us that before. But we want to know *how* to catch him.

"Huh, that's easy 'nough.

Just like rollin' off a log. All you've got to do is t' git 'im in a trap, and kill'im, was the reply.

"Bates was from Missouri, and queer in more ways than one. He was six feet four inches tall and very slim. He talked so fast and cut his words off so short, one could hardly understand what he was talking about. He dressed so queer too. This time he wore red German socks, blue overalls, Prince Albert coat, and a yellow dog skin cap. I laugh yet when I think how he looked. The most he cared for was hunting, and he understood it, too. When other hunters failed to kill a deer, Bates, with his old, double barrel shot gun, would come in dragging the game behind him.

"That's all right, said I, 'but how are we to get him in a trap? That's the point.

That night our cat came around again, and in the morning, the deer head was found on the ground, gnawed worse than before. We made up our minds then and there that we'd get that fellow somehow. We put our heads together once more, but could'nt hit upon any new plan, until Ed exclaimed:

I have it. Hang the head on one of those willow trees in front of the door, and fasten a cow bell to it, then when the cat pulls at the head, he'll let us know he's come, and we can shoot him from the door.'

Bates laughed. 'Mighty strange cat to come to your door, and ring your bell, then stand for you to shoot it. Mighty accomodatin', I mus'

say.

But all the same, we did as Ed proposed. That night and the next some wood choppers stopped with us, and on account of the racket, I suppose, the cat didn't make his usual call. But the third night, the noisy fellows went away and Bates, Ed and I were by ourselves once more.

Just as we were getting ready to go to bed, I thought I heard a faint tinkle of the bell. I listened, and tinkle, tinkle went the bell, just loud enough to be heard.

"Ed," I whispered, "I heard the cow bell ring; I know I did."

We all listened. First we heard a faint tinkle then a louder ring, just as if the bell was given a sudden jerk."

"He's there sure," Bates whispered. "Now work easy b'ys, and you can git 'im."

Ed picked up Mr. Bates' gun; I held a light to the window, while he opened the door, and looked out. I felt pretty nervous when my brother stood in the door of that shack look-out into the dark. At last he fired. Then followed such yawling and shrieking as I never heard. I was so frightened, I snatched the light from the window and shut the door, which excited Ed because he wished to shoot again.

It all happened in much less time than it takes to tell it. Pretty soon we heard the cattle rushing about as the beast went down among them.

We took a lantern and went out to the tree where the head hung. The snow all around was spattered with blood, and we picked up a handful of

flesh and bones that Ed had shot from the animal.

"Well, you've got a great 'un," said Bates, why didn't you kill the critter?"

"I couldn't see him, Ed replied. "I saw two things that looked like the stubs of willows, and when they moved I fired. I bet he can't go very far after losing all that meat."

We couldn't do anything more that night, so we went in to bed. Early next morning, we started out to find the injured animal.

At first, it was easy enough to follow the trail, for the snow was spotted, and in some places soaked, with blood. But this disappeared after a while, and only his tracks were left to follow. At one place, he had crawled upon a great log, walked to the end of it, then jumped down and gone on again. Now we found a hollow in the snow where he had lain down to rest.

Soon we came to a large fallen tree. "Careful" said Ed I'll bet he's there. We moved along slowly, but just before we got to the tree, the cat sprang from the boughs upon the stem of the tree, and started off.

Ed fired and broke one of its hind legs. The other was already dragging. Ed tried to shoot again, but his gun missed fire. I fired, but shot over him. I ran around in front of the wild cat, where I could get a good look at him.

And a handsome fellow he was! He stood raised upon his fore paws, with his hind feet helpless underneath him. I was sorry to think of killing him,

he was such a large fine looking fellow. But he was game, and I shot him down. Had he not been disabled, he might have given us a hard fight.

He measured nearly four feet from tip to tip; his huge jaws were as strong as a bulldog's; he must have weighed about 60 lbs. The first time he

was shot through the thigh, near to the body, so his leg hung by the skin on both sides.

I had helped to kill a wild cat the spring before, but it wasn't nearly so large as this one. I think this must have been Tom, for we never heard that loud, coarse yawl again."

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### Exchanges.

According to mythology, Iodine died of love for Jupiter. The chemist, says Iodide of Potassium.—Ex.

The student who refuses to subscribe for a college paper, and then reads it over the shoulder of his neighbor, is short enough to tie his shoe strings to his necktie.—M. S. U. Independent.

Up to date, (turning his X-ray lantern on his victim) "In addition to a watch you have in your pocket, 213 marks in gold or silver, out with it or I'll shoot.—Ex.

We welcome to our exchange table, "The Minnesota Magazine" published at University of Minnesota, and "St. John's Collegian," published by the senior class of St. John's College, Md. These are two of the best college papers we have received.

The beatitudes, remodeled in an ingenious way, befitting a college paper read thus:

Blessed are they that edit a college paper, for theirs shall be the kingdom of flunks.

Blessed are they that contribute, for they shall be ridiculed.

Blessed are they that solicit

subscriptions, for they shall be scorned and rejected.

Blessed are they that read, for theirs shall be the kingdom of knowledge.

Blessed are the Alumni who remember us in the hours of our financial distress, for they shall obtain a warm corner in our hearts.

Blessed is the "devil," for he shall obtain the experience while the other fellow gets the honor.

Blessed is the printer, for he shall obtain the money.—Ex.

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The late Alfred Nobel, whose property amounted to nearly \$10,000,000, offered nearly the entire income from it, to be given annually in five prizes. They are as follows: First, for the most important discovery of the year in the department of physics; second, in chemistry; third, in physiology or medicine; fourth, for the most distinguished literary contribution in the same field, and the fifth to be given to the man who has achieved the most to promote the cause of peace. The awards are given by the Stockholm University and the prizes are open to the world.



Board of Editors of THE SPECTRUM are the only persons who are permitted to contribute articles to this paper. This is a mistaken notion. All students are requested to aid in this work. In this issue we publish Mr. Nordby's oration, and a story written by Mrs. Field. In later issues we shall publish similar contributions. We shall be glad to receive papers read before the literary societies. THE SPECTRUM is a paper for the students and each one should feel that he is personally responsible for its success.

A Michigan paper, referring to a bill before the legislature of that state, makes the following statements concerning the rights of wheelmen: "The railroad companies have of late been compelling wheelmen to pay a special fee for carrying bicycles as "excess baggage," and to stop this unjust and oppressive practice a bill has been introduced in the legislature. Bicycles are baggage, and this question, when brought up before the courts, has always been settled in favor of the wheelmen. The statutes grant every person who travels the privilege of carrying 100 pounds baggage without extra charge. Why, then, should this extortion be allowed to continue, particularly when it is remembered that for years the railroad companies carried wheels as baggage." A bill similar to this is before our state legislature, and it is hoped that active work will be taken upon this matter, that

these impositions shall immediately cease.

#### Mechanical Department.

Our shops are filled to overflowing.

Our scientific friends, who run the local department, seem to think the mechanics are bashful. Well, what if they are? Bashfulness is more commendable than unlimited gall.

The student who has charge of the boiler in the shops should keep closer watch of the water tank. It's a great waste of water to allow a sufficient overflow to wash away one's rubbers.

The rotary-engine bubble has burst. All the excitement about the wonderful engine which, it was claimed, had been invented, has died out. The mechanical papers of this country have said nothing about it for two months, and we are led to conclude that the engine is one of those fakes which are thrust periodically upon the people.

Some time since, when the committee on appropriations was visiting the mechanical department, the engineers in charge, in some manner, let the engine run away. We do not know whether this was done to show the committee that the engine was dangerous and the department needed a new one; but to one of the engineers this was a proceeding entirely new, and he showed his competency as an engineer by bolting out the back door.

## Local Happenings.

The board of directors met in favor of the renewal and 6 in the president's office Feb. 10. opposed it.—Ex.

O. P. Nordby took the examination last week for assistant U. S. chemist.

John Corbett formerly a member of the class of '98 spent a week with us lately.

Miss McKinnon of Mapleton, visited with friends at the college for a few days.

C. J. Rustad who has been attending the college for the past year has returned to his home.

President Worst and Prof. Bolley attended the funeral of Hon. J. C. Gill at Casselton, Feb. 2nd.

The members of the Athenian and Philomathian societies, will give a union program on the 18th of this month in the college chapel.

(Student reciting in arithmetic class)—The metric system was first discovered in France. (Prof.)—Yes, a wonderful discovery.

C. Dunlap, a former student, now a member of the senate of North Dakota, visited the institution and its various departments since our last issue.

Lieut. C. G. French, from Fort Bayard, N. M., arrived February 1st. Under his supervision company "A" has been re-organized and interest renewed in the military department.

At a general meeting of the Yale University Nov. 30, to decide upon the questions of renewing athletic relations with Harvard, the vote showed 639

The Athenian literary society elected the following officers for the coming term: P. L. Bottenfield, president; Frank Newman, vice-president; Angie Gibson, secretary; Annie Small, treasurer.

The members of the Athenian society desire information on some of the leading questions of the hour, and have prepared a list of topics upon which they have asked the faculty to give chapel talks.

Some of the students are planning a skating rink. If all would aid in this work, a good rink could be made in a short time (by the first of May anyway). There are a number of places near the college where such a rink could be made.

"Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education."—Mark Twain in Puddin' head-Wilson.—"And cabbage is nothing but a homely weed refined by selection and cultivation."—W. J. Beal.

The committee of the faculty, having charge of the military matters, recommend the following changes in the curriculum. That military instruction be elective in the junior preparatory, compulsory in the senior preparatory, freshman, sophomore and junior years, and elective in the senior year; also that four hours a week be devoted to the subject. This change will probably be made the first of next month.

"Company A, Fall in!"

Study hours begin at 7 p. m.

Send 50 cents for subscription to THE SPECTRUM.

Dr. Hinebauch attended the "hen" convention in Minneapolis.

We are glad to note that Prof. Keene, who has been ill, is convalescing.

Robert Orange one of our former students spent a few days in the city.

February 12 was celebrated by the omission of the regular college exercises.

Gustave Wichman has had a severe attack of the grippe but is now convalescent.

H. M. Ash is suffering from a severe burn on his hand, caused by the explosion of a lamp.

The local Y. M. C. A. will tender a reception to the students and the general public in the near future.

The visiting committee of the legislature inspected the various departments of the college a few weeks ago.

Mr. C. C. Michner, national secretary of the college Y. M. C. A., addressed the young men of the college Feb. 2nd.

During the legislative recess Col. J. B. Power visited the college and delivered a brief address in the chapel.

It would be a good plan for the athletes of the college to begin to prepare for field day. Get yourselves in shape.

Prof. Marie B. Senn lectured before the students a short time ago on the subject, "Powers that Influence Character."

The Amateur Press club of Fargo entertained the editorial staffs of the "SPECTRUM" and the "BLUE AND GOLD," at its semi-monthly meeting Jan. 25.

H. J. Goff, of Beaulieu, N. D., has been visiting with his brother. Mr. Goff was a delegate to the Woodman convention recently held in Fargo.

In the oratorical contest, F. G. Benn won first place and Hugh McGuigan second. Both are members of the Philomathian literary society.

Prof. Kaufman will attend a meeting of the National Creamery Butter Makers' Association which convenes at Owatonna, Minn., Feb. 15.

Prof. Kaufman as secretary of the state association, has completed arrangements for the N. D. Dairy convention, to meet in Jamestown, N. D. March, 18th.

First Lieut. Lee has been appointed captain of Company "A," and corporals McGuigan and Follett have been promoted to fourth and fifth sergeants respectively.

At a recent business meeting of the senior Preps. they decided on their class colors. We understand that they are brown and rose. It is evident that they chose these colors to harmonize with their own peculiar natures.

The Athletic association proposes to present a drama about March 1st, for the purpose of raising funds to liquidate its indebtedness. The game of football which we "didn't have" with the "U" left us "short in our accounts."

## Science Notes.

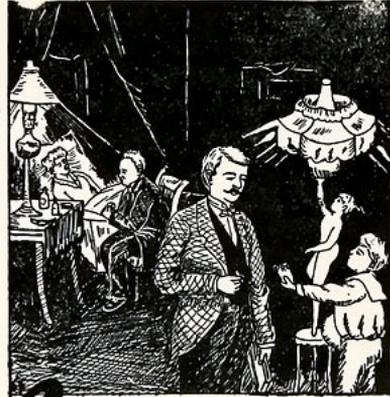
Ordinary table salt appears to be composed of irregular shaped masses. If this is dissolved in water and the water allowed to evaporate the salt will separate out in crystals in the size and shape of small cubes. The size of these is less as the evaporation is more rapid.

All our natural waters contain salt or sodium chloride in small quantities. The salinity of a body of water increases if it receives the drainage of the surrounding country. The salinity is more noticeable if the evaporation is more rapid than the addition by the surrounding drainage.

On the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea there are protected bays from which the water rapidly evaporates. In consequence of this evaporation the salt water of the Caspian flows into those bays, hence the bays become more salt than sea.

In one of these, the Black Gulf, the waters are saturated and salt is being deposited. In others more of a deposit is formed while in some the lake bed is entirely dry and the deposits of the lake are covered by the drifting sand.

By carefully examining these and other related facts we may assign causes for the extensive salt deposits found in New York and Michigan. In the eastern part of the latter state are found thick salt deposits varying in depth. In Germany at Stassfurt, are found salt deposits over one thousand feet deep, and at Sperenberg, Germany, there is over five thousand feet of solid salt.



**P**apa, this prescription reads, take to JONE'S DRUG STORE you don't trade there?—Father "No, take it to HOLLINSHEAD'S" I have a right to choose my DRUGGIST as well as my DOCTOR."

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but we will go on selling the best Footwear in town on a strictly cash basis, regardless of the doings of others. A writer in a prominent trade paper recently and wisely said: "We believe in fixing our prices regardless of the caprices of our competitors." He was right. We agree with him. We buy the best we can and then we fix the prices as low as we can, regardless of what the "Cheap John" merchants of the town do to attract trade.

THE OTHER SHOE STORE  
WEIL & GLEASON.  
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Will sell goods CHEAPER  
THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE  
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FOR CASH ONLY.....

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Ice Cream and Lunch Parlors.  
Soda Water, Fruits, Nuts, Etc.

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Ice Cream.

108 BROADWAY AND  
616 FRONT STREET

# The North Dakota Agricultural College

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The Winter Short Course of this Institution  
Begins Monday, January 4th, 1897,  
and Continues Twelve Weeks

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This course of study is special and does not interfere with regular college work. Students of any age above fifteen years desiring a more practical knowledge of Agriculture and other subjects connected with it will be treated to lectures, courses of reading and study covering fully the different system of Farming, Diversified, Single Crop, Stock Raising, Dairy Farming, Adaptation of Soils to Different Crops, Selection and Care of Seed, etc., etc. This course will be supplemented with lectures as follows:

- By Prof. Bolley: Six lectures on Plant Growth; Diseases of Plants.  
 " Kaufman: Six lectures on the Principles of Dairying.  
 " Waldron: Four lectures on Forestry.  
 " " Six lectures on the Culture of Small Fruits.  
 " " Twelve lectures on Vegetable Gardening.  
 " Hinebauch: Six lectures on Management of Poultry.  
 " " Twelve lectures on Diseases; Care and Management of Live Stock.  
 " Ladd: Twelve lectures on the Chemistry of Soils and Foods.

*Farmers of Any Age Are Eligible to These Lectures and the Course of Reading in Agriculture.*

Students desiring to take up the regular college work without reference to the special work of the "Winter Short Course" can also be accomodated at the same time.

#### EXPENSES.

Matriculation Fee,	- - - - -	\$2.00
Board and Room, per week,	- - - - -	\$3.00

The rooms in the Dormitory are heated by steam and lighted by electricity, and furnished with everything but towels, pillow slips, sheets and bed covering, blankets, etc.

For circulars explaining the "Winter Short Course" or other particulars, address

**J. H. WORST, President,**

**FARGO,**

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**NORTH DAKOTA**