

The North Dakota White Ribbon.

A MONTHLY W. C. T. U. JOURNAL.

"Not willing that any should perish."

VOL. 1.

FARGO, AUGUST, 1890.

No. 2.

NORTH DAKOTA W. C. T. U.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

WHEATLAND.

Dear Editor—If you have space in your spicy little sheet please give the following to our White Ribbon women. "Pursuant to call for Cass County W. C. T. U. convention, July 27th and 28th, at Wheatland, the county president being absent, the state president called to order. At 11:30, Mrs. L. W. Argall, of Walsh County, was appointed secretary of the convention by the chair. Devotional exercises by Mrs. Harrold. Miss Kinnear then appointed the following committees: Mrs. Meacham of Ripon, and Mrs. Goodrich of Casselton—on credentials; Miss Lyke of Durbin, Johnson of Amenia—on finance; Mrs. Wood, Best and Weaver—on resolutions; Mrs. Ross of Leonard and Miss Reed of Fargo—on courtesies. Minutes of executive committee read, and convention adjourned. 2 p. m.—Devotional exercises, 13 local Unions reported and our hearts were made glad by the hearing of such

grand work done in our county. No report from president. Mrs. Dunham gave treasurer's report, and Cass County W. C. T. U. is to be congratulated on retaining so efficient an officer as well as having so large a fund in her treasury. Miss Wheeler gave secretary's report; Mrs. Campbell, organizer's reports. Juvenile work was reported by Mrs. Frye, as superintendent, was absent. Evangelistic superintendent, Mrs. Campbell gave a report full of work done for the Master, saying, "This Department is the backbone of all our work." At 4 p. m., a few children gathered to hear Mrs. Wilcox in a chalk talk, and were instructed as well as amused. The question box awoke some discussion, after which convention adjourned until 8 p. m., when Miss Preston led in devotion. Mrs. Burnham and Rev. Carlton gave addresses of welcome—responded to by Miss Kinnear and Miss Preston. After some delay it was decided to adjourn without the Gold Medal contest, and before the collection the people hurried home. Saturday, 9:30 a. m.—After devotional exercises by Mrs. Thomson, health report was given by Mrs. Matters, superintendent of Franchise and Scientific Instruction being absent. Upon motion, Mrs. Dr. Hill was allowed time to talk on the object and aim of the "North Dakota White Ribbon," whose first issue had been presented to every member of convention. Reports of committees were then given, and the convention adjourned after the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

President—Mrs. Mattie Meacham, Ripon.

Secretary—Miss Mabel Wheeler, Casselton.

Treasurer—Mrs. Dunham.
 First Vice President—A. L. Johnson, Amenia.
 OFF DUTY.

MONANGO.

MONANGO, DICKEY CO., N. D., June 19, 1890.—Editor North Dakota White Ribbon: About noon of Tuesday, the 8th inst., I left home for an extended trip through the counties of Richland, Ransom, Sargent and Dickey, driving my own horse. Reaching the township of Barry on the 9th it was my good fortune to attend a grandly good picnic under the auspices of the Good Templars. The attendance was large, the supply of good things, physical and intellectual, abundant, and of best quality, weather fine, and at the evening session of the Lodge, twelve new members were initiated. If you wish a thoroughly good time, by which your whole life can

be lifted out of some rut of thought and action, get out among the christian temperance people of our state. You will get such an awakening of soul as you have never had before. Your onward march will be a succession of great surprises, and you will go home again, feeling that the "brain and brawn" of our young state will carry her safely through as many re-submission and lottery schemes as can be brought to bear upon their staunch truth and integrity. In this connection, I would gently hint to those interested in the above mentioned tangle to beware! and be warned in time. The "people" of North Dakota are arming themselves invincibly for the struggle.

On the 10th, 11th and 12th made the drive to this point in a state of weather so hot and windy that the glorious crop prospects seemed almost blasted. Oh, what a drive that was, with the heat almost as great as if coming from some immense furnace in full blast. At this date there is a change for better.

Monango has a live "U" and an L. T. L. of over sixty members; but as many of these live miles away in the country, I am to go to-day, four miles west of here, and organize another, which will draw off a part of the membership from here. Dickey Co. convention opens at Ellendale at 2 o'clock p. m., July 22, closing the next day at noon. Having just returned here from Ransom Co. convention at Lisbon, I know whereof I speak when I assure you that our southern counties are wide awake upon the issues of the day, and fortifying for the coming campaign in all possible ways. No need to fear that they will be "found wanting." Our state president is with us now, speaking at Oakes on the 20th, then at Ellendale on the 22nd, conducting the convention, etc. Her skillful management of the Lisbon, as well as the Wheatland convention, shows her fitness for the work. Fearing this article already too long, I close with promise of more anon. Yours for the bright, beautiful children of North Dakota.

MRS. A. M. WILCOX.

NEW ROCKFORD.

We are glad to get a much needed medium through which we can hear from our sisters. Other subscribers will follow. GRACE STODARD MULVEY.

The best thing to take people out of their own worries is to go to work and find out how other folk's worries are getting on.—Faith Gartney's Girlhood.

ing that our county convention may be a grand success, and that you may be prospered in your work for God, and home, and native land. I am yours,

Mrs. LIZZIE B. MATTERS.

FARGO.

Woodford Union, Fargo, is as usual hard at work, having secured a lease of lots on Front street, adjoining the Y. M. C. A. building, on which to place a building to be used as permanent temperance headquarters.

Negotiations have been completed for a two story building 20x60 feet which will be fitted up as rapidly as is consistent with financial safety.

The building will be known as Woodford Hall, in honor of Col. George Woodford, for whom the union was named.

It will contain a hall, or assembly room, on first floor; and on second floor will be parlor, kitchen and editorial rooms or offices.

The now assured success of this enterprise is due in large part to the unflagging energy of Mrs. H. L. Campbell, President of Woodford Union.

The Fargo Centrals and the Fargo Y's are rather quiet just at present, but no doubt they will be heard from later.

VALLEY CITY.

The W. C. T. U. of Valley City report a prosperous union, and under the earnest christian efforts of their president, Mrs. J. C. Gibson, much good is being accomplished. Monthly Union Temperance meetings are held in the various churches, and are very interesting; the program for these meetings consist of fifteen minute talks by the different temperance workers, also songs pertaining to the cause are interspersed, and much interest is manifested.

FROM CONTEST TO CONQUEST.

The education of children and youth in the principles of temperance as founded upon the prohibition of the liquor traffic, more directly than any other agency, will tend to the conquest of the world for those principles.

As an educational just the elocutionary contests, as planned and set in motion by W. Jennings Demorest of New York City, are taking rank among the most important of the W. C. T. U. departments.

There have been up to date (June 10) seventy-eight silver medal contests in North Dakota. These represent as many as six hundred recitations given before Dakota audiences; and the selections for these recitations are the thoughts of the best writers and speakers on the temperance question.

Six hundred temperance lectures from youthful speakers! Who can estimate the influence for good they have been, and will continue to be, disseminating? Who can tell the power for good they are to be in their effect upon the character and trend of thought of the speakers themselves? or the moral force they will exert upon the listening, applauding audiences?

Through these contests we reach a class who would be otherwise inaccessible to arguments in favor of prohibition—for many

will come out to hear their own and their neighbor's children speak, who would not care to attend our meetings of a different character.

Sisters of the W. C. T. U., can we not enlarge our work in this field? Can we not enlist more of the children in this line? From ten to eighteen years I think the most favorable time. Let these principles be instilled into their minds in the impressive time of childhood. Many young people fall into frivolous habits of thought and conversation because they are not drawn up to the appreciation of higher things.

Give our young people something to do which shall lead them to think. Give them subjects of thought which shall lead them to purer aspirations and nobler deeds.

M. H. SOWLES,

State Supt. of Demorest Medal Contest Work, Durbin, N. D.

Orders for medals and contest supplies should be addressed to Miss M. H. Sowles, Leonard, Cass Co., and should contain stamps for postage on goods ordered.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letter from Mrs. Bache, late superintendent of jail and prison work, will be of general interest:

BOUND BROOK, N. J.,

June 10, 1890.

I arrived here on Friday last, having visited for some time among my friends in Philadelphia. I find Bound Brook to be a very pretty place. There are so many shade trees on all the streets, so large and majestic that they form a perfect arch over the roads and driveways. Our new home will be a lovely place to live. The house is new and large; its architecture is of the latest. The grounds are large and well shaded. Our H. H. goods have just arrived, so in the morning we shall start to get straightened out, and I shall be so glad when we get our home in shape once more. I often think of you and when you meet the Union please kindly remember me to them. I shall often think of the little company gathered at Mrs. Scoville's and wish that I could drop in amongst you. May God bless you and help you to succeed. I will close, hoping to hear from you often. I remain your loving sister in Christ.

Mrs. W. W. BACHE.

LAKOTA, N. D.

EDITOR WHITE RIBBON:

With very few exceptions the women of this town and vicinity turned out to vote. There was no excitement, and as far as I am a judge they looked and appeared as if they might be going or coming from church. We have a very flourishing Union of twenty-one members, and most of them seem to be earnest in the work for God, for home, for native land.

A. M. CRAMOND.

The following is from a private letter from Miss Addie M. Kinnear:

DEAR MRS. HILL:—Your kind letter received. I am just as busy as a bee,

speaking every evening and traveling every day, and often holding ladies' meetings in the afternoon.

TO THE EDITOR:

We are sure all our friends will rejoice with us when they learn that we who live on the north side of the Manitoba track have a full-fledged W. C. T. Union, organized by the county organizer, Mrs. H. L. Campbell. Our regular meetings will be upon the 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month, and we hope, though we have but a small beginning, to keep pace with the sister Unions in Fargo. EXCELSIOR.

ANOTHER MURDEROUS DEED.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 21.—The brutal rum power has struck down another victim. Osborne Congleton, known to Prohibitionists as the former editor of The Quill, of Philadelphia, has been lecturing for the last three months for the Sons of Temperance in California, and doing his work so effectually that it seems he aroused the wrath of the liquor men, who resolved to drive him from the State.

Last Sunday Mr. Congleton received at the Russ House in this city, the following letter:

Osborne Congleton—You Prohibition son of a—, we want you to quit interfering with other people's business and go back East where you belong. If you don't we will take steps to stop you.

VIGILANCE COM.

Mr. Congleton showed the note to the clerk and the men laughed together over it and no more was thought of the matter. Yesterday on Alameda ferry Mr. Congleton saw a stranger who engaged him in conversation and claimed to be a Prohibitionist. Congleton left him at the depot and called on Dr. C. W. Bronson. On returning to the depot he was again met by the man. The two took the cars for Oakland where Congleton was induced off the proper road. On passing a lumber pile the man struck Congleton on the head with a club. Two other men appeared on the scene and held him while his escort placed a pistol at Congleton's heart and fired. The ball struck a pair of scissors in the prohibitionist's pocket and deflected, saving his life. He was then thrown into San Francisco bay and left for dead. The plucky Prohibitionist climbed on a float, however, and made his escape.

NO CLUE TO THE MURDERERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 2.—No arrests have been made and no clue discovered as to the identity of the would be murderers of Mr. Congleton. While Congleton was in the country recently the clerk of the Russ House says a stranger inquired several times for Congleton and whose description tallies with the man who assaulted Congleton. No motive can be given for the crime save Congleton's activity as a Prohibitionist. He is now in a critical condition, but it is thought will recover.

The Central Labor Union of New York city have endorsed Woman Suffrage.

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE
WATERS.

Cast thy bread upon the waters.

Ye who have but scant supply,
Angel eyes will watch above it;
You shall find it by and by.
He who in his righteous balance
Doth each human motive weigh
Will your sacrifice remember,
Will each loving deed repay.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Poor and weary, worn with care,
Often sitting in the shadow,

Have you not a crumb to spare?
Can you not to those around you
Sing some little song of hope,
As you look with longing vision
Through faith's mighty telescope?

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have abundant store;
It may float on many a billow,
It may strand on many a shore:
You may think it lost forever,
But as sure as God is true,
In this life or in the other,
It will come again to you.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Wait it on with praying breath,
In some distant, doubtful moment
It may save some soul from death:
When you sleep in solemn silence,
'Neath the morn and evening dew,
Stranger hands which you have strengthened
May strew lilies over you. —Selected.

Wouldst thou fashion for thyself a seemly life?
Then fret not over what is passed and gone,
And, spite of all thou mayst have left behind,
Yet act as if thy life had just begun. —Goethe.

MINNESOTA WHITE RIBBONER.

The first number, under date of July 1st, of the Minnesota White Ribboner, comes to us. It is published in Minneapolis by Mrs. H. E. Gallinger, who is also editor. As its name indicates it is devoted to the W. C. T. U. work of Minnesota. It is a handsome little paper about the size of the North Dakota White Ribbon, and is to be issued as a semi-monthly. As a sample of its good things we quote the greater part of the "Greeting" by the state president; and hope that our sisters in North Dakota will accept the earnest words as though said to them concerning our own White Ribbon:

"The advent of a new paper—its launch on the stream of time—its part to be enacted in the struggle between the forces of good and evil, is one of the important events of life.

With what solicitude have we of the W. C. T. U. of Minnesota looked forward to this very sheet. When a paper which should be in very deed our own, the organ of communication between our state officers, our district, county and local unions, would make its appearance. How we have longed to hear what our dear, bright "Y's" are doing all over the state. How we have listened for the tramp, tramp, tramp of our hundreds of Loyal Temperance Legions, our noble Bands of Hope—our clear-eyed boys and girls. How much we want the reports from the many district and county conventions held during the last six weeks. How we have desired to

read the papers presented at these by our thoughtful women. Some of our shut-in ones who have been unable to attend these conventions would be so cheered if the reports and the resolutions, and the excellent thoughts on the varied phases of our work could be reproduced, so that in their own White Ribboner they could live those blessed meetings over again. Well, it has come—our paper is here. It has taken the first step in its mission of helpfulness and good will, and has made its appearance, and offers you its best bow.

Beloved comrades, this is our White Ribboner. Ours to use—ours to push—ours to make it new success. Grasp it warmly. Welcome it with an earnestness which will give it an assured position, and a standing place in your interest. As with the new lives which have been so graciously given to our arms and homes, so this child of our state W. C. T. U., like that other child of our heart, will be a comfort, a stay, a staff, a helper. Should we neglect it, forget its interests, leave it to shift for itself, become indifferent to its success or failure, this, our child of many hopes and desires will be as a little, puny, dwarfed or sickly plant in your homes—an occasion of sadness and disappointment.

But we have great faith in our brave and loyal hearted Minnesota White Ribboners. We believe every woman in every union, in every county and in every district, will do her best to sustain by lists of subscribers, and by contributions from her own pen and by reports of the work—our W. C. T. U. state paper.

FOR ABSOLUTE PROHIBITION.

The following is the exact wording of the utterance of the Presbyterian General Assembly, recently held in Saratoga, New York, on the subject of Prohibition:

"We stand by the deliverances hitherto issued on the temperance question, a summary of which has proved our committee's most popular tract, and we enjoin our ministers and people to abate nothing in their zeal and effort in or out of the churches, to check the drinking habits of society, and by effort, voice and vote to oppose the traffic in intoxicants as a beverage, believing, with intensified conviction, that it is a direct, inexcusable curse to our country and our age.

"While as a church we neither advocate nor antagonize, nor advocate any political party, we earnestly commend to our ministers and people, as Christians, such vigorous, persevering efforts as may seem wisest to them towards the enactment in every State and Territory of statutes which shall hopefully secure entire prohibition of a traffic largely responsible for the bulk of the drunkenness, crime, pauperism and social miseries which afflict our land."

If you are in search of a fine shoe and one that will wear well and fit good, try the Ludlow. All the ladies acknowledge them to be the best. Monson's Shoe Store.

The God of the harvest has been good to the Dakotas this year, and the greatest wheat crop ever known in that region is now coming forward. The present fear is that the laborers are too few to reap it. Owing to the failure last year farm hands left in large numbers to seek employment in other states. It is probable that special rates of travel will be secured for harvesters and threshers during ninety days covering harvest time. There is an "idea" here for those grave scientists who are striving to measure the force of thought. Much of the seed sent into the Dakotas for this sowing was charged with good will from brotherly hearts, touched by the need of a brave people, who in the midst of famine scorned the liquor seller's gold and the gambler's bribe. Some of it was good prohibition grain—as the five hundred bushels sent by George Woodford from his wheat farms in Iowa, and contributions just as generous, if measuring less, from many others. All of it had the blessing of the poor temperance editors, who unable to give aught but ink and prayers would fain believe these, too, had power to bring about the glad results. The unthinking secular reporter says, "The growth of the 1889 lambs was phenomenal, even among scrub stock," while the wool clip is the largest ever known there. Let them that have no God say this prosperity is accidental; but for us, we remember the farmers of the Dakotas who went to the polls with trustful heart and single eye to vote out the rum robber and the gambler, and we choose to believe that in that sovereign act the word of the lord came to them saying, "Blessed be the fruit of thy ground, and the fruit of thy cattle, the increase of thy kine, and the flocks of thy sheep." May they take the words of warning and of promise in this chapter (Deuteronomy 28) for their business policy. Then shall they "lend unto many nations and not borrow."—The Union Signal.

"Not Willing that any should Perish." This is the motto of the "North Dakota White Ribbon," a neatly printed little eight page monthly, published at Fargo by the ladies of the W. C. T. U., on the first of each month. Mrs. H. L. Campbell is the business manager, and Mrs. Dr. Anna S. Hill, editor. It is a thorough worker in its chosen field of labor, and will be found ever standing on the battlements ready to sound the tocsin of alarm whenever the enemy puts in appearance. The women are thoroughly organized in most parts of the state, and they fully intend to come up and possess the land. If the men of the country will exhibit one half the earnestness and perseverance of the noble women, there will soon be no doubt as to whether prohibition prohibits.—Minto Journal.

Subscribe for the North Dakota White Ribbon.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA.

Mrs. ANNA S. HILL, Editor.
Mrs. H. L. CAMPBELL, Business Manager.

Subscription per annum, 50 cents.
Two-cent Postage Stamps may be sent for single subscription. For two or more send Postal Note or Post Office Order, but not Checks.

ADVERTISING RATES. NO DEVIATION.

2 inches, 1 insertion,	\$1 50
2 " 2 months,	3 00
2 " 6 "	5 00
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While THE NORTH DAKOTA WHITE RIBBON is published primarily as a means of communication between the Officers and Superintendents of Departments of the North Dakota W. C. T. U. and the members of its Local Unions, it will endeavor to furnish its readers with a resume of all important W. C. T. U. news of general interest.

Brief Communications on W. C. T. U. topics are solicited.

Address all communications intended for publication to the Editor.

Make a 1 checks, drafts and post office orders payable to and send all subscriptions to the Business Manager.

FARGO, N. D., AUGUST, 1890.

CLINTON B. FISK.

Since our last issue the country has been called to mourn the death of General Clinton B. Fisk. Few men of our time have held such a claim on the varied classes of the nation as did General Fisk. Entering the army as a private he rose to the rank of Brigadier General. Starting in life as a poor boy he, by business tact and good judgment, became the possessor of great wealth, so sanctified by Christian philanthropy that it blessed untold numbers. He was the strong friend of the freedmen, grandly helping them to self help, as the principal founder of Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn. The friend of the poor red man, as for seven years he presided over the Board of Indian Commissioners. An ardent prohibitionist, giving the strength of his political influence to the removal of the drink curse. In his last hours referring to the prohibition cause he said, "It is worthy of the fight for a great principle against such odds." An earnest, devoted christian, the church which he joined in his youth rewarded his services with all the public honors it can give to laymen. None more clearly than he saw that "The woman's cause is man's," that "They rise or fall together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free," and hence he strongly advocated for woman equality with man in church and state.

A very pleasing personal memory of General Fisk remains with the writer, as in the Methodist General Conference in New York, two years ago, he eloquently advocated the admission of the five ladies who had been elected as delegates to that body, but who were denied seats on the ground of constitutional law.

It is with great thankfulness that we lay before our readers the resolutions concerning the lottery scheme and the prohibition question, adopted by the Republican state convention at Grand Forks, July 31st. These resolutions send forth no uncertain sound upon questions of such vital interest:

Resolved, That we approve of the wise and conservative administration of Governor John Miller, and especially do we, the people of North Dakota, owe him a lasting debt of gratitude for the courage he displayed in opposing lottery legislation during the session of the first legislature of the state of North Dakota, and we believe that his name will go down in the history of the state as that of Honest John Miller.

Resolved, That we, as Republicans of the state of North Dakota, are emphatically opposed to legalizing in our state, and that we favor an amendment to the state constitution forever prohibiting the licensing of lotteries; further, we urge upon our delegation in congress to secure, if possible, the passage of an act forbidding the use of the United States mails or national banks by lottery companies.

The people of North Dakota have declared for the complete extermination of the saloon.

The Republican party in this struggle renews its pledges of the past, and joins the friends of the home in insisting upon a fair test and a vigorous enforcement of the present prohibitory law.

We favor such legislation on the part of congress as shall protect the police powers of the state in their efforts to regulate and prohibit the public bar, and to empower every state to enforce its local laws relating to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in accordance with the intent and purpose with which they were enacted.

The Cass Co. Democratic convention met in Fargo and adopted resolutions favoring a secret ballot, opposing the prohibition law, and favoring a high license law, and the re-submission to the people of the question of constitutional prohibition. The action of the Cass Co. democracy may be taken probably as the key note for the state convention to be held in Grand Forks.

Miss Adelaide M. Kinnear, our state president, has just returned from a two week's trip to the south of the state where she has conducted the conventions of Ransom and Dickey counties, condensed reports of which will be found in this issue of The White Ribbon. During the past two months Miss Kinnear has attended county conventions in Walsh, Pembina, Kidder, Cass, Ransom and Dickey counties, and early in August will preside at the conventions of Sargent and Barnes counties. During this time a number of new unions have been organized in the several counties. Miss Kinnear reports interest good, unions generally prosperous, and very much reason to be encouraged in the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The question has arisen in South Dakota as to whether the fact that the Dakotas were admitted to the United States by act of congress with prohibition of the liquor traffic in their state constitutions, will not have a bearing upon the interpretation of the original package decision in these states.

The leading liquor papers are anxiously trying to prove that the "original package" decision does not interfere with the right of State and local authorities to tax the sale of liquor. Why this solicitude?

The drill in methods was a very helpful feature of the convention held in Moorhead, given as it was by so able and experienced a worker as Mrs. Hobart. The model mothers' meeting,—the talks upon the best methods of holding, and the great advantages arising, from parlor meetings, were full of interest to W. C. T. U. workers. Some valuable thoughts, on parlor meetings, for our local unions we reserve for the future. We fancy that many of our men, who can vote and who attend and take part in caucuses and conventions, would have been amused, interested, and instructed as well, in the parliamentary drill.

The following resolution was adopted at the recent Moorhead W. C. T. U. convention:

Resolved, That the original package decision of the Federal Supreme Court is the call of God to this nation to arouse to the tremendous iniquity of the licensed liquor traffic, and to the necessity of united political action for its overthrow. We call upon every citizen to use the influence of his ballot at the polls for the election of men to represent him in the state legislature and in the congress of the United States, who will, because of their own convictions of the iniquity of the licensed liquor traffic, use his influence for the abolition of the same, and the enforcement of national constitutional prohibition.

The Minnesota White Ribboner of July 15th, gives entire the magnificent address of Miss Willard upon The White Cross in Education at the National Educational association at St. Paul. This number will be furnished for distribution at the rate of one hundred copies for one dollar. We wish that this address, which has been characterized as the grandest effort of Miss Willard's life, might be read in every home of our fair young state, and hope that very many of our North Dakota sisters will send for at least a few copies and give this matchless address as wide a circulation as possible. Address Miss A. M. Henderson, 628 First Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

Miss Willard says: "Our local workers are direct in no particular more than in furnishing facilities for newspaper reporters. By this oversight they say in effect: "We don't care whether our meetings are reported or not," thus putting a premium upon the hushing up among one's friends of the fact that one has had a meeting at all. Dear sisters, this ought not so to be."

We hear from Edinboro, "Our Union is small but we have some earnest workers, and this week we are going to have a cold water barrel put up on the main street so that all passers by may have a drink of cold water."

Larimore Y's, Hannah H. Hilton, corresponding secretary, have decided to commence medal contest work and sent to superintendent of that department for supplies upon seeing her address in White Ribbon.

No political party can be permanently preserved in whiskey.—Joseph Cook.

With Dr. Holland we say at this crisis:
 God give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and
 ready hands:
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will:
 Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue
 And scorn his treacherous flatteries with-
 out winking.
 Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog,
 In public duty and in private thinking,
 For while the rabble with their thumb-worn
 creeds,
 Their loud professions and their little deeds,
 Mingle in selfish strife—lo! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice
 sleeps.

The Louisiana Lottery is farther than it was last week from a future lease of life. The legislature has adjourned without passing the bill over the governor's ringing veto. One house passed it, but the other house failed to do so because of the serious illness of a single member, whose vote was necessary to make the two-thirds majority required. The legislature's time had expired, and it could do nothing more than denounce the governor, impeach his constitutional right to veto the bill, and then adjourn. The courts will now have to determine whether or not the governor had the right of veto. The bill is for the submission of an amendment to the constitution, but it is more than that, for it provides for a sort of plebiscite, a trial vote of white voters before submission of the amendment to the people; and it is probable that these additional provisions give to the governor the right of veto. One of the most remarkable things about the contest over the bill in the legislature has been the dramatic effects accompanying it. When the Lottery men had at last secured the necessary two thirds vote, the death of one senator broke their ranks, and an "anti" was elected in his place. Again the necessary number was secured, and as the vote was about to be taken, one senator fell to the floor with nervous prostration and had to be carried home. On another day, just before the assembling for decisive action, another member was prostrated in the same manner. On one day, just as Shattuck, the leader of the Lottery ranks, began his speech, the heavens grew dark, the thunders drowned the voice of the speaker, and the lightning flashed along the electric wires in the capitol building extinguishing the lights, and the word went out, "God is fighting the Lottery Company." And after all was said and done, and but one vote was wanted to override the governor's veto, and preparations had been made to bring the sick senator on his couch to the capitol, a rain-storm prevented, and the legislature had to adjourn, unable to do the company's bidding. We know of no such remarkable series of interruptions, seemingly providential, recorded in history, outside the Old Testament.—The Voice.

MILLINERY.

We call the attention of our readers to the millinery parlors of Miss Mattie Rockwood, 8th street, Fargo.

Millinery in this day deserves to be ranked as a fine art; and Miss Rockwood is truly an artist, as shown by the exquisite combinations evolved by her skill from what to the uninitiated is a bewildering mass of lace, silk, velvet, satin, flowers, ribbons and feathers. Out of these she brings beautiful harmonies and beautiful contrasts of form and color, possible only to an artist's hand.

Ladies from out of town are invited to call and examine the complete line of seasonable millinery goods always to be found at the parlors of Miss Rockwood.

The women in Fargo enjoyed a rare treat the 11th of July, in the address of Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, of Ohio, National and World's Secretary of the W. C. T. U. On a return trip to Winnipeg she gave four nights to North Dakota, then to Minnesota for a series of lectures.

J. F. Rice, for several years in charge of the undertaking establishment of the Luger Furniture Company, has opened an undertaking establishment of his own. See add on last page. Telegraph orders promptly attended to.

Skeoch & Son, Model Bakery, corner 1st Ave. S. and 8th street, keep always on hand bread of the finest quality, cakes always fresh and good, also a fine display of candies from the best makers, ice cream and temperance drinks of all kinds.

The North Dakota White Ribbon, a monthly devoted especially to W. C. T. U's., is upon our table. This paper is published at Fargo, and we are pleased to state it is a spicy sheet.—Appeal, Aberdeen, S. D.

LATEST STYLES.

Ladies will find a complete line of latest styles in millinery goods, ribbons, trimmings, etc., at Mrs. L. E. Aplin's, Main St., Lisbon, N. D.

Get your picture frames made and your furniture upholstered at 710 Front St., J. F. Rice.

PUBLICATION NOTES.

St. Nicholas for August is one of the very best mid-summer publications, embracing many choice contributions appropriate to the season, among which may be mentioned A Lesson of the Sea, Bat, Ball and Diamond, A Remarkable Boat Race, A White Mountain Coaching Parade, etc. Subscriptions \$3 a year, 25 cents a number. The Century Publishing Co., New York.

Peterson for August is a very attractive number. For beauty of illustrations, excellence and variety of reading matter, reliability and effectiveness of fash-

ions etc., this standard periodical has no peer. The opening story "Ned" is one of the breeziest summer sketches. "Imprisoned Rainbows" in the second of the series of papers on precious stones, and is full of useful information. The stories are all good.

The Eclectic Magazine for August comes crowded with the cream of the English magazine literature and science. Hypnotism, by Dr. J. Luys; The Lights of the Church and the Light of Science, by Professor Huxley; Trusts in the United States, by Robert McDonald; Two Sagas of Iceland, after the Icelandic of Njols Saga, African Pygmies, New Wine in Old Bottles, Can Women Combine? are among the many excellent articles seeking notice. E. R. Pelton, publisher, 25 Bond street, New York: \$5

The August number of The Atlantic Monthly has been received and is a most creditable issue of that deservedly popular publication. Among the contents may be mentioned The Use and Limits of Academic Culture, by N. S. Shaler; Some Aspects of Physical Research, by O. B. Frothingham; A New Race Problem, by John W. Keatley; International Copyright, by Henry Cabot; Some Recent French Novels, etc. Subscriptions \$4 a year, 35 cents single numbers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.

Effingham, Maynard & Co., of New York, are issuing a series of publications which are growing in popularity with the public. They embrace speeches and orations of eminent statesmen, and other great platform heroes; also complete parts of classic authors. These publications are in neat and convenient pamphlet form, single numbers, embracing from 32 to 64 pages each, and double numbers from 75 to 128 pages, the latter being bound in boards. The Argus is in receipt of Daniel Webster's orations on Bunker Hill monument; also, the Merchant of Venice by Shakespeare, for which it returns thanks. For further particulars concerning these valuable publications, address the publishers, Effingham, Maynard & Co, 771 Broadway, and 67 and 69 Ninth street, New York.

The high literary and artistic excellence of the Century Magazine makes it an ever welcome visitor, and the mid-summer number fills all expectations. The frontispiece is a beautifully executed copy of Madonna and Child, by Sandro Botticelli, of whom there is a very interesting sketch illustrated with full page copies of his work. The Treasures of the Yosemite, by Joseph Muir, profusely illustrated, is an exceedingly full and graphic picture of nature's wonderland in sunshine and in storm, when she shows herself forth in all her grandeur. The Perils and Romance of Whaling is an account of a great industry, its perils and sufferings, once woven into the life of the people of the Massachusetts coast, but now a thing of the past. In the Forgotten Millions, President Eliot of Howard University, treats of the actual every-day life of the masses, taking the people of Mount Desert, Me., as a type of these in the United States. John LaFaye continues his delightful Artists' letters from Japan, illustrated by himself. Harriet W. Preston continues her Proverbial Pilgrimage. A Yankee in Andersonville is a continuation of the dramatic recital of life amid the horrors of that prison pen by one of the survivors. The tenth chapter of the autobiography of Joseph Jefferson is given, and there are other articles to take the eyes and charm the fancy. Copy, 35 cents; per year, \$4. The Century Co., New York.

MINNESOTA W. C. T. U.

The following is the programme of the Third Annual Convention of the W. C. T. U. of the Thirteenth District of Minnesota, at Moorhead, July 17 and 18, 1890:

- THURSDAY MORNING.
- 10 A. M. Devotional Exercises.
 - Appointment of Committees.
 - Report from County Presidents.
 - Paper, "How to Work and not Wear Out"—Mrs. Freeman, Fergus Falls.
 - Paper, "Flower Mission"—Maavie Watson, Moorhead.
 - Noontide Prayer.
- AFTERNOON SESSION.
- Devotional Exercises.
 - Reading Minutes.
 - Reports of Unions.
 - Parliamentary Drill—Mrs. H. A. Hobart, State President.
 - Paper, "Non Alcohols in Medicine"—Mrs. W. F. Rocheleau, Moorhead.
 - Discussion.
 - Question Box.
- 8 P. M., THURSDAY EVENING.
- Opening Exercises.
 - Music.
 - Address of Welcome by Miss Morrill.
 - Address—Mrs. H. A. Hobart.
- FRIDAY MORNING.
- 10 A. M. Devotional Exercises.
 - Reading Minutes.
 - "A Lesson on Hygiene"—Mrs. Dr. Hill, Fargo, Mrs. H. A. Hobart.
 - Paper, "Ballot Reform"—Miss Watson, Moorhead.
 - "Tobacco Heredity"—Mrs. Hobart.
 - Report of Committees.
 - Election of Officers.
 - Unfinished Business.
- 8 P. M., FRIDAY EVENING.
- Opening Exercises.
 - Music.
 - Recitation.
 - Address, "Alcohol and Health"—Mr. W. F. Rocheleu.

The programme was followed with few variations. The statistical reports from the several counties comprising the district were on the whole quite encouraging, showing a good degree of activity and interest in temperance work among the Christian women of this part of Minnesota. The convention opened Thursday morning with Mrs. H. A. Hobart, state president, in the chair. She opened the convention with a Bible reading, followed by singing and prayer. Mrs. Hobart might almost have been taken for a Quaker matron as she sat in soft grey dress and bonnet that shaded somewhat her face, with white mull scarf at her throat, only it was knotted into a bow instead of being plainly crossed. And yet there was that in the spiritual and placid face, and in the clear, determined voice, that savored of the sturdy Puritan rather than of the non-resisting Friend. She is a small, slightly built lady, whose age we would not attempt to guess, but vigorous and strong mentally; and she has held the office of president of Minnesota Woman's Temperance Union for twelve years.

The convention was a fine one in the amount of thought presented. The papers, all good, were in several instances, especially strong. It is a matter for sincere regret that a gathering like this, bringing so much of careful, well considered thought upon present issues, and especially so much of value to mothers and home workers, should

have received so little attention from the ladies of Moorhead and Fargo.

"How to Work and not Wear Out," by Mrs. Freeman of Fergus Falls, was a paper that might have interest for any of us who falter under the weight of care and responsibility that at times bear so many down. The lesson of the paper as it came to us was this: Day by day do the work that God gives you to do; and lay the work at his feet without restless worry over the result.

Miss Maavie Watson of Moorhead, gave a bright paper upon "Flower Mission Work;" and after the reading several ladies related incidents illustrating the beautiful ministry of flowers.

The paper on "Non-Alcohols in Medicine," by Mrs. W. F. Rocheleau, our readers can judge for themselves, as we make copious extracts. That of Miss Watson upon "Ballot Reform" was a carefully studied essay upon the evils growing out of, or to which the old system of open ballot give occasion, and of the measures necessary to correct those evils, together with a statement of what has been done, in the states of our country, and in other nationalities, on the line of ballot reform. The paper was well written and instructive.

Mrs. Dr. Hill of Fargo, as a "Lesson in Hygiene" gave a talk upon the dress of women in its relation to health, giving a short history of the dress reform movement from Madam Bloomer to Annie Jenness Miller, and stating as the essential principles of any dress reform: 1st, That the dress allow freedom of motion. 2nd, That it cause no pressure upon, or on compression of any portion of the body. 3rd, No more weight than necessary, and weight and warmth as equally distributed as may be over the body. 4th, That clothing be retained in position by suspension from the shoulders, and not by constriction.

Mrs. Hobart followed with a ten minute talk upon the importance of the study of hygiene.

"Our Cause," a paper by Mrs. Baldwin, of Detroit, was full of good thought upon the varied lines of W. C. T. U. work. That of Mrs. Carey, upon the "Relation of the Church to the Liquor Traffic," was suggestive, and the paper of Mrs. E. T. Whitford, of LeSueur, was one of the strongest settings forth of the reasons why Minnesota women should have the ballot. The showing of the present law of that state in some of its bearings upon women and children, was painfully startling.

A brief, comprehensive series of resolutions was presented and accepted. Mrs. W. F. Rocheleau was elected president, and Miss M. A. Carey, secretary.

Miss Jennie Casseday, national superintendent of the W. C. T. U. flower mission work, and for twelve years a bed ridden invalid, is the delighted recipient of the handsomest music box ever made—the gift of the National W. C. T. U. in honor of her fiftieth birthday,

Genuine government
Is but the expression of a nation, good
Or less good,—even as all society,
How'er unequal, monstrous, crazed and cursed,
Is but the expression of men's single lives,
The loud sums of the silent units.
—Mrs. Browning.

From an editorial review of the address of Miss Willard, at the National Educational Association in St. Paul, we clip the following extract:

"The main point of Miss Willard's magnificent address was to place before the public the mission and platform of the 'White Cross' society, which is doing a grand work, especially among the youth of the land. This work was started in England only seven years ago, and in that time has spread rapidly to all English speaking countries. The pledge which it asks every boy or youth to sign is as follows:

I promise by the help of God—
First. To treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.

Second. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.

Third. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men as women.

Fourth. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions and try to help my younger brothers.

Fifth. To use all possible means to fulfill the commandment, "Keep thyself pure."

It is a noble mission in which the workers for this society are engaged. It begins at the fountain head and attempts to purify the very sources of life. If the teachings of the pledge could be universally observed, the result in a generation or two would be a strong and vigorous race, perfect in physical proportions and health, and sublime in moral and intellectual conceptions. Although no human influence can expect to achieve so perfect a result, there is no reason why, as Toisto says, "We may not set a straight line as a model. The higher the aim the greater the moral attitude that may be reached."

OUR WOMEN'S WORKS.

NOTES OF W. C. T. U. DOINGS IN CITY AND COUNTRY.

The Missouri W. C. T. U. convention in recent session raised about \$1,600 for special state work.

The work of Mrs. Henrietta Skeleton recently added nearly 200 members to the W. C. T. U. of Lake County, Cal.

A new church at Seattle, Wash., has a W. C. T. U. memorial window adorned with the motto: "For God and home and native land."

It is an awful thing to tangle up and disarrange the plans of Providence. And more of it's done, I verily believe, in the matter of marrying than any other way. It's like mismatching anything else,—gloves or stockings,—and wearing the wrong ones together; and moro'n that, it spoils another pair.—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

BACKS OR SKIRTS, WHICH?

BY MARY BLAKE.

"I don't believe in girls skating or playing tennis. There is Mary James, now she is under the doctor's care, she has such dreadful back-aches, and her mother says it is nothing but tennis last summer."

And the speaker sighed and looked over to the next yard where a merry company of young men and maidens were flying back and forth in a lively game of tennis. To look at it did seem like violent exercise for girls. The young men seemed to find it necessary to be rid of the ordinary incumbrances of their dress, few as they are; they had no coats to burden the arms, no long trousers to burden the legs. The girls ran as swiftly and leaped as lightly as the boys, but—the difference in the clothing! Long skirts that hung close to their limbs, waists whose slender belts looked tight. (By the way, did you ever see a girl who would confess that her belt was tighter than perfect comfort required?)

"You look tired, Maria," said a girl to one who had played most vigorously."

"I am not tired, but my back aches so. I don't see why it should."

If we could have lifted her dress when she took it off that night, we would not have wondered at the back-ache, but that she could have played at all carrying such a weight. It was a heavy flannel to begin with, a thick facing and plaiting added something to it, and the girl bore all the weight on her hips, not a loop or a button hole or a strap to help her carry it. And with all these pounds hanging from her hips, she ran, she reached above her head, she leaped to catch the flying ball. Could a man or a boy do it with such a weight tied around his waist? Would he try? No! Yet if you should suggest to one of these girls or their mothers, how much they might help these backs by any one of a half dozen simple devices—a stout corset cover with a button in the back, and a loop or buttonhole on the skirt binding, for instance—they would say as soon as your back is turned, "What an old maid notion that is," and the mother would add, "I have always worn my skirts on my hips and it never hurt me, But Annie, my dear, I am afraid tennis is too hard for you. Girls are not made for such vigorous exercise."

We say it indignantly till pity for their folly and future suffering softens our hearts, our girls are injuring themselves more by their heavy skirts unsupported, than by all their exercise, immoderate as it sometimes is.

Wear your corsets if you must, if you can see in "Dress Reform" only something to be wondered at or ridiculed. But do not depend upon them to hold up your heavy skirts. Put over the corsets a waist, no matter how you make it, if it is only strong enough for a few stout buttons, and let it carry your skirts with an even pull from the should-

ers. Fill up your dresses? Perhaps so. We heard that objection urged years ago against warm winter flannels, and the girls shivered in a cold day, had blue noses and red hands, but "kept their lovely figures." We have made a little progress since then; we have seen fewer wasp-like waists—except among the girls of the poorer classes, who are apt to exaggerate the harmful fashions of the rich—girls are learning that the beauties of a tiny waist do not counter-balance a spotted complexion. But go a little further; give your back a fair chance and you can play tennis and skate as merrily as the boys, and it won't hurt you, either.

Here we feel like throwing down our pen in despair as we see the scornful smile come on the girls' faces, and we seem to hear the remark made not many years ago by a fashionable young girl who was urged to try some new device for lifting the weight of the skirts: "If it is anything to make my dresses fit better I will try it, but if it is anything for health I will not look at it." Poor woman, she is a helpless invalid and always will be, and has spent years and thousands of dollars in the vain search for health.

He that carries weights in a race has an allowance made, but we make no allowance for the weights our girls carry till they break down, then the household or the husband carries the weight of their invalidism all the rest of their days.

Mothers, the fault is yours, and the remedy is yours, too.—The Ladies' Home Journal.

ONLY A ROSE.

A few years ago a lady living in the city returned one evening from the country where she had been spending the day, with a large basket of roses. As she approached her own house a ragged, dirty boy followed her with such wistful eyes that she gave him a rose. Before her door was opened he was beside her again with two other grimy boys.

"Ef you plaze, mam, ye'll not be having one to spare for them?" pointing to his companions.

"If they had been hungry and asking for bread," she said afterward, "they could not have watched me with more eagerness. When I handed them the roses they all gave a shout and darted away. In fifteen minutes the steps were almost filled with children, pale ragged, starved little creatures. I do not know where they came from; they seemed to swarm out of the earth. I gave them the roses and all the flowers in my little garden, ashamed to think how many I had and how little I had valued them, while they were such priceless treasures to these children. Most of the children ran 'home' with their flower as if it had been a rare jewel.

"Later in the evening another little waif rang the bell to know if this was

the house where they gave away flowers.' I determined then that with God's help it always should be."

Out of this chance gift of a rose grew the flower mission of one of our large cities.

No one who has not carried flowers or growing plants into the slums of our cities can know the delight which a common field daisy or bunch of clover can give to their wretched inmates.

A little incident which occurred this summer has a certain significant pathos of its own. A young girl one day bought from an old negro on the sidewalk a bunch of purple water-flags. Going into a small tripping shop she observed that the saleswoman eyed them intently.

"What are those flowers, Miss?" she asked. "I never saw them before, but I think they must be the flags my mother talks about that grow on the creek near her old home in Delaware. She's never seen any since."

"Give them to her," said the customer kindly.

The woman tried to thank her, but the words choked her. "She's old and very sick," she said at last. "She won't be here long."

A month later the young girl went into the same shop again. The shop-girl, dressed in shabby black, came to her.

"She kept them flowers by her for ten days—as long as she lived," she whispered. "She thought they came from her old home. When I put her in the coffin I laid them by her. There was a little color in them yet. They had given her so much pleasure I thought I'd like to have them go with her still."

It is not necessary to belong to a club or organization to join in this beautiful charity. Any child who lives in the country can send a box of field-flowers to her friend in town; and these, if taken into the nearest court or alley, will become a missionary charged with God's message of good-will and love.

Flowers are his free gift to man. Food, clothes, even knowledge, we must work for and buy, but flowers grow for the beggar on the wayside. Shall we not carry his gift to our poor brother, imprisoned in city walls, who has not received it?

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