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The Dakota Student

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[April 1896]

# THE STUDENT

VOL. X.

UNIVERSITY, NORTH DAKOTA.

No. 6

## The Land of the Lady of the Lake.

Twenty miles, say the Guide Books, from Glasgow to Balloch; from the substantial, full-of-business, manufacturing and commercial city to the threshold of the wilderness. Only the distance from Grand Forks to Reynolds. Yet, as you step on board the little craft that is to carry you from the head to the foot of Loch Lomond, and as you catch a glimpse of mountains in the distance, and of Ben Lomond's towering figure nearer at hand, you feel that you have passed from one world into another; from the one man has made to another he has neither modified nor marred.

Loch Lomond lies in the very lap of the mountains; and you can see through gaps between peaks, other heights,—and other heights, in dim and dimmer perspective, until at last, all outline loses itself in the gray, blue distance.

The boat has been winding in and out among small wooded islands, and if you left Balloch in the afternoon, supper time finds you still upon the lake. Reluctantly, you leave the deck for the dining saloon below, and you are delighted to see that its walls are mainly windows. You find a seat as near to the bow as possible so as to command the view in front as well as on each side; and you divide your time in ministering to the physical and the aesthetic.

A mile before you reach Inversnaid you pass, but do not see, the cave of Rob Roy in the side

of Ben Lomond. Here it is said in times of need the famous outlaw occasionally found shelter.

It is rare to have a complete view of Ben Lomond. Sometimes his head is swathed in mists; sometimes:

"While round his breast, the rolling clouds are spread,"  
the "Eternal sunshine settles on his head."

It would seem that the Earl of Montrose, who owns the mountain, and the Earl of Antrim, who owns the Giant's Causeway, have each a lion's share in giving pleasure to the world.

An evening at Inversnaid is ideal. The hotel, an ample stone house, and all there is of the place, crouches close against the foot of the mountain on a narrow neck of land between it and the lake. Beside it, from its source in the peat bogs above, roars, and foams and tumbles the brown waters of the Arklet over the falls of Inversnaid. It looks as if some beer tun of the giants had, suddenly, broken all its hoops, and the contents were being hurled down the mountain.

Near this waterfall, nature-loving Wordsworth saw the "Highland Girl" of whom he wrote:

Sweet Highland girl! a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower,  
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland girl, from thee to part;  
For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
As fair before me shall behold  
As I do now — the cabin small,



The lake, the bay, the waterfall,  
And thee, the spirit of them all.

In this hotel are two great rooms with low ceilings and ample fireplaces. Even now in mid August the guests gather around the comfortable fires.

From the hotel, narrow paths that easily become rivulets, wind up the mountains; and he who would obtain a wider view must climb them. One of these leads up to a plateau from which is a view of Loch Lomond and the mountains beyond it. As they stand transfigured in the last light of the sun, they look to belong more to cloudland than to earth. On this plateau the heather lies in great purple masses, a carpet over the ground. You rest well in this pure mountain air, lulled to sleep by the roar of the waterfall.

Next morning, bright and early, the coaches draw up, seemingly from nowhere. They are vehicles which accommodate the luggage inside and below and the passengers outside and above. Although it may be a showery morning, you climb up at once into the box seat, and sit there soaked and happy. Whether the driver can give you any information about the route or not, no umbrella can go up in front of you and shut out the view, and no tobacco smoke come down and envelope you in a temporary fog.

You have a wild ride before you, and come what may, you will need a ladder to descend. But the four great willing horses seem to understand it all; steadily they draw the heavy coach up the steep roads, and whirl it down the rocky inclines. You have read that you pass in sight of the ruins of an old castle and of a cabin, the birthplace of Helen MacGregor, the wife of Rob Roy, but, in point of fact, you see not a house nor a hut to suggest by its presence that civilization is near.

The stag might here have drunk his fill,  
As in far Monan's silver rill,  
And deep his midnight lair have made,  
As in Glen Artney's hazel shade.

The telegraph line, however, shows that man has passed by, and has thought, not only of his comfort, but his pleasure. Little square tags hang at intervals, from the wire to show the grouse its presence, and thus prevents them from flying against it and killing themselves, and

forestalling the hunter's noble pleasure of their slaughter later in the season.

Too soon you draw up at Stranachlachar, at the head of Loch Katrine, and your mountain ride is ended. A boat is waiting to take passengers to the Trosachs at the foot of the lake. You have a little time before starting and you can add to your varieties of heather, eat luncheon, buy at several prices grapes or pears or plums, and note the beauty of the landscape. Finally the bell rings and you walk on board the boat, the little Rob Roy.

It seems like a dream that you are really moving over the waters of Loch Katrine, and a very short dream at that, for in three quarters of an hour, the nine and a half miles are passed over. But you have seen upon your right the stalwart outlines of Gen Lomond, and nearer "High on the south, huge Ben Venne.

A wildering forest feathered o'er  
His ruined sides and summit hoar;  
White on the north, through middle air,  
Ben Au heaved high his forehead bare;

You have also paesed Ellen's Isle, but no more

the viewless wave  
Kisses with whispering sound and slow,  
The beach of pebbles white as snow:

The practical present here presses hard upon the romantic past, and the "silver strand" is lost to view by the banking up of the lake to secure a water supply for Glasgow. But the island looks as wild and tenantless as it may have appeared when the Douglasses sought in it shelter and safety.

"'Twas all so close with copse wood bound,  
Nor track nor pathway might declare  
That human foot frequented there:"

Soon after passing the green birches of Ellen's Isle, the Rob Roy stops at the pier of the Trosachs. Again for a mile on top of a coach, you wind through the savage gorge where the mountain wall has been rent apart. Sometimes great masses of feathery brake conceal with their soft green the scarred and riven sides, or the heather softens with its purples the harsh gray of the granite. On a jutting point where a little soil has gathered, a birch shoots up his silver shaft; and you wonder from what secret source in the bosom of these crags, the wilderness of trees around you, draw their support.



At the Trosach hotel you find luncheon ready and after it there is a short rest for the ride that is to follow. The road now leads by Lochs Achray and Vennacher, and between them you see the Brig o' Lurk as you cross Glen Finlas. Laurick Mead is as level and as grassy a meadow as when the clans assembled on it at summons of the fiery cross. Here, as you begin a slight ascent, two men dressed as Highlanders spring up from behind some bushes and play lustily on the bagpipe. But

\* \* \* from no copse nor heath arose  
Bonnetts and spears and bended bows."

A handful of pennies thrown down and picked up, and

Lach warrior vanished where he stood,"

Soon Coilantogle ford on the river Leith comes into view, and you find yourself mentally reciting:

"Bold Saxon ! to his promise just  
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.  
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,  
This head of a rebellious clan  
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward  
Far past Clan Alpine's outmost guard:  
Now man to man and steel to steel,  
A chieftain's vengeance shalt thou feel:  
See, all vantageless I stand  
Armed like thyself with single brand,  
For this is Coilantogle ford,  
And thou must keep thee with thy sword:

And you feel a deep regret that the brave and generous highlander's was not a different fate.

By the middle of the afternoon you are in Callander, and as you pass the house of your own beneficent Carnegie, you realize the thought that the practical present is better for mankind than the best of the romantic past.

But before you enter the railway carriage that is to carry you to Stirling, you wish to take a long and final look at the places invested with such deep and human interest by the great "wizard of the north;" and you are yet in their midst. To the northeast beyond "the heaths of Vambar" lies the "hazel shades of Glen Artney" Almost directly in the north "the sun is kindling on Ben Voirlich's head;" to the west " \* \* where Lieth's young waters roll" stood the Chapel of St. Bride, when

"Her troth Tombeau's Mary gave,  
To Norman, heir of Armandave:" and  
"Duncraggan's orphaned heir  
The fatal sign of fire and sword

Held forth and spoke the appointed word.  
"The muster place is Laurick's Mead  
Speed with the signal, Norman, speed !"

At Sterling your horse's

"calling feet,

Echo along the flinty street,"

as you climb the steep ascent to the castle, and pass through the archway, still corniced with the massive barbs of its old port-cullis. You have entered the "court of guard." A window is pointed out, from which was thrown the body of Earl William Douglass, an ancestor of the Lady of the Lake. While under royal safeguard he was murdered by the king's own hand. An old soldier, a man of grand physique, is now your guide. He leads to the eastern battlement and points out the site of Bannockburn. He sees your lips move, and gives the pathetic explanation: "I am an old artillery man and therefore deaf." But he understands well wherefore you have come, and taking you to the side which commands the valley of the Forth, indicates the site of thirteen battle fields which you cannot see through the mists. Below you on the slope he points out a stone which still marks

" \* the sad and fatal end  
That oft had heard the death axe sound,  
As on the noblest of the land  
Fell, he stearn headsman's bloody hand."

On the south which once overlooked the castle park, you see the ladies' rock" where once assembled the ladies of the castle to watch the games below. It was in this park that when

"Douglass bent his bow of might,  
His first shaft centered in the while,"  
Where he wrestled with Hugh of Lambert  
and John of Alloa; and where  
" \* he rent the earth fast stone  
From its deep bed, then heaved it high  
And sent the fragment through the sky."

Once more you look away and beyond to Ben Voirlich, Ben Ledi, Ben Venne, then to Cambus Kenneth Abbey and the links of the Forth. You have lived long and have traveled far, yet by actual count, since you left Balloch at the head of Loch Lomond, to Sterling you have passed over just sixty one miles, not so far as from Grand Forks to Fargo. But you have visited the mecca of all lovers of the Lady of the Lake, and you have lived over as areality, that stirring romance.

You have crossed an ocean and half a conti-



ment to come, and you would gladly do it again for the spirit of the land of the Lady of the Lake appeals not only to the romantic, the chivalrous and the patriotic, but also to the tenderest and the best instincts of the human race.

H. E. DAVIS.

### To a Flower

BLOOMING IN MY WINDOW.

Thou beauteous blossom of innocent grace,  
Not a sorrow or sin stains thy snowy white face;  
Thy breath is a perfume so delicate, sweet  
That from none save from thee such fragrance we meet.

Thy form is a star, shining forth in the night,  
Like Bethlehem's star giving strangers delight.  
Thou speakest, dear flower, of thy Father above,  
Who sends thee, a messenger, forth with His love.  
Oh, tell Him I wish that thou ne'er shouldst fade,  
For lost is the beautiful when it is dead.  
May I be like thee, so pure and so white,  
So blest, bringing joy unto Sorrow's dark night.  
Then give me not wealth, nor pleasure, nor power,  
But make me, I pray, like a sweet, simple flower.

—A. M. P.

### What Came of a "Spread".

Girls everywhere! Every place in the room that could be turned into a seat had a girl in it except the chairs. They were serving a much greater usefulness as stands for the chaffing dish, for the borrowed tea things and the many *et ceteras* necessary in the preparation of a first-class "spread". Against one end of the window seat the mandolin and guitar leaned chummily together, enjoying a rare and greatly needed rest. The little samovar on the tea table was cheerily singing a hymn of worship to the god or goddess who presides over tea drinking, while the pure, white stream of vapor it sent forth with such energy almost obscured the burly forms and manly faces of the photographed Princeton foot-ball team, which graced the space just above the dainty tea things.

"Before I draw my last, fleeting breath, girls, I wish to request that this noble sentiment be inscribed upon my tombstone:

Be it known to maids who play and maids who toil,  
This girl's life ended because the Welsh rarebit would not boil."

Thus drawled the Prima Donna, whose only contributions toward the labor of preparing the feast were the very musical little trills and rills which poured from her gifted throat.

"Amy, dear," said our Baltimore Belle, "you remind me of the man who picked up a piece of his wife's fancy work and sighed, 'what delicious dinners I should have if they could only be crocheted'. It has just occurred to me that we should be enjoying high living most of the time if Welsh rarebits could only be sung into existence."

Repartee was not one of the Prima Donna's strong points, so her only reply was a pretty, little *moue*, while the Parson's Wife, so called because of certain rare gifts in the line of peace-making, which we had decided could find their highest sphere of action in the church choir and missionary society, raised her voice in gentle championship. "I believe in the bird world that one always sings while the other looks after the domestic affairs. Is not that true, oh, clever one?" turning to a near-sighted neighbor who was engaged in a struggle with the cork of an olive bottle.

"For goodness sake!" exclaimed David, her fair head bobbing in and out of the dangling garments in the wardrobe of one side of which she had made a throne after seeing Jonathan comfortably located in the other, "don't get Minerva started on any of her ologies or no one else can get —"

"Mesdemoiselle, est serve," remarked She of the Chaffing Dish, and relapsing into her native tongue to add the very unnecessary injunction, "Hurry up while the rarebit's hot."

"G-ur-ur-ls!" almost shouted the Western Wonder in order to be heard above the scramble which ensued, "We haven't invited the head and the arms yet. Is there enough to go around?" alluding to the principal, vice-principal and resident teachers in the customary, reverential habit of school girls.

"Of course, we want Mrs. Wheeler and Miss Turner and Mademoiselle Helene, but I, for one, actually cannot enjoy a thing if Miss Sheldon is here. She looks so miserable she makes me feel like a concentrated funeral procession." In such a manner did our Girl with a Pedigree deliver herself.

"If Mrs. Wheeler and Miss Turner are here, Miss Sheldon must also be asked," quietly remarked the Parson's Wife, "but if she casts you so far into the depths of gloom, Fan, we needn't



invite any of them. Mrs. Wheeler and Miss Turner won't mind, and in that way we shan't hurt Miss Sheldon's feelings. Think how you would feel yourself, honey."

"How I'd feel myself? Well, I know what I'd do myself if I were she. I'd stop teaching first thing I did, if I hadn't any faculty for it; and if I were she I shouldn't have. Her lack of ability in that line is the strongest characteristic she possesses."

"Everything that should be hot's getting cold and everything that should be cold is getting hot," broke in the plaintive voice of our always-ravenous Prima Donna. "Play ball, can't you?"

"Yes, go at it, girls," chimed in the Western Wonder, who was as much hostess as any one, "we will bend to the will of the Parson's Wife and have none of the 'faculty' to-night, and then Fan can rage it out and get over it."

Thus bidden, the fifteen girls immediately assumed comfortable and characteristic positions and rarebit and sandwiches, cake and ices began to disappear like mist before the sun.

"Really, girls," resumed Fan, alias the Girl with the Pedigree, whose weakness was discourse of any kind but particularly on the merits of her forefathers, "I am going to Mrs. Wheeler with a written objection to Miss Sheldon as teacher and see if she cannot be removed. How many will sign it?"

"Fannie Russell!" gasped Minerva with a startled look in her near-sighted eyes and as clear an utterance as a mouthful of rarebit would permit. "Don't be so horribly rapid."

"Well, what is the use of fooling away any more time? She is so scared when she comes to class that it is enough to give one nervous prostration to see her. She gets so confused one can't make head nor tail of what she is trying to get at, and I am tired of wasting my time in her class. I am going to get her away from here if I can. Who is with me?"

While there were many assents to the truth of the speaker's remarks only a few expressed an intention of joining the plan.

"Girls," said the Parson's Wife, her gentle tones having so peculiarly resolute a quality in them that the Infant suspended her teacup half way to her mouth in wide-eyed expectancy,

"if you will listen, I am going to do two things that are not my custom—one, I have never done before—break a promise and tell a story. I happened late this afternoon to go into Miss Sheldon's class room for my note book which I had left there. I was some distance into the room before I noticed that she was in her chair with her head on the desk before her. I started to retreat, but, with my usual clumsiness, dropped my pencil and so attracted her attention. She asked if I wanted anything and turning about to respond, I noticed she had been crying so I answered, rather impulsively, 'No, not unless I can do something for you. Are you ill?' She gave me an appealing look from those big eyes of hers, struggled with herself a second or two and broke down entirely. This melted me completely and I knelt beside her and put my arm about her while she clung to me tight until the first storm was over. You know she is not much more than a girl like ourselves. She told me, when she could speak, that she felt (far more keenly than we could possibly feel, because it means so much to her) her failure as a teacher. She has had the hardest struggle to get through college and has looked forward so long to the time when she could teach that she might relieve the brother and sister who had helped her through her years at Bryn Mawr. This same sister and herself are now assisting the brother, who, after many delays, entered the U. of P. this year. Their family is quite as unexceptional as even you could wish it, Fannie, dear, and they are related to the Riddles of this city, but when the father died they found the financial affairs in such a bad condition that this elder sister immediately went into business and the brother postponed indefinitely all hope of college, and cheerfully shouldered the largest part of the burden. She feels that her greatest difficulty is this intense nervousness, rather than any real inability to impart what she knows, and if she could overcome this she is sure her love for the work would certainly ensure her success. I think that the real trouble is that overwork has almost completely broken down her nervous system. I believe, girlies, that if we were to bend our energies toward making her life a little easier for her instead of doing



everything possible to render it an unbearable burden, we might be doing ourselves a good turn and some pretty efficient sort of missionary work beside."

The silence which followed was broken by the Baltimore Belle, who emphasized each word by an energetic stab at the few remaining olives in the bottle. "I wish-I-knew-why ambition almost invariably-accompanies poverty."

This relieved the tension and brought the laugh on the speaker, for it was a well known fact that the Belle suffered from neither the pangs of poverty nor ambition.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning Miss Mary Sheldon opened a daintily monogrammed note, hardly believing the testimony of her eyes as she read :

Dear Miss Sheldon :—

I have a benevolent aunt living in the city, whose philanthropy takes the form of making life as happy as possible for a poor shut-in school girl. She writes me that she will send her carriage this afternoon for the use of myself and a friend, and recommends the drive in the park along the Wissahickon. Will you kindly give me the pleasure of your company?

Very cordially,

FRANCES E. RUSSELL.

—LIDA C. LOWRY BRANNON.

### A Road.

AS VIEWED TWENTY YEARS FROM TO-DAY.

In the Red River Valley of North Dakota, the home of golden wheat fields, snowy skies, gallant youths and plucky maidens, dust-blizzards and non-appropriations, there is a road noted as one of the most famous in history. It winds through stubble fields that show the golden hue of former crops; through prairies wild and majestic in their vastness and solitude, and past the hamlets and towns that dot the beautiful valley of the north.

It will, perhaps, be classed in history with the Pass of Thermopylæ or the Roman roads of ancient time, for to it many of the greatest men and women the world has produced repaired in the spring of their life to rejoice in the pleasures that fell to their lot, or it was that self-same place which was their retreat when the clouds of adversity and sorrow seemed about to envelop them. From it they never failed to receive the necessary comfort and solace to keep them from

dropping by the wayside of life, discouraged and disheartened forever.

There many a happy pair wended their way, as well in the dark days of February as in joyous month of June. There distracted professors sought rest and solitude after the trying cares of the day in teaching the "American Idea" to scores of seekers after knowledge, and eloquent youths turned over in their minds the orations that have since resounded through the halls of congress. Unlike most roads of the Red River Valley, it is made of blocks of wood, neatly cut and put in place and fenced off with steel so as to make room for two to walk without much crowding.

In the glorious spring, fairest of seasons, when the green grass shoots, the birds chirp pleasantly amid the leafy tree-tops, and balmy days and sentiment-inspiring evenings render life worth living, then while some played tennis and others went wheeling, that road always received the greatest amount of patronage. In that time though the plaintive voice of the cunning gopher could be distinctly heard, yet for some reason—we leave philosophers to ascertain—the silvery sound of a certain little bell was scarcely audible to the young pedestrians.

It is greatly to be regretted that it was not possible for more of the inhabitants of this world to have the opportunity of spending a portion of their lives near that comforting and inspiring road and that they could not sing, like many youths and maidens of twenty years ago :

I've been walking on that railroad,  
All the lovely, live-long day;  
I've been walking on that railroad,  
There to pass the time away.

For could this have been possible, the history of our time would present a still brighter aspect to the eyes of posterity.

Those young people are now middle aged and scattered over every portion of the earth, but there is not one who would not weep tears of joy could he only see a splinter of the original road, where, perchance, he carved his name or "hers" and lived some of the happiest moments of his life.

All glory to the name of the man who founded a road which was such an inspiration to the great persons of our day and stirred in them noble ambitions, spurring them on to greater



effort. For this reason, if for no other, may his name never be allowed to sink into oblivion. We prophesy that within the next century the world will flock to that famous place, as to Mecca of old, to gather a few splinters or pebbles from the spot which was, perhaps, the first inspiration of another Washington. As the long series of ages glides away there will be no more noted road in history than that of wood and steel which passed the campus of a certain university some twenty years ago.

FLORENCE G. DOUGLAS.

## Alumni et Alumnae

Graduates are requested to communicate items of interest to this column.

Corrections of any errors made in this column will be thankfully received.

Matter for publication should be sent in before the twentieth of each month.

Address all letters to

MATTIE RUTH GLASS,  
GRAND FORKS, N. D.

B. G. Skulason, '95, visited friends at the "U" the 19th and 20th.

Dr. W. J. Marcley, '91, has closed his professional partnership in Portsmouth, N. H., and has opened an office of his own in that city. We are proud to hear of our western boys succeeding in the crowded east.

Dr. Myron W. Smith, '90, spent a week's vacation from the Boston hospital, with which he is connected, visiting Dr. Marcley in Portsmouth, N. H.

Henry G. Vick, '93, will visit North Dakota friends this summer. Come in time for the Alumni banquet, Vick.

John S. Macnie, '93, graduates this year from the New York Medical school. He will practice in North Dakota, and rumor says the benedicts will soon claim him for their own.

Frances M. Allen, '89, has decided to locate in Chicago after graduation from the Ann Arbor medical department in June.

Dr. Cora Smith-Eaton has been appointed a member of the staff of surgeons in one of the Minneapolis hospitals.

## Exchanges.

THE STUDENT for March is out, as usual a bright and sparkling little magazine, filled to the covers with interesting University matter.—Grand Forks Herald.

Miss Gertrude Simmons, of Earlham, who won second prize from the twenty-second oratorical contest between the Indiana colleges, is a full-blood Sioux Indian.

The old Olympic games have been renewed and a number of students from our United States colleges will enter the contest. They will return in three weeks from the day they start, having passed through the most beautiful of European scenery.

The Waste Basket displays earnest work and great interest. "Criticisms" is a new feature and one that will encourage careful writing.

Mrs. Stanford has won her suit with the government, and Leland Stanford University is again on a safe foundation.

Columbia has challenged Chicago University to a debate, which challenge Chicago promptly accepted. The debate will be held at New York in April.—The Wabash.

John D. Rockefeller recently made another gift to Chicago University of \$1,000,000, the money to be available on June 1 next, with a contingent contribution of \$2,000,000 more, provided the university secures another \$2,000,000 elsewhere. The donation will bring the aggregate of Mr. Rockefeller's gifts to the Chicago institution up to between \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000 within a little more than five years.—Ivesonian.

Senator Garfield, son of President Garfield, has introduced a bill in the Ohio legislature to limit the number of colleges in the state. By it all applications for college charters must be approved by a university council, and there must be an endowment of \$15,000.—Ex.

The entire property of universities and colleges of the United States is valued at \$200,000,000, one-fourth of which belongs to four universities.

Ninety-two of Yale's alumni have been college presidents.—Althenaum.



## Normal Notes

MINNIE WRIGHT, '96, EDITOR.

Many of the teachers have gone for the remainder of the year, but we hope to see them all back again as soon as their term's work is completed.

Among those on the programme for the Tri-County Teachers' Association, whom the University has claimed as students, we note the names of Samuel J. Radcliffe, C. A. Engbretson, J. F. McLain and Alonza A. McDonald.

Miss Florence Parker will teach near Reynolds this summer.

One of our junior normals, Miss Anna Peterson, has gone out to teach.

Many of the teachers took the examination in Grand Forks before Supt. Taylor. Some had their papers forwarded to the superintendents of their respective counties.

Mr. Bergh, principal of the Larimore schools, was a recent visitor.

One of the things whose necessity has insured their permanency, is the Summer School, which will convene annually at the University of North Dakota. The summer school is of quite recent origin but already of wide extension. It is supplanting the teachers' institute by giving, instead of piecemeal instruction, administered by the lecture method, a course of study adapted to the needs of the teachers and pursued according to the self-developing plan. The institute did a great good, but the time limit made that good more in the direction of professional inspiration than in intellectual advancement. The summer school supplies both these needs.

There are two reasons why the summer school at the University should rank with the best. The first is its location at the University, which gives it the use of the dormitories, well-equipped laboratories and library; and the second is its able corps of instructors in the members of the University faculty, all of whom are specialists in the branches they teach. These are advantages which place it with the few university summer schools in the Northwest.

This year, in addition to the faculty, President

Perigo, of the Maysville Normal school, a specialist in pedagogical work, and Supt. Stockwell, of the Grafton schools, whose work in the same capacity last year and in educational matters throughout the state, makes his worth well known, will assist in the work of instruction.

Last year over a hundred teachers attended, and the enthusiasm shown in their work testified to the success of the first session.

This year the work will be almost the same, but the experience of one year will result in greater efficiency. The course of study will be the common branches, advanced reading, methods in primary school work, school management, vocal music, drawing, algebra, geometry, physics and Latin. Other subjects will be offered if there is sufficient demand.

The following charges show that the expenses will be just as low as possible: tuition, \$1.50 for each subject; room rent, \$1 for the month; and board, \$2.75 a week. Rates on the railroad will be reduced to one fare and a fifth. Examinations will be given at the close of the term and certificates of completion issued to successful examinees.

The benefits of such a course should need only to be made known in order to bring the majority of the teachers in the northern counties of the state. It affords a splendid chance for review and for raising grades; it gives an equally good opportunity for invigorating the mind by new lines of study; it keeps the teacher in touch with the best methods and with the advancing professional spirit.

But perhaps an even greater benefit is that derived from the social side of such a gathering. Teachers, as a rule, have no chance to meet those engaged in the same kind of work and have few social advantages of any kind. The tendency is to become spiritless and half-hearted in the work. The best antidote is to mingle with co-workers and feel their sympathy; to exchange experiences, laugh at each other's follies and chase dull care away. He who does this will go back to his school more able, more enthusiastic and sweeter tempered for so doing.

The attendance promises to be large and those who contemplate coming should write the manager, Prof. Kennedy, at once, as applications are already coming in for rooms.



# THE STUDENT

## LADIES' EDITION.

Published monthly during the University year by the Students of the University of North Dakota.

- EMMA C CRANS, '96, *Editor-in-Chief.*  
 MAMIE E. KINGSLAND, '97, *Associate Ed.*  
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 WILHELMINA E. CAROTHERS '96 . . . . . }  
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 NEVA J. BOSTWICK '96, *Among the Colleges*  
 HELEN M. DEGROAT '96 . . . . . } *Local*  
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A college course is something more than mere recitations and examinations. These, we all know, should not be slighted, but let us look a little beyond and we shall see other things required of us by the world than mere text-book knowledge. Many of us may never again have the facilities for broadening our minds that we have here. There is, for instance, the library. We have access to the best reference library in the state. The tables are supplied with the best magazines and reviews that the country affords, and yet how few ever get beyond the newspapers. There are the book cases filled with carefully chosen volumes in poetry, fiction, science, history, etc. This is as much an education as our class-room work and should receive due attention. Many use the library and use it profitably; others seem to think it a general recreation room and laugh and talk so that neither

they nor anyone else can hear themselves think. It is, undoubtedly, thoughtlessness on the part of the offenders, but they should remember that one of the first duties of a free citizen is to respect the rights of others.

Then there is chapel. No one can afford to miss the many pleasant and priceless thoughts that we can not help but carry away with us every morning. There is always a talk on some timely subject by one of the faculty. The last one before vacation was by Prof. Babcock on pure water—how to know it when you have it—and a few simple methods of purifying it. This is something that every intelligent citizen should know, although it was given especially for the many who would teach and consequently would not be back for the spring term. When no one has a prepared talk, President Merrifield reads extracts taken from the writings of famous men whom the world calls successful. They are grains of gold and leave many a pleasant thought for the day. Let one of the new resolutions for the coming term be never to miss chapel and see if it does not repay us for our trouble. Just a few minutes each morning will give us many practical points, and at the same time ease the conscience, because we are doing our duty.

It has become quite a fad in the wide-awake cities of the west for the ladies to edit an issue of one of the leading papers for some charitable purpose. It was, however, an entirely different motive that prompted the STUDENT board to turn over the April issue to the tender mercy of the girls. "Just for a change," "something new," were the reasons put forth, and we sincerely hope that the change and novelty may not be detrimental to your enjoyment of the present number. Unfortunately, it has come at a time when one and all are working hard for examinations and we could not devote as much time to the preparation as we wished. We have, nevertheless, no excuses to offer, but are very happy to submit to our indulgent readers the first LADIES' EDITION of the STUDENT, hoping it may find such favor in your eyes that hereafter no volume of the STUDENT will be complete without a "Ladies' Edition".



We are sorry to see that a number of our college students have not joined our college society, the Adelphi, this year. The society has just finished a very successful year of work, but our young ladies have not done their share of it. Town students have some excuse for not attending, but those who live at the University are not excusable for neglecting their society work. In a live working society a training is acquired that cannot be gained in any other way. The obligation one is under to speak on subjects before the society for discussion enables one to acquire ease in speaking. If a boy can calmly and easily face an audience made up of fellow students, he can face almost any audience. Then, too, if one takes part in debates, some study must be put upon the subject, and what was before a dim idea must be crystallized into a distinct and clear form before others can be convinced. A knowledge of current events is obtained, and this is just as necessary for a woman as for a man. If the woman is one who believes in woman suffrage it is her duty to show that she has brains enough to vote, by informing herself on subjects of interest to all. But if she is one who views with disfavor the woman who goes into business and wishes to vote, she must know that if she is to be an agreeable, companionable, educated woman, she must keep herself well informed and be able to talk about something besides her neighbors, and domestic trials and tribulations. She can best obtain this information by joining a live college society, where mind meets mind in friendly contests of words. Let us then not be kept away from Adelphi because of "work in the laundry," or because it is pleasanter to wald on the trocd, but when Adelphi commences its word next fall let every one who wants to get all there is to be gotten out of his college course join, with a desire and a purpose to work.

The April number of the Ladies Home Journal contains come nitherto unpublished letters of Miss Alcott, which are well worth reading, revealing as they do broad sympathy, courage and patience. One of these letters hints that a girl may be a better home maker if educated. She says that Mrs. Ripley used to rock her baby's cradle, shell peas or sew, and fit a class of young

men for college at the same time. One can discuss Greek poetry and chop meat, as I saw her doing once with Mr. Emerson and Margaret Fuller. Can the girls of North Dakota do as much? Let us honor those grand New England women who knew what the word house-keeper means. We who are preparing ourselves for life work may well remember that we are the descendants of these women, and may be like them if we "use well our talents, opportunities, trials and joys."

This delightful spring weather makes one long for the wheel, if there were only some place to ride with comfort. Broadway is quite smooth as far as the bridge, but beyond, the road is rough and the deep ruts trip the unwary rider. If we could have a few planks put in the sidewalk it would make it rideable and lessen the danger of splitting the rim of one's wheel unless he dismount every rod or two and carefully push the bicycle over nails and holes. In what better way could Grand Forks show her thrifty spirit than by gaining the gratitude of the two hundred young people who are gathered here from far and near. If only some power might give us the magic word that would inspire the city fathers to win renown for their administration in a manner so pleasing to the student body.

Elizabeth Angier, normal '95, was on the programme given by the Tri-County Teachers' Association in Grafton.

We are glad to hear that our old friend W. L. Cowper is incidentally distinguishing himself in athletics, while pursuing his medical course at the "U" of Minnesota.

Those of the students who heard the Jubilee Singers Monday and Tuesday evenings, April 6th and 7th, at the Methodist church, were well pleased with the entertainment. Concerts and lectures form a valuable part of a liberal education.

Fred Rouneville has joined the ranks of the school teachers and will teach school near Emerald. This breaks up the bachelors' hall across the track, as Fred did the cooking. Mr. Douglas will board in town.



# Athletics

Before giving any account of our work we thought it would not be amiss to give some account of ourselves. To those who are acquainted with us this of course, would be unnecessary, but for those who are not, we have prepared the following table of statistics. It is taken from the thirty-six young ladies at the dormitory. As it is not based upon all the young ladies of the University, it cannot be taken as a perfectly correct estimate, but it is the best that can be obtained, and will serve to give some idea of the U. N. D. girl.

	Least	Gr'test	Av'r'g	Total
Height, ft . . . . .	5	5.8½	5.5	193.9
Weight, lbs . . . . .	95	165	125	4507
Waist, inches . . . . .	24	28	24	72
Shoe . . . . .	2½	10	4½	155
Glove . . . . .	6	7½	6½	238
Age . . . . .	16	90	20	718

The work in physical culture for the past year has been under the direction of Lieutenant Farnsworth. The class meets three times a week at the seventh period. Two of the days the drill is held in the parlor of the dormitory; it consists of marching, setting up exercises and club swinging, while the latter exercise is in progress, we warn everyone to keep out of the halls, as there is great danger from stray flying clubs.

The third day work is given in the young men's gymnasium. It is here that the girls are in their element. The door is carefully guarded and if by chance a head shows above the stairway, the gathering clouds on Lieutenant's brow and threatening aspect of every girl, causes the offender to quickly make his retreat. Then the work begins, vaulting the horse, turning on the horizontal bar, swinging on the trapeze, crossing the ladder, by the way, when the Lieutenant's strong arms are not underneath to warrant the safety of dropping, a new method has been invented for crossing the ladder. Instead of swinging across the under side in the old way,

which stretches the arms out of all proportion, one can climb carefully up the outside and creep across the top at leisure, a much easier and certainly a perfectly safe method.

With the coming of spring and the pleasant weather, the exercises within doors will be suspended and others, which can be enjoyed in the fresh air, substituted. For our more vigorous full-of-life girls we have base ball. To play this requires a great deal of courage, as there is much danger of being hurt, as the batter invariably carries the bat half way to first base, then throws it, and woe unto the one whom it happens to hit. Running races is also indulged in quite extensively.

Lawn tennis is most popular of out door sports and also the most beneficial. Walking holds a very important place among out door recreation; the romantic and picturesque railroad track leading you to lofty bridges, under which flow purling, bubbling brooks, being the favorite promenade. Another lovely walk is along the flowery, shady banks of the coulie, in whose clear sweet water and quiet nooks we see the silvery bass playing hide and seek among the rocks, emerging now and then from the shadows of the drooping willows, to bask in the golden sunshine.

## • Local •

Dr. A. P. Rounsvell of Larimore, visited his son Fred at the U. Friday, March 20th.

Miss Minnie McGlinch of Minto, a former student, visited the last week of the term, with her sister, Miss Anna. Miss Thompson of Minto accompanied her.

Mr. Bardi Skulason, '95, attended the musicale at the U.

Miss McLain of Rolla, spent Easter vacation visiting her aunt, Mrs. Buchanan of St. Thomas.

Miss Mattie Glass, '93, visited her friend Miss Bostwick.

An examination paper of a brilliant student describes the optic nerve as running from the eye to the stomach.

Little Philip Hayes made one day's entertainment for the students by his bright conversation.



We note Superintendent Taylor as a visitor during the month.

Miss Willa Carothers, '96, literary department was ill examination week. We are pleased to see her with us at the opening of the spring term.

Mr. Antine Anderson of Hillsboro, visited Messrs. Ole and Knute Arregard.

Miss Emily Daly spent a week in Minneapolis at the close of last term.

Several of our Normal students attended the examination for county certificates held at Grand Forks last month. In view of the number of large envelopes received through the mail, there is no doubt that they passed satisfactory examinations.

Prof: Clarence, I thought I sent you to your room. Now don't let me find you in here again tonight.

Clarence; I didn't mean you should find me this time.

Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather many friends from Grand Forks were present at the Musicale Saturday evening, March 21st. A special feature was the rendering of the "University Song" by the orchestra and glee club combined. Great thanks are due Mr. Adams for so skilfully training the many voices and instruments to act in harmony and for providing such a pleasant evening's entertainment.

On Tuesday evening, March 21, Mrs. Davis met the young ladies in the parlor. After wishing us a pleasant vacation we were treated to ice cream and cake. The young ladies showed their appreciation by extending a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Davis.

Some of our dashing society young gentlemen took advantage of the pleasant weather one Saturday evening in March and gave the young ladies a sleigh ride. A lively time was reported. The polite and orderly manner in which the students conducted themselves won the admiration of the chaperons.

What is the cause of the sober expression that has come over the faces of some of our popular students? We never speak as we pass by.

Rev. Mr. Hunter, of Wheatland, was the guest of Misses Madson and Burnham, Mar. 11.

The Easter vacation extended from March 27 to April 7. Enough of the students remained at the dormitories to make the time pass quickly and pleasantly. They felt no lack for Easter eggs.

Adelphi society has adjourned until next fall.

Mrs. Brannon has joined the chorus choir which has lately been organized at the Presbyterian church.

Clarance Fairchild, '97, has taken a school near Drayton' N. D., and will not be with us during the spring term.

The Misses Ella Wheeler and Cora Adams entertained a party of University friends very pleasantly at the home of Miss Wheeler on Fourth street, Grand Forks, Friday evening, April 3d.

The University friends of Professor and Mrs. Bechdolt will be glad to hear that Mrs. Bechdolt is recovering from her long illness.

Mr. C. A. Engebretson, '95, spent his Easter vacation at the U. working with Prof. Brannon, and incidentally gathering inspiration for future work from his Alma Mater.

Miss Marcia Bisbee was detained at home for the first week of the term by the illness of her mother.

The Misses Wehe will be unable to return this term, as their parents have returned to their farm near Bartlett.

It is gratifying to those interested in the University to notice how our attendance has kept up, and the large number who have returned to us for the spring term. We are especially glad to see the large number of young ladies who came back. This year has compared very favorably with other years, despite our difficulties.

It is rumored that a local train will leave Grand Forks about 8:30 a. m. This seems too true, but if true, it will be a source of comfort to all town students.

The Misses Emily and Marguerite Daly spent their vacation at Fort Totten with their sister. Miss Emily has not returned to us, but will probably teach school. She is one of the many we shall miss.

Miss Rose Anderson, one of our normal students' left for her home in Fyner, March 18.



Mrs. Brannon gave two very pleasant parties for the U. girls in her rooms Thursday and Friday, March 27 and 28. The guessing of "typical trees" was the order of the afternoon, after which dainty refreshments were served. Mrs. Brannon is certainly a charming hostess, and all that have attended these gatherings can appreciate what an enjoyable feature they are to our social circle.

The main feature of the Sarurday evening reception for March 14 was a taffy pull. Especi-

ally delightful was the cleaning up part after the young men were supposed to be in dreamland. Do any of them believe in the old saying "there's lots of bitter with a little sweet."

One of our young men was favored with a leap year proposal a short time ago. Very fortunate, indeed.

Misses McManus and Feeney have left the "U" to instruct Young America.

Mr. Clark visited his daughter, Mary, on Wednesday, March 25.

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So cordial and so cheery  
Thy welcome from all hearts ne'er fails  
Thy trust nor lost nor weary.

Dear bird, thy namesake is like thee  
A strong, brave cheery girl is she.

A maiden fair, with coal-black hair,  
As Cleopatra now you stand.  
And with your smile, used all the while,  
You charm the Kings-of all the-land.

She dreamed and as she woke  
To her roommate thus she spoke  
O dear ! O my ! I think you look  
Like something in the Geometry book.

Out of Bathgate came a maiden  
With bright blue eyes and raven hair  
And with songs her spirits laden  
Her soul is true and pure and fair.  
She has a pleasant smile for all  
A merry laugh, a blithesome word  
When'ere she meets them in the hall,  
On ice she's graceful as a bird.

A maiden I know, I would call her a "dahl"  
If it were not that she would not like it at all.  
She is quiet and mild, she is amiable, still  
It cannot be said that she hasn't a "will."

Blessings on thee, truest maid  
Kindly thoughts so gently said  
With thy great large eyes of brown  
And thy face with ne'er a frown  
With each day as nobly passed  
Just as if it were the last.

A tall, tall maiden she  
With eyes as gray as gray can be.  
After she takes her morning walk  
Her cheeks in color the cherries mock.

A gentle unassuming maid  
One who goes about her work  
Never questioning what is said  
Ne'er a task she thinks to shirk.

There is a little lady with bright and curly hair

Who used to flit about the hall  
Going here and there.

The girls all loved this little lady  
Who played when she was asked  
And never then she would refuse  
Though oft it was a task.

Not a curl mars her brow so fair  
A smile adorns her rosy cheek  
For thee brave youth of auburn hair  
The distant mountain top she'd seek.

Under thy soft and light brown hair  
A modest face appears  
A face so kind and pure and fair  
It must be free from fears.

Thy eyes are large and round and true  
Thy form is lithe and tall  
Thy hood is tied with bows of blue,  
Blue decks thy mittens small.

A senior's grace, a boy's nickname  
She wears them both right well.  
If she doth care for wider fame  
It would not do to tell.

Cheeks so red, eyes so blue,  
And she wears gold glasses too.  
A new girl last December  
And her name to remember  
"Purdy hard."

So sweet and patient with her lot  
Her duty does and murmurs not  
But sunny smiles she gives to all  
While softly gliding through the hall.

A charming little maid is she  
An earnest, happy, busy bee;  
Quickly she flits from place to place  
With many a bruise yet cheerful face.  
A secret she possesses  
Surely a remedy divine  
Which chemistry did not refine  
To heal all her distresses;  
A remedy all ills regard,  
Not arnica but *Arnegard*.

The one of whom I speak,  
You'll find not very meek,  
For when I am with her all alone  
I find her "Will" to be her own.

A teacher came from her duty  
To enter the halls of "U"  
Brimming with true ambition,  
Energy, dignity, too;  
Her first name she won from the Scotch  
Her second by kindly fate  
Came to her from an author  
Whose essays are so great.



There's a pretty little maiden  
That I ever shall adore,  
In the "U," that bright and sunny place  
My life would be a pleasure. I  
Would wish for nothing more  
Than to forever gaze upon her face.  
Here's one young lady, still; that's true  
Both to her name and to her station  
And though her beaux are not a few  
She clings to one of her name and nation.  
Still sits this maiden at her desk  
An earnest student thinking  
Around her are her books and pens  
Her loyal heart is sinking.  
Without, the merry girls are seen  
Bright-eyed from romps so jolly  
While she sits there with weary brain  
Still laughing at their folly  
But noble motives stir her soul  
Her daily life inspiring  
Her mind though full of thought and care  
Is ne'er of kindness tiring.  
There's a dark-eyed maid of Scotia  
With cheeks as red as a rose  
And the world's a bit brighter and better  
In whatever part she goes  
A sound sweet soul is within her  
And a heart that is kindly and true.  
Will Love or Learning win her?  
What think you, fair editors, two?  
If I were a sunbeam I know what I'd do  
I'd peep in through the window  
And look in on you  
And smile with approbation  
On the little maids I see  
Packing trunks and satchels  
To return to U. N. D.  
Here we are once again  
Near the setting sun  
With our friends and classmates  
From far Washington  
Glad are the greetings they and we give  
For in the U. N. D. we have come to live.  
My little chum Sally  
Still lives in the valley  
A modest and sweet little dame  
Are you anxious to meet her  
To smile on and to greet her  
Call into the parlor the same.  
Did ever neatness find a name?  
It did when our dear Charlotte came  
Modest and quick to do her best  
Of all such grace life is the test.  
A modern Solomon is she  
And wise beyond the most we see;  
A cheery pleasant little dame  
Follow and you may be the same.  
Tall and stately as the mountains  
In her home beyond the sea  
Fair her hair, as blue her eyes are

As the flax blooms on the lea  
Who would guess the fun that's hidden  
In her quiet gentle breast?  
If you do not wish to test it  
You perhaps will better rest.

A lady gracious and sweet and wise  
A guide to youthful hearts and growing minds  
With cheerful spirit ever willing to advise.  
And ready generosity that many an occasion  
finds.  
Her tastes you ask? Their scope is wide and  
deep.  
In Art, a true creation from either brush or pen  
In Nature, even to the caterwaulist which  
disturbeth sleep,  
Or the rare flower which sings its own song  
to jaded men.

A brave young heart so strong in faith  
So loyal and so tender  
Ready to each in joy or woe  
Such sympathy to render  
No other wish for thee we keep  
Than thy own harvest thou mayst reap.

Three sisters ye are, either muses or graces,  
For the Fates are unlovely in calling and faces  
Can three women in harmony ever abide?  
Let the doubter look into your room and de-  
cide.  
Though your home bears a name of most  
doubtful suggestion  
Your traits have all come from the other di-  
rection.

Tall and stately as the cedar  
Jonathan thou princely one  
What will be thy fate and David  
When your work at "U" is done?  
Will you climb life's hill together  
Bidding each be strong and true  
Doing with a willing spirit  
All the work that comes to you?

A violet, under its leaves;  
A snowdrop under the snow;  
Rich and sweet and tender—  
Such may your young heart show.

Two skylarks said in the matin  
I'm only a little bird,  
But the good God has given me music  
And the dumb world listened and heard  
Only two skylarks singing  
Lost in the blue above.  
The singer's lost in the singing  
But the heart opens to love.

Why should Emma ever be  
Like a star at close of day?  
Guesser, can't you clearly see,  
She has found and keeps her "Ray."

Smiling face and eyes so bright,  
Heart too large but that's all "Wright."  
Of all sad words of "Jim" or "Ben"  
The saddest are these "I'm left again."



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