

Dr. C. A. Wicklund reports the following births: To Mr. and Mrs. Mennick Rude of Walum on Thursday, March 3, a girl. To Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Sinclair on Saturday, March 5, a girl. To Mr. and Mrs. Harris who live on the Langdon farm, on Sunday, March 6, a girl. All concerned are doing nicely.

Birth Notices.

Dr. Wicklund reports the following births:

To Mr. and Mrs. Arnt Nevland on Friday, November 12, a boy.

To Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Nelson on Sunday, November 14, a girl.

To Mr. and Mrs. Berger of Walum, a boy.

Several parties in Hannaford recently received copies of the crop report for the state of North Dakota for the years 1900 to 1907, inclusive. The report was given by counties and on the wheat, oat, barley and flax crop. While Griggs county did not head the list in any one cereal, it had the best average yield of the four cereals of any county in the state. The fact that the 1908 crop was not included tends to lower this county's average, as last year's crop was unusually large in Griggs county.

Down in Nebraska the government agricultural experts have discovered the model farmer. His name is Arnold Martin, his farm is near Pawnee City, ~~Nebraska~~ and he came from Switzerland but 10 years ago. His farm comprises just twenty acres of land. It was poor, stony land only worth \$12.50 per acre, but its owner saves \$1,000 a year from its crops after caring for his family. He has a bank account, a fine house, good barns, and a standing offer of \$2,500 for his farm. He claims twenty acres is large enough for anyone if properly worked. He says "320 acres is a misfortune and 640 acres a calamity." The government experts claim Martin is the most successful farmer in the United States and they hope to teach other farmers all over the land to follow Martin's methods. If North Dakota had more small farms the weed problem would solve itself and wealth and contentment would increase amazingly.—Havana Record

Mrs. Charles Frydenberg was sent to the insane asylum at Jamestown Saturday, May 22. Mrs. Frydenberg left Hannaford three weeks ago and went to Valley City, taking her youngest child with her. She later returned to Cooperstown and was examined by the doctor and declared insane. Her family were not aware of anything that could worry her and thus cause insanity, but she always seemed to be thinking or pondering deeply over something, and this is undoubtedly what unsettled her mind. It is hoped that it is a temporary affliction and that she will soon recover.

F. Greenland Suffers a Stroke of Paralysis

Sentinel: Last Thursday morning Frithior Greenland, one of the pioneers of this county, was stricken with paralysis and his condition is very grave. A consultation was held on Friday, Dr. L. S. Platou, of Valley City, being called in by Dr. Brimi, who is in charge, and a nurse was secured. It was found that Mr. Greenland has a blood clot on the brain and he will need to have rest and quiet the rest of his days here as any activity or excitement, in case of nominal recovery, is likely to cause a relapse. He is of course confined to his bed and may never leave it.

Mr. Greenland has been ailing for several years, but most of the time has been able to be about. In January last he went south to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and remained there several weeks, and on his arrival home he appeared to be much improved—better than for a couple of years. He was at his office regularly attending to business and seemed as spry and active as ever.

Everyone sincerely hopes that he may soon improve and that his condition is not so desperate as it has appeared.

According to a telegram received last week from Washington the population of the Village of Hannaford as shown by the 1910 census is 340. The census for 1900 showed Hannaford's population to be 200.

School Resolutions: Resolved that:

I won't sing any more unless I can sing to race horse time.—Obey.

I won't work arithmetic if you try to tell me that a quarter is more than a dollar.—Manley.

I won't say please unless I have to.—Beatrice.

I won't study unless I get 100 in deportment every month.—Bernice.

I won't visit school unless the board furnishes a foot warmer.—Elsie.

I won't come to school unless I find my halter.—Joe.

I won't sit in the back seat if Hazel has the measles.—Louis.

I won't play pull-away unless the teacher plays.—Arthur.

I won't teach unless the board gets a new stove.—Teacher.

We wish to correct a very grievous error made in the last issue of the Enterprise relative to Mrs. Ole C. Larson of Binford. We are pleased to report Mrs. Larson on the road to recovery at Platou's hospital in Valley City. The report as published in our last issue was one generally circulated and believed in this locality and "as 'twas told to us, we told it to you."

Melvin Peiring returned Monday from a week's visit in Montana.

Aleck Gustafson is digging the cellar for John Brekke's new house.

Oscar Hoff visited with his brother Oliver a few days the first part of last week.

If you are going to build call at the Hannaford Mercantile Co. We have the most up-to-date builders' hardware.

C. L. Peterson's little daughter Mildred was with her father in the field one day last week, and had the misfortune to get one of her fingers caught in a cog wheel and suffered a severe bruise.

It is impossible to persuade a man who has ever used Bradley & Vrooman paint to use any other. He knows how good it is compared with other kinds. So will you when once you have tried it. Absolutely pure. Sold by Hannaford Mercantile Co.

N. K. Markuson, Ole Fogderud and S. H. Berg left Thursday for Lakota, N. D. From there Mr. Markuson will drive his recently purchased Reo automobile to the western part of the state where he will look over the land with a view to buying for the Griggs County Land Co.

It is very pleasing to see the number of trees shipped into Hannaford this spring both for people in the village and the surrounding country. It has been demonstrated that trees grow very well in this country with a little care and we dare say in a very few years there will be as many fine groves in this county as in prairie districts in Iowa and Minnesota.

Mrs. Ole C. Larson of Binford died at a hospital at Fargo last week. She had been ill for the past four, or five weeks, but until very recently no alarm was felt for her recovery. However, on Monday she got worse, and Wednesday she was taken to the hospital where she died the same week. Mrs. Larson, whose maiden name was Tora Nelson, was well known in Hannaford, having attended the Hannaford school for two winters, and at a later date was em-

ployed at the Hannaford Hotel. Last fall she was married to Mr. Larson, and they moved to Binford where Mr. Larson is proprietor of a restaurant.

O. E. Thoreson was at Coopers-town Tuesday attending the funeral of Mrs. Chas. Burseth.

Illustrated lecture in the Norwegian language by A. Gundeason Storhoi on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock on May 27.

Knut Furos, the Finley merchant, drove over from that village last Thursday and visited with friends in Hannaford and vicinity over Sunday.

The farm residence of Geo. Gartman near Dazey was burned down Tuesday, afternoon. The fire originated in the chimney, and before it was discovered had advanced too far to be checked. The men were working in a distant field and when they arrived on the scene it was too late even to save any of the furniture.

One way to damage a man's character is to insinuate he is not as good as he might be. Same way with paint. Although dealers who do not sell Bradley & Vrooman Pure Paint claim that their paint is better, results always prove the contrary. Sold by the Hannaford Mercantile Co.

Palmer Hegge, who has been residing on his claim near Alden, N. D., since New Year's, has returned to his old home at Westby, Wis., in order to be where he can easily see a doctor as he has not been feeling well of late. On a postal to the Enterprise, Palmer states that they were farther along out west with the seeding than they are in Wisconsin.

IN MEMORIAM.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. A. C. LESLIE FROM THE MEMBERS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN LADIES AID SOCIETY.

On May 4th, 1909 occurred the death of Mrs. A. C. Leslie, one of our most respected and beloved

John Monson met with a very serious accident Sunday evening. He was on his way from Walum to Cooperstown, riding a bicycle, when just south of town the front fork of the bicycle broke, and Monson was hurled to the ground. Sam Craft drove along the road soon afterwards and found him lying in an unconscious condition. He was taken to town. Dr. Wicklund was called, and his wounds were dressed. His eye, lips and face were severely cut and bruised, and his injuries were so serious that he remained unconscious nearly all night. He is improving nicely and is now able to be up.

A young man near Betzer had a peculiar and somewhat novel experience last week. His best girl missed a fur collar and a most careful search failed to reveal its whereabouts. This dwelt upon the young man's mind until he dreamed three nights in succession of seeing it under the northeast corner of the granary. One night while he was visiting the young lady he told her of his dream. She suggested that they investigate. Accordingly they went to the granary and the young man thrust his arm under the foundation, and sure enough he felt a fur-substance which he proceeded to pull out. The young man buried his clothes but in the excitement of the moment the skunk escaped and the young man's belief in dreams is somewhat shaken. — Ex.

While C. H. Myers was pumping a pailful of water from George Knauss' well last Sunday forenoon, the planks upon which he was standing gave way under his weight with the result that Mr. Myers was precipitated into the well. The well had originally been fitted with six inch pipe but there is a quick-sand bottom to the well and in the course of time the piping had sunk several feet and the earth caved in around it, so there is a roomy cavity several feet in depth underneath the planking. Into this Mr. Myers fell but luckily in such a manner that he sustained no injuries and was soon able to regain terra firma and safety. Next time he notices some insecure-looking planks over the well Mr. Myers undoubtedly will take no chances but "let George do it."

Gustav Palm, one of Aug. Palm's boys, had the misfortune last week to have his left hand badly injured by the explosion of a dynamite cap. The boys had been carrying the dangerous object around with them a number of days, not knowing what it was, until the accident which made it necessary for Gustav to have amputated parts of the thumb and forefinger of his left hand.

Martin Sampson of Walum drove up to Hannaford Friday and bought some dynamite caps with which to celebrate the Fourth. He put them in his right coat pocket and on getting home forgot to take them out. While working around the restaurant his coat struck the counter in such a way as to explode the caps and as a result Martin's right hand was quite badly mutilated. The first finger was taken off at the first joint and his thumb was badly mangled. His right leg was also hurt severely. He was fortunate in not being still more seriously hurt than he was.

Saved By The Watch Dog

A faithful watch dog saved A. Rhodes the loss of several head of good horses one day last week. It was the night that Miss Edith Howden was married. It was a blizzarpy night and just the kind of a night a sleek horse thief would try and get away with stock. Everybody from the Rhodes farm excepting Tom Riley and his wife had gone to the wedding. The dog was in the kitchen and late in the night the Riley's were awakened out of a sound sleep by the fierce barking of a dog and Tom got up to investigate. The dog still kept up his fierce barking and kept it up until Tom got out to the barn where he found five head of the best horses on the place with their heads all tied together and ready to take the trail. The thieves in the meantime had skipped when they heard someone coming and the weather being so stormy they were not seen. The would-be horse thieves used John Ebentire's machine shed as a hiding place until daybreak when they lit out. The keen intelligence of this faithful dog and the prompt action of Mr. Riley save Mr. Rhodes from quite a heavy financial loss. The thieves knew the premises well and figured that everybody would be away at the time to the wedding but had not figured the details quite fine enough. It is too bad that such miscreants cannot be captured and put in a place where they cannot steal for a few years.—
Cooperstown Courier.

Haldor J. Stromme returned Tuesday from Kingsville, Texas, where he has been living on his farm the past six months. He was well satisfied with the country and the climate this winter being exceptionally dry. Three crops of sugar cane can be raised in one season, and cotton is also one of the staple products. The people down there are opposed to the immigration of Northerners and do everything in their power to dissuade them from locating in that part of Texas, and it was partly on this account that Mr. Stromme returned to this state so soon. A good deal of the old slave-holding spirit is still extant in the South, manifesting itself in the treatment of the laboring classes, which are mostly Mexicans, by the rich or land-owning class. The laborers are paid only a few cents a day, have separate houses and are considered way below the land-owners socially. Mr. Stromme has sold his land in Texas and will resume farming operations in Griggs county.

TRIBUNE HAS PIPE DREAM

The Minneapolis Tribune
for Dec. 23, publishes a
Freak News Story.

The following story is taken from the columns of the Minneapolis Tribune, and we pass it on to our readers for what it is worth:

A man and woman who gave the names of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Brockfelts, Cooperstown, N. D., reported to Patrolman Tom Leary, at Fifth street and Hennepin avenue, that a man had accosted them on Washington avenue and after wringing Mr. Brockfelt's hand and expressing his happiness to see them again, inquired about the folks "to home."

"But I was ~~to~~ ~~was~~ for him," said Mr. Brockfelts. "I don't read the papers for nuthin'. I told him to go long with his fool talk. I don't know him and didn't want to, and I was onto his little game. He seen I had him spotted and turned to go. I carry a piece of chalk in my pocket for jest such occasions, and I put the cross mark right on his shoulder. Now you police fellows ought to be able to find him. He's a bunko man by all that's holy. I'll stake my next crop on it."

"I was deputy town marshal up in Cooperstown once, for years back, when the schoolboys were playing craps and breaking the curfew law. Maybe I didn't put a stop to such goings on soon as they gave me my star! You know, Mr. Officer, there ain't no two ways of getting at these here criminal matters. The law must be upheld."

"Now I feel that I have done my duty. I don't want to claim no credit for chalkmarking that there crook, but I think that it is now up to the police of this city to get him. Seems if it ought not to be such a hard thing to pick up the man, and, besides that, any sleuth on the department ought to be able to tell that that fellow was a crook by looking him straight in the eyes. I knew what he was the minute I set eyes on him. There ain't none of 'em can fool me once I fasten my gaze on 'em."

gregation.

Sentinel: The young son of Torkel Vigesaa, who lives on the river some twelve miles southeast of Coopers-town, got out of bed at 12 o'clock Sunday night and walked in his sleep to the home of his uncle, Tom Vigesaa, a mile and a half or two miles away clad only in his night clothes. He did not awaken until he got into the house. He was somewhat frozen and a doctor was called to attend him. The boy is reported by the doctor to be only about nine years old, but Rev. Vikingstad, who first reported the matter to the Sentinel, understood that he was twelve years old. It is not stated whether the boy has had any previous experiences of this nature, but he did well even if he had been practicing such a stunt for weeks. We believe that this is without question one of the most remarkable cases known of somnambulism. The distance covered in such terrible cold weather is indeed noteworthy. He has Mr. Serapple of Philadelphia skinned a mile in distance.