

GONE TO MEET THEIR MAKER.

Two Valued Pioneer Citizens Cross the Dark River.

JOHN BLAIR WHIDDEN.

With double force comes to us this week the admonition that the unerring archer, commissioned with the work of death, is liable to hurl his ruthless shaft into our midst without warning, striking down the loved ones of our homes, and that no age and no condition are exempt—no, not for a single hour—from the liabilities of death. The demise of J. B. Whidden, whose spirit passed to that other bourne with the sinking sun Monday evening, leaves a lamented gap in a bright young family and saddens the hearts of a multitude of friends. One week ago he felt slightly indisposed, but entertained no alarm. Saturday morning he was in a high malarial fever, and to his attending physician the end was apparent for he perceived that disease was rapidly approaching the citadel of life—the brain. Three days of terrible suffering followed, and he passed away as softly as the leaves on an autumn eve drop to the earth beneath the gentle sighs of a western wind; and he died with a christian's faith and a christian's hopes.

He was born at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Sept. 4, 1853, being 30 years old at his death. For eight years past he had lived in San Francisco, where he met, wooed, won and wed Miss May Lever, who, with her bright little fifteen-month's old boy, are called upon to mourn the loss of a husband and father whose sterling worth can never be calculated. Mrs. Whidden's heart bleeds not alone in this, her severe hour of trial, for none knew the departed one but to respect and love him. The strongest of sympathy from many souls goes out for the living wife whose idol, whose very life is thus torn asunder, for those friends know how she, though brave woman she be, must suffer, and how the world must seem bleak, bare, desolate and dreary. The light of her life; the husband of her affection, whose strong, noble character knew no sacrifice that would be too great in his family's behalf, is at peace forever. Never more can he reach out those strong arms to that prattling babe he loved so well; never again can he return caress for caress to a loving wife, for all is over. In the agony of woe that comes to the wife there are many who deeply share the bitter pangs of compassionate grief.

Just six months ago the departed man came to Cooperstown and engaged as junior partner with his brother, W. R. Whidden, in a general mercantile business, and prospects never bore for him a ruddier hue than when he was taken ill. A prosperous trade and a nice little home nearly ready to move into was all that he could desire aside from the possession of his family. During that six months he has endeared himself to all who came in contact with him. Never ready to indorse a harsh opinion of another; always unselfish; possessed of the most scrupulous integrity and honesty; never impatient; ever genial; extremely assiduous; very generous, warm-hearted and public-spirited, he was a friend and citizen to be prized. His loss to our community is a sad blow, equalled only by that which his brother, his wife, little son and mother are forced to sustain.

The funeral obsequies were conducted by Mr. Rockwell at 4:30 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, at the Palace Hotel parlors, and were attended very largely. The services opened by the singing of that soul stirring hymn, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," followed by prayer and the appropriate hymn, "Gathering Homeward from Every Shore, One by One." Mr. Rockwell chose no text, but from a scriptural standpoint answered the questions always propounded to our minds upon the death of a dear one, namely: "Where has he gone?" "How did he go?" "Shall we see and recognize him again?" The services closed with the hymn, "We shall sleep, but not forever," after which the friends were permitted to take a last look at John Whidden. He was buried in a metallic coffin, so as to permit the removal of his remains at some future day.

WILLIAM S. LENHAM.

Scarcely had the people begun to realize the loss of Mr. Whidden when the sad word announcing William S. Lenham's death was passed, he having died very unexpectedly at the hour of six on Tuesday morning. Mr. Lenham, better known to us all as "Uncle Billy," was 53 years old, having lived in America 40 years of that life, though being a German by birth. He was married in early manhood, but his domestic happiness was of short duration, his wife dying within two years of the wedding day, leaving as the only solace for her husband's grief an infant boy, now living in Pennsylvania. At the instance of his brother, Mr. L. S. Lenham, of Sanborn, the deceased came to Dakota three years ago, and two years of that time he has spent in Griggs county being connected in a responsible way with the Cooper farm until a few months since, when he purchased the restaurant which he was conducting at the time of his demise.

Everyone in Griggs county knew "Uncle Billy" and respected his many sterling qualities of heart and soul. Intelligent beyond an ordinary degree, he was a man of positive opinion; bluff as a lion in speech he was gentle as a child in spirit, and his great big heart knew no limit to kindness; a man who loved his word and integrity better than gold; he had no enemies unless it was his own excessive kindness. As Mr. Rockwell exclaimed in his discourse, at the Palace parlors Wednesday afternoon, where the funeral services were held, "None knew him but their heart went out to him." In the

ripeness of life an earnest, outspoken, manly citizen is suddenly stricken down, leaving a community who mourn with the sorrowed relatives at Sanborn. Peace be to the ashes of this generous man.

Dakota Newspapers.

Dakota has not, as a commonwealth spent a dollar to stimulate emigration to the prairies and towns. Her newspapers have been the great spectacles through which homeseekers have looked and been fascinated with the beauty of her valleys and hills and they have been the agents which have traveled without script or staff through the highways and byways of the whole land drumming up emigration. The patronage of which home men have given the newspapers is of course all that has furnished the backing which the work required, and they have nobly stood up to the rack. The Cincinnati Times makes the following comments in regard to the matter:

"The rapid development of Dakota, which is the wonder of the day, is more largely due to the newspapers of the territory than to any other cause. A town is scarcely mapped out before a weekly paper is established, and a population of a thousand souls is sometimes considered sufficient to justify the publication of a daily. So generally are the benefits from a newspaper appreciated that the merchants often offer a printer inducements by the way of bonus or subscription for a certain number of copies to start a newspaper, and in nearly all cases they liberally patronize a printing office. The extent to which Dakota merchants advertise in the newspaper and by circulars is astonishing. A Dakota town whose newspapers are not literally filled with advertisements is considered dying or dead, and not a desirable place for an energetic and enterprising man to locate.

A feature of some of the Dakota papers is the "boom" editions, which are being sent all over Europe, has given every town in the territory a wide reputation. It is not to be supposed that the newspaper men are the wealthy men of Dakota. They sow and others reap but theirs is a labor of love, and usually it is enough if they are able to afford their families a comfortable living."

☞ A car load of Flour just received at Nelson & Langlie's.

☞ Call and examine the "Monitor" at Whidden Bros.

Odegard & Thompson will sell you good calico for 5c per yard; full width sheeting 8c; and dry goods cheaper than ever.

New goods by every train for Whidden Bros.

☞ Old newspapers for sale at the Courier office.

☞ The farmer and mechanic want to see the "Monitor" at Whidden Bros.

☞ Wm. Glass loans money for final proof and on real estate. 38tf

☞ Brown Bros. & Co., San Francisco manufacture the "Monitor." For sale only at Whidden Bros.

☞ Boys don't forget to get a box of that choice candy at Whidden Bros.

If you want Dry Goods, just see the stock at Whidden Bros.

☞ Fresh Groceries received this week at Whidden Bros.

☞ All who have tried it say that Butter Scotch at Whidden Bros. can't be beat.

—A car load of Pork just received at Odegard & Thompson's.

☞ Ladies' and gents' knit underwear and outside wraps at big bargains at Odegard & Thompson's.

The best smoke in town for 5c is the "Henry Clay" cigar at Whidden Bros.

A fine calf boot for \$2.75. Also a large stock of winter foot gear at Odegard & Thompson's.

A new line of Ladies' and Gents' Hosiery just opened at Whidden Bros.

For mens' fur goods go to Nelson & Langlie's.

☞ Don't purchase your Underwear until you have examined the immense stock at Nelson & Langlie's.

☞ Fine line of fresh confectionery at Odegard & Thompson's.

☞ Coal in quantities to suit all at bed rock prices. Lenham E. & L. Co.

☞ Paints and Oils of all kinds at Odegard & Thompson's.

☞ We are receiving lumber of every description daily. Lenham Elevator & Lumber Co.

☞ It will surprise the smoking community to smoke that "University" at Odegard & Thompson's.

☞ Drop in at the Pioneer Store and try some of those California pears, just received.

Ladies and Gents' Underwear at Whidden Bros.

A Billiard and Pool Table

Combined, for sale at a bargain by R. C. COOPER.

Wood, Wood! Wood!!

If you would get good wood for your money, then call on E. D. Stair, at the Courier office. Cord wood delivered in town, or for sale at low figures on the river.

For Rent.

A well appointed store in excellent location of Cooperstown, suitable for any kind of business, can be leased by applying to. R. C. COOPER.