

Tom Watson, who was the vice-presidential nominee of the populist party in 1896, has declined to accept a nomination for governor of Georgia. M. Watson says he couldn't be elected no matter how the ballots went. Wonder who Tom is throwing rocks at—the democrats control the election machinery in the watermelon state.

Major Edwards is evidently feeling lonesome as he calls on the newspaper boys of Ellettsdale to quit quarreling and say something about the governorship. By-the-way a great many people up this way are wondering why the Forum don't announce its candidate for governor.

Senators Hansbrough and Roach have succeeded in having the military post removed from the site decided upon formerly to Bismarck. This is a great thing for the capital city and show that our senators can "get there" when there is occasion for them to do so

Hon. Johnson Nickeus, an old time North Dakota citizen, and under the Harrison administration consul to Barranquilla, now bobs up as the republican nominee for mayor of Tacoma, Wash. Mr. Nickeus would make a capable officer if elected.

Bonds Taken Up.

County Treasurer Udgard informs the Courier that he paid off \$12,000 worth of seed lien bonds on Tuesday of this week, one year before the money was due. This is a good showing for the county and shows that under the careful management of the board of county commissioners and the economical county officers, that the county is gradually lessening its debt.

Dr. Newell Dead.

Dr. G. F. Newell, formerly of this place, died at his home at Rochester, Wis., last Friday morning, March 25. He was born in Vermont in 1816 and would have been 82 years old the 5th of next May. He suffered a stroke of paralysis eight years ago from which he did not recover and about nine weeks ago sustained a fracture of the hip from a fall which practically caused his death. Dr. Newell was a skillful physician, a warm hearted and public spirited citizen. He did many deeds of kindness for Coopers-town and Griggs county citizens and his good deeds will live long in the memory of those with whom he came in contact.

Resolutions.

Whereas, the Supreme Master Workman of the Universe has seen fit in his infinite wisdom to enter the home of our beloved brother, Scott W. Vande Bogart, and removed therefrom his beloved wife, be it

Resolved, That Griggs Lodge No. 13, A. O. U. W., deeply sympathizes with our afflicted brother and family in this hour of their great affliction.

Be it further resolved, That these resolutions be printed on the minutes of the lodge, a copy sent to the grand lodge organ, a copy sent to the Zumbrota (Minn.) Independent, and also to our local papers for publication.

Com. { ANDREW SINCLAIR.
WM. STEWART.
P. R. TRUBSHAW.

Obituary.

The Grim Destroyer has once more stolen in upon one of the families of this village and removed from our midst a dear mother, a devoted wife and a fervent friend, Mrs. Annie Vande Bogart. The following are extracts taken from the funeral sermon delivered on Satur-

day March 19: The maiden name of the departed was Annie Barteau, daughter of Mr and Mrs. David Barteau of this village. She was born in Hillsdale, Columbia county, New York, on May 4th, 1861, hence was in her 37th year at the time of her death. In April 1884 she was united in marriage with Mr. W. S. Vande Bogart. The union was blessed with five children all of whom are living.

The deceased spent her life for the most part in Wisconsin and Dakota. In the latter state she spent fourteen years, coming to this place in September last. She was greatly devoted to her family, it was that the children might have better school and church privileges that she and her husband decided to make their home near Zumbrota. All who know her will unhesitatingly say she was a genuine christian. Her unostentatious faith, her fervent zeal and godly example will ever be to her family a heritage of blessing.

One week ago last Tuesday she gave birth to a daughter, and on the following Thursday threatening symptoms appeared and despite all that medical aid could do she rapidly sank. On Thursday night last at eleven o'clock she passed away. Her prison walls were broken down and angels sped her swift remove. She has left her earthly home and entered into the heavenly inheritance her eternal possession.—Zumbrota Independent.

An Explanation.

Gallatin, N. D., Mar. 29, '98.

TO GRIGGS COUNER:

For the general satisfaction I offer a few explanatory remarks concerning Mr. S. J. Pound. In the first part of October last year he asked me if I could keep his chickens over winter to which I at once consented: A few days afterwards he complained about not having a place for his cow during winter and I offered to take that also. Just there and then he begged me to take in himself. After somewhat over a week's deliberation we decided to risk taking him in over winter. He was to furnish a part of the victuals and board with us, that was the partnership to which I referred in my card.

About 1st of October he moved in. After this he always spoke as though he was going to stay continually. I never paid any attention to him when he spoke that way except once in the first part of February, I asked him how long he meant to stay with us. He said: "I wish to stay as long as you folks will let me, when you don't want me any longer just tell me so in plain English and I will go." I told him I should later on. After that nothing was said until 20th of March. We had made up our minds it was time to tell him he must move out as soon as convenient. I knew that he rather wished to stay and I also knew that he became desperately angry when anything went against his wishes. So I thought that the best thing to do was to let him know in writing. Sunday morning, March 20, we were going over to Thor Hagen's to a small birthday-party. While the ladies were getting ready I wrote the card and left it on Mr. Pound's table. He was down at the barn at the time. Just as we left the house he came along, wished us a pleasant day and we left him.

Now let us partly in imagination and partly from evidence follow him till he is dead. He walks up to his room and finds my card. He reads it and gets angry. He reads it again and again and gets desperate. He thinks for a while, his mind is made up, then he gets up and looks at the gun. It is all right. He sits down to his table to write his last wishes. That takes a long time, it gets towards noon, but he thinks of no dinner. His last letter is ready, he folds it up, takes the letter, the gu-