

# Cooperstown Courier.

VOL. I. NO. 49.

COOPERSTOWN, GRIGGS CO., DAK., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1883.

\$2 PER ANNUM

## THE COURIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING  
By Ed. D. STAIR.

Official Paper of Griggs County

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One copy, one year, - - - \$2.00  
Six months, - - - - - 1.00  
Cash invariably in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Display ads, \$1 per inch a month; 25 per cent off on yearly contracts of over 2 inches. Local, 10 cents for first and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion. Final proof and content notices, without citations, \$5 each, spot cash.

FRIDAY, DEC. 28, 1883.

### 12 PAGES.

#### Penciled Pointers.

The local department of the the Courier has been transferred to the 12th page this week

As an enterprising, solid, up-and-doing, get-there-Eli place, Cooperstown has won golden laurels, this first year of her existence.

EVERY indication points to an immense immigration to North Dakota next spring—an influx unparalleled in the history of our nation.

The first load of lumber ever brought to Griggs county was "steered" in by our present popular machinery dealer, Joseph Buchheit, in October, 1880, and was for Cooper Bros.

EASTERN reader, are you a tiller of the soil, living on a rented farm? Have you teams and utensils? If so come to Dakota, locate in Griggs county, and in three years time you can have a good farm and be worth more than a life of toil can amass for you where you are. Come.

YOUNG man, instead of plodding slowly along on the inferior soil of the crowd-east, come west where there is elbow room. Come and make yourself a home, which you can do with half the trouble and expense required in the east, and in future years you can enjoy the fruit of your effort without being prematurely old; worn out, as it were, wielding an ax or grub hoe, while land here anxiously waits the plow.

PERHAPS one of the most marvelous features of this country to the person who comes here for the first time will prove to be the astonishing rapidity of settlement and development. Only two crops have been raised in Griggs county, and yet her population numbers from 4,000 to 5,000 souls, while neat edifices of learning and comfortable farm buildings bedeck her swelling bosom in goodly numbers and all sides.

CONSIDERING the rapid, solid march of improvement made by Griggs county the past season in respect to her agricultural development—resources that are the blood of prosperous commercial centres—it is not amazingly strange that Cooperstown has flourished so heartily. There has been a demand for just such a town at Griggs county's centre, and that demand will urge the place on to metropolitan proportions.

A DAKOTA winter is the most enjoyable season of the year. The most delicate ladies, accustomed to warmer climes, are seen on the most "severe" days in their comfortable wraps with cheeks aglow with health, and an elasticity of step that has replaced the listless tread they brought to the territory with them, going their rounds of visiting or shopping and attending to their daily avocations without thought of the coldness of the day. Ladies love Dakota in winter as in summer.

IN a social way Cooperstown is as truly Dakotan as she is metropolitan in her business aspirations. Though less than one year old our embryo city has many intellectual people with whom any person cannot help but feel it good to come in contact. Here there is no class distinction, no artificial barriers that separate people into grades and rate them according to their dress and money; here the poor man does not feel socially inferior to anyone, provided he is sensible and well behaved. Dudes and would-be aristocrats cannot thrive here; our soil is too rich for such flimsy productions. Come, ye of the formal east, and enjoy this fresh, airy, western civilization, where there is room to spare for all.

## OUR CITY'S BACKBONE

### A Few Words Concerning the Makers of Cooperstown and Their Industries.

#### Solid Growth and Prosperity of the Place.

Eleven months ago the COURIER was planted on the then snow-bedecked and blizzard-fanned prairie where now blooms and bustles brisk Cooperstown. The twenty-sixth day of last February when the paper was first issued one firm sold goods here, and to day we have the pleasure of referring to numerous prominent business men who have bent their energies during the past few months to make a town that, for its age, stands without a rival. Less than one year ago we claimed that Cooperstown would be a great distributing point—not in the dim and golden ultimately, but that it would be accomplished within a few short months. The present prosperity of the place, the throngs of customers that crowd our great mercantile institutions, proclaim better than can voice or pencil the truth that has come to pass. The two or three partly completed buildings of one year ago have given place to a beautiful busy little city that springs as if by magic from the bosom of a swelling prairie.

Who and what has caused the achievement of such remarkable results, cautiously inquires the credulous and sedate eastern reader? Unequaled geographical position, exhaustless agricultural resources, and a good backing of indomitable, never-say-die, patriotic pioneers, is what has done it, and the object of this article is to refer briefly to the principal ones of that class, and there can be none better to begin with than

#### ROLLIN C. COOPER,

of the firm of Cooper Brothers, farmers and dealers in stock. A person thirty-eight years of age, he stands before man and his Maker not only a fine physical human specimen, but an embodiment of true manhood. He is not only the wealthiest resident of Griggs county in the possession of the nation's coin and Dakota's darkest dirt, but he is well fixed in honor, integrity, generosity, good-nature, and all that goes to make a man respected by his fellow being. The efforts of Cooper Bros. through him have been the prime factors that has resulted in our present prosperity. No man on earth could do more for the people of a community than he gladly did for the early settlers of this entire region. To ask a favor of him was good as obtaining the desideratum. When the first crop of grain was ready for market and no railroad to carry it away his energies were at once bent in that direction, and to-day the steam horse ploughs regularly into the midst of our fertile region. His connection with the townsite has been upright and generous; as a county commissioner he has been careful, fearless and frank with the people; as a private citizen he has been noble in his dealings. His every act has been open and for the public weal. No person, yet to make Griggs his home, will ever know how much R. C. Cooper has done for Cooperstown and its surroundings.

#### ODEGARD & THOMPSON

are very aptly termed the "Pioneer Merchants" for it was them who first directed trade to Cooperstown. The indefatigable resident manager of this institution, Knud Thompson, fought blizzards and adverse circumstances last winter, until finally on the 5th day of January he was able to open a few cases of goods. Three weeks later the Courier made the following remark: "In the starting of new towns quite as much depends upon the class of business men who establish there as upon the townsite proprietors themselves, when a high and lasting degree of success is the desired result. In this respect Cooperstown has unusual good luck, being the chosen field of operations for the firm of Odegard & Thompson, gentlemen of extensive business experience, who believe in the broad-gauge, liberal system." How well they have justified that item is best evidenced by their store full of eager customers and the five or six busy men attending their wants. The firm has been a great boon to Cooperstown and are on the tidal wave of prosperity, their sales being constantly on the gain. A careful approximate gives them a business of \$150,000 for the ensuing year, counting machinery, in which they propose to deal. Their sales since starting aggregate about \$60,000.

#### WHIDDEN BROTHERS

are a mercantile firm of mighty progress, and the chief, W. R. Whidden, has proven himself during his eight months career in Cooperstown to be a tireless toiler of trade. Push, pluck, printer's ink, fair, square dealing and just-as-represented goods has made the firm name of "Whidden Bros." a household word throughout numberless adjoining townships, for people come twenty and thirty miles to buy their supplies. To see the amount of business Mr. Whidden is doing would be like an electric shock to some of his old merchant neighbors of the east, who whistle and lament the country's condition while grass grows through the cracks of their floors. With a \$20,000 stock to keep up and with sales from \$600 to \$1500 per week this firm hardly have time to talk politics or croak. The energy, the public-spiritedness of Whidden Bros. is something Cooperstown couldn't well get along without. Plans are already making for an

addition on the east side of their large store, to be 30x60 feet in dimensions. It will then be the largest store in Griggs county.

#### THE COOPER TOWNSITE COMPANY

is composed of five sterling, stirring, liberal-hearted men, and their names are, T. J. Cooper, of Chicago, C. A. Roberts, of Fargo, N. L. Lenham, J. M. Burrell and R. C. Cooper. Anyone acquainted with the growth of central North Dakota will recognize in the above names an important factor of said development. The limit to the attainment of these men cannot be easily defined, and as they have individually as well as unitedly resolved that Cooperstown shall reach metropolitan proportions at an early day, great assistance in our progress can reasonably be expected from them. The deeds of these men as a company for the past year will furnish a better outline of their future course than any pencil portrait we might paint of their great magnanimity and enterprise. Sixteen months ago they resolved there should be a Cooperstown; next they proceeded to build a railroad over the forty miles of country that divided this county from the great Northern Pacific main line and the outside world; next they set to work and defeated the Hope corruptionists and helped the honest settlers settle the county seat question, and besides all this they have expended \$30,000 in advertising and building up the place. This they have done as a townsite company; as individuals they have done much more. Mr. Lenham being largely interested in the elevator, lumber yard and coal business; Mr. Burrell being a prime figure in our bank, and Cooper Bros. being interested in various ways in town improvement. Are these men in earnest when they promise much for Cooperstown, queries the distant reader? Well, how would you conclude from their record?

#### STEVENS & ENGER

are the jolly chaps that deal out hardware at lowest living prices to the denizens of some 250 square miles of territory that is adjacent to Cooperstown. Stevens & Enger are rustlers, keep a splendid tin-smith, obliging salesman, buy in car load lots and sell at wholesale or retail. Next to Odegard & Thompson they are the oldest business house in town, having started up in temporary quarters during the month of January. It took fortitude in order to secure the field in that line, but they had it in sufficient quantity and now have the field, which their every-day-alike, honorable dealing will always hold. In building up Cooperstown Stevens & Enger have contributed their full share of enterprise, and now occupy a magnificent store building. Long may their bright star of prosperity continue to shine.

#### NELSON & LANGLIE

in their model store keep a large and well selected stock of general merchandise and clothing. The local management of the concern is vested in the efficient P. A. Nelson who, with his able lieutenants, seem equal to the magnificent and healthy patronage enjoyed. This firm pride themselves particularly upon their ability to buy goods at ground floor prices, and we guess they have just cause for congratulation in that respect. Nelson & Langlie have demonstrated by their cash system that it is not necessary to trust in order to do a fine business, but that goods and prices draw the trade. The careful, conservative transactions of this institution are among the things that impart vigor to our place, and they occupy a position to the community that would be hard to supply should it ever be vacated.

#### LENHAM ELEVATOR & LUMBER CO.

Is the title of a gigantic corporation with a \$500,000 capital whose operations are not confined to Cooperstown but extend along the line of the S. C. & T. M. railroad to Sanborn. Of the total immense volume of business they transact we will not attempt to speak, but simply refer to their interests at this place, which are under direction of that very efficient and hard-working manager, Maynard Crane. The operations here are vested in a magnificent elevator and a coal and lumber yard. They have some \$15,000 in buildings, besides they never have less than \$10,000 to \$12,000 worth of lumber, coal and builders' supplies in stock, and often these figures are nearly doubled. Their elevator is round in style, has a capacity of 50,000 bushels—which is a model for convenience and the handling of grain. The local business of the lumber yard this season aggregates \$70,000 to \$75,000, and the elevator will have handled up to the close of 150,000 bushels of the golden No. 1 Hard. The instrumentality of such men as Nate L. Lenham, Geo. L. Lenham and Louis S. Lenham (the spinal column of the Lenham Elevator and Lumber Company) as a value in the upbuilding of the region from Sanborn to this place, cannot be calculated nor hardly fully appreciated. The successful operation of such immense concerns not only directly benefits the locality but inspires confidence in eastern capital as to the stability of the country's resources. Having always displayed a readiness to assist heartily in the development of Griggs county and Cooperstown the L. E. & L. Co. are deserving the high esteem in which they are held as public benefactors.

#### THE BANK OF COOPERSTOWN.

As its name implies, is a concern in and for the capital of Griggs county in all times. The industrial superstructure of a city can only be constructed on the foundation of solid financial backing, and this place has that necessary underpinning in the Bank of Cooperstown, which, though but six months of age has under the conservative guidance of Cashier Pickett built up a big volume of business and proved itself a power of

good for Cooperstown. Two accountants are worked constantly by the customers of the bank, which is owned by Geo. L. Lenham and J. M. Burrell, whom it is said command capital limited only by several hundred thousand dollars, and who also conduct the Barnes Co. Bank at Sanborn. A new community, where industries are often started on meagre capital, feel the need of good banks, and it is gratifying to know that abundant capital always awaits the financial demands of this place and the surrounding country. The Bank is opening a mortgage loan department, from which they will place money for eastern capitalists on first-class real estate at western rates of interest and on long time. Cashier H. G. Pickett, especially solicits the correspondence of men desirous of No. 1 long-time securities or of non-resident tax payers.

#### THE PALACE HOTEL

Is something of which every citizen is justly proud, not only of its elegant appointments but of the manner in which it is conducted. This spacious hostelry is the result of public-spirited motives on the part of the Cooper Townsite Co., who had it constructed and furnished at a cost of \$21,000, knowing full well that no institution could be established here of more importance and benefit to the place than a first-class hotel. A full description having once been given in these columns we will only state that it is a beautiful specimen of architectural beauty, being constructed with a frontage of 75 feet on two streets—150 feet front in all—and in the shape of a square angle. It is virtually three-stories high, the upper story being a dormer-windowed one, and contains some 42 rooms, all of which are elaborately furnished. The Townsite Company had upon its completion applications without number for its occupancy, but being very desirous of a thoroughly competent tenant waited until they were able to close with the present popular landlord, Mr. H. C. Fitch. The Palace is conducted on strictly first-class principles, and no one is better calculated for the hotel business than Mr. Fitch, who has given the house a reputation among travelling men as being the best kept hotel in North Dakota. Capitalists coming to Cooperstown to look land will find public accommodations that equal the luxuries of an elaborate home.

#### THE UNION HOUSE

classes among the hotels that are within the reach of everybody, and yet it is not cheap in its appointments. Mr. H. H. Retzlaff is the proprietor and his exceedingly large patronage denotes that he is an eminent success as a caterer to the public. The hotel is very conveniently located, has nicely arranged rooms, the tables are always well supplied with clean, hearty food, and the transient rates are but \$1.25 per day, while board is proportionately reasonable.

#### WILLIAM GLASS, ESQ.

does a land and real estate business, and is one of the very first men of the county. Mr. Glass practices before the various land departments of the United States, pays rigid attention to the interests of his clients and is a person who can safely be trusted, as he has acknowledged and established integrity. Being one of the early settlers of Griggs county, in which he has great and unlimited faith, he has secured for himself a couple choice farms and is now willing to help others along in the matter of settling on or investing in rich returning dirt. He makes a specialty of collecting, paying taxes, investing, making loans and transacting all kinds of business for non-residents, and he particularly solicits correspondence with those desiring to place money on gilt-edge realty. The people of Griggs county have manifested their faith in Mr. Glass by electing him clerk of peace and school township clerk. He stands to-day one of Griggs county's most highly respected, public-spirited citizens, and is fully entitled to the fine business he enjoys.

#### JACOBSON & SERUMGARD

are a firm of energetic land and law attorneys, and do the largest business in Griggs county. Mr. Jacobson, a lawyer by profession, attends to all matters coming before the judicial courts, while Mr. Serumgard, who has had extensive experience in real estate and land business, rustles around and guards the interests of their clients in that department. These gentlemen are perfectly stable, and non-residents having business in their line to entrust will find them faithful and competent. They buy and sell improved and unimproved farm lands and claims on commission, besides which they will place eastern capital in safe investments. No class of business men are of more importance to the new arrivals of this rapidly growing county than just such men as Messrs. Jacobson & Serumgard, who will honestly and conscientiously locate a settler unacquainted in the land, or will place the capital of others as if it were their own and carefully look after it.

#### JOHN N. JORGENSEN,

our popular clerk of the district court, is also engaged in the land business. That is, in locating settlers on choice quarters, buying and selling, loaning money on final proofs, and attending to all branches of the land business. Mr. Jorgensen has a complete set of abstracts for Griggs county which enables him to give new comers quick and positive information as to what land is vacant and what taken. He is considered by those who are competent to judge as one of the very best land office men in Dakota, and from virtue of his long experience can serve his clients to the best possible advantage. He is conscientious, honorable, reliable and withal a very safe person in whom to put trust.

#### BYRON ANDRUS, ESQ.

is one of North Dakota's solid land and law attorneys and real estate brokers. He has been a resident of Griggs county

some twenty months, being one of the very first to engage in the business at Cooperstown, and the result of his close application to the interests of his clients has resulted in a fine land practice and real estate business. With an extended knowledge of law and a life-long experience in legal work he is peculiarly and well fitted for his present calling. The fact that he is local agent for Griggs county of the Northern Pacific land department is sufficient recommendation to strangers as to his responsibility and integrity. Anyone desiring to purchase land or town property will subscribe their own interests by giving him a call before closing any deal. He also attends to all kinds of land office business, makes final proof, loans money for eastern parties, and does all descriptions of office work. That Mr. Andrus is a prominent man in the affairs of Griggs county is evidenced by the fact that he was chosen at the last general election to fill the responsible position of Judge of Probate, which he does with credit.

#### DAVIS & PICKETT

are a pushing young firm, through whose veins courses the powerful blood of young manhood. They conduct an immense grocery, feed and sale stable business, having ample stable accommodations for all the stock in seven regions. Their livery department is stocked with 20 to 25 head of stock and a complete outfit of paraphernalia. Attached to this branch of their business they conduct a dray and general teaming line on the broad-gauge plan, clearly evincing that they don't need competition to prompt them to treat the public fair. Davis & Pickett are rustlers, and are proving important citizens as well as prosperous ones. They have this week taken a new departure by opening up a well supplied feed store on Burrell Ave., the announcement of which can be perused on another page. It is just such invincible energy as this firm possesses that makes our Dakota towns blossom and bloom, therefore everybody likes to see them reap the rich rewards of their sublime enterprise.

#### ANDREW JOHNSON

conducts a truly first-class meat market on Roberts Avenue, besides which he attends to the duties of sheriff, of which office he is the present incumbent. Mr. Johnson is an old and time-honored citizen of Griggs county, and moved to the county seat from Mardell last winter, immediately supplying the urgent demand for a meat market. He has by careful management, and using care to slaughter none but first-class stock built up a lasting reputation and a good trade. Ever on the alert to meet any demand of his customers Mr. Johnson now supplies his patrons with fresh fish of the choicest varieties, poultry, splendid sausage, and all the little etceteras of a No. 1 market. The Cooperstown meat market is an industry that could ill be dispensed with, and the man who conducts it is entitled to a fine business. Long may he wave.

#### BUCHHEIT BROS.

are dealers in all kinds of farm machinery, from drags to threshers, and right honorable dealers, too. The senior of the firm, Joseph Buchheit, is a staunch pioneer of the county, coming here at the time Cooper Bros. did, and he has besides his business a very fine farm in operation at Willow Lake. F. H. Buchheit, the junior, is an experienced man in the business having been employed by the McCormick Company as an expert before coming here. They are a strong team and handle reliable goods, such as the Plano and the Esterly binders, the Skinner sulky plow, Mishawaka wagons, etc.

#### BOYUM & HOLLAND

are an energetic firm who did a mammoth business last season, which they even propose to increase next year. This firm has formerly held their headquarters at Mayville, maintaining their business here as a branch, but are now closing out entirely there with a view to uniting their entire forces at this place, to which end they have bought lots and are arranging to build suitable quarters for the traffic they will conduct. This firm will make a specialty of harvesters, seeders and plows, and solicit a consultation with all intending to buy.

#### DR. G. F. NEWELL

conducts one of the neatest and best arranged drug stores in the Northwest. He carries an exclusive stock of drugs, and does not dabble in a dozen different lines of goods, thereby establishing a metropolitan custom in a town less than one year old. Dr. Newell is an experienced practitioner of medicine, but does not ride any exception in such cases where his surgical skill is required, for which branch of practice he is exceedingly well prepared with a full set of instruments. The doctor is a genuine Dakota boomer, a right royal citizen and a man Cooperstown and Griggs county is glad to claim as a resident.

#### MOORE & SANBURN

are a firm of practical blacksmiths, who can do the finest kind of work known to their trade. They are diligent workers, honest-hearted men, and enterprising citizens. The immense patronage they enjoy is a strong attestation of the satisfaction the public feels with their efforts to turn out first-class work at honest prices.

#### MUIR & CHRISTIE

are the leading and most skilled contractors for many miles around. They are both practical mechanics and can do a job in the finest style of workmanship as well as plan the finest kind of structure. Their trade mark is seen on much of the best work in Cooperstown. The man contemplating to build can find none better than them to consult.

#### FRED. A. SABIN,

transacts a large land, loan and real estate business, and a dozen other citizens might be referred to whose work tends to the upbuilding of Cooperstown, but as our space is exhausted we must stop now and here.

By E. D. STAIR.

COOPERSTOWN, GRIGGS CO., D.A.T.

EPITOME OF THE NEWS.

Washington Gossip.

Senator Sabin, chairman of the Republican National committee. Secretary Martin and John C. New are the committee of arrangements for the Chicago convention. They have already decided that the next convention shall not be hampered by such a crowd as filled the immense galleries on the last occasion. Then accommodations were provided for about 15,000. It has been decided to limit the seats in the galleries to about 3,000. The body of the hall must give room for 826 delegates and the same number of alternates. It is the purpose of the committee to partition off such a part of the exposition hall in such a way as to afford room for the platform, the space required in front of it for the press, the delegates and alternates and the gallery room included. This will allow a total attendance of about 5,000. The object is to prevent such interruptions and wild scenes as resulted from so immense a mass of visitors in the galleries at the last convention.

The president has appointed a board of officers of the army and navy to consider the question of sending an expedition for the relief of Lieut. Greely and party, and recommend to the secretaries of war and navy, jointly, what steps the board deem advisable to be taken for the equipment and transportation of the relief expedition, and suggest such plans of control and conduct, and the organization of its personnel, as seem best adapted to accomplish the purpose. The board is composed of the following: Brig. Gen. Hazen, chief signal officer, U. S. A.; Capt. James A. Greer, U. S. N.; and Capt. George W. Davis, Fourteenth infantry, U. S. A.

Gen. Brisbin of Fort Keogh is in Washington. He had a talk with Assistant Secretary Joselyn on the subject of exclusive privileges in the Yellowstone National Park. He was informed that there were no exclusive privileges, but that the secretary of the interior could grant privileges at his discretion. Gen. Brisbin has authority to put a steambat on Yellowstone lake. This privilege will not be interfered with at present. The steambat will not be placed on the lake until the number of tourists is large enough to justify it as a business enterprise. Gen. Brisbin says that the Yellowstone park will become a great national resort.

Secretary Chandler has received the following from Minister Hunt at Petersburg: Harper telegraphs from Irkutsk that he has just arrived from Yakutsk in nineteen days. Military honors were paid the bodies of De Long and party on their departure from Yakutsk. The bodies have been received by the East Siberia, and are now lying in a catafalque in the public square, will leave the 14th for St. Petersburg.

A suit was entered the 17th in the name of Lias C. Buodnot and the Cherokee nation against William A. Phillips an congressman, to whom was committed the distribution of the Indian award of \$300,000 made by the last congress and about which there has been so much talk in connection with an alleged misappropriation.

Postoffices established: Montana—Plains, Missoula county. Postoffices discontinued: Minnesota—Champion Mills, Blue Earth county, mailed to Amboy. Postmasters commissioned—Lellan A. King, Carlmons, Minn.; Francis Gores, New Trier, Minn.

The result of the court-martial ordered in the case of Ensign Edward W. Nash, United States Navy, charged with scandalous conduct, has been received. The court sentenced him to be dismissed from the service.

Railroad News.

The main line of the Oregon & California, operated by the Northern Pacific, running from Portland south to connect with the Central Pacific, has been extended to Grant's Pass, a distance of 500 miles. This leaves a gap of 200 miles to be finished between Grant's Pass and Redding, the northern terminus of the Central Pacific. With the completion of this gap there will be through rail connection between Portland, San Francisco and Sacramento. Trains have been running for several days from Portland to Grant's Pass, and to-morrow Pullman sleepers will be put on between those points.

One of the lines contemplated by the Burlington is from Dubuque to St. Paul, to connect with the Northern Pacific. The election of Mr. Eddicot as president of the Oregon Transcontinental and Mr. Coolidge as president of the Oregon railway & Navigation company, both interested in Burlington, points to a union of interests between the Burlington and Northern Pacific, and the new line from Dubuque to St. Paul is to form the connecting link.

Waterloo township, Iowa, including two wards of the city, voted on the 18th upon the question of levying a 5 per cent. tax in aid of the Wisconsin, Iowa & Nebraska railroad, and the project was carried by a vote of 260 to 27. This insures the building of the road to Waterloo, and thus gives a direct line from Northeastern Iowa to Des Moines.

Crimes and Criminals.

There is great excitement at Fowler, Ind., over the confession of a Labarge girl, aged twelve years, who says that Luke Bisset, her uncle, has had for the past year improper intercourse with her. Bisset was bound over in the sum of \$800.

Personal Gossip.

A party of St. Paul people left recently for Nassau, Bermuda, West Indies, where they will spend the winter. The party were ticketed by W. A. Turner, the local agent of the New York and Cuba Mail & Steamship company. The personnel was as follows: Dr. Horton, wife and daughter; Miss Carpenter, niece of the late Senator Matt Carpenter; Col. Lewis D. Wilkes, J. B. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Winship.

Albert Jay Jones of Philadelphia, for many years a resident of Rome, proposes to donate to the government of the United States Monte Baldrione, an estate of fifteen acres in the suburbs of Rome, for an academy of fine arts. The property is valued at \$40,000.

An intimate friend of Mr. Blaine said that the reason the Maine statesman has retired from the presidential contest at this time was because he could not carry New York. The friends of Mr. Conkling and Gen. Grant would not allow it.

E. V. Smalley has written and Gen. Grant supervised a sketch of Gen. Sherman for the January Century. Gen. Sheridan will be done up in February.

Dr. Collins of Blackford, N. J., is dead. Three weeks ago, Kate Wentz, his betrothed, was married to him at his bedside.

Mrs. Allen, wife of the actor killed in Vicksburg by Frank Starr, is in Brooklyn with her daughter, Miss Devin.

Lady Wilde wants the blood of an American editor to satisfy her anger at Oscar's treatment.

Carlisle declines to allow his name to be used as a candidate for senator from Kentucky.

Capt. S. M. Tallman, of the First infantry, died of heart disease at Fort Leavenworth.

Foreign Items of News.

Gen. Lord Wolseley was on the 15th inst., summoned to Windsor castle and reached there very early in the forenoon. The queen desired him to give expression to his views upon the present situation in Egypt, so far as it was affected by the operations of El Mahdi in the Sudan, and might render British intervention necessary.

The funeral of Henri Martin, the historian, in Paris, on the 19th inst., was attended by the prime minister, minister of the interior, leading members of the deputies and authors. President Grevy was represented by Gen. Pittie, his secretary. Delegates of Italian and Greek residents deposited wreaths upon the coffin.

The ballet girls in a Paris theater wear small electric lamps in their hair, from which beams of remarkable brilliancy dart, producing a most supernatural effect.

Casualty Record.

A large "fore and after" schooner was in view off Evanston, a short distance north of Chicago, on the 17th inst., drifting helplessly. Several tugs sent from there searched for her without success the entire afternoon and it is believed that she has gone down with all on board. She is supposed to be the schooner North Cape, lumber laden, from Muskegon for that port, where she is owned. She has a crew of eight men shipped at Milwaukee.

Two boilers in D. P. Reighard's oil refinery on Fifty-first street, the line of the Allegheny Valley railroad, Pittsburgh, exploded at noon the 18th inst., with terrific force, scattering debris in all directions and injuring a number of workmen. Two of them, Samuel Henderson and West Roub, are believed to be fatally hurt. Others are still lying in the boiler house. Six men in all were injured.

At Wickerton, Ont., the flouring mill of David Moore & Son was burned. Loss \$35,000; insurance, \$19,000.

The Irving school building in Minneapolis was totally destroyed by fire during incursion.

Rat Portage, Manitoba, 125 miles east of Winnipeg, lost \$100,000 by fire on the 17th inst.

Miscellaneous News Items.

Bart S. Tibbitts, a leading cigar manufacturer of Coldwater, Mich., one of the wealthiest in the state, on Sunday the 16th, mortgaged all his property. The fact coming to the knowledge of creditors, his tobacco stock was replevined immediately by the United States marshal at the suit of creditors in New York and Philadelphia.

A serious complication has arisen, resulting from the illness of Congressman Haskell of Kansas. He is not able to leave his bed, and has applied to the speaker to come to him and administer the oath of office. Such a proceeding is without precedent, and probably the speaker will solve the difficulty by leaving the question to the house.

The Western Nail association met at Pittsburg, on the 19th inst., and decided to close for six weeks, from Dec. 29 until Feb. 11. The meeting was one of the largest ever held, every mill in the West being represented in person or by letter. The stoppage is for the purpose of restricting the productions.

Stephen S. Price, Philadelphia, charged with the embezzlement of \$87,000 from the estate of Thomas Richardson, of which he was executor, was acquitted by the jury after being out all night.

F. M. Badshaw, Chicago, sues the Standard oil company for \$500,000. He was their agent at Cleveland, was persuaded to start a Chicago branch, lost every cent, and was degraded to a clerk.

Goodwillie, Wynnan & Co., Boston and New York dealers in printing presses and cutting machinery, are embarrassed. It is stated that a receiver will be appointed. Liabilities, \$50,000.

Workmen thrown out of a job in the shutting down of the manufactories at Johet complain severely of the 500 convicts working for 80 cents a day.

A Christmas tree forty-five feet high, lighted by electricity and revolved by steam, will be a feature of the foreign exhibition in Boston.

The state treasurer's report shows the debt of Pennsylvania to be \$19,718,783. During the year the debt has been reduced \$506,300.

Frank Barnum of Baltimore joined the Jesuits contrary to his brother's will, and the latter's estate now goes to the city.

John O. A. Newsome, real estate dealer, Columbus, Ind., has assigned. Liabilities, \$27,000; assets unknown.

Gerold Massey has sued the New York Times for \$5,000 damage done by ridiculing his lecture.

The debt of Minneapolis is \$2,208,000. The assessed valuation of the city is \$63,901,812.

A New Haven, Conn., jeweler is building an elaborate gold watch for King Kalakaua.

McKinney & Co., notion dealers, Philadelphia, have failed. Liabilities, \$35,000.

Detroit, Mich., has a dog oil factory. The product is used by consumptives.

Truth is Mighty and Must Prevail

Is a good old maxim, but no more reliable than the oft repeated verdict of visitors that

COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA,

is the Queen City of a magnificent county and the most beautifully located of the many new and prosperous places of North Dakota. It is the

Permanent County Seat of Griggs County, and, though only a few months old, already has a representation in nearly every branch of business and each man enjoying a profitable trade. Plenty of room for more business houses, mechanics or professional men. Cooperstown is not only the

TERMINUS OF THE S. C. & T. M. R. R., but is also Headquarters thereof. In short, the place is, by virtue of its situation

The Central City of the Central County of North Dakota.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTER! THE COMMERCIAL CENTER! THE FINANCIAL CENTER! THE RAILROAD CENTER!

and the outfitting point of settlers for fifty miles to the North and West. The energetic spirit of Cooperstown's citizens, who in most cases have not yet reached the meridian of life, the singleness of purpose and unity of action in pushing her interests, have resulted in giving her an envious reputation for business thrift even this early in her history.

GRIGGS COUNTY

is the acknowledged Eden for settlers and home-seekers. Its soil is unsurpassed; its drainage the very best; its climate salubrious, and its railway advantages par-excellent. Public land in the county is becoming scarcer every day, yet there are still thousands of opportunities for the landless to get homes.

GREAT STRIDES

toward Metropolitan comforts have been made in Cooperstown and the wandering head of the weary traveler can here find rest and entertainment at an

BEAUTIFUL AND ELEGANTLY APPOINTED HOTEL,

erected at a cost of \$21,000. The man who becomes a citizen of Griggs county's thrifty capital can have, without price or waiting, the advantages of

GOOD SCHOOLS AND SPLENDID SOCIETY.

The rapidly growing embryonic city of Cooperstown is surrounded on all sides by the very richest lands in North Dakota. Cooperstown, situated as it is in the very heart of a new and fertile region, must boom to keep pace with the

UNPARALLELED RAPID DEVELOPMENT

of the surrounding country. When you stop and consider the facts you will realize the advantages this new town enjoys. It being the terminus of a railroad, the entire country makes it a

UNIVERSAL TRADING POINT,

a fact demonstrated by the merchants already established and enjoying big trades. Cooperstown is not an experiment but is built on the solid rock of commercial industry. Sound investments can be made in Cooperstown city property or Griggs county farm lands by applying to the

COOPER TOWNSITE CO., Cooperstown, D. T.,

Or J. M. BURRELL, Sanborn, D. T. Plate sent on Request. Uniform Prices to All.

# THE COURIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING  
By Ed. D. STAIR.

Official Paper of Griggs County

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One copy, one year, \$2.00  
Six months, 1.00  
Cash invariably in Advance.

FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 1883.

## 12 PAGES.

The new year promises to be a propitious one, indeed, for North Dakota.

The license for retailing liquor in Griggs county has been placed at \$500. spot cash—in advance. This fact may help to dispell the fears of many eastern readers who imagine that whiskey and ruffianism rule on the frontier.

No town on the face of this great and glorious mundane sphere ever enjoyed a more prosperous or healthier first year than has proved the one just closing for Cooperstown. The place had the right men at helm on the start and the voyage is proving a propitious one, the port of unusual commercial importance being now in plain sight.

This has been an "off" year in the Northwest for railroad building, yet Dakota stands third on the list of states and territories in the number of miles of new railroad constructed in the first nine months of the year. New York leads with 607 miles; Pennsylvania comes next with 296 miles; Dakota stands third with 288 miles.

SOME one has said that a man has no home until he owns one of his own. Here in Griggs county remain a few townships of as fine land as the sun of heaven ever kissed with serenity, and it can be had for the simple taking. Why will not the toil worn farmer of the comparatively barren east aside the yoke that binds and tie himself to the land of plenty? Heed the lesson of the hour and come while yet there is time.

### Cost of Raising Wheat.

Competent and experienced farmers estimate the cost per acre of raising wheat in Griggs county the first year as follows, which is an over rather than an under estimate:

Breaking.....	\$ 3 00
Backsetting from \$1.50 to.....	2 00
Harrowing and seeding.....	75
Seed wheat (14 bushels).....	1 50
Harvesting and threshing.....	3 25

Total..... 10 50

The cost for each succeeding season will be about \$3 less, making it cost \$7.50 to \$8 per acre. The crops generally average from 20 to 30 bushels and will safely bring 90 cents at threshing time, giving the farmer from \$18 to \$27 per acre for his crop, or a profit of from \$7.50 to \$17.50 for every acre cultivated the first year, with an additional \$3 for following seasons. In short a farmer with limited means can come here, buy a farm if he wants improved land, and pay for it from one year's crop. This is a fact none can gainsay, for it is evidenced by the propositions of many large land owners, who will give land valued at \$10 to \$12 per acre for the first crop therefrom.

### Loves the Truth.

The editor of the Daily Independent, at Belair, Ohio, has been out here and is not afraid to give his honest opinion regarding the country. He says:

"Dakota has a great future. In its immense area it has less waste land than any of the western or southern states. I doubt if leaving out its little lakes, which are by no means waste land, (many of them are beautiful sheets of water) there can be more than one per cent. of the soil that is not tillable, and easily tillable; no timber to cut and burn; no stumps or roots to stop the plow and induce profanity; no stones to make culture difficult. A level or gently rolling surface, on which it is a pleasure to either hold the plow or drive, here invites the farmer to stir its rich soil, which with favoring conditions of moisture and of warmth, yield as rich returns as any part of the world. If breaking up the surface here increases the rainfall here as it unquestionably has done for Kansas and Nebraska, and the increased humidity of the atmosphere decreases the extremes of temperature, as it certainly will, Dakota will be one of the most richly productive states in the Union. Under very unfavorable circumstances of tillage and an adverse season I see here better potatoes, onions, beets, turnips and squashes than I have seen in Ohio. With better culture and an average season the possibilities of this territory are hard to overestimate. Trees of half a dozen kinds are growing well. The ash, maple, aspen, balm of Gilead and willows thrive best, and make fine annual growths, so that in the future the treeless plains of Dakota may produce plenty of timber."

# REAL VALUES.

## A Chapter on Assessment Showing the Relative Wealth in North and South Dakota.

The accusation is often made with regard to Dakota that it is a "boomed" land and that its values are merely on paper and lack materiality. Such unfriendly critics will no doubt feel surprised to find that for the year 1883 the assessed value of property in the territory is \$69,154,009 and that this is an increase over the preceding year, 1882, of over twenty-two million dollars, the figures for that year being \$47,000,000.

The following detailed valuation, the figures therein being supplied by Territorial Treasurer McVay, will show first the relative financial strength of North and South Dakota, the divisional line being at the forty-sixth parallel:

Counties.	Assessed Valuation.
Aurora.....	\$ 550 335
Beadle.....	1 071 439
Ben Homme.....	1 183 905
Brookings.....	386 186
Brown.....	2 205 921
Brule.....	436 084
Charles Mix.....	78 144
Clark.....	415 911
Clay.....	1 108 084
Codington.....	1 368 791
Custer.....	379 0 5
Davison.....	919 530
Deuel.....	280 715
Dewey.....	578 782
Douglas.....	199 440
Grant.....	885 838
Hamlin.....	439 354
Hand.....	364 474
Hanson.....	583 023
Hughes.....	714 582
Hutchinson.....	881 837
Kingsbury.....	771 014
Lake.....	632 428
Lawrence.....	3 738 090
Lincoln.....	1 149 539
McCook.....	1 236 677
Minnehaha.....	2 325 544
Miner.....	264 399
Moody.....	708 943
Pennington.....	521 801
Spink.....	2 041 965
Sully.....	70 281
Turner.....	977 498
Union.....	1 024 257
Yankton.....	1 827 384
<b>SOUTH DAKOTA.</b>	<b>\$32 147 709</b>

Counties.	Assessed Valuation.
Barnes.....	\$ 210 028
Burdick.....	3 297 542
Cass.....	6 539 000
Dickey.....	264 663
Grand Forks.....	5 069 284
Griggs (only 1 1/2 years old)	1 289 735
Kidder.....	601 123
La Moure.....	1 418 475
Morton.....	1 016 265
Nelson.....	225 263
Pennington.....	2 791 984
Ransom.....	371 332
Richardson.....	1 237 465
Stark.....	2 638 525
Steele.....	240 425
Stutsman.....	2 967 657
Traill.....	2 134 389
Walsh.....	7 701 253
<b>NORTH DAKOTA.</b>	<b>\$37 006 810</b>

"Look on this picture and then on this." It is comparatively easy to make sonorous assertions such as that South Dakota is richer than the northern portion, by no means the half, of the territory. But figures will not lie, that is when they are used by honest men, and as Mr. McVay's will come under that category this may be fairly considered as the end of all paradvantage on that point. These figures show that the nineteen counties of the northern division have an assessed valuation of nearly five millions of dollars more than the thirty-five counties south of the forty-sixth parallel.—Fargo Argus.

### Didn't Want to Get Started.

A gentleman who has lived and prospered in North Dakota for two years was met by an old friend in San Francisco a few weeks since, and the Californian started off with the interrogatory:

"If I may judge from your appearance, Dakota is a very healthy country?"

"Now, see here, my friend, don't get me started about Dakota, for the longer I talk the more I'm wound up. Yes sir, Dakota is a very healthy country. Physicians are a drug in the market, and if we ever call one of them Doctor, it is through courtesy and out of respect for the services they have performed among other people. They never get a chance at us, for we never get sick."

"How about the winters? Are they not very cold?"

"Yes, but not the kind of cold you have here or in the eastern states. Our cold is dry; yours is wet. Our cold does not penetrate; yours goes clear through the system and doubles you up."

"How low does the thermometer go?"

"I've seen it at 45° below zero."

"What do the people do to keep warm?"

"Go about their business. Ride over the prairie in bobsleds, cutters and wagons. Walk and run through the streets, snow ball each other and feel so deuced good they don't know what to do with themselves. They bob right up into the exhilarated air with the elasticity of an exhilarated angel in buffalo robes, and sing out to their neighbors, 'How's this for high?' They have good appetites, clear consciences and lots of dust."

"Yes sir, we're happy, healthy, and most of us wealthy. We can raise almost as much wheat and stock to the square acre in Dakota as they can in Illinois, Michigan, Indiana and Ohio. We've got schools and churches, railroads and telegraphs. Live newspapers and free lands. But, my friend, it won't do for me to get started on the subject of Dakota, for when I do I can't stop."

### Oh, What is This?

It is a car load of those Genuine "Stoughton" Wagons for Odegard & Thompson. No better wagons on wheels. They will sell now, you bet they will. They always sell the year around "and don't you forget it!" Good goods are staple in a go-ahead country like this.

# NORTH DAKOTA.

## As Modestly Figured out by P. Donan, a Man Cautiously Conservative.

North Dakota has almost exactly the same area as her southern sister section, including the far-famed wheat fields of the Red River Valley of the North, the vast and scarcely explored Devil's Lake and Turtle Mountain region, the valleys of the James and Missouri, and the mighty pampas of the northwestern counties, where the flocks and herds of a nation may find pasture. It is a magnificent domain of 75,000 square miles, while New York has but 40,000, Pennsylvania 46,000, Ohio but 39,000, and all six English states combined 65,000. The population January 1st, 1883, was estimated at 110,000. Since that time many new counties have been formed and organized, tens of thousands of acres of government and railroad land have been taken by new settlers, hundreds of new farms have been opened up, more than a score of flourishing towns have sprung up where prairie grass was unbroken then, and all the older towns have grown with marvelous rapidity; so that it is safe to assume that the population of North Dakota has increased at least 30,000 in the eleven months since January 1. The ratio of growth is in every respect without precedent or parallel.

The taxable valuation of North Dakota in June, 1880, was \$7,324,700; in June, 1883, \$70,000,000. The postal revenues of North Dakota for the year ending June 30th, 1882, \$75,234.

In June, 1880, there was but one private and two national banks in North Dakota; January 1, 1883, there was fourteen national and twenty-two private banks. In June, 1880, there were but nine churches; in January, 1883, there were seventy-six, costing \$406,000. In June, 1880, there were but seventeen school buildings; in March, 1883, there were 327 public and 13 private schools, since that time Fargo has completed an elegant \$85,000 high school building, and the foundation of half a dozen collegiate institutions have been laid in various portions of the Territory.

In June, 1880, there were in North Dakota but ten weekly newspapers and one daily; in January, 1883, there were eleven daily, forty-two weekly and six monthly publications, and new ones have been established at the rate of from one to three a week ever since to supply the demands of an intelligent newspaper reading people, daily growing in numbers. In June, 1880, there were but 136,358 acres in cultivation; in January, 1883, there were 883,357, and the value of the wheat crop alone for 1883 is estimated at \$15,000,000.

In June, 1880, there were but 290 miles of railroad in operation in North Dakota; in September, 1883, there were something over 1,000 miles in operation and several hundred more in process of construction. North Dakota has to-day a greater railroad mileage than Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, Florida, Oregon, Arkansas, Mississippi, Nevada, West Virginia, Delaware or Rhode Island, and the two sections together have nearly 3,000 miles.

The number of acres of land entered during the year ending June 30, 1879, under the act of congress requiring actual settlement and cultivation was 27,507, during the year ending June, 30, 1883, the entries reached the enormous aggregate of 6,550,567 acres.

Sanborn Enterprise: Picking wild flowers in December, growing in their native beauty on the open prairie, is a luxury enjoyed by few beyond the confines of the tropics, and yet this pleasure is reserved for the inhabitants of North Dakota this season. Incredible as it may seem, Mr. Michael Gillis plucked a neat little bouquet of blooming beauties from the Prindle farm Wednesday afternoon. They are a dark red flower, and grow on the prairie in abundance through the summer season. The inflorescence of those shown us was perfect, and the freshness and verdure of the stems conclusively proved them to be of recent growth.

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

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

Nelson & Langlie "only" keep the celebrated "Acorn."

It will do you good to call at Odegard & Thompson's if you want flour or provisions. We will give you good bargains.

Talk is cheap, but we won't be undersold. You can bear it in mind all day. Odegard & Thompson.

We will not be undersold in North Dakota. Lenham Elevator & Lumber Co.

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

Our goods will bear inspection with any stock in this market, and all we ask is a call to convince you that by buying goods of us it is money in your pocket. Nelson & Langlie

Farmers clean your seed wheat. The Lenham E. & L. Co. will sell you a machine for \$25.00 that will take out all foul seed.

We have too many knit underwear and will give you some cheap if you call soon. Odegard & Thompson.

Call at Whidden Bros.' for horse blankets, bed spreads, comforts and quilts. Marked low.

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

Whidden Bros. have never before urged their customers for a dollar, but any thinking man can understand that owing to the sudden change—the death of one partner—it's necessary to wind up the present business. Don't forget to pay.

# THE COMBINATION

—HAS AGAIN COMBINED.—

## TWO LARGE INTERESTS!

MAKE A THIRD POSSIBLE.

During the Holidays we shall open our

BURRELL AVE.

# FEED STORE,

Where we offer for CASH Only and at cash prices, all kinds of

HORSE FEED, MULE FEED, OX FEED, HEN FEED,

PIG FEED and FEED for any and all of Dakota's useful and beautiful beasts and birds. Come and see us here, then walk over to the

## LIVERY, SALE AND FEED STABLES!

That we have combined into the...

# COOPERSTOWN LIVERY,

Where you will find the best Livery Outfit in this part of Dakota:

WAGONS, BIG HORSES, BUGGIES, LITTLE HORSES, PLATFORM SPRING, FAST HORSES, ROAD WAGONS, SLOW HORSES, SLEIGHS, YOUNG HORSES, PLATFORM SPRING TOP, SADDLE PONIES, GEAR ON PATENT RUNNERS, DRIVING PONIES, And one or two OLD PLUGS.

Whips, Spurs, Saddles, Robes, Foot Muffs, Etc., Etc. You will also find warm BOARDING STABLES, and an abundance of help and care, with an ocean of feed for your tired horses, and

## NEW YEAR'S DAY

You will find a box of cigars in the barn office of

DAVIS & PICKETT.

## JOHN N. JORGENSEN,

Clerk of District Court,

# Land Attorney,

AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.

COOPERSTOWN, GRIGGS CO., DAK.

Money Invested and Taxes paid for Non-Residents. Money to Loan on Real Estate on Reasonable Terms. Correct Abstracts of Griggs County Always on Hand! SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL LAND OFFICE BUSINESS. Office Over Nelson & Langlie's Store. COOPERSTOWN.

A. F. GROVES, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Official Surgeon for N. P. R. R. Co. Office over Barnes Co. Bank, SANBORN, D. T.

L. E. Booker, President. J. K. Musselman, Cashier.

## STEELE COUNTY BANK,

HOPE, D. T.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Collections of all kinds will receive

Prompt and Careful Attention.

CORRESPONDENTS:

U. S. NAT'L BANK, New York. NAT'L GER. AM. BANK, St. Paul.

## THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

TO THE LAND EXPLORER, TO THE BUSINESS MAN, TO THE FARMER, TO THE MECHANIC, TO THE LABORER, TO THE SPORTSMAN, TO THE TOURIST, TO THE MINER.

## TO ALL CLASSES!!

For the Raising of Wheat! For the Raising of Stock! For Ready and Cash Markets! For a Healthy Climate! For Sure and Good Crops! For remunerative Investment! For Business opportunities! For Wield Security!

The Northern Pacific Country has no EQUAL.

SAVE MONEY. By purchasing ticket in them before getting out of train. Round Trip Tickets are at all Ticket Offices to all stations, reduced rates.

Coupon Tickets are sold at Sanborn to all Eastern and Northern points, at lowest rates.

Pullman Sleeping Cars without change on all trains from St. Paul and Minneapolis and Fargo and Duluth; for beauty and comfort these cars are unsurpassed.

Elegant Horton Chair Cars on day trains, between Fargo and Mandan. These cars are seated with new reclining chairs and offer special attractions to the traveler.

Superb Dining Cars without exception the finest on the continent, are run on all trains. First class meals 75 cents.

CHARLES S. FEE, Asst. Supt. Passenger Traffic, St. Paul.

## Minneapolis & St. Louis RAILWAY,

AND THE FAMOUS

## Albert Lea Route.

TWO THROUGH TRAIN DAILY FROM ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS TO CHICAGO

Without Change, connecting with the Fast Trains of all lines for the EAST AND SOUTHEAST!

The Direct and only Line running through cars between MINNEAPOLIS and DES MOINES, IOWA. Via Albert Lea and Fort Dodge.

SOLID THROUGH TRAINS BETWEEN MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. LOUIS

and the Principal Cities of the Mississippi Valley, connecting in the Union Depot for all points South and Southwest!

MANY HOURS SAVED! and the Only Line running Two Trains Daily to Kansas City, Leavenworth and Atchison making connections with the Union Pacific and Atchison, Topoka & Santa Fe Railways.

Close Connections made in Union Depot with all trains of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba; Northern Pacific; St. Paul & Duluth Railways, from and to all points North and Northwest.

REMEMBER! The Trains of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway are composed of Comfortable Day Coaches, MAGNIFICENT PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS, and our justly celebrated Palace Dining Cars!

150 Lbs. of Baggage Checked Free. FARE ALWAYS AS LOW AS THE LOWEST! For Timetables, Through Tickets, etc., call upon the nearest Ticket Agent or write to S. F. BOYD, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass Agt., Minneapolis, Minn.

Notice—U. S. Land Office, Fargo, D. T., Dec. 15, 1883. Complaint having been entered at this office by Elias J. Moan against Thomas W. Karns, for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 9863 dated March 24, 1882, upon the S 1/2 of N 34 and E 1/2 of S 4 section 4, township 18 N, range 58, in Griggs county, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 7th day of February, 1884, at 2 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

E. C. GEAREY, Receiver.

Old newspapers for sale of the Courier office.

## THE FATAL ERROR.

"Clinton" said Margaret Hubert, with a look of supreme contempt. "Don't speak of him to me, Lizzy. His very name is an offense to my ears!" and the lady's whole manner became disturbed.

"He will be at the ball to-night, of course, and will renew his attentions," said the friend, in an earnest, yet quiet voice. "Now, for all your expressions of dislike, I have thought that you were really far from being indifferent to Mr. Clinton, and affected a repugnance at variance with your true feelings."

"Lizzy, you will offend me if you make use of such language. I tell you he is hateful to me," replied Miss Hubert.

"Of course, you ought to know your own state of mind best," said Lizzy Edgar. "If it is really as you say, I must confess that my observation has not been accurate. As to there being anything in Mr. Clinton to inspire an emotion of contempt, or create so strong a dislike as you express, I have yet to see it. To me he has ever appeared in the light of a gentleman."

"Then suppose you make yourself agreeable to him, Lizzy," said Miss Hubert.

"I try to make myself agreeable to everyone," replied the even-minded girl. "That is a duty I owe to those with whom I associate."

"Whether you like them or not?"

"It does not follow, because I do not happen to like a person, that I should render myself disagreeable to him."

"I never tolerate people I don't like," said Miss Hubert.

"We shouldn't associate too intimately with those who are disagreeable to us," returned her friend; "but when we are thrown together in society, the least we can do is to be civil."

"You may be able to disguise your real feelings, but I cannot. Whatever emotion passes over my mind is seen in my face and discovered in my tone of voice. All who know me see me as I am."

And yet, notwithstanding this affirmation, Margaret Hubert did not, at all times, display her real feelings. And her friend Lizzy Edgar was right in assuming that she was by no means indifferent to Mr. Clinton. The appearances of dislike were assumed as a mask, and the distance and reserve she displayed toward him were the offspring of a false pride and unwomanly self-esteem. The truth was, her heart had, almost unsought, been won. The manly bearing, personal grace and the brilliant mind of Philip Clinton had captivated her feelings and awakened an emotion of love she was conscious that her heart was in danger. And she had even leaned toward him instinctively, and so apparently that the young man observed it, and was attracted thereby. The moment, however, he became at all marked in his attentions, the whole manner of Margaret changed. She was then aware of the rashness she had displayed, and her pride instantly took the alarm. Reserve, dignity and even haughtiness, characterized her bearing toward Clinton; and to those who spoke of him as her lover, she replied in terms similar to what she used to her friend Lizzy Edgar, on the occasion to which reference has just been made.

All this evidenced weakness of mind as well as pride. She wished to be sought before she was won—at least, that was the language she used to herself. Her lover must come, like a knight of old, and sue on bended knee for favor.

Clinton observed the marked change in her manner. Fortunately for his peace of mind, he was not so deeply in love as to be very seriously distressed. He had admired her beauty, her accomplishments, and the winning grace of her manners; and more, had felt his heart begin to warm toward her. But the charm with which she had been invested faded away the moment the change of which we have spoken became apparent. He was not a man of strong, ungovernable impulses; all his passions were under the control of right reason, and this gave him clear judgment. Consequently, he was the last person in the world for an experiment such as Margaret Hubert was making. At first he thought there must be some mistake, and continued to offer the young lady polite attentions, coldly and distantly as they were received. He even went farther than his real feelings bore him out in going, and made particular advances, in order to be perfectly satisfied that there was no mistake about her dislike or repugnance.

But there was one thing which at first Clinton did not understand. It was this. Frequently, when in company where Margaret was present, he would, if he turned his eyes suddenly upon her, find that she was looking at him with an expression which told him plainly that he was not indifferent to her. This occurred so often and was so often attended with evident confusion on her part, that he began to have a suspicion of the real truth, and to feel disgusted at so marked an exhibition of insincerity. Besides, the thought of being experimented upon in that way, did not in the least tend to soften his feelings toward the fair one. He believed in frankness, honesty and reciprocal sincerity. He liked a truthful, ingenuous mind, and turned instinctively from all artifice, coquetry and affectation.

The game which Miss Hubert was playing had been in progress for only a short time, when her friend Lizzy Edgar, who was on terms of close intimacy, spent the day with her, occupying most of the time in preparation for a fancy ball that was to come off that night. The two young ladies attended themselves with much care, each with a view to effect. Margaret looked particularly to the assumption of a certain dignity, and her costume for the evening had been chosen with that end in view. A ruff and her grandmother's rich silk brocade did give to her tall person all the dignity she could have desired.

At the proper time, the father of Miss Hubert accompanied the young ladies to the ball, preparations for which had for some time been in progress. As soon almost as Margaret entered the room her eyes began to wander about in search of Mr. Clinton. It was not long before she discovered him—not long before his eyes rested upon and recognized her stately figure.

"If she be playing a part, as I more than half suspect," said the young man to himself, "her performance will end to-night, so far as I am concerned."

And with the remark he moved toward that part of the room where the young ladies were standing. Lizzy returned his salutation with a frank and easy grace, but Margaret drew herself up coldly, and replied to his remarks with brief formality. Clinton remained with them only long enough to pass a few compliments, and then moved away and mingled with the

crowd in another part of the large saloon, where the gay company were assembled. During the next hour, he took occasion to search out Margaret in the crowd, and more than once he found that her eyes were upon him.

"Once more," he said crossing the room and going up to where she stood leaning upon the arm of an acquaintance.

"May I have the pleasure of dancing with you in the next set?"

"Thank you sir," replied Margaret, with unbending dignity. "I am already engaged."

Clinton bowed and turned away. The fate of the maiden was sealed. She had carried her experiment too far.

As the young man moved across the room he saw Lizzy Edgar sitting alone, her face lit up with interest as she noted the various costumes and observed the ever-forming and dissolving tableaux that filled the saloon, and presented to the eye a living kaleidoscope.

"Alone," he said, pausing before the warm-hearted, even-tempered girl.

"One cannot be alone here," she replied, with a sweet smile irradiating her countenance. "What a fairy scene it is," she added, as her eyes wandered from the face of Clinton and again fell upon the brilliant groups around them.

"Have you danced this evening?" asked Clinton.

"In one set," answered Lizzy.

"Are you engaged for the next in which you may feel disposed to take the floor?"

"No, sir."

"Then I may claim you for my partner?"

"If it is your pleasure to do so," replied Lizzy, smiling.

In a cotton formed soon afterwards in that part of the room, where Margaret Hubert and her sweet friend, Lizzy Edgar, Margaret has a warmer color on her cheeks than usual, and her dignity towered into an air of haughtiness, all of which Clinton observed. Its effect was to make his heart cold toward her, instead of awakening an ardent desire to win a proud and distant beauty.

In vain did Margaret look for the young man to press forward the moment the cotton dissolved, and claim her for the next. He lingered by the side of Miss Edgar, more charmed with her than he had ever been, until some one else came and claimed the hand of Miss Hubert. The disappointed and unhappy girl now unbent herself from the cold dignity that had marked her bearing since her entrance into the ball-room, and sought to win him to her side by the flashing brilliancy of her manners; but her efforts were unavailing. Clinton had felt the sweeter, purer, stronger attractions of one free from all artifice; and when he left her side, he had no wish to pass to that of one whose coldness had repelled, and whose haughtiness had insulted him.

On the next day, when Lizzy called on her friend, she found her in a very unhappy state of mind. As to the ball and the people who attended, she was exceedingly captious in all her remarks. When Clinton was mentioned, she spoke of him with a sneer. Lizzy hardly knew how to take her. Why the young man should be so offensive, she was at a loss to imagine, and honestly came to the conclusion that she had been mistaken in her previous supposition that Margaret really felt an interest in him.

A few evenings only elapsed before Clinton called upon Miss Edgar, and from that time visited her regularly. An offer of marriage was the final result. This offer Lizzy accepted.

The five or six months that elapsed from the time Clinton became particular in his attentions to Miss Edgar, until he formally declared himself a lover, passed with Margaret Hubert in one long-continued and wild struggle with her feelings. Conscious, because conviction had come too late, she wrestled vigorously, but in vain, with a passion that, but for her own folly, would have met a free and full return. Lizzy spoke to her of Clinton's marked attentions, but did not know how, like heavy and painful strokes, every word she uttered, fell upon her heart. She saw that Margaret was far from being happy, and often tenderly urged her to tell the cause, but little dreamed of the real nature of her sufferings.

At last Lizzy told her, with a glowing check, that Clinton had owned his love for her, and claimed her hand in marriage. For some moments after this communication was made, Margaret could make no reply. Her heart trembled faintly in her bosom and almost ceased to beat; but she rallied herself, and concealed what she felt under warm congratulations. Lizzy was deceived, though in her friend's manner there was something that she could not fully comprehend.

"You must be my bridesmaid," said the happy girl, a month or two afterward.

"Why not choose some one else?" asked Margaret.

"Because I love you better than any friend I have," replied Lizzy, putting an arm around the neck of Margaret and kissing her.

"No, no; I cannot—I cannot!" was the unexpressed thought of Margaret—while something like a shudder went over her. But the eyes of her friend did not penetrate the sad secret of her heart.

"Come, dear, say yes. Why do you hesitate? I would hardly believe myself married if you were not by my side when the nuptial pledge was given."

"It shall be as you wish," replied Margaret.

"Perhaps you misunderstood me," said Lizzy, playfully; "I was not speaking of my funeral, but of my wedding."

This sportive sally gave Margaret an opportunity to recover herself, which she did promptly; and never once, from that time until the wedding day of her friend arrived did she by look or word betray what was in her heart.

Intense was the struggle that went on in the mind of Margaret Hubert. But it was of no avail; she loved Clinton with a wild intensity that was only the more fervid from its hopelessness. But pride and a determined will concealed what neither can destroy.

At last the wedding night of Lizzy Edgar arrived, and a large company assembled to witness the holy rite, that was to be performed, and to celebrate the occasion with appropriate festivities. Margaret, when the morning of that day broke coldly and drearily upon her, felt so sad at heart that she wept, and, weeping, wished that she could die. There had been full time for reflection since, by her own acts, she had repulsed one in whom her heart felt a deep interest, and repulsed him with such imprudent force that he never returned to her again. Suffering had chastened her spirit, although it could not still the throbbing

pain. As the time approached when she must stand beside her friend and listen to the vows of perpetual love that she would have given all the world, were it in her possession, to hear as her own, she felt that she was about entering upon a trial for which her strength could be little more than adequate.

But there was no retreat now. The ordeal had to be passed through. At last the time of trial came, and she descended with her friend, and stood up with her before the minister of God, who was to say the fitting words and receive the solemn vows recorded in the marriage covenant. From the time Margaret took her place on the floor, she felt her power overself falling. Most earnestly did she struggle for calmness and self-control, but the very fear that inspired this struggle made it ineffectual. When the minister, in a deeply-impressive voice said: "I pronounce you husband and wife," her eyes grew dim, and her limbs trembled and failed; she sunk forward, and was only kept from falling by the arm of the minister, which was extended in time to save her.

Twenty years have passed since that happy evening, and Margaret Hubert is yet unmarried. It was long before she could quench the fire that had burned so fiercely in her heart. When it did go out, the desolate hearth it left remained ever after cold and dark.

## HUMAN SACRIFICES.

Dreadful Practices of the Dahomeyan King Gelele.

The Wesleyan missionary at Dahomey, the Rev. John Milum, gives a most sickening account of the dreadful practices of the Dahomeyan King Gelele, which fully confirm the statements published previously concerning the king's sacrifices. Every year Gelele makes extensive sacrifices in honor of the memory of his father, the victims being prisoners of war. The Dahomeyans make wars on the neighboring tribes and manage to capture a large number of prisoners. The custom last year lasted through several days, there being a slaughter every day and night. Mr. Milum was several times summoned to the palace, and though he saw no sacrifices, the evidence of them were unmistakable. On December 31, after several days had been occupied with the revolting ceremonies of the "cannon," Mr. Milum wrote:

"The yearly custom made by King Gelele for his father Gezo is not yet finished, a number of important matters interfering and calling for the presence of the king to settle. It appears that forty human beings are reserved to complete the ceremony—twenty men and twenty women. Eighty persons are to be presented for sacrifice, but, under the guise of mercy, one-half will be liberated. Contrary to statements made by previous travelers, these human victims are all prisoners of war and have committed no crime, but have been unfortunate enough to be captured while defending their homes against the invading foe. The people, knowing my opinions on the subject, are reluctant to furnish me with full information of all the sacrifices that take place, but I am strongly impressed that they are offered every day, for every moment I hear the king's crier crying the great name of the king, and beating his bell, and going through the whole ceremony that I described in connection with the poor woman sacrificed in the market place, and soon after I hear the tattoo of the drums and the firing of muskets, which announces that the cruel deed is done. Moreover, the birds never cease to congregate in the region of the ravine where the bodies are thrown, close to the wretched hut in which I am lodged, and whenever the wind blows in this direction I obtain a most sickening smell of putrifying flesh, and I have but to go outside the walls of the compound to see the gorged vultures and turkey-buzzards sitting in grim silence in the trees near the dreadful place or on the wing circling over it."

"The victims this year, as well as the last are from Milkkan, a large town to the east of Dahomey, which was invaded and destroyed by the Dahomeyans last year, and from which, it is stated by some intelligent natives, there were brought a little over 17,000 captives and 7,200 heads. I give these numbers as I have received them. I am not in a position to verify them. I only know that it was a very popular town, and that all the women and children were within the walls when it was attacked by the Dahomeyan army. This year the Dahomeyans sought in vain for a place to capture, the inhabitants fleeing from every town on their approach, which accounts for the fact that the poor Milkkan people have become the victims this year for sacrifice. I have no desire to be sensational, but I should like the English public to look at the following facts: King Gelele began to reign about the year 1853; he therefore has been reigning about 27 years. During that time he has offered, upon a very moderate average, 200 human sacrifices yearly. It therefore follows that he has murdered since his reign, in cold blood, at least 1,400 prisoners of war. If to this be added the thousands of heads brought home from war, I think the present king of Dahomey may be regarded as the greatest murderer living and what seems such an extraordinary thing is that these sacrifices take place within sixty miles, and the towers that are desolated by this cruel people are mostly within 100 miles of the coast. It appears to me that this is an evil reign if not quite equal to the slave trade, and calls loudly to the civilized powers for suppression. The Dahomeyan army is now clamoring to the king to be allowed to go back to Abeokuta for their next war. If they go, they may not actually capture the town; but they will kidnap unwary travelers, stop all agricultural operations, destroy all the farms, and spread desolation on every hand. This is what occurs during the first three or four months of every year, the last six months for the farmer."

"I have but to refer to my detention and the inconvenience caused me to prove that the king disregards the terms of the treaty made with him in May, 1877. I believe it would be one of the greatest acts of mercy to thousands of poor, down-trodden people if the British government were to annex the whole coast line between Quetta and Lagos to the Gold Coast colony."

## THE ROCKIES.

How the Utah Range in Wyoming Struck a British Geologist.

Professor A. Geikie in MacMillan's Magazine. This long journey is marked in the recollection of a traveler by the complete demolition of his previous mental picture of the "Rocky Mountains." Misled by the absurd and utterly false system, still far from extinct, of representing a watershed on a map by a continuous range of mountains, which traverses the continent as a continuous range running in a nearly north and south direction, and so extraordinarily rugged as to have deserved the special appellation of "Rocky." No conception could well be further from the reality. Northward the top of some distant hills in Wyoming loomed up on the horizon, but all round us not only were there no mountains, but hardly anything that deserved to be called a hill—certainly nothing that for moment suggested the crest of a mountain range. The railway company with a laudible desire for the diffusion of correct geographical knowledge, has had a board inscribed "Summit of the Rocky Mountains," and placed at the highest level of their line. One looks round with a look of disappointment for the peaks. Instead of these there is the same long, smooth, prairie-like slope out of which rise numerous quaint knobs of pink granite. The central wedge, not having been driven so far upward here, forms no conspicuous feature at the surface. Yet it has carried up the same red sandstones on its eastern flank that rise in verticle bands among the canyons north of Denver. From the plain of the Missouri the prairie, there about 1,000 feet above sea-level, rises slowly in elevation westward, till at Cheyenne, a distance rather more than 500 miles, its surface has an average elevation of about 6,000 feet. In the next eighteen miles, however, it makes a more rapid slope, for it mounts to an elevation of 8,271 feet above the sea.

## PAWNING A WIFE.

The Security Given by a Frenchman For a Wedding Feast.

From the London Standard.

Many strange articles have been pledged by persons finding themselves with an empty purse and an inexorable creditor; but to few newly married men would it occur to leave their bride behind as a guarantee of payment for the wedding feast. This, however, was according to a French contemporary, the means taken by a bridegroom who, after the mayor and priest had pronounced him a Benedict, repaired with the wedding guests and his wife to St. Maude, near Paris, to wind up the day with a fitting repast. Justice having been done to the dinner, the guests bid adieu to the married couple after the customary hopes for their future domestic felicity had been duly expressed. Then came the restaurateur with his little bill, amounting to over 120 francs. The sum was not a large one, but moderate though the bill made upon his resources was, the bridegroom found himself unable to meet it. Taking the innkeeper aside, he explained that he had "left his purse at home," a circumstance he regretted, since it obliged him to leave a "precious article" with his creditor for a few hours while he went to fetch it. The latter naturally expected that a watch, a ring, or something of that description would be placed in his hand as a guarantee of payment, but to his surprise, his debtor, pointing to his young wife, told him that he confided her to his keeping, promising to return and liberate her in a short time. The offer was accepted, and the bride was left in pawn. The hour of midnight struck and found the anxious bride still awaiting the return of her lord. The restaurant was closed, its owner grew uneasy, then angry, and ultimately, finding it weary work sitting up with a woman in tears, he ordered her up to a garret bed room, the door of which he carefully locked upon his prisoner. The following day passed and the bride was unredeemed. The innkeeper inquired whether she had any relatives, and on being answered in the negative she exasperated creditor informed her that she must don a cook's apron, lay aside the orange flowers and set to work to earn her daily food until such time as her faithless husband appeared to claim her and pay him. This was a sad sequel to the wedding day, but perhaps ere now the police, aiding the poor forlorn bride, have succeeded in discovering the whereabouts of her heartless and ill-mannered spouse.

## PERSONAL ITEMS.

A. D. Jessup, whose death is announced in London, always spent his summers at Newport, R. I. He was the gentleman who purchased the villa owned by the Peruvian minister, Francis L. Barreda, for \$100,000, and who in less than one year disposed of it to John Jacob Astor of New York for \$201,000. His daughter was married at Newport about a year ago to an officer of the English army.

The will of John S. Cobb, late of Weymouth, Mass., gives to the American Seaman's Friend society \$3,000; to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, \$3,000; American Home Missionary society, \$2,000; American Tract society \$2,000; to the Union Congregational society of South Weymouth, all real estate owned by him and situated outside of that town, together with considerable personal property.

A rather notable student finished his course at the Yale Law School last week, graduating third in his class. This was Peter Doyle, ex-secretary of state of Wisconsin. Mr. Doyle is now forty-five years old, and has been a successful lawyer and politician in Wisconsin. Being conscious of some defects in his legal education he determined to remedy them at an age when most men would not feel like "going to school." He worked hard while at the Law School. He was popular with students and professors, and one of the latter expects to see him a member of congress.

It appears that Silas M. Waite, now serving a term of imprisonment for defalcation while president of the Brattleboro (Vt.) bank, actually contributed \$100,000 of his own money for dividends to the stockholders. Although the concern was bankrupt, he covered up that fact by means of perjured returns, declared dividends regularly, and paid them out of his own pocket. His motive is not clear, but it is certain that his falsity impoverished many depositors. He is about to sue the stockholders for a return of the dividend money.

The Rev. John Cumming, D. D., who has just died, and who for nearly fifty years has preached to a wealthy, fashionable, and intellectual congregation in the Scotch church, in Crown Court, in the center of London, was in many respects a remarkable man. Very eloquent and highly-finished in style, he had the Scotchman's love of argument and controversy, with very decided views on prophecy, the papacy, and the end of the world, which furnished his usual themes. He was the successor of the famous Edward Irving, and had been among the best known and most influential clergymen of the past two generations. It has long been customary for Americans visiting London to repair to his chapel in Convent Garden, and hear him as one of the lions of the metropolis of the same rank with Spurgeon, Fushon and Martineau. He was very earnest in a quiet way, exceedingly interesting, and often poetical.

## BANANAS AND PLANTAINS.

From the New Orleans Democrat.

A pound of bananas contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat or many pounds of potatoes, which is a food it is in every sense of the word far superior to the best wheat bread. Although it grows spontaneously throughout the tropics, when cultivated its yield is prodigious; for an acre of ground planted with bananas will return, according to Humboldt, as much food material as thirty-three acres of wheat, or over a hundred acres of potatoes. The banana, then, is the bread of millions who could not well subsist without it. In Brazil it is the principal food of the laboring classes, while it is no less prized in the island of Cuba. Indeed, in the latter country the sugar planters grow orchards of it expressly for the consumption of their slaves. Every day each hand receives his rations of salt fish or dried beef, as the case may be, and four bananas and two plantains. The banana—it should be called plantain, for until lately there was no such word as banana—is divided into several varieties, all of which are used for food. The *platino munitio* is a small, delicate fruit, neither longer nor stouter than a lady's forefinger. It is the most delicious and prized of all the varieties of the plantain. *El Platino guineo*, called by us the banana, is probably in demand more than any other kind. It is sub-divided into different varieties, the principal of which are the yellow and purple. Bananas we see for sale in our markets; but the latter is so little esteemed by the natives of the tropics that it is seldom eaten by them. *El platino grande*, known to us as simply the plantain—is also sub-divided into varieties which are known by their savor and their size. The kind that reaches our markets is nearly ten inches long, yet on the stems of Darien there are plantains that grow from eighteen to twenty-two inches. They are never eaten raw, but are either boiled or roasted or are prepared as preserves.

## SCIENTIFIC SCIENTIFICATIONS.

The experiment of oyster-culture in Tasmania has been thus far very successful, and it is expected that in four years the new industry will yield a large profit, after making all due allowance for the failure of the "spat" to attain maturity.

Prof. W. Matthew Williams says: "I have taught many to swim, and my first lesson is on balancing the body. The easiest formula for attaining this power is to keep the hands down and look at the sky, while the chest is expanded as much as possible by throwing the shoulders well back, in military attitude. Any man or woman of ordinary specific gravity who can do this can float and breathe, but to do it, simple as it is, requires practice or training—physical training of the muscles, and cerebral training in order to acquire that command of all the faculties without which there can be no treading of water or other device for keeping the mouth and nostrils in the air."

The *Scientific American* says that by far the largest masonry arch in this country and in the world is that which carries the Washington aqueduct over Cabin John creek. It has a span of 220 feet; it is 101 feet high, and 20 feet wide, and it forms an arc of a circle having a radius of 134,285 feet. The engineer in charge of the aqueduct was Gen. M. C. Meigs. The work was begun in 1853 and finished in 1883.

## AS OTHERS 'SEE US.

An Englishman writing to the Glasgow Herald from Chicago says no one who knew that city was burned ten years ago could realize its appearance to-day. It shows, as nothing else can, what an energetic and go-ahead people can accomplish in a few years. Many of the customs prevalent may seem strange, and some of the habits of the people objectionable, to visitors from the old country, but no one can fail to notice the free and obliging manner of the citizens, and a total want of that patronizing air by her leading men which only too often marks the man in a similar position in Britain when addressing an inferior in position. A millionaire will talk as frankly and as freely as though he did not own a cent. Bankers, lawyers and business men generally work a great deal harder and longer hours than the same class do in Glasgow. I met the president of a leading bank in the city, a smart young

## THE LATE GEORGE E. PUGH.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The murder of young Pugh, of Cincinnati, by the fiendish red skins of New Mexico, recalls the memory of one of the most brilliant men that the phenomenal state of Ohio ever produced. George E. Pugh was a natural lawyer. He possessed a mind naturally acute, enriched with the finest

## GOVERNMENT LANDS!

How to Get Uncle Sam's Gracious Gift of a Good Farm.

The U. S. Land Laws Briefly Summarized.

Following is a summary in the briefest possible manner of the leading points of our land laws, so far as they refer to the Timber Culture, Pre-emption and Homestead acts, itemized in such a way that will be clear to all desirous of such information. Intending settlers can obtain the full text of these regulations by addressing "Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C.," and also obtain all information with regard to the locality in which they desire to settle, from the agent of that particular district. The offices are located as follows:

Grand Forks, for Red River Valley, midway between Canadian boundary and Fargo.

Fargo, intersection of Red River Valley and Northern Pacific Railroad.

Bismarck, Missouri River Country, at intersection of Northern Pacific Railroad.

Creelsburg (Devil's Lake City) for the Devil's Lake region, North Dakota, to the Canadian frontier.

Aberdeen, midway in the James River country.

Mitchell, on Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. Southeastern Dakota.

Watertown, on Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, Eastern Dakota, midway between Fargo and Yankton.

Yankton, Southeastern Dakota.

Deadwood, for Black Hills Country, in Southwestern Dakota.

The address is simply, "THE U. S. LAND OFFICE, FARGO, DAKOTA TERRITORY, U. S.," or whichever office it may be desired to communicate with.

**PRE-EMPTION ACT.**

**WHO CAN CLAIM**—Heads of families (whether 21 years of age or not) husbands, sons, or widows; all persons, male or female, over 21 years of age, citizens of the United States, or who have declared intention to become such.

**WHO CANNOT CLAIM**—No person who is the owner of 320 acres of land in any state or territory. So that any one who desires to have the benefit of all three acts may pre-empt when he holds a homestead or tree claim, but is not allowed to pre-empt if he already holds both a homestead and tree claim.

**REQUIREMENTS**—Continuous residence, settlement and cultivation until final proof.

**PRICE**—In Dakota, within the 40-mile railroad belt, the price per acre is \$2.50; outside the belt the price is \$1.25.

**FINAL PROOF AND PAYMENT**—Must be made in 33 months from date of settlement and may be made after six months of actual residence and improvement. The improvements must be of a substantial and valuable character, and the facts must be attested by claimant and two competent witnesses.

**FEES**—Two dollars when the application or declaratory statement is made, and \$8 at final proof.

**NOT TRANSFERABLE**—Claims cannot be transferred until title is perfect.

**ONE ENTRY ONLY**—Only one pre-emption is allowed to one and the same individual.

**NO SPECULATION**—Pre-emptor must also swear that he has not settled said land for speculation but for his own exclusive use.

**HOMESTEAD ACT.**

**WHO CAN CLAIM**—Heads of families, (whether 21 years of age or not) husbands, sons, or widows; all persons, male or female, over 21 years of age, citizens of the United States, or who have declared their intention to become such.

**REQUIREMENTS**—Continued residence settlement and cultivation for five years from date of entry.

**SALE INVALID**—The sale of a homestead by the settler to another party before the completion of the title, vests no title in purchaser and will not be recognized by the Government.

**ONE ENTRY ONLY**—The law allows but one homestead privilege, and a settler who abandons or relinquishes his claim cannot make a second entry.

**FEES**—Eighteen dollars at time of entry and \$8 additional at final proof when patent issues.

**ABSENCES**—An occasional visit to the land every few weeks, and occupation by a steward, with cultivation is not sufficient. The homestead must be the actual home of the claimant. Occasional absence for a few days, or even weeks, if good faith be shown in all respects, will not subject the claim to forfeiture.

**NOT LIABLE FOR DEBT**—Homesteads are not liable for debts contracted prior to issue of patent.

**COMMUTED HOMESTEAD**—If a settler does not wish to reside for five years upon his tract, he may pay for it at the rate of \$2.50 per acre any time after six months' residence and cultivation.

**CHANGED TO PRE-EMPTION**—Homesteads may be turned into pre-emptions at any time within five years from date of entry.

**FINAL PROOF**—Cannot be made within five years and must be made within seven. Settlers must swear to his continuous residence and cultivation; that the homestead has not been alienated (unless for church, school, seminary or railroad requirements) that he is sole bona fide owner of it or actual settler; that he will bear true allegiance to the Government of the United States. This testimony must be supported by two credible witnesses.

**TREE CULTURE ACT.**

**WHO CAN CLAIM**—Heads of families, (whether 21 years of age or not) husbands, sons, or widows; or all persons, male or female, over 21 years of age, being residents of the United States, or having declared their intention to become such.

**ONE ENTRY ONLY**—Can be made by the same individual for one quarter section of untimbered land, but as many entries can be made in the same section as will aggregate a quarter of one whole section.

**ONE CLAIM IN A SECTION**—Not more than one tree claim of 160 acres can be allowed in a section of 640 acres.

**HOW CULTIVATED**—Of the quarter section allowed for tree culture, ten acres must be planted to trees in the following manner:

First year, five acres must be broken.

Second year, the first five acres must be cultivated, to a crop, and another five acres broken.

Third year, the first five acres must be planted with timber seeds, cuttings or trees, and the second five acres cropped.

Fourth year, the second five acres must be planted with timber seeds, or cuttings, or trees, and first five acres of timber properly cultivated.

Fifth to eighth years, the whole amount of ten acres of timber must be continuously cultivated, and, if destroyed by grasshoppers, drought or other mischance, must be replaced. In such cases an extension of time is allowed.

**FINAL PROOF**—A patent for the land will be issued at the expiration of eight years from the date of entry, or at any time within five years thereafter, if ant or his heir shall prove by two credible witnesses that not fewer than 2,700 trees have been planted to the acre and that 675 living and thrifty trees are growing on each acre, or 750 in all, at time of proof.

**WHAT IS TIMBER?**—The following are recognized by the act: Ash, alder, birch, beech, black walnut, basswood, black locust, larch, maple, box elder, oak, pine, cedar, chestnut, cottonwood, elm, fir, spruce, hickory, honey-locust, plane-tree or cotton-tree, butternut or sycamore, service tree or mountain ash, white walnut or butternut, white willow, and white wood or tulip tree.

**WHEN FORFEITABLE**—If requirements of law are not complied with within one year from date of entry, claim reverts to Government.

**FEES**—Fourteen dollars at time of entry for 160 acres, and \$4 more at final proof.

**NOT LIABLE FOR DEBT**—The tree claim cannot be held for debts contracted prior to the issue of the patent therefor.

The tree claim does not require residence.

**Dakota's Productiveness.**

Dakota takes takes the pot, when you come to talk about fertile soil. A farmer planted a small house, 10x12 on his quarter section, and the next year it had grown into a large and pleasant farm house, with green blinds and veranda attachment. His pump had grown into a wind mill, and instead of one cow he had a whole herd. His land had run over its boundary and covered three-quarters of a section. He had grown from a slim, dyspeptic person to an individual of over 200 pounds, and his pocket book had grown so heavy he had to invest in government bonds. Who says Dakota soil is not productive?—EX.

**Vacant Land Limited.**

One of the papers in a new county, not far from the Missouri river, expresses the opinion that at this time next year there will not be a piece of desirable land east of the great river. That looks somewhat extravagant, but the more carefully the situation is examined—the extent of land yet to be entered, the rapidity in which it is being taken and the indications for immigration in the spring—the less of improbability appears in the statement. New railroads will give easy access to all the new sections to surpass anything known in the history of the country, unless it should be checked by unfortunate legislation in congress.—Fargo Argus.

"To Dakota" is as common a word as was "On to Richmond" in the days of the rebellion, and the echoes will not die away until the thousands of flourishing and happy homes will have beautified the land, and the power of man transformed the whole of this great territory into a land the choicest on earth.—Minnesota Farmer.

Wm. Glass loans money for final proof, and on titled land. 381f.

## WHY THEY KICK!

A Courier Correspondent Tells Why Eastern Squealers Squall so About Dakota.

Gotthold tells us that Hans Priem was admitted into paradise on the express condition that he was not to indulge a habit he had acquired of censuring and criticising whatever came under his notice. As he entered he saw two angels carrying a beam crossways, and knocking it against every object they met, but he said nothing. He next saw two angels drawing water from a fountain and pouring it into a cask which had holes in the bottom, but still he held his peace. And many other things of the same kind he although suppressed his thoughts and his remarks apprehending that he might otherwise be expelled from the place. At last he saw a cart stuck in the mire, with one pair of horses hooked into it before and another pair behind, and the driver urging both simultaneously forward. This was too much for Hans, and he was unable to refrain from some criticism. The consequence was that he was seized by two angels and turned to the door. Before it stood behind him, however, he looked behind him and perceived that the horses were winged, and had succeeded in drawing the cart out of the mud into the air, and he wisely concluded that there could be no doubt that in the cases of the beam and the cask there were equally good reasons why things were as they were in the land of paradise. Quills there are and not a few south and east and west in our country, who like Hans, can't refrain and are pouring out their native colic against the land of the Dakotas, and all that's being done by an enterprising, prosperous people in the permanent development of one of the most fertile districts on the continent of North America. It is one of the most inexplicable things to these editors that exist, in the reason of things, that a man having one hundred acres in Pennsylvania of which 20 under the plow cost him the best part of twenty years labor to redeem from stumps, roots and stone, should sell out his old home and locate in a land where 160 acres good land is given him and in one year's time can have with one good team 100 acres under the plow well in hand for a good crop. The impenetrable mist still blinds these disciples of growler when their neighbor and friend after one year's sojourn in Dakota sends them cheerful news—saying that he is happy and contented, and that his experience has confirmed his most sanguine expectations and that no inducement could take him back to dodge his team between stones and stumps on the old plantation. As dark as ever seems the mystery to these grumble-town people when at the end of the second year they hear again from their old neighbor that he has had good health, good crops, and as good time generally in his new western home, and that the gift of Uncle Sam of 160 broad acres is estimated to be worth \$1,600.

"Jerusha, what's the matter with that brat that she squalls all the morning through? I wish you would examine carefully and see."

"Yes, ma'am I will."

"Well, I declare, if there isn't a pin sticking right into her poor little body! It's enough to make any child squall."

Some of our eastern, western and southern brethren have pins still in their swaddling clothes. In a few years the nurse will have them out. Then they will feel better. QUILL.

**BLACKSMITHING!**  
The Place for Blacksmithing  
**AS IT SHOULD BE**  
—IS AT—  
**MOORE & SANBURN'S**  
On Roberts Street, Cooperstown.

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## FARM AND HOUSE.

### Good to Eat.

Appetizing dressing for fowls is made of mashed potato, well seasoned; for ducks or for wild game a flavor of onion is desirable; herbs also may be added.

To make corn dodgers take five tablespoonfuls of Indian meal and one tablespoonful of flour mixed together. Mix over night with enough boiling water to cover. In the morning put in one egg, one teaspoon of milk, a little sugar and salt. Bake in muffin rings on a griddle.

A pudding sauce without butter is made by scalding a teacup of sweet milk, then adding a coffee-cup of powdered sugar which you have wet with the yolks of two fresh eggs. When the sauce is thick as custard take it from the fire. When it is cool, add flavoring and the whites of the two eggs, which you have beaten to a stiff froth.

An economical and really delicious way to flavor a cake which is to, have icing over the top is to grate part of the peel of an orange or lemon over the cake before putting the icing on.

Often one has gravy left from a roast of beef, and if you have no soup stock to which it may be added, use it to fry sliced cold boiled potatoes in for breakfast. This makes an excellent dish.

It is a good plan to make a little pair of sleeves to draw over the baby's arms when he is playing on the floor, a rubber cord may be run in the top if care is taken not to have it too tight; sleeves made of stockinet draw on and off easily.

**CHRISTMAS PUDDING.**—Stir three-quarters of a cup of butter and the yolks of four eggs together. Add one cup of molasses and two cups of warm milk with two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of boiling water and added to the milk. Season with a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves a little nutmeg and salt. Add flour to make it as stiff as pound cake, and lastly two pounds of raisins stoned and chopped fine, one-quarter of a pound of citron and whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Tie in a floured bag, leaving room for the pudding to swell, and steam six hours. Serve with wine sauce.

### Farm Miscellany.

Col. F. D. Curtis writes to the Agriculturalist, and says he never made any money out of pigs always shut up in a pen, and he does not believe other people can, yet adds: "I have realized a profit when the pigs ran in a clover or orchard grass field, and made a considerable portion of their growth on grass or other cheap feed."

The housekeeper who makes a practice of giving the fowls a mixed meal of warm mush, vegetables, bits of meat and bread, corn cakes and other articles used as food, will quickly discover, besides being economical and cheap, that it is superior to an exclusive diet of grain. Economy leads to wealth, and the poultry keeper who manages to keep his flock in thrif by utilizing the thrif of his kitchen and garden will succeed beyond doubt.

All rules are subject to objections and so is that relating to the depth of drains. Where the ground freezes very deeply that would be an exception, and if tiles are used it would be advisable to put them below the reach of the frost. It is very rarely that running water will freeze 48 inches below the ground, because, as a rule, the water in the drain comes from below and not from the surface, and actually tends to warm the soil. Still, if there is any doubt, benefit should be taken of it and a safe depth secured.

Now, creamerymen of the West, shall we supinely sit still and see our business slaughtered by bogus butter manufacturers? Every year witnesses the increase of butterine factories, and the sale of this substitute is rapidly taking the place of every grade of genuine butter except "gilt-edged" creamery. Every pound of lard thus sold fills the place of an equal amount of genuine butter.—Dairy Farmer.

The potato can be grown as far north as the climate will afford sufficient heat during a growing season of three months. Although it is naturally a native of hot climates, yet it thrives better in a cool one, and acquires there a better quality and flavor. But in cool, moist climates it is exceedingly prone to disease, no doubt on account of a weakened vitality from the combined moisture and low temperature. What the actual limits of its possible cultivation may be no one knows, but it is very probable that it could be grown within the limits of the arctic circle if the seed were carried there.

### How Drainage Helps.

Experiment has shown that for the best welfare of crops a soil should not be more than from one-tenth to one-third full of water; that is to say, most of the larger spaces between the solid particles are empty of anything except air. This healthy condition sometimes of itself, when an open subsoil lets the surplus water run away freely from the surface; but usually artificial drainage is necessary to secure it. One of the most marked good effects of this underdrainage, whether natural or artificial, is the improvement in the temperature of the soil. If this surplus water cannot pass off below in due time, it must be evaporated into the air, at the inevitable cost of a great quantity of heat which would otherwise have served to warm the soil; a wet soil, like a wet person coming out of a bath is cold.

The less heat a soil must lose in this way, the greater will be its reserve stock, useful not only for the production of crops but also for their protection against cold. The sun's rays do not warm the air as they pass through it; they warm the soil and the rocks; these then throw out or radiate this absorbed heat into the air and warm it. The lateness of a frost in any locality depends therefore not a little on the re-

serve supply of heat in the soil; and this again depends largely on the freedom of the soil from surplus water during the heated season; a well-drained and properly dry soil will not only give a larger and better crop than an undrained and wet soil, but its crops will not suffer the harm from early frosts that may ruin the harvest of undrained fields.

### Horses at Fairs.

At the late national horse exhibition at New York, among other criticisms, was that of the difficulty experienced by visitors in endeavoring to get a view of the horses. They were kept covered with blankets, and hidden in such ways that for all that concerned the visitors they might just as well not have been on exhibition. This is not an unusual occurrence, in fact, it is quite a usual one at the various fairs, and of which we have heard much complaint. The ordinary stalls in which horses are kept are usually closed and even locked, and if the doors are open nothing of the horse but his hoofs are visible. Horses that at home would be comfortable in an open shed must, when they arrive at the fair, go through the formality of tight housing and blankets as an evidence of superior quality or importance.

Something needs to be done on the part of both exhibitors and fair managers to secure a more complete inspection of horses by those who go to see. Those who go to see pay for the privilege, and they have a right to see whatever is on exhibition; to know whose and what it is. The exhibitors should be interested to have this done because in it they secure public notice that is worth much advertising. The latter could aid very much if they would keep their grooms constantly in attendance to show their stock and give all needful information. Meanwhile until something is done, the exhibition of horses will be entirely unsatisfactory.

### Curiosities of Florida Agriculture.

Mr. William S. Allen, Chocalsukee, Fla., an old resident of that State, lately wrote a long letter about certain peculiarities of its climate and productions. Some of his notes, gleaned from The Husbandman, will interest readers of The Tribune;

"Many of our annuals are perennials here. One of my neighbors has a fine lot of Lima beans that have been in bearing constantly for three years. They cover a wire fence, about 100 yards long. Egg plant, okra, peppers, cotton, tobacco, all are perennial. As a stalk of tobacco, matures the leaves drop off. Suckers put out, and in their turn ripen a crop, and it is not uncommon to cut three crops a year from the same land. I find in out-of-the-way places a dozen plants of tobacco growing well, scattering seeds and holding their own for years without any care. Wild cotton grows all around me. Some stalks are standing where I found them, when I came here thirteen years ago, and have been full of cotton every spring since 1870.

"I have wondered at the length of time required by you to perfect tomatoes. We picked, in March last, fine ripe, good-sized Acme tomatoes in ninety-four days from planting the seed in hills. We generally are making good daily pickings in 115 days from the seed. We only raise them in the winter, planting from September to December, and gathering January, February, March, April and May. June heat kills them and the July and August rain forces them to vine.

"I have also wondered at your air your want of success in making cabbage head. Footlers, Brunswick and the Winnings are certain to head on our lands, I think we can rely on ninety-five in every 100 putting on a good head. In fact a cabbage of those varieties that does not form a head, is seldom found. One land has a base of saline wash always holding salt water consequently the roots of cabbage are always wet.

### Winter Flowers.

"Home, home there is no place like home!" How true are the words of our dear departed Mr. Vick when he said that everybody worthy of a home should strive to make it pleasant and cheerful. This is necessary at all seasons of the year, but particularly so during the long tedious winter months. Nothing will aid us in this work as cheaply and easily as flowers. But, alas, how many who have potted their tender plants will meet with the same disheartening reward as last winter, that of having them frozen before spring; and some profiting by last winter's experience, will discard their house plants. Where one's rooms are extremely cold during the night time it is not advisable to attempt the culture of tender plants; neither should plants be cultivated at the expense of the convenience of any member of the family. Flow soon will the most beautiful plant depreciate its attractiveness when it has to be constantly shifted out of the way? The most convenient device for holding plants is a hanging basket, in which may be placed various plants and vines. Tradescantia, madorias, or the German ivy are excellent for vines in a common living room, because they are of rapid growth, and will thrive under quite adverse circumstances, and endure any reasonable amount of neglect. Kenilworth ivy is an excellent plant for a shaded corner. If flowers are wanted in rather small pots, Eucharis properly attended to make very rapid growth; care should be exercised not to let them get too large before repotting, as few plants suffer equal to the ficus when root bound. By the exercise of a little taste and good deal of pleasure can be derived from the cultivation indoors of some of the hardy bulbs. Hyacinths, crocuses, and narcissus are as easily grown in glasses of water as soil; fill the glasses with water and set the bulbs so the roots will be nicely covered, and keep them so. Put them away in a warm, dark place for about two or three weeks, and then bring them to the warmth and light. In all cases where bulbs are potted in water the water should be changed at least once a week. If you

have no bulb glasses, any nice-shaped, wide-mouthed, bottles will do, but they should be covered with dark blue paper as the roots are impatient of light. The Dac Van Thol tulips are an excellent variety for house culture. Half a dozen bulbs can be placed in a small box or a large pot and ere long will give a good account of themselves. A pretty and novel way of growing bulbs, and one I practice every winter, is growing them in moss. I have a large, round glass, cover that I fill with bright green wood moss, and in the moss I set a variety of bulbs, always placing the taller variety in the center, and the sides are covered with a mass of mixed crocuses. Before the bulbs get in bloom it is a very pretty ball of green, and you only have to wait about six weeks when it is a lovely mass of flowers. Of course, the moss must be kept very moist. They make lovely hanging baskets.

### Home Decoration.

Dining-room chairs with antique backs are fashionably upholstered in illuminated leathers, with a border of big headed brass nails.

For bedrooms desirable furnishings are of mahogany, finished either with brass trimmings or surface carvings. Attractive suits are also made of cherry with mahogany finish.

A very graceful and beautiful panel picture may be painted on a common slate. Have the background shaded in color—dark brown to very light is effective. Use burnt umber and white. Be very careful indeed to shade carefully and evenly. A bunch of mountain-ash berries will decorate it tastefully.

In buying baby's first cloak, you will find it economy to make it into a sack with a cape. If you use a baby carriage, the long part of the cloak is quite in the way, and the baby is always covered with an afghan. It can wear a sack until at least two years old, and then it can be used to line another.

A pretty design for a square cover for a table is to make the center of plain satin, then put on a deep border of the crazy patchwork, and finish with a rich fringe. The patchwork should be made of bits of embossed or figured velvet and brocade or plain pieces ornamented with embroidery.

It is possible that a soiled plaster figure is among your mantel furnishings. The following directions will aid you in providing it a handsome suit: First coat the figure with white lead tinted with yellow ochre, thinned with turpentine mixed with a small proportion of Japan dryer. When thoroughly dry size with a drying oil or coach varnish. This should stand until nearly dry, when the bronze can be applied with a piece of soft velvet or camel's hair brush dusting over the work lightly; when entirely hard dust off with a well worn piece of cotton goods.

Square napkins are not in favor at the dinner table. The greater protection to dress that a towel affords suggested the idea of that shape, and as a result we have the long serviettes.

### Personalities.

The municipal authorities of Glasgow have conferred the freedom of the city on Lord Lorne; but what use he will make of it has not been announced.

The Cleveland Coroner, with a deep reverence for the sciences, is in the habit of turning his subjects over to the medical colleges before the relatives have a chance to claim them. He is so expeditious, in fact, that some of the corpses are not permitted to get cold.

The Pope has made F. W. Dawson, editor of the Charleston News and Courier, a Knight of the Order of St. George in recognition of the stand his paper has taken against dueling.

Rebenstein, the famous Russian pianist, is said to have received an offer of \$25,000 for a series of 150 concerts. In Russia? Oh, dear, no; in the United States.

The story recently circulated that Martha Washington, who keeps a boarding house in Washington City, was to be credited with the honor of having in her veins more of the authentic Washingtonian than any other person now living turns out to be erroneous. The lady entitled to that distinction, it seems is Sarah Taylor Washington, now eighty-four years old, and living at Wakefield, Va., where the general was born.

Black Bart has robbed more than a score of stages in California single handed. He had a habit of writing doggeral verses and pinning them to rifled express boxes. The rewards offered for his capture amounted to nearly \$15,000, and a stray bit of his verification finally betrayed him.

Mr. Gresham, the post-master-general, suffers from insomnia.

Dr. Schliemann's health is so broken that he cannot continue his excavations. He is at home in Athens.

Mr. Irving, the actor, has, it is said, relatives in Grass Valley, Cal., and is expected to visit them before his return. Mr. Thomas Penberthy, an estimable citizen of that place, is his first cousin.

Of Gen. Sheridan's new house in Washington a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says: "Mrs. Sheridan, wife of the general, has nearly completed the arrangement of their house, No. 1617 Rhode Island avenue. During its progress the general and family have been guests of Major Lydecker, United States army, the engineer commissioner of the district. The Sheridan house was built five years ago by Judge Aldis now of the French-American claims commission, on a 'flat iron' lot. It is handsomely finished, but peculiar, nearly every room being irregular in shape. Many dislike it on this account, while others, on the contrary, like it all the more. From the \$45,000 received for the property from the general's syndicate of friends, Judge Aldis built again a wife smaller and suited himself better, besides saving \$15,000 out of the bargain. The genial judge is a thrifty Fernonter.

### IF.

If your lips  
Would keep from slips,  
Five things observe with care:  
Of whom you speak,  
To whom you speak,  
And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears  
Would save from jeers,  
These things keep meekly hid.  
Myself and I,  
And mine and my,  
And how I do or did.

—Christian Advocate.

### A NEAT-HANDED PHYLLIS.

"Ah—ah—h—whoo-o-o!" sounded just on the other side of the dining-room door.

Mrs. Trafford shuddered, and drew her pink breakfast-shawl closer around her shoulders.

"Ah-tish-oo."

And the door opened and Lill entered, with the tears streaming from her brown eyes, and every curl on her canary-gold head vibrated with the shock of that awful sneeze.

"Why will you leave your windows open, Lill?" petulantly demanded Mrs. Trafford.

"Windows, indeed?" said Lill, with all the scorn of a tragedy-queen, as she went to an illuminated calendar that hung on the wall, and pointed silently to the date, "August 15."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Trafford, and—"So it's got you again!" consoled Fred, beating a sympathetic tattoo on his plate with his knife and fork.

It was a well known fact in the Trafford household that the hay fever pounced upon Lill, with mathematical exactness, precisely upon the fifteenth of August, and shook the pretty damsel with sneezes, blinded her, and rendered her almost desperate, until it was routed by the icy spears of the first frost.

"Try my pillow inhaler!" suggested Mr. McGregor, the boarder with the catarrh.

A violent flutter of the yellow curls expressed their owner's opinion of the inefficiency of this remedy.

"I intend to go to one of those Wisconsin summer resorts," coolly announced Lill, between two terrific sneezes.

"But there's no money, child!" gasped Mrs. Trafford, utterly forgetful of the presence of the boarder.

"I know it," said Lill; "but you have heard of the New England girls at the White Mountains?"

"Go as waitresses to the hotels don't they? So that's your idea? Good for you, Lill!" applauded Fred.

"Would you disgrace the family, Lill?" sternly demanded Mrs. Trafford, when her daughter's audacious proposition had fairly made its way through the channels of her not over-active brain.

"I will do anything that is honest rather than sneeze for six weeks," said Lill, with resolute dimples deepening at the corners of her mouth, and an emphatic click of the heel of her Newport on the stone hearth, that showed that she was thoroughly in earnest.

Lill had been the household autocrat ever since she was a cherub but determined baby, so, as usual, she had her way, and the guests at the Arbor House, in a Wisconsin town whose unpronounceable name was a tribute to an Indian tribe who had hunted, fished and held pow-wows there when the place was a part of the primeval forest, had a new waiter.

And surely since Eve attended to the wants of her celestial visitors, in the dainty manner described by Milton, a more ideal, neat-handed Phyllis never waited on the table.

The French china was as smooth as satin and glistened like mother-of-pearl; the bowl of each spoon was a tiny silver mirror, and Lill herself, in her fresh, blue gingham, with her lovely complexion under a fluffy aureole of bright hair was as aesthetic an appetizer as the pyramid of autumnal flowers that always glowed in the center of the table. Of course Lill was envied by the servants, and condescended to by the boarders; but the little incidents that sometimes occurred, such as that of the Rev. Frederick Ullulay's warning her that her curls were a "snare," and bestowing upon her as a parting gift a manuscript sermon on the text, "Servants obey your masters," gave a comical zest to her masquerade, and she enjoyed herself thoroughly.

Owing to an arrangement she had made with Mrs. Harmon, the proprietress of the Arbor House, she had several hours of each day to herself, and these she spent out of doors. She was rarely without a companion, for all the children had fallen in love with her at first sight, and circled about her like his moons around Jupiter.

"Oh, there's Lill!" said little Harry Stuyvesant, the son of a rich young widower, catching sight of a familiar sunny head through the fringe of trees that bordered the river. "Oh, Lill, row up here, and take me with you!" he cried, and breaking away from his Irish nurse, and running to the end of a stump that jutted over the water, he waved his little sailor hat to attract Lill's attention.

But the five year old boy was a heavier weight for the half decayed stump than the asthmatic old frog that had been frightened away from his favorite sunny seat by Harry's invasion. It broke, and Harry fell into the water.

"Oh, the darlin's kilt, and he's the very jewel of his father's eyes! Ochone, ochone! and it's me fault, intirely. I'll drown meself!" shrieked Bridget, in true Hibernian frenzy, as she rushed to the water's edge.

Then she paused at the brink to let the course of future events settle the question.

"To be or not to be," for Lill was rowing with swift, long strokes in the direction of the little brown head, that bobbed about among some lily-pads like a new species of aquatic flower.

It was only the work of a few moments for Lill to lift Harry to the boat and row ashore.

"Now, be sure that you take him home at once, put him to bed in hot blankets, and give him some ginger tea," she directed, as she placed the shivering little fellow in Bridget's arms.

Bridget promised faithfully, as she showered tears on Harry, and the blessings on all the saints on Lill, but when the first transports of her gratitude abated she began to question the policy of such an action.

"The captain will discharge me without a character if he knows that the darlin' had a fall into the water!" she meditated. "An' shure what's the use of putting the b'y to bed at all? When Pat an' me was childer we never minded a tumble into the water any more than a fish would mind that same. Shure I'll just let him play in the sun and drey," she finally decided.

So the cold that was not averted by the proper preventives fastened upon Harry, and the next day he was flushed with fever, and calling with every hoarse breath for Lill.

"If you can spare her to go to the child, Captain Stuyvesant will make her time good to you," said Harry's stately grandmother, as she stood fanning herself in the stifling kitchen where Mrs. Harmon was superintending the desert. "It's very unfortunate that Harry should have taken such a fancy to her, considering her position. I can't think from whom the child inherited his low tastes—certainly not from me," she concluded delicately nibbling a piece of candied citron.

"He knows a lady when he sees one, which is more than his grandmother does!" grumbled Mrs. Harmon, sotto voce, chaffing under the bonds of secrecy that Lill had imposed.

Captain Stuyvesant gave such a start of admiration when he came into Harry's room that afternoon and saw Lill bending over the bed, with the sun catching her fly-away hair and turning it into an aureole, that his mother privately resolved that he should not see too much of this pretty Florence Nightingale, lest he follow the reprehensible example of his son.

But what could she do when Harry was as devoted to his father as he was to Lill—when one little feverish palm must be clasped in Lill's dimpled hand, and the other in his father's strong, slender brown one—when both must join voices in lulling songs, and play cat's cradle together for the little despot's amusement?

"When will my birthday come, papa?" demanded Harry, as his father closed the covers of an infinitesimal blue book entitled "Carl's Birthday."

"The second of next February."

"And what are you going to give me?" pursued Harry, remembering Carl's list of presents.

"Anything you like, my boy. Think of what you would like best in the world, and I will get it for you if I can," replied this pattern of fathers.

Anything he liked? Harry put one hand to his forehead, and looked at a rose in the wall-paper, with wide, reflective, blue eyes. Should it be a guinea-pig, a velocipede, or a gold watch?

Then broken recollections of the mother that he had only known for three years began to mass themselves in his memory, and the problem of his birthday gift was solved.

"I want a mamma to keep!" he said, earnestly, turning to his father, with a sweet, flushed face.

"Shall Harry have his birthday gift—and I my wife?" inquired Captain Stuyvesant, seeking Lill's glance with loving, laughing eyes.

"But I am only a servant, you know!" returned Lill, with a blush like an aurora, and a demure twinkle under her long, dark lashes, as she recalled the Reverend Frederick Ullulay's sermon.

"The three words, 'I love you,' cancel all distinctions of social rank," said Captain Stuyvesant, gravely. "Besides, Lill," with a merry smile that melted her own, which flashed out at his words, "although Mrs. Harmon is as close-mouthed as a clam, I have long suspected that you are a princess in disguise. Confess, and be shirven!"

Thus adjured, Lill confessed, and the fact that her family tree was rooted in England, and boasted a baronet as a blossom, did much to save Mrs. Stuyvesant's wounded family pride, and she was all smiles and urbanity on that eventful second of February, when the magic words of the marriage service gave Harry his birthday gift and Captain Stuyvesant his bride.

### An Ethnologist Makes a Valuable Discovery.

From the Charleston Call.

Prof. Norris, the ethnologist, who has been examining the mounds in this section of West Virginia for several months, the other day opened the big mound on Colonel B. H. Smith's farm, six or eight miles below here. This is the largest mound in the valley and proved a rich store house. The mound is fifty feet high and they dug down to the bottom. It was evidently the burial place of a noted chief, who had been interred with unusual honors. At the bottom they found the bones of a human being, measuring seven feet in length and measuring nineteen inches across the shoulders. He was lying flat and at either side, lying at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with their feet pointed toward their chief were other men—on one side two and on the other side three. At the head of the chief lay another man, with his hands extended before him, and bearing two bracelets of copper. On either side of the chief's wrists were six copper bracelets, while a looking glass of mica lay at his shoulder and a gorget of copper rested on his breast. Four copper bracelets were under his head, with an arrow in the center. A house twelve feet in diameter and ten feet high, with a ride-pole one foot in diameter, had been erected over them, and the whole covered by the dirt that formed the mound. Each of the men buried there had been enclosed in a bark coffin.

The will of the late Dr. Robert Moffat, the African explorer and father of the wife of Dr. Livingston, has been admitted to probate in England. The amount disposed of is \$18,500.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, has an income of about \$80 per annum from his law practice, and resides in an interior town, Selma, where living is not expensive.

## WHEN TO WED.

Opinions on the Subject by Eminent New York Clergymen.

The inquiry into the subject of divorce, now occupying a large share of public attention, discloses that a fruitful source of domestic trouble is the ease with which the marriage relation can be assumed. Licenses are not required in New York, and there is no regulation by statute concerning the age at which persons can be legally married. The general regulation is that of the common law which makes the age of puberty to be the marriageable age. This period is fixed at 14 years in the boy and 12 in the girl. The only statutory regulation in the state on the point makes the marriage of a girl under 14 years voidable if contracted without the consent of her parents.

Whether or not there should be legislation prohibiting marriages at the extremely early age that is now lawful, and whether additional safeguards ought not to be thrown around the family relations by requiring persons seeking matrimony to attest their eligibility in all respects before a licensing officer, are the questions on which a Tribune reporter has obtained the opinions of a number of the leading clergymen of New York and Brooklyn. The burden of their expression is the surprise at the nature of the law and of unqualified opinion, that the legal age is much too young. They speak of deceptions practiced on them by runaway couples, of the means to which they generally resort to prevent impositions on themselves, and generally favor the establishment of a civil bureau for licensing marriages which shall make close examination under oath as to the legal qualifications of candidates.

### EXPRESSIONS OF THE CLERGY.

"I do not think," said the Rev. Dr. John Hall, "that the tendency in this country is to marry too young, but rather that young men and women often wait too long in the hope of amassing wealth; before marrying. Moderately early marriages are as a rule, a healthful sign in a nation, I presume there are though, occasional marriages of boys and girls in their teens which are ill-advised and should be prevented or postponed. If all ministers thought alike, such juvenile weddings would not take place."

The Rev. Dr. William Taylor, pastor of the Broadway tabernacle would heartily favor a law making the marriageable ages eighteen and twenty-one years, and fixing penalties for its violations. "Those ages are young enough for people to decide for life such an important step," said he, and, for one, I will never marry people under age when I know it. I think I was never deceived but once about the age of persons applying to be married, and then they were so mature looking that I did not have any misgiving about marrying them. The unsatisfactory state of the marriage laws has often struck me forcibly. I should certainly favor a bureau for licensing people who wish to marry."

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, manifested deep concern in the subject. "As to the legal marriageable age," he said, "I think a girl ought to be at least 16 and a young man 18. Even these are very young ages. Of course people differ as to the age at which they mature, and in eastern countries there is more excuse for early betrothals and marriages than here. In this part of the world we should not permit the marrying of boys and girls under the age of 16. The judgment is not ripened enough at that age to warrant a wise choice, and a much different selection would often be made in a very few years later. There is another reform needed, and that is the civil bureau to license marriages. Let persons go there first and satisfy the bureau of the fitness of their proposed alliance, and then, if they wish to come to a minister, bring a license with them."

Assistant Bishop Henry C. Potter, though busy with the affairs of the diocese, found time to say in response to the reporter's query that he should be perfectly willing to be quoted as saying that in his opinion the state laws regarding marriage stood very much in need of revision.

"Is there any rule of the Protestant Episcopal church against such extremely early marriages?"

"No, there is no canonical rule against them, but I, like most clergymen, have been much averse to marrying people under age. It must strike every one. It seems to me that the law allows marriage at too early an age. I did not know that this law was in force."

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby said he had not thought of the subject in all its bearings, but it struck him that if two persons physically qualified to marry, no matter how young, should apply to be married, that the law would not have a right to prevent their marriage. He did not think there were many marriages contracted at the extreme early age allowed by law. But such as there were, he thought, could not be legally prevented.

"It is a great mistake," said the Rev. Robert Colver, pastor of the church of Messiah. "I was not aware that people could marry at twelve and fourteen. If there is a law restricting the age, it should certainly be one with some excuse for it, making the age, say, sixteen and eighteen, or at least fifteen and sixteen. But I would, rather than that, have it at eighteen and twenty-one, and then the laws of majority and marriage would not clash. I never marry a young fellow under eighteen, and hate to do it even then. Children are not fit to marry, and at that age they are only children. It is not right; our marriage laws are very deplorable. No, I do not think I would marry young girls and boys even with their parents' consent. They would have to get my consent after that, and I would not give it."

"In twenty years," said the Rev. Dr. W. F. Morgan, rector of St. Thomas' church, "I have never been asked to marry any one under age, with perhaps one exception. If any persons of 14 should ask me to marry them I should seriously remonstrate with them. I do not think they are capable of choos-

ing a life partner at that age, and do not understand how weighty and important are the duties of the wedded state. I think the law might well be amended to prevent such early marriages, and I am in hearty sympathy with any movement to that end."

The Rev. Dr. R. R. Booth, when spoken to about the matter of early marriages just before he sailed for Europe, said he had always held very decided views on the subject and would never marry people under age, he thought persons younger than that were not competent to make a choice for life, nor mature enough to take on themselves the responsibilities of marriage. The idea of a licensing bureau struck him favorably as an additional safeguard against unhappy marriages.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was in a pleasant mood when the reporter asked for his opinion on the legal marriageable age. "Why," said he, "I do not believe that one couple in 10,000 marry at 12 and 14. Of course a good many do at 16. But then a girl at 16 thinks she is as old as any girl under 21 and any girl under 21 thinks she is as young as 16. Why, if any boy is so foolish as to want to marry at 14, I would say let him go."

"What, boys and girls marry at that age?" said the Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage: "how absurd! Well, it is news to me. I never marry people under 18 and 21. It is generally supposed that a man who wants to marry has come to the years of discretion, and is able to support his wife. Not but that I believe in early marriages, but they should be between men and women, and not between boys and girls. It is the worst idea of life in this country that a man should make a fortune before marrying. I believe the man and woman should begin together at the bottom of the ladder. Then their characters assimilate better, and the labor of four hands is sure to bring more enjoyable fruits than that of two hands."

"How many people do you marry in a year, Mr. Talmage?"

"Well, the number varies with the different years, but I marry a good many. Nevertheless I send away half of those who apply to me because there is something suspicious about them. I don't want anything to do with runaway marriages. I used to be deceived occasionally before I became so observant as I now am. I wouldn't marry a woman to a man if her parents objected, no matter how old she was. 'Oh,' they say, 'the wedding is all right.' 'Very well then,' I reply, 'where are your friends. I should like to see some of your relatives present.' They try to deceive me, too, about their ages; dress themselves to look mature, but I have got to be a good guesser of ages. I presume they go to some other minister and get married after all. Now I should think this system would work very well. I think I should favor it. I know it would help me often, and I think it would help others."

### The Production of Quinine.

The next step in the relief of malarious sickness on the grand scale was the extraction of the alkaloid quinine from the cinchona-bark. The powdered bark was not only very unpalatable, but it was cumbersome to carry and dispense, and, although the principle of the remedy remained the same, it has proved of infinitely greater service in the form of quinine, and in the form of the cheap alkaloidal mixture known in Bengal as "quinetum." The first extraction of an alkaloid was in the case of morphia, from opium, in 1805; the discoverer was an apothecary of Hamlen, who was rewarded rather better than the celebrated piper of that town for the French Academy of Sciences voted him 2,000 francs. Quinine was discovered in 1820 by the French chemists Pelletier and Caventou. The sciences and arts of botany and practical forestry, of chemistry and practical pharmacy, are now all concerned in the production of this most invaluable of remedies. The commerce of the world has taken cinchona in hand, and there are now plantations of the trees not unworthy to be named beside those of coffee and tea. The value of the crude bark imported into England alone in 1882 was nearly two millions sterling. The original and native cinchona region on the damp eastern slopes of the Andes in Peru is still a source of wealth, and a still greater source of wealth are the new plantations on the Andes in Bolivia. The Indian Government has successfully cultivated the bark on a large scale in the Nilghiri Hills in Madras, and more recently at Darjiling in the Himalayas; while a crowd of private planters have followed in the same enterprise in Coorg, Travancore, and Ceylon. The Dutch Government, who were the pioneers of cinchona cultivation have found the climate and soil of Java well adapted for the species and varieties of trees most rich in quinine. Jamaica is the latest field to which this new and ever-increasing industry has extended.—From "Malaria and the Progress of Medicine," in Popular Science Monthly for December.

### The Vicissitudes of Life.

Washington Letter.

Rose Etting was here playing at one of the theaters last week. One evening I was standing in the rotunda when an old habitue told me the following story, which I have never seen in print: When Rose was young she appeared here one winter. She was very handsome then. Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York Times, was a member of congress and became much fascinated with the beauty. One night a call of the house was ordered. Raymond was one of the delinquents whom the sergeant-at-arms produced after midnight. The correspondent of the Times was in the gallery. Not to lose a good sentiment he included in his description of the scene the following: "Then appeared Mr. Raymond, flushed with the rose tinge of the morning." It was an excellent hit and made no end of fun. A week later he was discharged. Raymond was not a man to be trifled with by a subordinate. That winter Raymond and George Butler were admirers of this actress. Raymond is dead and Butler is locked up in the work house down back of the capitol. Do you suppose that she thought of either of them when she was here?

## LIEUT. LEWIS.

Astor's Seaman Who Blew Up His Ship and Perished Among the Savages Who Had Murdered Captain and Crew.

The venerable David M. Hitchcock who has been a resident of St. Louis since 1837, in conversation with a reporter adverted to a statement published a short time ago regarding the remarkable performance of Russell Farnum, who crossed Behring's strait and went through Siberia to St. Petersburg in the service of John Jacob Astor. Mr. Hitchcock said the account called to mind another person named James Lewis, whom he knew while a boy in New Haven, Connecticut, and who in service of Mr. Astor voluntarily met death in a singular manner. Few similar examples occur in history. Mr. Hitchcock retains a particular remembrance of Lewis from the fact that before he left New Haven he gave him a silver whistle, which he retained as a keepsake of a hero. He said: "Mr. Astor, in prosecuting his scheme of commerce and colonization on the Pacific, determined on sending out two expeditions. One by sea and the other by land, the former to carry out the people and stores, ammunition and merchandise necessary for a trading post at the mouth of the Columbia river. As is well known, the land expedition was entrusted to Mr. Wilson P. Hunt of St. Louis. A ship, the Tonquin, commanded by Capt. Jonathan Thorn, a lieutenant in the United States navy, mounting ten guns, with a crew of twenty men, sailed from New York in September, 1810, on this expedition. My friend, James Lewis, was the ship's clerk. After getting to sea the Tonquin was joined by the frigate Constitution and conveyed beyond danger. After various vicissitudes the ship eventually arrived at Vancouver's island and anchored in the harbor of Newetee, where great numbers of the Indians came off in their canoes to trade. Some altercations occurred between the captain and the savages, but the day passed away without any signs of hostility, and at night the captain retired to his cabin, taking no more than the usual precaution. This consisted of extending a rope network around the ship to keep off the Indians.

"On the following morning at day-break a canoe came along with twenty Indians. In a short time other Indians came up and, breaking through the rope network, they clambered up the sides of the ship. The main articles sought by the savages were knives, and the boat was about to sail when the captain ordered the ship to be cleared. In an instant a signal yell was given, and the savages, rushing on their victims, killed every one on board except Mr. Lewis, who, however, received a deadly stab in the back and fell down the companion way. The Indians then left the ship, and some four or five of the ship's crew, who had put out in a boat and returned, found Mr. Lewis and were requested by him to take whatever they could carry away with them and effect their escape. They had gone but a few miles, when the next morning they saw the savages crowding the decks of the ship. The sides were also covered with the savages intent on plunder. In the midst of their exultation Mr. Lewis applied a match to the magazine containing the powder, and the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion. Mr. Lewis being imolated with his victims. Arms and legs were blown into the air, and the canoes were destroyed with the inmates. Upwards of a hundred savages were killed by the explosion. Washington Irving who describes the scene in his Astoria, fails to furnish the full name of the heroic James Lewis who became the victim of his terrible revenge.

"James had two brothers whom I knew. One, the youngest, John Lewis, is still living in New Haven, or was there three or four years ago when I was there. Another brother, Peter Lewis, is after the death of James, was sent by his father to Shawneetown, Ill., to prevent his going to sea, and he lived and died there in 1815."

## Facetious Things.

An English bride, Mrs. Jessel, has had a wonderful wedding cake. On top, done in sugar, was a representation of the meeting of Rebekah and Abraham's servant at the well, the grouping modeled after Verne's picture. The cake was four feet high and weighed 227 pounds. The cover on top lifted off so that the cake could be cut.

Should sell well.—There was an old man working New Street the other day with inks, and he entered one office with the remark: "Have you a friend who has sold corn for December or January delivery?" "Yes, three or four of them," was the reply. "And you have more or less correspondence with them?" "I do." "Then buy a bottle of my ink." "Ink! ink! Why I have quarts of it." "Yes, but you want a bottle of my sympathetic ink," said the old man as he indulged in a long squint.—Wald Street News.

A rare relic.—"What's this?" inquired an Austin sporting man who was rummaging among the pistols and ammunition in Petmecky's gun store. "That," said Petmecky, "is a real rarity. It is a pistol that once belonged to the Emperor of Charlemagne." "The Hades, you say," ejaculated the sporting man, "Why, man, in the time of Charlemagne, there were no pistols!" "Well, of course," replied Petmecky, "that's just the reason it is such a rarity. If Charlie kept a gunshop full of Derringers everybody would have one."—Texas Siftings.

A concealed young country parson, walking home from church with one of the ladies of his congregation, said, in allusion to his rustic audience, "I preached this morning to a congregation of asses." "I thought of that," observed the lady, "when you called them beloved brethren."

Sara Bernhardt, when asked recently what induced her to marry, replied: "Because it was the only thing I had not yet tried."

## KNIGHTED.

Because she takes me as her very own, Claiming my fealty while life shall last, My soul renounces all the unworthy past; With ruthless hands its idols I detest. I walk life's devious path no more alone; Her eyes' sweet magic binds my fancy fast. All aims ignoble from my heart I cast, For youth's mad follies striving to atone. Because she loves me, firm I take my stand, Undyingly to battle for the right; All womanhood is sacred for her sake, For each oppressed a lance I freely break. I walk encased in armour pure and bright, Crowned with honor by her spotless hand.—Sarah D. Hobart.

## OLD JOE POLLARD.

BY MRS. DENISON.

How slowly he walked! Poor old man! Joe Pollard, ex-president of the state-man's bank of —opolis.

His coat was faded, his boots were seamed and gray, his hat greasy and quaint-patterned.

Only three years ago, and no more stately, vigorous, hale gentleman walked the streets than Joseph Pollard, Esq.; now he was "old Joe," and sometimes "poor old Joe."

When he failed he was living in great splendor. People to this day point out the Pollard Mansion, and tell you of its former greatness. Happily, there was no dishonor attached to his name. He had given up all; home, horses, carriage everything that could be dispensed with.

His only daughter—her name was Josephine, but all her friends called her Jedd—gave a birthday party only a week before the trouble came, on her eighteenth birthday.

Never a happier or lovelier girl than she. Universally admired and respected, bright as a sunbeam, witty, merry, generous.

In all that throng of beauty, amid the flowers and the feasting, that man would have been bold indeed who could have presaged coming ill fortune.

Only one week later, and the dreadful news came. Joseph Pollard was bankrupt. The cashier had been dishonest, several large firms had gone down, and the ruin on the bank had completed the ruin.

The father found a place as an assistant book-keeper, but he had formed the habit of drinking at his own table. Little by little he sank at last into what seemed an utterly hopeless state, lost his business, his pride, and almost his wits.

"My dear," wrote Aunt Prue, when she heard of this misfortune, "out your father away. There are plenty of places; and come and live with me. Enough for one is enough for two."

"Aunt Prue" wrote Jedd, indignantly. "I am ashamed of you. What counsel me to put my own dear father in the poor-house, for what other place is open to him? No, I will share his misfortunes if I have to work my fingers to the bone."

"Jedd, I'm useless, I'm broken down and good for nothing," whined poor Joe, day after day, as Jedd sat and stitched her life into the work she had undertaken.

"Father, you are only fifty-eight years old," was the answer. "Many a man has begun life anew at your age."

"Ah! if I only could!" he would make reply, and drink again to drown his misery.

Jedd had carried much of her fine wardrobe with her into the poverty of surroundings. Of course she had made over and toned down the material, but "the look of the lady," as one of the coarser neighbors said, was upon her, and couldn't be mistook.

Everybody pitied her when old Joe came reeling home; but few saw or knew how patiently she put up with his infirmity, how she soothed and coaxed him, with what tenderness she anticipated his wants, and even when it would seem that he was scarcely entitled to her respect, honored him.

To her, under all his wretched disguise, he was still her father.

But her constant duties wore heavily upon her. She grew pale and thin, then feverish and hectic; but still she worked on.

Three times a handsome carriage and pair were seen before the door of her plain little home.

The first time, a rich aunt came to remonstrate with her and offer her a home. She found her preparing her poor meal over the tiny cook-stove.

"Jedd, you are the best girl in the world, but you must go back with me, if only for a while, and leave that man to take care of himself."

This was after a most affectionate greeting, for Jedd was her favorite niece.

"I couldn't leave father," was the response.

"But I can't see you killing yourself by inches. What does he care? One person is as good as another to one who has lost all the finer sensibilities as he has."

"Oh no; at times father is the old rebel—even at the worst," she faltered. "He doesn't forget that he is a gentleman. He never was unkind to me."

"Fiddlesticks! Your ideas of duty are exaggerated. Come, now—don't disappoint me—take a little rest. I have come all the way from L—on purpose to carry you back, and the last words your Cousin Kitty said, as I left her, were—

"Mother, don't fail to bring Jedd back; I want to see her."

Tears came to Jedd's brown eyes, but she reiterated—

"I cannot leave father."

"And here you are losing all your beauty—all your advantages, and even your health—I can see it! For your father's sake, you ought to go. It would make a new creature of you to see old sights, and old faces, and to live a while like a Christian. Why, child, the walls are damp; how do you live?"

"It isn't living, aunt, it's only staying," said Jedd, trying bravely to smile; "but that I can't help, while father lives. There's nobody in all this wide world to care for me but him. I know I might live in ease and comfort if I went with you, and oh, sometimes my heart does

long so for a little of the old-time joy. It would be like looking into Paradise—but—I can't leave father."

There sounded a heavy sigh. Both women turned round to see the old, gaunt man in the doorway, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he held forth his trembling hands as if in benediction.

"Go, Jedd, go, angel!—don't stay for me—I'm not worth your care," he said pitifully.

But Jedd thought otherwise. Long after the splendid carriage had gone, she sat there holding the gray head against her shoulder, soothing and petting him and lending willing ear to his promises of amendment.

The second carriage brought a stylish young gentleman, with whom her friends had often coupled her name. He came with an offer of marriage, but Jedd gave him the same soft but determined answer, "I couldn't leave father," and he, too, went away disconsolate.

The third carriage contained one who had always been a friend, also a young gentleman, who had lately returned from a foreign tour.

He asked no questions and expressed no surprise, though the change he saw affected him painfully. But like a true friend, he resolved to aid both father and daughter.

To this purpose he followed the former, and quietly tried to hinder him from the abuse of his appetite, and gradually gained his confidence.

Then he told him how sadly the change in his daughter had troubled him.

"Change?" exclaimed old Joe, "how is she changed?"

"Is it possible you do not see that she is at death's door?"

"What do you mean? At death's door—my child—my angel? You would kill me! What have I but her?"

"You have God, and He will help you to redeem yourself. If you do that, your daughter will live, if you do not, she will die."

That night old Joe went home full of doubts and fears. He watched his child, sick at heart from the news he heard.

"I can make her live—and I will!" he said, resolutely to himself. "I am not an old man yet"—lifting his bowed head—"with God's help, I will be a new one!"

He went to the curb outside and broke his pocket-flask in a hundred pieces. The next day he came home sober; the next he had found a place—a small one, it was true, but in the old bank where he had once reigned master. Everybody saw the change. Old Joe had new clothes, he was respectable to outward seeming. Once more he became a man among men. His knowledge of the business, his integrity, gained him a better position. Day by day he took steps upward—day by day the color and brightness came into his daughter's face, and her step grew light and her tones joyful.

It seems like a miracle, but is not, that old Joe rides in his own carriage again. He is Mr. Pollard again, cashier of the bank, and a power among his fellows. It was just trusting in God and God helping him as he helped himself. But the best of it is, his glorious daughter by sacrificing herself, by her noble fortitude, by her patient care, has won a place in his heart, and in the hearts of all who know her, prouder and more enduring than the throne of a queen.

## A. T. STEWART'S FIRST LOVE.

How He Won His Bride While He Was a Poor Young Man.

New York Correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch.

About sixty years ago Cornelia Clinch was one of the prettiest girls in New York. She and her brother, who afterwards became collector of the port, were the children of a ship chandler, who was pretty rich, as wealth was reckoned in those days. He lived in a big house on Duane street, then one of the most fashionable parts of the city. Old Clinch was a self-made man, and thought every man ought to be the architect of his own fortunes. So he frowned away every wealthy young fop who came to woo Cornelia, and sent her regularly to school to learn to be a sensible, useful woman. And his ideas were respected for he had a terrible temper when he was crossed.

There is still standing near Stuyvesant square, a little old-fashioned church known as St. Mark's. In those days it was away out of the city in the green fields. But every Sunday old Clinch went up there with his pretty daughter. One day young Stewart saw them. On his side it was clearly a case of love at first sight. He began attending church there regularly. Then he made Cornelia's acquaintance, and, as he was poor but industrious, the old man smiled upon him and invited him to call and take drinks with them. After a while Stewart asked Cornelia a very interesting question, and she, like a good girl, blushed and said: "Ye-es—if papa says so." Then Stewart interviewed old Clinch, and he said: "Want to marry Nellie, eh? Think she's got a rich father, eh? And you'd like to come in for a share of his earnings, eh?"

"No sir, you needn't leave her or me a cent. I'll soon be richer than you anyhow."

"You will, will you? Well, I like that. Go ahead and take her then, and heaven bless you both."

So the young folks, who were tremendously in love with each other, were married and went to live in a modest little cottage in Beade street, and were glad to be able to cover the floors with rag carpet. Old people who knew them there tell me that they lived an almost ideally happy life. They studied each other's happiness in all things, and consulted with each other about every detail of household or business affairs, and became "two souls with but a single thought," a good deal more complete than most couples now-a-days.

James Walton, whose death in England at the age of eighty-one is announced, was a noted inventor of cloth-weaving and spinning machinery, and his two sons were the inventors of linoleum floor-cloth and new material for the decoration of walls and ceilings.

Official Directory.

TERRITORIAL OFFICERS. Governor—N. G. Ordway. Delegate in Congress—John B. Raymond, of Fargo. Secretary—J. H. Feller, of Yankton. Auditor—G. L. Ordway, Yankton. Treasurer—J. C. McVay, Yankton. Superintendent of Public Instruction—H. H. Beadle, Yankton. Surveyor General—Courtney Fessenden, Yankton. Judge District Court, Third District—S. A. Hudson, Fargo. District Attorney, Third District—W. F. Ball, Fargo. Clerk—N. C. Morgan, Fargo. Councilman—Johnson C. Nickens, Jamestown. Representatives—B. W. Benson, Valley City, and E. A. Williams, Bismarck. COUNTY OFFICERS. Commissioners—R. C. Cooper, chairman, N. C. Rakke and Ole Halvorsen. County Clerk and Register of Deeds—H. P. Smart. Clerk of District Court—J. N. Jorgensen. Sheriff—Andrew Johnson. Treasurer—Anton Enger. Surveyor—Martin A. Weiland. Supt. of Schools—Dr. T. F. Kerr. Judge of Probate—Byron Andrus. Coroner—Dr. G. E. Newell. Commissioners of Insanity—Byron Andrus, T. F. Kerr and David Bartlett. Justices of Peace—Wm. Glass, and P. A. Melgard, Cooperstown, S. Goldthrite, Ottawa, M. Davidson, Galtain. Constables—J. H. Atchison, Allan Pinkerton, Ole Groff and Martin Robinson.

Dakota in Winter.

[Mandan Pioneer.] There is no need for the residents of North Dakota to guard themselves against drafts of moist and chilly air, simply because there is no such drafts. Winter time has just this advantage over the summer; in the summer time a man cannot help being hot. When the thermometer records ninety in the shade there is no cool place that he can get into. But in the winter the thermometer may be at zero or as much below as it likes and a man can disport himself in an atmosphere of 70, or can clothe himself and exercise in the open air so vigorously that normal heat can be maintained. The provision made by the dry goods and clothing men of this region for keeping people warm is so complete that the winter time is getting to be the most delightful season of the year. The cold and bracing air that now comes to us over our northern bluffs contains more oxygen and vitality than the warm air that is to be met in such states as Florida or Georgia. We are all stronger and have better appetites and are better able to digest our food now than in summer time. It is only the good nature of our hotel and restaurant men that keeps them from putting up the price of board. Truly North Dakota is a delightful winter resort.

The Successful "Rustler."

[Jamestown Capital.] An Englishman writes as follows of the prospects of success in the great Northwest: "What are the prospects out there of a useful dog not afraid of work?" do you ask? I answer that, if the said "useful dog" is, in the language of the Northwest, a "rustler," implies the highest characteristics that can eulogistically be predicated of man or beast. A "rustler" will not stand still in the snow and be frozen to death; he will not let others pass him and pick the choicest grass; he does not make much noise, but he is always alive to his own interest, and subject to this he is always willing to give a helping hand to any one who will try to help himself. Yes, sir, if the applicant is a person of quickness and energy; has a good temper and no prejudices; can break a horse and ride it when broken; can help to make a hut; make butter and bake bread; knows something about cattle and horses; can improve and amuse his mind on a winter's evening with a good book or novel; and is not too much addicted to euchre or poker; if he is a "rustler," and warranted sound in wind and limb, he can earn good wages and his grub till he has found something in which to invest any capital he may have at his disposal; and, anyhow, such a one will get on first-rate in the Northwest, and don't you forget it.

Credited by Michigan.

A spy paper edited by a Methodist minister at the Courier's old home in Michigan gives the following items concerning a colony of prominent ex-citizens who deserted the place for Dakota: Bro. Fred Beebe writes a good letter under date of Oct. 31st. It was received too late for our last number. He says "all the colony are well," and then speaks of the bountiful crops which they have harvested in their new western home. Morris Fuller, 182 bushels of wheat from thirty acres; Deacon Blair, 478 bushels from 18 acres; James Blair, 427 bushels from 14 acres; D. J. Briggs, 410 bushels. Fred, enumerates among other things which has kept him and his men busy this summer, raising 502 bushels of wheat from 184 acres, of which one piece of ten acres averaged 31 bushels to the acre. He had 10 acres of oats, that were injured by the hail, from which he harvested 47 bushels. He raised 150 bushels of turnips from three acres, 350 bushels of potatoes, for which all he had to do was to plow in the seed and plow out the crop. He also raised 27 bushels of buckwheat, and 16 bushels of beans. Besides building 500 rods of sod fence, and putting up 125 tons of hay.

A FEMALE FRIEND.

Men are Not the Only Ones who Love Fair and Famous Dakota.

[From the Courier of Dec. 14.] Undoubtedly no being on earth is as unhappy, as restless, or as wretched as that one who, after living in Dakota a full twelve-months or more, goes east to remain for a given length of time. No matter where he may be he misses woefully that predominant air of thrift, of cheerfulness, of success, of anticipation and of good feeling he has learned to love so well in Dakota. If perchance he has returned to Michigan his friends have to suffer deriding remarks about ague swamps, chills, fevers, fickle weather, etc. If he happens to be an old-time denizen of Wisconsin or Minnesota he finds his best former neighbors have all pulled out for Dakota's shore, leaving only the sluggish. If Massachusetts chances to be his visiting ground he finds people painfully contracted in their knowledge of western affairs and style. If his lot calls him back to any other New England state his heart sores within him to find how stingy and foggy people are. Ohio and New York folks are too conceited for him. The southern states are unendurably slow and Pennsylvania goes in the same category. Iowa and Illinois are too muddy and the weather dreadfully uncertain. In short he pines for the exhilarating breezes of his new found Eldorado and cannot rest. Women are just as fond as their sterner brothers of the land of boom, as the following extract from a letter received by Dr. Newell from a lady friend attests:

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 23, 1883. MY DEAR FRIEND:—Ruth has just finished reading your letter in the Waterford Post, to which I heartily responded, Amen! Feeling that you are one of us, am aroused to drop you a line in assurance of the fact. You may wonder how a person writing from the "Hub" can claim any sort of kinship with a loyal Dakotian, but listen while I rise to explain. I left Neenah some five weeks ago, my objective point being Washington, D. C., there to attend the general convention of universalists. "See Boston and die," is a saying which has always impressed me with the idea that a sight of the historic city was an absolute necessity within this life or the one to come. I preferred to make the pilgrimage when I had the matter somewhat under my own control and could regulate the length of the visit. And now, hurrah for Dakota! of which grand and glorious territory I claim to be a citizen. (Hasn't that the true Dakota flavor?) I left Dakota after a continued residence there of eighteen months last August and expect to return in the spring. Sister Mate and family are there "for life." Went two years ago and looked upon the change as the worst calamity that could have befallen her, but now feels quite reconciled and likes it pretty well. Her husband is, like all the men—inflated with the country, and his faith in it is unbounded—no exceeded even by yours. Am going to send him your letter. Nothing so delights him as words of praise for the land of his adoption. With all their boasted "cultah" the Bostonians have very crude ideas on some subjects and they are really ignorant of many things quite familiar to ordinary mortals. I have not yet met a person who knows how many acres in a quarter section. I am continually being asked what kind of timber we have on our tree claims, and their surprise is amusing when I answer that we have whatever we prefer—by planting it. I do wish some of these eastern old fogies would go west and get their eyes opened. Olive is utterly disgusted with the whole Dakota project because it has broken up and scattered the family. I too regret that, but I think the move has been a good one for us. \* \* \* I wish you would write me and set out the country fine, for Olive's benefit. She will be disgusted to hear that your wife likes it there, for she is firmly persuaded that no one does but the men. With love to Mrs. Newell, and three cheers for Dakota, I remain your old-time friend, DOLLIE B. LEWIS.

There have been three hundred miles of railroad built in Dakota this year.

All the citizens of Falk county except ten have petitioned that no liquor licenses be granted in the county.

Juda (Wis.) News: "We thought we had heard large stories about Dakota, but we give it up. Our friend Bowell, who lives up in that country, sent us the biggest one yet. He claims to have had a dream the other night in which he dreamt that he had gone to Heaven. When he got there everybody was packing up and starting for Dakota."

Very correctly exclaims the Jamestown Alert: Dakota has had her boom age and next year her railroad age will commence. The time of projecting and mapping out railroads for boom purposes is past and genuine enterprises are taking their place. Railroad companies have heretofore been offered large bonuses, right of way and grounds to extend their lines to different parts of the territory, but now they are seeking the right of way and buying their grounds. Undaunted by the season of the year when storms and cold are to be expected their surveying parties are pushing forward in every direction and arrangements are being made for grading as early in the spring as the thawing of the ground will permit.

FIRST-CLASS, Airy Rooms. FAIR CHARGES.

PALACE HOTEL!

COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA. H. C. FITCH, Proprietor. BILLIARD PARLOR IN CONNECTION.

This house, which has but recently been opened to the public, is all that can be desired by the Tourist The Prospector or the Commercial Man, to whom it especially caters. No expense has been spared in equipping this veritable Palace of the prairie, which now offers the fat of the land in its dining room, and the comforts of a luxurious home in its apartments.

Game abounds in the vicinity, affording special attraction for Sportsmen or men desiring a brief respite. ROOMS SINGLY OR ENSUITE.

HAVE YOU SEEN

that immense display of

FALL & WINTER GOODS

at the general store of

NELSON & LANGLIE,

Burrell Ave., COOPERSTOWN, D. T.

Our stock in the various lines of

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Clothing, Underwear, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Canned Goods, Provisions, Etc., Etc.,

Is complete, and if prices and quality of goods are an object to the buyer they will find it an advantage to call.

Our goods were purchased at unusual bargains through a personal visit to the wholesale markets and our customers can receive the advantage of these bargains.

BOYUM & HOILAND,

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF—

Farm Machinery,

And General Agents for the

RELIANCE TWINE BINDERS,

Monitor Seeders, Norwegian Plows.

COOPERSTOWN AND ANETA.

The "Household"

Sewing Machine is now the leading machine in the market. Buchheit Bros. have the

EXCLUSIVE SALE!

of this machine for Cooperstown and Griggs County. Ladies should give it a trial before purchasing a Sewing Machine.

Needles, Oils & Attachments kept in stock. Old Machines Repaired

DEALERS IN

General Farm Machinery, Etc.,

COOPERSTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA.

BUILDERS'

HARDWARE.

NEW LINE AT THE

LUMBER YARD

BOUGHT FOR CASH.

Will be sold at Sanborn prices. Strong, cheap locks (not duplicated) a specialty.

LENHAM ELEVATOR & LUMBER CO.

HOLLIDAY BROS.,

GENERAL DEALERS IN

FARM MACHINERY!

Champion Binders and Mowers,

Casady Sulky Plows,

MOLINE WAGONS, BUGGIES, ETC.

Wm. Holliday, Sanborn.

J.F. Holliday, Cooperstown.

NOTICE.—U. S. Land Office, Fargo, D. T., Dec. 6, 1883. Complaint having been entered at this office by Ole C. Erickson, against Edman A. Rydells for abandoning his homestead entry No. 11014 dated July 7th, 1882, upon the s e c quarter section 4, township 148, range 58, in Griggs county, D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 23rd day of January, 1884, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said abandoned entry. HORACE AUSTIN, Register. Brown Bros. & Co., Attys. d1731.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., November 14, 1883. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim and secure final entry thereof on the 10th day of January, 1884, viz: Florence Frazier, D. S. No. 14138 for the s e c of section 18, township 144 n, range 58 w, and names the following as her witnesses, viz: Charles Koleson, J. M. Freer, Ella Freer and W. A. Baker, all of Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T. The testimony to be taken before John N. Jorgensen, clerk of district court, at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1884 at his office. HORACE AUSTIN, Register. d1732.

NOTICE.—Timber Cultor. Complaint having been entered at this office by Herjus Omsundson against Mark Shepard, for failure to comply with law as to Timber Cultor, Entry No. 5268, dated March 13, 1882, upon the s w 1/4 of section 18, township 148, range 58, in Griggs county, D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said entry, consent alleging that said defendant, Mark Shepard, failed to break or cause to be broken five acres or any part thereof on said tract on or before the 13th day of March, 1882, during the first year of said entry or at any time heretofore; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 4th day of January, 1884, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure. E. C. GEAREY, Receiver. JKS2291P.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., December 14, 1883. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereof on the 23rd day of January, 1884, viz: Andreas P. Rusten, D. S. No. 10592 for the w 1/2 s e 1/4 and n e 1/4 of s w 1/4 of section 26, township 148 n, range 59 w, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Andrew H. Berg, Ole Eliason, Peter Eliason, Edward Koleson, all of Ottawa, Griggs county, D. T. The testimony of claimant and witnesses to be taken before John N. Jorgensen, clerk of District court, at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 22d day of January, A. D. 1884 at his office. HORACE AUSTIN, Register. Jacobson & Serungard, d2125.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., November 16, 1883. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereof on the 10th day of January, 1884, viz: Tosten N. Gled, D. S. No. 10592 for the s w 1/4 of section 5, township 148 n, range 58 w, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Gunder Nave, Ole O. Nave, Andrew Iverson, Elias Moan, all of Lee, P. and Grand Forks county, D. T. The testimony to be taken before John N. Jorgensen, clerk of district court, at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1884 at his office. HORACE AUSTIN, Register. Jacobson & Serungard, Attys. d2125.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., December 7, 1883. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim and secure final entry thereof on the 21st day of January, 1884, viz: Grace Barnum, D. S. No. 10592 for the s w 1/4 of section 18, township 144 n, range 61 w, and names the following as her witnesses, viz: John I. Rolly, Iver Syverson, Lauren Syverson, Robert L. Johnson, all of Helena, Griggs county, D. T. The testimony to be taken before John N. Jorgensen, clerk of the district court, at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1884 at his office. HORACE AUSTIN, Register. d1518.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Nov. 2, 1883. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereof on the 27th day of Dec. 1883, viz: Knud Knudson, D. S. No. 1236 for the s e 1/4 of n e 1/4 of section 16, township 146 d, range 58 w, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Nels E. Nelson, Ole Halvorsen, Elling Olson Sever Halvorsen, all of Marshall, Griggs county, D. T. The testimony to be taken before John N. Jorgensen, clerk of the district court at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 24th day of December, A. D. 1883 at his office. HORACE AUSTIN, Register. Jacobson & Serungard, Attys. d2141.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Nov. 16, 1883. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereof on the 10th day of January, 1884, viz: Thore S. Lee, D. S. No. 12794 for the s e 1/4 of section 2, township 146 n, range 59 w, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Omund Nelson, Knud Knudson, John Hansen, John Amundson, all of Marshall, Griggs county, D. T. The testimony to be taken before John N. Jorgensen, clerk of the district court, at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1884 at his office. HORACE AUSTIN, Register. Jacobson & Serungard, Attys. d23d25.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., November 13, 1883. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim and secure final entry thereof on the 16th day of January, 1884, viz: Ingebor Gunderson, one of the heirs of Abraham Gunderson, D. S. No. 10269 for the s 1/2 s w 1/4 and s 1/2 s e 1/4 of section 34, township 144 n, range 60 w, and names the following as her witnesses, viz: Alsak Gunderson, Peter H. Molstad, Erick Anstad, Knud Stee all of Dazy, Griggs county, D. T. The testimony to be taken before Register and Receiver, S. E. and Office at Fargo, Cass county, D. T., on the 16th day of January, A. D. 1884 at his office. And you, Gustav Gunderson, who filed D. S. No. 11828 on the 15th day of November, 1883, are hereby notified to be and appear before the U. S. Land Office, Fargo, D. T., on the 16th day of January, 1884, and show cause if any you have, why said Ingebor Gunderson should not be allowed to make final proof and payment for said land. And you, Wm. W. Fitzsimmons, who filed H. E. No. 13468 on the 20th day of September, 1883, are hereby notified to be and appear before the U. S. Land Office, Fargo, D. T., on the 16th day of January, 1884, and show cause if any you have, why said Ingebor Gunderson should not be allowed to make final proof and payment for said land. F. B. Morrill, Atty. n16d28.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., November 23, 1883. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim and secure final entry thereof on the 20th day of January, 1884, viz: Emma Erickson, D. S. No. 10725 for the northeast quarter of section 34, township 146 n, range 57 w, and names the following as her witnesses, viz: Carl Gustafson, Alfred Johnson, Andrew G. Anderson, G. L. Peterson, all of Marshall, Griggs county, D. T. The testimony of witnesses and claimant to be taken before W. P. Miller, clerk of district court, at Fargo, Griggs county, D. T., on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1884 at his office. HORACE AUSTIN, Register. Jacobson & Serungard, d1731.

Notice to Tax Payers.

Notice is hereby given that the tax lists for Griggs county are now in my hands for collection. According to territorial law all taxes not paid before the first Monday in February become delinquent and are subject to a penalty of 5 per cent collection fees and 1 per cent a month interest until paid, providing they are paid before the 1st day of September next. ANTON JENGER, 46-48. Treas. Griggs Co.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the matter of the estate of Frank L. Axtell, deceased. All persons having claims against Frank L. Axtell, deceased, are required to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, to the undersigned administrator of said estate, at his office in Cooperstown, in the County of Griggs, Territory of Dakota, and that four months have been limited as the time for creditors to present their claims against said estate. Dated the 30th day of November, 1883. THEODORE F. KERR, 130. Administrator.



### The Frozen Ship.

One serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Captain Warrens, the master of the Greenland, a whale-ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs, in about seventy-seven degrees of north latitude, on one side, and within a mile of his vessel. These were of immense height, and closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-covered peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach; showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time.

Captain Warrens did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation, but there being no wind, he could not move one way or the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the icebergs continued in their respective places. About midnight, the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous thundering, grinding and crushing noises gave evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every second, for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there was actually any at all on either side of them.

The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and Captain Warrens found, to his great joy, that the ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked that the accumulated icebergs which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier had been separated by the wind, and that in one place a cinct of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern. It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly, and a gentle breeze blew from the north.

Captain Warrens was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless. Captain Warrens immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed toward her. On approaching he observed that her hull was terribly weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He then hailed her crew, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port-hole near the main-chains caught his eye; and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back in a chair, with writing materials on a table before him; but the feebleness of the light made everything very indistinct before him.

The party went upon deck, and, having removed the hatchway, descended to the cabin. The first came to the apartment which Capt. Warrens viewed through the port-hole. A terror seized him as he entered it; its inmate retained its former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead and veiled his open eyeballs. He had a pen in his hand, and a leaf of book lay before him. The last sentence on its unfinished page ran thus: "Nov. 14th, 1762. We have been inclosed in the ice seventeen days. Our fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief." Capt. Warrens and his men hurried to the spot without uttering a word.

On entering the principal cabin the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female, reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest in attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, but a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of an exceedingly young man holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore-part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths and the body of a boy crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered anywhere; but Captain Warrens was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done.

He therefore carried away the log-book, returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, impressed with the awful example he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the Polar seas in the high northern latitudes. On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way; and, by comparing the results of those with the information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship, and of her unfortunate master; and found that she had been frozen in thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice.

### SUICIDE OF HER BETROTHED.

Proposals a Girl Bride Spurned and the Result.  
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The eastern portion of Rowan county, Ky., was all torn up last Saturday over the reported killing of Nathan Stegall by McNeely Cox, on Hamilton & Goodson's farm, near Elliottsville, and the suicide of Bruce Cooper, a young attorney of Martinsburg, at the residence of Hayden Harris, about four miles from Elliottsville. The particulars of the Cooper suicide are as follows: Bruce Cooper, a nephew of Hon. John E. Cooper, of West Liberty, was one of the most promising young men of eastern Kentucky, and yet hardly twenty-one years of age, was given license at the last May term of the Rowan circuit court to practice law. On last Friday evening he left Martinsburg for Aberdeen, O., with Miss Mary Dehart, a thirteen year old daughter of Daniel Dehart, a merchant of Martinsburg, whom he had won the love of and induced her to elope with him. Reaching the residence of Hayden Harris, just over the county line, in this county, they stopped there for the night, and during the evening Cooper made several indecent proposals to his betrothed, which she indignantly spurned and refused. He then told her he had \$365 in money in his pocket, and offered her the whole of it if she would accede to his villainous wishes and surrender her virtue to him. Though young in years and loving this young man well enough to give up home, parents, and friends for she again spurned his licentious

proposition, when he drew from his pocket a new, improved Smith & Wesson revolver, caliber thirty-two, and handing it to her, asked her to kill him, and offered her his money if she would. This she also refused to do, and becoming disgusted with him got up and left the room. At bed time they all retired, young Dehart, a cousin of the young lady in the case, sleeping with Cooper. In the morning, when they were called by Mr. Harris Cooper told young Dehart to go on down stairs and see to the horses, that he was very sleepy, but would get up in a few minutes. Dehart, not suspecting anything, did as requested, and soon after a pistol shot was heard up stairs, but Mrs. Harris, thinking the cat had knocked the top off of a box, said so, and nothing more was thought of it until young Dehart, returning from the stables, went up stairs to wake Bruce Cooper, and found him lying across the foot of the bed with a pistol lying on his left breast and his brains oozing out of a hole in his left temple. Young Cooper had arisen immediately after Dehart had left and put on his pants and vest. He then lay himself across the bed, placed his feet together, his right hand across his breast, and with his pistol in his left hand put the pistol to his left temple and fired the shot which sent him to eternity. The coroner was at once notified, and an inquest was held, resulting in the bringing out of the evidence above, and a verdict of self-destruction.

### IN LIFE AND DEATH DIVIDED.

Hidden deep in the shade of tall, solemn pines, surrounded by forests yet sacred from the axe, stands a little gothic chapel whose portal is only opened to admit the dead. Never festive, never marriage or baptism awakens an echo of gladness within the walls of St. Michael's. Day after day long corteges make a halt before it, coffins are slowly carried in and the burial service of the church of England celebrated over unconscious clay. All through the year resound the solemn yet cheering words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the organ wails forth the funeral march, and the procession, the liturgy for the dead ended, slowly fade away into the God's here of Mount Hermon, a little beyond, and dust is restored to dust. In the cemetery, which is a quiet spot in the forests crowning the cliffs overlooking the St. Lawrence, there is one tomb, a shaft of sandstone, bearing an inscription which tells that he whose bones lie beneath died doing his duty, in risking and losing his life for his fellow men. In the chapel is one seat where every day, and at every funeral, is to be seen a woman in deep mourning, heavily veiled, who appears to pray and weep. Frequently, when the gatekeepers of the cemetery make their rounds before closing up for the night, they find the woman on her knees before the tomb. On their approach she rises and walks away rapidly. They know who she is and for whom she mourns.

There is a sad story connected with the chapel, the tomb, the veiled supplicant and the silent dead. Many years ago there came to an old and garibou city a young officer of artillery. He was a cadet of an honorable Scottish family, and was, while one of the most fascinating in manner and address of all the officers of the garrison, an ardent student, a man of large and varied accomplishments. Horatio Lowrie was such a man as women almost instinctively love, "a curled darling of the gods," and yet himself not greatly susceptible to woman's attractions. He was fond of society and was a brilliant conversationalist. Every door was open to him, and he had desired to shine in the particular role most commonly affected by the average British officer, he might have become an accomplished lady-killer. He enjoyed himself after his fashion, and appeared to take as much pleasure out of his surroundings as the possibilities of a garrison town afforded. But he was not to be sought. He had a moderate fortune for England, a very handsome one for Canada, and mothers with daughters to dispose of were inclined to be very gracious toward him. He was gracious in return, danced, sang and flirted to a reasonable extent, but always so prudently that no one managing mamma or husband-hunting young lady could ever flatter herself that she had made an impression on the interesting artilleryman; so he came to bear the reputation of a cold-hearted male coquette, upon whom girls with their fortunes to make could not afford to lose time.

It became rumored one day that Lowrie was engaged to a lady in England whose parents were opposed to the match. Questions put slyly by brother officers found him on his guard against surprise. He made no admission, gave no denial, and utterly avoided satisfying the curiosity of his comrades and of the society gossips for whom his friends acted. He gave himself up to scientific work, and gradually withdrew from social life. In the summer of 1861 he went to Newfoundland.

One day during his absence the Allen steamer brought on an English family, who took up their residence on one of the most fashionable avenues. Their names does not matter now. The family consisted of a mother, a grown-up son and a daughter, a magnificently beautiful girl of about 24 years. After a time they went into society. The daughter was a sad-eyed woman in spite of her beauty, and if ever a history was written across a face it was on hers. She was brilliantly accomplished, but her conversation was marred by a painful cynicism, and her demeanor toward gentlemen was cold and politely repellent. Lowrie suddenly returned from the gulf, and the second evening afterwards was a guest at a vice-regal ball. In the course of the evening he met the young Englishwoman. An introduction was about to be passed when he turned away, and the lady hurriedly asked her mother to take her from the room. In a few moments the guests had heard of the remarkable contempts, and all was wonderment and conjecture.

As the ball broke up in the morning, a furious ringing of bells alarmed the city, and a red glare shooting up into the sky plainly told that fire was disastrously at work. In a few hours the populace was awakened to a realization of the dread fact that two immense districts were in flames. Multitudes assembled on the heights to witness a conflagration extending over some four miles of territory, and threatening the entire city with destruction. The general hospital, a benevolent institution conducted by self-sacrificing nuns, and founded two centuries ago, filled with sick and dying and with the children of the poor—was directly in the path of the flames, which, fed by the fuel contributed by some 2,000 wooden homes of the poorer classes, where, sweeping on with irresistible fury,

In but one way could the hospital be saved, and that was by blowing up a number of houses which yet stood between it and the advancing destruction. At the head of the company of artillerymen, Horatio Lowrie volunteered for the dangerous work. Scores of barrels of gunpowder were brought to the buildings selected, and laid under Lowrie's direction. Having made every disposition for the safety of his men and the public, he fired the fuse himself. An awful explosion followed, the buildings were scattered, the path of the fire diverted and the hospital saved.

But Lowrie—where was he? Later in the day a quivering mass of unconscious humanity, burned and scorched out of all semblance to manhood, was found within the hospital grounds. It was taken up and laid upon layers of soft cotton. A few hours and sensation was over. Horatio Lowrie had yielded up his life for man, and had gone over to the majority.

The grateful people did what they could to honor his memory—grander obsequies than his were ever known in the Fortress City. In the cathedral of Holy Trinity the solemnity was appalling, if the word may be used. From the cathedral the miles that must be traversed before St. Michael's and Mount Hermon were reached were lined with weeping thousands. At St. Michael's the ceremonies were completed, and as the banner covered coffin was born out a shriek was heard, and a woman fell, her head striking heavily against the stone floor at the foot of the bearers.

The poor, charred body was committed to the dust, with all honors to the memory of the soldier who died at his post. That night, the sextons, in going their rounds, found a woman, heavily draped in mourning, lying prone upon the new-made grave, insensible. On raising her they discovered that she was the beautiful English stranger. Society, when the story was bruited about, was astonished. The wonderment grew more when it became known that she was Lowrie's wife. The two had been secretly married in England, but owing to circumstances, had never avowed their union. Lowrie, at the time of their marriage, had nothing but his pay, while the lady had nothing at all. He had been ordered to India, and while there the lady permitted the advances of a suitor favored by her parents. Lowrie heard of this, hurried home to England, declared his relationship to the lady, denounced her for her perfidy, and then departed for the station, where he met his death.

The widow, who had never really been his wife, expatiates day by day her unfaithfulness to her husband who sleeps quietly in Mount Hermon, and incessantly assails heaven for forgiveness from the chancel railings of St. Michael's.—Mrs. Leslie Thom, in the Buffalo Telegraph.

### A PETITION.

From Good Words.

Thy latticed window open wide  
Lies in the summer breeze—  
The sweets of jasmine and of rose—  
The sigh of leaf-crowded trees.  
All summer sounds—all scents of June,  
Are welcome all day long—  
If all of these may entrance find,  
Dear love, why not my song?  
Thy hand is ever open, sweet,  
To succor others' woes—  
What gifts thou givest to their need,  
But God and thou may know.  
And supplicants for thy charity  
Unanswered never stand—  
Thou givest them all that hand can give—  
Why not give me thy hand?  
In thy pure heart the poor find room,  
And all who suffer—sweet,  
Whatever cause has smitten them,  
Ah, then, how much more meet  
To succor me, whom thou hast hurt.  
Thy heart to those is true,  
And to that heart they find a way—  
Ah! let me find one, too.

### HER INHERITANCE.

A blustering, uncomfortable day in early November, with a bleak promise of snow in the air, and a sky that was clouding over. The bare branches of the trees swayed and writhed savagely; occasional little showers of dry, dead leaves, that were not yet sodden and decayed, hurried up and down; and the roar of the fire in the chimney completed the outside picture of a dull autumn afternoon.

In Miss Mimer's sitting-room, however, everything was as cozy and delightful as could be desired, with the warm, crimson lambrkins, with their heavy cords and tassels, and the carpet to match the tint, and the furniture of light grey damask, puffed with crimson, and the grey and gold wall paper, and the pretty knickknacks here and there that finish the room in such admirable taste. And Miss Hetty Mimer, sitting before the open grate-stove fire, her black silk skirt turned carefully back over her lap, and her substantially made pebble-gait boots, resting comfortably on the fender.

An elderly woman—40 odd—with sharp, shrewd face and bright little eyes, and a resolute look around her mouth. A homely, outspoken woman, who was proud to say she had never been in love, who lived in luxury, although on a small scale, and who had \$75,000 in government bonds to leave her relations when she died; and in all the world she had but two relatives, Mrs. Cairnsford Carl, her married sister, and Mr. Parker Dollingsly, her half-brother, who, besides being inordinately jealous that old Simon Carmen had left Hetty his fortune, just because she had happened to befriend him in his ante-mining days, were very much given to toadying her and writing affectionate letters to her and loading her with presents, and forcing invitations upon her; all of which Miss Mimer accepted in a matter-of-fact way, and in return did exactly as she pleased.

This especial afternoon she sat meditatively before the fire, she suddenly broke the stillness, with an energy of speech that made the young girl reading in the bay-window, nearly concealed by the curtains, look startled up from her book.

"Elice, you're a fool!"  
Evidently, Elice Dunning had not lived five years as companion and personal attendant to Miss Mimer in vain, for she beyond the swift, brief little startled look in, manifested no surprise at the rough speech her winey-brown eyes.

She closed her book and came out into the room, a little flush on her face.  
"Do you think so, Miss Mimer?"  
"Most certainly I think so, or I shouldn't have said so. You are a fool, Elice Dunning, and I hate to see you throw yourself away so foolishly. Do show your common sense, if you've got any, and let that young jacksnape of a doctor go. You're better off without him. I'll give

you a new sealskin sacque this winter if you'll give him up."

"I couldn't give him up, Miss Mimer; I love him too well."

Miss Mimer looked sarcastically at Elice's sweet, flushed face, and gave a little sniff of contempt.

"What nonsense! You love him too well. Love indeed! It's all absurdity. I never was in love in all my life."  
Elice dropped her head in a pretty little confused way.

"I—can't help that, Miss Mimer. I love Frank, and he loves me. We'd be perfectly miserable if we parted. Please don't tell me I must give him up! Indeed it is impossible. We are engaged to be married just as soon as he comes back from his visit home."

Miss Mimer dropped her feet from the polished silver bar to the tiled hearth with a resonant bang as she jumped up indignantly.

"Engaged to be married to Dr. Olevin! Did I ever! Well, Elice Dunning—very well! You may pack my hand-valet at once. I am going to New York on a visit by the 6:10 train, and I'll be home on Thursday. When I come back, don't let me find you here, you ungrateful little wretch—youn!"

Elice's lips quivered, her eyes filled with diamond-bright tears.

"Miss Mimer! You don't mean—to turn me away?"  
"That is just what I mean! I have told you, time again, I didn't approve of men-beaux and love-making, and I won't have it where I am! You can take your choice—me or Dr. Olevin. I'll give you just five minutes."

A little red flush crept to the girl's cheek. I don't want five minutes for a choice, Miss Mimer!" she said proudly. "You have been very good to me, and I cannot forget your kindness, and I think I have done my duty by you. But nothing—no one—could come between me and Dr. Olevin."

"All right then. Don't let me see you here when I come back—that's all!"  
And then Elice went up to Miss Mimer's room and packed the red Russia satchel, dropping a few tears as she folded the garments Miss Mimer would require.

"I'll go to Mrs. Cairnsford Carl," Miss Mimer decided, as she sat in the city bound express, in the early dusk of the November evening. "Camilla thinks all the world of me. Her daughter would not act as that young mixx dared not. The idea! the idea! of preferring—actually preferring—a penniless young doctor with a moustache—a nasty black moustache—to me! after all I've done for her, too!"

And then Miss Mimer leaned back very contentedly in her seat, satisfied that she had done her whole duty by herself, and Elice Dunning, too.

It was just 8:30 o'clock when the hired hack deposited her at the door of Mr. Cairnsford Carl's red-brick house—a comfortable, cozy place, with the name on the door in full.

A servant showed her in, and asked her name; but Miss Mimer wanted to surprise her sister, and sent word that a friend wished to see her, while she seated herself in the parlor, where a little girl sat curled up in a cushioned chair, reading.

"You want to see my mamma, I suppose?"  
"Yes," said Miss Mimer, with an affable smile. "You are Hetty, I suppose?"  
"The child gave a heavy sigh.

"Yes, I'm Hetty. Oh, don't I hate that name!"  
"Why, I think it a first-rate name. You are a namesake of somebody, I guess?"  
"Yes, I am. Old Hetty Mimer, my aunt, who lives out in the country. I never have seen her, and don't want to, either, 'cause mamma says she's the meanest old thing in all creation—a regular old Miss Nancy, papa says."

Miss Mimer smiled—a little queerly.  
"Oh! that's what they say, is it? Well, Hetty, I am your Aunt Mimer."

The child opened her eyes wider.  
"Are you? Then, won't mamma be mad! We expect company after a while, and mamma won't want you at all. We'd be dreadfully ashamed of you before the Algerdons. You're going to leave us your money, ain't you? Papa and mamma said they were most tired of waiting—you had as many lives as a cat. We are going to Europe when you die."

"Are you?" said Miss Mimer, with an insane desire to shake the pert, self-possessed, venomous youngster. "Well, I wouldn't depend upon it if I were you."  
And before Mrs. Carl came down-stairs, Miss Mimer was out on the street, on her way to her half-brother's house.

"A pretty nest of vipers those Carls are. Thank heaven, I've found them out in time! Going to Europe on my money! Why, ungrateful as that spunky little Alice is, she isn't as treacherous as my own flesh and blood. Humph!"

And her complacency was not yet restored when she left the street-car on the nearest corner to Mr. Parker Dollingsly's bachelor quarters, that were alight in a perfect blaze of bright cheer.

"It looks like a party," she thought.  
But all the same she did not hesitate to go up the imposing stone steps and ring the bell, to which no response coming, she tried the door-knob, and admitted herself into a large, brilliantly lighted hall, at the end of which was a room, from whence came the sounds of revelry and jollification that had prevented her ring being heard.

Miss Mimer went into the first door that stood ajar, and through another partially closed door she saw the gay bachelor party—some ten or fifteen—merry over their wine.

"So that's the way Parker Dollingsly does, is it?" she asked herself grimly, just as, at the same instant, that gentleman's voice, distant, boisterous, rose high, and for a second silenced all others.

"Here!" to the health of my most respected ancient mariner—ess—a veritable old maid, all forlorn, whose legacy is a long time com'g, but sure to get here some time. A cool \$50,000 or so, boys; and imagine the swell we'll out when the venerable Mchitable kicks the bucket. Drink to her, fellows!"

Somewhat, Miss Mimer took herself silently out of the place. She was silent all the way to the hotel; and then, once in the room, locked her door, and sat down to bed—actually cried, and then went to bed, wondering if it was ever granted to mortals to come nearer to being made a fool of than she had been; and at two o'clock in the morning to awaken with a strange, sick feeling that was awful to endure in that big, lonely hotel, where she didn't know a living soul.

But she rang for assistance, and the servant brought her a physician, who happened to be staying over night, and Miss Mi-

ner's life was saved from the terrible attack of gastralgia by Dr. Frank Olevin.

"I'll pay you when I get home," she said, tersely. "You can go with me, if you don't mind my green veil and bag."

And so, after reaching home, where Elice Dunning, in readiness to leave by a train an hour later, opened the door in answer to an imperious summons, Miss Mimer staked in, followed by Dr. Olevin.

"You needn't be frightened, Elice," she said, in a wonderfully soft tone of voice. I've changed my mind. I'm the fool, not you. Here's your bag; you can have him and welcome. And when you're married, I'm going to settle my fortune on you and let you live here, if you'll give me a room somewhere. I've changed my mind, I tell you, Elice Dunning. Take off your things and go get a cup of coffee for us."

And that was the way little brown-eyed Elice came into her double inheritance of love and fortune.

### Miscellaneous.

The Standard Oil company, following the precedent of the New York elevated railroad company, is trying to get out of paying a bill of \$3,000,000 taxes, which the auditor-general of Pennsylvania has presented.

Gov. St. John again asserts that prohibition in Kansas is a great success.

"I saw more intoxicated women at the Derby than on any former occasion," said Edmund Yates in the *London World*, "and not merely the females with whom inebriety is normal, but decent looking women, the wives and sweethearts of artisans and small shopkeepers. Perhaps the heat of the weather upset their calculations as to the amount of liquor they could take with impunity."

It is related that the president of the Fitchburg railroad, some 30 years ago, settled with a number of passengers, who had been wet but not seriously injured by the running off of a train into a river, by paying them from \$5 to \$20 each. One of them, a sailor, when his terms were asked, said: "Well, you see, Mister, when I was down in the water, I looked up at the bridge and calculated that we had fallen 15 feet, so if you will pay me a dollar a foot I will call it square."

Vassar graduates thirty-five girls as "Bachelor of Arts" this year. The *New Orleans Times* suggests that "they will probably be very glad to swap off these masculine titles for the more feminine dignities of 'mistress of hearts.' But why not have both? The highest learning does not detract a moiety from the most lovable qualities of woman."

There is statistical authority for the statement that the non-evangelical denominations of the United States, the Unitarian, the Universalist, the New Jerusalem, or Swedenborgian, and the "Christian" Churches, numbered altogether nineteen churches or societies less in 1880 than in 1840, and 472 less in 1880 than in 1850.

Men and women vary much in their manner of sleeping. A woman has not the slightest hesitation in entering the biggest store in the city and buying a paper of pins or a ten-cent ball of darning cotton, while a man would almost as soon seal sheep as do it, and in one case could not feel greater loss of self-respect than in any other. The trouble with a man is that he likes to display his opulence and proclaim his financial importance, and for the indulgence of which vain ambition, if sent by his wife to make a small purchase for her, he is apt to return with a miscellaneous assortment of expensive and useless articles, and by the acquisition thereof thinks he has impressed the clerks with a sense of his consequence. This conviction, however, is in most cases a delusion and a snare.

### Funny Things.

Aunt Hannah went up to Central Park to see the obelisk. "Kind o' needs repairin', don't it?" asked she of her nephew. "Good gracious, aunt, the thing is over two thousand years old," said Tom. "Du tell; well, it's deorable, ain't it?"

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines is quoted as once saying to Mr. Webster and Mrs. Clay: "I admit you are very great men, but you cannot compare with General Gaines in all that is sublime and beautiful in human character. I often told the general he was too perfect for this world, and although he had been married upwards of ten years I have endeavored to find a defect in his character, and have been unsuccessful."

Illustrating the simple manners of Tennessee legislators as compared with the complex methods of Albany, the *Brownsville (Tenn.) Democrat* says: "When a Tennessee Solon gets his hand on a wad of money he does not hand it to the speaker. No, no. He just sticks the wad in his boot leg, and rises in his seat and says: 'Mr. Speaker, I have reconsidered the matter and will vote aye!'"

Definition of deadlock.—First class in politics.—Teacher—"What is a deadlock?" Pupil—"It is a series of votes which elect nobody." "Correct. Where are deadlocks manufactured?" "In Harrisburg, Washington and Albany." "Of what use are dead-locks?" "They turn 'statesmen' inside out that the people may see just what they are made of." "What are statesmen made of?" "Give it up."—*Troy Times*.

### Scientific Gossip.

France's aim in Africa is said to be "glory," Italy's, civilization and commerce.

The *Engineer* says that an increase in the quantity of the fulminating charge has been recommended as a means of avoiding any necessity for throwing dynamite cartridges.

Mr. R. H. Chittenden is inclined to the belief that in the stomach there are two stages of digestion, separable one from the other—a first, in which the action of the saliva can go on without hindrance, and a second, which the pepsin alone is active.

In a recent work on the nests and eggs of birds, Dr. W. von Reichenau states that the ornamental plumage, crests, &c., of the male bird are due to an excess of energy; while the vitality of the female of the females is exhausted by production of eggs and the task of incubation.

Paper belting is used with success in the machinery hall of an exhibition now held in Japan. It is stated that the belting made of paper has been tested and found to be much stronger than that made of ordinary leather.

Hatters say that the size of the human head in England and Scotland has been gradually diminishing in size within the last quarter of a century. It is rarely that a 7-8 inch hat is asked for now. Is that the case in this country, also?

# THE COURIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING  
By Ed. D. STAIR.

FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 1883.

## 12 PAGES.

ALL who contemplate looking for new homes in the west will find superior inducements in Griggs county.

Nothing can be more convincing of Cooperstown's assured prosperity than the list of substantial and bona fide improvements for the year, given in another column.

Said Wm. M. Everts recently: "One is introduced to a new form of topography when he sees the vast plains of Dakota and the table lands of Montana. The agricultural resources of the country are limitless; and while it may not exactly become the granary of the world, it will certainly furnish us all the bread we can eat and to spare."

PEOPLE moving from eastern states to Dakota will find that it is to their best interests to bring very few if any farm implements or provisions. Our dealers in this county sell farm machinery just as cheap as eastern dealers, and if the emigrant waits until he gets here before purchasing he need buy only that which he absolutely needs. Groceries, provisions and dry goods are also sold at very close figures.

If the reader of this paragraph chances to be a merchant or a mechanic struggling along in an over-crowded town or city, eking out a precarious living, let this inspire him to pack up and check his goods for Dakota. If you are a merchant a profitable trade awaits your honest dealings; if you are a mechanic your services are desired at good prices, besides which Uncle Sam has a 160-acre home in keeping for your family. Delay not, for the opportunity may never knock at your door again.

THE crowning glory of Dakota is the elements of pluck, energy and enterprise possessed by the female portion of the population. For the sake of gaining a position of independence, they will cheerfully go on a claim and hold it during the allotted time, while their husbands are living in town in comfort, compared to the privation which of necessity the women are compelled to endure on the prairie. Last Monday Mrs. Barker, who owns a claim thirty miles from here, having business in the city, was so unfortunate as to miss the train. Though unaccustomed to walking long distances, she determined to reach the city on foot. Accordingly she set out at an easy gait and covered the entire distance in the wonderful time of six hours, an average of five miles an hour. She left yesterday on the train for the west and told a Herald reporter that aside from being a little foot sore, if necessity demanded it she could have repeated the trip on the same day.—Grand Forks Herald.

### Advance of the Rustlers.

Under the above caption the Washington Star in a lengthy editorial on Northwestern resources exclaims:

"The same restless, speculative people that raised Chicago bodily out of the mud, and recreated it again and again out of the ashes, and then pushed on further northwest to the Mississippi and leveled the hills and filled up the valleys to make room for St. Paul with its busy population of 80,000, and as soon as that task was well under way moved a step further north and converted the great falls of St. Anthony into a mill race to make Minneapolis the biggest flour factory in the world with a duplicate population to that of St. Paul,—these are the same 'rustlers' that are now overrunning Dakota, building up railroad towns, river towns, valley towns, and starting wheat farms, raising grain elevators, and preparing generally to make that territory fulfill its manifest destiny of supplying the larger part of 20,000,000 bushels of wheat required annually to keep the Minneapolis mills going. Who can tell what limits to put to the growth of this New Northwest in the next twenty years, with such men to the front?"

### He Had the Wrong Idea.

"My surprise," said a passenger to a reporter in Fargo, "at the class of people I meet out here is very great. I was prepared to meet a rough, uneducated set of men, and I find them all easterners of a pronounced type as regards the characteristic energy of that part of the country, and have so far in my trip come across very few of the genuine loafers that we meet so often on our corners in the east. Every one seems to be busy; I find no discontented men hanging around the stations as we pass through, and it seems as though this single fact ought to endorse the reports that have been circulated in regard to the advantages for men in every walk of life, that this grand Northwest offers to the people of today."

### He Has Been Here.

An eastern editor who recently visited this section "boiled" his observations down into the following very concise information:

"Those going to Dakota will find that they are not going out of the world. They can buy farm implements and everything needed in farming at about the same prices as in the east, with freight added. Horses are being imported in large numbers and can be bought for from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars. Oxen sell from ninety to one hundred and seventy-five dollars a pair. Persons with an established residence there can buy stock with but little money down, and the balance in a year's time. Horses can go without shoes in Dakota as long as in any state in the union, there being no stones there. Common lumber is \$20 to \$22 a thousand, stock boards \$24 to \$27, shingles \$3 to \$4.50. Wheat is 90 to 95 cents. The variety known as the Scotch life is very popular. Spring wheat is raised almost exclusively. The average date of sowing is about the tenth day of April. Rainfalls are not frequent or severe. In the absence of rain the roots of cereals are supplied with moisture by the disappearance of the frost which penetrates to a great depth. On very small farms 300 bushels of very fine mealy potatoes are raised. Good drinking water is obtained at a depth of 15 to forty feet. The surface wells from ten to 15 feet are usually curbed with two inch planks. The deeper wells are bored or drilled and tubed with galvanized or iron pipe and at a trifling cost."

### Dakota Character.

The people of the Northwest have a character of their own, distinct from that existing among inhabitants of eastern localities. Their peculiarity of character is due principally to the climate and other external conditions. The climate of the Northwest is crisp and bracing both in winter and summer, and engenders brightness and energy of character; in winter the weather is dry and frosty, and has a sparkle about it which makes an impression on everyone it touches. It is impossible to grow sluggish and dull under it. The man who does so will die. It is only the invalid whose physical system is so run down that he cannot brace himself against the frost and wind who is not benefited by our climate and has his life renewed by it. The same general characteristic pervades the summer season as the winter. Though there is an absence of cold the air is dry and bracing, and none of the languor ever exists which is so common in more southerly and moister latitudes.

There is another consideration which operates heavily, and perhaps with greater force than any other, to make Dakota men plucky and energetic, viz: that the country is new and requires a vast amount of hard work to be done, and the accomplishment of this work brings forth all the best energies of the people. Everyone who comes here has his mind made up to begin at the bottom and build up. He, as it were, starts life afresh, with the determination to succeed. This is a land of hard work. No one comes here who is not willing to do all he is able. There are so many industries to be opened up to get a new country in working order that drones have no place to exist here. The activity into which people are driven by the natural conditions of the country gives them a push and energy which only such a life can give.

The women of Dakota also develop a degree of spirit and pluck unknown to them in their eastern homes. They come with their husbands with a perfect willingness to share the hardships incident to pioneer life. They are willing to economize and bear the burden necessary to give them a good start in the world, and the way they adapt themselves to circumstances astonishes even themselves. The pioneer hardships are not of the kind they calculated on always. The ordinary comforts of life can be had here as readily as anywhere, only they generally cost more than in older communities. The chief change a woman has to experience in coming west is that she usually has more work to do. There is less female help here. This is not a country of servants. Every woman is her own mistress, and every woman has to be her own servant. Women often have to work in a way entirely unknown to them before they came. But they have strength proportioned to their duties. The amount a woman is able to go through in Dakota is a surprise to her. She accomplishes far more than was ever possible to her in her old home, and feels better for it. By labor, both men and women develop qualities of character distinctively western. They become more live, wide-awake and intelligent. Dakota is the place above all others for the development of character.

We have just received a car load of that genuine Fargo Boiler Mill Flour and it will be sold cheaper than ever. Odegard & Thompson.

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and Thunder Explained, but how in the Dickens those Pioneer Merchants

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Sell the best grades of goods in every line so amazingly cheap remains an inexplicable mystery. Now is the time to call and get great bargains in

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Cheaper than anywhere in Dakota. Now is the time to get a premium on your Wheat Checks, Government Bank Sight Drafts and Gold.

Give us a call and be convinced that what we say we mean, and can back it up in a substantial manner.

WHIDDEN BROS.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., December 20, 1883. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereon on the 25th day of Jan 1884, viz: Peter A. Nelson D. S. No. 1498 for the n. w. 1/4 of section 22, township 147 N., range 56 W., and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Lewis T. Soland, Benjamin E. Brown, John Ole and Henry Houge, all of Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T. The testimony to be taken before John N. Jorgensen, clerk of district court, at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 25th day of January, A. D. 1884 at his office.  
HORACE AUSTIN, Register.

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# THE COURIER.

FRIDAY, DEC. 28, 1883.

## LOCAL LACONICS.

New resolutions are now to be the rage for at least a few days.

Christmas was not a very pleasant day, meteorologically speaking.

Square accounts with your grocer and begin fresh with the New Year.

Cooperstown gets to the front with a fine list of receivers on New Year's day.

Miss Lina Barnard came up from Sanborn on Monday to spend the Holidays.

N. L. Lenham was up from Sanborn last Friday, but only stopped a few hours.

Judge Byron Andrus returned on Monday from a week's business trip to St. Paul and Minneapolis.

A. B. Kent is in town for a few weeks. He and G. H. Gray are contracting at La Moure and he reports business as fair.

Allen Breed, one of Griggs county's most esteemed east-end citizens was over from Hope Saturday and Sunday.

Xmas is past, the New Year is here, and the mob still continues at Whidden Bros. where goods are sold to ALL at the SAME price.

A. M. Pease has sold his harness shop at this place to a Mr. McDermott, of Valley City. The new man has taken possession, and Geo. Proctor, the journeyman formerly in charge, has gone to Sanborn.

Jas. W. Christie, the artistic manipulator of the compass and square, is spending the Holidays with friends at Fargo, while his accomplished partner, Mr. Jas. Muir, is visiting his home at Tower City.

Civil Engineer F. B. Edwards having wound up his operations in Griggs county for the year departed, on Sunday, for a more southern latitude, but will probably never find a parallel to Dakota for life and energy.

Mr. T. Spademan, an enterprising young business man of Marine City, Mich., and who has had interests in Cooperstown from its start, is in the city spending the Holidays and attending to business matters.

The glee club entertainment given last week resulted in a very pleasant evening for all present as the program was an excellent one. The sum netted not being quite sufficient to satisfy the ladies another entertainment will be announced for the near future. Watch and wait.

His numerous well-wishers will be glad to learn that George Clark, who was compelled to go to Detroit, Michigan, last fall for the treatment of an ugly abscess is now on the highway of recovery. He has had a long and hard pull, but will soon be able to return and prosper with Griggs county.

His many friends in this vicinity will regret to learn that Wm. Holliday, the machinery dealer of Sanborn, has been pressed to a consent through the obstinacy of a creditor. The Enterprise understands that the resources will meet all the liabilities, and that Mr. Holliday will come out with a reputation untarnished.

The Sheyenne bridge is at last a reality, having been completed last week. It is said to be a fine structure, creditable alike to the engineer, the contractors and the county. Farmers over the river are rejoicing to think they can come to Cooperstown for their supplies without climbing steep banks and fording an ugly stream, while our merchants are happy over this consummation of their ardent desire.

Ever on the "grow" Cooperstown has this week added another industry to her already nice list of enterprising institutions, as will be noticed by a ringing announcement on another page. This time it is a flour and feed store, the proprietors being those up-in-the-morning, rattle-tee-bang rustlers, Davis & Pickett. They propose, as their "ad" will inform you, to keep a big stock of "horse feed, ox feed, mule feed, pig feed, hen feed and feed for any and all of Dakota's useful and beautiful beasts and birds," which they will aim to transpire into cash at a lively rate.

An important preparation for a happy New Year is the adjustment of accounts. A man in debt cannot well be happy, if he be conscientious, without making some effort to meet his obligations. A man should be just before he is generous; he has no right to use the money that belongs to another. Accounts should at least be adjusted, and as far as possible all debts liquidated this, the last week of the dying year. Carry as few unbalanced obligations into another year as possible and you as well as your creditor will have a far happier New Year. "Balance all" should be the cry these days, and to this end the Courier requests every person with a claim against this paper to present it without delay. Those owing this office will find their statements in readiness.

Christmas, the brightest gem in childhood's crown of pleasure has come and gone. Christmas with its well-filled stockings and its Santa Claus was just the same this year as last year and all the years before. In Cooperstown the kind-hearted ladies joined together to make glad the heart of every child in the vicinity between the ages of 2 and 30 years, to which end a heavily laden Christmas tree was held at Institute Hall. Kris Kringle had generously remembered everyone, but owing to a very severe storm only those living in town could attend. It was a noble effort and why old Boreas insisted on being so obstreperous that night as to keep the rural children away is unexplainable. However, a merry time was enjoyed by those present and the gifts of those absent probably came just as graciously next day.

**Now is the Time.** Parties contemplating investing in real estate, must not delay if they wish to improve present low prices. It is prophesied that next year will finish the vacant land now available, and then the prices are bound to rise rapidly. Land that will produce from thirty to forty bushels of wheat per acre will not go a begging.

Next year there will be an enormous increase in the acreage of all kinds of cereals, and the production of grain will more than anything else advertise the soil, and its value will be augmented in proportion. Don't fail to write to land agents and secure all the rare bargains now offered. Town lots are equally desirable investments, and the phenomenal growth of our new cities will continue yet for a long period. If a reaction must come in this section it certainly would not be next year, and a complete failure in crops (which is next to an impossibility) alone will bring such a calamity the year following. It is an undoubted fact that siezing the right moment is the great feature in land speculation. Just consider, for an instant, the great mass of evidence existing to prove this the right time, and you will be as well able to act wisely as ever a successful investor did. Men who have made fortunes in lands never saw the happy moment when bargains were forced upon them. People don't force bargains, but swindles. In fact, these happy chances are being improved by a few, while hundreds throughout the east should have them; and would if they but felt the required confidence. Winter months are preeminently the best season in which to purchase if quick returns or a rapid rise in value is a desideratum.

The continued wonderful crops of cereals and vegetables that have been produced since the ground was first cultivated; the growing scarcity of government lands; the natural increase in prices the rapid sales of spring will cause; the fact that our delightful climate is becoming established the world over; the now recognized truth of our probable perpetual prosperity, and the great army of home seekers that are preparing in all parts of the globe to invade Dakota next spring form unanswerable arguments that now is the time to buy. Those who price Griggs county land now and then try to buy the same tracts four months hence will have practical illustrations of this assertion.

**The Cooper Farm.** The history of the Cooper Farm is the record of Griggs county, for previous to the inception of this magnificent plantation of No. 1 Hard the county was unknown. As we view the many broad acres of plowed land, the numerous granaries, the comfortable homes, the barns and outbuildings of this vicinity it hardly seems possible that the first stroke of work toward this consummation was only performed in May, 1881—but 20 months ago. Such is the fact, however, for it was then the Cooper forces set to work on an expansive prairie wilderness. The opening of the farm brought many settlers with it, and to-day we have a finely populated community.

It has taken money as well as indomitable push and pluck to accomplish what T. J. and R. C. Cooper have. The first wheat crop they raised was harvested last year—1882—and the second one the season just passed. The yield has proven magnificent, but their gigantic enterprise has required piles of money to develop. They own 23,620 acres of land of which they have improved 7,140. Aside from the capital invested in land and expense of improving it they have \$75,000 in buildings, stock and implements with which to cultivate the farm. Add to the investment in land and paraphernalia the sum required to operate the place from the time it was started until a crop was garnered and you have a handsome sum. In summer 135 to 140 men are employed and 175 head of stock have to be fed, to carry on their immense enterprise.

Mr. T. J. Cooper, the senior member of the firm is a resident of Chicago, and his faith in Dakota, and particularly in Griggs county, seems unlimited and his only regret is that he didn't buy more land when he had an opportunity to do so at low prices. The resident partner and manager, R. C. Cooper, is a man in the prime of life, and appears in the very zenith of manhood's energy and public-spiritedness. They have both been of untold value in the development of Griggs county and are almost as indispensable as our very resources.

If you want a Bob Sled you must come soon or they will all be sold. They are selling like hot cakes. Odegard & Thompson.

## ONE YEAR'S GROWTH.

Cooperstown Strides to the Front with \$100,000.00 Worth of Substantial Structures,

And Has Over \$45,000.00 More Positively Announced for Early Spring.

It is a trifle less than one year ago since the first case of merchandise arrived in the now flourishing little city of Cooperstown. After battling blizzards for days the indomitable Knud Thompson, of Odegard & Thompson, landed a few loads of merchandise at his present place of business on the 2th day of January, 1883. This can be said to be the beginning of Cooperstown. In the scant twelve months that have elapsed since that time the hammer and saw of the artisan have made the prairies resound with the melody of their merry and incessant music. Considering that the place had its inception in the midst of a winter recorded as the severest in Dakota's history, that all material on the start had to be hauled by team for forty miles, and the numberless disadvantages that must be suffered by a place so remote from outside connection, the growth of Cooperstown is as phenomenal as it is substantial.

From time to time the Courier has mentioned these improvements. The list comprises simply buildings that have been completed this year, and not any projected ones. The estimates of cost are furnished generally either by the contractors or owners, and are actual values of the buildings, not including the real estate:

Cooper Townsite Company, two-story boarding house, cost.....	\$ 1 000
Frank Hann, small business building, now owned by Odegard & Thompson, cost.....	500
Byron Andrus, office, cost.....	450
H. P. Smart, office, cost.....	450
Gates & Stair, store now owned by R. C. Cooper, cost.....	1,050
Buchheit Bros., office, cost.....	175
Holliday Bros., office, cost.....	200
E. D. Stair, printing office, cost.....	780
R. C. Brophy, two-story dwelling house, cost.....	850
Cooper Townsite Company, three story hotel, (the Palace) cost.....	21 000
Lenham Elevator & Lumber Co., 50,000-bushel elevator, cost.....	13,000
Same company, lime house, coal sheds, etc., cost.....	550
Same company, lumber sheds and office, cost.....	1 200
Greendale school township, two-story 40x40 school house, cost.....	8 500
Z. A. Clough, dwelling house, cost.....	550
Muir & Christie, two-story store Davis & Pickett, Roberts street livery barn.....	1 950
Bank of Cooperstown, building and fixtures.....	2 000
Andrew Johnson, meat market.....	750
H. H. Retzlaff, Union Hotel.....	3 450
Whidden Bros. store and warehouse.....	3 300
Gillespie & Blow, saloon building.....	850
Dr. T. F. Kerr, two-story dwelling.....	825
Davis & Pickett, Burrell Ave. livery barn.....	735
H. P. Merrill, restaurant, now owned by the Wm. Lenham heirs.....	825
A. M. Pease, harness shop.....	575
Joseph Allen, dwelling.....	175
A. N. Adams, two-story business place.....	752
Jackson & Knudson, saloon building.....	2 000
Knud Thompson, two-story residence.....	1 600
Odegard & Thompson, store and warehouse.....	2 200
Mrs. Esten Johnson, residence.....	450
Dr. G. F. Newell, store and office A. Marquett, residence.....	2 400
Joseph Hoggarth.....	450
W. G. Glenn.....	575
Fred Thompson.....	600
Wm. Hetherington, residence.....	450
Nelson & Langlie, store.....	225
Stevens & Enger, store and warehouse.....	2 150
Henry Hougren, residence.....	2 525
Moore & Sansburn, blacksmith shop.....	225
H. Gillespie, house.....	600
S. C. & T. M. R'y, depot.....	275
S. C. & T. M. R'y, sectionhouse.....	3 500
S. C. & T. M. R'y, round house.....	1 100
Total.....	\$ 90 390

Aside from the above list, which does not include numerous "slack" houses, sheds, barns, etc., there is already over \$45,000 in improvements announced for early spring. Cooperstown refers with profound pride to her first year's growth, and starts off on the second with every prospect for more than doubling the record, flattering as it is.

### New Years Reception.

The following ladies will receive as designated on New Years day: Mrs. G. F. Newell with Mrs. R. C. Cooper. Mrs. Rockwell, Mrs. Zimmerman and Miss Henry with Mrs. J. N. Brown. Mrs. H. G. Pickett, and Misses Cora Hagarty and Belle Rice with Mrs. Geo. W. Barnard. Mrs. G. W. Bathey with Mrs. F. M. Washburn. Mrs. Z. A. Clough, at home. Mrs. R. C. Brophy, at home. Mrs. Syverson with Mrs. K. Thompson. Misses Maria Rankin and Hannah Thompson with Mrs. J. H. Montgomery. Mrs. W. H. Carleton and Miss Anna Glass with Mrs. W. R. Whidden. Miss Edith Brown with Mrs. B. B. Brown.

## HAD BEEN TO COOPERSTOWN

The Courier Man while from Madell Howard Bound, is Tackled by a Farmer who has True Lyric Sound.

[SCENE ON THE NEW SHEYENNE BRIDGE.] "Hello, you been to Cooperstown?"

If not you'd better start to-day—A place of uncommon renown; I think a journey there would pay."

"Why," we ask, "have you such high conceit Of such a small and young prairie village?"

"Well, first, I think it's quite a treat To see, all round, such handsome tillage. Don't find great thousand acre farms Backed up against every village limit, All tilled by men of mighty arms, Who plow the soil, but do not skim it."

It's hard to find so good and great an Elevator Where honest weight and grade can be had, No matter where from or who's the seller— And where every farmer's heart's made glad."

Don't often meet such Merchant-men, To traffic with you as you will; Who sell you goods on trust, and then Take anything to pay the bill."

Don't often go where pure enterprise Is piling up great stacks of stamps, And where the newshy never "cries," And where they breed no worthless tramps."

Don't often find so young a place Where work is catching like the itch, And business blossoms in your face, Thus keeping you "tuned to concert pitch."

Don't find such Bankers every day To cash your checks politely, sir, Or "draft" your cash without delay— And do it square and sprightly, sir."

Don't see such dealers everywhere— (As round the world you circulate)— Who'll sell you dainties rich and rare, And put them at the lowest rate."

Law me, but in the Farm Machinery line, That place does honestly take the cake, For you can fix your terms and time If you want to buy a plow, a binder or a rake."

Don't meet such lively business stands As greet you at each corner's turn; Such Hardware stores as trade demands, Where you can buy a stove or churn; Where you can get an axe or plane, A bit, a brace, a bolt, a screw, A pump, a plow, a spade, a chain, And things unmentioned, not a few."

Don't find such barber shops, I ween, In every place you have seen, Where they shave so fine and thin Leaving you nothing but the skin."

You'll never see a Blacksmith shop, my friend, Where they can weld, or make, or mend, In better shape than they can here; At least all say so, from far and near."

Nowhere can be found Lumber men, Who on hand so large a stock do keep, And who are always ready, now or then, To load you up at prices that are cheap."

And if it's coal you most need, The same men have every kind, And you can rest assured, indeed, That on prices they do not grind."

The builders there have good style, For they can erect a house to stand— (At figures within your "pile,")— A sight that doth adorn the land."

And Painters who can wield the brush And give your walls a rosy flush, Or make them like snow-banks white, Leaving them wholesome, clean and bright."

But hold! I had almost forgot, The Land Attorneys are an honest lot; They'll do your business with great care And charge you no more than is fair."

Then there is C. A. Moore, the Printer, Who can execute a card so nice,— (Be it in mid-summer or mid-winter)— That you will feel like calling twice."

And Druggists, too, who sell cures for pain— For bunion, boil and bruise and sprain— Or, for head-ache, side-ache, tooth-ache, too; For chronic pains and ailments new."

Don't often find such butchers who sell steak As tender—(most)—as jelly cake, And men who make a Harness so very well, That it will always do to sell."

But time fails me now to tell, And do it adequately well, The fame of those learned M. D.'s,— (Who are none too busy themselves to please); Of Teachers, Preachers, Landlords, too; Of all who public business do— Who make our Deeds and make them sound Be it for real estate or solid ground; Who keep the county records straight, And kindly on the people wait; Who superintend the public schools And wisely watch the teaching rules; Who attend the mails of Uncle Sam, And frequently your letter boxes cram— Where can you go and find all this? Beware how you such chances miss! But, sir, I must really say good day, Trusting to Cooperstown you'll find the way."

**The Court House and Jail.** Much anxiety has been felt concerning the seeming slow progress made toward the completion of a court house and jail in Cooperstown, for which the people of Griggs county last summer voted bonds to the amount of \$30,000. The commissioners have not been idle in the matter, but on the other hand have been closely considering and arranging to push things early next month. As careful, conservative business men they have deemed it prudent to go slow in disposing of the bonds, in order that they might obtain the highest possible price therefor, and thought it not best to proceed until the cash was on hand, as the present dollar in such matters will go much farther than the prospective one.

The Courierite is informed by Chairman Cooper that arrangements are now nearly complete in preliminary details, and that plans and specifications for the structure are in preparation. The contract will soon be let and by another fall the county will have the stability and prestige always gained by good and safe county buildings in which to transact the county's business.

A few articles still on hand at Whidden Bros.' suitable for New Year gifts.

Nelson & Langlie have the largest stock of confectionery in the city.

Fresh oysters in bulk and cans by express every week at Whidden Bros.

Have you got a yoke of oxen, sheep, hogs, etc.? We will always give you goods for them. Odegard & Thompson.

Prices that compete with Fargo. Lenham Elevator & Lumber Co.

Our immense and growing trade satisfies us that the people appreciate our efforts in dispensing the best goods at lowest possible figures. Nelson & Langlie.

We have now the largest stock of winter Boots and Shoes ever brought to Griggs county. Come and see for yourselves. Odegard & Thompson.

The Bank of Cooperstown is offering some No. 1 Land in the immediate vicinity of Cooperstown at big bargains.

Why are some of the farmers hauling those heavy loads so happy? Because they bought one of those fine Bob Sleds of Odegard & Thompson.

We sell pure sugar goods, not glucose. Nelson & Langlie.

We can sell you a team of mules or horses, a yoke of oxen, a cow, hogs, chickens, etc. You see we buy anything and sell everything—soft soap excepted. Odegard & Thompson.

We can just discount our competitors every time, both as to quality of goods and price. Fifteen years' experience in purchasing goods in eastern markets. "That's what knocks." Nelson & Langlie.

**Notice.** The Bank of Cooperstown will be closed on Dec. 25th and January 1st, these days being legal Holidays. All notes due on above day are due and collectable the preceding day. H. G. PICKETT, Cashier.

**THEO. F. KERR, M. D.** Physician and Surgeon! Cooperstown, Dakota. Office in Newell's Drug Store.

**JULIUS STEVENS,** Money Loaned on Chattel Security AT LOW RATES. Office in the Hardware Store.

**MISS THIRZA GIMBLETT,** Dress & Mantle Maker Work done at residence of patrons or taken home. Satisfaction guaranteed. Apply at Mr. Adams', Burrell Ave., D. T. COOPERSTOWN.

**MUIR & CHRISTIE,** ARCHITECTS AND BUILDERS, COOPERSTOWN, D. T. Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished on application. A call solicited.

**IVER JACOBSON,** Attorney —AND— COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. COOPERSTOWN, DAK.

**IVER JACOBSON, OLE SERUMGARD,** Attorney at Law. Notary Public.

**Jacobson & Serumgard,** COOPERSTOWN, DAK. LAW AND LAND OFFICE. Money to Loan. Final Proof a Specialty.

**HAVING COMBINED** The Livery interests of this place into what is now known as the **COOPERSTOWN LIVERY!**

We are prepared to furnish **OUTFITS COMPLETE** For the Land Seeker.

**Fast Horses and easy Conveyance** For the man who wants to show his friend the country.

**QUIET HORSES** And cosy buggies and cutters for the lovers.

**FLY HORSES** For the youth going to see his girl. **STRONG HORSES and WAGONS**

For the man who moves and builds shanties; and last but not least a 20-year-old ring-boned, spavined beast and a 40-year-old breakdown-every-rod buggy for the eternal and ever-lasting kicker that flourishes everywhere.

We are prepared to take **Contracts for Draying** Grading, moving buildings and all kinds of work in our line.

**OUR LARGE STABLES** Are now being fitted with box stalls to meet the requirements of the first-class boarding stable that we are now keeping. **Robes, foot muffs, etc. in abundance.** DAVIS & PICKETT.

# LIGHTNING HAS BEEN TAMED!

and Thunder Explained, but how in the Dickens those Pioneer Merchants

## ODEGARD & THOMPSON,

Sell the best grades of goods in every line so amazingly cheap remains an inexplicable mystery. Now is the time to call and get great bargains in

### DRY GOODS or CLOTHING,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps or Notions.

### GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

Kept in Large, Fresh and Full Quantities, and a big line of

### Agricultural Implements!

from the best manufacturers can be had of us at inside figures and on terms to suit. Don't buy a Sleigh, Wagon, plow, seeder, harrow, harvester, or a single farming utensil before you have consulted us. Of

### FOUR & FEED

we carry an immense stock, and prices are way down, so fat up your stock.

REMEMBER we believe in honorable, square-toed dealing and the nimble sixpence, therefore when you need anything in the line of Family Supplies you can get it—unless it is soft soap you want—of the old reliable "Pioneers."

### ODEGARD & THOMPSON.

P. S.—WE DICKER FOR ALL KINDS OF PRODUCTS OR STOCK.

N. W. CAMPBELL,  
Attorney at Law.

FRED A. SABIN,  
U. S. Surveyor.

## CAMPBELL & SABIN, LAND ATTORNEYS,

Offices at Fargo and Cooperstown.

**PRACTICE** In any and all courts in Dakota, and before the land department at Washington.

**ACT** as agents for Eastern Capitalists and the Business Man. Collections promptly made and taxes paid for non-residents.

**FILE** all necessary papers at the Land Office at Fargo and other land office districts.

**LOAN** money on Final Proof, Real Estate and chattels.

**LOCATE** parties on A No. 1 land.

**CONTEST** claims before District Land Offices and the courts of last resort, and transact a general Land Office Business.

KEENEY BLOCK,  
FARGO.

Palace Hotel and Newell Block,  
COOPERSTOWN.

## WHIDDEN BROS.

Will still be the firm name, but owing to the death of our junior partner a change becomes necessary, and all those indebted to us are earnestly requested to PAY UP within the next 30 DAYS. The balance of our

### HEAVY STOCK OF DRY GOODS

Will be sold at greatly reduced prices, some lines being marked away down below cost and others 10 and 25 PER CENT. OFF.

### BOOTS & SHOES

Will be closed out regardless of cost. Big discount on

### Ready - Made Clothing,

Duck Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Hats, Caps, etc. Don't forget that we can sell you

### FURNITURE

Cheaper than anywhere in Dakota. Now is the time to get a premium on your Wheat Checks, Government Bank Sight Drafts and Gold.

Give us a call and be convinced that what we say we mean, and can back it up in a substantial manner.

WHIDDEN BROS.

### Holiday Goods! Holiday Goods!

J. F. BRONSON,

The Sanborn Jeweler, is now at the Palace Hotel where he will hold forth until Monday next, with a large assortment of

### JEWELRY,

—and a nice line of—

### FANCY GOODS!

Call early and get a bargain and a present. Remember Monday forenoon will be the last chance to get good bona fide goods at a regular dealer.

### MISS THIRZA GIMBLETT, Dress & Mantle Maker

Work done at residence of patrons or taken home. Satisfaction guaranteed. Apply at Mr. Adams', Burrell Ave., D. T. COOPERSTOWN.

### FISH!

DRIED,  
CANNED,  
PICKLED,  
AT

### WHIDDEN BROS.

"No lady can get along without it."—Detroit (Mich.) Advertiser.

Cheapest and Best!

### PETERSON'S MAGAZINE!

Splendid premiums for getting up clubs: Illustrated "Golden Gift." Large-size Steel-Engraving.

**FULL-SIZE PAPER PATTERNS.** A supplement will be given in every number for 1884, containing 1 full-size pattern for a lady's or child's dress. Every subscriber will receive, during the year, twelve of these patterns—worth more, alone, than the subscription price.

Peter's Magazine is the cheapest and best of the lady's-books. It gives more for the money and combines greater merits than any other. In short, it has the best steel engravings, best colored fashions, best dress patterns, best music, etc. Its immense circulation and long established reputation enable its proprietor to distance all competition. Its stories, novels, etc., are admitted to be the best published. All the most popular female writers contribute to it. In 1884, more than 100 original stories will be given, besides six copyright novels—by Ann S. Stevens, Mary V. Spencer, Frank Lee Benedict, Lucy H. Hooper, the author of "Joseph Allen's Wife," and the author of "The Second Life."

**COLORED STEEL FASHION-PLATES.** "Peter's" is the only magazine that gives these. They are twice the usual size and are unequalled for beauty. Also, Household Cookery, and other receipts; articles on art embroidery, flower culture, house decoration—in short, everything interesting to ladies.

**Terms, Always in Advance, \$2 a Year.**

**UNPARALLELED OFFERS TO CLUBS.** 2 copies for \$3.50, 3 for \$4.50—With a superb illustrated volume: "The Golden Gift," or a large size costly steel-engraving, "Tired Out," for getting up the club.

4 copies for \$6.50, 6 for \$9.00—With an extra copy of the magazine for 1884, as a premium to the person getting up the club.

5 copies for \$8.00, 7 for \$10.25—With both an extra copy of the magazine for 1884, and the "Golden Gift" or the large steel-engraving, "Tired Out," to the person getting up the club. For larger clubs, still greater inducements. Address, post-paid,

CHARLES J. PETERSON,  
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.  
Specimens sent gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

### THEO. F. KERR, M. D., Physician and Surgeon!

Cooperstown, Dakota.

Office in Newell's Drug Store.

### IVER JACOBSON, Attorney

—AND—  
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.

COOPERSTOWN, DAK.

### JOHN N. JORGENSEN,

Clerk of District Court,

### Land Attorney,

AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.

COOPERSTOWN.

GRIGGS CO., DAK.

Money Invested and Taxes paid for Non-Residents.

Money to Loan on Real Estate on Reasonable Terms.

Correct Abstracts of Griggs County Always on Hand!

**SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL LAND OFFICE BUSINESS.**  
Office Over Nelson & Laughlin's Store. COOPERSTOWN.

### BOYUM & HOILAND,

—DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF—

### Farm Machinery,

And General Agents for the

### RELIANCE TWINE BINDERS,

Monitor Seeders,

Norwegian Plows.

COOPERSTOWN AND ANETA.

### COOPERSTOWN MEAT MARKET!

Andrew Johnson,

### MEATS,

Salt & Canned Fish,  
Sugar Cured Hams,  
SPICED ROLLS, ETC.,  
Constantly on Hand.

### Highest Cash Price Paid for Live Stock.

We are determined to give the public entire satisfaction, to which end we respectfully solicit all to call.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

### J. W. SHANNON,

—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—

### Furniture

—AND—  
UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES.

SANBORN, DAK.

Agent for the New Howe and New Home Sewing Machines.

### Minneapolis & St. Louis RAILWAY,

AND THE FAMOUS

### Albert Lea Route.

TWO THROUGH TRAIN DAILY

FROM ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS

### TO CHICAGO

Without Change, connecting with the Fast Trains of all lines for the

### EAST AND SOUTHEAST!

The Direct and only Line running through cars between MINNEAPOLIS and

### DES MOINES, IOWA,

Via Albert Lea and Fort Dodge.

### SOLID THROUGH TRAINS

—BETWEEN—

### MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. LOUIS

and the Principal Cities of the Mississippi Valley, connecting in the Union Depot for all points South and Southwest!

### MANY HOURS SAVED!

and the Only Line running Two Trains Daily to Kansas City, Leavenworth and Atchison making connections with the Union Pacific and Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railways.

Close Connections made in Union Depot with all trains of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba; Northern Pacific; St. Paul & Northern Railway, from and to all points North and Northwest.

### REMEMBER! Old St. Louis Railway are composed of Comfortable Day Coaches, MAGNIFICENT PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS, and our justly CELEBRATED Palace Dining Cars!

150 Lbs. of Baggage Checked Free. FARE ALWAYS AS LOW AS THE LOWEST! For Time Tables, Through Tickets, etc., call upon the nearest Ticket Agent or write to

S. F. BOYD,  
Gen'l Tkt. & Pass Agt., Minneapolis, Minn.

### FREE! RELIABLE SELF-CURE.

A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful physicians in the U.S. (now retired) for the cure of *Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay, Sore Throat, Scalded and Crouped Throat, Dropsy, and all the ailments of the system.* Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

TO ALL CLASSES!!  
NORTHERN PACIFIC  
RAILROAD.

The amount of time consumed in procuring divorces is often reported, if the decree is granted quickly. Probably mention of a quick marriage is equally interesting. Byron Andrus recently spent a few days in Valley City. Mr. Andrus, as many friends here know, is judge of probate for Griggs county, and while acting in his official capacity at a marriage ceremony tied the nuptial knot so quickly that it fairly took the breath of the bride away; time, twenty seconds. Timid young men, who are afraid of their knees giving way at the altar, are referred to Mr. Andrus, who will marry them and subside the bride almost before they are aware of it.—Valley City Times.