

# Cooperstown Courier.

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COOPERSTOWN, GRIGGS CO., DAK., FRIDAY, DECEMBER, 26, 1884

\$2 PER ANNUM

## THE COURIER. TWELVE PAGES.

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By FRED'K. H. ADAMS.

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Subscribers finding this notice crossed are notified that their subscription has expired and are requested to renew.

### Official Paper of Griggs County

"How can the drinking water of Northwestern Minnesota and Northern Dakota be improved?" asks an eastern party. We don't know what you are used to. If you were from the Illinois or Michigan swamps, a dead cat would make your well seem more home-like. Perhaps a little gin and sugar will help you out some.

This week's COURIER is a little mixed as to the color of the paper, owing to a mistake. Many valuable crop statistics and other matter are crowded out. The paper is not intended as a boom sheet, but rather for home perusal. If the slaves of capital in the forsaken East are contented with their lot, Heaven forbid that we should add to their misery by throwing the light from Dakota too suddenly in their eyes.

We have received a circular letter from "Canned Goods Committee, New York Mercantile Exchange," inviting us to investigate cases of poisoning from the use of canned goods, so as to copper the sensational tin can poisoning cases so popular with the press. When the committee strikes us, on the subject, it finds a mine of valuable information—a tin mine. We have lived in Dakota ever since the insidious sardine box began to sprout, and we can safely affirm that the increase has been equal to twenty bushels of tin cans per acre—enough by accurate calculation to tin roof every habitation in the known world, beside what is wasted in plumbing the human system—and nobody has died yet. The circular states that the average annual product is now estimated at 500,000,000 of tins, or ten for every man, woman, and child in the United States—Indians and dogs not taxed. We think this estimate is far below the actual facts—every man, woman, child, dog, cat and Indian in this section consumes on an average eight or ten cans per day, which would argue that the estimate might be increased by three eighths, and then be grossly inadequate to express the passionate fondness which we are developing as a people, for this delicious harmonization of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms.

The mercurial temperament of the Dakota people is no doubt due in a great measure to the gradual absorption of the more nutritious portions of the can. We don't have to investigate the subject. In a kind of tin-pantheistical way, we are a part and parcel of the subject, and will swear that we never poisoned anybody yet.

#### The Spilkins Trouble.

Mr. Spilkins and his wife sat by the fire Christmas eve in their Twenty-third ward mansion, reminiscing over the dead past.

"Don't you remember, James," said she sweetly, as she caught up a crochet stitch she had dropped, "how you talked to me before we were married?"

Spilkins looked uneasy, and muttered something about how most of the talking came from the other side of the house; but she, never flinching, continued:

"You said my life should be a dream, James."

"Well, it has been; hasn't it? You are a mighty sight better off than you were when I married you."

"Yes, it has been like a nightmare. As I look back over my past life it seems like one vast sea of gray dishwater; and you told me I should never soil my hands with dishwater. What! dishwater don't soil hands? Well, it wrinkles them. I am prematurely old. What! I was the oldest female in town when you married me? O, you wretch! If I was so old, why did you call me your little 'ootsy pootsy turtle dumpling?' Yes, sir; I have that letter now—yes, and I will read it to you."

"Madam, if you care to read one line of that horrible letter when I am present

I'll—I'll—I'll—"

"Well, what will you do?"

"I will go down town and get beastly—"

"You will do that in any event. It is a wonder to me that you have kept away from the saloon as long as you have. To think that I, a daughter of Judge Gamblehorn, should be tied to such a person!"

Look out how you call me a person, madam. Old Gamblehorn be hanged! The darkest day of my life was when you steered me in on the old beast, and told him you had asked me to marry you." (Door slams.)

"Oh! oh! oh!" (Bangs her head on the center table.)

#### Magazines.

The Century for January contains an interesting article on Recent Architecture in America, handsomely illustrated; a continuation of the Rise of Silas Lapham—one of the best things of Howell, some interesting post-mortem papers on the late war; some poor stuff by Mark Twain, and a legend as to how the Cahrocs obtained fire from two beldams dire by Coney, with some striking illustrations from clay sketches in bas-relief.

"In Peterson's Magazine for January there are two steel engravings, each a gem in its way; Next, there is a colored pattern for a curtain border, etc., etc., a most exquisite and costly affair; at retail it would certainly cost 50 cents. The double-sized fashion plate, printed from steel, and colored by hand, is also a miracle of beauty. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens begins a powerful novelet, "A Motherless Girl." Mrs. John Sherwood, of New York, in the "Lost Ariadne," carries the reader into the very heart of that exclusive Fifth-Avenue society of which she is so distinguished an ornament. Among the other noticeable contributors are Mrs. R. Harding Davis, Frank Lee Benedict, and the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife." Address, Chas. J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia."

"Godey's Lady's Book for January is the Prize Story number; containing "Mademoiselle's Masquerade," a pretty romance from the pen of Mary E. Bradley, who won the two hundred dollar prize in the December competition. It contains some very useful designs for Christmas tree ornaments, together with instructive articles concerning their manufacture, and giving some new ideas about holiday decorations. Besides the usual attractive features, the January number contains the opening chapters of a new serial called "Under Gray Skies." "Dreeding of the Wierd," and "The Story of an Elopement" both reach a climax, and there are more clever short stories than usual. The lessons on dressmaking and cooking, together with the recipes, and full size cut paper patterns each month." J. H. Haulenbeck & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ballou's Dollar Monthly is a comfortable thing for the girls and boys to have around these long winter evenings. Mr. Thomes understands pleasing the rising generation. Address Thomes & Talbot, Boston, Mass.

Henry Lindemann and Bertha Speltstseer were married by Judge Melgard on the 18th inst.

Assessor E. W. McCrea was presented by his wife with a fine 10 pound boy Wednesday. All getting along well.

Grand ball at the Dakota house Friday night, 26th inst. Music by Cooperstown band. Everybody invited.

P. A. Melgard, who is a fine musician formerly of the celebrated Lanesboro brass band, has been presented by Mr. Enger with a triple-plated, gold-trimmed, B flat cornet.—C. G. Conn, maker.

#### \$25 Reward!

If you want to save \$25 on a hundred dollar bill of goods, drop Covey & Brown, of Sanborn, a line.

I have a lot of Bob Sleighs that must be sold soon. Knud Thompson.

Five pieces of new carpeting just opened at Whidden Bros.

We will not be undersold by any one in Cooperstown or out of it, and before purchasing elsewhere it would pay you to call and at least get our prices on all staple groceries anything else you may need. Whidden Bros.

Geo. W. Greenleese & Co. have just received two car loads of the finest brands of flour made by roller process, and will sell the same to farmers buying winter stock at just a small advance on cost. Don't fail to call and see us before purchasing elsewhere.

Genuine Henry Clay cigars at Whidden Bros



The above cut represents the splendid warehouse of the Lenham Elevator & Lumber company, at Cooperstown. It is a Barnett & Burdett model elevator, and one of a dozen operated by the firm. The Lenhams have been repeatedly referred to in our columns, and are, perhaps, the best known firm in North Dakota. They do not need an introduction.

Mr. L. S. Lenham is the sage counselor, whose years of experience have proved of great value to the firm. Geo. L. is a sterling business man, and ac-

complished salesman; while N. L. is the brilliant young financier, whose sagacity is greater, judgment sounder, courage more marked, than any business man of his years in the Northwest. The elder gentleman is a German by birth, while the boys are Pennsylvanians. The strictest integrity mark all their dealing, and they have done more for this section of Dakota than any one firm.

They are proprietors of the lumber yard at this point, which is in charge of Maynard Crane, a rustling young southerner. They carry a stock of from \$15,000 to \$20,000.

#### Feed Mill.

Cooper Bros. are prepared to grind feed of all kinds at their elevator, in any amount, at reasonable rates.

#### Positively

No credit given after the 1st day of January next.

To trust is to bust,  
To bust is to blunder;  
No credit,—don't ask it;  
Won't give it, by thunder!

G. F. NEWELL.

Dec. 26, 1884.

Episcopal services at the church this (Friday) evening. All are invited.

Wood pumps for \$6, at A. N. Adams'.  
Fall and winter knit goods, yarns, etc., at Whidden Bros.

We must say, the New Store holds the fort on holiday goods.

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

We are all ready for the harvest trade. Come and see us.

DAVIS & PICKETT.

Another lot of ready made clothing just opened, at Whidden Bros.

We are long on shorts, and they are first-class. DAVIS & PICKETT.

Feed of all descriptions at popular prices at Geo. W. Greenleese & Co.'s.

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

Go in and feast your eyes on the beautiful line of holiday goods at the New Store.  
Bowden & Buck.

Buy your sugar where you can buy it the cheapest, but go to John Syverson & Co.'s for your Christmas goods.

Fall hats, trimmed and untrimmed, also feathers and plumes, at Whidden Bros.

If you want flour and feed call on Geo. W. Greenleese & Co. The finest brands made by roller patent from No. 1 hard wheat always in stock. Buy no other. Popular prices.

G. F. NEWELL,  
DRUGGIST,  
Cooperstown, Dakota.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Dec. 17, 1884. 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 2nd day of February, 1885, viz: William T. Vahl, D. T. S. No. 15,656 for the n.e. 1/4 of sec. 6, township 14 N., range 50 W., and names the following as his witnesses, viz: C. H. Johnson, H. V. Safford, of Willow, D. T.; P. L. Holland and N. C. Hulke, of Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T.  
The testimony of claimant to be taken before U. S. Land Office at Fargo, D. T., on the 21 day of February, 1885, and of witnesses before John N. Jorgensen, clerk of district court, at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 31st day of January, A. D. 1885, at his office.  
HORACE AUSTIN, Register.  
For J. Johnson a deputy.

G. W. GREENLEESE. A. B. COX.

GREENLEESE & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

FLOUR, FEED & GRAIN.

Our Prices Defy  
Competition.

Only the Best Grade of  
Flour Handled.

JULIUS STEVENS. H. G. PICKETT.

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Stevens & Pickett,  
(Successors to Lenham & Burrell.)

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INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS—NEGOTIATE FOR NON RESIDETS FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS BEARING INTEREST

At 10 and 12 Per Cent.  
Interest on City Property and Improved Farms.

County and School Securities Bought and Sold.

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H. G. PICKETT, Cashier.

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FOR  
THE COURIER.

We have sold more flour and feed than any firm north of Sanborn this season.

WE CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD, UNLESS OUR COMPETITORS LOOSE MONEY, WHICH WE WILL NOT DO.

We have come to stay. Examine what we have in stock. If we have not got what you want, we will get it for you.

Greeneleese & Co.

**A CHRISTMAS HYMN.**

The air was still o'er Bethlehem's plain.  
As if the great night held its breath,  
When life eternal came to reign  
Over a world of death.

All nature felt a thrill divine  
When burst that meteor on the night,  
Which, pointing to the Savior's shrine,  
Proclaimed the new-born light.

Light to the shepherds and the star  
Gilded their silent midnight fold;  
Light to the wise men from afar,  
Bearing their gifts of gold.

Light to a realm of sin and grief;  
Light to a world in all its needs;  
The light of life—a new belief  
Rising o'er fallen creeds.

Light on a tangled path of thorns,  
Though leading to a martyr's throne;  
A light to guide till Christ returns  
In glory to His own.

There still it shines, while far abroad  
The Christmas choir sings now, as then:  
"Glory, glory unto our God!  
Peace and good will to men!"  
T. BUCHANAN READ.

**THE SNOW FLOWER OF THE SIERRAS.**

**A Christmas Story.**

On the crest of the Sierra Nevada Range, amid eternal winter, there appears a gorgeous blood-red plant, massed with startling brilliancy against pallid banks of snow. In size and shape, the cloud-flower resembles a hyacinth, but the leaves and stem, as well as the blossoms, are of one vivid crimson hue. Unlike the Alpine flower, of hardy stem and straw-like texture, this plant is succulent and ruddy, but it is a phantom formed of ice and fire. Plucked from its cold bed, it drips its life away in your hand, and in a few moments all the fire and color is gone in icy tears, and there remains only a wet, shapeless, colorless film.

The traveler up the Sierras, hears of the strange blossom from returning wayfarers, long before he reaches the heights where it blossoms. No care is able to transplant or even to carry to the lowlands the unique flower. On the altars of the upper air it is laid, where no other flower-shape is found, and he who would see it, must go to that shrine of icy splendor.

In early times, the fire-flower, as it was called, was counted miraculous by the pious few who, on missions of mercy, crossed the icy peaks. More than a hundred years ago, when English, Dutch and French formed a sparse border of civilization on our Eastern coast, the dark-eyed Spaniard entered Amer-

upon the windy summit of the range, there lived, once on a time, my guide told me, a maiden, dazzling and pure as the stars.

It was July when we stood there, but the snows that had drifted over the hearth were unmelted, and the wind roared through the crevices with an angry grief. What the place must have been when winter buried it could scarcely be imagined.

The father of the beautiful girl, whose home this had been, had perched his habitation on this crag, not altogether by chance, for in summer he acted as guide to tourists in the Yosemite, and in winter, on his snow shoes, carried mail and messages to scattered cabins and settlements. Silent Jack—so he was known—was a mystery, even among those hidden and mysterious men who find a refuge in the mountain gulches. He was a misanthrope, who had taken the youngest of his four children and fled, leaving their mother and her complainings and struck out, in vindictive sullenness, for the wilderness and peace. The child, he swore, should grow up in quiet, if nothing more. If from the glance of the little girl's dark eyes he turned in thought, sometimes to other dark eyes like them, which in his early manhood had been lode-stars of destiny; if the fond name, "father," brought to his remembrance other children who had lisped the same dear word, none knew. He mentioned his old life to no one. He spoke of his wife and children but once during the years of his stay on the mountain.

Silent Jack was not an unlettered or vicious man. He taught and cared for the child of his love with morose and pathetic devotion. He taught the little one of God—strange teacher of the word. The Bible was her spelling-book, her geography and story-book—for the rest she had the grand solitude, the stars near by, and the blossoms in the snow-bank of her home. The miners and trappers of the slope called her, with instinctive homage of man to the beautifying and pure, the Snow Flower of the Sierras. She was to them the object of adoration, as the namesake flower, to the early devotees. Whispers of the divinity shined in the mountain snows, floated downward along the paths of semi-civilization. Stories of a maiden somewhere, either in cloud, or snow, lithe, brilliant and innocent; strong as the mountain pine, blooming as the mountain flowers, pure as the mountain air, with eyes clear as dew-drops, and voice like the rich gurgling mountain brook.

Before the swarming tourists began pilgrimages Yosemiteward the Snow Flower of the Sierras had brimmed her soul with its beauty. She had seen her pretty eyes looking up at her from Mirror Lake; South Dome had answered her, when she questioned; the Merced

crushed jewels, opal and sapphire, and emerald. El Capitan lifted his white plume among the army about him. The exquisite Bridal Veil swept in frosty tissue down the white-robed cliff. The Cathedral Spire rose crystal clear into the blue sky, and on Cloud's Rest, the white drifting nimbus of the sky caressed their sister snowdrifts of the peaks. The great pines of the valley were cones of amethyst; the very air was set with dazzling jewel points, and the pure solitudes pulsed with imprisoned sparks of heavenly fire.

An artist sketching the picturesque groups of mountaineers, heard of "the girl up yonder"—a girl whose daily haunts were where the clouds and silence wander, a maiden who was seated beside the moon, while the stars twinkled like fireflies about her.

In time he found her. Never flower before bloomed like this snow-flower beneath his gaze.

Snows can not smother passion, or stars stir the pulses like the light in nearer eyes. To this ardent poetic soul, with its disregard of fitness, of constancy, or duty, or happiness beyond the present hour, the snowflower gave her life. He had found beauty, he worshipped it. The humble eye is satisfied forever with the shabby print of a Madonna on the wall, but new pictures replace the old on the easel of the artist. His search is always for beauty; having fixed one face upon the canvas his eyes rove for a brighter cheek and sunnier hair.

But, for the time, she was his angel. Disregarding the world, society, friends; forgetting education, style, culture—all that he would at another time remember—he took her from the heights where she had been the companion of nature, to show her to a groveling, putrid world.

Alas! Snowflower of the Sierras! Alas, that fatal name—that pure and fatal name—flower of the snows!

Did Fate christen thee, child of the upper air? Hast never seen the beautiful sunflower drained of its rosy beauty, by ice-dripping tears? Dost thou not know that the plant of the clouds has never been transplanted to lower fields?

The father talked wildly to the wayfarers who came now and then to lift his latch-string for a night's shelter by the cabin fire. He repeated, in wretchedness, that retribution had overtaken him. As cruelly as he had fled from the wife of his youth, his girl had gone from him. Not all his love or care could prevent her from giving the blow which fate had reserved for him. Muttering, or silent and glowering, the weeks and months found him, until at last he disappeared from his home and was lost forever to human view.

This is the story the guide told me as we stood by the fireless hearth of that deserted home.

She died, poor girl—died of a broken heart. For those who dwell in lowlands, the roses bloom; for creeping things there are the mosses and the violets. Each plane in life has its own corresponding, recompensing loveliness. Let him who lives in rose-thickets be content, nor seek to pluck the blossoms of the crags; nor he who roams the snows think to keep in its freshness the rose that nature left in warmer climes.

She died, so the story runs, on Christmas Eve. Many years ago at Christmas time, in the dazzling radiance of a moonlight night, wanderers on the snow slopes saw a phantom gliding on pearly snowshoes over the glittering peaks. She was shrouded in white, and out of her pale face her eyes gleamed like midnight stars. From mountain to mountain she wandered, and her hands were full of blood-red blossoms, that she kissed with lips as cold as they.

Every year since her earth life ended the dead girl revisits her early home. On those fields of snow, fit for an angel's feet, before the Christmas morn breaks in the East, this unforgetting spirit walks on high. Sometimes she is seen muffled in clouds; sometimes the blossoms in her hands make ruddy patches in the wintry sky. Her voice is heard in the wailing songs of the restless winds, and the fall of her snowshoes echoes like silver sleet down the mountain side.

That the Divine Jesus, whose birthday we celebrate, brings holy thoughts to men by devout means is not unlike. Whatever makes men lift their eyes raises the soul; whether the sweep of wings that startled the shepherds, or the dying color on the distant cloud, turns the face upward to the gaze of God.

Lo, not unmet is it that at the time when, of old, the angel-heralded Christ-child came, all along the sides of the solemn Sierras, the lowly, the lonely, the wretched, the wicked, gaze upward, for the form of the pure maiden, who loves and haunts the snow-range of the air.

Children are told to be good that they may see the beautiful lady who was taken from her home on high, treated so cruelly, and killed by wicked men. And at midnight, along the western peaks, eyes dim, patient or bleared look upward into the lonely night for the sweet spirit form of the "Snow Flower of the Sierras."

A Bostonian writes: "I cured myself of an annoying habit of stammering by inhaling a deep breath between every few words, and by never allowing myself to speak unless the lungs were fully inflated. A little careful attention soon made the practice a habit, and now I never stammer unless much excited."

**THE FLIGHT OF SOULS.**

Like the rise and set of the starry host  
Earth's myriads come and go;  
But whence we speed through the infinite  
spaces—  
Speed as the light and leave no traces—  
And what the calm on the pale cold faces,  
And whether we pass to our shining places  
By far celestial isle and coast,  
O Lord, we may not know.

In the hush of the holy Christmas tide  
I think of the flight of souls;  
And over the doubts our faith denying,  
The prayers and tears that bewail the dying,  
The heart's wild sorrow, the fruitless sighing,  
For forms beloved in the lone, gray, lying,  
Sweet as it rang by Bethlehem's side  
The song of the angels rolls.

And the peace of God—thy peace—descends  
As the strain floats high and free;  
And, all my fears to the darkness throwing,  
I know that the stars the azure strewing,  
And the souls, like a river ceaseless flowing,  
Forever and ever to Thee are going—  
To the love that life and death attends,  
And the glory that is to be!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

**Christmas Customs.**

Christmas is a festival that seems to be more particularly the property of children than any other; not that everybody does not join in the celebration with all their hearts, but that children, in honor perhaps of Him who became a child, are given the chief part in its pleasures.

In Cornwall on Christmas eve, the children are all allowed to sit up till midnight, and to have a taste of cider, too; and in Devonshire they go, with their father and all the family and friends, out in the orchard with cider and a cake, placing the latter in the crotch of one of the branches, and throwing the other over the tree. This is evidently the relic of an old pagan rite, bearing every appearance of the ancient sacrifice, a sacrifice to propitiate the tree to continue its fruitfulness, although, why it should be offered on Christmas eve is not explained.

Indeed, there are many heathen customs that have been grafted upon our way of keeping Christmas. This will be understood when it is remembered that the early Christian fathers found it hard to keep their flocks from joining in the Pagan ceremonies at times of good-feeling and jollity. They therefore wisely made their own ceremonies conform to the same occasion, so that if their people must celebrate, they could be celebrating Christian facts. Thus the old Roman Saturnalia, a time of great merry-making, to speak mildly, coming at this season of the year, the early fathers thought best to harmonize it with their Christmas festivities.

From the Saturnalia are descended the "Mummers," a band of people who go about in masks, in England, and enact some rude play before the doors. Whatever this play was in the days of the Saturnalia, in the Christian days it has usually been the story of St. George and the Dragon, old Father Christmas, crowned with holly and carrying a wassail bowl, introducing St. George, a Turkish knight, a huge scaly dragon, and a doctor to bind up the wounds; to all of whom the children at the window are delighted to throw their half-pennies.

Again in Great Britain the priests of the new religion borrowed from the Druids, for their Christmas use, the observance of the winter solstice with great solemnity, and allowed also some of the customs of the ancient Saxons to be absorbed. Thus from the Druids we have the mistletoe, and from the Saxons the Yule log.

There is cheer and hospitality about the Yule log which it warms one to think of. In the places where such a thing is really burned, when it is cut and dragged along to be placed on the hearth, and lighted from the embers of last year's log, put away for that purpose, every wayfarer raises his hat to it as it goes along, it means so much.

From what the "Waits," another accompaniment of Christmas, dear to English children, have descended is not certainly ascertained; but there was a company of "Waits" as early as the year 1400, and it is understood that they were then strolling players on hautboys and other wind instruments; and that is all they are to-day.

The one purely Christian observance in all these glad, gay ceremonies is the "Carols." The singers have a picturesque quality as the glimmer of their lanterns illumines them by fits and starts in the darkness on the snow, and their voices have a sweetness half stolen from their songs. The "Carols" are sung now all over the European continent, and in England usually by a portion of the church choir on Christmas eve, and often on Christmas mornings, by certain of the children of the parish. In the early ages the bishops sang them among their clergy.

In all these things children have their share, being the principal ones to enjoy them; while with the "Mummers" a little girl goes, having no other part than that of carrying a branch of Christmas green. The Christmas tree, which is the most positive feature of children's Christmas nowadays, was not much known, if at all, among the English-speaking children till after the good Prince Albert came to England.

The very fact that Christmas means a rite celebrating the day of Christ's birth gives children an especial claim upon the day which belongs to the Holy Child, and one of the appellations of whose patron saint is Kriss Kringle, which means the Christ Child.

**LAND OFFICE.**

**GOVERNMENT**

**LANDS,**

**AND**

**CHEAP RAILROAD**

**LANDS.**

Griggs County, Dak.

Settlers located. Final proofs made and money furnished. Railroad lands purchased and money furnished in part. Contest cases tried and determined. Money loaned on chattel security. "The early bird catches the worm."

IVER JACOBSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BUNELL AVENUE, COOPERSTOWN,

GRIGGS COUNTY, D. T.

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Young Men and others who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, Organic Weakness, and their many gloomy consequences, are quickened and restored to health by this medicine.  
The Remedy is put up in boxes. No. 1 (lasting a month), \$2. No. 2 (enough to effect a cure, unless in severe cases), \$5. No. 3 (lasting three months), \$7. Sent by mail in plain wrapper. Directions for using accompany each box. Pamphlet describing this disease and mode of cure sent on application.

**Consult Dr. BUTTS**  
Dr. L. B. BUTTS, SUCCESSOR TO DR. J. C. BUTTS, in Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Hair, Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Gravel, Gout, Gonorrhoea, Syphilis and Venereal Affections. Scientific treatment, safe and sure remedies. Infirmities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.  
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Address Dr. C. L. LARLEY, Pres't and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 92 Lombard St., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 50 Years

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A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U.S. (now retired) for the cure of **Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Premature Decay, and Every Self-Exhaustion** developed **free**. Druggists can fill it. Address **DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.**

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Secure Healthy action to the Liver and relieve all bilious troubles.  
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ica by its Western way, and marked his march along the Pacific slope not by forts, but churches, with which their shrines and alters yet stand in decaying grandeur amid gardens of olive and palm. From these outposts, guarded by the sacred cross, missionary fathers in the robes and sandals of the Franciscans, penetrated inland, carrying good will to the savages of the New World. It is said that one of those devoted brothers, seeing on the white summit of a mountain the red snow-flower of the Sierras, sprinkling the snowy field like drops of blood, fell on his knees in wondering adoration, and called the mountain "Sangre de Cristo," the Mount of the Blood of Christ. This brother died in the wilderness, and it is told that the crucifix which dropped from his lifeless hand was transformed into a marvel among the clouds. For, far lifted above mortal, or wing of bird, towers a great cross of snow against a mountain side known as the "Mount of the Holy Cross."

River had sung its story of mercy to her while yet she was a child. At length the trail crossed the range near the cabin, and during the brief summer equestrians appeared on the summit, going down toward the valley. From her hidden post she saw the world's people pause, with full hearts and brimming eyes, on Inspiration Point, whence is taken the first look into Yosemite. She saw pilgrims stand dumb before El Capitan—that mile-wide tablet of smooth, white marble, set in the walls of nature's temple. She saw heads bared before the thunderous three-thousand-foot falls of the Yosemite. She saw, and understood. But none who see the valley in summer time gain its full magnificence. One must live with it to grow into the vastness and solitude of its grandest grandeur. The mountain maiden, with the oxygen of the air flaring in her cheeks and lighting her eyes, skinned on her snow shoes over billows treacherous as the waves of the sea, and was given ideal pictures. For the solitary blooms the desert rose; for the solitary are upreared the mountain snows. The best of everything is seen in the company only of God. In solitude we are closed with the Most High, and whether leaf thicket or ice cavern, it is the place of worship and joy. Therefore, the heart of the maiden was stirred deepest, when on a winter's day, alone in the vast white universe, she peered from Glacier Point, into the frozen crater of jewels. Then the valley shone in a white splendor that its summer worshippers can never see. Down the walls the falls hung dumb and motionless, suspended by an unseen hand, trailing miles of

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

SENATE.—The question of considering treaties in open session was discussed, but not disposed of. The Dakota division and admission bill was debated. Mr. Garland submitted a substitute for the bill reported from the committee on territories. One of the provisions of the substitute provides for submitting to a popular vote the question of dividing the territory. This was desirable, Mr. Garland said, in order to get at the present views of the people of Dakota and to settle questions arising from the fact that Dakota had a public debt.

Mr. Harrison objected to the substitute, and stated the question of debt was sufficiently provided for by the committee's bill. He would have no objection to an amendment submitting to the people the simple proposition of division.

SENATE.—The bill for the division and admission of Dakota passed on Tuesday by a party vote—yeas 34, nays 28. The first question decided was Garland's amendment to the effect that congress keep its hands off until a popular vote should be taken in the territory on the question of division, and a constitution submitted to the senate and house could approve. This amendment was lost by 28 to 21, no Democrats voting against the amendment and no Republicans for it. When the main question was voted upon senators came in from the cloak rooms, and every senator in the city voted, except Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts, who was engaged in an argument before the supreme court.

Senator Beck, in discussing the Buckner silver bill, made a savage assault upon Controller Cannon. Finally he snatched up Mr. Cannon's recent report on the condition of the national banking.

"Here," said the senator from Kentucky, is the report of the controller of the currency. Hear what he says: "The silver dollar of 1878 is unworthy of our country. This from a boy who was three or four years ago a clerk. Why he is an upstart, an impudent upstart, to dare to tell us, the congress of the United States, that the silver dollar is a disgrace to the United States. Who told him to say anything about the silver dollar or its unworthiness? I repeat it is an impudent insult to this senate to have this report sent to us by this clerk, who happens to be controller of the currency."

Sherman, in his reply, paid Mr. Cannon a high compliment for his mastery of information on the subject of finance.

HOUSE.—A bill passed amending section 3940, revised statutes, relating to the forwarding of mail matter. It authorizes postmasters to forward mail matter of the second, third and fourth classes on which postage has been paid in full. This rule is now in force with regard to mail matter of the first class. A resolution passed providing for a holiday recess from 24th December until 5th January, and the house then resumed consideration of the interstate commerce bill. Mr. Reagan's substitute for the first seven sections of the bill was agreed to—yeas 145, nays 10.

SENATE.—A long debate took place on the leasing of Crow Indian reservation lands in Montana to cattlemen. Mr. Van Wyck introduced bills fixing rates of transmission of telegraphic messages and freight and passenger rates, on railroads west of Missouri river, not to exceed the average rate east of that river to the seaboard. A bill passed relating to settlers on the Ute Indian lands in Colorado. The naval appropriation bill was considered, and finally passed.

The forestry bill of Senator Warner Miller of New York is broad and thorough in its protection of the national forests on the public lands in the West. It provides that the unsurveyed public lands of the United States, embracing national forests and all public lands returned by the national surveys as timber lands, shall be withdrawn from survey sale, entry or disposal, under existing laws, that every person applying to make an entry or filing of public lands under agricultural laws, or the law authorizing land in mineral entries, shall file with his application an affidavit, corroborated by witnesses, stating the land applied for is not exclusively timber land and is more valuable for agricultural or mining purposes than for the timber growth thereon, and each such applicant shall state particularly his means of information and his personal knowledge of the facts to which he testifies, and if the entries of timber lands shall be absolutely void and subject to summary cancellation by the general land office.

HOUSE.—The interstate commerce bill was discussed Wednesday, and an amendment adopted prohibiting railroad companies from charging a person carried from one state or territory to another more than three cents a mile.

SENATE.—Among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Hoar from the Woman's Suffrage Association of Pennsylvania, protesting against the admission of Dakota as a constitutional majority of men alone and denying suffrage rights to women. Mr. Hoar in presenting the bill said that while he favored woman suffrage he thought it unwise in the present state of congress for the advocates of that cause to oppose the admission of a new state on the grounds set forth because when the territories of Wyoming and Washington shall call for admission, the exercise of suffrage by women in these territories may be advanced as an argument against their admission.

Among the bills introduced were two by Mr. Van Wyck, one to increase the pensions of widows and dependent relatives of deceased soldiers and sailors; the other to grant pensions to "all and dependent soldiers, who served three months during the war of the Rebellion. Referred.

In executive session there were the following confirmations.—Hugh McCulloch of Maryland, secretary of the treasury; G. H. Hayden, consul general, Constantinople; Robert Wright, Jr., Pennsylvania, consul Gen. Aspinwall; George L. Coffin, New Jersey, consul Zurich; James E. Putnam, Idaho, register land office, Central Idaho; Postmasters—Martin L. Torrey, Morris, Minn.; Olin O. Shing, Willmar, Minn.; Willard C. Bailey, Green Bay Wis.; David Donner, Independence, Iowa; Chauncey F. Owen, Sanborn, Iowa; Frank G. Atherton, Osage, Iowa; Gilbert R. Osman, Michigan, consul at Auckland; James H. Thomas, Missouri, register land office, Yakima, Wash.; Receivers public monies, A. A. Herold, Wisconsin; St. Croix Falls, Wis.; James F. Ligate, Kansas, Court of Appeals, Idaho, and a long list of army nominations. Nominations—Postmasters: August Beadle, Crooked, Iowa; Wallace G. Agnew, Osceola, Iowa; W. H. Reihart, Miller, Dak.

HOUSE.—The entire day was consumed in the consideration of the interstate commerce bill of Mr. Reagan. The color question was the main issue, and at the close the provision stood thus: Any person or persons having purchased a ticket to be conveyed from one state to another, or paid the required fare, shall receive the same treatment, and be afforded the same facilities and accommodations as are furnished all other passengers holding tickets of the same class, without discrimination; but nothing in this act shall be so construed as to prevent any railroad company providing separate accommodations for passengers, as they may deem best for the public comfort and safety, or to relate to transportation relating to points wholly within the limits of one state, provided that no discrimination be made on account of race or color, and provided, further, that the furnishing of separate accommodations, with equal facilities and equal comforts, at the same charges, shall not be considered a discrimination.

Pierre is to have \$65,000 water works, the contract being let to Mr. W. W. Walker.

A Fireman's Luck.

"I don't believe it," was the reply of Engineer Frank Crockett, of steamer 12 of the Fire Department of this city, when he was aroused from his sleep the other night by a brother fireman who breathlessly informed him that he had won \$15,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery, in the drawing of the 11th inst.; "What's more, I won't believe it until I have had positive proof."

"Supposing I should advance you \$100 on the strength of your chances. Would you believe it then?" asked his comrade.

"Yes, I might."

"The fireman went out and procured the \$100 and handed it to Crockett, who for the first time began to realize his great good luck. Then, in the language of a friend, he got up, dressed himself, and tried to stand on his head in the corner."

"Crockett never had \$300 at one time before this lucky strike," said another fireman to the reporter. "To be sure he gets \$140 a month as engineer, but he isn't much of a hand at saving. The ticket that won the money was No. 68,980, and it captured one-fifth of the first capital prize of \$75,000."

Has Crockett received his money yet? "Yes; but strange to say, he still sticks to his job. We all thought it would paralyze him when he heard the news, but it didn't. He isn't a man who drinks or gambles to any great extent. He is about thirty-five years of age and married. I heard that he intends to go back to New Jersey, where he came from, and buy a farm and settle down."

Crockett was interviewed, but no amount of questioning could make him say anything further than that he "didn't care for notoriety," and that he "didn't want anything published about the matter."

No. 68,980 was the first ticket Crockett ever bought in any lottery, and his fortunate experience adds another scrap to the history of lucky lottery players in this city.—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, Nov. 26.

Sad Fate of a Baltimore Belle.

Baltimore Special: The mangled remains of a young woman were found lying upon the side of the track of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, near Bridewell station. They were identified as those of Miss Mary Bramson, niece of the late Mayor Chadman of this city. She left Baltimore three years ago to avoid a scandal which involved her reputation and that of a young man named Wickersham, a relative of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families in Maryland. Young Wickersham refused to marry Miss Bramson after he had betrayed her, and she suddenly left the city. Two years ago she returned and entered upon a life of sin. She was frequently arrested, but owing to the high social standing of her family she was invariably turned over to her friends. Recently her conduct became so bad that all her friends deserted her. Her remains were taken to the morgue, from which her relatives will remove them and see that they are properly buried. Miss Bramson was thirty years old last month. She was a beautiful brunette and a recognized belle in the highest social circles. Wickersham, her betrayer, died about two months ago after a debauch.

A Government Sheriff.

Mr. Edward L. Green, Sheriff, Auckland New Zealand, writes: "I received an injury to my shoulder in June, 1892, and from that date until July, 1893, I could not use my arm. I applied to medical men and used all sorts of liniment, without any benefit. I have great pleasure in stating that I had occasion to use St. Jacob's Oil for it, and I had not used it more than ten minutes before I felt the beneficial effect, and I can work with my saw or spade as well as ever I did, and recommend it to any one suffering pain."

A Crooked Pension Agent.

Des Moines, Iowa, Special Telegram, Dec. 11.—J. J. Stuckey, secretary of the Iowa Prisoners of War association, a member of several secret societies and an ornamental citizen generally, has departed for parts unknown. It has just been discovered that he skipped the town about two weeks ago leaving a considerable number of creditors to mourn his hasty departure. A great many rumors are current as to the motive of his leaving taking. One story accounting for his going away was that he was going to his home in England, but it is that as a pension claim agent he accepted fees in excess of the \$10 allowed by law, and felt obliged to depart in order to avoid prosecution for the offense, which is treated as very serious by the government of the United States. There are vague and indefinite stories about other crookedness in connection with the pension business, but inquiry at the pension office in this city failed to make the rumors materialize. Mrs. Stuckey, who remains in the city, is reported as saying that her husband was betrayed by certain East side parties; that he always refused extra pay for pension services, but that they urged him to accept as presents what he could not lawfully take as fees. After receiving their gifts under protest, he found that they informed the authorities against him, and he left home to avoid being thrown in jail for an offense of which he was really innocent. Of one thing there is no doubt. Stuckey is not in Des Moines; has not been for two weeks, and no one who knows will tell where he is. It is also beyond question that he left a large number of unpaid debts, though no large ones have as yet come to light. The efforts of his creditors to secure the payment of their claims have also developed the fact that Stuckey was a rather liberal purchaser of carpets, dry goods, groceries and other articles which did not go to his family, but which were sent to women with whom he was intimate, and who somehow got him in their power. Stuckey was an active fellow, and a pushing advertiser of himself as a special friend of prisoners of war, for whom he desired to obtain pensions. He is a man of large physique, rather fine appearance and genial manners. A rumor that he has gone to Canada was afloat to-day. Knowing that Stuckey was private secretary of the president of the Hawkeye insurance company, a reporter called at the office, but failed to elicit definite information.

Wilkinson Bros., private bankers, of Syracuse, N. Y., closed. Their affairs are in the hands of a receiver. The firm was rated at from \$400,000 to \$500,000. C. E. Hubbell is the assignee. The assignment prefers \$28,000, including city and county deposits and trust funds. The Wilkinsons were large holders of real estate, which is heavily encumbered. The depositors embraced many farmers to small amounts, attracted by the offer of 4 per cent interest.

W. R. Myers of Indiana is thought to be the coming commissioner of pensions.

Is There a Cure for Consumption? We answer unreservedly, yes! If the patient commences in time the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and exercises proper care. If allowed to run its course too long all medicine is powerless to stay it. Dr. Pierce never deceives a patient by holding out a false hope for the sake of pecuniary gain. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of patients when nothing else seemed to avail. Your druggist has it. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, N. Y.

Joseph M. M. Wales & Co., dealers in iron and steel, of Boston, has gone into insolvency.

\*\*\* Bad treatment or stricture often complicates the disease and makes it difficult of cure. The worst and most inveterate cases speedily yield to our new and improved methods. Pamphlet, references and terms sent for two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Gen. Butler has sold his Washington residence to his law partner for \$75,000.

A happy combination of best Grape Brandy, Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as found in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, cures cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery or bloody-dix, colic or cramps in stomach, and breaks up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

A new dry dock at St. John's N. F., costing \$600,000, was opened.

My Six Year Old Daughter. DR. C. D. WARNER.—Dear Sir:—I received the complimentary bottle of White Wine of Star Syrup you so kindly sent me. Our little six year old daughter had a very sore throat, lads' ulcerated, and coughed almost incessantly. We gave the medicine according to directions, and she began to improve immediately and soon got well. Please accept thanks, Mrs. Groves and I have recommended it to others. I shall want to get some of it at the beginning of winter, as I consider it a very superior medicine. Yours very respectfully, Rev. H. D. Groves, Clarksville, Mo. Pastor M. E. Church.

Peter Morris, conductor on the St. Paul road, was killed under the cars at Columbia, Wis.

Young Men!—Read This. The Volvare Bitter Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electric Volvare Bitter and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

John P. Martin was shot and killed by regulators at Farmer's Station, Rowan county, Ky.

Plain as the Nose on Your Face. What is the difference between a persons nose and Carboline the Great Petroleum Hair Restorer. Answer—One is the center of the head and the other is a head-scorcher.

John Parselt of New York committed suicide on account of a quarrel with his wife.

THE FREQUENTLY RECOMMENDED.—Mr. H. C. Mooney, of Astoria, Ill., writes us that Allen's Lung Balm, which he has sold for fifteen years, sells better than any other cough remedy, and gives general satisfaction. "It is frequently recommended by the medical profession here."

Lord Dufferin was royally received in India. Tompson's new drama.

Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., quickly relieved by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHISCS. A simple and effectual remedy, superior to all other articles for the same purpose. Sold only in boxes.

Sir John Macdonald had almost cordial welcome upon his return to Ottawa from England.

Dairymen Getting Rich. Progressive dairymen who are only satisfied with the best results, are adding to their wealth and contentment to their society by the rapid improvements they are making in the art of butter making. This class use Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color, and know by actual test that it fills every claim made for it.

H. Golschmidt & Co., dry goods, of Hartford, Conn., have failed. Liabilities about \$110,000.

Health Is Wealth. It is worth more than riches, for without it riches cannot be enjoyed. How many people are without health who might regain it by using KIDNEY WORT. It acts upon the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys, cleansing and stimulating them to healthy action. It cures all disorders of these important organs, purifies the blood and promotes the general health. Sold by all druggists. Send 2c.

The cloping Long Island deacon and pastor's wife are sorry.

Diamond Dyes will Color Anything any color, and never fail. The easiest and best way to economize. For sale at druggists, or by mail, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2 cent stamp.

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ALLEN'S LUNG BALM. THE REMEDY FOR CURING CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS. NEW EVIDENCE. Read the following: ADDISON, Pa., April 7, 1893. Gentlemen—I can cheerfully say your ALLEN'S LUNG BALM, which I have used for the past fifteen years, sells better than any other cough remedy, and gives general satisfaction. "It is frequently recommended by the medical profession here."

ADDISON, Pa., April 1893. A. J. COLEMAN, Esq., Editor of the Somerset Herald, writes: "I can recommend ALLEN'S LUNG BALM AS being the best remedy for Coughs and Croup. I ever used."

ASTORIA, Iles, April 6, 1893. Gentlemen—I can cheerfully say your ALLEN'S LUNG BALM, which I have used for the past fifteen years, sells better than any other cough remedy, and gives general satisfaction. "It is frequently recommended by the medical profession here."

LA FAYETTE, R. I., October 12, 1894. Gentlemen—Please allow me to say that using three bottles of ALLEN'S LUNG BALM for a bad attack of Bronchitis, I am entirely cured. I send this voluntarily, that these afflicted may be benefited. Yours respectfully, H. R. HILL H. DAVIS.

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Limited, Proprietors. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Mrs. C. E. Gussendorf, wife of a former wealthy manufacturer of Indianapolis, drowned herself in a cistern.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms, also as a preventive against Fever and Ague, and other Intermittent Fevers, the "FERRO-FLUOSINATE OF POTASSIA OF CALSAYA," made by Casswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic, and for patients recovering from Fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

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CUTICURA, the most perfect and pure and the only infallible Blood Purifier and Skin Beautifier, is sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER. Loss of appetite, Bowels constive, Pain in the back, with a dull, aching sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fluctuating at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache after the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and show effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to "Take on Flesh," thus the system is reinvigorated, and by the Food Action, the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 42 Murray St., N. Y.

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R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a red tin tag, that Lorillard's Rose Leaf tin tag, that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Economy are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

Its purpose is solely for the treatment of all diseases and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify. It will cure entirely all ovarian troubles, inflammation and excoriation, Prolapsus, and displacement, and consequent spinal weakness, and is particularly adapted to the change of life.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General debility, Sleeplessness, Irritability, and all the ailments that attend the change of life, and is particularly adapted to the change of life.

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Official Directory.

TERRITORIAL OFFICERS. Governor—N. G. Ordway. Delegate in Congress—John B. Raymond, of Fargo.

The old year, gray and shadowy, his countenance furrowed by a million joys and sorrows, is just disappearing over the horizon into the irrevocable past.

With material prosperity, in a time of financial stagnation, we have, as a people, become more conservative and thoughtful than in our boom days.

The suicide of Mrs. Hatch, at Minnewaukon, has developed a sensational case that rivals the wildest fiction.

A school ma'am is under arrest in Iowa for running away with her oldest scholar. It is a case of he-motional insanity.

Another county seat war at Traverse, South Dakota. Theft, mob violence, troops ordered out; and yet we are only a territory.

The 18,000 Chinamen in British Columbia, it is said, must steal or starve this winter. That's as good a thing as the Chinamen want.

Forty degrees below zero Monday, and according to Whidden Bros. the busiest day of the season. It is cold, but you don't notice it in this climate.

Mr. Jimsonweed informs the COURIER, in connection with the accident last week, that a mule will be good to man a fifteen years just to get one good kick.

The St. Paul Globe is offered for sale for \$125,000.—Argus.

Better sell the old thing to Mr. Grover what's his name. He'll need it in '88.

Farm, Stock and Home, a new agricultural monthly, published at Minneapolis, will be a great success if it bears out the promise of its two first numbers.

"Queen Olga, of Greece, is a beauty and a blue stocking." "The idea of those newspaper bohemians criticising the queen's stockings," said Mrs. Spilkins, as she turned over a page in pursuit of a horrible outrage.

"How can I make my hen lay?" writes a farmer from Lake Jessie. Read her a chapter of Alexander's moral science, in connection with some reliable text book on the duty of hens.

The CHICAGO WEEKLY HERALD, one of the brightest papers in the United States is offered with the COURIER at the low price of \$3.00 per annum.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Dec. 11, 1884. 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 21st day of January, 1885.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land office at Fargo, D. T., Nov. 3, 1884. 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 21st day of January, 1885.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Nov. 3, 1884. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of her claim and secure final entry thereof on the 21st day of January, 1885.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Dec. 11, 1884. 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 21st day of January, 1885.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Dec. 15, 1884. 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 21st day of January, 1885.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land office at Fargo, D. T., Dec. 15, 1884. 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 21st day of January, 1885.

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.

LUND & PEDERSON, Merchant Tailors, VALLEY CITY, D. T. Will visit Cooperstown in December.

Good Goods, Late Styles, AND Reasonable Prices.

WHIDDEN BROS.

Having purchased at extraordinarily low rates a large quantity of

DRY GOODS

I BOOTS, SHOES AND READY MADE CLOTHING I

Which they are opening up and able to offer such bargains as you may not soon get again. Now is the time to

BUY GOODS CHEAP

Everything in our

Dry Goods Department

away down so that when you purchase \$100 worth you get \$20 worth for nothing. In our

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

FOR \$1 YOU CAN BUY AS FOLLOWS:

15 pounds of Brown Sugar for \$1; 12 pounds of White Sugar for \$1; 12 pounds of dried Apples for \$1; 14 bars of Soap for \$1; 11 pounds of Rice for \$1; 11 pounds of Prunes for \$1; eleven pounds of Currants for \$1; seven pounds of Green Coffee for \$1; six pounds of Roasted Coffee, eight pounds of Raisins, twelve and one-half pounds of Pork, four gallons of Oil; and anything else less than ever before

REMEMBER, THIS IS CASH AND NO TRUST

Whidden Bros.

Cooperstown, D. T., Dec. 1, 1884.

CALL AND SEE US!

Billiard Parlor

Sample Rooms!

STEE & ALSTAD, Proprietors. DAZEY, D. T.

BLACKSMITHING!

The Place for Blacksmithing AS IT SHOULD BE

MOORE & SANBURN'S, Roberts Street, Cooperstown.

HORSESHOING receives special attention and is done in the best and most careful manner. JOBBING of every description. A trial solicited.

COOPERSTOWN MEAT MARKET

Retzlaff Bros., Props.

COOPERSTOWN, - - - DAKOTA.

SANBORN HOTEL,

FRANK SCOUGALE & CO., Proprietors, SANBORN, D. T.

W. E. JONES,

Contractor and Lumber Dealer, VALLEY CITY, D. T., Will contract for buildings or material at Valley City prices.

JAS. W. CHRISTIE, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, COOPERSTOWN, D. T.

Plans Specifications and Estimates furnished on application. A call solicited.

AN ABSOLUTE FACT

And the farmers in the southern part of Griggs and the northern part of Barnes counties acknowledge that it pays them to travel miles to trade with

COVEY & BROWN,

The Square Dealers of Sanborn.

EVERY THING THE FARMER NEEDS

We keep—All under one roof.

Can Give You Rare Bargains in Stoves.

We think we own

BUFFALO AND FUR OVERCOATS

Cheaper than any house in this section. Just learn our prices before you buy and recollect one thing, we are pledged to give you a square deal every time.

COVEY & BROWN, The Square Dealers of Sanborn.

NEW FIRM. HONEST DEALING.

BERG & LARSON, DEALERS IN GENERAL.

FARM MACHINERY!

Take pleasure in announcing to the farming public that they are agents of Griggs county for the celebrated

McCormick Twine Binding Harvesters and Mowers,

Office Old postoffice Building, Burrell Avenue, Cooperstown.

BERG & LARSON.

GEO. W. GREENLEESE.

A. B. COX.

GEO. W. GREENLEESE & CO.

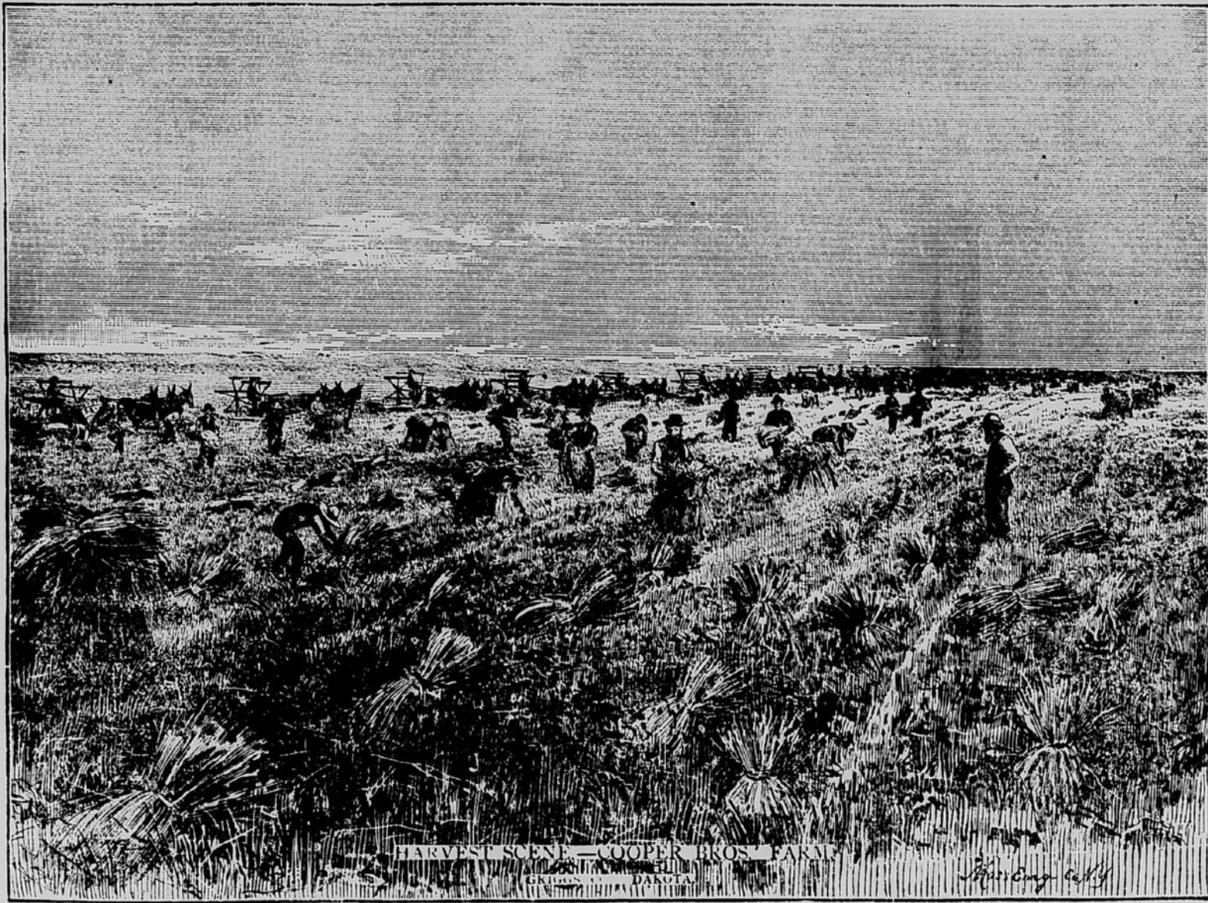
DEALERS IN

FLOUR, GRAIN & FEED

BURRELL AVENUE,

COOPERSTOWN,

DAKOTA.



HARVEST SCENE—COOPER BROS. FARM  
GRIGGS COUNTY, DAKOTA

The above cut of harvest on the Cooper farm inadequately expresses the magnitude of the Cooper Brothers farming business. The home farm contains 27,000 acres of land that cannot be duplicated in its productive capacity outside of the valley of the Nile. Seven thousand acres of this land are now under cultivation, and the yield during the present season has been

Wheat, ..... 140,000 bushels.  
Barley, ..... 25,000 bushels.  
Oats, ..... 25,000 bushels.  
Under ordinary circumstances the revenue from the capital invested would be enormous, in spite of the fact that in buildings, stock, etc., the farm is as well equipped in proportion as the ordinary 100 acre farm of the settler. Wheat unfortunately has not been as low in twenty years. The firm consists of T. J. Cooper, of Chicago, and Rollin C. Cooper, of Griggs county.

The brothers are typical Americans who have met and conquered fortune in a day and generation never to be duplicated in the opportunities offered to enterprise, sagacity and tenacity of purpose.

The elder brother, T. J. Cooper, was born in Shorham, Vt., and at an early day removed, with his family, to Michigan, where his brother, R. C., was born. His first business venture was in Goodhue county, Minnesota, where he was a country merchant for several years, and by the exercise of extraordinary business capabilities amassed a snug fortune. In the spring of 1861 he removed to Park county, Colorado, just northeast of Leadville, within a few miles of what was to be the greatest mining camp on the globe, although the great base ore finds of Leadville were then unheard of. His mining was both gulch and quartz, and the tale of his ups and downs rival the stories of the Argonauts of '49. He was a partner of old "Squar" Jones, of Independence, Mo., who, as a miner, was known by every prospector from Colorado to the Pacific. He made no great stake, and to better his fortunes in '64 and '65, during the great Indian war on the Platte, followed freighting from St. Jo, Mo., to Denver. The trains were all a hundred wagons strong, and each train was accompanied by a small army to defend it, and freights were 25 cents per pound. The profits were enormous, and here T. J. struck pay gravel in earnest, thanks to enough capital to go with. Eighteen hundred sixty-six found the adventurous miner back in the gulch mines of Montana, near Helena, and here he went broke to his last dollar. His credit, however, was good, as he was known to be honest and sagacious. He returned to St. Jo, Mo., bought a large stock of hardware, and went into the hardware business, and he succeeded. Every cent of profit was ventured in cattle on the Colorado plains, and, in 1870, he pulled out with a stake, which, to some, men, would have seemed a competency.

He returned to the east and, having already acquired large interests in Chicago property, went into the real estate business at that point. The Leadville excitement broke out; the old mining spirit was too strong to resist, and he went in on the top wave and struck it rich in "Little Chief" and other mines. Grown conservative with an assured fortune, he then, with his brother, turned to the country which years can not impoverish—and where gold is so scattered over its fertile acres that centuries will find it richer rather than poorer—Dakota.

Rollin C. Cooper was born in Michigan, and at an early day joined his elder brother in Red Wing, Minn., where he attended school. He went to Colorado with T. J., and remained with him until he was nineteen, when he went to farming with his brother H. H. in El Paso county. They farmed it four years and made some money, and then went into the hardware business in Pueblo. Continuing the hardware business, they ventured in cattle and sheep, after securing good ranges. Here they remained, made money, and prospered ten years, when, in western fashion, they cleaned up everything. R. C. went to Leadville with T. J., and there, like his brother, struck pay gravel and went up on a bound to a top shelf, out of the reach of high water.

They joined in the venture in Griggs county dirt, and while R. C. Cooper is the driving, careful manager of the great wheat farming operations; T. J. Cooper takes an active interest in the business, and visits Cooperstown as often as he can leave his Chicago business.

Mr. T. J. Cooper married a sister of Millard Washburn, of Red Wing, Minn., and they have two children, Charles, a resident and farmer of Griggs county, and a daughter, married and settled at Red Wing.

Mr. R. C. Cooper married his accomplished wife in El Paso county, Col., where her father is a general merchant. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper are active workers in the Congregational church, and are first and foremost in any good work. Mr. Cooper is chairman of the board of county commissioners, and to his exertion Griggs county and Cooperstown are indebted for their present prosperity.

When his magnificent outfit camped in Griggs county there was not a settler on its 720 square miles of prairie, and but four men in the timber upon the river. His word is as good as his bond, and his bond is worth a hundred cents on the dollar. No settler ever left the Cooper ranch empty handed, if he was in need, and the jealousy, which usually follows wealth and prosperity has never cheated the genial giant out of an hour's rest, nor ruffled his unflinching good nature. He is the incarnation of business from the word go, and is never at rest until sleep overtakes him. Wherever there is any public enterprise on foot, the ques-

tion is: "What does Cooper say about it?" or, "What will Cooper give?" so that it is a kind of a cold-blooded, matter-of-fact conclusion that Griggs county and Cooperstown without Cooper would be equal to the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet omitted.

Elsewhere we present a cut of the Lenham Elevator, built by Barnett & Burdett elevator company, of Minneapolis.

The Cooper Bros.'s elevator is built upon the same model, but larger, and now, after iron roding, is as strong and well appointed an elevator as there is in Northwest, and perhaps a trifle stronger. The business of the elevator this season, during which it was erected, has been equal to the most sanguine expectation of its proprietors. Beside handling the enormous crop of wheat from the Cooper farm, under the management of Mr. R. C. Brophy it has done a splendid business in the handling of wheat for the public. Every train that has gone from Cooperstown this fall has had a goodly proportion of its cars marked: "From R. C. Brophy, Cooperstown, D. T. (COURIER Print)."

Mr. Brophy's grades have been uniform and fair, and he has earned an enviable reputation as a wheat grader while running the Cooper Bros.'s elevators, as he had before when in the employ of the Lenham Elevator & Lumber Co.

Reuben Cleveland Brophy is a native of Illinois, and is a descendant of Moses Cleveland, the original Cleveland in New England, and from whom Grover Cleveland is a direct descendant. He studied dentistry with Prof. T. W. Brophy, his brother, a professor in Rush Medical college, in Chicago, and practiced dentistry two years. He was in the machine business at Glyndon, Minn., for five years and earned an enviable reputation as a business man at that point. He was afterward with T. A. Olmstead in the wheat business in Duluth, and married Mr. Olmstead's daughter, one of the most accomplished and attractive young ladies in that city of the unsalted sea. He afterward came to Cooperstown, where his valuable experience, and the social qualities of himself and wife, has made him one of the leading men of the place.

St. Paul Day: R. C. Cooper, of Cooperstown, Dak., situated at the terminus of the Sanborn & Cooperstown branch of the Northern Pacific, said: "I think that at least three-fourths of the wheat in our part of the country has been marketed. What will be the effect on prices due to the stopping of shipments to Duluth, I do not know. We are paying 48 cents at our place for No. 1 hard. At this rate the farmer is not making one cent. It costs about 45 cents per bushel to raise the wheat and 48 cents hardly brings a man's money back. The elevator men have not a hard time of it, but on the contrary have made some

money. It is all nonsense about there being suffering for the necessities of life. The farmers in our district all have wheat which can be ground into flour. They also have hogs, and pork is in good eating. Then they have cows and poultry, and will not suffer in the least. They are a great deal better off than the 800 operators who were thrown out of situations at Waltham, Mass., the other day. The effect of low prices will be to decrease the acreage of wheat next year, and the people will turn their attention more to stock."

"What will they raise for their stock?"  
"Well, we can't raise corn, we are too far north; so, as a substitute, we raise barley, add I like it a great deal better. It makes just as good feed, and is a great deal easier to handle."

#### Current Gossip.

The Keystone Commercial moves to Ellendale.

The squatters have been driven out of Yellow Stone park.

Beecher may succeed Lowell, as minister to the court of St. James.

Judge Andrus will winter in Valley City in the office with his cousin, G. K.

The Redfield war is over. The records were returned to the place from which they were stolen.

D. O'Malley, of Valley City, and H. O. Sterl, of Sanborn, have been appointed county commissioners of Barnes.

Rugg, the ex-business end of the St. Paul Day has been bound over to keep from opening any more of Stanley Waterloo's female correspondence.

The Dickinson Press suggests that Missouri pull down her vest. The Devil's Lake Inter-Ocean remarks the same thing, while the Chicago Current follows suit. Next.

There are now eleven counties in Southwestern Dakota which do not grant saloon licenses, and after the 1st of January the number will be increased to fifteen or sixteen.

Thirty degrees below zero Thursday morning by E. W. Hagerly's spirit thermometer. The ordinary cheap mercurial thermometers vary ten degrees, and are entirely unreliable.

California and Oregon seem determined to sell their surplus wheat when they can and at the current price, whatever that may be. Over 6,000,000 bushels are now afloat and on their way to the United Kingdom.

#### Carp for Cottonwood Lake.

On Saturday last there came by express, from the United States Commission of Fisheries at St. Paul, several hundred German carp, consigned to Messrs. Weaver & Braughman, who had made application for them for Cottonwood Lake, where, during the season to come, LaMoure's citizens can pass many pleasant hours boating and fishing.—Progress.

**BOWDEN & BUCK,**

**GENERAL**

**MERCHANTS**

**CLOTHING**

**A Specialty.**

**We Will Duplicate  
all bills made at other  
stores and knock  
off 10 per cent on  
every kind of goods.**

**CLOTHING**

**GIVEN**

**AWAY.**

Men's Suits.....	\$2 95
Over Coat.....	2 45
Hat.....	35
Pair of Shoes.....	1 15
Shirt.....	25
Neck Tie and Collar.....	14
Total cost of outfit.....\$7 19	
Extra good suit.....	\$6 50
Wedding Suit.....	8 50

**The largest stock west of  
Fargo The lowest prices  
since the war, or  
ever in Dakota.**

**Bowden & Buck.**

## COUNTY AND TOWN.

### Griggs and Its Capital, as Seen by an Interested Spectator, With a Sketch of the Business Houses of

#### COOPERSTOWN.

A prominent capitalist of Maine, who owns wild lands in nearly every western state and territory, said over his own signature, in a letter to the Kennebec Journal, over a year ago: "Of my landed interests in the West I regard my North Dakota property as, ultimately, of the most value, and my acres in Griggs county as the most valuable of my North Dakota investments, as far as quality and character of the soil are concerned."

The county is one of the smallest in the territory, 720 square miles in area, made up of gently rolling lands, lower than the coteau lands of the Missouri, and some 200 feet higher than the Red River Valley—all magnificent wheat land, drained by the Shyenne river and its main branch, which pass through the county, and diversified by beautiful lakes and productive meadows. The spring floods and the autumn drouths affect this "heart of Dakota" less than any other section of the wheat belt.

The capital of the county is Cooperstown, the terminus of the Sanborn & Cooperstown branch of the Northern Pacific. The road was designed to end here, and here in all probability the terminus will remain. Directly north of us is the unproductive reservation of the Cuthead Sioux, and Devil's Lake, north-east is the territory of the Manitoba railroad, whose line from St. Paul to Chicago is a diagonal, as distinguished from the right angle which the branch makes with the Northern Pacific railroad at Sanborn, and against which railroad (in the Wamuduska Lake country) the Northern Pacific cannot compete. To the northwest of us, but a few miles, are Carrington and Minnewaukan, with a branch of the Northern Pacific railroad extending from Jamestown, and obviating the extension of our branch in that direction. An extension east or west would only be made after the lapse of years. A great country trade naturally results for Cooperstown. Over a thousand car loads of wheat have already been shipped from this point this season, a showing that can be equaled by no other town of 300 inhabitants in the world. A fine court house of red brick, erected at an expense of \$30,000, insures the holding of the county seat for all time, and ornaments the town.

A commodious hotel, erected at an expense of \$20,000, furnishes accommodation to the traveler, and two enormous elevators are engaged day and night in handling the product of the county.

A magnificent high school building and numerous churches demonstrate the respectability and intelligence of the people.

Timber is abundant upon the river and wood is furnished in town at \$5 per cord. The roads are at all times in admirable condition, and no pleasanter spot for a country life could be selected in the west. Among the most prominent business houses of Cooperstown is that of

#### WHIDDEN BROS.

The universal experience, that men in emigrating naturally seek a climate similar to that of their nativity, is well exemplified in Dakota. As the Italian and Chinaman seek California, the Spaniard seeks Mexico and Louisiana, and the German seeks the middle states, so do the hardy Norsk men, the Canadians and Nova Scotians seek the bracing air of the table lands in Dakota. The subjects of our sketch came from Antigonish, in Nova Scotia, just far enough from the Atlantic to, occasionally, get a stimulating breath of the salty fog of the banks, and far enough inland to be surrounded by a delightfully diversified and fertile country. Nova Scotians are, as a general rule, a buoyant, ruddy, intellectual people, who enjoy fine facilities for culture, and make the most of their facilities. The Whiddens are no exceptions to the rule, and are the kind of people with which Dakota is as well supplied as any other territory, and yet of the kind we need more of. Young, energetic, tireless, their very presence is stimulative of exertion. The original firm was composed of W. R. Whidden and J. B. Whidden. They came to Cooperstown in May, 1882, and built themselves the commodious store building now occupied by the firm and started a general mercantile business. The senior member of the firm, W. R. Whidden, had for several years been a partner in the house of C. B. Whidden & Co., dealers in flour, feed, and general supplies, wholesale and retail, at Antigonish. C. B. Whidden was an uncle of W. R., and the firm prospered, until, seized with the Dakota fever, after a correspondence with his brother, J. B.

Whidden, entry clerk in the house of Murphy, Grant & Co., in San Francisco, they determined to join their fortunes and cast their lot in the land of the Dakotas. Both were young married men with varied experiences, and after severing with their respective business houses, started trade most auspiciously in the then paper village of Cooperstown. In October, however, the junior member of the firm, J. B., died, leaving a wife and one child, an infant. Shortly afterward the wife died. This change in the firm, and settlement of the estate of the deceased, naturally affected the large business they were then doing. Another brother, however, C. T. Whidden, came to Dakota to fill the vacant place, and is now with the firm. The first year's business, in spite of the inconveniences of building and transporting freight before the railroad arrived, and the extreme newness of the country, was over \$60,000 in extent; and this last year over \$110,000 worth of goods have been handled by the firm. Mr. W. R. Whidden, the surviving partner, is now about 38 years of age, and has a lovely wife and one child, born this spring. They suffered a terrible bereavement in the loss of a little boy and a baby, by diphtheria while visiting in New York, the old home of Mrs. Whidden, last winter. Both the gentleman and his estimable lady are active members and the main supporters of the Baptist church in the terminal town. They are as conspicuous for their charities as they are in their outward observance of religious form, and are among the most cultivated and agreeable of our people. Of those connected with the firm are Mr. C. T. Whidden, a brilliant young Scotian, Fred Thompson, an accomplished dry goods salesman, A. B. Cox, a model bookkeeper and rustling business man on his own hook, Geo. B. Clark, our newly elected judge of probate, and Hans Jensen, the only and original kid, who equals anybody as a salesman, and surpasses a Philadelphia lawyer as a collector. The store building of the firm is a picturesque old pile, built like a feudal castle for corners and semi-detached additions and general lack of oneness, and is hardly sufficient for their business. It is supposed that the firm will, in the spring, build a block suitable to their enormous stock and rushing business. Everything in general demand is dealt in, and what the firm have not on hand they send for at the drop of the hat. When a neighbor cuts on sugar or some staple, the whole line is attacked fiercely, and a general slaughter attracts the farmer like crows to the cornfield. Of all the merchants in the Northwest Whidden Brothers are the most liberal with farmers and most merciful when he becomes necessarily and honestly delinquent. The firm have laid in a magnificent stock of winter and holiday goods, and Mr. W. R. Whidden predicts an early return to flush times.

#### DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

The drug business is represented in town by Dr. Geo. F. Newell. Dr. Newell is a Vermonter by birth, educated at the University of Vermont, and the Casselton medical college. He practiced medicine for nearly forty years continuously in Racine county, Wisconsin, with the exception of two years, when he served as surgeon of the Fifteenth Wisconsin regiment of volunteers. He was with Grant at Cairo and Island No. 10, and was at Chickamauga where his gallant regiment were nearly annihilated. They went into the battle a thousand strong, and came out a blood-begrimed company of three hundred. He was mustered out in June, 1864. For three weeks he operated constantly, at the Mound City hospital, after the battle of Shilo. As a surgeon the doctor ranked with the ablest in Wisconsin, and acquired a competency. Worn out with his long labors, and having met with some serious losses, the doctor, in May, 1882, came to Cooperstown, where he and his estimable wife had relatives, and settled down to retailing weapons he had formerly used in combating disease. His store is large and convenient, and his stock always complete, and the doctor always at hand. He has given up practice, except in extreme cases. He still attends to surgical cases. The active medical practice is now attended to by

#### DR. T. F. KERR,

an accomplished physician, who devotes his time exclusively to the practice of medicine, in which he is very successful. He is also superintendent of schools for the county. He and Mrs. Kerr, a very refined and literary lady, occupy a pleasant residence on Roberts street, which he built last year.

#### STEVENS & PICKETT.

A striking peculiarity of business in Dakota is the youth of its business men. In the east, gray heads predominate; in the west they are in a minority. In the east, youth in a merchant or banker is indicative of ten cents on the dollar; in Dakota it is generally indicative of that enterprise that is essential to conquering success in the rushing unprecedentedly hurrying business life of the wheat belt.

We have never known a young man to fail in business in Dakota, and the few

failures have in nearly all cases been by men who were, when they came here, by long eastern training, unfitted to grasp the Dakota style of business. Activity, decision, boldness, liberality, are necessary to success. These qualities in a marked degree are manifested in Julius Stevens and H. G. Pickett, the Cooperstown bankers. They have by a residence of years in Dakota, become thoroughly acquainted with the methods of the country.

Mr. Stevens came from Rushford, Minn., to Valley City in the spring of 1879, with a small capital, and embarked in the hardware business with C. A. Benson, treasurer elect of Barnes county and Geo. A. Thompson. The firm made money, but at the end of two years, Mr. Stevens, having amassed a snug sum, concluded to embark in a business more congenial to his tastes. He therefore sold out his interests in the hardware business, and embarked in a land and brokerage business with M. D. Hills, the successful young business man of Valley City, under the name of the "People's Loan and Trust Company." The firm was successful and made money; but ever ready to grasp a chance of advancement, at the founding of Cooperstown, Mr. Stevens freed himself from his Valley City business connections, and was one of the first on the ground to avail himself of the magnificent opportunities offered by the capital of Griggs.

The county was settling up rapidly and a great amount of business in the hardware line was promised. In connection with a former Minnesota townsman, Anton Enger, Mr. Stevens returned to the hardware business, and was in at the early hardware harvest. The firm made money, and in connection with the hardware business, Mr. Stevens conducted his old land and brokerage business, until he joined his capital with Mr. H. G. Pickett and purchased the Bank of Cooperstown some time since.

Mr. Stevens was married to Miss Julia Iverson, of Lanesboro, Minn., in 1882, and they have one daughter.

In addition to his other businesses, Mr. Stevens has the legislature on his hands this winter—he having been elected at the late election in the Ninth district by an overwhelming majority. He understands the wants of the farming community and settlers in general, and will be an active mover in all measures looking to a reform in wheat transportation, and taxation of railroad lands during the coming session. He is the owner of large tracts of wild and improved land, both prairie and timbered, and owns considerable real property in the terminal town, and has the fullest faith in the county of his adoption, and particularly in Dakota. He was born in Norway, and is thirty years of age.

Mr. Pickett is a Ft. Atkinson, Wisconsin, boy, and after receiving a solid business education in his native town, embarked in railroading—receiving charge of the Sanborn station in Barnes county in 1882. The strict requirements of the company, and the necessarily close attention to details fitted his turn of mind, and he gave perhaps the best satisfaction to the company and the people of any agent that has ever been stationed there. The bank of Sanborn needed a careful teller, and noting his accurate business methods, and whole souled devotion to the business he was engaged in, made him a flattering proposition, which he accepted. At the opening of the Bank of Cooperstown he was offered the cashiership, which he accepted. Ever since the bank opened he has managed it, and has always been on deck to accommodate his customers, and has given the best satisfaction to his employers.

By thrift in mercantile and livery business, in Cooperstown, he has accumulated some capital and has ample backing. He understands every detail of his business and has the fullest confidence of the people. He was married to his late wife in 1883, and has one child by her. Her early and tragic death, as reported in the columns of the COURIER some two weeks since, is the first serious trouble that he has ever experienced.

In addition to his banking business, Mr. Pickett has for over a year been a partner in the firm of Davis & Pickett, the livery and feed firm. This, in addition to his regular business, has been a severe tax on his energies, but he has succeeded in attending to labor that fell to his share, and has showed a marvelous capacity.

The firm own their own banking house which is in the best portion of town, and which is neat and commodious, without being showy or extravagant. They are supplied with abundant capital. Their correspondents are Barnes County Bank, Sanborn; National German American Bank, St. Paul; American Exchange National Bank, New York City.

The bank enjoys a No. 1 reputation among the bankers of the surrounding country; its deposits are large; it receives and pays out every cent used in the wheat trade in the Terminal Town, and

has the fullest confidence of the merchants and business men generally.

#### IVER JACOBSON

is the only attorney in Cooperstown devoting his attention to the business of his profession and the incidental land business connected with it. Mr. Jacobson was formerly sheriff at La Crosse, Wisconsin. He afterward prepared for the bar, and becoming well grounded in the law, was admitted to practice in Wisconsin. After practicing law in Wisconsin with success, he came to Dakota and became the junior partner in the law firm of Mills & Jacobson, at Valley City, a firm that for years occupied the highest position at the bar. Shortly after the founding of Cooperstown, divining its bright future, Mr. Jacobson severed his connection with the old firm, and removed to this point, where he hung out his shingle and dived into business. He was shortly afterward appointed county attorney, and after serving as such to the satisfaction of the bar and people, he has lately been elected to the honorable and responsible office of district attorney for the county. In connection with Ole Serungard, Mr. Jacobson has done, during his sojourn here, one of the finest and most lucrative land businesses in the Northwest. Wherever there is a wrong to right, and a nice point of law in land or general business to raise for the protection of a client, Mr. Jacobson is on deck. He is now alone in business and occupies an office on Burrell avenue. Mr. Jacobson is the possessor of several fine farms in the fertile county of Griggs, and demonstrates his faith in the country by holding them with a grip that never tires.

Mr. Jacobson's accomplished wife is a daughter of Judge Seth Mills, of Valley City, his late partner. By her he has one son.

#### WILLIAM GLASS

is one of the original settlers of Cooperstown, who came to this county direct from St. Clair, Mich., in 1881. After casting a deliberate glance around him he made up his mind that Griggs county was good enough for him, and preempted a claim, which is about two miles from town. He afterward entered a tree claim and a homestead immediately adjoining the town plat, which are now very valuable. Mr. Glass has farmed it continuously since coming to Dakota, and with good success. His property would find ready sale at \$20 per acre, and so far from costing him anything it has been a source of revenue to him from the beginning. In addition to his farming operations, Mr. Glass has been in the real estate business in Cooperstown for over a year. His business has been extensive in locating and perfecting the titles of settlers to their government claims, and in buying and selling railroad lands, and making loans on real property. His office is a model for a real estate office, situated on one of the principal business corners of the Terminal Town, adjacent to the postoffice, which is also on his property. He, although not much of a politician, enjoys the office of magistrate, and meets out substantial justice to all parties with a liberal hand. He is also a notary public. Like all Michiganders he looks back to Michigan with respect, as the land of his birth, but you couldn't get him to risk any good years in the vicinity of her swamps after enjoying the ozone breezes of Northern Dakota.

(Continued on This Page.)

#### Wheat Transportation.

The COURIER has been requested to define its position on the movement originating (this season) in Valley City in regard to the handling and shipment of grain.

We have got no "bumcombe" with which to catch the gudgeons at this or any other time, and will briefly review the situation from what we believe to be a disinterested standpoint.

This last agitation might have occurred at any time during the last five years. The statute passed in 1879 by the territorial legislature renders the position of the producer more secure, against the usurpation of power by the carrier than at any time prior in the history of the territory. The statute, section 28, chapter xvi, session laws of 1879, reads as follows:

All railroad corporations organized under the provisions of this act, and all persons or corporations operating a railroad in this territory, who shall receive or transport grain in bulk or otherwise, shall deliver the same to any consignee thereof, or any elevator or public warehouse to which it may be consigned, at any regular station on said road, and shall receive grain for shipment from any elevator or public warehouse situated upon or adjacent to any station or depot ground of such railroad: Provided, Such consignee, or the elevator or public warehouse can be conveniently reached by any track owned, leased or used by such corporation; and such corporations or persons shall permit connections to be made with their track so that such consignee, elevator or warehouse can be conveniently reached by the cars of such corporation or person: Provided, however, That such corporation or person shall not be required to pay the cost of making and maintaining such connection, or of the siding or switch track necessary to make the same.

The law relating to common carriers obtains, and always has, in Dakota as elsewhere where the common law is known, irrespective of this special enactment, although the general statute was doctored by the corporations in 1879,

and should be restored by this legislature.

The secret of this agitation at the present time, if secret it is, is not in new extortions by the railroad companies; but rather in the low price of wheat itself, the world over, weighed against gold.

The railroad companies are not to blame for the low price of wheat; they cannot very well make a pint measure hold a quart.

The amendments to this statute, proposed at the Valley City meeting, demonstrate that the only quarrel the movers have with the statute is because "in bulk" is not inserted in the instrument after "grain;" "sidetrack" is not mentioned, and the warehouse spoken of is "public." The carrier probably has some rights, such as declaring where its stations shall be, which the farmer can not seriously question. That every man's farm, or every portion of the right of way, should be, at the option of A., B. or C., a shipping point, would result in inexplorable confusion and inconvenience. Carrying out this idea to a logical sequence, it would be impossible to maintain and operate railroads safely, economically, and to afford that rapid transportation which the public demand. The carrier's own interests, is the best guide to the arrangement of its shipping points, and only in extreme cases should the carrier be interfered with in naming them.

The proposed amendment, "in bulk," is not necessary, if the repealed portion of the general statute in regard to common carriers is re-enacted as before 1879; without such re-enactment we believe the law is strong enough to obviate the necessity of such an amendment.

The real grievance, if grievance there be in the deficiencies of the special statute, lies in the term "public," as descriptive of warehouses, which our Valley City friends think should be omitted. That is, the law leaves wheat handling and shipping open to competition among public warehousemen, and our Valley City friends would extend the competitive privilege to everybody who would build a warehouse. This could not result disastrously to the farmer, even if it did not amount to much—some farmers would avail themselves of their privileges—the large majority would not. There would be a pressure on the elevators to grade fairly and pay fair prices for wheat. But the competition is open to public warehousemen, at this moment, if they will avail themselves of the law. Barnes & Magill have not the exclusive right to erect and operate elevators in this country. The Lenhams, when they concluded to go into the wheat business, demanded their rights, as opposed to Barnes & Magill, and the Northern Pacific could not refuse them. Again Cooper Bros. demanded their rights, as opposed to the Lenhams, at Cooperstown, and obtained them. The elevators of the Lenhams and Coopers cost cost—say \$7,500. There is no restriction on A., B. and C. erecting elevators or warehouses in Cooperstown or any other point to cost \$1,000. The refusal of Northern Pacific officials to permit elevators to be erected costing the same amount as those already in operation, is simply a piece of bulldozing which the company can be cured of in the courts.

In regard to "public" there is a serious question whether it is politic for the welfare of any country to compel the carrier to handle grain outside of elevators and warehouses, and public elevators or warehouses at that. The grain business is vast in Dakota, the company is not prosperous (if it is, its preferred stock can be bought for fifty cents on the dollar), and it should certainly be allowed some latitude as to how it shall handle the product of the country as regards economy and convenience, as well as rapidity. If the law allows no monopoly in public warehouses and elevators, (and it is not disputed that the present law does not), it would seem that the present agitation should be directed towards the courts, rather than the legislature, although the law relating to carriers will stand some medicine.

The COURIER enjoys a pass over the Northern Pacific, for which it pays perhaps full value in advertising; the editor has raised wheat for five years, and had two hundred acres of grain this season which did not pay expenses; but he will try to keep his coat on, and give the devil his due. If the law is enforced, the purchase and sale of wheat is free to everyone who will erect warehouses.

No license is required for hawking dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes upon our streets, yet nobody finds it profitable thus to buck into general merchandise against established houses; and it is doubtful if under any circumstances the small farmer could railroad his wheat profitably, or the curbstone buyer compete against the elevators.

The question of grades can no more be regulated by statute than the price of cord wood, or the smell of stale eggs. The remedy is by building warehouses, jointly or severally, at the established stations of the railroad company, and the conditions are not burdensome. If this is not permitted, enforce the law, rather than have additional statutes passed which shall likewise be dead letters, although the law relating to carriers will bear revision.

## COUNTY AND TOWN.

(Continued from Second Page.)

**JOHN SYVERSON & CO.**  
is a firm composed of John Syverson, the well known resident of Cooperstown, and John T. Odegard, the Fargo capitalist. Mr. Syverson came to this country in 1869, direct to Mankato. In 1871 he went into business at St. James, Minn., with the firm of J. H. Herrick, general merchant. He continued with this firm for several years, until in recognition of his value as a salesman, he received an advantageous offer from Tobey & Edwards, extensive dealers in general merchandise at Nevada, Iowa, where he remained four years, gaining an experience in western business which has been of the greatest advantage to him here. The county was new and very much like this, except that it was given up to hogs and hominy, occasional cyclones, grass hoppers and frequent drouths. In 1880 he received an offer from John E. Olney & Co., merchants of Norfolk, Nebraska, to take entire charge of the dry goods department of their mammoth general store. This offer he accepted and removed to Norfolk, and gave the best satisfaction to his employers and the public, until his health failed him and he resigned his position to come to Dakota. He came direct to Cooperstown, and accepted a position as salesman in the old firm of Odegard & Thompson. Since coming here he has never experienced a sick day and believes this to be the most healthful climate in the world.

Upon the dissolution of the old firm he went into partnership with his brother-in-law, J. T. Odegard, in general merchandise and is now doing as fine a business as any house in the county.

John T. Odegard, the "Co." of the firm, is the well known machine man and capitalist, of Fargo, a partner of Fuller & Johnson, of Madison, Wisconsin, in their Dakota business. He likewise is a native of Norway and came to Mankato with some capital, and went to farming. He afterwards went into the machine business at the same point where he remained four years. He afterwards connected himself with Fuller & Johnson, as traveling agent, and subsequently removed to Fargo where he has been six years, selling in the mean time nearly \$2,000,000 worth of machinery. He is possessed of enough capital to guarantee the credit of John Syverson & Co. for any amount of money. He is still in Fargo collecting the debts due his firm, many sales having been made on three years' time, which has about elapsed. He is also interested in the fine marble quarries at Mankato.

John Syverson, Knud Thompson and N. C. Rukke are all brothers-in-law, having married the cultivated and accomplished sisters of Mr. Odegard; so the presumption is that they are all here to occupy and possess the county, and have come to stay.

The firm carry from \$12,000 to \$15,000 worth of stock and have done a business during the current year of from \$40,000 to \$70,000, mostly cash sales. They are at present doing business in the Thompson block, but will probably build a substantial store of their own in the spring. Their working force consists of three clerks besides Mr. Syverson, who are always busy and understand their business. The head clerk, W. C. Jamison, is a host in himself.

### GREENLEESE & CO.

One of the brightest and most active firms in Griggs county is Greenleese & Co., dealers in flour and feed, composed of Geo. W. Greenleese and A. B. Cox, both young and active men, who have struck a line of business that is coming them money. Mr. Greenleese comes from Ottawa, C. E., originally;—was in Montreal with H. Morgan & Co., wholesale and retail dealers in dry goods, and afterward had the management of Gardner & Co.'s store at Rat Portage, in Manitoba. The firm did an immense business, and here Mr. Greenleese obtained a valuable experience. He afterward traveled for Shorey & Co., a Winnipeg firm. When the Winnipeg boom bursted, and the Manitobians cast longing eyes toward the fertile, temperate, and hospitable country of North Dakota, Mr. Greenleese came to Cooperstown, saw the magnificent advantages for trade in the county seat of Griggs, found a live partner in Mr. Cox, and embarked in the flour and feed business.

A. B. Cox, or "Beecher," as he is generally known about here, received a careful mercantile training with L. J. Walker, hardware merchant at Truro, N. S., his old home; Geo. Fulton, one of the bonanza firms of Nova Scotia, and afterwards with C. B. Whidden & Co., of Antigonish, for which firm he kept books. When the Whiddens started business in Cooperstown, one of the first moves they made was to secure the services of Mr. Cox as book keeper, a position he still holds in connection with his own business. He is a liberal, wholesouled sort of a westerner, and a first-class business man.

As a specimen of the business done by the firm, since May, they have sold fifteen car loads of flour and retailed 5,000 bushels of oats.

### THE UNION HOUSE.

by Henry Retzlaff, is the only hotel, besides the Palace, in town, and is a snug hostelry, capable of accommodating about forty, where the traveler can always be guaranteed a clean bed, a good square meal, and a polite reception and careful attention. Its billiard and bar room is a quiet and orderly place, and is much frequented by the best people of the town. Mr. Retzlaff is a Prussian by birth, and emigrated to this country about fourteen years ago. He, with his pleasant wife, settled on a farm in Mitchell county, Ia., and remained in that county eleven years, until becoming enthusiastic over the magnificent opportunities for advancement in the golden Northwest, he removed to Dakota and settled down to the hotel business in Everest, near Casselton. The dead monotony of the low-lying and wet prairie wearied him, and upon making a short trip to Cooperstown he was impressed with the wonderful fertility of Griggs county, and the beauty of the county, sold out in Everest and built the Union house on one of the most available lots in the town. Mr. Retzlaff is a sterling business man, the possessor of considerable means, and one of the partners in the firm of Retzlaff Bros., our enterprising butchers and packers.

### BOWDEN & BUCK.

The coal, iron and oil state, that gave a republican majority for James G. Blaine of 75,000, is represented in Cooperstown by Bowden & Buck, general merchants. Like nearly all of our leading firms the partners are young, active, and energetic men, who do not propose to wear out the bottoms of their chairs by waiting for few customers at big profits. They are eternal rustlers who believe that vigilance is the price of success.

Mr. A. L. Bowden was, until his advent in Cooperstown, connected with the large dry goods establishment of J. N. Ewer's Sons, at Youngstown, Ohio.

Mr. Chas. C. Buck was for several years with the great general mercantile firm of G. M. McKelvey at the same point. The latter is the most extensive retail establishment in eastern Ohio, and the different departments comprise seven different stores. The experience gained in these old, methodical houses is of great value to the partners in their trade at this point. They know at a glance the wants of each customer, and generally manage to find the goods desired, in their large and constantly replenished stock. They own and have paid for their new and elegant business house on Burrell avenue, which is the best appointed and most convenient in town—affording them plenty of room not only for display, but storage.

They profess themselves pleasantly disappointed in the volume of business transacted since they commenced business about three months ago.

They carry in stock from \$12,000 to \$15,000 worth of goods, and propose in the spring to add to their large store in order to keep pace with their growing trade. They employ three clerks. Andrew Johnson, the efficient county sheriff, and accomplished salesman, is behind the counter, ready to wait on his host of old friends at all times. In connection with the store Mr. Bowden has leased and manages the Palace hotel, one of the finest hotel properties in North Dakota, newly furnished, and supplied with everything that luxury can suggest and the country afford. Mrs. H. S. Lenham, the agreeable and tireless landlady, a sister of Mr. Bowden, keeps an eye upon the internal workings of the hotel. The accommodations are for 250 persons. The house is supplied with billiard and pool tables, and is a favorite resort for the traveling public.

### A. N. ADAMS.

The "hub of the universe" is represented in Cooperstown by Mr. A. N. Adams, the hardware merchant. Mr. Adams is a New Englander by birth, and after acquiring the trade of tinsmith and plumber, worked at it for several years in New England, and, thoroughly mastering all its branches, opened a hardware store and tin shop in Roxbury, a suburb of Boston. There for ten years Mr. Adams did business, and although he acquired an enviable reputation among business men for his promptness and fidelity, in the pressure of hard times he resolved to remove with his family to the west.

On his way to Kansas he got entangled in the current of emigration to the wonderful wheat belt of Dakota, and came to Fargo on a prospecting tour. So greatly was he delighted with the fertility of the country, its salubrious climate, and the unbounded chances for success afforded to a young and enterprising business man, that he resolved to make Dakota his home. After securing a job at his old trade in the metropolis of the Red River Valley at wages, treble what he or any other first-class workman could have obtained in New England,

he sent for his wife and family. He remained in the employ of Rolph Bros. in Fargo for very near a year, but at the founding of our town he was on deck with a determination to see if his old time energy, experience, and business ability would not conquer greater success in Dakota for him than it had in Boston. He built the neat little store now occupied by Greenleese & Co., and accepted an offer of Stevens & Eager to manage the tinware and stove department of their mammoth hardware store. He worked for this firm, giving them and his customers the best satisfaction for over a year, when he branched out into his present business, and now has one of the finest hardware stores and most convenient tinshops in the country. He is bound to succeed if energy, careful attention to business, industry and perseverance count. He is the owner of real estate in Boston, and above all of 320 acres of Griggs county dirt. He has come to stay, and expresses himself that New England, with its alternately icy and sloppy winters, its extremes of heat and cold, its slow humdrum methods of business, has no attractions for him.

His wife is an accomplished Boston lady, and he is surrounded by a pleasant little family. Mr. and Mrs. Adams are very active and consistent members of the Congregational church, and are great additions to the society of the Terminal Town.

### HARNESS SHOP.

Nebraska sends, to swell the population of the garden of the Northwest, John McDermott, the proprietor of the Pioneer harness shop. Mr. McDermott is by birth an Ohioan; and how, with his popularity, he has escaped holding a federal office is a problem which might puzzle a politician. His first venture in the harness and leather business was in Pawnee City, Nebraska. His business was successful, and Mr. McDermott acquired a fair capital, and removed to Dakota in 1881, with the idea of increasing, rather than improving his health. He worked for some time with Henry Wold, of Valley City, and, as a compositor remarks, "you can't say too much about how he understands his business." He was afterwards one of the proprietors of the N. P. hotel; and the Sherman house, in Valley City. He made a good record as a landlord. In the spring of 1884 he sold out his hotel business, and removed to Cooperstown and started the first harness shop. He has done a first-class business, turned out the best work, and is in a fair way to prosper.

### STEVENS & ENGER.

The pioneer hardware firm of Cooperstown, is composed of Julius Stevens and Anton Enger.

Mr. Enger was for several years engaged in business, as head clerk, with W. H. Roberts, general merchant, at Lanesboro, the most extensive establishment in that part of Minnesota. Mr. Enger gave general satisfaction to his employer and the public and was as a citizen highly esteemed. He was leader of the Lanesboro brass band, one of the best in the state. He was afterward in business in Grand Forks, until, in connection with Julius Stevens, a former townsman, and now brother-in-law (Mr. Enger having married Miss Iverson, a sister of Mrs. Stevens, last spring), started a hardware store at Mardell. Lightning did not strike Mardell, and the firm soon saw in Cooperstown a promising trading point, and removed their stock and erected their present commodious building.

The stock of the firm is always complete, and they do perhaps as large a hardware business as is done in any place of like size in Dakota.

Mr. P. A. Melgard, formerly with W. H. Roberts, is the bookkeeper of the firm, and contributes by his influence and industry, not a little to its prosperity.

They employ a cunning artificer in tin, named John Regnery, who is getting to be an old resident among us.

In addition to his extensive hardware business, Mr. Enger is county treasurer to which office he was re-elected in November, after having served as such for two years with credit to himself and profit to the public.

### BERG & LARSON.

Is the name of a firm which is known in this section, wherever the seeder is heard in the spring or the harvester in autumn. The senior member of the firm, Rolff Berg, is a native of Fillmore county, Minnesota. His father, Siggor Berg, is one of the pioneers of that magnificent county, and has accomplished what every healthy, industrious and economical man can in Dakota—accumulate a competency. Mr. Berg came to Griggs county and settled on the prairie near Ottawa in 1883, and soon after, in connection with Mr. Larson, went into the machinery business in Cooperstown, still conducting his farm. He has a wife and one child. He is an active and enterprising citizen.

Mr. Albert Larson, the junior member of the firm, was born in Illinois, but removed with his father's family to Iowa in 1863. He came to Griggs

county in 1882, and has a fine farm north of town.

The firm is a very conservative one, perfectly reliable, and are bound to make money. Their sales aggregated over \$25,000 this year.

### FARM MACHINERY.

During the season of 1884 the machine firm of Hoiland & Rukke, (P. L. Hoiland, of Aneta, and Commissioner N. C. Rukke, both excellent business men and first-class salesmen), did more business than anyone firm west of Fargo. Other business demanding their attention, and Mr. Knud Thompson being desirous of purchasing, they during the present month closed out to him, and he is now in possession getting ready for the spring trade.

Mr. Thompson was born in Dane county, Wis., of Norwegian parents; and was educated at Albion college in the same state. His first business experience was with Parker Bros., at St. James, Minn. Recognizing his particular fitness for mercantile business, they afterward started a general store at Huron Lake, and gave him the entire management of it. It proved a success and Mr. Thompson made money for his employers and himself. Resigning his position finally, he went to importing and selling horses, and finally removed to Brookings, D. T. He was one of the first men on the ground, and helped to build up that lively town. For two years he was engaged in the machinery business, and, as he facetiously expressed it, when asked if he made money,—made some notes which he has since collected. Always in the van of progress, he was the first man in Cooperstown, and by his tireless energy has done much to make the place what it is.

He built the first store and the first dwelling house, and the first child born in the place was his bright little daughter. Mrs. Thompson was the first woman who settled in the village. He was married at St. James, Minn., in 1876.

In Cooperstown he embarked in general merchandise with J. T. Odegard, and the firm did a business of \$100,000 the first year, until they closed out to John Syverson & Co.

Mr. Thompson's faith in Griggs county is unbounded. "This is the best county I have seen, and I have driven through North and South Dakota this season," is his reply to the inquiry as to what he thinks of this section anyhow.

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their building, and are doing a fine business and keep an orderly and neat place, which is a great resort for the weary and disconsolate.

**JOHN N. JORGENSEN.**  
the clerk of district court, was formerly with John J. Skuse, of Fargo. He came to Cooperstown at an early day with his family, built him a handsome residence on Gethsemane hill, and a commodious office on Burrell avenue, and has been doing a general land office business.

**BYRON ANDRUS.**  
Judge of Probate, is also engaged in the law and loan business in Cooperstown. He is an early settler, and has done a vast amount of business in locating and perfecting titles for settlers, and buying and selling railroad lands. He owns his own office and valuable town property.

**RETZLAFF BROS.**  
who own and run the meat market on Burrell avenue, are careful and painstaking in their business, and are moderately successful.

**MERRILL BROS. & LUCE**  
Are first-class machine men, and agents for the Deering Twine Binder. It is expected that Mr. Joseph Buchheit will represent this firm this season in Cooperstown.

**WOOD & CO.**  
Are the proprietors of a new feed and sale stable, and are young and energetic men who are bound to succeed in whatever they undertake.

**MR. GEO. W. BARNARD**  
Is one of our most prominent farmers and citizens, and has been postmaster since the office was established, and with his courteous and efficient deputies, Mr. Herbert P. Smart and Miss Minnie Barnard, gives the best satisfaction and conducts a model office.

**E. C. WARD.**  
Mr. Ward is a metropolitan bootmaker, and an industrious and genial citizen. There is no better bootmaker in the Northwest.

**J. C. YANCEY**  
Is the happy proprietor of the tonsorial parlors on Burrell avenue, where he is to be found from sun-up to midnight, ready to shave, shake or cut hair in the most artistic style.

**C. G. LANDE**  
is the watchmaker of the place, and has the reputation of being a fine workman, and a good citizen.

**NELSON KILL**  
Is a blacksmith,—a good workman who is also engaged in farming.

The foregoing sketches are intended to include only the business houses of the place. Many unintentional omissions are made.

The Bismarck Journal will make a special feature of the legislative reports during the session of the legislature, and will give a clear idea of the legislation pending or accomplished, noting carefully the prospects and progress of all important measures. The editor of the Journal has had large experience as a legislative reporter, and believes he knows what is wanted by those interested in legislative proceedings. The Weekly Journal will be sent to any address from date of subscription till the close of the legislature for 50 cents. The Daily Journal during the session will cost \$2. The weekly contains forty-eight columns of matter, and is filled with news and choice miscellany that will prove a welcome visitor to every household.

### A BARGAIN.

I will sell, if taken within 30 days, a farm of 560 acres, located within two and one-half miles of Sanborn, of which 100 acres are under cultivation, for \$10 per acre half or third cash, and will guarantee to break 100 acres of said land in the spring of 1885 for \$3.00 per acre and stubble plough the old breaking free of charge. About 40 acres of said land is good hay meadow. For particulars address,

**F. H. ADAMS,**  
Cooperstown.

## PATENTS!

Obtained, and all PATENT BUSINESS at home or abroad attended to for moderate fees.

Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent office, and we can obtain patents in less time than those made from WASHINGTON. Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We advise as to patentability free of charge, and we CHARGE NO FEE UNLESS PATENT IS ALLOWED. We refer here, to the Postmaster, the Superintendent of the Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circulars, advice, terms, and references to actual clients in your own State or County, write to

**C. A. SNOW & CO.,**  
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

**THEO. F. KERR, M. D.**

**Physician and Surgeon!**  
Cooperstown, Dakota.

### Facts From Our Files.

We took dinner at the Robinson house in Mardell Sunday. Mine host Robinson entertains a large number of Cooperstown people each week. The captain's garden is a refreshing sight in a land where every square yard of ground will raise vegetables enough for a family, and yet, where canned goods appear on the table with unfailing regularity. The Mardell garden contains: One thousand heads cabbage and cauliflower; 1,000 dozen sweet corn; 10,000 pounds different varieties of beets; 4,000 pounds carrots; 50 bushels vegetable oysters; 150 bushels onions; 5 bushels navy beans; 20 barrels of onion sets; 200 hills of tomatoes—very thrifty plants and fruit well advanced. Peas, butter beans, sugar pumpkin, all varieties of squash, cucumbers, lettuce, radish spinach, pie plant and peppers in proportion. Two barrels new prize potatoes, the seed of which cost 60 cents per pound, will yield largely, and tubers of singular beauty and excellence. Area of vegetable garden two and a quarter acres, including larger plant of potatoes of three and three-quarter acres.—Courier, Aug. 22.

Receipts on incoming freight at Cooperstown for August, \$7,257. Receipts for passenger travel, \$1,288.80.

The machine men at Cooperstown have sold 130 binders this season. Last season 30 were sold. You relics of the past, in the effete east, what do you think of such an evidence of production as this?

Threshing is progressing on the Cooper farm, 20,000 bushels being the result so far, with 100,000 more to thresh. Enough wheat is raised on the Cooper farm this year to furnish a barrel of flour to each one of an army of thirty thousand men.

The extremely low price of oats in Dakota at the present time demonstrates the little local demand for feed, consequent upon there being no stock in the country. Thousands of acres of magnificent hay meadows stand uncultivated—hay that is equal in fattening qualities to red top or timothy, with a corn accompaniment. Barley is also a drug in the market. The farmer who fails this year to get a start in the raising of cattle and hogs is throwing away the lessons he ought to profit by.—Courier, Sept. 12.

I will sell the north half of section No. 9, Tp. 139, R. 57, (320 acres), five miles from Valley City, at \$6.50 per acre. The east half of section No. 5, same town and range, for \$5.50. No commissions to pay. Terms easy.

F. H. ADAMS.

Threshing on the Schoonmaker farm is done, on which 700 acres were cultivated. Average yield of wheat, 27 bushels per acre; oats, 60 bushels.

In a letter to an eastern paper Mr. O. S. C. Wallace says: "Dakota's climate is fine—the water good; the soil is extraordinarily rich—the prairie insufferably tame; the wheat fields magnificent—the mosquitoes bores, every one of them, and the future of this country promises well."

Edward Koloen's 70 acres of wheat averaged 30 bushels per acre.

Geo. W. Barnard's 250 acres of wheat averaged 23 bushels to the acre. Twenty acres averaged 34 1-5th bushels.

A yield of 44 bushels per acre is reported from one farm in the county. If the owner will call and authenticate the item, we will take pleasure in locating it.

The Steele Herald says: Dr. John Harcourt shipped five car loads of No. 1 hard wheat to Duluth. This wheat was raised on section 11, 139-73, and is the product of 75 acres. This gives a yield of a little over 38 bushels to the acre.

In spite of the flattering crops, it is apparent to all westerners, who have watched the growth of territories heretofore, that our hilarious boom days are over, and we are, as a people, husbanding our resources and working upon a conservative plan. As has been observed, the floating indebtedness of the Eternal City was not bonded in twenty-four hours, and the march of Dakota to political and financial greatness will be for some time slow but certain, along with the resistless progress of the nation. When the world first turned its face to Dakota we gambled like young rams in the spring sunshine; the world has since observed that our buttes are not of virgin gold to be carved and carried away like new cheese; that our rivers do not run milk and honey; that it rains and hails, and parches, and freezes, and blows on Odin's billiard table, as well as in the rough land of the Knickerbockers and Pilgrim Fathers; while it smiles upon us to a reasonable extent, it does not beam with delight and shovel gold into our coffers with a scoop shovel. We don't gambol any more; we are letting the wool grow.—Courier, Oct. 3.

The exhibit of Dakota grain and vegetables sent to the exposition at Amsterdam, Holland, carried off the gold medal.

A. Deyo, of 28-108-57, this season sowed a half pound of rutabaga seed and harvested 250 bushels of rutabagas.—Howard Farmer.

# KNUD THOMPSON

successor to

## HOILAND & RUKKE

DEALER IN

# FARM MACHINERY

A T

## MACHINERY DEPOT,

Cooperstown, D. T.

The farmer can rely upon finding at my headquarters every description of machinery, and wheeled vehicles that he can use in his business, at the very lowest living prices.

## HORSES and CATTLE

Taken in Exchange for

# Harvesters, Ploughs, Etc.

Call and see me before you make any bargains, or commit yourself to any other dealer. This is my old business. Respectfully.

## KNUD THOMPSON.

W. T. McCullough, of Jessie, has a turnip 36 inches in circumference three weeks ago; it has nearly doubled in size since then. One cucumber from his garden measures 12 inches in circumference, and black seed onions are from 10 to 13 inches around.

In answer to our call for reports of wheat yields from Griggs county farmers, we have received the following:

Esten Johnson had a yield of 34 bushels per acre on 100 acres. The general yield in the county is about 25 bushels per acre.

On section 5, 146-59, R. C. Cooper threshed from 120 acres, 4,200 bushels of No. 1 hard.

Peter Cameron reports a wheat yield per acre as follows:

Ten acre field.....	34
Seventeen acre field.....	32
Thirty-nine acre field.....	26
Eleven acre field.....	22

Ninety acres of S. Goldthrite's wheat averaged 36 bushels per acre; a 25 acre field averaged 44 bushels to the acre. The same land has, in previous years raised 110 bushels of oats to the acre.

I will sell 320 acres of No. 1 wheat land, seven miles from Valley City, for \$7 per acre on easy terms, and will break every acre of the same ready for the wheat crop of '86 for \$2.75 per acre. The settlers about it are all Michiganders, and the land about it is all under cultivation. No commissions to pay.

F. H. ADAMS, Cooperstown.

CROP FAILED.—Scribe, to the man from Willow.—How much, sir, did your crop average?

Farmer from Willow—One hundred and thirteen bushels an acre, or I'm a liar.

Scribe—Machine measure? Farmer from Willow—Damfino. We measured it straw and all.

Scribe—Humph! Probably about 300 bushels of oats per acre, eh? Fair average?

Farmer from Willow—Damfino. We measured it by the oat—one oat to the bushel.

Scribe—Let me make an 'oat of that. Farmer from Willow—Humph! Heard enough about notes for one year. Good evening. Going to dig our potato tomorrow, and must get around.

Threshing on the Nelson Bros. farm is completed. Wheat, 12,000 bushels; oats, 8,000 bushels.

S. D. Ensign, one of our well-to-do farmers near Dazey, has had the largest yield per acre in that vicinity so far. Wheat, 34 bushels; oats, 50.—Courier, Oct. 10.

Nearly an entire section of wheat land at Sanborn, the junction of the Northern Pacific railroad and Cooperstown branch, together with valuable town property in Sanborn and Valley City, at prices which the said property will never again be offered. Reasons for selling: debts that must be paid. No commission to pay. F. H. ADAMS, Cooperstown, D. T.

One hundred and forty-three cars of wheat sailed out of Cooperstown for the effete east, so far, this month (20 days). About twice as much remains to be shipped during the present month. And yet this is an alkali desert, surrounded by blue sky and icebergs.—Courier November 21.

Seven hundred and ninety-three car loads of wheat have been shipped from Cooperstown this fall from the Cooper and Lenham elevators.—Courier, December 12.

The area of public land disposed of in Dakota last year was larger than either Belgium, Denmark, Greece or Switzerland.—Ex.

Whidden Bros. have in stock and ready for sale, everything they advertise. They do not attempt to defraud the people of Griggs county by offering goods they never had or never expect to have, and when they offer you pork at \$15.50 per barrel they intend to sell it to you for that price, and won't take you into a corner, show you one-half a barrel (the full stock of some houses) and tell you they will have more in a day or two.

We are not giving away neither goods nor money, but will at all times sell you goods as cheap as you can buy them elsewhere, quality of goods to be considered. John Syverson & Co.

Young man, if you have a girl you want to "hold," get her one of those handsome christmas cards at Bowden & Buck's.

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

French China Tea sets, Vases of new and elegant designs, and a large variety of Fancy Glassware are a few of the many things just received at John Syverson & Co.'s.

We propose selling you fur coats lower than the lowest, and our first lot of 20 coons, dog, and buffalo coats are open for inspection, which means a sale when compared with anything else in the market. Whidden Bros.

If you want the finest grades of Flour, Feed and Oats, go to the store with the crazy sign.

We have for sale a few good farm work horses. Davis & Pickett.

**Additional Locals.**

F. Fenner and Miss Bertha Flake went east for a visit Monday.

Twenty thousand barrels of oil were burned at Phipps City, Pa., the 19th.

Miss Maud Barnaby, of Providence, was married to Conrad, the Chicago cattle king, Wednesday. Fifty thousand dollars worth of presents.

A boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Skramstad, at Romness, Saturday night, without any fingers or toes.

Joseph Hoggarth and wife, James Martin, John McCullough, and Joseph McCullough departed for Canada Saturday, to spend the winter. They will return in the spring.

Mr. T. J. Cooper, of Chicago, arrived Monday night, and will spend Christmas where he ought to spend July Fourth, Washington's Birthday, and the rest of the year.

R. C. Cooper makes his black mare strike her 2:25 gait by virtue of a whip presented to him by John McDermott, of the Pioneer harness shop.

Cooper Brothers are about to erect a mammoth roller mill, on the ground between the Cooper and Lenham elevators. It will be a great thing for the town. Work will be commenced at once.

Public installation of officers at Masonic Hall, Valley City, Christmas night. A grand ball and supper after the exercises. Mr. J. W. Scott, who has been acting master of the lodge since our sojourn in Cooperstown, will be installed to preside in the east.

Editor Bowers, of the Hillsboro Banner, a most sarcastic man, proposes that we declare our independence this winter and annex Manitoba, making Jud La Moure or Aleck McKenzie president, and Major Edwards or Colonel Lounsbury commander in chief of the army.

"Miss Ida Lewis, sometimes called the 'Grace Darling of Lime Light,' has been converted to the Methodist faith, and became a member of that faith the other day." Miss Ida has a voice like a fog horn, and the brethren will be apt to tumble when she enunciates a murmur.

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering or crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

The best brands of flour at Geo. W. Greenleese & Co.'s.

Ladies fine boots made and repaired. Remember that one pair of custom made boots are worth three pairs of slop shop work. E. C. WARD.

Geo. W. Greenleese & Co. are doing the flour trade of this country, and intend holding the same by selling flour to farmers buying their winter stock, at prices that will not pay them to go the mill and also that will defy competition. Don't fail to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Farmers, consider your mistake in holding your wheat for higher prices and buying goods on time. With cash in hand you can always buy goods at bottom prices of John Syverson & Co.

Bowden & Buck have engaged the services of Andrew Johnson in their mammoth general store, and he can at all times be found with them, ready to attend to customers, in a branch of business he particularly understands. Norwegian, Swede, Danish and German spoken. 44-1f

Geo. W. Greenleese & Co. have a fresh stock of the best brands of flour and feed, and are selling at popular prices.

**To Whom It May Concern.**

Hereafter the Cooper Townsite company will not be responsible for anything purchased on their account except by written order signed by one of the company.

COOPER TOWNSITE COMPANY, By R. C. COOPER. Dated June 27th, 1884.

**Notice.**

Having erected a feed and sale stable in Cooperstown between Whidden Bros. and G. W. Greenleese & Co.'s stores, we would solicit a share of the public patronage. J. D. WOOD & Co.

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

A FRESH CAR LOAD OF FLOUR JUST RECEIVED AT DAVIS & PICKETT'S. GRAHAM FLOUR. MIDDINGS. MACHINE OILS at the Drug Store.

**A Card.**

We have placed a full line of FLOUR in our Burrell Avenue Store, where we shall hereafter handle the largest provision business in this section of the country. Our stock will always be complete and our prices such as to maintain the present popularity of Cooperstown as the trading point for the counties of Griggs, Steele, Nelson, northern Barnes, and eastern Foster. Our terms are strictly cash, and will not be varied from. DAVIS & PICKETT.

**N. L. Lenham's INSURANCE AGENCY**

Representing the following old and reliable companies.

ETNA, of Hartford, N. Y.	\$9 054 611 00
HOME, of New York, N. Y.	7 208 489 00
UNDERWRITERS agency N. Y.	5 125 957 00
GER. AMERICAN, N. Y.	3 704 274 00
North British & Mercantile N. Y.	3 265 875 00
HENIX, Brooklyn, N. Y.	3 295 327 00
SPRINGFIELD, Springfield, Mass.	2 305 288 00
St. Paul Fire and Marine, Ill.	1 048 673 00
GERMAN, Freeport, Ill.	1 185 979 00

Policies promptly written on Business, Residence, Farm and other property. At Sanborn by C. A. VANWORMER, office in Barnes County Bank Building. At Cooperstown by H. G. PICKETT, office in Bank of Cooperstown. Your Insurance business is respectfully solicited.

**Minneapolis & St. Louis RAILWAY,**

AND THE FAMOUS **Albert Lea Route.**

**TWO THROUGH TRAINS DAILY 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 East, South and Southwest!

**MANY HOURS SAVED!** and the Only Line running Two Trains Daily between 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 & 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 Time Tables, Through Tickets, etc., call upon the nearest Ticket Agent or write to S. F. BOYD, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt., Minneapolis, Minn.

**PIONEER SHOE SHOP**

In Rear of Whidden Bros.' Store. **BOOTS AND SHOES**

Made and Repaired in good shape. Patronage solicited. **E. C. WARD.**

**PIONEER HARNESS SHOP!**

J. H. McDERMOTT, Proprietor.

A Complete Stock of **HARNESS, BRUSHES, SADDLES, CURRY COMBS, COLLARS, BLANKETS, BRIDLES, FLY NETS, ETC.,** Always on hand,

**REPAIRING**

Of all kinds promptly done. None but first class workmen are employed, and nothing but the best material used. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**BYRON ANDRUS, Law and Real Estate,**

COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA. Special attention given to business before the U. S. Land Office at Fargo. Farm Lands bought and sold on commission. Agent for

**N. P. R. R. LAND.**

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

**NEW STORE**

Read, Ponder and Reflect over all Floating Advertisements, then Call on

**BOWDEN & BUCK,**

—AND BUY—

- 16 lbs of Elegant Brown Sugar for \$1 00
- 13 lbs Standard A Sugar for \$1.00.
- 12 lbs of Currants for \$1.00.
- 12 lbs of Rice for \$1.00.
- Best Extra Heavy Mess Pork, 7 cts a lb.

OUR MOTTO IS: Ready Pay, Industry, Honesty and Courtesy to all Respectfully,

**BOWDEN & BUCK,**

Cooperstown, D. T.

**DRY LUMBER**

Shingles, Lath, Sash Doors, Mouldings, Building Paper, Fence Posts, Pickets, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Brick, Hard & soft Coal.

**LARGEST STOCK! LOWEST PRICES!**

AND BEST GRADES

**North Dakota**

If you wish to build send in list of material needed for estimate of cost. We can sell you if low figures are any inducement.

Shipments of Lumber, or Anything else we sell, will be made to all Points on the S. C. & T. M. R. R. and Delivered at Lower prices than you can buy Elsewhere.

**GRAIN ELEVATORS,**

Located at Cooperstown, Spiritwood, Hobart, Dazey, Odell and Sanborn.

The Highest Cash Price Paid! AND MONEY ADVANCED.

The Lenham Elevator & Lumber Co., Cooperstown, Griggs County. Sanborn, Barnes County.

**WILLIAM GLASS,**

Land Attorney and Loan Agent, Cooperstown, Griggs Co., D. T.

Special attention given to Final Proofs and Contest Cases. Money to loan on Final Proofs and Real Estate. Real Estate Bought and sold on Commission.

**SHORT LINE.**

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL.

It owns and operates over 4,600 miles of road in Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota; and as its main lines, branches and connections reach all the great business centres of the Northwest and Far West, it naturally answers the description of Short Line, and Best Route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Chicago, Milwaukee, Portage, La Crosse and Winona. Chicago, Milwaukee, Ortonville, Aberdeen and Ellendale. Chicago, Milwaukee, Eau Claire and Stillwater. Chicago, Milwaukee, Wausau and Merrill. Chicago, Milwaukee, Waukesha and Oconomowoc. Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison and Prairie du Chien. Chicago, Milwaukee, Owatonna, Mankato and Faribault. Chicago, Beloit, Janesville and Mineral Point. Chicago, Elgin, Rockford and Dubuque. Chicago, Clinton, Rock Island, Cedar Rapids and Tama. Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs and Omaha. Chicago, Canton, Sioux City, Sioux Falls and Yankton. Chicago, Milwaukee, Albert Lea and Southern Minnesota Points. Chicago, Milwaukee, Mason City, Mitchell and Chamberlain. Rock Island, Dubuque, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Davenport, Calmar, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Milwaukee, Racine, Beloit, Freeport and Rock Island. Mitchell, Wolsey, Ashton and Aberdeen. (Jim River Valley Line.)

PULLMAN SLEEPERS and the FINEST DINING CARS IN THE WORLD are run on the main lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and every attention is paid to passengers by courteous employes of the Company.

S. S. MERRILL, A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Pass. Agent. J. T. CLARK, H. HEATFOOT, Gen'l Supt. Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agt.

**GOING EAST**

**GOING WEST**

No matter which, the Northern Pacific R. R. IS YOUR LINE

And will take you in either direction between ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS,

DULUTH, CASSELTON, GLYNDON, MOORHEAD, FARGO, VALLEY CITY, COOPERSTOWN, JAMESTOWN, MINNEWAUKAN, (DEVIL'S LAKE) MILNOR, LAMOURE, BISMARCK, MANDAN, GLENDIVE, BILLINGS,

**HELENA,**

**YELLOWSTONE NAT'L PARK!**

DEER LODGE, BUTTE CITY, MISSOULA, SPOKANE FALLS, WALLA WALLA, THE DALLES,

**PORTLAND, OR.**

OLYMPIA, TACOMA, SEATTLE, VICTORIA, B. C.,

All points in BRITISH COLUMBIA and ALASKA, SALEM, ALBANY, and ROSEBURG, ORE.

REMEMBER, That the Northern Pacific Railroad runs The only Emigrant Sleepers! The only Day Coaches. The only Pullman Sleepers! The only Dining Cars!

**ST. PAUL AND PORTLAND, ORE.**

Full information in regard to the Northern Pacific lines can be obtained FREE by addressing CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

**UNION HOUSE!**

Burrell Ave., Cooperstown, H. RETZLAFF, Proprietor.

A Bar in connection with the Home. Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

CHARGES REASONABLE.

**DO YOU KNOW THAT LORILLARD'S CLIMAX PLUG TOBACCO**

with Red Tin Top, ROSE LEAF Fine Cut chewing, NAVY CLIPPINGS, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest quality considered.

For THE COURIER the official paper of Griggs County. Only \$2 a year in advance. **Subscribe**





God bless the little stockings  
All over the land to-night,  
Hung in the choicest corners,  
In a glow of crimson light.  
The tiny scarlet stockings,  
With a hole in the heel and toe,  
Worn by wonderful journeys  
The darlings have had to go.

And heaven pity the children  
Wherever their home may be,  
Who wake at the first grey dawning,  
An empty stocking to see!  
Left in the faith of childhood  
Hanging against the wall,  
Just where the dazzling glory  
Of Santa's light will fall!

Alas, for the lonely mother  
Whose home is empty and still,  
Who has no scarlet stockings  
With childish toys to fill!  
Who sits in the swatny twilight,  
With her face against the pane,  
And grieves for the little baby  
Whose grave is out in the rain!

Oh, the empty shoes and stockings,  
Forever laid aside,  
Oh, the tangled, broken shoe-string  
That will nevermore be tied!  
Oh, the little graves at the mercy  
Of the cold December rain!  
Oh, the feet in the snow-white sandals  
That never can trip again!

But happier they who slumber,  
With marble at foot and head,  
Than the child who has no shelter,  
No raiment, nor food, nor bed,  
Yes! heaven help the living!  
Children of want and pain,  
Knowing no fold nor pasture—  
Out to-night in the rain.

III.

BY MISS KRINGLE.

They were in a "peck of trouble" at Jim's papa's house. It was the last of July, and papa and mamma and Jim and Nannette were going to the country to stay until October. Nannette was mamma's maid, but she was going to take care of Jim while they were away. Jim had always had a nurse who had no other duties, but she was cross, so she went away, and Nannette, who loved Jim dearly, agreed to take the nurse girl's place. Well, the trunks were all packed and the carriage waiting at the door, when Jim's mamma fell down stairs and broke her ankle. Such a time they had then was never seen. Mamma fainted dead away, and papa had to call the coachman in from the street to help him carry mamma up stairs to her own room. Then he told the man to drive away as fast as he could, and bring back Dr. Galen. He and Nannette then sat about restoring mamma to consciousness. But, dear me! the store-room was locked up, and neither papa nor Nannette knew where the keys were. The little medicine chest was locked up in one of the trunks, and they had no camphor nor ammonia nor anything to use except water, and that was pretty warm, for there was no ice in it.

"There's some bay-rum in the closet," said Nannette; how will that do?" "Well try it and see," replied the half-distracted man, and he opened the closet door and got the first bottle he saw. He poured a liberal quantity into his hand, and "sopped" poor mamma's head and face, but as it happened to be hair oil, instead of bay-rum, it did not help her much. But presently the coachman returned bringing a doctor. He had not found Dr. Galen at home, but he met Dr. Esculapian in the street and brought him in.

As mamma is now in a fair way to be taken care of let us leave her and see what Jim is doing. You must know, however, that Jim was not a boy, as you have supposed, but a dear little blue-eyed girl. Her papa called her "Jim," but her real name was Ruth, and her mamma always called her Ruth, and never in the world said "Jim" when speaking of her dear little daughter. She, herself, always said her name was Jim; she liked it best because it was papa's fancy to call her so. Well, Jim waited and waited and waited for some one to come and look after her, but no one came. All the servants, except Nannette, had been sent away, all the doors of the lower rooms were locked up, and Jim couldn't find any one nor anything with which to entertain herself, except her pretty kitten, which was in a covered basket waiting, like Jim, to be taken into the country. At last Jim saw that the big front door was ajar and concluded to walk out. Taking in the basket, she said to kitty: "Tum little tat, we'll go and find the boat, and go into the country our own selves," and going down the front steps she hesitated a moment, and then started for the country. She walked a very long distance, but kept going toward the docks all the time, and at last she actually reached the pier, where a large

sailing vessel was lying. Jim stood and looked at the ship and sailors, who were busy getting ready to sail, for a while, and then made her way on board. Now it happened that the captain of the Sea Bird had remarked to his first mate that very morning, within hearing of one of the sailors: "I had a notion to take my Jim with me on this voyage, and thought I'd quite talked the matter over, but at the last minute her courage failed, and she wouldn't let the child out of her sight, lest I should take her after all."

A little while before our Jim appeared on the scene a messenger had come from the ship owners, who desired to see the captain at once. So he was not on board when Jim arrived, and for a little time the busy sailors did not notice her. Presently one of them saw her and asked:

"Who are you?" "I'm Jim."

"Oh, you belong to the captain, do you?" Jim nodded, not that she meant to tell a story, but her papa was really a captain, Capt. Cain, of the—th regiment.

"So you're going with us, after all?" Jim nodded again.

"Well, come down into the cabin where you'll be out of harm's way till your pa comes."

Jim followed the man down the queer little stairs into the cabin, where he left her. Poor little Jim! How tired she was! She quickly climbed upon a sofa, and almost immediately fell asleep. Little kitty had been mewing continually, but at last tired itself out and curled up and went to sleep, too.

All was still, and the captain who on his return had made but a hurried visit to his cabin to leave some papers had not discovered either his little visitor or the kitten. And they slept on, while the ship was loosed from its moorings and sailed away, out from the harbor, out through the narrows, on the broad Atlantic ocean. They were away off Sandy Hook, and the night was growing dark, when the captain, who was still on deck, heard a small voice calling: "Nan! Nan! come and get me!" The sailors, too, heard the strange sound,

Why, child, we're going to Brazil. How came you here, anyway? Who brought you?"

"Didn't anybody brought me. I only just brought my own self."

"Well, now, tell me all about it," said Capt. Brooks, as he took the child on his knee.

"Why, don't you know? We's all going into the country; papa and Nannette and me and mamma, and mamma fell down stairs and couldn't walk, and the doctor tumbled, and I waited and waited a long while, and so I's afraid the boat would be gone, and I took my tat in the basket, and tum to the boat, and now we's going into the country."

The captain didn't know what to do; he wanted to send the child to New York, but it was too dark a night to venture to send her to another vessel, even if they should meet one. He concluded to wait until the next day. But, alas! the next day was stormy, and the sea was too rough for a boat to be sent out, and the storm lasted several days. Meanwhile the sailors and Capt. Brooks, too, had grown so fond of Jim, who was so brave and had such pretty ways, that they were no longer anxious to send her back. So the ship sailed on, day after day and day after day, until seventy days had passed since they left New York, and then they landed at Rio Janeiro. Capt. Brooks had some friends in the city, and he went there with Jim, intending to leave her with them while they stayed in that port. But Jim could not understand their Spanish talk, and would not be separated from her captain. But the ladies were very kind to the little American, whose queer ways amused them greatly. In that city the ladies do not go out "shopping" as they do in North American cities; instead of that, the merchants carry their goods to the houses. As the child's clothing was now very shabby the captain wished her to have some new garments, so the ladies sent for the merchants to bring the articles to the house, and Jim was fitted up with new suits enough to last her a long time.

They went to ride almost every day and Jim saw many strange sights. She

ever saw. Shall we write to him? You can tell me what to say."

Leaving the captain writing at Jim's dictation we will return to Captain Cain's residence in New York. Mrs. Cain's broken ankle is nearly well, but she is so pale and thin that you would hardly know her. The great mansion is silent and desolate, for its light went out when Jim went down the front steps into the busy streets of the city so long ago. It is Christmas eve, and papa and mamma are sitting in their own room sad and heavy-hearted. "It has almost broken my heart to see the display of Christmas goods in the shops the last few weeks, and when I came home to-night and saw so many happy people hurrying along with their bundles— Poor papa! He could say no more!"

Tears were rolling down mamma's pale cheeks, and she said: "I've almost given up all hopes of ever seeing my little Ruth again."

"Well," said papa, "I've kept hoping, and have never felt so inclined to despair as to-night. I've employed the best detective skill to be had; I've offered rewards enough to ensure her return if she had been stolen; I've done everything I could think of or experience suggest, but all seems in vain."

"If we could only know that she is taken care of and is happy! But I think and think and think of so many dreadful things that may have happened to her, that I am nearly driven wild."

"Yes, dear, I know all about it; it is the same way with me, and yet, Ruthie, we ought to trust our Father!"

"I know, but oh, Harry, it is so long!—such a weary, weary time."

At that time the door-bell rang, with a peculiar double ring that announced the detective.

"That's Morton," said Capt. Cain, hastening to the room.

"Show him up here," said he to the servant, who also knew the detective's ring, and was hurrying to the door.

"I have a letter for you," said Morton, as he entered the room; "just brought to the office by a sailor, who said they should have arrived a week ago, but a storm off Hatteras delayed them. He says the Sea Bird is due to-morrow."

Capt. Cain took the letter and read it aloud.

RIO JANEIRO, Oct. 10.—Dear Papa and Mamma: Did you think I was lost? Why, God took care of me all the time. Kitty's here, too, and such funny monkeys, and I've got a parrot, only she can't talk English yet, and the sailors are real good to me, but I like my captain best, and the name of the ship is the Sea Bird, and we're going home in a week. From mamma's letter and papa's Jim.

Capt. Brooks had added a few lines to the letter, explaining the manner in which the little girl had come on board the ship, and saying that the voyage had been good for her, that she was brown and hearty, and the bravest little sailor he had ever seen.

Jim couldn't give her father's address, but she knew the street, and he would send the letter to the chief of police, who would no doubt know where to deliver it. Ah, how quickly those sad hearts were changed into joyful ones, and those words of despair into glad thanksgivings!

"Do not be disappointed," said Morton, as he bade Capt. and Mrs. Cain good-night; "if the ship does not arrive to-morrow, she may be detained by winds, the same as this ship was, on which your letter came, but I'll keep watch and telephone you if she does come."

When he had gone papa took off his slippers and put on his boots, exchanged his dressing-gown for his coat, and made preparations for going out.

"Where are you going?" asked his wife.

"It's Christmas eve, you know, my dear, and Jim mustn't think that Santa Claus has forgotten her. We'll hang up her stocking, and if the biggest doll and the handsomest picture books that can be found won't go into it candy and knick-knacks will, and the rest can be piled upon the floor," and kissing her fondly, he went out into the street, the happiest man in New York. Every poor child he met had reason to remember the "handsome gentleman," as they called him. He had a five dollar bill changed into small coin, and this he placed in his overcoat pockets, where it was handy; and he gave liberally to every poor child he saw. At one place he saw a crowd of poverty-stricken children gazing hungrily into a window at the dainties temptingly displayed, and took them all in and bought generous supplies of cake, candies and oranges, something for every one, saying to them: "These are from my little Jim."

It is Christmas morning. The big house is all alive to-day; the curtains are all drawn aside, and the glad sunshine streams in everywhere. Mamma, with a happy smile on her face, goes all over the house, up stairs and down stairs, as lively as a girl. Nannette has opened Jim's pretty little room and put it all in fresh order. Christmas greens are all over the house, and every one is happy and busy, for Jim is coming home. Capt. Cain has not left his own room (where the telephone is located) since breakfast. At about 11 o'clock comes a lively ring, followed by "Hello! is that you, Capt. Cain?"

"Yes, it is you, Morton?"

"Yes, the Sea Bird is at the pier!"

Before the captain took one step away from the telephone he fell on his knees and earnestly thanked God for the safe arrival of the ship. As he rose he called for mamma to tell the glad news to her, but she had heard the telephone bell, and was in the room all the time, and was on her knees too, trying to express her gratitude. The carriage was at the door, and papa jumped in, and was driven away to the pier where the Sea

Bird was lying. As he alighted Morton met him. "Your little girl is all right," he said. "I've been on board and have seen her," and they hurried on to the ship and in a moment Capt. Cain had Jim in his arms. How she kissed him, and hugged him, her own dear papa, whom she had not seen in such a long time!

"Papa almost crushed Capt. Brook's fingers in the grip he gave him. "You must come home with us," he said.

"Oh thank you! but it's impossible. I have a wife and some little lads who are expecting me. I've only waited to deliver my passenger safely to you; now I'm off for home!"

"Well, you will come and see us?"

"Oh, yes, I think too much of my little friend to be willing to lose sight of her."

Jim with her "tat" her parrot, her doll and other treasures, was soon inside the carriage with papa rapidly rolling toward home. It is impossible to describe the scenes that took place in Capt. Cain's house that Christmas day. Mamma wept tears of joy and could hardly let her little Ruth leave her arms—arms that had been empty so long! Nannette could not do enough for her, and all the servants shared the general feeling of thankfulness and joy.

Kitty, who had by this time grown to be quite a good-sized cat, did not behave very well; she acted as if she did not remember that this was her old home, and would like to get back to the ship, so she had to be shut up until she was hungry, and then, Nannette said, she would stay where she was fed.

"Mamma!" said Jim, "I can say 'cat' and 'Capt. Cain.' My captain said I's too big to say 'tat.'"

One of the sailors had taken pains to teach Polly one English sentence, and every little while she would laugh heartily and then call out: "Wish you Merry Christmas!"

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Dear friends, if we cannot be jolly  
On Christmas Day,  
With roast beef and pudding and holly,  
When isn't we may?

We agree that this day, above others,  
Should bring good cheer,  
And parents and sisters and brothers  
Should all be here.

Then let the big fires so bravely  
And brightly blaze,  
And all enjoy, gayly or gravely,  
This day of days.

Our pleasure becomes, then, a duty  
That good men love;  
And presents of comfort and beauty  
The pleasure prove.

But over all, Christian or heathen,  
On Christmas Day  
We have, to those worse off than we then,  
A debt to pay.

For with us we have, said the Savior,  
Always the poor;  
Whatever their state or behavior,  
Their claims endure.

If we to the poor give as much as  
Our means may afford,  
The gift is declared to be such as  
A loan to the Lord.

Remember the poor who are with us,  
And who must stay;  
They're not apart from or beneath us  
This Christmas Day.

Christmas Eve.

The air of mystery which always pervades Christmas eve is delightful. The children are on the qui vive and watching every movement of the older people with the greatest curiosity, while the papas, mamas, and aunts are busy with closed doors preparing surprises for the anxious little ones. The keen enjoyment which all feel who are in harmony with the season of merry making is real to everyone. Whether a beautiful tree is being trimmed and the happy household are to feast their eyes upon the splendor of its lighted candles and brilliant array of lovely things, or whether the stockings are hung in the chimney corner, large ones or small ones down to the little socks pressed by baby's tiny feet, the same mysterious feeling prevails all. There is no time in all the year like Christmas time; the children look forward to it for months, and the scattered members of the family gather then under the father's roof to enjoy together a happy season. Those who are far away are remembered with precious tokens from home. The regular routine of business is suspended. Father gives up his time to the little folks, and mother plans with them and becomes a willing partner in their secrets and surprises. The colleges and schools close their doors, and a season of pleasure and relaxation takes the place of the busy school life. How the young people look forward to the Christmas vacation! A visit home, free from all the restraints which surround them through the year, is an event which they have anticipated for weeks. Those who do nothing to make the Christmas season a happy one for all, and steel themselves against celebrating this joyous occasion, "miss from life one of its brightest pages. The absent tree is a sorrow to many; the neglected gifts are a reproach. A real Santa Claus will be the grand climax for the children, and can be easily procured if father or uncle will consent to act in this capacity. A mask representing an old man, a wig and whiskers must be obtained at one of the toy stores. The dress can be easily improved by muff, furs, and a buffalo robe. He must have a basket on his back, filled with bundles, and, if possible, make his entrance into the room, where the family are gathered through a window, which is raised when he knocks. This will create lots of fun for the little folks, and make them open their eyes with wonder and amazement.



and the man who had taken Jim down into the captain's room, said: "I guess that's your little gal calling to you, captain."

"What do you mean?" roared the captain.

"Why, your little Jim came aboard while you was up to the office this afternoon, and said she was going with us. I took her down into your room, and I reckon she must have dropped to sleep."

The captain grew more and more perplexed as the sailor went on. He swore at him, and said he didn't know what he was talking about. He had no little girl, and his Jim was a boy ten years old. He didn't want to be bothered with any children aboard, squalling all night and all day, and getting in every one's way.

"Go bring the young one here," he said.

The sailor obeyed, and pretty soon Jim, with her pretty white kitty in her arms, appeared before the angry captain, who began:

"Who the—," he was going to use a profane word, but as he looked at the sweet face of the little child, whose big blue eyes gazed at him wonderingly, yet without a shadow of fear, he was ashamed to swear, and not once after that, during the long voyage to Brazil and back to New York, did he ever let a coarse or profane word pass his lips.

"Who are you, little one, and what are you doing here?" he asked kindly.

"I'm Jim, and me and my tat is going into the country on the boat."

"Into the country! I guess you are!"

saw coffee growing, and never forgot the beautiful appearance of the dark green shining leaves, the pretty snowy blossoms and the bright red berries.

"Where's the coffee?" she asked, and then Capt. Brooks took her to a part of the plantation where the fruit was crushed and the berries separated and dried. And bananas! Well, she had as many as she could eat, and they were far nicer than those she had at home. And she saw monkeys and alligators and parrots and all sorts of beautiful birds. Capt. Brooks bought a splendid parrot for her to take home with her. The captain's friends gave her some very handsome sea shells and a great big doll with which to amuse herself when she went to sea again.

One week before the Sea Bird was to sail, another vessel left Rio Janeiro for New York, and Capt. Brooks asked Jim if she wanted to go home.

"Yes, I want to go home and see mamma and papa, but I'd a great deal rather wait and go on my own ship," was Jim's reply.

"Well, then, shall we send a letter on this ship to your papa, and let him know where you are?"

"Don't he know?"

"No, and I'm afraid he has been very anxious about his little girl."

"Didn't he know that God would have you tate care of?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Why, he said God would tate care of me always if I's good. Hasn't I been good?"

"Yes, indeed, the best little girl I