

EDITORIAL NOTES.

And Other Matters of Interest
to the Readers of the
Courier.

Including Clippings From Our
Exchanges and Miscellane-
ous Matters.

Governor Shortridge has commenced action to remove the old members of the Fargo Agricultural College board for cause. A man must want a small office like this awful bad to want to hold it contrary to the wishes of the governor. Get out, gentlemen, and don't make yourselves ridiculous.

The Kerber Case.

The trial of Wm. F. Kerber for murder under an indictment brought in by the grand jury occupied the whole time of the court Thursday and Friday last. Dr's. Kerr and Bergstrom, W. A. Baker, Wm. Saar, Fred Lilly and others were put on the stand, and each one testified to having been at Kerber's spanty right after the affair had taken place and gave their views of the matter. Kerber was put on the stand and his story was but a repetition of the one he told the COURIER reporter last December, and is substantially as follows: "I first saw Zobak the 19th of August 1892, he came to my place and asked for a job; I told him I did not need a man, but if he would stay with me through harvest I would give him \$1.50 per day and board and he stayed. After harvest I offered him a home through the winter and I would give him his board. I gave \$1.50 for nineteen days and a half through harvesting and stacking. I never knew him before he came to my place; he was a Bohemian and talked German. We always talked in German. I was at Cooperstown on the 29th of Nov. last doing some trading and buying lumber to fix up my grain-ary and had about \$223 after paying my bills. I kept my money in my trunk when I was at home and when I went away I took it with me. Zobak knew I had the money because I showed it to him. It was about 8 o'clock when I got home from Cooperstown on the 29th and he helped me unhitch and was very friendly; after supper we smoked, and he wanted to know if I had collected that money and I told him I had. We went to bed about nine o'clock, we both slept together, he at the back side of the bed and I at the front side. He weighed about 235 lbs and I weigh 165 lbs. We were always on friendly terms. He got up first on the morning of the 30th; we generally got up about 8 o'clock, but this morning Zobak got up about 7 o'clock. I was awake when he got up and asked him what he was in a hurry for, and he said, "Oh, I have got to get up and go to work," and he got up and went out. He was only gone a minute or two. I asked him to build a fire and he did so; I did not owe him any money. After I told him to light the fire he picked up the hatchet and chopped up some wood and shavings and lit the fire. I was lying on the front side of the bed with my face to the wall, and in about three or four minutes the first thing I knew the hatchet struck my face and I said "for God sake, John, what are you doing?" He said "give me the money, I am going away," and I says "for God sake, John, don't kill me." I rose up in bed and he struck me on the front of the scalp, the bed broke down in the struggle and I got on my feet and got on the floor and tried to grab him and he was striking with hatchet all the time, but the ceiling was low and he missed me; I finally succeeded in getting hold of the collar of his shirt and in the struggle we knocked the stove pipe down, and he tripped up on the pipe and fell behind the stove and I choked his wind off and took the hatchet away from him. He then begged for his life and said he had a wife and children, and I answered "so have I." I was afraid to let him up and I finished him." This is substantially his statement of the affair. It was indeed a horrible and ghastly fight and as Kerber is the only living witness and he told a pretty straight story and the prosecution did not succeed in breaking him up any, his story will have to be believed. At the close of the testimony on both sides, Attorney Glasspell, who represented the defendant, asked the court to instruct the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty for lack of evidence. The court so instructed the jury and they retired at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon and brought

in a verdict of not guilty after being out three hours.

Peter Ness was brought into court and the judge sentenced him to six months in the penitentiary at Bismarek. The court then adjourned.

Breezes From the West.

TACOMA, WASH., May 23rd, '93.

EDITOR COURIER:

It is now between three and four years since I was a dweller among North Dakota people, Cooperstown being my last stopping place, and a very enjoyable stop, too. Although much colder in the winter, it is, nevertheless, a more healthy sphere than this; inasmuch as when we are having incessant rains here, you are getting the full benefit of a dry, and decidedly bracing, atmosphere. By "decidedly bracing" I do not refer to the "periodical visitations" that never fail to assert themselves once or twice during the winter, but in general of the excellent ozone of North Dakota state.

The COURIER, I note, week in and week out, finds its way into this city of 50,000 thousand inhabitants, and also to many other of the smaller cities surrounding Puget Sound, importing much and many facts. The COURIER is a conscientious sheet and deserves its well-merited patronage.

In going back and forth in the bustle and confusion of the busy wage earners I pass many familiar faces—quite a few from Jamestown—and whom have made Tacoma their permanent abode. One day, recently, as I was with great haste moving along Pacific avenue, I passed Marshall McClure. He didn't stop to say anything, but made himself brief in an opposite direction. Anyway I didn't have time to tap him on the shoulder just then had I the desire to do so. When the Devils Lake, N. D., Daily Capital, of which he was at one time proprietor, went "under," I was also "under" to the tune of \$68.00 or so, having worked "free gratis" to that amount for him; later he presented to me a \$10.00 check, which I cashed him. The check proved to be worthless, and the inside pocket of my three-button-cut-away coat is minus ten dollars more. At this time I was night clerk for that hospitable hostelry, the Ingalls House, Grand Forks, Col. Ingalls, proprietor, over whose counter he shoved his worthless paper. He is now a tramp on the face of nature, with nothing to rest him at night but his "check," having had to make himself remote on account of misdemeanors, which I will not here state, at Sprague, Wash., where he once run the Sprague Advertiser. It is not through having eaten a Tacoma beefsteak for supper that I impart these pertinent remarks, but on grounded facts, and, I'm sorry to say, personal experience. But, notwithstanding my former losses, nature has had compassion on me inasmuch as the scales on my eyes have, with the springtime, given place to a more enlightened countenance, and I now feel as though I had donated \$78.00 to a benevolent society or an institution for the reception of old and decrepit newspaper men.

Frank Trubshaw's residence was burglariously entered last week to the extent of about \$30.00. The performance was enacted in broad daylight and while the family were enjoying pedestrianism around the park. The festive "copper" has, so far, failed to cop, and the birds are still singing "Chapple get your gun, get your gun, get gun——!"

SPODAB.

The Kickapoo Medicine Company.

The Kickapoo Indian medicine Company arrived in town Monday, and will give an entertainment every evening, for two weeks commencing May 22d. Of course this company is not here simply to amuse the people, but are here to advertise and sell their excellent medicines. Dr. Sims is in charge of the company and gives an interesting lecture every evening on different troubles, mostly stomach, liver and kidney diseases, for which this Kickapoo medicine is especially recommended. After the lecture an entertainment is given free, with the exception of Wednesday's and Saturday's; on these days 10c. admission is charged, as they give a special programme. Geo. A. Fitzgerald is the best clog dancer and impersonator that has ever been in this section. He is a genius in his line and always brings down the house. Geo. E. Adams as an Indian club swinger is hard to beat, and he is very entertaining as a ventriloquist, while Harry Fitzgerald is an artist of considerable ability on the English Concertina. These entertainments are first-class and ladies as well as gentlemen are invited to take them in—free.

New seeds of all varieties at the Farmers Cash Grocery.

W. C. JIMESON, Prop.