

MERRY COASTERS.

A Joyous Session of Health Giving Pleasure Sadly Terminated.

EDITOR COURIER:—We were all itching for some real fun. We were a jolly crowd last Saturday morning as we pushed our way up the long hill near Mr. Langford's residence, and shot like an arrow down the hill again on our Dakota coasters. Many a merry ringing laugh and shout burst out on the bright morning air as we tugged up the hill and over the "thank you mums" and bumpers in our way. We thought we might possibly disturb your thinking machine in your sanctum; cause your pen to make spider tracks; tip your Arnold's fluid into your political and poetical effusions; pi your whole type; make you whack your "devil;" give you the back ache and set your legs itching to get out with us. We'd jumble you generally, we were so happy and noisy and gleeful and gay. The tumblers we took as we tipped on the turn made us think of Toodles and Tompkins on their way from the town; often they'd tumbled and toddled till the wee hours had come.

Down and down, again and again we had plunged through soft snow and over hard snow—literally bathed in the bright morning sun and the beautiful snow, as jolly and gleeful as when twenty years ago, we drove our coasters down the hill with the girls, and drew them (the girls) up again. Wasn't it jolly to be a girl then, boys? Mr. Editor if your liver is lazy, and your brain is bilious from the long hours in that sanctum of yours, just drop the pen, drive a Dakota coaster down Langford's hill, and swallow a snow bank, and you'll grapple your goose with a vim you have never known before.

We had ascended the hill for the last drive. Down they shoot like the wind. The snow flies; the laugh rings out; the trip is high and all hearts are in trim. The coaster is dashing down the steepest height. On they speed as an arrow from the bow. The coasters have struck the soft snow; through it they shoot; and on—but stop—there is a cry—a sad, wailing, woeful cry; like the wren minor tuned above the major strain. It's not the cry of the joyous coaster. It's not the gleeful note of the rapid rider. It's not the bounding joy of those beautiful boys. It's the cry of sharp, cutting pain. It's the cry that hushes every joyous strain. It's the cry that cuts the soul and makes the heart beat quick, and the face grow white. We quickly turn, and our dear Herbert Langford lies in the snow with his face turned up to ours, pleading for us to come. One bound and all are there. We take him to our arms and fold him close. We know now why the cry—the little limb hangs limp. We mount the hill in a minute; lay him upon the bed; the friends are about him, and the mother's arms enfold him. A moment more and we are bounding with swift horses for our good Dr. Kerr, with a prayer that we may find him soon. Back again like the wind with the good doctor with balm and bandages. Dear, precious, brave little Herbert. We lay our strength out upon that little limb to draw it to its place. The skillful fingers of the physician place the shattered bones to their places. The bandages are placed with the precision and skill of a mechanic. The extension splint is softly padded and adjoined to the limb in true line. Herbert has borne all the cruel pain like a man. Precious, darling boy; how our hearts ached for him all the moments through. He lies upon his bed to-day and sings as sweetly as though he had wings and could fly rather than coast. We never loved Herbert as to-day, and God writes us a lesson. It is morning and the day is bright and beautiful and promising. Our members thrill with the exhilaration of strength. Our life flows on like new wine. It's day—there shall be no night. It's joyful—there shall be no sorrow. It's life, bounding life; there shall be no death. We have found the eternal day.

Hush! There's a wail and a cry and lamentation. The evening of the bright day has come. Mist stretches from horizon to zenith. Evil portents sky and earth. No strength to walk amid the darkness. No drop of joy to cool the parched soul. It's night. Oh! where's the day? It's sorrow; there's no plane of joy. It's death—dark, dreadful death. The night of the soul has come. God gives the day, but the night must come, and who is robed to walk in the dark hours of the night that shall come to every soul? THE WATCHER

Two Mormon elders, who were attempting to do missionary work in Rockville S. C., were warned to leave the country within twenty-four hours, on pain of being tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail, and they skipped out immediately. Boston Corbett, the man who killed the assassin Booth, is living in Kansas, engaged in the cattle business. He has become a religious enthusiast, and in a recent letter to a friend in Camden he says that he has been directed by God to inflict daily corporal punishment upon himself as a penance for having taken human life.

PENCIL AND PASTE POT.

The loss of stock on the Colorado ranges is claimed to be only about five per cent.

The amount asked for expenses of contesting seats in this congress is \$63,000—woeful waste.

The new nickels are coming, the coinage having commenced on Feb. 1 at the rate of 100,000 per day.

Paper rails are the newest railroad invention and the Milwaukee road is going to make a trial of them.

Late reports from the inundated middle states bring the pleasing intelligence that the floods are gradually subsiding.

In the national house of representatives the duty on railway bars was reduced from twenty-eight dollars in June, 1884.

The cattle upon the thousand hills and wide plains of the United States are 33,653,365 in number, and are worth \$659,000,000.

The coroner's jury at Milwaukee find that the Newhall House fire was incendiary, and censure the proprietors for neglect.

Fletcher Reed, of Putnam, O., in a fit of frenzy set fire to a strawstack and leaped into the flames, where he burned to a cinder.

It is said that the life of the poet Whittier is much disturbed by women. One wealthy widow actually proposed to him, and other women have made violent love to him.

Charles D. Bunker, commissioner of emigration for California, has been arrested on a charge of appropriating \$22,000 which he should have turned over to the state.

At Meeksville, Montana Territory, the citizens have determined to rid that part of the country of desperadoes and have, within the past two weeks, hanged seven of the cutthroats.

After drinking a quart of whiskey a Milwaukee boy essayed to shoot his mother. A police officer happened along, spanked the youth and put him to bed, and then neglected to arrest the saloon-keeper who sold him the liquor.

One of the most attractive places in the country to-day is that Georgia town where an epidemic is carrying off the cats by the score. The nature of the epidemic is unknown, and the citizens have made no efforts to ascertain it.

The tenth census will cost nine and a quarter cents per head of the country's population. The compendium will be issued in two weeks, and the volumes relating to population, manufactures and agriculture will be sent to the printer this month.

The Baltimore wife-beater who was recently tied to the whipping-post and given the initial application of Maryland's new law, has been interviewed. He said that he had received all he wanted of the "cat," and that his recollections of it would be co-existent with his life.

An exchange says that when an editor makes a mistake in his paper all the world sees it and calls him a liar. When a private citizen makes a mistake nobody knows it except a few friends, and they come around and ask the editor to keep it out of the paper. When the private citizen dies the editor is asked to write of all his good qualities and leave out the bad. When the editor dies the private citizen says: "Now the old liar will get his deserts."

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land office at Fargo, D. T., January 18, 1883.—Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereon on the 23d day of March, 1883, viz: Charles C. Platt, H. E. No. 2930 for the n. e. 1/4 of sec. 12, township 145 n., range 58 w., and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Andrew Park, S. Park, Charles Frost, Lewis Rinde, all of Merrill, Griggs county, D. T. The testimony to be taken before John N. Jorgensen, Clerk of District Court at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 15th day of March, A. D. 1883 at his office. HORACE AUSTIN, Register. 4-8

—THE—

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