

Noted People.

It is said that an invariable rule with Mr. Jay Gould has been never to re-engage a man whom he has once discharged.

Oscar Wilde threatens to publish a new volume of poems before Christmas.

Monsieur Victor Hugo has run foul of the majesty of the law. His name is posted among the delinquent tax-payers of Jersey for non-payment of taxes on two dogs.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson's ten-year-old child calls him "Joe."

Some important information may be gleaned from the biography of Mr. Buchanan where he was minister to the Court of St. James. The Prince Consort wrote to him "My Dear Mr. Buchanan," her majesty addressed him as "My good friend," and signed herself "Always your good friend, Victoria R."

Gladys Lady Lonsdale, the London beauty, daughter of Lord Herbert of Lea, and widow of the late Earl of Lonsdale, is to be married to Luke White, a young Irish officer of the Guards, eldest son of the Earl of Annaly.

Lord Charles Beresford is noted for giving curious presents. Some time ago he gave the Princess of Wales a sandy bull-dog, anathematized by every shepherd who has ever seen him, and he once sent a young bride as a wedding present four silver salt-cellars in the shape of cradles, with pap-spoons to accompany them.

Miss Chamberlain, the American beauty who is supposed to have turned many crowned heads of Europe, is rumored to have cast her choice on a wealthy cattle dealer of Wyoming, J. S. Cairns.

Ex-Governor Stanford of California recently bought 12,000 acres adjoining his big vineyard at Vina, in that state. This gives him one great ranch of over 25,000 acres, about a quarter of which is planted with vines. The governor intends to plant it all with the best wine-producing and raisin grapes.

Bronson Howard, the dramatist, who is living on royalties from his plays, in England, is the possessor of a double tricycle on which he and his wife, and whatever supplies they feel like carrying, make twenty-mile and thirty-mile trips about the country.

Speaking of the Irving dinner, the London World says: "Mr. Lowell's was the best speech that night—racy, smart, and short. The other replies to the toasts were ridiculous. Professor Tyndall muttered the secrets of science to the grand piano, and Mr. Tadema said a few words in double Dutch to the top button of his waistcoat. I thought Mr. Toole's speech—the little allusion to his own theater excepted—in good taste, and cleverly and pleasantly given."

Little Miss Shearer, of Stonersville, Pa., is thirteen years of age, only thirty inches high, weighs but twelve pounds and has a head only an inch and a half in diameter. She can not walk, speak nor see, but hears well and likes music.

The very gallant Senator Grady and the silver-tongued Ecclesine were getting off a train at a New York Elevated station, when the former noticed a blooming and rosy-cheeked girl behind him on the platform. "Shall I not help you to alight?" he asked, extending his plump hand and lifting the straw hat that covered his ambrosial curls. "Thank you very much," replied the pretty damsel, with a ravishing smile, "but I don't smoke."

Victor Hugo has not relaxed any of his tasks since his arrival at Villeneuve, and, although he devotes the greater part of his day to enjoying the beauties of his locality, he invariably works from 6 a. m. until 10 a. m. His mode of writing is singular, several small tables being distributed about his salon, and covered with manuscripts of the various subjects on which he is engaged, and he passes from one to the other as ideas on any subject occur to him. On the news of the death of Comte de Chambord reaching him he seemed profoundly affected, but made no remark beyond exclaiming, "Il a bien souffert."

No English fortunes have ever been accumulated by individuals in England equal to those of Stewart and Vanderbilt. The largest personality was that of Mr. Brasey, the great railroad contractor, thirty millions of dollars. The next largest was that of Mr. Morrison, dry goods, twenty millions of dollars, with real estate equal to some three millions five hundred thousand dollars more. The Duke of Westminster's realty can fall little short of one hundred millions of dollars, but his father only left four millions personality, and this included a famous collection of pictures.

Mr. W. W. Taylor, English millionaire on landing from the steamer that brought him over to New York had his pocket picked of \$30,000 in drafts. He drives to Fifth Avenue hotel, informs the clerk he has lost \$30,000 and desires an officer. Detective Pryor arrives. Mr. Taylor can't recollect the name of bank in New York in which drafts are on. Detective Pryor begins to think him a fraud. Mr. Taylor sends to the office for his other little bag. It is full of money. Detective Pryor is amazed, both at the coolness and carelessness of the Englishman of money. Pryor eventually recovers Taylor's lost \$30,000. Taken from his pocket by a man whose professional name is "Albany." Albany included to give up the wallet. Albany is very mad when told that payment on the Englishman's drafts could not be stopped as he had forgotten the name of the bank they were drawn on. He howled, threw his hat on the street and stamped on it.

A Strange Hallucination.

Dr. Tyman Santee, a resident of Laverne county, Pa., has had, perhaps, the most remarkable experience on record. The doctor is a man of medium size, about thirty years of age, of great intelligence and undoubted veracity. Though there is nothing in his manner

to suggest anything unnatural, yet the world in which he moves could not be to him more unlike our own if he lived on another planet.

When Dr. Santee was ten years younger he one day took a stroll, ascending an eminence of considerable height at some distance from his father's house. The view from this point was delightful in the extreme, extending away for miles toward the north and west. Far below the admiring youth swept along the broad river; beyond it were the rolling hills, which farther on swelled into the rugged mountains, where range beyond range rose higher and higher till the last hazy summits mingled with the wonderful blue of the summer sky. It was late in the day, and the great red sun hung in the golden west.

Tyman Santee, who in early life was somewhat given to idle fancies, on the mountain betook himself to the strange task of contrasting the size of his frame with the magnitude of the scene before him; and it seemed to him that he was only a manikin clinging to the cliff above the plain. While indulging in this and similar thoughts he became bewildered, and the size of everything around him suddenly diminished to one-tenth its former dimensions. The great pine at his side became a little sapling, the huge mountain on which he stood but a little mound, the river below appeared only a silver thread, and the setting sun but a blazing star in the sky. The great earth itself, from horizon to horizon, seemed only a few acres in extent, while the sky appeared to have fallen toward the earth.

Alarmed at this strange occurrence, the doctor left the mountain and hurried home. The road seemed no wider than a cowpath, and the fence on each side only a few inches high. He came to a horse and carriage standing by the roadside. The horse looked as small as a poodle, and the buggy by no means as large as a baby carriage. Farther on he met a man, and was struck with amazement. He was surely no more than six inches in height. He gazed on his own frame and saw that he was of the same insignificant stature.

When he entered his father's house everything was painfully small. The house itself was apparently only about two feet and a half high.

His little mother, smaller than himself was moving around like an animated doll, preparing the evening meal. Then his father came in, a miserable little dwarf, like himself. Their were the table, and the tiny dishes containing food, the little chairs, etc., all no larger than toys.

The next morning when Mr. Santee awoke, he was gratified to find the objects had recovered their proper dimensions. In 1870, while engaged in teaching, Dr. Santee again suddenly found himself transferred to a miniature world. He has since dwelt there surrounded by a pygmy existence. He seldom alludes to his strange experience, and then only to his most intimate friends. He has become accustomed to the remarkable state of things around him, if not actually reconciled to his lot, and scarcely hopes to revisit the old world he so well remembers, but which he is permitted to see only in his dreams.

A WOMAN'S SUIT.

And With What Success She Sues a Poor Man.

A well-rounded and petite figure, always clad in black, with large, brown eyes, clear-cut and regular features, and small and well-shaped hands, help to make Mrs. Maria A. Harm, of Bradford, Pa., attractive. She has achieved a reputation as a speculator in petroleum. She went in too deep, and to extricate has called in the aid of the law. She is a widow and the mother of two bright and interesting boys. She engaged as her broker Col. N. D. Preston, and delivered to him duly certificates of deposit to the amount of about \$10,000. The broker held these certificates, he pretends, for security, and put up the margins himself. For a time fortune smiled on the woman speculator. On the first deal she cleared \$600, and on the second \$1,348. The broker gave her checks for these amounts and returned one of the certificates of deposit. Mrs. Harm then wanted to buy 100,000 barrels of oil. Col. Preston's hair began to stand on end. He would not undertake to handle such a bundle. She then proposed to compromise on 75,000 barrels and failing in this, pleaded for a 50,000 barrel lot. The broker was not to be moved from his purpose. At that time the oil country was on the verge of the great Cherry Grove excitement, which, when it came, ruined thousands and sent the price from eighty-six cents to forty-nine cents a barrel. Col. Preston, after much persuasion, consented to and did purchase 25,000 barrels of oil for her, and subsequently 5,000 barrels were added. Without warning well No. 646, the pioneer of the Cherry Grove excitement, was brought in gushing out thousands of barrels of crude a day. The market went to pieces. Mrs. Harm hung on to the oil. Col. Preston became alarmed. Margins were daily swallowed up and the market was fairly sinking out of sight. Every day for two weeks the broker, according to his statement, called upon her and appealed to her to take the oil out of his hands, and one day he served a written notice on her that if the oil was not taken out of his hands by a certain day it would be sold by public sale. The day came, but Mrs. Harm was absent. The oil was sold. For a time the case was allowed to rest. A few days ago Mrs. Harm sued Col. Preston for \$9,400 damages. The case was heard before arbitrators. Mrs. Harm claimed that she had advanced \$10,000 for margins, that other parties were ready to carry the oil, and that the broker sold her out before he had a right to. Col. Preston offered no defence.

The arbitrators rendered an award in favor of the women for \$24,000, the sum sued for being only \$9,400. Mrs. Harm's attorneys having insisted that she was entitled to the difference between what the oil cost and the highest market price ruling between the day of sale and the time of trial. The case will be appealed.—New York Sun.

Truth is Mighty and Must Prevail

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

COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA,

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

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

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

The Central City of the Central County of North Dakota.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTER! THE COMMERCIAL CENTER!

THE FINANCIAL CENTER! THE RAILROAD CENTER!

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

GRIGGS COUNTY

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

GREAT STRIDES

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

BEAUTIFUL AND ELEGANTLY APPOINTED HOTEL,

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

GOOD SCHOOLS AND SPLENDID SOCIETY.

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

UNPARALLELED RAPID DEVELOPMENT

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

UNIVERSAL TRADING POINT,

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

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

Or J. M. BURRELL, Sanborn, D. T.
Plans Sent on Request. Uniform Prices to All.