

Cooperstown Courier.

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COOPERSTOWN, GRIGGS CO., DAK., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1883.

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THE COURIER.

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By Ed. D. STAIR.

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Official Paper of Griggs County

GRIGGS COUNTY'S TICKET.

Election, Tuesday, May 6, 1883.

For County Treasurer,
ANTON ENGER.
For County Coroner,
GEORGE F. NEWELL.
For Justice of the Peace,
P. A. MELGARD.
For Constables,
ALLEN PINKERTON,
OLE P. BALKAN.

LOCAL LACONICS.

—Is this our Indian summer?
—Plowing is nearly over for '83.
—Fall weather must be nearly over.
—November came in smiling and lamb-like.
—Ten states hold elections next Tuesday.
—Our merchants all report a thrifty trade.
—“Judge Melgard” won't sound bad after election.
—Wheat continues to arrive at the elevator in “paying” quantities.
—A fresh lot of cranberries just received at Odegard & Thompson's.
—Pinkerton & Shue are having a sixty-foot shed annexed to their livery stable.
—Geo. A. Brock, of Spiritwood, visited Harry Pickett a couple days this week.
—One good second-hand Singer Sewing Machine for sale cheap by Buchheit Bros.
—Davis & Co., the liverymen, lost about sixty tons of hay by prairie fire, Tuesday.
—Civil Engineer Edwards of the S., C. & T. M. railway, is up north on a reconnoitering tour.
—If you want one, ten or fifty cords of good wood get prices of E. D. Stair, at the Courier office.
—Operations on the river bridge are statu quo, owing to trouble connected with the pile driver.
—Wheat has been coming in at a decidedly lively gait the past week, the ruling price being 81 cents.
—Mr. Cool, accompanied by his companion Freeze, may now be expected to arrive in this city tomorrow day.
—Grading on the Sheyenne bridge approaches is progressing satisfactorily, and by another week will be well nigh completed.
—Harry Clark was down from Red Willow with three dressed beaves the first of the week, for which he found quick sale.
—Bashful bachelors and anxious young ladies may find solace in the thought that leap year is less than two months in the future.
—Contractors Muir & Christie are putting up a 16x32 harness shop for A. M. Pease on the corner of Burrell Ave. and Ninth street.
—A flour and feed store would pay in Cooperstown, and the building Mr. Cooper offers for rent would be just the checker for such an establishment.
—Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Lenham, and Miss Fanny, have been in Cooperstown a few days this week, attending the last sad rites of their brother and uncle.
—The ever pleasant Geo. A. Luce, of Hope, has been in the capital this week smiling on his patrons in the very becoming please-settle-your-account-fashion.
—The Northern Pacific express company has established an office here, with R. M. Cowen as agent. This will improve and cheapen our express facilities.
—According to President Arthur's proclamation, which will undoubtedly be endorsed by Governor Ordway, the fat turkey will this year do duty to epicures on the 29th inst.
—It will be pleasant for his many friends here—who are limited only by his acquaintance—to learn that Charley Ferguson is having a big run of business in his Missouri quarters.
—The Clay County Times, published at Moorhead, comes to us this week brimming full of choice local and general matter. The initial number does not do credit to the publishers' pen.

—Fred Buchheit is at Sanborn on business connected with the crooked doings of a young man who has been giving mortgages on chattels most too promiscuously to appear honest.

—Judge Byron Andrus returned from a professional visit to Fargo, last evening. He reports matters lively in the metropolis, and says a huge boom is “on” for Minnewauken, at the west end of Devil's Lake.

—The new depot is now doing the duty it was intended for, and they all say it is the finest railroad building in the Northwest, of its kind. J. B. Edwards was the architect, and he has covered himself with honor.

—A young German farmer came down from lake Jessie yesterday with a fine white pelican he had shot. The bird measured 9 ft. from wing tip to tip and 5 ft. 6 in. from tail to bill. A characteristic Dakota production.

—Another week of this sublime weather and every Dakota farmer's cup will be full to overflowing. No other land can produce as large a quota of rejoicing hearts as can this very quarter of the great “wild and barbarous northwest.”

—General Manager Roberts, H. J. Curtiss and J. Sagmun comprised a party who sallied forth from the Palace, Tuesday afternoon, with guns and ammunition. The tally at night showed up four fat geese and a large grist of ducks and chickens.

—At their next session the county commissioners will undoubtedly provide for a permanent cemetery near this place. Though it may seldom be required, the sad occurrences of this week demonstrated that exigencies are liable at any time to place the community in sore need of an established place to bury their departed ones.

—A very light vote may be expected in Griggs county next Tuesday, as the election thus far has elicited little attention from the people. However, we trust a sufficient number will present themselves at the polls to declare the nominees elected and warrant the judges (we are one of 'em, of course) in drawing their day.

—G. B. Thompson, editor of the Portland Inter-Ocean, is a candidate for commissioner of Traill. Poor fellow, hasn't he been in the newspaper business long enough to learn that it is the height of folly for an editor to run for an office? Well, we trust he'll get there, but if he should fail he is not to be pitied, for he is only an editor.

—Many people who have hitherto went east in winter time to find comfort will remain in Dakota this season, for they have discovered that the farther they depart from this favored clime the more distance they put between themselves and the comfort they seek. Griggs county's population this winter will be fully double that of last.

—Cooperstown now has a black list of unfortunate bibulously inclined individuals, and the saloonists are being duly notified, under seal, that they will be afflicted with the full penalty of law if they allow any intoxicants to be sold or given to those against whom complaint is lodged as being in the habit of drinking to excess.

—Julius Stevens now treads old mother earth with exultant mein and is almost unapproachable by the common herd. She is toothless and arrived at his home Sunday morning, announcing emphatically her intention to abide there permanently. Mrs. Stevens is doing well and the happy papa bears up under the dispensation most nobly.

—A gun recently exploded in the hands of Prof. Z. A. Clough, and came within an ace of wounding his mortal career. The only fault of the Professor in the matter was his endeavors to cheat the Courier of an item, and in which he succeeded for a week. A lacerated wrist and a large dose of fright is all the injury sustained from the accident.

—The Morenci (Mich.) Observer, a paper which has noted with pain the departure Dakotaward of several scores of the town's best citizens, remarks: “Dakota is indeed a fruitful land, as we hear that our former townsman, M. F. Fuller, harvested a thousand bushels of wheat from thirty acres; and A. W. Page gets three hundred and fifty bushels from 94 acres, besides a nice ten-pound boy, which come to stay about harvest time.”

—Dakota editors may be justified in this universal uprising against the postal service, but what would they say or do if they all lived down east, where an Exeter (N. H.) lady recently received a letter which was mailed in Washington, D. C., four years and nine months ago? This may be an unusual case, but it illustrates the march of progress (or standstill) that self-styled cultured country enjoys.

—Speaking particularly of church affairs in that place the Hope Pioneer thinks there is such a diversity of opinion in camp that it is almost impossible to find a half dozen people in the place who are not at variance, and their pastor, Rev. K. F. Norris, is solely discouraged. A few of Hope's church leaders would profit greatly by spending a few weeks in Cooperstown, where unity and harmony always prevail. The lesson might prove beneficial to the social status of that turbulent town, and it is perfectly free.

Tie up Those Cows.

The following few words handed us are to the point, and are very properly aimed at those whose stock are allowed to eat the good doctor's hay:

ED. COURIER:—A great deal has been said about the cheapness of keeping stock in this territory during the winter. Now, sir, I am satisfied than cows can be kept in this village for nothing, but it will take forty tons of hay to keep my horse.

Yours,
NEWELL.

Our Soap Mine.

Clipping our soap mine item the Fargo Argus prefatorily utters:

“The extent of the resources of Dakota probably has scarcely a limit. One should not be surprised at or doubt any alleged developments. The Sheyenne flows past golden banks, silver and coal are coming to light and in view of possible political discolorations, a soap mine is reported by the Cooperstown Courier as discovered in Griggs county.”

Lisbon Clipper: The Cooperstown Courier tells the great, unwashed world that a soap mine has been discovered in that vicinity. The Clipper is excited and delighted over this piece of information. We have just this minute discovered a bath tub mine. How'll you swap a bar of soap for a bath tub? We want to begin work on the Sargent county commissioners before the water tanks freeze up.

An exchange having read of the discovery of a soap mine near Cooperstown took a walk out into the prairie to catch breath after the surprise and came out with the announcement that while out on the prairie the day before digging after a gopher it discovered a bath tub mine and invited Cooperstown to bring on their soap.—Jamestown Alert.

A Characteristic Act.

R. C. Cooper is not a temperance sentimentalist, but just the same he has his ideas as to the limit the rum traffic can be allowed to attain in a civilized vicinity, and he has adopted a very squelching way of curtailing the flow of tangle-foot in this place. He had taken dinner at the Palace, Tuesday, and while picking his teeth the conversation led him to meditation on the painful increase of drunkenness in our midst, and a leading saloon keeper coming in at that moment induced an idea to the generous hearted farmer prince. In thirty minutes he had purchased Pinkerton & Shue's entire stock, pool table, fixtures etc., and leased the building for one year.

Thus was the doors of the leading saloon in Cooperstown closed, and thus is a new system of temperance work introduced by the man Cooperstown is proud to call “parent.”

Sad and Singular.

Mr. W. J. McCord, general agent of the New York Life Insurance company, has just received notice of the death of Mr. Whidden, of Cooperstown, who was insured some two years ago at the San Francisco (California) agency of the old, reliable “New York Life.” On September 17 Mr. McCord visited Cooperstown in the interest of his company, and wrote Mr. Whidden's application for \$2,000 more on the ordinary life plan. When the application reached the company, for some unknown reason, they refused to take him on that plan, but on a more expensive plan. Mr. McCord wrote to him, and sent the company's letter with his, and advised him to accept the increased rate, but he answered, refusing to accept it. The sequel comes to-day in the notice of his death, which has been forwarded to the company, and blank proofs ordered for the adjustment at an early date of the loss.—Fargo Republican.

The amount of the first policy is \$1,000, which Mrs. Whidden will undoubtedly receive at an early day.

Card of Thanks.

To the People of Cooperstown:
The undersigned feel most thankful for the honor and respect bestowed to our late Brother William, also for the attention given us when in Cooperstown.
LOUIS S. LENHAM AND FAMILY.

GONE TO MEET THEIR MAKER.

Two Valued Pioneer Citizens
Cross the Dark River.

JOHN BLAIR WHIDDEN.

With double force comes to us this week the admonition that the unerring archer, commissioned with the work of death, is liable to hurl his ruthless shaft into our midst without warning, striking down the loved ones of our homes, and that no age and no condition are exempt—no, not for a single hour—from the liabilities of death. The demise of J. B. Whidden, whose spirit passed to that other bourne with the sinking sun Monday evening, leaves a lamented gap in a bright young family and saddens the hearts of a multitude of friends. One week ago he felt slightly indisposed, but entertained no alarm. Saturday morning he was in a high malarial fever, and to his attending physician the end was apparent for he perceived that disease was rapidly approaching the citadel of life—the brain. Three days of terrible suffering followed, and he passed away as softly as the leaves on an autumn eve drop to the earth beneath the gentle sighs of a western wind; and he died with a christian's faith and a christian's hopes.

He was born at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Sept. 4, 1853, being 30 years old at his death. For eight years past he had lived in San Francisco, where he met, wooed, won and wed Miss May Lever, who, with her bright little fifteen-month's old boy, are called upon to mourn the loss of a husband and father whose sterling worth can never be calculated. Mrs. Whidden's heart bleeds not alone in this, her severe hour of trial, for none knew the departed one but to respect and love him. The strongest of sympathy from many souls goes out for the living wife whose idol, whose very life is thus torn asunder, for those friends know how she, though brave woman she be, must suffer, and how the world must seem bleak, bare, desolate and dreary. The light of her life; the husband of her affection, whose strong, noble character knew no sacrifice that would be too great in his family's behalf, is at peace forever. Never more can he reach out those strong arms to that prattling babe he loved so well; never again can he return caress for caress to a loving wife, for all is over. In the agony of woe that comes to the wife there are many who deeply share the bitter pangs of compassionate grief.

Just six months ago the departed man came to Cooperstown and engaged as junior partner with his brother, W. R. Whidden, in a general mercantile business, and prospects never bore for him a ruddier hue than when he was taken ill. A prosperous trade and a nice little home nearly ready to move into was all that he could desire aside from the possession of his family. During that six months he has endeared himself to all who came in contact with him. Never ready to indorse a harsh opinion of another; always unselfish; possessed of the most scrupulous integrity and honesty; never impatient; ever genial; extremely assiduous; very generous, warm-hearted and public-spirited, he was a friend and citizen to be prized. His loss to our community is a sad blow, equalled only by that which his brother, his wife, little son and mother are forced to sustain.

The funeral obsequies were conducted by Mr. Rockwell at 4:30 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, at the Palace Hotel parlors, and were attended very largely. The services opened by the reading of that soul stirring hymn, “Safe in the Arms of Jesus,” followed by prayer and the appropriate hymn, “Gathering Homeward from Every Shore, One by One.” Mr. Rockwell chose no text, but from a scriptural standpoint answered the questions always propounded to our minds upon the death of a dear one, namely: “Where has he gone?” “How did he go?” “Shall we see and recognize him again?” The services closed with the hymn, “We shall sleep, but not forever,” after which the friends were permitted to take a last look at John Whidden. He was buried in a metallic coffin, so as to permit the removal of his remains at some future day.

WILLIAM S. LENHAM.

Scarcely had the people begun to realize the loss of Mr. Whidden when the sad word announcing William S. Lenham's death was passed, he having died very unexpectedly at the hour of six on Tuesday morning. Mr. Lenham, better known to us all as “Uncle Billy,” was 53 years old, having lived in America 40 years of that life, though being a German by birth. He was married in early manhood, but his domestic happiness was of short duration, his wife dying within two years of the wedding day, leaving as the only solace for her husband's grief an infant boy, now living in Pennsylvania. At the instance of his brother, Mr. L. S. Lenham, of Sanborn, the deceased came to Dakota three years ago, and two years of that time he has spent in Griggs county being connected in a responsible way with the Cooper farm until a few months since, when he purchased the restaurant which he was conducting at the time of his demise.

Everyone in Griggs county knew “Uncle Billy” and respected his many sterling qualities of heart and soul. Intelligent beyond an ordinary degree, he was a man of positive opinion; bluff as a lion in speech he was gentle as a child in spirit, and his great big heart knew no limit to kindness; a man who loved his word and integrity better than gold; he had no enemies unless it was his own excessive kindness. As Mr. Rockwell exclaimed in his discourse, at the Palace parlors Wednesday afternoon, where the funeral services were held, “None knew him but their heart went out to him.” In the

ripeness of life an earnest, outspoken, manly citizen is suddenly stricken down, leaving a community who mourn with the sorrowed relatives at Sanborn. Peace be to the ashes of this generous man.

Dakota Newspapers.

Dakota has not, as a commonwealth spent a dollar to stimulate emigration to the prairies and towns. Her newspapers have been the great spectacles through which homeseekers have looked and been fascinated with the beauty of her valleys and hills and they have been the agents which have traveled without script or staff through the highways and byways of the whole land drumming up emigration. The patronage of which home men have given the newspapers is of course all that has furnished the backing which the work required, and they have nobly stood up to the rack. The Cincinnati Times makes the following comments in regard to the matter:

“The rapid development of Dakota, which is the wonder of the day, is more largely due to the newspapers of the territory than to any other cause. A town is scarcely mapped out before a weekly paper is established, and a population of a thousand souls is sometimes considered sufficient to justify the publication of a daily. So generally are the benefits from a newspaper appreciated that the merchants often offer a printer inducement by the way of bonus or subscription for a certain number of copies to start a newspaper, and in nearly all cases they liberally patronize a printing office. The extent to which Dakota merchants advertise in the newspaper and by circulars is astonishing. A Dakota town whose newspapers are not literally filled with advertisements is considered dying or dead, and not a desirable place for an energetic and enterprising man to locate.

A feature of some of the Dakota papers is the “boom” editions, which are being sent all over Europe, has given every town in the territory a wide reputation. It is not to be supposed that the newspaper men are the wealthy men of Dakota. They sow and others reap, but theirs is a labor of love, and usually it is enough if they are able to afford their families a comfortable living.”

—A car load of Flour just received at Nelson & Langlie's.

—Call and examine the “Monitor” at Whidden Bros.

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

New goods by every train for Whidden Bros.

—Old newspapers for sale at the Courier office.

—The farmer and mechanic want to see the “Monitor” at Whidden Bros.

—Wm. Glass loans money for final proof and on real estate. 39tf.

—Brown Bros. & Co., San Francisco, manufacturer the “Monitor.” For sale only at Whidden Bros.

—Boys don't forget to get a box of that choice candy at Whidden Bros.

If you want Dry Goods, just see the stock at Whidden Bros.

—Fresh Groceries received this week at Whidden Bros.

—All who have tried it say that Butter Scotch at Whidden Bros. can't be beat.

—A car load of Pork just received at Odegard & Thompson's.

—Ladies' and gents' knit underwear and outside wraps at big bargains at Odegard & Thompson's.

The best smoke in town for 5c is the “Henry Clay” cigar at Whidden Bros.

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

A new line of Ladies' and Gents' Hosiery just opened at Whidden Bros.

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

—Don't purchase your Underwear until you have examined the immense stock at Nelson & Langlie's.

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

—Coal in quantities to suit all at bed rock prices. Lenham E. & L. Co.

—Paints and Oils of all kinds at Odegard & Thompson's.

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

—It will surprise the smoking community to smoke that “University” at Odegard & Thompson's.

—Drop in at the Pioneer Store and try some of those California pears, just received.

Ladies and Gents' Underwear at Whidden Bros.

A Billiard and Pool Table Combined, for sale at a bargain by R. C. COOPER.

Wood, Wood! Wood!!

If you would get good wood for your money, then call on E. D. Stair, at the Courier office. Cord wood delivered in town, or for sale at low figures on the river.

For Rent.

A well appointed store in excellent location of Cooperstown, suitable for any kind of business, can be leased by applying to, R. C. COOPER.