

Cooperstown Courier.

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THE COURIER.

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By Ed. D. STAIR.

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Official Paper of Griggs County

LOCAL LACONICS.

—No excitement in town on election day.

—And still the belated farmer can plow.

—The Courier and American Farmer one year for two dollars.

—A car load of furniture just received by Odegard & Thompson.

—Ex-Commissioner Allen Breed passed a couple days of this week in Cooperstown.

—H. G. Pickett has been appointed special administrator of the Wm. Lenham estate.

—Julius Stevens has been at his old field of operations, Valley City, part of the week.

—H. C. Fitch has been recuperating from the effects of a heated campaign, at Jamestown.

—The ladies of the church society are preparing for a concert to be given next week, we believe.

—The dearth of local events this week has been well nigh distracting to the poor Courier apostle.

—Dr. Newell has had a very neat "Drug Store" sign painted on the west side of his building this week.

—Knud Thompson and family have taken up their abode in their new and spacious residence on the Boulevard.

—The Lenham Elevator & Lumber Co. have been having their buildings at this place very elaborately lettered this week.

—A few suits Buckskin Underwear selling at cost at Whidden Bros.

—J. W. Shannon, the live and popular furniture dealer of Sanborn, paid his respects to Cooperstown on election day.

—The weather has behaved so magnificently that we can only refer to it with terms of great respect and admiration.

—Why is it that Cooperstown has the finest qualities of the smokers' delight? Because she has good country to back her. See?

—General machine agents have been numerous in the metropolis this week. They are out gathering in their share of notes and collaterals.

—Mr. Retzlaff's two-story addition to the Union Hotel is now well under way, and when completed will add materially to the capacity of that hostelry.

—Another car load Flour just received at Whidden Bros. You can save money buying of them rather than hauling your wheat to the mill.

—J. Pierce, sheriff of Nelson county, was down this way the first of the week gazing around in quest of a horse thief, who has stolen Lieut. Creel's horse.

—Trade has been unusually brisk this week and the merchants all wear weary smiles, while the clerks are languid and feel deeply impressed with the seriousness of life.

—Geo. W. Mackey, of Minneapolis, was in town yesterday and expressed himself as being decidedly infatuated with the Palace, the best kept hotel in North Dakota.

—Mauly Davis has been quite ill this week from an attack of quinsy, but at this writing is on the mend. C. A. Moore has also been suffering from severely sore tonsils for several days.

—The railroad company are experiencing some difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply of water at the round house at this place. Their well was evidently sunk in an unfortunate spot.

—Dr. Ross and son, of Adrian, Mich., were in town again this week, and report that thus far in their land explorations they have come upon no region that suits them better than Griggs county.

—J. M. Melville, our whilom citizen, came into the metropolis yesterday after an absence of six months. He could hardly recognize the place, and felt as though he had never seen Cooperstown before.

—Whidden Bros. have never before urged their customers for a dollar, but any thinking man can understand that owing to the sudden change—the death of our partner—it's necessary to wind up the present business. Don't forget to pay.

—Sifton & Pinkerton, with their Minnesota Chief thresher, pounded out 1,940 bushels of oats yesterday. If we remember correctly this beats the best record made in Dakota this year.

—The restaurant of the late William Lenham has been leased by M. E. Skinner, who has been rejuvenating and rearranging the same. He proposes to keep a good place, and no doubt will be a popular landlord.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pickett are now ensconced in their new quarters as cosily as you please, and the happy liege lord anticipates much condensed comfort this winter while the blizzards play among themselves on the outside.

—Sever Halverson, living six miles east of this place and a brother of the first precinct county commissioner-elect, died Tuesday night of typhoid pneumonia at the age of 38 years. He was an industrious farmer, and leaves a wife and several children to deplore the fate that called him away.

—See Whidden Bros.' new ad. They offer a premium on all current funds by selling goods lower than ever.

—Prof. Z. A. Clough purchased a new cab for his little progeny the other day, and some ladies who viewed from an upper window his proud, elastic tread as he wheeled it up the street for the first time felt so highly entertained that they gave the Courier permit to paragraph it. But we are not in a joking vein, and good material for a neat item is thus lost.

—Our last order for Buffalo Coats could not be filled; but we have a few that will be sold at the same way down prices. Whidden Bros.

—It seems strange that in this day and age of enlightenment men exist who don't even know the price of postal cards. However one will turn up now and then to display his painful ignorance, as was illustrated at the postoffice yesterday, when a well-dressed man was surprised to learn he could purchase one for a cent.

—We have traveled over a goodly portion of Griggs county this week and noticed the fields were pretty much all plowed back. However, a small percentage of plowing yet remains unfinished, but as the weather still continues favorable it looks as though many an acre will have to be "carried over" until spring for plowing.

—Unlike many new towns of the Northwest, Cooperstown's improvements have been of a substantial and enduring nature. Not an industry has been started here but that has proved a flattering success, and our citizens are all alive to the fact that a steady, healthful growth is ten times preferable to the mushroom style of rushing up mere shacks.

—Geo. B. Whidden, youngest brother of W. R. and the late J. B. Whidden, arrived in Cooperstown Monday evening, in answer to a message that John was very ill. He did not learn the sad news until he arrived. Mr. Whidden is a brave soldier boy, being a musician in the regular army and is stationed at Fort Custer, Montana. He has a twenty-day furlough and will remain here a couple weeks.

—We have yet to hear the first Dakota man express any sympathy for the Manitoba railway company in its unholy war against the Fargo Southern. In fact there is a general and hearty censure of their proceedings that can only redound to their injury. The Fargo Southern will be built and it will have gained many warm friends through the opposition it has to battle with.

—It is proposed by some of the young men to celebrate the defeat of Ben Butler some evening next week by a dance at the Park Ave. Hotel, Mardell. It would be well, and it is desired that as large a number as possible will take part. A fine ride, singing and dancing, and a fine supper gotten up by "mine host" Robinson will be very serviceable, starting the wheel of sociability for the coming winter.

—Dakotians who return on visits to their old homes are accredited as being very enthusiastic in their recitals of this land's productiveness, but the East Tennesseean, who many years ago emigrated to Illinois, had an imagination that excelled. While on a visit to his friends, he gave a glowing account of the fertility of the soil of Illinois, and, by way of illustration, declared that he and his wife went out to look at their corn one evening and found it about knee high and growing so fast that they stuck a stick up in a hill of corn to see how much it would grow by morning. They went back next morning and the stalks had three ears of corn and the stick had a nubbin.

THE ELECTION.

Returns From Griggs County and Other Scenes of Ballot Battles.

There being only one ticket in the Griggs county field no excitement was occasioned by Tuesday's election in this region, and with the exception of the first precinct there was no interest manifested, the total vote being a little less than 100. Of course the regular ticket carried the day, hence the following are our officers-elect:

Treasurer—Anton Enger.
County Coroner—G. F. Newell.
Justice of the Peace—P. A. Melgard.
Constables—Allan Pinkerton and M. Robinson.

In the first precinct a commissioner was elected, and the little strife for this office was the only ripple that indicated any interest in the election. Omund Nelson was the regular caucus nominee, but the people deemed it meet to run Ole Halverson and E. C. Butler. A strange election freak gave Mr. Nelson but 2 votes, Mr. Butler 7 and Mr. Halverson 15. The commissioner-elect we learn is an up-in-the-morning, enterprising man, fully qualified for the important position his constituency have yoked upon him.

The brilliant records made by independent candidates deserve mention. For instance there was Landlord H. C. Fitch, who by his zeal worked in four votes for coroner, and Fred H. Buchheit who got two for treasurer; then there was F. C. Holmes who got up a boom of two votes for justice of the peace, and Joe Marshall who got ten ballots for constable.

In Cass county there was strife, but the result was favorable to the regular republican ticket. In Barnes the battle ended in probable victory for the faction of which the Valley City Times is the champion.

The republicans in Massachusetts snowed old Ben Butler under by a majority of 10,000 to 12,000 and elected the balance of their ticket.

New York has been a little contrary and gives the republicans a working majority in the legislature. Nebraska and Kansas also "bob up serenely" with their expected republican majorities, while Minnesota squeezed in Hubbard for governor by some 14,000 votes and elect the balance of the republican ticket by larger surplus.

The democrats still maintain their grip on Mississippi, Maryland, Virginia and probably New Jersey. Connecticut is considered republican.

In South Dakota the constitutional amendment proposition will carry by 2,000 majority, which doesn't savor much of unanimity.

Come and Get a Home.

[Jamestown Alert.]

There is more import in the word "come" than one might at once discover in a casual consideration of the term. In the new testament scriptures, the grandest system of moral ethics that has ever been produced, the word always calls to a better, a higher state of civilization. The idea coupled with it is elevation either spiritually, intellectually, or physically, as, for example: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "The spirit and the bride say come." "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you," etc. All pointing to a better and higher condition.

Temporally, we say to the young man in the east who is upon the point of branching out upon the world as the architect of his own fortune, come to Dakota, where you may reap the first fruits and live on the fat of the land instead of being a pensioner on the family bank account at home. Come where health is the boon of all and where wealth is within reach of all.

Morally, we say to the young man here and elsewhere, come out from the glaring light and dazzling temptation of the gambling room which promises you a glittering fortune of gold and gives you a beggar's bed of straw. Come out from the ranks of the loafer's gang who toil not neither do they spin, who are drones in the busy hive of nature and burdens upon society. Come out from the dark and devious ways of that dark alley which leads to places you are ashamed to be seen approaching in the light of day. Come away from the siren voice that lures you on until you are hopelessly ensnared in the coils of her shame and degradation. Come away from that demon drink before the withering gaze of whose Gorgon eyes millions have been brought to tread the wine press of sorrow, to finally be lost to the world in the obscurity of the unnumbered, unmarked and unhonored graves of the potter's field.

Come up to the higher plane of the ascending scale of progression which centers in the sublime perfections of the deity. Come to that plane of spiritual elevation which "raise mortals to the skies," and forever renounce and abandon that which "drags angels down." Be true to yourself, be honest, be just, be generous, be sober, be virtuous, be noble, be a MAN.

THE DAKOTA GIRL.

How She Paralyzed the Would-be Masher from the East.

A young man who looked as if he considered the burden of life too heavy by several tons, wandered in an aimless manner through the corridors of The Leader block to-day, and finally, summoning to his aid all the resolution that he had about his person, opened the door of the editorial sanctum and walked in. The young man had evidently seen sorrow—and sorrow had raised him one, and he had called, and sorrow had downed his flush with a full. It sometimes happens in that way.

The sad-faced youth seated himself, and in a voice that evidently welled up from a broken heart, or perhaps a diseased lung, said:

"You see before you, sir, the wreck of a once glorious manhood."

The scribe replied that he had often read of wrecks of once glorious manhoods, but had never before had the felicity of meeting one—a fact which greatly enhanced the pleasure of the present interview.

"Yes," continued the Wreck, "I am done up, beyond all hope of resuscitation. Four weeks ago I was a bright and joyous masher, full of life and hope, longing to part the mystic veil of the future and gaze upon the glories of the dreamland which my fancy painted in such rosy hues. Now my cognomen is mud."

The scribe sympathized with the Wreck, and begged to hear his story.

"Well it is all on account of the truck that you newspaper fellows write about the enterprising girls of Dakota, who sneer at the conventionalities of society, and have come to this land of promise to carve out their fortunes, and all that kind of stuff. They are good carvers, so far as that goes," and the Wreck reflectively rubbed a two-inch scar athwart his nose. "Yes, that sort of thing makes a big sensation east, where the young lady who builds a pie once a month thinks she is being hurried to an early grave by excessive toil. The gov'nor—my old man, you know—had been feeding me for the past six months with good advice about bracing up, rolling up my sleeves and going to work, and a lot of gags like that. He was stuck on that carving out a fortune business, and wanted me to try my hand at it. I had been engaged for ten years in carving his fortune, and that ought to have satisfied him, but it didn't. At last he got hold of a Dakota paper that had a long account of how a New York girl had come out here alone, and taken up a homestead and a timber pre-emption and a final proof and a lot of things; and how she had gone to work and built a house, and a sod barn, and broken up a section of land, and made a fool of herself generally. The gov'nor showed me the article, and said I ought to be ashamed of myself. I told him that it was no fault of mine that the girl had carried on so, but he said if I possessed one-tenth of the enterprise and industry and sand of that female I might be a rich man inside of a dozen years; and he wound up by declaring that he would give fifty thousand dollars for such a daughter-in-law as that. That made me prick up my ears, and at last he said if I could induce that girl to marry me he would draw a check for \$50,000 in my favor on the wedding day; for he was convinced that such a wife as she would make was just what I needed. The paper gave the girl's name and told where her ranch was located, and I concluded that as she must be pretty well fixed herself it would be a good stroke of policy for me to scope in the wealth. So I took the first train for the west, and three days ago I drove out to her farm."

"Did you see the girl?"

"Did I see her! Well, don't I look as if I had been interviewing a Dakota girl—or did you suppose it was a threshing machine or a pack of coyotes that I had encountered? I admit that the mistake would be a natural one. Yes, I went, I saw,—but I didn't conquer; hence these tears. I had always considered that when I made a tender of my hand and heart to a young lady I was paying her a compliment of considerable magnitude; but for some reason this girl didn't view the matter in that light. When I mentioned the subject to her she simply sized me up in a cold kind of a way and inquired if my mother was aware of my absence from the paternal roof. Her unkind remark cut me to the quick. I don't know what the quick is, but there is where I was cut to. Then she got my hat and cane, and led me out into the front yard and pointed to a field as big as the state of Rhode Island, and said: "Young man, I broke that land with my own hands. This wheat field that you see over here I plowed, harrowed, sowed and harvested myself. That herd of stock grazing on the hill yonder, I purchased with the proceeds of my individual labor. I am worth at least \$10,000, and I have accumulated every cent of it here in Dakota, without the slightest assistance from any one. The man whom I choose for a 'protector' must be one fully worthy of my respect and admiration. I do not wish to appear hasty in declining your offer, and will make you a proposition. You can stay in this neighborhood for a week or so. I have some fall plowing that I wish to have done and will give you the job. If you succeed in back-setting four acres within the next three days, and do it in a good, workmanlike manner, I will let you help me haul hay for the balance of the week. You will be expected to milk ten cows night and morning, and must make yourself generally useful. At the end of the week I shall know whether you are the kind of man to whom a Dakota girl can safely entrust her happiness."

"I suppose that rather dampened your

enthusiasm?"

"Why, the exceedingly definite conspicuousness of the utterly unanimous conglomeration of the thing knocked me silly. I tried to back out of the affair gracefully but I suppose I made a mull of it. I am not very clear in my mind as to what happened after that. I only know that when I came to I was half a mile away, and that I felt as if I had been run through a quart mill. I paid one of the natives five dollars to drive me to the nearest railroad station, and I came here. This is the first time I have been out of my bed since. I tell you, sir, you can't put it too strong when you are talking about the energy of your Dakota girls. It makes me tired to think of it; and I shall get back without any unnecessary loss of time into a country where they take things a little easier. This may be a grand country; it probably is; but a man who is constitutionally weary don't want any truck with it."—Sioux Falls Leader.

West vs. East.

The facts are that the average working man out west is better fed, better clothed, and enjoys more true independence than the average working man east. If you don't believe it, go and see. Again, your children have a better chance. Away out on the prairie they grow up to be mer- and women, knowing very little of the terrible sufferings of city tenement-house life, or its evil influences. City squalor has no charm; but in the two-room western cottage, surrounded with flowers, and breathing an atmosphere that brings joy with every zephyr, there is a feeling of contentment that cannot be described.—N. Y. Witness.

—The Fargo Republican thinks that with Vice-President Oakes holding the Northern Pacific managerial reins may be regarded as the opening of an era of better understanding between the road and people.

—La Moure Progress: One of the very few things that the two Fargo representatives of republican journalism agree on, is in the opinion that Ben Butler would make a good president. Fortunately their influence in national politics is not yet so great as to create a stampede in the party ranks.

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

—A few Grain Sacks still on hand at Whidden Bros. will be sold for cost.

—Have you got a yoke of oxen, sheep, hogs, etc.? We will always give you goods for them. Odegard & Thompson.

—Three good rooms on a second floor can be rented singly or together by applying to R. C. Cooper.

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

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.

—Wm. Glass loans money for final proof and on real estate. 38tf.

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

—Fresh Groceries received this week at Whidden Bros.

—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.

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

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.

—One good second-hand Singer Sewing Machine for sale cheap by Buchheit Bros.

—If you want one, ten or fifty cords of good wood get prices of E. D. Stair.

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.