

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

"Oh, wilt thou take these rings so spare,
This powdered face and frizzled hair,
To be thy wedded wife,
And keep her free from labor vile,
Lest she her dainty fingers soil—
And dress her up in gayest style
As long as thou hast life?"
"I will!"

"And wilt thou take these stocks and bonds,
This brownstone front, these diamonds,
To be thy husband dear?
And wilt thou in this carriage ride,
And o'er his lordly home preside,
Or be divorced while yet a bride,
Or ere a single year?"
"I will."

"Then I pronounce you man and wife;
And with what I've together joined,
The next best man may run away
Whenever he a chance can find."
The Judge.

THE INDIAN TRAIL.

BY FIERCE B. SHILTON.

"The Indians have attacked Mr. Stuart's house, burnt it, and carried his family into captivity!" were the first words of a breathless woodsman, as he rushed into the block house of a village in Western New York, during one of the early border wars. "Up, up, a dozen men should have been on the trail two hours ago."

"God help us," said one of the group, a bold, frank forester, and with a face whiter than ashes, he leaned against the wall, gasping for breath. Every eye turned on him with sympathy, for he and Mr. Stuart's only daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen, were to be married in a few days.

The bereaved father was unusually respected. He was a man of great benevolence of heart, and of some property, and resided on a mill seat he owned, about two miles from the village. His family consisted of his eldest daughter and three widowed children. He had been from home, so the rumor said, when his house was attacked, nor had the neighbors any intimation of the catastrophe, until the light of the burning tenements awakened the suspicions of a settler, who resided a mile nearer the village than Mr. Stuart, and who, proceeding towards the flames, found the houses and mills in ruins, and recognized the feet of females and children on the trail of the Indians. He hurried instantly to the fort, and it was this individual who now stood breathlessly narrating the events which we, in fewer words, have detailed.

The alarm spread through the village as fire spreads in a swamp after a drought, and before the speaker had finished his story, the little block-house was filled with eager, sympathizing faces. Several of the inhabitants had brought their rifles, and others now hurried home to arm themselves. The young men of the settlement gathered, to a man, around Henry Leper, the betrothed husband of Mary Stuart, and though few words were spoken, the earnest grasp of the hand and the accompanying look, assured him that his friends keenly felt for him, and were ready to follow him to the world's end. The party was about to set forth when a man was seen running up the road from the direction of the deserted home.

"It is Mr. Stuart," said one of the oldest of the group. "Stand back all, and let him come in."

The men parted right and left from the doorway, and immediately the father entered; the neighbors bowed respectfully to him as he passed. He scarcely returned their salutations, but advancing directly to his intended son-in-law, the two mutually fell into each other's arms.

The spectators, not wishing to intrude on the privacy of their grief, turned their faces away with that instinctive delicacy which is nowhere found more often than among those who are thought to be merely rude borderers; but they heard sobs, and they knew that the heart of the usually collected Mr. Stuart must be fearfully agitated.

"My friends," he said, at length, "this is kind. I see you know my loss, and are ready to march with me. God bless you." He could say no more, for he was choking with emotion.

"Stay back, father," said young Leper, using for the first time a name which, in that moment of desolation, carried a sweet comfort to the parent's heart, "you cannot bear the fatigue as well as we—death only will prevent us bringing back Mary—"

"I know it—I know, my son—but I cannot stay here in suspense. No, I will go with you. I have to-day the strength of a half dozen men."

The fathers who were there nodded in assent, and nothing further was said, but immediately the party, as if by one impulse, set forth.

There was no difficulty in finding the trail of the Indians, along which the pursuers advanced with a speed incredible to those unused to forest life, and the result of long and severe discipline. But rapid as their march, hour after hour elapsed without any signs of the vicinity of the savages, though evidence that they had passed the route a while before was continually met. The sun rose high in the heavens until he stood above the tree-tops, then he began slowly to decline, and at length his slant beams could scarcely penetrate the forest; yet there were no appearances of the Indians, and the hearts of the pursuers began to despond. Already the opinion had grown general that a further advance was useless, for the boundaries of the settlers' districts had long been passed; they were in the very heart of the savages' country; and by this time the Indians had probably reached their village. Yet when the older men, who alone would venture to suggest a return, looked at the father or his intended son-in-law, they could not utter the words which would carry despair to two almost breaking hearts, and so the march was continued. But night drew on, and one of the elders spoke:

"There seems to be no hope," he said, stopping, and resting his rifle on the ground, "and we are far from our families. What would become of the

village if attacked in our absence?"

This was a question that went to every heart, and by one consent the party stopped, and many, especially of the older ones, took a step or two involuntarily homewards. The father and young Leper looked at each other in mute despair.

"You are right, Jenkins," the young man said, at length. "It is selfish in us to lead you so far away from home on—"

and here for an instant he choked—"on perhaps, a fruitless errand. But as for me, my way lies ahead, even if it lead you into the very heart of an Indian village."

"And I will follow you!" "And I!" "And I!" exclaimed a dozen voices, for daring in moments like these, carries the day against cooler counsels, and the young, to a man, sprang to Leper's side. Even the older men were affected by contagion. They were torn by conflicting emotions, now thinking of their wives and little ones behind, and now reminded of the suffering captives before. They still fluctuated, when one of the young men exclaimed in a low voice:

"See—here they are!" and, as he spoke, he pointed to a thin column of light ascending in the twilight above the tree-tops from the bottom of the valley lying immediately before them.

"On, then—on," said Jenkins, now the first to move ahead; "but silently, or the slightest noise will ruin our hopes."

Oh! how the father's heart thrilled at these words. The evident belief of his neighbors in the uselessness of further pursuit had wrung his heart, and with Leper, he had resolved to go on unaided, though meantime he watched with intense anxiety the proceedings of the council, for he knew that two men, or even a dozen would probably be insufficient to rescue the captives. But when his eyes caught the distant light, hope rushed wildly back over his heart. With the next minute he was foremost in the line of pursuers, apparently the coolest and most cautious of all.

With noiseless tread the borderers proceeded until they were within a few yards of the encamped Indians, glimpses of whom they could catch through the avenue of trees, as the fire flashed up when a fresh brand was thrown on it. Stealthily creeping forward a few paces further, they discerned the captive girl, with her two little brothers and three little sisters, bound, a short distance apart from the group; and, at the sight, the fear of the father lest some or all of his little ones, unable to keep up in the hasty flight, had been tomahawked, gave way to a thrill of indescribable joy. He and Jenkins were now by common consent looked on as leaders of the party. He paused to count the group.

"Twenty-five in all," he said, in a low whisper. "We can take off a third at least with one fire, and then rush in on them," and he looked up to Jenkins who nodded approvingly.

In hurried whispers the plan of attack was regulated, each having an Indian assigned to his rifle. During this brief pause every heart trembled, lest the accidental cracking of a twig, or a tone spoken unadvisedly above a whisper, should attract the attention of the savages. Suddenly, before all was arranged, one of them sprang to his feet, and looked suspiciously in the direction of the little party. At the same instant, another sprang towards the prisoners, and with eyes fixed on the thicket where the pursuers lay, held the tomahawk above the startled girl, as if to strike the instant any demonstration of hostility should appear.

The children clung to their sister's side with stifled cries. The moment was critical. The proximity of the pursuers was suspected, and that their discovery would immediately result. To wait until each man had his victim assigned to him might prove ruinous, to fire premature might prove equally so. But Leper forgot every consideration in the peril of Mary, and, almost at the instant when the occurrences we have related were taking place, took aim at the savage standing over his betrothed, and fired. The Indian fell dead. Immediately a yell rang through the forest, the savages leaping to their arms, a few dashing toward the thicket, others rushed on the prisoners, and others, and these were the most sagacious, retreating behind trees. But with that whoop a dozen rifles rang on the air, and half a score of the assailed fell to the earth, while the borderers, breaking through the thicket with uplifted knives and tomahawks, came to the rescue. A wild hand to hand conflict ensued, in which nothing could be seen except the figures of the combatants rolling together among the whirling leaves, nothing heard but angry shouts, and the groans of the wounded and dying. In a few minutes the borderers were victorious.

Leper had been the first to enter the field. The instant he fired, flinging down his rifle, he leaped from his hiding-place, and rushed to Mary's side, thinking only of her safety. It was well he was so prompt. Two stalwart savages dashed at her with swinging tomahawks, but the knife of Leper found the heart of one, and the other fell stunned by a blow from the butt end of the father's rifle, who followed his intended son a step or two behind. A second's delay would have been too late.

Fortunately none of the assailants were killed, though several were seriously wounded. The suddenness of the attack may account for the comparative immunity which they enjoyed.

How shall we describe the gratitude and joy with which the father kissed his rescued children? How shall we tell the rapture with which Leper clasped his affianced bride to his bosom? We feel our incapacity for the task, and drop the veil over emotions too holy for exposure.

The result of the ballot for the committee of the Hudson Bay company shows Earl Dunraven to be elected deputy-governor in the place of Sir John Ross, and Sir Thomas Dakin, Mr. Russell, M. P., and Messrs. Thomas Reynolds and Donald Smith directors, in place of Messrs. Newman, Wilkinson, Gassiot and Eldridge. A majority of votes favor the Marquis of Lorne as governor, but as he is not a shareholder he is ineligible.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's middle name is Green.

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

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