

The Decline of Winnipeg.

From Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.

This is not a very jolly British city to visit just now, although bed and board were in such demand a year or eighteen months ago that the owner of a canvas tent twenty by sixty feet could retire to the lake of Como for the remainder of his life after a month's rental from it. But now all is changed: city lots that sold as high as \$1,400 a front foot are held for an offer, and there is no one to make it. The city has had its boom and high fever; and relapse, collapse in fact, is upon the capital of the Province of Manitoba, the first city of the great Northwest. Within two years the rush was so great from Upper Canada that there was not room in the cars nor in the hotels of Winnipeg for the crowds. Demand for anything soon begets supply, of course, and then more leisurely brick buildings followed, and now it is said the hotels in this city are as numerous as churches in Rome, where the learned reader of "Hare" and other guide-books will remember, there are churches, or, more accurately speaking, a church, for every day in the year. Be the number as it may, they are numerous and varied in style, from "The Queen's," which is very English in its musty atmosphere and in the solid silver or plated service on the tables, to the lodging-houses, in imitation of the English, where for twopenny one can get a musty if not nasty shake-down. "You can live on a crust a day in Europe," says Bayard Taylor, "but below four cents for a bed you can't go."

But Winnipeg, save in the name and air of its principal hotel, is not in any manner an English city. You don't see a "red coat" and the "bob"—the learned traveler will remember that a London policeman is called a "bob," and he will also remember that an English shilling is called a "bob"—in the huge buffalo overcoat will tell you that he came here from Wisconsin. The people in the streets are Americans, and the wares in the shops are Yankee. But the heavy swell with the glass disc in his left eye, tethered by a string to his coat, is, of course a Britisher. He is yawning upon one subject or another. The city is American, and in the character of its houses you could imagine yourself in Kansas or Minnesota. The collapse has been a serious one, but the bottom is not touched, and from the mutterings one hears, it is not difficult to imagine that the mother country may have a refractory South Carolina on her hands in the near future; that, in fact, there may be a seceding state from the Dominion of Canada. Then the precedents of aid and comfort and rebellion will arise to disturb the Britisher.

THE "DUDE."

A Study of His Development.

Dude is said to be originally a London mus.-hall term, but it has been transplanted here, and its constant use shows that it is, for some reason, well fitted to take a permanent place in the vocabulary of fashion. Many of our readers may not know what a dude is, and some of them, perhaps, do not suspect his existence. The allusions to him in the press are of that sort which seems to imply contempt—as in the case of the story bearing evident marks of "reportorial" invention, of a dude pursued on Fifth Avenue by a cat—and yet are, at the same time, obscure. We shall, therefore, to guard against all misconceptions and suspicion of unfairness, describe what we understand a dude to be. A dude, then, is a young man, not over twenty-five, who may be seen on Fifth Avenue between the hours of three and six, and may be recognized by the following distinguishing marks and signs. He is dressed in clothes which are not calculated to attract much attention, because they are fashionable without being ostentatious. It is, in fact, only to the close observer that the completeness and care of the costume of the dude reveals itself. His trousers are very tight; his shirt-collar, which must be clerical in its cut, encircles his neck so as to suggest that a sudden movement of the head in any direction will cause pain; he wears a tall black hat, pointed shoes, and a cane, (not a "stick," which should, we believe, properly have a silver handle, is carried by him under his right arm, projecting forward at an acute angle, somewhat in the manner that a sword is carried by a general at review, but with a civilian mildness that never suggests a military origin for the custom. When the dude takes off his hat, or when he is seen in the evening at the theatre, it appears that he parts his hair in the middle and "bangs" it. There is believed to be a difference of opinion among dudes as to whether they ought to wear white gaiters.—New York Nation.

Hard Place to Save Sinners.

The New York Times states that a tall man, with a reddish beard, a black slouch hat, and a blue military coat, took his stand in Nassau street, near the corner of Wall street and waved his hands excitedly, about 3 o'clock the other afternoon. In less than two minutes at least fifty men and boys were grouped around him. He leaned against an iron railing and returned the curious gazes of fifty pair of eyes with a vacant stare. Soon a policeman sauntered along, and, poking the stranger with the end of his club, said: "What's the matter?" "I have come to save sinners," answered the man, with a gladsome smile. "Well, you can't have no sinners down here," responded the officer of the law; "move on!" The stranger took the officer's word for it, and with a sigh moved on. If the policeman intended to convey the idea that there are no sinners in Wall street he would seem to have made a great mistake; if, however, he intended to imply that the attempt to save the average broker would be useless, he would seem to have manifested an intelligence that is rare among New York "cobs."

A Brave Captain Who Said "Aw" and "Assuah."

"I got badly left in forming a hasty opinion of the lad-de-dah captain of an English iron-clad," said Capt. Ormiston, of the British steamer Effective. "During the recent war in Egypt I took out supplies to Alexandria, and after discharging received orders to go to Berwickport for a charter. I knew nothing of the place, and finally concluded to apply to the captain to the iron-clad Invincible, that lay close alongside of us, as a last chance. I pulled up to the gangway and made my way up to the bridge, where I found a little light-haired man trotting up and down. His hat was cocked roughly on the side of his head; he wore long side-whiskers, and an eye-glass dangled from a gold chain about his neck. As I approached he halted suddenly, whirled about on one foot, screwed his eye-glass into his eye and, in a sweet little piping voice, said: "My deah fellah, what can aw do faw you?" He cut such a figure that I was tempted to laugh in his face, but, controlling myself, I stated my errand. Immediately the little man had all the quartermasters running to find his sub-officers, and in a jiffy they returned and, touching their caps, they began to report that Mr. A. was ashore on liberty, Mr. B. had gone to Cairo, and that Mr. C. was away in the first cutter—and so on. He then turned to me and rubbing his hands, said: "My deah fellah, Berwickport is a very fine place, aw assuah you; you will find no trouble in getting in; aw was there once me-self. Thinks I, what an ass this man is, and touching my lat I was about to go, when a big, bluff, sailor-looking officer appeared and informed the captain that there was no chart of the British north coast aboard the ship. Thanking the captain for his trouble, I went over the side and pulled aboard my own ship. "No doubt you would have agreed with me that the captain was no sailor and a fool beside, but you would have been mistaken and perplexed as I was. The next night the Invincible went out to sea, with a man in the chains leaving the lead. Of a sudden the breast-strap parted and away went the man overboard. The same little captain was on the bridge. Instantly the foppish airs were gone and the true sailor appeared. Pulling the bells he stopped the vessel and just as he stood, o!skins and all on, went over board to rescue his man. One of his lieutenants and quartermaster jumped overboard to assist their commander. Instantly all was in an uproar. All hands were on deck. All the boats were lowered and the four men in a few minutes were safe on board the Invincible. The leadman was entangled in the line and would certainly have drowned but for the prompt assistance of the captain. In addition, this was the fourth man that same officer had rescued from drowning. His crew swore by him. He was a peer of the realm, and a better officer does not walk the deck of an English ship to-day. No gentlemen, you can't always tell the man by the cut of his jib."—Philadelphia Times.

Capturing the Czar.

Minister Hunt and his family reentered their trim little home on Rhode Island avenue and went to St. Petersburg. The story goes that Hunt's first few months at the court of the Czar made him homesick. Everybody was wonderfully polite to him—almost as polite as himself, in fact; but he didn't seem to get on. Perhaps it was his own frigidity, intensified by the Russian atmosphere. At any rate, our minister couldn't get into confidential relations with anybody, and the story goes that it fretted him. He was growing thin and pale, when, one bright morning, he received a cablegram from New Orleans informing him that Don Jose Domingo, a rich tobacco importer who had been his client and friend, had died leaving him his entire estate. Hunt's heart leaped for joy. Not because he was to receive a legacy in money or lands, although he knew very well the importance of such an addition to his slender fortune; but because he remembered Domingo's wine cellar and some particular wines that slumbered in its recesses. The Czar loves rare old wines and so do all the Russians. Minister Hunt recalled golden days at the dead Senator's house, when he had seen on the table wines that were more than a century old. He smiled all over as he thought of the sherry made on Don Domingo's ancestral estate in Spain, which he had brought with him when he was exiled for his adherence to the Pretender; sherry fifty years old, mahogany colored; sherry, and with a bouquet that filled the room with romance and poetry. Then he sat down at his desk and replied to the cablegram in some such terms as these: "Send me a cask of Domingo's 100-year-old sherry." Then he waited smilingly. Presently the sherry arrived and was bottled. Then the Minister gave one of the nicest dinners ever given in St. Petersburg. He got the best wines he could, and he got together a number of prominent dignitaries, including some of the cronies of the Czar. At the proper moment he made the guests acquainted with Don Jose's century sherry. They were preceptibly pleased. They were kind enough to compliment. One of the cronies remarked half audibly that the Czar must hear of this. When the Czar had heard of it, and had expressed or intimated a half desire to hear more of it, Minister Hunt contrived to get a bottle of it to him in a very pleasing way. It was not long before the Czar gave the Minister a special audience and the latter had the pleasure of receiving graceful compliments on his ability as a connoisseur. His Magnificence was kind enough to ask half facetiously whether the world held any more of that wonderful wine. And then the conversation drifted to other matters, and every minute the Minister got nearer to the Czar. The Czar has tasted the century sherry since and our relations with Russia continue to be of a character that is mutually satisfactory.—Philadelphia Record.

Five thousand persons are said to have died from fever in Sonora and Sinaloa, New Mexico.

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, Sarborn, D. T.
Plans sent on Request. Uniform Prices to All.