

Cooperstown Courier.

VOL. 2, NO. 3.

COOPERSTOWN, GRIGGS CO., DAK., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1884.

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THE COURIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

By Ed. D. STAIR.

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Official Paper of Griggs County

FRIDAY, FEB. 8, 1884.

LOCAL LACONICS.

A handsome young lady named Blake said: "My leap year prayer, I would take, but I fear when I pop my sweet popsy-wop may give my fond hopes the cold shake."

H. P. Smart is away on business.

Have you seen the comet? Don't comment upon it.

Knud Thompson has been on the sick list this week, but is convalescing.

P. A. Nelson left Monday for a few weeks' vacation in Iowa.

Manly Davis drove to Sanborn last Monday with a load of passengers, and returned Wednesday with the mail.

Services will be held to-night at the residence of Mr. B. B. Brown. All are invited and requested to be present.

Portland Inter-Ocean: Pete Hoiland has been tramping snow down in Cooperstown for a few days this week.

Portland Inter-Ocean: Ed. Stair, of the Cooperstown Courier, has been east visiting, and shivers when he thinks of it.

Why can't we have a few social hops to while away these long evenings? The moss shouldn't be allowed to grow on the ball room floor.

Owing to carelessness or willful neglect on the part of the Sanborn telegraph operator, the Courier is obliged to use somewhat stale "bowels" this week.

J. M. Burrell came up from Sanborn last Friday and remained until Monday. He reports Cooperstown as lively compared with the towns on the main line.

Mr. J. N. Brown and wife leave today for an extended trip through Colorado. "Jack" will be on hand in the spring to put in several hundred acres of No. 1 Hard.

The Dakota Terra Firma, published at Huron, comes to the Courier enlarged and improved. It is an excellent publication and a true exponent of "Dakota gospel." Success to it.

If you want the best farm and stock paper in the west during 1884, and a handsome free dictionary for yourself and children, send one dollar at once to the Iowa Farmer Company at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Next Thursday will be St. Valentine's Day, and then stand from under. From appearances in the show windows there is likely to be a flood. Our lawyers, doctors, butchers, merchants and landlords will probably all receive a benefit.

We have received from the St. Paul Globe a neat and finely executed calendar for 1884. The workmanship and design are perfect and show that the Daily Globe establishment is prepared to do work in the highest style of the "art preservative."

Again Cooperstown has been compelled to go a whole week without a train. We see no reason why Cooperstown should not get more than one train a week while the track is clear, or why two or three attempts are made each week to reach Carrington, which is almost an impossibility.

An exchange observes that the greediest man after a local newspaper is the one who is too mean to subscribe. He is always in waiting for the last paper and it is not two minutes on the owner's premises till the non-subscriber pounces upon it and never lets up until the last line is read, and then, perhaps will cast it aside with the remark that he could make a better paper himself.

A letter from the Courier's perambulating publisher brings cheering intelligence of a successful campaign in Michigan. The paramount object of his visit to the Wolverine state was to induce the investment of capital in Griggs county land and securities, in which he is meeting satisfactory encouragement, having already obtained some \$15,000 for that purpose. Michigan is a good field for missionary work, and it does us proud to know "our chief" is doing his full share. Dakota, he says, is on the lips of everyone and information concerning the great territory is as eagerly sought after as are grass-widows at hugging socials.

What a Woman Can Do.

She can say "No," and stick to it for all time.

She can also say "No" in such a low voice that it means "Yes."

She can sharpen a pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencil.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can pass the display window of a dry goods store without stopping—if she is running to catch a train.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms, without once expressing a desire to murder the infant.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony has taken place.

She can suffer neglect and abuse for years, which one touch of kindness or consideration will drive from her recollection.

She can go to the theatre every evening and the matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, and still possess sufficient strength to attend a Sunday night sacred concert.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give a faint idea of what the text was.

She can look her husband square in the eye when he tells her some cock-and-bull story about being "detained at the office" without betraying in the least that she knows him to be a colossal liar.

She can rumple up \$17,000 worth of dress goods and buy a spool of thread, with an order to have it delivered four miles away, in a style that will transfix the proprietor of the establishment with admiration.

She can—but what's the use. A woman can do anything or everything and do it well. She can do in a minute more than a man can do in an hour, and do it better. She can make the alleged lords of creation bow down to her own sweet will, and they will never know it. Yes, a woman can do everything with but one exception; she cannot climb a tree. All Hope Pioneer.

Why He Left Kansas.

It was a Kansas refugee who spoke and anybody would have known it by his dilapidated and generally woe-begone appearance, without further proof. He said:

"You want to know why I left Kansas, do you? Well, I'll tell you. You see, I went to the blasted state four years ago, and the first year the grasshoppers chewed up all my crops; the next year the drouth dried everything endways; the third year a tornado took things up by the roots; last year I raised a crop and got along until thrashing time came. The machine was at work on my wheat stack, and for a time things went all right. All at once, however, the grain quit running out of the spout, and although the feeders kept crowding the straw, no wheat made its appearance. We hunted all over the old machine for the cause of the trouble, and finally found a d—d mouse sitting at the elevator spout, and the little cuss was eating the wheat as fast as it was thrashed and brought to him. That disgusted me with Kansas and so I left the country."—Exchange.

The Dakota Fever.

[Keystone-Commercial.]

The Dakota fever is raging, it is said. Unlike other fevers it is not confined to particular localities but spreads throughout all the States and Territories. Unlike other diseases it does not leave desolation and despair in its wake, but makes glad the heart and enriches the pocket of every one who succumbs to its influence. The Dakota fever is a good thing to get and you cannot get it too bad nor too soon. You cannot comprehend by words the golden opportunities that await you in Wonderland. The most luxuriant imagination is astonished by coming in contact with actual realities. An inexhaustible soil, capable of producing as no other soil can produce, an intelligent, law-abiding and progressive people, an atmosphere that is charged with the ozone of life, a climate that makes the constitution robust, sharpens the appetite and quickens the intellect, why shouldn't the Dakota fever rage? All those attributes of happiness are yours, free of cost, if you will only come and partake. We say let 'er rage.

I have for sale on reasonable terms a few sections of land near Cooperstown. HIRSH WILLIAMS.

We want every farmer to try one of our "Boss" Harrows one day and if they do not give perfect satisfaction return it to us. A trial costs nothing. Buchheit Bros.

A Dakota Picture.

The Standard Bearer, published at Concord, New Hampshire, contains a letter of recent date from Rev. Oliver E. Murray, a resident of the territory, from which the following are extracts. Coming from an orthodox clergyman the statements of the gentleman will be taken in New England as free from the coloring to which worldly minds are sometimes addicted:

"The Great American Desert" is no more, and the Harpers will have to change their geography if they desire to travel on the line of truth. It rains in Dakota. The Father of us all lets the gentle dewdrops fall upon our broad prairies. The great crops of the west are no myth, and 250,000 people have settled in this rapidly developing land. It is a wonderland, full of surprises. Cities are built in a few days here, and the noise of the hammer and trowel is heard on every hand. The "rustle" and growth of the west is charming, and after living in it for some time the settled states seem unbearably tame.

The people of Dakota comprise many classes. A few men, who were failures in their former homes are here, and some are successful because of the many grand opportunities. A small number, too ignorant to succeed anywhere, come here presuming upon the ignorance of the people for their acceptance, and they soon follow the march of the empire and "go west." The people of Dakota are a shrewd, wide-awake class, and not to be imposed upon. In the little sod shanties and shacks that dot the beautiful prairies, one may find college graduates with their libraries, organs and pianos. There are more young people here full of grit and long days work, and very hopeful for their future than I ever met in travelling from ocean to ocean. No wonder the noted S. S. worker, B. F. Jacobs, said, "I really believe God has skimmed the cream off the states and brought it to Dakota." All Europe was sited to seed New England and all the states of the Union have been sifted for seed good enough to plant Dakota with. Judge Tougee must have been thinking of our great territory when he said, "The west takes a stranger by the hand and in a day makes him feel at home; that he is of the people with which he dwells." This is realized in Dakota every day.

The climate of Dakota is all that could be desired. With a clear, pure, dry and bracing atmosphere, and five sunny days each week, what more could be desired? The springtime of the prairie is all music and beauty. The air is laden with the delicious perfumes of the flowers that dot the rich carpet of green that covers the mother earth as far as the eye can reach, unless some settler has turned the black sod that looks greasy in its richness. Life is real in the prairies, and all nature is glad. Cattle, horses and sheep never seem so much at home as they do here, cropping the fine buffalo grass or wading the lake beds, or playing upon the romantic looking bluffs. The cattle may be seen on a thousand hills during our summer, and in some places during the winter. The birds make merry music and the meadow lark enjoys the new land so that a new song or a few notes added to the old one is piped forth in praise of Dakota. We can boast of our natural scenery. The rolling prairies in their great expanse, in the towering bluffs along the winding rivers and the deep gulches and canons, are picturesque and grand. The fame of Dakota's minerals has reached around the globe, and the excellency of her cereals and all agricultural products has followed in the wake. The resources of this country are amazing.

The horizon continually reminds one of the ocean, only that the sun in setting does not play hop skip and jump among the waves but simply and sublimely sets. All new comers admire the beauty of the prairie sun setting. There is an infiniteness in every view that seems to inspire one and after gazing upon the magnificent scenery of Dakota the soul cannot shrink back to former proportions. Every prospect pleases."

Dental Surgery.

I will be at Dr. Groves' office at Sanborn for one week from February 10th. Dental operations performed with as little pain as is consistent with thoroughness. Engagements can be made by letter with Dr. Groves. J. B. RAWSON, D. D. S.

A fresh lot of Groceries at Whidden Bros. this week.

Take your teams to the old Pinkerton & Shue building and give them a "smile" of our "straight"—feed. Davis & Pickett.

A car load of first-class feed oats now in bin and for sale at Davis & Pickett's.

A GOOD ONE.

The way Eli Perkins Reports Himself as Getting Away With St. Paul Interviewers.

[Fargo Argue.]

Sometimes a good thing will crop out from among the driftwood of everyday journalism. Mr. E. S. Johnson, one of the handsomest, most energetic and popular members of the Pioneer Press staff, is made the subject of an Eli Perkins letter. Mr. Johnson has many friends in Fargo and countless admirers everywhere. No one for an instant will believe the story, but then the joke is so good that even he must appreciate it.

The Minneapolis Evening Journal prints the following with headlines stating: "Ed. Johnson attempts to interview Eli Perkins, but gets interviewed. How Ed. Accounts for the disappearance of the magnificent city of Minneapolis—St. Paul surveying the earth for suburbs."

Editor Evening Journal: Sitting in my room at the Merchants, in St. Paul, yesterday morning, I received a call from a very intelligent and handsome gentleman. After saying good morning, the courteous gentleman advanced, took me by the hand and informed me politely that his name was Johnson: Ed. R. Johnson, of the Pioneer Press.

"Your name is Perkins," he said, "Eli Perkins, and I have come to interview you."

"Are you the managing editor," I interrupted.

"Yes, I'm the managing editor—acting managing editor—and I should like to inform you that St. Paul is—"

"Eleven miles from Minneapolis," I interrupted.

"Minneapolis—Min-ne-ap-o-lis!" repeated the interviewer, as he rubbed his brow thoughtfully with his left hand. "I do not think there is such a place. Still, if my memory does not fail me, there used to be. Min-ne-ap-o-lis," he repeated dreamily, "why yes, there used to be a town by that name somewhere up on the headwaters of the Mississippi, but it's gone now. Alas, it is all gone. The last inhabitant came away from there a year ago."

"You astounded me, Mr. Johnson," I exclaimed. "I thought Minneapolis was quite a thriving place."

"Yes, many eastern people make that mistake. That is why I hastened to inform you of the exact status here before you go further into the state. A journalist you know should be well informed."

"Well, what became of Minneapolis?" I asked.

"It is a sad, sad story," said Mr. Johnson with a sigh. "It makes me weep to tell it, but a few years ago she began to be struck with mildew, and—"

"Flour mildew, wasn't it?" I asked.

"No, just common, ordinary mildew. Some call it rust. First the railroads began to move down to St. Paul. Then the citizens began to tear down their houses. The roof was taken off of the West house, and now nothing but the bare walls remain. You can see the West house ruins now if you go up there. Then, when the flour mills were moved to St. Paul the last hope was gone and—"

"But why did they move the flour mills away?" I asked.

"Well, you see the river dried up. I was sorry about that, for if the river had remained, they would still have had their fishery interests. Yes, alas they could still have caught fish and that would have prevented absolute starvation."

"Did many die?" I asked eagerly.

"No, but they would have died if we hadn't sent up an expedition from St. Paul and rescued them. Yes," continued Mr. Johnson, wiping his eyes, "we carried provisions up there and saved their lives, and—"

"And nothing is left then of the once flourishing town of Minneapolis?"

"Nothing sir—nothing. Excuse my emotion, sir," and the faithful journalist buried his face in his hands. Large scalding tears trickled out between his fingers, and he seemed for some moments unable to proceed. Then a more cheerful look overspread his countenance and he proceeded:

"But St. Paul is spreading up that way sir, and the place will soon be covered with houses again. It might be worse."

"What is the population of St. Paul now?" I asked.

"Nine millions, not counting railroad agents, and if my judgement does not fail me, continued Mr. Johnson, figuring on the wall with a blue pencil, we will have eleven millions by spring, and—"

"But how can St. Paul have a popula-

tion of nine millions when New York has only a million and a half," I asked.

"Oh, you see we count in Mendota and Stillwater and Hastings, and Minnetonka, and—"

"Yes, I see," said I. "St. Paul covers the entire state?"

"You are right, and now we have surveys out surveying the rest of the earth for suburbs. I say these things because you come from the effete East, and I want you to have a truthful idea of the northwestern metropolis before you begin to write to eastern journals. By the way," continued Mr. Johnson, "when did you arrive in St. Paul?"

"I came over from Chicago on the St. Paul passenger," I said. "I was going to have my truth and veracity sent up on the freight, but now that I have seen the managing editor of the Pioneer Press I'll try and get along with a few dried truths that I always carry in my lunch basket."

Then Mr. Johnson and I embraced and the interview ended. ELI PERKINS.

Call at Whidden Bros. and buy new prints, new gingham, new flannels, new blankets, new overalls and jumpers and new everything, and save enough discount to pay 20 per cent discount on your notes.

Nelson & Langlie are closing out their line of winter goods at bottom prices.

Will pay 90 cts. in trade for Griggs county orders. Odegard & Thompson.

One car load of Diamond-Tooth Harrows received at Odegard & Thompson's. Call and see them soon.

Every farmer in Griggs county wants to visit our new feed store. Davis & Pickett.

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

Our goods are not old goods shipped in from old stocks east to be closed out. Bear that in mind when you want goods in our line. Odegard & Thompson.

Order a Kalamazoo Spring-Tooth Harrow from Buchheit Bros.

The "Fountain City" is the best seed in the market—and don't you forget it!! Buchheit Bros. are sole agents for Griggs county.

The "Boss" Harrow will in six days do as much work and do it better than an ordinary drag will in ten days. For sale by Buchheit Bros.

Oats make a boss luff," says Josh Billings. "Laughter makes fatness," says the proverb, and we say that any horse in Griggs county will giggle 200 pounds of meat onto his frame over a load of our oats. Davis & Pickett.

We have just received a car load of that genuine Fargo Roller Mill Flour and it will be sold cheaper than ever. Odegard & Thompson.

Our goods will bear inspection with any stock in this market, and all we ask is a call to convince you that by buying goods of us it is money in your pocket. Nelson & Langlie.

Farmers clean your seed wheat. The Lenham E. & L. Co. will sell you a machine for \$25.00 that will take out all foul seed.

A hundred weight of "New Deal" caramels just opened at Whidden Bros.

We have too many knit underwear and will give you some cheap if you call soon. Odegard & Thompson.

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

A car load of No. 1 Feed received direct from Minneapolis by last train. Call and see it. Davis & Pickett.

Go to the old Pinkerton & Shue stand on Burrell Ave. and "fill up" with a load of our first car of feed. Davis & Pickett.

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

Nelson & Langlie "only" keep the celebrated "Acorn."

Talk is cheap, but we won't be undersold. You can hear it in mind all day. Odegard & Thompson.

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

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

Prices that compete with Fargo. Lenham Elevator & Lumber Co.

Wm. Glass loans money for final proof, and on titled land.

Anything in the line of Farm Machinery at Buchheit Bros.

Call and see the celebrated Household Sewing Machines at Buchheit Bros.

Our immense and growing trade satisfies us that the people appreciate our efforts in dispensing the best goods at lowest possible figures. Nelson & Langlie.

We sell pure sugar goods, not glucose. Nelson & Langlie.

We can sell you a team of mules or horses, a yoke of oxen, a cow, hogs, chickens, etc. You see we buy anything and sell everything—soft soap excepted. Odegard & Thompson.

A good time to oil your horse harnesses at Odegard & Thompson's. They have harness oil to sell by pint or quart.

A good new work harness for sale at Odegard & Thompson's.