

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.

—Decidedly spring-like weather.
—Oh, for the sight of bare ground!
—Business generally is on the pick-up.
—The business activity of spring is fairly upon us, but who cares?
—Winter is truly on its last legs and will soon be entirely pegged out.
—A little printer's ink now and then increases the trade of our business men.
—H. P. Smart has been taking life quietly this week in the sequestered village of Fargo.
—The McCullough boys have returned from Canada and will push matters on their farms.
—P. L. Hoiland, the never-take-back-water machinery dealer, left for Mayville Tuesday.
—Miss Thompson came up from Sanborn by overland route Sunday and is visiting friends west of town.
—The pleasant face of Charley Merriell, the hardware prince of Hope, was seen in Cooperstown yesterday.
—It is reported that the railroad will be opened up next week and that trains will then come and go regularly.
—George Clark will leave Michigan for Cooperstown in about one week, according to the Marine City Reporter.
—F. M. Ardell, the famous stove man of Grand Forks, was in the city a couple days this week enjoying life at the Palace.
—Fred Buchheit has the Courier's best bow for a very comprehensive work on the industries of South Bend, Ind., his native health.
—Wm. Glass while away on his recent trip captured a couple Burrell avenue lots at a low figure, making the purchase of a non-resident.
—Now is the accepted time to secure a home within Griggs county's fertile borders. Delay not unless you are prepared to forever hold your peace.
—O. B. Bolster, the genial hardware drummer of Minneapolis, smiled on his Cooperstown friends last Monday for the first time in several months.
—Mrs. G. F. Newell arrived home last Sunday from a five-weeks' visit at Crookston. The usually stoical doctor displays a happy countenance now.
—Farmers are busy getting everything in readiness for an early break-up, and the signs are that their anticipations and preparations will not be in vain.
—Mr. Rockwell returned Tuesday night from his revival work in various North Dakota towns, being called home by the death of Mr. Zimmerman's little girl.
—A very entertaining communication from Mr. Geo. Whidden, giving an insight to military life in a western post will be found on the fifth page of the Courier.
—Eleven cars of settlers and their movables have left Jackson, Mich., for Cooperstown, in information sent to Mr. H. Williams. They are expected to arrive by Monday next.
—School has been held regularly at Mardell this winter, a neat school room being fitted up in the Park Avenue Hotel. Mr. Serumgard has been and is the successful tutor thereof.
—Sykeston, on the Pipestem, is without church or school advantages, and the Advocate sets up an urgent appeal for those great civilizing engines that will probably be answered.
—J. S. Ricketts, Sanborn's ex-attorney of high-living inclinations, is now anchored down at Midland, Michigan, for which information his creditors will please remit us \$1 each.
—These solid snow-banks on Burrell Avenue may be as substantial as any institution in town, and yet our citizens would not be surprised to hear of their having gone into liquidation, any day.
—The rates on emigrant movables from St. Paul to Cooperstown have been reduced to \$37 per car, or 60 cts. per hundred pounds. The emigrant passenger rate from the same point is \$10.50.

—Raymond's bill providing for two additional judges for Dakota, gives one additional judge in North Dakota and one in South Dakota. The judge in North Dakota will have jurisdiction over United States cases.
—The extended circulation of the Courier is nicely portrayed by the letters being received by our bachelors whose names have appeared in its columns. They come from Nova Scotia on the east and Colorado on the west, with the central states clipped in.
—C. C. Phillippee writes from Indiana to The Argus: "Please send me another package of the different editions of The Argus. Your literature is having a telling effect upon many in this community, in turning their faces and steps Dakoteward."—Fargo Argus.
—The new fast mail train will run from New York to Fargo in 47 hours, and mail will be about 52 hours reaching Cooperstown from the Atlantic. The time between Fargo and Chicago will only be 20 hours, instead of about 30 hours as heretofore.
—J. W. Christie returned from a two weeks visit at Dazeytown, Wednesday. Mr. Christie is drawing plans and specifications for a new school house to be erected there this summer, and has also contracted to do some work for Mr. Little, the merchant.
—Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Pickett, Byron Andrus, E. E. Fitch and E. D. Stair were among the visitors at Park Avenue Hotel, Mardell, last Sunday. Capt. Robinson is the same genial host as of old, and still has hopes that the notes of a locomotive whistle will ere long vibrate among the bluffs of the valley.
—Eggs have been very scarce and high this winter, but are now dropping so that a man of moderate means can afford to look at a dozen through a window, and it is just possible he may be able to buy a small egg by Easter. It is worthy of note that as they decrease in price they grow smaller in stature. Hens these years.
—Wheat still continues to come into Cooperstown in goodly quantities, and the elevator will have a train load for shipment by the time the road is opened up. This is a great wheat market, and we doubt if there is another town in this entire region where wheat has been as continuously purchased during the winter months as here.
—In view of the general desire for fast mail trains, and in accordance with arrangements that were partially completed several days ago, the Northern Pacific road will put on a fast mail train to leave St. Paul at four o'clock every afternoon, making the time from St. Paul to Portland in ninety hours, and to Puget Sound and New Tacoma in one hundred hours. This will make the time to Fargo one hour shorter than at present.
—The cruel cycle of death visited this community last Sunday and claimed for its victim that sweet little lady, Myra Zimmerman, aged five years, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Zimmerman, the cause of her untimely demise being dropsy of the brain. Who could know the sunny-haired child and not love her? The blow that falls so heavily upon the afflicted household is shared keenly by every acquaintance of Myra, who has gone so early to meet her Maker.
—Always desirous of pleasing our lady readers and giving them the latest fashion news as soon as possible, we transfer to our columns the following description of "the coming summer hat for ladies": "It is to be of straw. It will be knocked in on the front, jammed in on the back, shovled in on each side, and kicked in on top. Then the rim will be jammed up all around to make the whole effect harmonious; it will be trimmed with stripes of sheet tin, turkey wings, old fruit cans and debris generally. It is an economical kind of hat, as it can be made by taking a boy's old straw hat, running a wheelbarrow over it a few times and hitching on whatever comes handy."
—The editor of one of our exchanges is evidently a man of family. Hear him: "Man that is married to woman is of many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draws his salary, and in the evening behold it is gone. It is a tale that is soon told; it vanisheth and no one knows whither it goeth. He raiseth up clothed in the chilly garments of the night and seeketh the sonambulant paregoric wherewith to sooth the colicky bowels of his insatiable posterity. He becometh as a horse or ox, and draweth the chariot of his offspring. He spendeth his shekels in the purchase of fine linen to cover the bosom of his family, yet himself is seen in the city with one suspender. Yea, he is altogether wretched."

—An exchange with experience enough to command respect, says: "Stand by your town. A word against your city depreciates the value of your property and injures your business. It takes money out of your purse, and jeopardizes the comfort, peace and happiness of your family. It drives trade from your stores, drives the produce of the country to other markets and leaves your capital tied up and unprofitable. Stand by your town at all hazards, and encourage settlement. Stand by each other in the development of every interest of the place. In union only, is there strength."
—The door of our sanctum opened cautiously, and the brilliant countenance of a youthful granger filled the entrance. He hesitated for a moment, and then walked assuringly in, supplementing his perambulations with the pertinent query: "Is this a bank?" We answered no, and directed him to the Bank of Cooperstown, on Burrell Avenue. Then we sat down and meditated; mingled pride and chagrin characterized our reflections as we hesitated before deciding just what had led him to ask that strange question. Was it our generally wealthy and aristocratic appearance, or the extreme voluptuousness of our sanctum that provoked the query? Then there came a sadder and more likely thought. He had been poking fun at us, and we were forced to take the only thing, except a cold, that we would ever think of refusing.
—"In time of peace prepare for war." If the foregoing advice is applicable to war, it will apply with even greater force to nature's element, fire. When fire is properly controlled it is of great benefit to mankind, but if left to its own resources it will work destruction to everything that comes in its way. In the absence of fire it is time to get ready to fight it. This town has been fortunate about fires in the past, but that is no good reason why we should not prepare for emergencies in the future. Should a fire get a fair start at either end of our town, a stiff breeze could easily carry it to the other side with the loss of thousands of dollars. Should we not have some bulwark of protection? Is it wise for Cooperstown to continue to take such risks as she has in the past when with the outlay of a few hundred dollars she can make herself more secure? Let someone move in the matter of mutual protection against this furious fiend 'ere it is too late. In other words, let us bar the door before the stock is stolen.

Stock Raising in the Northwest.

The fact has been thoroughly established, that farming cannot be carried on successfully, for a series of years, where the attention is devoted to grain growing exclusively. The variation in seasons and in prices, the high rates of freight, the occasional damage from drouths, floods, etc., keeps the farmer who depends on grain alone in a constant state of uncertainty, and often entails the loss of a whole season's labor and expense. Grain-growing should always be accompanied with the raising of cattle, horses, sheep or hogs; and as the Northwest affords the best facilities for the production of both grain and live stock, it therefore follows that it is the place for settlement.
The broad, boundless prairies of the Northwest, covered with nutritious grasses, with an abundance of pure water, will, for years to come, furnish a wide range of free pasturage. The market advantages afforded by the various railroads and their branches renders the Northwest peculiarly adapted to this branch of industry. The even temperature, the pure, dry atmosphere, also tends to the adaptability of this region as a stock-raising country.
The grasses of the prairies are known to be extremely nutritious, and consist of several varieties, among which may be mentioned blue joint, red-stem, bunch and buffalo grasses, and are fully equal for hay and grazing purposes to the timothy, clover, and other cultivated grasses, and, it is said, for winter grazing, far exceeds tame grasses. These wild grasses cut from one and a half to three tons per acre.
The raising of horses, mules, cattle, sheep and hogs has engaged the attention of many farmers here, many of whom are giving special care to the introduction of superior breeds, and are meeting with good success. We have no hesitancy in saying that Dakota and this Great Northwest, with its exhaustless resources, with its wide range of pasturage, clothed in luxuriant grasses, is destined to become one of the foremost stock-raising countries of the world.—Northwestern Farmer.

RETURNS RETURNING

From the Courier's Appeal in behalf of our Bachelors.

The mail that arrived last Sunday brought the first returns from the supplication of the Courier to eastern maidens in behalf of Cooperstown's comely celebrities. The girls, with the noble generosity so characteristic of their sex, have responded nobly, and some of the aforesaid bachelors already have numerous introductory epistles to answer, while one or two have been slighted entirely. The plan is evidently going to work amazingly well and the Courier feels jubilant over its effort to alleviate the loneliness of its numerous bachelor friends. However, we are forcibly reminded that our work was not complete in detail, by the following austere letter from a fair Wolverine charmer:

MICH., March 10, 1884.
MR. EDITOR:—Your paper with the marked article received, and I am lost in doubt as to which of your wonderful bachelors to smile upon. If you had only stated the age and number of ducats possessed by each of the noble ones I should find less difficulty in deciding. You are cruel, cruel, to thus rob me of one day even of this precious leap year and all its precious leap year privileges. My experience with Dakota mashers is not very encouraging but am willing to exert myself to fascinate just once and perhaps—who knows—may succeed in getting someone to relieve me of the care of my great wealth.
Introduce me at once and without unnecessary delay to one of the marriageable masculines and then don't be too officious in hanging around. Let him be of the dark, majestic kind (no blondes on my plate) with a pocket full of ducats and a heart full of sunshine, good humor and affection. He must be a city chap, or at least a resident of a town or village. He must have eyes no lighter than hazel, brimming over with intelligence. At the same time he must not expect a "Hebe or Venus" in your humble servant, but be made fully aware of my imperfections bodily, mentally and morally. Please be as expeditious as possible in the part you have to play as there are a number of girls awaiting the success of my venture before they attempt the leap in the dark. My mind is so full of the pictures called up by the thoughts of the possibilities of the future that I am utterly incapable of writing more.
Yours Impatiently,

The lady is respectfully referred to our probate judge, Byron Andrus; to Wm. Glass, land attorney and real estate operator, or R. M. Cowen, R. R. ag't, as answering almost to a dot her requirements. Let her friends select from the general list and they cannot choose amiss. Everyone named therein is a noble-hearted creature, and who ever heard of a Dakota man not abundantly able in a financial way?

—Attorney Wm. Glass has purchased the Holiday building and will remove it to a more central lot and fit it up for his office.

—Fargo's new evening paper, the Democratic Broadaxe, is a dandy and fearless sheet. The unterrified have at last an exponent they may well feel proud of.

—The energetic, loyal Steele Herald has just entered its second year of usefulness to the rising young city and county it advocates, and in doing so embraces the opportunity to enlarge and improve its form.

Dakota Offers

A long life.
Perfect health.
Matchless weather.
Generous neighbors.
A fortune to the poorest.
A free home to everyone.
The richest soil in the world.
The right hand of fellowship to everyone.
The most prosperous business men in the world.
Contentment and social pleasures of a high order.
To release you from slavery, whose chains grow tighter every day.
Unusual advantages for the farmer, mechanic and professional man.
A beautiful picture to the tourist, who finds new beauties in her landscapes.
And, finally, Dakota offers everything desired by the most disappointed person in the overworked east, if he will work wisely and well.—Tower City Herald.
We warrant our No. 1 Feed to put a clearer and stronger tone into a Griggs county mule's bawoo than any other feed on earth. Davis & Pickett.
To Lease for Crop.
80 acres with house and stable, and 50 acres with house, near Helena. Will furnish seed if desired.
C. H. MOSELY, Helena, Dak.
Old newspapers for sale of the Courier office.

Leap Year.

Nice room.
Easy chair.
Old bach
Sitting there.
Old bach
Begins to snore,
Gentle rap
At the door.
Enter maid,
Rather old,
With a look of
Love untold.
Converse awhile
This and that,
Close by him
Old maid sat.
Soon he talked
Sentimental,
He didn't care
Continental.
She got mad
Began to cry,
Other tactics
Thought she'd try.
Years you've called
Every night,
As if you had
Perfect right.
Why you came
Lord only knows,
Never once
Did you propose.
Now 'tis Leap Year
By heaven above,
I shall tell you
Of my love.
Then there was
An awful crash,
He had leaped
Through the sash.
Funeral next day
At eleven,
Old bach
Safe in heaven.

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Attorney at Law. Notary Public.

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LAW LAND AND OFFICE.
Money to Loan.
Final Proof a Specialty.

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For sale at first hands.

BLACKSMITHING!
The Place for Blacksmithing
AS IT SHOULD BE
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MOORE & SANBURN'S
On Roberts Street, Cooperstown.
HORSESHOING receives special attention and is done in the Best and Most Careful manner.
JOBGING of every description.
A trial solicited.

MISS THIRZA GIMBLETT,
Dress & Mantle Maker
Work done at residence of patrons or taken home. Satisfaction guaranteed. Apply at Mr. Adams', Burrell Ave., COOPERSTOWN, D. T.

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