

The Terror of Evil-Doers.

New York Letter: Captain Williams, alert and handsome, was in charge. I have no doubt whatever that he could easily keep ten thousand people in order at the Garden during the Mitchell-Edwards fight where a force of one hundred and fifty policemen without him would fail. The crowd was in awe of him. He is more feared than any man in New York. An amusing illustration of the abject fear with which he was viewed by the crowd was furnished several hundred men had bought, for sums varying from two to five dollars, tables and chairs from the long bar-room in the southern side of the building. These were ranged around the reserved seats, and men mounted them. There were about five hundred men in all standing upon chairs and tables. They obstructed the view of the people in boxes, who expressed their dissatisfaction by vigorous hoots. The men on the tables refused to move. Three or four policemen attempted to clear them away, but they failed utterly. Then one of the men who had bought a box forced his way over to Captain Williams, and explained matters to him. The captain glanced around. Then he stepped upon the stage, pointed a long and wicked-looking club at the men on boxes and chairs, and looked steadily at them for a moment. The buzz of conversation ceased, and absolute stillness reigned in the Garden. The ten thousand men looked at Captain Williams, and he looked at the obstructionists. Then he raised his chin a little, and said in an even and well-modulated voice:

"Get down!"

The men fairly fought to see who could get to the floor first. There was no real danger, as the captain was a hundred feet away from them, but the struggle went on until the cries of distress and the smashing of tables and boxes reminded one of a riot. Ten seconds after the captain had made his remark, not a man was seen above the level of the floor, and the men who had paid heavily for the privilege of securing a table or chair, were mourning their loss and secretly admiring Captain Williams.

Cold Ham and Sausage the Stuff for Athletes.

From the Harvard Herald.

In Dr. Sargent's recent lecture on "What shall we eat to get strong?" he said in the course of his remarks: It has been customary to train athletes on lean beef and mutton, but he thought this a mistake, as tissue-making food should be used in combination with these, and the diet should be changed as to meet the requirements of the organism of the person using it, for to establish one diet for all persons was ridiculous. Beef alone is not superior to meal, beans, or other farinaceous food, and the size of the muscles of a man is not indicative of his strength. Farinaceous food tones a man down, and will tend to give him more endurance. A man who can strike a blow equal to 400 pounds would be called a strong man, but his strength cannot be kept up for any length of time on animal food, as it comes from the base of the brain, and endurance must be sought for in other kinds of food. To reduce the weight of a man in training lean meat may do, but when he is down in weight he must go back to food containing more carbon, such as ham and sausages, which should always be eaten cold. Three years ago this would have been considered ridiculous by trainers, but for a diet for running, walking and rowing, it has been found that saccharine food, with beef or mutton, is the best; tea, coffee, and alcohol, as well as condiments, are objectionable; indeed, it is not the quantity of food a person eats that strengthens him, but the amount assimilated and worked into the organism.

Alcoholic Consumption.

Dr. Richardson, F. R. S., of England was the first to discover that while consumption, in the majority of cases, is due to a hereditary taint, or to an impure air and bad surroundings, in a certain proportion of cases it is due solely to the drinking of alcoholic liquors.

He gathered his views from the careful study of two thousand cases in a hospital of which he was the physician. This discovery published by him in 1864 has been confirmed by other observers. The victims are in middle life, of great natural endurance, often models of organic symmetry and power, and active in mind and body. The very perfection of their organization makes them feel wholly safe in their indulgence. Though they can drink hard, they are not, in the ordinary sense, drunkards.

They look the picture of manly strength and robust health. Says Dr. Richardson, "More than half of those whom I have seen stricken down with alcoholic phthisis have said that they had never had a day's illness in their lives, but when closely questioned it was found that none had recently been quite well."

The ailments, however, were such as the alcohol had already induced, an additional quantity of which had seemed to set them right again.

The countenance of the alcoholic consumptive differs as much from that of the ordinary consumptive, as it does from that of the confirmed sot. His face pale to the last seems full of health. Says our authority, "I remember being

actually taken aback on finding, in a man who seemed from his face in perfect health, a complete destruction of the lungs."

The disease is often developed after the person had for some time abandoned excessive indulgence,—a point having been reached in which the excreting organs had exhausted their power to eliminate the poison from the system, and as a consequence, the desire for the liquor had largely ceased.

The symptoms of the approaching consumption are pains in the side; then real pleurisy; after that, difficulty of filling the chest with air, the lungs having grown to the side; and at length hemorrhage of the lungs, the walls of the engorged blood-vessels giving way. The result is often fatal.

Sayings of Funny Men.

How old is that dog?" was asked of a colored man. "If he lives to see the fifth of next June, sah, he will be the oldest dog on de plantation." "And if he don't live until then?" "He'll be dead, sah."

A father was telling his little son about the wonders of modern science. "Look at astronomy, now; men have learned the distance of the stars, and, with their spectroscopes, what they are made of." "Yes, said the boy, "and, pa, isn't it strange how they found out all their names?"

Why is coal the most extraordinary article known to commerce? Because when purchased, instead of going to the buyer, it goes to the cellar.

The Mormon women are sealed unto their husbands, but we are not informed as to the kind of sealing whacks used.—Boston Transcript.

A half column article in an exchange tells "How to Boil Water." This is a great waste of space. The way to boil water is to put it in a kettle and set it on a hot stove. A quicker method has never been discovered.

SCRIPLES AND DRACHMS.—Weary Traveler: "A three of whiskey, please." Landlady: "That'll be Sixpence, if ye please." Weary Traveler: "Sixpence for a threepenn'orth?"—Landlady: "Yis, sir. Ye ken its Sawbath, and we want to discountenance Sawbath Drinking."—Fun.

"Oh yes, said Mrs. Parvenu, talking about music at Mrs. Suddenriches' reception; "I just dote on them sympathy concerts, and my husband insists on our prescribing for the whole series. Aint them Beethoven rapsodies real elegant."

First Dear Girl—"Only to think, we came pretty near not going to Europe this year!" Second Dear Girl—"How horrid! What was the matter?" First Dear Girl—"Why, mamma heard that the companies were putting down the charges for passage so low that she was afraid it would get common to cross. But then she found out that the new rates were only for the steerage, so, of course, it is all right and we'll go as usual. But really, I am quite scared."

Funny Fancies.

"Yes," said Biggs, "I enjoy a glass now and then; but I deny myself, fearing that I might take too much and say something foolish." "Nonsense!" exclaimed Fogg; "drink, if you like it. Say what you will, nobody will ever suspect that you have been drinking—that is nobody who knows you, you know."

"So you think your son smokes, Mrs. Jones?" "I'm sure of it, Mrs. Brown. I've found pieces of tobacco in his pockets." "Dear me, dear me! I'm sorry. My son has no bad habits. I never find anything in his pockets but cloves and coffee beans."—Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Jones—"Ah, and good morning to you, Mrs. Smith. Did you like the cream I sent you?" Mrs. Smith—"O, very much, thank you." Mrs. Jones—"Yes; and if you could let me have the pot I sent it in you'd oblige me, 'cos you see, it's my old man's shaving mug, and he don't like no other."—Fun.

The director of the bureau of Statistics at Vienna finds that out of 102,831 individuals who have passed the age of 90 years, 60,303 are women and only 52,528 are men. In Italy there are 241 alleged centenarian women, and but 141 men of that age. The fact that of children who reach the age of 10 years there are more females than males seems to be well established, and that the disproportion in numbers grows greater as the years of their life advance is equally certain.

A citizen of Hamlet in Kidder went to the cars in White Haven one day to see his favorite daughter off. Securing her a seat he passed out of the cars and went round to her window to say a parting word, as is frequently done on such occasions. While he was passing out the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a prim old maid from Wilkesbarre took the seat and moved up to the window. Unaware of the important change inside, he hastily put his face up to the window and hurriedly exclaimed: "One more kiss sweet pet." In another instant the point of a blue cotton umbrella caught his seductive lip, followed by the passionate injunction: "Scat, you gray-headed wretch!" and he scatted.

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