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THE COURIER. By Percy R. Grubshaw.

The Grand Canon.

L. M. BROWN.

No one realizes so well as the one who has gazed in rapture upon this giant wonder, how fruitless is the attempt to describe its glorious; yet no one can feast their eyes upon it without having a strong desire to share this marvelous feast with others. It is too great to stay pent up in the mind, the heart, the soul of man. It is great for the whole being which it permeates.

A ride of three hours from Williams on the Sante Fe branch line brings the expectant pilgrim to this sublime shrine of nature. A distance of 65 miles northward along the great plateau and rugged hills, through the splendid Coconino forest. The panting steed of modern science which conquers distance and rides triumphant over engineering wonders, halts with bated shrieks and hisses a few rods from this greatest gash in the earth's crust, conquered by the stern edict—"thus far and no farther," of those Adamantine walls. From the car window we have caught glimpses of the North North Wall which has a greater elevation than the south side. It is distinctly marked by the gleaming white and red of the upper strata far out on the plateau. The general elevation of the plateau is 7,000 feet above the sea, and yet there are the still higher plateaus of Utah on the north rising 4,000 feet above the surface of the Canyon. A few steps from the train brings us to Cameron's camp. Leaving our satchels in the tent office we speed on to the rim where we pause with heated breath. The supreme moment has arrived when this sublimest of nature's wonders lies in reality before our bewildered gaze. No subsequent views, however magnificent, can equal the ecstasy of this first view to the writer.

The sun is casting a parting flood of light, making glorious the giant towers, temples, minarets and pinnacles of this marvelous chasm, which lies pulsing with a glory of color never before imagined by the enchanted observer. It is a vast wonderland of heights and depths and distances and magical color effects. One feels like a mosquito standing upon the rim and looking down and out upon this mighty panorama of sublimity and beauty. Words are entirely inadequate and one feels the desire to get beyond the sound of them, where in silence the soul may strive to receive its little measure of this sublime feast. The spirit of worship takes possession of one. Surely this is holy ground. It holds us by its magic spell until the sun has lost it to its majestic gloom. We turn away and dream of its magnificence until the morning sun removes the veil of night and reveals its glories anew. Before us is the anticipation of descending into the great depths of the yawning chasm beneath us, and a visit to the inner gorge—the rock walled home of the angry, roaring river which has been a factor in the making of this matchless art gallery of great Nature's studio. Far below in a narrow grassy valley, 3,500 feet from the rim, are seen what appears to be a group of white rocks. These are the tents nestled on the bank of Willow creek at the Indian Gardens which provide comfortable refreshment for man and beast. This is the lower Cameron Camp. A most grateful half way resting place. At once the thought of spending a night in one of those tents at the foot of the huge towering walls of stone becomes attractive (the attractiveness increasing immeasurably as the day's experiences brings its close.)

After watching the sun clothe the great abyss with the new glories of his light and then breaking the night's fast, we find the trail horses in readiness for our Cooperstown party with the addition of a San Francisco lady. We are soon mounted, each one on the "best trail horse in the camp" and headed by the best guide we have known. We drop off the rim a few feet from the tents, following the Bright Angel trail. The sensibilities are a quiver (to say nothing of the nerves for which some tests are in store) with a sense of the awful sublimity surrounding and overwhelming the puny atoms that are thus daring to enter into the inner sanctuaries of Mother Earth, where her hidden secrets are revealed to those who can read them on her bright-hued pages. Yet she seems none too tender as we cling close to her frowning cliffs, refusing almost space for the tiny thread which marks the trail far down the rugged gorge, and testing the law of gravitation at times in the ability

to keep one's seat in the saddle. After doubling "Cape Horn" and scaling "Jacob's Ladder" (interesting portions of the trail) the pleasant valley of the Indian Gardens is reached. A grateful rest is here afforded for those long unaccustomed to horseback riding to say nothing of mountain travel. After dinner we again mount for the downward march to the Colorado. This lower part of the trail is more precipitous if possible than the first half. Formerly the last two miles had to be made on foot, it was said a trail could not be made there, but it was found possible and now visitors ride to within a few yards of the river's edge. A notable part of this trail is called "the devil's corkscrew" and it is sufficiently steep zig zag and devilish to merit the title. After reaching the bottom of this rapid descent a sigh of thankfulness was heard from one of the male members of the party that we had not descended more rapidly than we desired, heartily seconded by a feminine "Amen." One of the party was concerned for fear some denizen of the wizzard canyon would put the "corkscrew" in his pocket before our return while others seemed to feel that they had no further use for it anyhow. At last rounding a cliff in the deep passage way we have been treading, we are on the stoneledge threshold of the imprisoned Colorado. Its thunderous rage bursts upon the ear. We enter into its presence by the doorway into the inner gorge, through which the mingled waters of Willow Creek and Letter Creek find their way to the Colorado. A few hundred yards to the right it bursts from two dark and shaggy walls like an angry beast, its mad waves leaping and lashing themselves in wild fury, rushing and roaring out of sight a few yards to the left behind the grim wall that hides its fury. We are fascinated by this huge caged monster, and loiter by its side and even venture to toy with its foaming mane, through which gleam bright-hued pebbles, some of them as fine in polish and as varied in color as a rare mosaic. Securing some of these souvenirs we reluctantly say good bye to our turbulent whom we have travelled seven strenuous miles to see and whose mood is in full accord with our effort. The channel at this point is said to be three or four hundred feet wide—it doesn't look half the distance, and we are also almost one mile below the rim. The girths are again tightened and we begin the ascent which seem to our tired bodies a prodigious undertaking.

But the changed view beguiles our thoughts from the aches and twinges of rebellious limbs. Instead of peering down into measureless depths our gaze is now fixed upon towering walls of the massive layers of the seven kinds of rock formation which are the component parts of the great canyon until we meet the welcome sight of the tents of the Indian Gardens and soon we are dismounting before their doors, if being carefully and gently "pulled" from the animal's back by the kindly guide and conducted to a supporting object can be dignified by that term. We are soon in the cheery dining tent gratefully enjoying the refreshment of the good supper provided, and ere long each traveller seeks their respective tent made cozy by a merry fire in its vest pocket stove, and the red limbs are soon resting in the comfortable beds therein. Never can one realize the luxury of such a rest amid such surroundings without the actual experience. After a day filled with the glories of earth's deep mysteries, to be cradled thus upon her kindly bosom at a depth of three thousand five hundred feet from the surface with dark towering walls encompassing us, while a little stream sings Nature's dear lullaby and talks to the inmate all through the night hours as it babbles past the tent door. Here indeed we are "near to Nature's heart." It is a night to live in one's memory ineffaceable by times varying changes.

We awaken rested and ready for the ride to the summit and also the side trip on the Mesa which broadens out from this little valley a two hours ride from the point of which a magnificent view of the river gorge is obtained. After registering in nature's book of white limestone we return to the tents where we are joined by the remainder of the party and the climb to the rim is resumed. At 1 p. m. we reach the upper air of the rim glad to have visited the river and not sorry that the trip lay behind us. One is better able to appreciate the views from the rim after taking the trip into the canyon. The views are fine beyond description from Rowe's, O'Neil's and Sentinel points, but one cannot afford to miss the trip to Grand View point. It is reached by a drive of six-

teen miles through the coconino forest. A forest drive which of itself is a rare treat. As the four horses whirl you past these majestic sentinels of the past, you feel that you are in the presence of hoary centuries. At last we are through the forest and Grand View Hotel is before us. The view from this point is fitly named. It surpasses all others in extent and grandeur. From this point we look down upon the trail, a mere thread winding in and out among the shaggy cliffs and the pack trains coming up looking like long lines of black insects creeping upward with their burdens of copper ore; for there are mines of various kinds in this huge treasure vault of Mother Earth. It is full of rare gifts for all who come, and having come and seen you are thereby enriched forevermore. The great canyon grows upon one; it is a living personality that having once seen you henceforth shall know and love forever. A great uplifting presence that lives in your memory. A thousand sermons in one grand whole appealing to the noblest and best in humanity.

But only seeing it can give one the Grand Canyon. There is but one. Los Angeles, Calif., Feb. 10th, 1904.

THE CREAMERY.

The Griggs County Dairy Association Organized.

The adjourned meeting of those interested in a creamery at this place met at the courthouse last Friday afternoon. There was not a very large attendance but those who were present were enthusiastic and earnest and are the kind to push the matter to a successful issue. Prof. Kaufman, of the Fargo Agricultural College, addressed the gathering and gave some very interesting facts on creameries. The following board of directors was elected: G. W. Dyson, E. S. Hamilton, E. C. Butler, Wilmot Houghton and Herbert Langford. The directors then met and elected the following officers:

President, G. W. Dyson.
Vice-Pres., Herbert Langford.
Secretary, E. S. Hamilton.
Treasurer, Wilmot Houghton.

Thirteen hundred dollars worth of stock was subscribed as a starter and articles of incorporation have gone to Bismarck the company to be known as the Griggs County Dairy Association. The new company is well officered and ought to be successfully operated.

FARMERS ELEVATOR.

The adjourned meeting of those interested in a farmers elevator was also held the same day and it was decided to go ahead and build an elevator. The limit of stock was fixed at \$500 for one person. The following committee have the matter in charge and it ought to go some. E. C. Butler, P. P. Idsvog, E. S. Hamilton, F. D. Williams, Bert Parsons, H. S. Hammer and Chester Piatt.

End of Bitter Fight.

"Two physicians had a long and stubborn fight with an abscess on my right lung" writes J. F. Hughes of Du Pont, Ga., "and gave me up. Everybody thought my time had come. As a last resort I tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. The benefit I received was striking and I was on my feet in a few days. Now I've entirely regained my health." It conquers all Coughs, Colds and Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed by Bateman's Drug Store. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

Notice.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: There will be a meeting of the Tyrol school board at Charley Retzlaff's school house at 2 p. m. on the 7th day of March, 1904, to consider the removal of the school house to Jesse, N. D. All voters of the district are requested to be present and vote on the proposition.

W. H. SANSBURN,
Clerk.

JOHN SYVERSON.

SHIRT WAIST BARGAINS

- A GOOD FLANNEL WAIST in black, red and blue, this year's style, worth \$1.50, now..... \$1.00
- FLANNEL WAISTS best quality, trimmed neatly, the kind we have been selling for \$2.50, now..... \$1.75
- LADIES' SWEATERS, red, white, all wool, buttoned in front with five large pearl buttons, closes tight around the neck, worth \$3.00, now..... \$2.00
- NEW BELTS of the latest styles, made of leather, silk, satin, etc., including the popular soft crushed belt. If you want a nobby up-to-date belt we have got it. Prices ranging from..... 25c to 1.50
- NEW PEARL WAIST SETS. A new and beautiful line of plain and fancy pearl shirt waist sets is now ready for your inspection. It is needless to tell you that the pearl shirt waist sets are all right, you know already that they are O. K. and next spring and summer will see them even more popular than the past season. We also have a few metal sets, sterling silver and gold front sets that are hummers. Prices range from..... 25c to 85c
- NEW BEAD AND PEARL NECKLACES. A large and beautiful assortment of the Fashion Favorites, from..... 35c to 1.50
- SILK REMNANTS. After inventory we find a nice little assortment of silk remnants that are yours for very little money, also some dress trimmings that will be sold at..... Half price

MARCH DELINEATOR 15 Cents.

The ONE PRICE Department Store.

Agents for
Standard Patterns,

Mail Orders
Promptly Filled.

Day by Day

the throngs of buyers grow larger, wider and wider spread the tidings of our great bargains. The crowds are made up of former buyers coming back for more; of new buyers coming to duplicate the savings made by friends; of folks who know the value of our great sales, but have hitherto been kept away.

Below we mention a few of our bargains:

Dress Goods.	Clothing.
Zibeline, Mohair and Camel Hair mixtures, worth 60 cents, this sale..... \$.48	Men's Suits Worth \$12.00 This sale..... \$9.50
All wool heavy Elamine, 50 in. wide colors blue, brown & gray, \$1.25, this sale..... .89	One lot of Children's Suits and Overcoats at..... 1-2 off
All wool Crash, 50 inches wide, worth \$1.25, this sale..... .98	Men's heavy fleeced lined underwear, worth 60 cents, this sale..... .48
Black and red Zibeline, good quality, worth \$1.50, this sale..... 1.19	Men's heavy wool hose, 50 cent value, now at..... .39
Plain black Zibeline, good quality, worth \$2.00, this sale..... 1.58	Men's fancy dress shirts, worth \$1.25, now..... .98

Remember that our jacket and skirt sale is now on.

ALBERT LARSON,
Cooperstown, North Dakota.