

## PROOF READING.

### A Scene With a Spring Poet.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"I think you were just too mean for anything!" exclaimed a bewitching damsel as she bolted into the managing editor's office, sank into a chair and burst into sobs.

"Oh, look here! Don't," remonstrated the managing editor, slipping the cork-screw down the back of his neck and the still lighted pipe into his coat pocket. "I published your poem, you know? Promised I would and I can show it to you. Don't make a row!" And the managing editor wrapped a beer bottle in a page of manuscript and ordered the office boy to take it to the foreman, with instructions to carry it as a leader under penalty of law. "It was the prettiest thing we ever had in the Eagle, and I set it up in type myself so there wouldn't be any mistakes. Let up on the weep now, that's a good girl."

"I—I know you published it!" moaned the fair visitor. "But what did it look like when it came out? When did I ever say:

"We'll meet in the alley with poker and tongs."

"I wrote it;

"We'll meet in the valley with jokes and songs."

And then you made me say,

"Here's to the madam that hove me swill!"

"And if you had any sense, you'd have known that it was:

"Here's to the maiden that loves me still!"

And here she went into a fresh set of convulsions.

"But that's all right!" pleaded the managing editor, wishing he'd left out that whopper about setting up the matter himself.

"The new idea about the alley was an improvement on yours, because it brought it under the head of this new realistic school of poetry, and I tell you," added the managing editor, solemnly, "that poem, just as it appeared in our paper with your name attached to it, has attracted more attention and been more extensively copied than any other production that has appeared in our paper for 20 years."

"Do you mean to tell me that as a fact?" demanded the fair poetess, straightening up with a jerk. "Is that really so?"

"If it hadn't been that we run short of Eagles and had to let people have our exchanges so they could scrap that poem, I could show you the gem in over 2,000 first class journals," replied the managing editor, smiling cheerfully and rubbing his hands.

"Didn't any of them seem to notice that awful blunder, where it said:

"Fine pigs illumine the monkey shine?"

"When I wrote it;

"Fine sprigs perfume the mountain side!"

"Didn't they seem to think that was a little far-fetched?"

"I think more people bought papers on that one line than any other," protested the managing editor. "One critic came out boldly and congratulated the universe on the development of a poetess who had the nerve to do what you had done. Any one can string rhymes together, can talk about sprigs, but where's the artist who had the audacity to put the domestic animals into fiery verse and make poetry for the first time in all history the medium for conveying the simple experience of all the world to the mind of even the humblest reader? That's the way people talk about that poem, that you, in your modesty, pretend you saw no beauty in! If you could hear that poem talked about as I have, I think you'd want to die!" and the managing editor assumed a virtuous expression and then looked hurt.

"Of course, no genius is as good a judge of their works as the intelligent readers of papers. I understand that," and the new poetess simpered an looked downcast. "But how did they appear to take the line:

The quail winds like cow's milk flow!"

"Really I've forgotten whether I wrote it in that way, or whether I put it:

"The balmy winds like corn silk blow!"

"Do you remember how that was?"

"We printed it just as you wrote," returned the managing editor, severely.

"I am surprised that you should charge this office with the grandest poetical effort of modern times. That is over modest, and I'd rather you would be frank and truthful with me."

"Pardon me," besought the fair one, resting her hand on his arm. "I was wrong. Forgive me, and to make amends I will let you have four more poems that I had intended for other papers!"

The managing editor blanched, but his nerves came to his rescue. "I think the effect of the first will not wear off until fall," said he. "We can let these stand over until then, or even until winter. There is no use of blasting a reputation by exciting the enmity of the critics and the envy of the old hands at the poetry business."

"Of course you know best," replied the disappointed beauty. "I am willing to leave the whole matter with you, for I am sure you will watch my interests better than I could, but don't you think you could get them out before the cold weather?"

"Utterly out of the question," responded the managing editor, assuming prodigious independence. "In fact, I think they would do better to wait perhaps two or three years. The other one will last at least that length of time. No, I must decline to touch them under three years," and the managing editor turned to his work and relighted his pipe, as though he had not seen a visitor that day.

"Pretty well done," smiled the city editor, strolling in as the lady took her departure. "When she first came I thought you were done for."

"Oh, no," replied the managing editor, carelessly. "You have only got to know how to handle these people."

"But the poem she was talking about wasn't her's at all," continued the city editor. "It was written by one of the porters as a bit of fun. Her poem is out on my desk now."

"Kill it!" roared the managing editor turning fiercely on the city editor. "Kill the thing, and by the way, I saw that two of the New York papers beat you

on an item of Brooklyn news this morning. The next time that happens you will be hunting around for some one to start a paper for you!" and as the crest-fallen city editor turned away the managing editor commenced an article on "The Press as a Moral Guide and an Educator of the Masses."

## A VOUDOU DOCTOR.

Sent to the Tennessee Penitentiary for Imposing On a Sick Negro Woman.

From the Nashville (Tenn.) American.

By far the most curious case that has stirred up people in the precincts of the criminal court was that of Ed. Burley, a negro necromancer and voodoo, tried yesterday. The prisoner was a squat built, monkey faced, thick lipped negro, and a stronger argument than even the late Col. Payne's Ariel, for the belief that no pair of his species entered Noah's ark. Leah Sharp, his prosecutor, was a little bullet headed wizened faced negro woman, whose physiognomy denoted anything but a high degree of intelligence. The exhibits in the case were the dirtiest of home spun bags, about three inches in diameter, containing Burley's celebrated "luck battery," consisting of a loadstone, piece of steel wire, and some red nigger hair, a gold mounted brooch, a brass cameo ring, a woman's photograph, and several other tricks and odds and ends that would puzzle the witch o. Endor herself to describe.

Leah Sharp testified that she was lying very ill on the 24th of February last, when Ed. Burley, voodoo doctor, called to see her, and, standing beside her bed, told her he could restore her to her usual strength by means of his "luck battery," which he had suspended around his neck by a string. But he informed her this "luck battery" could only be worked by means of two pieces of gold or silver money and a photograph. He assured the foolish woman, however, if he did get the two pieces of gold or silver money, he would endow her with no end of good luck for the rest of her life, and she would always afterward be able to find gold. The woman then gave him her \$10 breastpin, ring and photograph, and he took his "luck battery," the loadstone, and bit of wire out of his pouch and showed Leah how the little iron horse shoe picked up and held on to the wire. Whatever doubts the woman had had about the ability of the battery to perform the miracles claimed for it, were swept away by the ability of the doctor to endow a little colt's shoe (she called it) with the power to pick up a piece of wire and hold on to it until it was taken away. His victim then insisted that he should perform the charm. This was done by the voodoo doctor putting the pieces of gold in the bag with the "luck battery" and shaking them together. He then took the loadstone, bit of wire, and red nigger hair out of the pouch, and sticking the hair in the center of the loadstone, attached the steel wire to the end of the latter. Then taking the whole in his left hand he waved it three times over the woman's head, uttering at the same time some sort of gibberish the woman did not understand. Telling her that she would be all right from that time on and able to find gold, he replaced the "luck battery" into the bag, hung the latter around his neck, gathered up the photograph, and walked out of the house. Finding that she soon got worse instead of better, the woman reported to the police that she had been voodooed. Burley was arrested, and the gold brooch, ring and photograph found on his person, and the grand jury found an indictment against him for getting property under false pretenses. The jury that tried him yesterday assessed his punishment at five years in the penitentiary, and Leah Sharp had her jewelry returned to her and went on her way rejoicing.

## Facetious.

Shop girl, to a seedy-looking customer "What do you wish?" "Two paper collars and a piece of rubber."

Colonel Faceabout is nominated for town officer. "Do you think," asks his nearest friend, "that the Colonel will run well?" "No doubt of it," replies Corp. Lance, who was in the Colonel's regiment; "that is, if he hasn't changed wonderfully. I know he used to run well when in the army."—Boston Transcript.

A pretty Quakeress, stopping in a Florida hotel, was suddenly kissed in the dark by a man, who apologized, and said he "thought it was Mary." The man had a pretty wife, and the Quakeress, being good-natured, put it down as a joke. Then it came out that madame's name was Charlotte. There was a chamber-maid, however, also pretty, named Mary. The affair caused some unpleasantness.

Fort Yuma is being abandoned as an army post. It will be remembered as the place which Mark Twain declared was the hottest in America. According to the veracious Mark a wicked soldier of the garrison died suddenly, and after getting a good taste of the climate of his new abode, sent back to his comrades asking that his blankets be forwarded to him at once.

Statistics recently collected at the Eastern Pennsylvania show that of 750 young men received their under 21 years of age 755 had no trades. There was plenty of education among them, as 572 were graduates of schools. Such startling figures as these are an unanswerable argument in favor of manual-training schools. They show that our public schools are turning out boys who are not prepared for any occupation or any form of useful manual labor, and that mere book-education is no protection to society against crime. These boys, unfitted for any kind of manual work, naturally drift into the easiest occupations they can find, and there is nothing easier than drifting into no occupation, and thence into crime.

cleared, and the growing crops have been helped much by the recent warm weather.

# 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

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