

THE COURIER.

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By FRED'K. H. ADAMS.

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Official Paper of Griggs County

SUPPLEMENT.

Fire.

On Monday night our citizens were aroused by the shrill cry of "Fire! Fire!" A glance revealed that the alarm proceeded from the Third ward, in the vicinity of the Bank of Cooperstown. The horizon was lurid. The valiant citizens of the Terminal Town, pale with suppressed excitement, hurriedly jammed their feet through their coat sleeves, their arms through their pantaloons, and with a passionate kiss on effluent lips of the hired girl, rushed to the scene of the conflagration. The flames flared to the zenith in snaky, writhing, satanic contortions; and the dense smoke came belching toward the magnificent warehouses of our merchant princes, and bankers; while the frantic populace stood paralyzed with terror and grim forebodings. "The bank! The bank! Save the bank!" was the agonizing cry. At this instant Ben McCormick, the assistant cashier of the bank, was seen to approach the fire, and dash something into the ravenous flames. In an instant darkness prevailed, the flames and smoke disappeared as if by magic, and the disgusted citizens learned that Mr. McCormick was simply amusing himself with the *Hayward Hand Grenade*, burning dry goods boxes and promiscuous lumber. The Grenades are bottles of a chemical preparation, which, in contact with fire, develops a dense gas, which literally kills fire. Where we have no fire protection they will prove invaluable, and every store, office, and farm building should have a few. They are cheap, will not freeze, or burst with heat, and will extinguish any ordinary fire if used in time. This is the kind of "fire water" one should keep in the house. Mr. McCormick has the agency for Griggs, Steele and Barnes counties.

Bridgeport, Conn., May 23, 1885.—[The Hayward Hand Grenade Company] Gents: The undersigned, Mr. Edwin P. Corbuser, chief of the Fire department at Ovid, Clinton county, Michigan, for four years, certifies that he has used the Hayward Hand Grenades personally, and in the department, with the utmost success and without failure, during a serious conflagration, saving thousands of dollars. I consider the Hayward Hand Grenade indispensable to every property owner, knowing their effective work, and cheerfully give my testimonial. EDWIN P. CORBUSER.

Superintendent Graham, under the guidance of Anton Engel and Iver Jacobson, is out after chickens.

Ed. Hanson marketed the first wheat yesterday—fifty bushels, which graded No. 1 Northern.

Dr. McQuinn, formerly of Casselton, has settled here to practice medicine. He is now looking for a build-up.

COAL, COAL, COAL,
In car load lots
at the
Gull River Lumber Company's Yard.

Berg & Larson have sold sixty-four harvesters and binders this year; all with the McCormick stamp on them.

Bowden & Buck will open a new stock of dry goods in a few days.

GENTLEMEN: If you want ready made clothing, we have 300 suits in stock.

If you want a suit made to order, we have 200 samples to order from. A perfect fit guaranteed.

If you want your clothes made at home, we can furnish you with cloth and sewing machine.

If you are going to leave the country (we don't want you to), we have the most elegant assortment of Trunks and Valises ever offered in Griggs county.

JOHN SYVERSON & Co.
The ladies of Griggs County will make an effort to call at H. S. Picketts furniture rooms, where they learn that he has just received a car load of extra fine goods.

Knud Thompson wishes to whisper a word of warning in the ear of the gentle stranger. Let not the sun go down before you visit his warehouse at Cooperstown and secure the only string you have on the elusive dollar. He buys his twine direct from the manufacturers and can sell it for what it costs other firms, and still get rich. Twine may be short in Dakota this year.

We have just received a large stock of school books of every kind used in the county. Webster's Unabridged dictionary furnished to schools for \$8.50.

JOHN SYVERSON & Co.
Just received another car load of celebrated Stoughton wagons. They run five years.

Bowden & Buck are selling clothing for less than the cost of manufacturing.

—Examine the Flying Dutchman Sulkey Plow at Berg & Larson.

We have for sale a few good farm work horses. Davis & Pickett.

Take Notice.

The Reciprocator Thresher will win every premium in contests this fall; and while it sells for the same price, is worth 100 per cent more than any other machine, in durability, economy in saving wheat and cost of running. In fact, it is the best thresher on wheels, and we can prove it by the operation of the machine itself. Talk is talk, but it takes a thresher to starve straw-stalk chickens. Berg & Larson.

Sunday Services.

BAPTIST.—Services at school house at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. E. F. Jordan, pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Services at Congregational church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. F. M. Rockwell, pastor.

Parties running threshing machines will do well to call on Adams & Glass for all things necessary to keep the machine going—belting, machine oil, rubber and hemp packing, and fittings.

A fine line of picture frame moldings at H. S. Picketts.

Cash customers will do well to examine our prices on groceries. We do not sell tomatoes or sugar at cost, as a bait, but will sell groceries at the smallest living profit for the cash.

JOHN SYVERSON & Co.
ANTHRACITE AND SOFT COAL
at the
Gull River Lumber Company's Yard.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids will be received Greendale School township, Griggs county, Dak., until 12 o'clock at noon, Sept. 5, 1885, for the erection of one school house, all material to be furnished by the contractor, and work to be done according to plans and specifications, which may be seen at the clerk's office in Cooperstown. Bids to be left with or directed to the clerk at Cooperstown, D. T. By order of the board.

ANDREW JOHNSON, Clerk.
Cooperstown, August 12, 1885.

To Whom It May Concern.

Hereafter the Cooper Townsite company will not be responsible for anything purchased on their account except by written order signed by one of the company.

COOPER TOWNSITE COMPANY,
By R. C. COOPER.
Dated June 27th, 1884.

Reliance of 1885

The best cord holder in the world, and a knot-tyer which not only is not liable to derangement from negligence or want of skill of the operator, but cannot be damaged unless by special design and effort to that end.

KNUD THOMPSON.

Feed Mill.

Cooper Bros. are prepared to grind feed of all kinds at their elevator, in any amount, at reasonable rates.

Parties wanting sewing machines should not fail to take a look at the White. For sale by John Syverson & Co.

The Girls Still Bathe.

Bathing is more generally the go this season than it has been for three or four summers, and the girls who indulge in it are not fast either, though they are bright and hearty. At one of the hotels had a dozen young ladies from a Finlandia seminary have formed a swimming club. They wear a costume, or rather uniform, of sea-green flannel, edged with lace. Their stockings are of silk, sea-green too, and striped with black. A big black star is embroidered on each bosom. They do not wear slippers. Altogether the costume is very neat, quiet and becoming. The young ladies are completely at home in the sea.

One of them, a charming brunette, with black melting eyes, creates a sensation now and then by swimming way out beyond the breakers. The bathing master accompanies her on a new sort of rowing machine that looks like two big cigars joined together by a plank. She amuses herself occasionally by climbing up on one of the cigars and taking a "header" into the deep sea. The feat was accompanied by so much violence the other day that the "cigars" careened and the bathing master was tumbled into the water. The crowd that the girls' natorial exhibitions always gather had a double sensation for a moment. But the cigars righted themselves and the young man climbed back into the seat. The girl climbed up too and sat beside him, and she laughed at the show he made in his dripping clothes until he was moved to tilt her head over heels, into the waves again. She bobbed up all right, beautiful as a mermaid, and dashed him with spray while she nonchalantly "tread-d" water. Of course she is the star of the club. But all the girls are expert swimmers. They wouldn't run from a wave as big as a snip, and they don't shriek like a Choctaw Indian when a little bit of foam runs over their dainty toes. They belong to the anti-esthetic set. They are sworn foes of nerves, hysterics and cosmetics. Their eyes are clear and bright with high health, and their round cheeks, innocent of rouge and powder, are as brown as the sea-wet sands. Yesterday, a Princeton college man, a brother of one of the girls, came down. He didn't have much faith in the club's grit, I fancy. He is a great athlete and swimmer himself, and rather vain of his accomplishments. Presuming on his relationship, he undertook to "guy" the club. Led by his own sister, the club sailed for him en masse, and the mauling and ducking that Princeton youth got will be likely to serve him as a memory for many a summer.—Long Branch Letter to the Philadelphia Times.

AN HOUR IN A ROPEWALK.

Manifold Improvements in the Process in Half a Century—One Girl Now Doing the Work of Eight Men.

Rope-making is not what it used to be. Nowadays a girl at a spinning-machine can do more work than eight men could do in the old-fashioned way, and where one man could comb one bale of hemp one machine can now comb seventy-five bales. The product of the largest ropewalk in the United States is 150 tons of rope and twine a week, as compared with 16 ton when it was built, fifty-six years ago. This ropewalk is in Bushwick, and in the last century it has made the fortunes of five men. Bushwick was fifty years ago a small Long Island hamlet. Today its boundaries are merged into the eastern district of Brooklyn. Not many years ago a grove surrounded the ropewalk. Today it is surrounded by dwelling-houses. Fifty-five years ago four horses furnished the motive power. Today a 550-horsepower engine is taxed to do the work. The long, weather-beaten structure, 1,700 feet in length, has had the same appearance for forty years or more. Of all the men who have worked in the ropewalk, one man has lived to see fathers and sons pass away, and to teach grandsons how to make rope. He is John Stewart, the Superintendent, a genial and an active old gentleman, now 80 years of age. For fifty-five years he has worked there. He says he is like the boy who could carry a calf, and by carrying it daily was able in time to carry an ox. He sorrowfully shakes his head sometimes when his mind runs back over the changes.

Twelve kinds of hemp are used in rope-making. Russian hemp being the best. The hanks are bound into bales that can be readily handled. Separating the hanks is the first process in rope making. Men do it. The hanks are unbound and tossed one side, where men stand ready to pick them up and oil them. The oiling-machines are large revolving drums of wood that absorb and hold the oil kept in the troughs below. They are enclosed in wooden boxes, each with a hole about as large as an ordinary window. Taking a hank, an operator spreads it out and dashes it through a hole and against the oily surface of the drum. It clings and is drawn upward, but before the end is reached the man draws it back and repeats the motion until the fiber has been oiled. From the oiling-machines the hemp goes to the combing-machines of different sizes and capacities. Five combings are necessary. The combing-machines are very ingenious, and room after room is filled with them. Endless bunts with cross rows of long, fine teeth seize the fibers and carry them on until other teeth on a band moving faster come through them and straighten and draw them. After the combing the fibers become roping, and endless yellow streams of it flow from upper stories below for the spinning-machines. Women and girls operate the spinning-machines.

The day happened to be Saturday, and every young girl in the building had her front hair twisted in papers for Sunday. The noisy rattle of the machines is hardly to be heard by a newcomer, but the girls talk and laugh, and, as a rule, they are healthy and strong. The spinning-machines are as interesting as the combing-machines, and the work is much cleaner. The streams of roping come down through the spools, and are guided by girls into sheet-iron barrels that can be wheeled to the spinning-machines. Each stream flows faster than several machines can spin it, when everything is in good working order, and piles of roping stand ready for use. Roping, after going through the spinning-machines, becomes spun yarn. The combing, straightening, and spinning used to be done by hand. "I have spun by hand many a ton of it," said the superintendent.

One room is called the waste-room, and to it goes the waste from all the rooms. The waste is combed and blown until the good fibers are saved and spun into yarn for twine. The dust in the room is as thick as fog in the dog days, and how anyone can work and live there for any length of time is a mystery. The danger from fire is strikingly apparent, but fire has never seriously damaged any part of the building. Many machines are used in spinning and baling harvest twine, which is extensively used in the West. Hundred-ton orders for it are frequently filled. The machines for baling harvest twine are not so interesting as the machines for spinning and baling small cordage, although the former are run by girls. The latter machines are squat and noisy, and can be compared to as many extremely lively bulldogs using their legs and mouths at the same time. One of the machines had to be stopped in order that its mechanism might be shown. When quiet its ingenious arrangements can be appreciated, but when in motion it is the worst thing in the world to fool with. It will tear off an arm or a leg as quick as a wink.

In a low addition is the tar-shop, where spun yarn for tarred rope goes through a process as old as the hills. Those who like the smell of tar can get it here the year round in all its purity. Through long troughs nearly filled with hot tar the yarn is drawn until it is thoroughly saturated. On coming out it passes through squeezers, and any excess of tar is pressed out. Then it passes through the air for a considerable distance to dry, and finally is wound on bobbins. Tar protects cordage from injury by exposure and immersion, but makes it more rigid, and weakens it. Many efforts have been made to find a substitute, and there is a patent process which, it is asserted,

renders rope waterproof, and so its durability by preventing mildew and decay, increases its strength, and keeps it pliable in the coldest weather.

From the tar-shop the way led to the extreme lower end of the ropewalk and the machinery for making large ropes or cables. Very little change has been made there in the half-century. The machinery is crude, but substantial, the stanchions, beams, and braces being of roughly-hewn wood. Some of the workmen are old and weather-beaten, and seem to belong to the machinery. The bobbins of spun yarn are placed upright on iron pins on a series of shelves. The ends of the threads are drawn together and put through the holes of a gauge-plate, from which they go to an iron tube in the tub-board, the size of the whole being gauged by the size of the rope to be made. Ninety-eight threads make a six-inch cable, and with all these threads to attend to at the gauge-plate a rope-maker is kept busy. The friction of the threads going through the tube makes the iron so hot that the hands cannot be kept upon it. After being drawn through the tube, the end of what is now a strand is attached to a hook in the former, an upright machine on wheels run on a track the full length of the ropewalk. The hook revolves rapidly, and makes the twist in the strand. The former is drawn along by ropes, and as it moves away from the gauge-plate arms are swung out from pillars along the track to hold up the strand from the floor. The former travels slowly, but with a good deal of whirring, to the upper end of the track. The strand is then attached to as many others as necessary, to hooks in another former on another track, forming the rope.

About one hundred sizes of rope are made, running from one-sixteenth of an inch to twenty-four inches in diameter. The length of large rope is generally one thousand feet, and the largest rope made nowadays is fifteen to eighteen inches, and no large rope is made except to order. Cordage of all sizes was in the store-room awaiting shipment, and the big cables were coiled and bound as neatly as thread on a spool. Superintendent Stewart pointed out its perfection with as much admiration as he must have had for his first coil.

"I once made a twenty-four inch cable," he said, "to haul the Henry Clay off the beach with. The old gentleman was bound to get her off, and he sent word on a Saturday morning to have the cable ready by Monday morning. He said I couldn't make it without working Sunday, but I said that I had never worked on Sunday, and I didn't propose to then. The old gentleman wouldn't stand any nonsense, you know, and I knew it, but he knew me well enough to believe that if I said I would have the cable ready it would be ready. I told him I would have the cable ready, and that he needn't worry himself about it. Well, we went to work as we had never worked before. I kept the boys at it until midnight, and then knocked them off. Not a man did a stroke of work on Sunday, but at midnight the full force was put on again, and on Monday forenoon the cable was going away on carts—five of 'em. It was 130 fathoms long, and the old gentleman gave me credit for doing a good job.—New York Sun.

After a Fashion.

We counted 17 or 18 of them in charge of a monster which loomed as big as a mountain and carried a magnificent load. The deer were traveling diagonally toward us, down wind, so that by running as hard as we could for half a mile we were able to intercept their path, and had barely time to drop behind some low junipers before the leading hinds were upon us. It was an exciting moment, as the graceful animals passed our ambush in twos and threes, some of them not more than five yards off, and none more than 20. As they crossed our tracks they wined it, jumped over, and, passing on, assembled themselves in our rear.

Joe was greatly excited, and kept whispering in my ear, "Take that one, Sir; she got five inches of fat!" but I was deaf to his remarks, and kept my gun at half-cock, for I could hear the old bull grunting in rear of his harem. Presently his brow antlers appeared—what a moment for a deer stalker!—then his head and enormous neck—and what a pair of horns!—and then his huge carcass came in full view. Joe gave a grunt, the old brute stopped, and at that instant the heavy ounce ball crashed in behind his shoulder, the poor brute gave a prodigious bound, clearing 15 feet, as we afterward measured, and then laid out at full gallop.

"It mattered not; the gallant beast, going like a race horse, but dying all the way, made straight for a lake, some 400 yards away, and plunging in, rolled over dead. His horns stuck up out of the water like a branch of a tree. After a good deal of trouble we got him ashore, and surveyed his noble proportions. "He very ole stag," said Joe; "about 10 year ole and weigh over 500 pounds." But, by Jove, what a head!—42 points, as I'm a sinner! with the painted brow-antlers interlocked across his nose like a pair of clasped hands, his huge bull-neck and shoulders bearing many a scar gained in defense of his seraglio. I named him "Brigham Young" on the spot out of compliment to the Mormon Elder.—Sport and Travel, by Capt. Kennedy.

I have now in stock a fresh supply of feed and flour, which the public can sample at the lowest living rates. Flour of all grades. Quick sales and small profits. Geo. W. Greenlese.

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Close Connections in the Union Depot with all trains of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Northern Pacific, St. Paul & Duluth, all ways, from and to all points North and Northwest.

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Through Passenger Trains daily each way between Fargo and St. Paul without change. Connecting at Union depot, St. Paul, with all eastern and southern lines. When you go east or come west try the Fargo & Southern.

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