

THE COURIER.

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By FRED'K. H. ADAMS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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Cash invariably in Advance.

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Subscribers finding this notice crossed are notified that their subscription has expired and are requested to renew.

Official Paper of Griggs County

SUPPLEMENT.

An Old-Time Editor.

Hank Monk, in Northwest.
He was a relic of bygone days, fat, bald-headed, and dead broke. He had been reminiscing to the delight of a small audience at the Merchants, and would fain rest himself by glancing at an evening paper; but a thought struck him. "Say, did I ever tell you boys about the second editor in St. Paul? Well, he was a curious creature—a sort of cross between a Pennsylvania dutch man and a Berkshire pig. He had an office down in Cat Alley, near the butcher shop, but that was before your day. The paper had a subscription list of about three hundred, and he had just bought it. The third day after he got it the paper was printed and ready to circulate, and the boy went around to all the saloons to find him, and have him direct the papers to the subscribers—that, you know, is part of a country editor's business. They finally ran him down at the Last Chance, on Third street, playing pool on a table sixteen feet square—all pool tables were sixteen feet square in those days—and he was in a demoralized condition. He had been beaten several straight games and was madder than a hornet. "I can't go with you," said he to the printer "my eye is blood-shot." He meant, you know, that there was blood in his eye. "I can't bodder mit tse tam newspaper pissness this ab end," and he told the boy to cut the names out of the subscription book and stick 'em on the papers; and he did it. Well, the next week, when they came to send the papers out there was nothing left of the subscription book but the cover, and he didn't know where to send 'em to; so he sold the paper for a chicken dog and four dollars and a half. He was a curious creature. When he wanted to cut the leaves of a magazine he'd shove it into a paper cutter—a sort of a hay knife, as it were—and clip half an inch off all around—fact! When he went to get his boots blacked the boys would give him a wet shine on one boot and a dry shine on the other. He never knew the difference. He was so fat you know, couldn't tell whether either of 'em was blacked you know?" And the old man took up the evening paper and busied himself in its contents.

To Our Patrons.

Having sold our Livery, Sale & Boarding stables to Messrs. Hunter Bros., we wish to thank you for the liberal patronage you have so kindly given us, and to bespeak a continuance of the same to our successors, who are in every way most eminently fitted to fulfill the demands of a first class trade.

We shall now devote our entire attention to our Flour, Feed, Grain and Furniture business, and will buy and sell stock of any kind.

We will pay, in trade, five cents above the market for wheat.
Every body come and see us at our store in the Bank block.
Very Truly, Yours,
DAVIS & PICKETT.

A Horse.

Wm Glass has for sale a horse, eight years old; and weight about eleven hundred pounds. Cash or good paper.

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.

Coal, from pea to Lehigh lump at Gull River Lumber company's yard.

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. Pickett's furniture rooms where they learn that he has just received a car load of extra fine goods.

Just received another car load of celebrated Stoughton wagons. They run five years. Knud Thompson.

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-stack 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. Pickett's.

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.

Knud Thompson wishes to whisper a word of warning in the ear of the gentle granger. 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. Websters Unabridged dictionary furnished to schools for \$8.50.

John Syverson & Co.

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.

ANTHRACITE AND SOFT COAL

at the
Gull River Lumber Company's Yard.

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.

Intelligence 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.

A PRIVATE REHEARSAL

Gilbert Waring, student at the London University, reading hard for the M. A. degree, sat alone in his dingy bachelor lodging on the second floor in Gower street, one perfect night in June. Books strewed the table, overflowing on to the floor, and filled every available chair; but Gilbert was evidently neglecting his studies, for no lamp was lit, and he sat in darkness at the window, gazing across the road so absently that he did not hear the quick, bounding tread up the stairs that led to his room, followed though it was by a loud knock, and then the unceremonious entrance of his bosom friend, Ned Haslam, who exclaimed:

"Why, Gil!—sitting in the dark! What's the matter, man?"

For answer, Gilbert beckoned his friend to the window and pointed to the first floor of the opposite house, through the windows of which could be seen a handsomely-furnished room, and, seated at a piano, a young lady, all unconscious of the eyes which were watching her every movement.

"Well, she is a stunner!" was Ned's enthusiastic comment. "Divinely fair! I quite admire your taste, old fellow."
"Hush! she is going to sing," whispered Gilbert.

And through the open windows they could hear every note of the rich, sweet voice, as the slender fingers ran lightly over the piano-keys.

She was so absorbed in her music that she did not see what the watchers across the street saw plainly; the door opened, and a gentleman entered, stood for a minute as if listening to the sweet notes of the singer, then came noiselessly behind her, and leaning over, gently lifted one of her long fair curls in his hand and pressed it to his lips with an appearance of the most tender devotion.

The music ceased abruptly, and the young lady sprang to her feet, apparently not at all pleased with the liberty her admirer had taken.

She evidently reproached him, and by his gestures he seemed to be apologizing.

"Really, this is as good as going to the theater," remarked Ned. "I wish we could hear what they were saying."

Meanwhile the new-comer talked long and earnestly; but if he was urging his suit, he received no encouragement from the young lady, for she shook her head now and then, and once, when he sought to take her hand, she shrank from him as if his very touch were loathsome to her.

At last he grew desperate, and throwing himself at her feet, seemed to be entreating her to alter her decision.

The young lady was quite overwhelmed at his persistence and dramatic attitude, for she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed violently; but she evidently was firm in her denial, and after a brief interval he dashed from the room, banging the door behind him.

Presently the door reopened, and a young girl came in and threw her arms about the young lady, dried her eyes, and tried to comfort her with caresses and tender exhortations.

"That little girl suits my taste better than the other one, if you will excuse my saying so," remarked Ned. "I grant she isn't quite as pretty, but there is something about her that takes me."

The young girl persuaded her sister to lie down and rest, and after covering her lightly, and watching to see her eyes close, she left the room again.

"Well, I suppose that is the end of the drama," remarked Ned. "Let's go out for a walk now, for the excitement is all over."

"No," answered Gilbert. "See, the door is opening again!"

"This becomes thrilling!" cried Ned. "The villain reappears, with revenge in his eye. Now we shall see some fun."

The rejected suitor crept towards the sleeping girl, with a stealthy, cat-like movement, and standing beside the couch, looked down at her, as she lay all unconscious of his presence.

He knelt down, and lifted his hands toward heaven in an attitude of despair, then raised his arm, and the terror-stricken spectators saw the bright gleam of steel.

"He's murdering her!" cried Gilbert. "Quick! we may be too late to save her!"

And he darted downstairs, closely followed by his friend, and rushed across the street: The door of the opposite house was open, and they sprang upstairs, and dashed open the door of the room in which they had just witnessed the tragedy, to find it full of people, laughing and talking.

"This surely was the room in which they had witnessed the cold-blooded assassination of a helpless girl. What did it—all could it mean?"

A gentleman advanced, with a look of indignation at this unceremonious intrusion.

"What does this mean?" he inquired angrily. "What do you mean by boiling into a man's house in this way? Explain yourselves!"

The young men were mute for a moment, too utterly bewildered to speak.

There stood the supposed assassin, looking at them curiously, and beside him was his victim, unharmed, and bearing no marks of the scene through which she had just passed.

"We have made a great mistake, somehow," began Gilbert; "though I cannot understand it at all. We saw this young lady being stabbed by that gentleman beside her, and we rushed over, hoping to be in time to prevent a murder."

The old gentleman burst into a peal of laughter that seemed to be infectious, for all the company joined in it, laughing till the tears streamed down their cheeks with the excess of their emotions.

Only Gilbert and Ned retained their puzzled expression.

They turned to leave the room, feeling as if they were being unjustly ridiculed, when the old gentleman put a detaining hand on them.

"Wait a moment," he exclaimed; "I must explain. My daughters and son are members of an amateur theatrical club, and they were going through a rehearsal of their parts before the others should arrive."

The friends joined heartily in the laughter which broke out again.

The old gentleman insisted on their remaining for the evening, and they proved such agreeable company that they received urgent invitations to repeat their visit, which, it is unnecessary to say, they gladly accepted.

Not very many months later, cards were issued for a double wedding; and after the ceremony was over, both bridegrooms declared that they owed their happiness to their brother-in-law, "the villain," as they persisted in calling him.

A Land Far Away.

In Antananrivo, the capital of Madagascar, no public conveyance of any kind is used except the "filanzana," borne on the backs of slaves, generally employed by the foreign residents of the Andrians and persons of rank and caste. At 10 o'clock a gun from the palace yard is fired, and all is hushed in repose; the deathly silence of a tropical night, only broken by the singing hail of the native sentries about the town. The principal occupation of the mass of the population seems to be always walking the streets or sitting wrapped closely in their white lambason, their haunches against every convenient wall and dreaming the dull hours away. Sometimes a great "Rabary," or public meeting, excites them to a faster walk, or to more congregation or gesticulation; and on Friday, the capital market day, great crowds of them press into the plain to the south of the city devoted to that purpose.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that in the little churches in the mountain counties of Kentucky, where such disorder and lawlessness prevail, collections are taken up in aid of foreign missions, when they could spend every nickel of their money at home in converting the heathens.—*Leavington (Ky.) News.*

A New Species of the Genus Homo.

A tramp, fully up to the standard as regards dress and general personal appearance, was seated in a corner of a waiting-room at a railroad station, pulling at the last quarter of a disreputable-looking cigar. On the wall was a large sign which prohibited smoking in that room. After some ladies had commenced to cough in a menacing manner, and to look excitedly at the notice, and then glance indignantly at the tramp, who was still puffing calmly and unconsciously, thinking pleasant thoughts of how nice it was to have a smoking-room comfortably furnished all for nothing, and imagining now that he was in the smoking saloon of his steamyacht gliding along the shores of the blue Mediterranean, and now that he was in the window of the Union League Club, thinking over his Presidential policy and picking out a Cabinet, the gate-keeper caught him by the shoulder and rudely accosted him:

"Get out of here!"

"Why?" asked the tramp calmly but firmly.

"Can't you read?"

The tramp looked hurt.

"What does that notice say?"

The tramp looked up wearily and read: "Gentlemen must not smoke in this room!"

"Then what do you mean by pulling at that dirty butt?"

"I am not a gentleman."

The gate-keeper stood aghast at the lowliness to which this creature had sunk. He had been born and brought up in America; he had seen gentlemen who laid paving stones and constructed sewers; he had seen gentlemen whose business it was to remove ashes; he had even known unfortunate gentlemen who had been sent to the Island; in fact, he had been familiar with all classes of society, but he had never seen any one so utterly devoid of self-respect as not to resent the slightest intimation that he was not a gentleman. He turned away with a look of contempt, that was almost pity, and told the ticket agent that the company must make a new rule for "these dirty foreigners."—*New York Life.*

Future of the Building-Stone Industry.

Concerning the future of the building-stone industry little that is definite can be said. As the population increases and becomes more fixed in its abode, there naturally arises a demand for a more durable building material than wood, which is still largely used in the country towns and smaller cities. As wealth accumulates, too, better and more substantial buildings are erected, which are often profusely embellished with the finer grades of ornamental stones. The demand, then, is sure to increase. In regard to the amount of the supply there can be no question; everything would seem to depend on quality, variety, and cost of working of yet-to-be-discovered material.

In many of the Eastern and earliest to be settled States very little is yet known regarding their final resources. In Maine, for instance, fully one half of the State is as yet unknown land. Its present quarries are nearly all immediately upon the coast. What are the resources of its immense interior can not with certainty be foretold. In the Southern and Western States and Territories, this condition of affairs is naturally greatly magnified. The Virginias, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, all contain excellent material, none of which is now in our principal markets. Michigan can furnish brown sandstones in great abundance fully equal to any now quarried in the more Eastern States, and other sandstones of a beautiful mellow tint are known to occur in Western Arizona. The Rocky Mountain region contains an abundance, both in variety and quantity, of granites, sandstones, marbles, and the more recent volcanic rocks, as basalts, rhyolites, and trachytes. Some of these are very beautiful, excelling anything in this respect from the Eastern States.—*George P. Merrill, in Popular Science Monthly for August.*

A Boston legal authority says that the young lady who has been jilted has the right to read the recreant's letters in her breach of promise suit, but she must not weave them into a novel and copyright them. That privilege belongs to the gentleman. She may, however, demand the return of her own letters as her property. This is not the popular idea, but there have been many decisions. George Washington kept copies of his letters and bequeathed them to his nephew, who had them published. A compiler of another biography of Washington copied them. There was a lawsuit. The Judge said that Washington did not part with the ownership by sending his letters to his correspondents, and he declared this doctrine applicable to all letters, whether of literary value or not.

Leprosy is a rare disease in this country. There is no cure for it. In 1874 there was a leper hospital in New Orleans. On the Bay of Chaleurs, on the New Brunswick shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there has been a leper hospital for many years—a sorrowful establishment in a dreary region. Norwegian immigrants have carried leprosy into Minnesota, but there it is dying out. Several cases have lately appeared in Baltimore—one, at least, spontaneously. Chinese in San Francisco have the disease.

I have now in stock a fresh ply 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. Greenleese.

THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL RY

Is the Fast-Mail Short Line from St. Paul and Minneapolis via La Crosse and Milwaukee to Chicago and all points in the Eastern States and Canada. It is the only line under one management between St. Paul and Chicago, and is the finest equipped railway in the Northwest. It is the only line running sleeping cars with luxuriant smoking rooms, and the finest dining cars in the world, via the famous "River Bank Route," along the shores of Lake Pepin and the beautiful Mississippi river, to Milwaukee and Chicago. Its trains connect with those of the Northern lines in the Grand Union depot at St. Paul. No change of cars of any class between St. Paul and Chicago. For through tickets, time-tables and full information, apply to any coupon ticket agent in the Northwest, R. Miller, General Manager; J. F. Tucker, Asst. Gen'l. Manager; A. V. H. Carpenter, Gen'l. Pass. Agent; Geo. H. Hefford, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent; Milwaukee, Wis.; W. H. Dixon, Gen'l. Northwestern Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

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TWO THROUGH TRAINS DAILY FROM ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS TO CHICAGO

Without Change, connecting with the Fast Trains of all lines for the

EAST AND SOUTHEAST!

The Direct and only Line running through cars between MINNEAPOLIS and

ES MOINES, IOWA,

Via Albert Lea and Fort Dodge.

SOLE THROUGH TRAINS BETWEEN

MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. LOUIS

and the Principal Cities of the Mississippi Valley connecting in the Union Depot for all points South and Southwest!

MANY HOURS SAVED!

and the Only Line running Two Trains Daily Kansas City, Leavenworth and Atchison making connections with the Union Pacific and Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railways.

Close Connections made in Union Depo with all trains of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba; Northern Pacific; St. Paul & Duluth R.R. via, from and to all points North and Northwest.

REMEMBER! The Trains of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway are composed of Comfortable Day Coaches, MAGNIFICENT PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS, and our JUDICIOUSLY SELECTED PALACE DINING CARS!

150 Lbs. of Baggage Checked Free. FARE ALWAYS AS LOW AS THE LOWEST! For Time Tables, Through Tickets, etc., call upon the nearest Ticket Agent or write to

S. F. BOYD, Gen'l. Tkt. & Pass. Agt., Minneapolis, Minn.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

SAINT PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, Or DULUTH,

And all points in

Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington Ter'y.

OREGON,

BRITISH COLUMBIA, PUGET SOUND

AND ALASKA.

Express Trains Daily, to which are attached

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPERS and ELEGANT DINING CARS.

NO CHANGE OF CARS

BETWEEN ST. PAUL AND PORTLAND, ORE.

on any class of Ticket.

EMIGRANT SLEEPERS FREE.

The Only All Rail Line to the

YELLOWSTONE PARK

For full information as to time, rates, etc., Address

CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

THE PEOPLE'S LINE.

FARGO & SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

FARGO and ORTONVILLE

is prepared to handle both

Freight and Passenger Traffic

with promptness and safety.

Connecting at Ortonville with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul system, the Fargo & Southern thus makes another

GRAND TRUNK LINE

The People's Line is superb in all its appointments; steel rails; elegant coaches on all night trains, and its rates are always as low, and time as quick as other lines.

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.

Trains leave Fargo for Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate stations, at 7:20 p. m. and 7:30 a. m. Arrive at Fargo from St. Paul and Minneapolis at 8:00 a. m. and 8:20 p. m.

Tickets for sale at all principal stations for St. Paul, Chicago, and all eastern and southern states.

A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Ft. and Pass. Agt.