

# THE COURIER.

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By FRED'K. H. ADAMS.

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Official Paper of Griggs County

## SUPPLEMENT.

### A Competent Costumer.

"I don't know exactly what to do," pouted the strawberry lips. "Pa says I can have only one dress this spring, and I don't know how to make it up. I thought the gentleman who answers questions could tell me."

"H'm!" muttered the managing editor. "What kind of a dress did you think of getting?"

"That's what I want to know. I want something that will look well with terra cotta gloves."

"Yes, yes," murmured the editor. "Then you should get one of those green things with beads that turn all kinds of colors, and some fringe and fixings of that kind."

"Would you have it cut princess or wear it with a polonaise?" she enquired looking at him searchingly.

"You might—you might have it cut princess around the neck, and a row of polonaise at the bottom. That's going to be very fashionable; and a couple of hip pockets would set it off royally."

"I don't know," murmured the beauty. "I haven't seen any of that style. Do you know whether panniers are worn bouffant this season, or whether the skirt is tight?"

"Certainly. They are made with all the bouffants you can get on them. Some have sixteen-button bouffants, and there was a lady in here yesterday who had a pannier that came clear up to her neck. I should have it pretty bouffant, if it was my dress."

"Don't you think revers of a lighter shade would look pretty?" she enquired.

"They'll do to fix up the back, but I wouldn't put 'em on the front," answered the editor, sagely. "Revers are well enough to trim a hat with, but they don't set off a dress front."

"How would you have the corsage?"

"I wouldn't have any at all. You would look much better without one."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, rising. "Oh, if you insist, you might have a small one, certainly not over three inches long, for short dresses are the style now."

"You—you don't seem to understand me," she commenced.

"On, don't I!" he retorted. "That's what I am here for. I think there is nothing so lamentable as a young lady dragging her corsage through the mud and dust. Still, if you want one you should have it so you can take it off when you go on the street and only wear it at home. They are hard to handle, and not one woman in a hundred can kick her corsage gracefully."

"I—I am very much obliged to you. You are very good, I am sure," she replied.

"Don't mention it," replied the editor. "I think when you get it shirred and reversed and polonaised and princessed you will like it very much. You might get a sash and some big buttons to put on behind, or if you like another style better, you might trim the whole front with bouffants and wear the pannier for a hat."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed the blushing bud, as she scuttled down stairs.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

### 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.

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 SVEINSON & Co.

The ladies of Griggs County will all 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.

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

The visitors to the Minnesota State fair noticed among the flyers, C. F. Kindred's Annie West, F. H. Adams' Joe B, and a black mare from Jamestown. None of the animals were winners, but Annie West and Joe B promise to be among the "20" horses next season. They are young and fresh vet.

### Take Notice.

The Reciprocator thrasher 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 thrasher on wheels, and we can prove it by the operation of the machine itself. Talk is talk, but it takes a thrasher to starve straw-stack chickens. Berg & Larson.

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 Sverson & Co.

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 strong 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 Sverson & 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, 1881.

### Intelligence Of 1885

The best cord holder in the world, and a knot-tyer which not only is 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 Sverson & Co.

### The Dead Prince Consort's Room.

A long time ago I went over to the house and came to a room which had been religiously closed for years. It was opened by special order and there issued from it a certain hallowed odor which exhales on opening a long-closed sanctuary. The blinds were drawn and semi-darkness prevailed. We drew near a table and my guide explained that this was the late Prince Consort's room and everything was to-day just as he had left it when he died. The dust was nearly an inch thick on his writing-desk; a half-used quill was lying crosswise where it had fallen from his hand or its rack; there were several articles about, a paper-weight, a book, and to the right, near the abandoned quill, a little carved frame, and in this frame a portrait. I think I can see it now—the youthful Victoria painted by Winterhalter. Her majesty has a sweet, fair face, and rosybud mouth, and she wears an apple-green gown, the tint just glimmering through some folds of lace. This picture was always by the Prince Consort's side, and when this sanctum was vacated forever no one dared to touch it or even the smallest object in the room. By the Queen's orders it stands to-day as it stood then. The dust is a little thicker on tapestry, chair, and table, the quill still lies in its old place, and the little royal picture smiles as sweetly as of yore from its half-dimmed frame. I need not say that this chamber is never opened on a revel night, but I could not help thinking of it as we walked once more through other lovely but less sacred apartments.—*London Letter in Charleston News.*

From time immemorial it has been known that without salt man would miserably perish, and among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in barbarous times. When Cook and Forster landed in Otaheite they astonished the natives, who saw them eating white powder with every morsel of meat, and every one remembers Man Friday's expressive repudiation of salt. But the savages who ate no "white powder" ate fish and cooked their flesh in sea water rich in salt. In several parts of Africa men are sold for salt, and on the Gold Coast it is the most precious of all commodities. On the coast of Sierra Leone a man will sell his sister, his wife or his child for salt, not having learned the art of distilling it from the sea.

### Gen. Clement C. Clay.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, in speaking of the magnanimity of Gen. Grant, related the following, of which he was personally cognizant: Clement C. Clay, said he, was appointed by the Confederate Government as a Diplomatic Commissioner to Canada. He was afterward taken and carried, I believe, to Fortress Monroe, where he was imprisoned. He was dying at the time, it was thought, of asthma, and his wife came here to ask his release on giving the required bond. She went to President Johnson, and he gave her the necessary order, when she took back to Secretary Stanton. Stanton read the order, and, looking her in the face, tore it up without a word and pitched it into his waste basket. The lady arose and retired without speaking; nor did Stanton speak to her. She was filled with despair. She saw her husband, in whom her life was wrapped up, dying in prison and she was unable to help him.

Shortly after she met a gentleman, I think Mr. Garland, the present Attorney-General, and told him how she had been treated. "Your husband was commissioned by the Confederate Government a Brigadier-General," said Garland. "I was present at the time, I know that he duly qualified and received his commission. That brings him within Gen. Grant's parole to the Confederate army. You go to him and tell him your story." Mrs. Clay went straight to Gen. Grant's house, but was told that the General was just about to leave for New York. She asked to send in word to him, and the servant took her name. In about a minute Gen. Grant appeared, grpsack in hand, and told her that he had but time to catch the train.

"Then I will walk with you, General," the lady said.

"No, no," said Grant, "let's hear what you want to say."

"Then I must make my statement short," said Mrs. Clay. "My husband is Gen. Clay, of the Confederate army. He is in prison, and will die if he stays there. President Johnson gave me an order for his release on bond. I carried the order to Secretary of War Stanton. Mr. Stanton tore the paper up before my eyes and cast it away."

Grant rung his bell and Badeau entered. "Have you a roster of the Confederate army?" said he.

"Yes, sir," answered Badeau.

"Is there a Gen. Clay?" he said, as he took the roster.

"Clement C. Clay. Is that your husband?"

"Yes, sir."

Gen. Grant sat down and wrote as follows:

U. S. GRANT, General U. S. A.  
Grant handed the order to Mrs. Clay and bade her good-by. The lady went to Mr. Stanton and presented the order. The Secretary tapped his bell, and, handing the paper to his aid, said: "Have that man discharged."—*Washington (D. C.) Letter to New York World.*

### Queer Ponds in Maine.

All of the oldest inhabitants of Maine, writes a Bangor correspondent, can tell a visitor more or less regarding bottomless ponds. The visitor generally regards their yarns as fables, and he is generally right. But, as far as the testimony of ordinary sounding lines goes, there are one or two really bottomless ponds in this queer old state. One is in the town of Gienburn, near Bangor. Although the people residing near it have lost all their clothes lines and fishing lines trying to get bottom in it they have never succeeded.

Over in York county, in the town of York, there is a little sheet of water called Tonomee pond, which has no bottom as far as anybody knows. It is surrounded by a quaking bog, grown over with alders, and it is, as an old fellow of the vicinity says, "full of big water-snakes and turtles," while what few pickerel escape these destroy any other fish which may breed there. There is a local tradition telling of a man named Parsons, who, about the time of the last war with England, manufactured counterfeit silver coin on the shore of the pond. He was ferreted out by officers of the government, and when cornered threw all his spurious coin into the fathomless depths, the money going through to China, according to the villagers. This counterfeit pretender to have found some of Pirate Kidd's hidden wealth in order to account for his large possession of bullion, and on many occasions since gullible parties have dug the whole neighborhood full of holes in order to find more of the freebooter's spoils. Not long since an old oak tree fell on account of the excavations at its base by treasure-hunters.

One of the queerest sheets of water in this state is called Snow's ocean. It is a little pond in Orrington, near Bangor, and its peculiarity is that, although situated away up among some hills on the bank of the Penobscot, it rises and falls as regularly as does the river. There is supposed to be some connection between it and tidewater.

Sarah Bernhardt is about to make a trip to South America and Australia, and fears are entertained by her friends that she cannot endure the voyage. She suffers agonies from seasickness even in the calmest weather, and sometimes breaks down utterly and cries like a child with the intensity of her misery.

Philadelphians has a business proposition.

### Poor Carlotta.

Surely the most mournful of all the sad stories of modern history is that of Carlotta, the daughter of that Leopold of Belgium whom the great Napoleon describes as "the finest man he had ever seen."

The young Princess, when but 17 years old, was married to Maximilian, younger brother of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria. This was in 1857.

From 1857 to 1863 Maximilian and Carlotta dwelt, as in Eden, at the palace of Miramar, on the east coast of the Adriatic. It seems that their life was a perfect idyl, love and literature supplying its rhythmic tones. Art in all shapes, music, sculpture, painting, words—all combined to make their brief six years of happiness one of those delightful episodes the mere reading of which suggests love and happiness to all mankind. But the tempter came. Maximilian was ambitious of worldly renown; he knew the sweets of acquisition as a scholar; he was brave, a sailor, and a Hapsburg. An empire was offered him. The tinsel Emperor of a great nation, the fellow who inherited a name without a particle of blood-right to the inheritance; the smaller Napoleon, before whom the Singe-Tigres knelt for a few years, gave vent to one of his grandiloquent decrees. He would "create a Latin empire in the West to redress the balance of the East."

Poor Carlotta, the faithful wife and brave woman, followed her Austrian husband to Mexico, where the new empire was to be founded and maintained. The scheme was skillfully contrived. Napoleon the Little had money and prestige enough pending the Civil War in the United States to buy up a party in Mexico. They were called a party, but were really a lot of stock jobbers and speculators who, with hearts absolutely cold as to humanity or patriotism, sought to make a profit out of Mexican bonds—to say nothing of Mexican blood. They went to Miramar, and in the name of Mexico, offered throne and fealty to the hapless Prince.

Through one of those miracles of blindness which sometimes affect the best educated men, Maximilian swallowed the bait. Napoleon III, not only needed a new Latin empire in the Western world, but the prestige which a political alliance with the Hapsburgs would give him. Maximilian became his tool, and the faithful Carlotta followed her lord. But the imperial pair—to use the phraseology of the European court journals—had not been many weeks in Mexico before the wife, with true wifely instinct, saw and understood the false position in which she and Maximilian were placed. Carlotta fled from Mexico, having besought her husband in vain to fly from the death-trap. He, haughtily declaring that a Hapsburg had better die than fly, remained. She went to France, to Paris; saw the spurious Bonaparte and begged for aid; begged for the only aid that could save her husband's life—for military aid. Her answer was a cold declaration that France could not sustain the Mexican Empire, which the French Emperor had created; that a war with the United States would be certain to ensue; and that, instead of sustaining the Emperor of Mexico, the French army under Bazaine would have to be withdrawn.

This almost broke the poor woman's heart; but, with a woman's faith in the impossible, she sought for comfort in Rome. A Protestant herself, she deemed that the Papacy would come to the rescue of her Catholic husband—compel the Catholic Mexicans to become Maximilian's obedient subjects. She knew nothing of politics. All that she knew and all that she considered was the danger of her husband, who was all the world to her. When her prayer was denied at the Vatican she stopped not to reason out the right or wrong of her unhappiness; she could not. Reason swooned, and from that time to within a few days past, for nineteen long years, she has been an amiable maniac, dead to the world and all but woe.

### A Big State.

Several traveling men were talking about railroads and the number of states passed through by various lines between eastern and western points.

"I've gone from New York to Chicago and passed through ten states," said one.

"Yes, but you went a roundabout way. I've done it and only touched five," said another.

Two or three more made their statements, and then a hard-looking politician put in.

"Ugh," he grunted, "you fellows haven't had any experience at all. I went from Louisville to Washington once, and back, and was in only one state on the whole trip."

"Rats!" shouted the crowd. "We know geography better than that. You couldn't do it."

"I did, all the same."

"Name the states, there ain't one in the Union that big," urged the crowd.

"Ain't there?" he said with a wink. "What's the matter with a state of beastly intoxication? Who said let's licker?"

They all said "licker."—*Merchant Traveler.*

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