

THE COURIER.

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By FRED'K. H. ADAMS.

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Official Paper of Griggs County

SUPPLEMENT.

Song of the Diversified Farmer.

'Tis a night in the solemn September,
Of a most haphazardous year;
My wheat it was burned on the stubble;
But my corn it is ripe in the ear.
And my pigs they are fat in the wallow,
Close down by the ghoul haunted wier,
And my cows leak milk as they ramble,
In many a pearl glistening tear.
O, my wife, she is wandering with me;
My fat wife, my ducky, my Jane,
Way down by the mystical meadows,
Up again through the ghoul haunted lane.
The kids they are rolling in clover,
That the dros seemed to forget,
And my fat wife throws crumbs to the chickens,
And says "we are not busted yet."

The Open Wheat Market.

Yesterday, the elevators at this point paid 73 cents for No. 1 hard,—at Sanborn, 72 cents was paid,—at Valley City 76 cents was paid. Wednesday, the ruling price in Cooperstown was 71 cents; at Valley City, 79 cents—a difference to the farmer of 8 cents. For every dollar made by the elevators, in bidding below the market, ten dollars is lost in trade by the merchants. With hail and fire to lessen the farmers' yield, they are bound to look out for themselves, and trade where they can sell their wheat. It may be that the Valley City buyers are speculating on the prospect of an advance in wheat, and bidding above the market. If so, the quotations at that point can not be considered legitimate.

Attacks the Convention.

The constitutional convention now in session at Sioux Falls, D. T., is made up of broken down politicians, old bummers and place seekers generally. Many of the counties have no delegates, and such as are represented take little interest in the proceedings. The last legislature, a corrupt and inefficient body, appropriated \$20,000 for a constitutional convention at Sioux Falls, and the delegates are interested chiefly in absorbing that money. One of these days, when the decent people of Dakota conclude to put their political bosses in the coal hole and ask for admission as a state, their request will be granted with such alacrity as to surprise them.—*Chicago Herald.*

Events of the Week.

The oldest Mason has died.
The old woman who remembers Washington has turned up in North Carolina.
The situation in the East has been strained.
A few trees have been trimmed with murderers and ravishers.
Gas has been struck by the Fargo Argus.

Additional Locals

"We have an office fitted out with all kinds of type," said the malicious country editor, as he remarked in italics that Dr. Nonsuch was an *all killin'* good doctor.
Hiram Williams, the old pioneer, has exhibited a little the best potatoes we have seen this year. They are of the Early Rose variety, and average about 40 potatoes to the bushel.
Rev. Jorden will preach, next Sunday morning, at Chalmer's school house, in the afternoon at Mill's, and at Cooperstown in the evening.
Frank Brown sent for a new separator, while the old one was burning.
Just received a car load of building paper.
Just received a car load of stoves, of all description. Adams & Glass.
Rev. Wm. Ewing, of Fargo, will preach at the Congregational church Sunday.

COAL, COAL, COAL.

In car load lots at the Gull River Lumber Company's Yard.
Berg & Larson have sold sixty-four barstools 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 SYVERSON & CO.

Romness Item.

Three antelope were found quietly grazing with the cattle and sheep of Amund Eiserum the other day. The house dog attacked one of them and held it until Amund arrived and killed it.

A V. Johnson has his new frame building about finished.
Hans Holbe is building a new house, and it is rumored that he will get a housekeeper. Hans is sick of cooking.
Peter Mathison is in Chicago, under medical treatment.

There will be a mite society meeting this evening, at Mr. S. B. Langford's. These little entertainments are always pleasant, and well attended. From the well known reputation of Mr. and Mrs. Langford for genial hospitality, a pleasant time is assured, and it is to be hoped, there will be a good attendance. All are invited.

NOTICE.

After the 1st of October I will give no credit for drugs or medicines, and all accounts due me must be paid immediately.
G. F. NEWELL,
Cooperstown, Sept. 25, 1884.

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 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.

I have just received a car load of flour from the Daily Roller Mills, to which I would call the attention of my customers, as it is second to none now in the country, and I want they should try it, as when once tested will have no other. You will also find a full line of the Valley City flour, and my stock being complete in all lines of the flour and feed business. My motto is "Small Profits and Quick Sales." Trusting you will not fail to call and see me before purchasing elsewhere. I am yours, truly,
GEO. W. GREENLESE

Whidden Bros. are prepared to pay you 5 cents per bushel over the market for 20,000 bushels of wheat this month.

Whidden Bros. are stocking up for Fall trade, and are just opening a fine line of Staple Dry Good, Boots and Shoes, etc. Notions, clothing, etc., to arrive in a few days.

A large lot of furniture just received at Whidden Bros. Bedsteads, chairs, tables, etc.

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.

3,000 Grain Sacks in stock and to arrive at Whidden Bros.

Don't fail to see the new carpet pattern at Whidden Bros., if in need.

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.

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.

BLACKSMITHING!

The Place for Blacksmithing
AS IT SHOULD BE
—IS AT—

MOORE & SANBURN'S

Roberts Street, Cooperstown.

HORSESHOING receives special attention and is done in the Best and Most Careful manner.
JOBGING of every description.
A trial solicited.

BOTTLED BEER.

The First Authenticated Instance of Its Use.

Theology is a dry subject and theologians are a dry class of men, but the "driest" theologian that ever preached sermon or ever wrote commentary was Alexander Nowel, once dean of St. Paul's. His name will bring to many a schoolboy's mind reminiscences of seeing hearts bent over dog-eared pages, for Dr. Nowel wrote a certain Latin catechism which is still a textbook in some of our public schools, and which for pure dullness has held its own for three long centuries.

In the year 1548 Alexander Nowel was second master of Westminster school and held a prebendary's stall in the abbey. But besides these appointments he possessed in his own right a charming country residence called Readhall, near Clitheroe, in Lancashire, which afforded a pleasant retreat during his holidays. It might have been well said that Dr. Nowel's lines had fallen into pleasant places. But a change was at hand. In 1553 Edward VI. died, and Queen Mary came to the throne. Her ascent was immediately followed by the arrest of those leaders of the Protestant party who had not taken time by the forelock and fled into the country or across the channel. Prebendary Nowel had for years, both with voice and pen, opposed the Romish church; so, having no ambition to adorn a stake in Smithfield market, he left the shady coigners of Westminster and retired to his country seat.

Now, through the Park of Readhall there flows a little trout stream, where in swirling pool and sunlit shallow lies a many a speckled darter. One fine May morning then, good Dr. Nowel thought he would take his rod and go a-fishing. He got his tackle ready, and, also, as it promised to be a hot day, he filled a stone bottle with good ale, and started on his way. Whether his creed became gradually heavier is unknown; but there is authority for believing that the stone bottle he carried in his hand became a greater and greater encumbrance. The sun came out, and Dr. Nowel got warm; and so he determined to leave his stone bottle in a safe place until he felt inclined for luncheon. So he rammed the cork well in, and placed the bottle in the hollow root of an old pollard tree which overhung the brook, where the stream, gently swirling round the base of the bottle, would keep the contents fresh and cool. This done, he continued his course up stream; and, having fished for an hour, he began to retrace his steps to the pollard tree when he suddenly heard a voice calling him; and looking round he saw his page-boy running up, red in the face and breathless. "They've come, sir! they've come, sir!" he cried. "Who have come?" asked the amazed divine. "The soldiers of Bloody Mary," replied the orthodox youth; "they're looking everywhere for you; and one varlet has a piece of paper with a great seal and the queen's name on it."

"Has he?" gravely replied the prebendary; and without further ado—forgetful of his fish, forgetful of his stone bottle, forgetful of everything but his own skin—he fled across the meadows speedily and crantly.

After some days he got to Chester in safety; and, getting a passage in a sailing-boat, he reached the continent. For the next five years he lived in Germany, principally at Strasburg and Frankfurt, and played a prominent part in the great Frankfurt conference. In 1558, however, queen Mary died; and the accession of good Queen Bess saw Alexander Nowel once more in his stall at Westminster, no longer as a mere prebendary but as archdeacon of Westminster. In the spring of 1559 he returned to his beloved Readhall; and once again on a bright May morning, he went forth to fish.

It was once again a very hot day, but Dr. Nowel had this time forgotten to fill a bottle with ale. And, higher as the sun rose, the archdeacon became very tired, and very, very thirsty. He put down his rod and lay on the bank; and, as he watched the stream lazily flowing past, his thoughts drifted back through the dim mist of time to a certain May morning six years before, and then, strange to say, to a certain stone bottle he had left in the hollow of a pollard tree. With an instinctive feeling of hope, he leaped up and walked briskly down stream till he came to a pollard with a large hole in the root. With parched palate and expectant heart he thrust his arm down—Yes! there was the stone bottle which had lain unheeded for six eventful years, washed by the little stream. The cork was swollen with damp and age; and while Dr. Nowel was extracting it he wondered if the ale would be drinkable after such a lapse of time. Being essentially a man of caution, he took at first a little sip. The result apparently was satisfactory, for he at once put the bottle to his lips and drank. On the delight of that draught, as the amber ale, mellowed by time and cooled to perfection, trickled down the parched throat of the good archdeacon—What were the wines of Rhineland—what were the boasted vintages of Burgundy and Loire—nay, indeed, what even was the archiepiscopal port at Lambeth, as compared with this delectable fluid? We all know the ecstasy felt by Bobo, the son of Hoti, when he first tasted roast pork. Multiply that ecstasy by twelve, and you may form some idea of what Archdeacon Nowel felt when he took that mighty pull.

Schoolboys of England who have groaned over Dr. Nowel's catechism, whose brains have weariedly plodded through the incomprehensible dulness of that awful book, remember this: that

stone bottle of Dean Nowel's is the first authenticated instance of bottled beer.

That afternoon the archdeacon summoned his household in solemn conclave. Every empty pitcher, jar, and bottle that could be found was filled with honest English ale; and this most delectable of drinks became as much a recognized institution as the British jury or the throne itself. Long may all three remain intact!

Such is the story of Dean Nowel and his stone bottle; and yet there are some people who consider deans an incurable brand!—*A. James's anecdote.*

Coasting in August.

It was on the afternoon of the very warmest day in August that the children came running to me crying: "There are some boys and girls from the village out on the hill, and some from the hotel on the mountain, and they have all brought their sleds."

It seemed such a puzzle to me, that I rose and went out to see what was going on.

When I reached the spacious balcony, I was almost convinced that the whole valley had been bewitched.

There were gathered at least twenty children and half a dozen sleds. The boys were dragging the sleds up the steep slope of the hill-side that rose from the road in front of the house, while the girls followed after as well as they could.

It was not by any means an easy feat to climb this slope.

Though at a casual glance it seemed as soft and velvety as a well-kept lawn, it was to the unwary a delusion and a snare. The midsummer sun shined down upon the Adirondack mountains with as much ardor as on the city streets. Though the nights are cool, frequently even cold, there are no dews, and usually but little rain. So the short thick grass that grows abundantly upon the sides of the lesser mountains, or, more properly speaking, the foot-hills, becomes somewhat parched and smooth, and as slippery as ice. The children, then, had before them quite an amount of hard walking, but those children were like mountain-goats, hardy, willing, and able to climb anything.

I watched them with interest. At last the top was reached. Then, the sleds were turned upside down, and the runners were rubbed vigorously with candies; this completed, the sleds were put in proper position again, three children seated themselves upon each, and a gentle push started them down the slope.

How swiftly they came! The slope was steep, but smooth; not a rock, stump, or stone on its surface; there was no danger, and the sleds stopped on the sandy road.

For two long hours this colony of children coasted—till the grass was worn almost to the roots, and the supply of tallow (which is indispensable for this midsummer coasting) was exhausted.

After all the little ones were weary, we older people joined in the fun. I own to having made the descent but once—that was quite enough for me. I never before had heard of this novel amusement; but, startling as it seemed at first, the novelty soon wore away, and I became quite accustomed to the sight and sounds of coasting in mid-summer.—*From Mrs. Frank M. Gregory, in St. Nicholas for August.*

Infant Ideas.

A South Side man took his little girl, just able to talk nicely, to the lake shore Sunday afternoon. The waves were gently rippling on the beach, and when her father was not looking the child managed to get one foot wet. She ran to her father with tears in her eyes and sobbed, "Papa, lake step on baby's foot."

A bright little girl who lives in Hyde Park asked for a second saucer of ice-cream the other evening.

"I don't think it's good for you; ask your father," said her mother.

The girl went into the library and put the question. "Not much," said her father, emphatically.

"Papa says I can have a little," she reported to her mother with truthful and innocent eyes.

A precocious youngster who had been piously brought up was told that he might go with his mother to a Sunday-school picnic the following day. When bedtime came he said his prayers with greatunction, and immediately went through them a second time.

"What's that for, Fred?" asked his mother in surprise.

"I'm sayin' 'em twice so as I won't have to say 'em tomorrow night. I'll just be so tired I can't remember the words."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A correspondent asks where the sayings "A nine days' wonder" and "Of two evils choose the least" originated. It is supposed that they were common stock in conversation long before they got into print. The first trace of the phrase "A nine days' wonder" is said to be found in "Chaucer." The adage, "Of the two evils choose the least," is found in a Latin form of the writings of Cicero. Thomas a Kempis, who wrote in the fifteenth century, says: "Of two evils the less is always to be chosen."

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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