

# THE COURIER.

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By FRED'K. H. ADAMS.

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Official Paper of Griggs County

## SUPPLEMENT.

### Around Town.

Wheat, 72 cents.  
Cord Wood wanted, on subscription, at the COURIER OFFICE.

Dr. McGuire's house is looming up.  
A. N. Adams' fine house is nearly finished.

Norwegian services in Christie Hall Sunday at 3:15 p. m.

Rev. E. F. Jordan has a pleasant study with the register of deeds.

Miss Maria Rankin is at present employed in the county clerk's office.

Boss Kelly has appointed M. P. Slatery, of Bismarck, postmaster at that point.

The Twenty-third is the banner ward this year. About fifteen dwellings have been erected.

Uncle John Russell beamed upon the Terminal Town, Wednesday, and said "ho" with the boys.

Melvin Miller is the new devil in the COURIER office, willing to follow in the footsteps of the late lamented H. G.

Dr. Hall preached in the Congregational church, Sunday, to a large and appreciative audience.

Mrs. M. A. and Miss Fronia Vallandigham returned to Valley City, Tuesday, after a few days' visit in Cooperstown.

Messrs. G. M. Babcock, Isaac Milner and Wm. Milliner, of Casselton, are up in Griggs county on a goose hunt. Up to Thursday night they had forty-five.

Mr. Jordan will preach at Chalmer's school house next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and in Cooperstown in the evening.

### Bertha's Duck.

#### A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Bertha, that lived in the country, where there were no little girls or boys to play with her. Her dog was old, and big, and rough; and she didn't like to play with him; and the old cat was cross as a bear. Her dolly had lost its head, and couldn't talk to her; and she was very lonesome. In the spring when she heard the wild ducks squawk in the marsh, and go whizzing by, she thought how nice it would be if she had a little bit of a wild duck to play with—one with shiny green on its wings, and a white breast. Her papa told her to throw salt on the ducks' tails as they went by; and then she could catch one. Every day she got a handful of salt and stood outside the door but she could n't get the salt on their tails. They were always too far away, and seemed to be laughing at her.

One day her father was down in the field ploughing, and he found a duck's nest on the edge of the hay meadow, with one egg in it, and he thought he would take it home to Bertha. So he wrapped it in his coat, and put it in the wagon. When he got home Bertha ran out to meet him, and he told her what he had found. So she went to the wagon; and what do you think she found. There wasn't any egg there—just some egg shells, and the funniest little duck you ever saw. He was so small you could put him in a tea cup, and all covered with down. The egg had hatched out in the wagon. And so little Bertha had a duck at last. The old cat had lost her kittens, and so Bertha gave the duck to the cat to bring up; and the cat brought it up just as though it had been her kitten. The old cat was awfully surprised one day when the little duck first took to the water. The duck sailed out in the mud puddle, and the cat mother stood on the land and cried for fear her duck kitten would get drowned.

How much did she cry?  
Oh, about two handkerchiefs, I guess; but when the little duck came to the shore the old cat boxed her ears in great shape, and told her never to go near the water again, unless she was along—just as though that old cat could tell a born duck anything about water.

Well, the duck grew to be a beautiful bird, with green and gold feathers, and a scarlet tail; and it used to follow Bertha wherever she went. Bertha named him Leander. Sometimes, when the wild ducks came by, they would try and

persuade this duck to fly up to the North pole with them; but he always said "No!"—that he couldn't leave Bertha.

The old cat got jealous and tried to eat up the duck, but the duck snipped the cat's tail off. After that the cat respected the duck, and crossed the street whenever she saw the duck coming; You mustn't be too good natured in this world if you want to be respected. When you step on a haughty person's corns, the haughty person says "Ouch!" very sudden, and thinks you weigh more than a ton, and isn't quite so haughty; but is a good deal livelier in keeping his feet out of the way. You just try it some time and see; you may get your ears boxed, but you will have more fun than a box full of monkeys.

The next spring, Bertha's people moved into Cooperstown, and they took Leander with them. He used to stay in the woodshed, and squawk, squawk all the day long until one day a funny dog got into the wood shed and thought it would see just how much squawk there was in that duck, any how. So the dog, with his mouth full of feathers, chased Leander round and round, squawking as if his heart was broken, until some one opened the door, and away went Leander, and that was the last seen of him for many a day. Some thought Leander had joined a whizzing band of wild ducks, and gone up to Labrador to cool his toes—up among the icebergs, and walrus, and arctic sufferers.

Time flew as fast as the ducks fly. In fact time is a great flyer. So painfully absorbing is our interest in the remarkable flight of time that wrinkles and grey hair come while we still labor under the delusion that we are fresh and green.

Finally, Leander was found at Bertha's old home in the country, several miles away. His wings were clipped, and he had walked all the way, to get out of bad company—for Leander considered the dog, with its mouth full of duck feathers, very bad company. So Bertha had her duck again.

### Negligence.

For two days, this week, not a paper published east of Fargo reached Cooperstown. The paper sack was "laid over." In the mean time the U. S. mails are supposed to have arrived twice. This is a thing that is not unusual at this station. Perhaps it would be well for the inspector to keep a watch at Bismarck for Cooperstown property.

There has recently been a decision in the supreme court of the United States in a case that came up in Michigan, fining a Chicago drummer for selling goods without paying a license. The offending drummer, being arraigned before a local court, was fined; appealing to the circuit court his penalty was confirmed by a jury, and taking the case up to the supreme court of Michigan the findings of the lower courts were all sustained. The decisions rendered by the upper courts in Michigan were uniformly adverse to the defendant, and the justices were unanimous. The United States supreme court, however, reverses the state courts and finds for the defendant, on the theory that the Michigan law is opposed to the provisions of the federal constitution, which reserve wholly to congress the power to regulate commerce between the states; that it was also unconstitutional because it operates in effect to impose duties upon imports; and because it interferes with the privileges of the citizens of other states, secured under the clause of the constitution which guarantees the citizens of each state all the privileges and immunities of citizens of other states. This decision applies to Dakota, equally with Michigan.—Ex.

A bloody cutting affray occurred at the Dakota house last night about 7 o'clock, between two boarders, named Geo. Allen, commonly called Frenchy, and Jack Smith, in which Smith was terribly cut about the face, his nose being cut in two, a deep gash three inches long extending from his ear to the corner of his mouth, and another nasty cut near the left eye. Allen was advised by his chum, Cotton Bower, to skip, which advice he was not long in taking. Bower accompanying Sheriff Pinkerton on learning of the affair; and the flight of Allen, was soon after him. He succeeded in running him down, in an old claim shanty on Dick Hall's farm. He was brought to town, and this morning taken before Judge Melgard charged with assault with intent to kill. The trial was postponed until Tuesday at two o'clock. The trio are in jail, Smith and Bower being held as witnesses. Smith's wounds are severe, and will disfigure him for life. Dr. McGuire was called and dressed the wounds.

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.

### AIX-LES-BAINS.

The French government has unhesitatingly incurred vast expenditures for the thermal establishments, which are without an equal in the world. Well may it value this vast reservoir of hot and healing water, which bursts out of the ground, covered with huge gas bubbles, from the depth of a thousand meters! The waters are of two kinds—sulphur-soda and alum. Though they are charged with carbonic acid gas, they are not exported. Their chief mineral constituents are sulphur in the form of the hyposulphite, the carbonate and the sulphate of lime, and the sulphate of magnesia, with some organic matter called *barégine*, from Barrege, where the substance was first discovered. The alum spring rises behind a vast grotto filled with harmless snakes and magnificent stalactites. In 1857 the workmen employed in enlarging the canal broke the walls of this grotto, and down came a flood full of snakes into the town. This water is now brought down by galleries or canals, and is on tap through the town at several fountains, while the sulphur spring rises in the establishment, and is poured forth upon the bathers with a profusion which reminds him of how the "water comes down at Lotore." The establishment is a large handsome granite building of three stories. A fine staircase leads into a splendid hall, which divides the various stone rooms where the treatment is given. And what bountiful appliances we shall find! There are two immense swimming-baths, with cold douches, two warm swimming-baths, two family swimming-baths with douches, forty-one single baths, twenty-five large douches each with trained doucheurs or douchewives, twenty douches with a single doucheur or douchewife, two douches *en cercle*, three douches *en colonne*, six vapor baths, two inaling rooms, three rooms for inaling spray, five vapor baths, four ascending douches, four foot-baths, and steam baths, called, pictorially, *bains*; and indeed one comes out with a boiled lobster's complexion, though not, as in Hood's pun, "with velvet."

Two thousand or three thousand different baths are given daily, and everywhere is to be seen the indefatigable Dr. Braquet, the distinguished local physician, who dictates the use of millions of litres of water daily. The alum springs have to be cooled with natural cold water before they can be used. So enormous a thermal establishment as this, is of course the daily centre of a motley procession. All who can walk to the baths do so. Those who can not are carried in queer covered Sedan-cabs, veiled like beauties of the seraglio; but if any adventurous Turk should strive to take a peep, it is to be feared that he would be disappointed. The patient, carefully landed in front of his particular douche, is received by his bathers, who proceed to seat him on a wooden bench, and open fire upon him from two powerful sprinklers, rubbing him all the time. Ladies are treated most tenderly by old *carogades*, who, in their way, are picturesque objects in their bathing dresses; most soft are the jets of tonic and tender of rheumatic joints. These peasant women are amongst the most accomplished shampooers and *douchewives* in the world.

After fifteen or twenty minutes of this and another vigorous treatment the patient is wrapped in a hot sheet, then in several blankets, and placed in a Sedan-cab, carefully curtained from the outside world. Taken up by his now invisible bearers, he is deposited, after his second walk through the busy streets of Aix, at his own bedside, carefully aired, in his unimpaired condition, and put to bed, tucked up, and left, as a wit has expressed it, "to simmer" for a half-hour. Then he may be taken out, dressed, and resume his individuality.

There is no doubt that this treatment, pursued for a month, is of extraordinary value in combating chronic rheumatic affections, whether in constitutions of the scrupulous or the lymphatic diathesis, and in removing the thickness and stiffness which so often remain after attacks of acute rheumatism. After several courses of this treatment a power of resisting the inroads of rheumatic poison seems to be imparted to the constitution. The powerful waters of Vieux, Carisbad, and Wiesbaden may be harmful when not administered with caution, while those of Aix, Marlioz, and Challes are innocuous.

In this region nature has been bountiful of healing waters. Within a few miles of Aix are found the alkaline springs of St. Simon, the sulphur waters of Challes, which announce themselves not too agreeably to the most aristocratic of senses, those of Marlioz, of Allevard, Brides, and Arizage, all of which are variously beneficial. Chronic post-nasal catarrh is especially benefited here; and here people with phthisis and chronic bronchitis breathe freely. Serofula, constitutional anemia, chlorosis, and the majority of skin-diseases are benefited, but persons suffering from cancerous affections or certain forms of heart-disease, as atrophy or hypertrophy, *angina pectoris*, or aneurism of the heart and of the large vessels, must not come to Aix. Congestion of the brain is not improved here, but the air is an immediate tonic for the sleepless. One could go to sleep and remain in that happy condition for quite Rip Van Winkle's period, or perhaps for the longer term of the sleeping Beauty, could nature be sustained. In this respect Aix is to be most highly commended to nervous, overworked Americans.

Of gout and sciatica Aix presents a wonderful story of cure. Many a cripple throws away his crutches after four

weeks. I should have said every year, but all are not equal. English visitors for outnumbers all others for the relief of these maladies.

"Diseases of the nervous system constitute two-thirds of the illnesses seeking relief at our baths," says Dr. Braquet in his useful little book on Aix-les-Bains, which should be in the hands of every medical man in the United States. Lombard, of Geneva, says, "The successful treatment of paralysis is one of the jewels in the therapeutic crown of Aix."

Singers are very fond of this place and treatment. Madame Patti has been here, and Madame Lucet's rooms are pointed out. Several large rooms in the establishment are charged with clouds of finely atomized medicated waters, where the delicate-throated go to breathe. Chronic coughs are cured at Aix, and the sufferers from loss of voice, chronic laryngitis, and granular pharyngitis (erythema's sore-throat) are sent here with good results by medical specialists.—*Harper's Magazine for August.*

### Dr. Fishburne's Lie.

The connection between the low tone of our national veracity and the contiguity of trout streams and good bass-fishing, writes a correspondent to the *Albany Journal*, is worthy of philosophical consideration. A man who would only smile if you attacked his mercantile integrity will become excited if you but hint that he cannot catch trout. The proud man will only smile with calm scorn if you attack his hereditary antecedents, but if you take out some big fish-hooks and hint to him that he had better try the suckers in the still water and not fool his time away on trout he will hold an eternal grudge against you. Why this is so even Rankin, the most polished and abstruse writer of modern times, does not inform us.

We pity Neot Demus, our worthy neighbor, who buys a two-pound trout and bores a hole in his upper jaw with a jack-knife, and then excites everybody at the hotel in the evening by telling where he caught him, and how he played him, and how he broke a new lacewood tip, and we know he bought that trout of a boy who captured him in a spongy hole up the creek. Thus will Demus lower the standard of his piety and endanger his immortal soul in order to win the applause of a crowd that knows to a man that that trout was deader than the immortal Homer when Demus got it. Bigley is different. Bigley is so rigid in his notions that he tips the other way. He went out on the creek, and after fishing all day he caught five consumptive little trout about the right size and shape for toothpicks if frozen. He feeds them to the cat, and then stalks into the hotel, and to the query "Well, old boy, what luck?" he gives answer, "Not a solitary trout, gentlemen. I am no fish liar. When I catch trout I own it. It was a poor day."

I have always pitied Principal McGinnis, of the veterinary and polytechnic seminary. He was with a party of us on the West Canada, and in a certain deep hole where we had stopped the boat he hooked and by wonderful skill landed the handsomest brook trout I ever saw. He would weigh three pounds, and as he gasped in the bottom of the boat Principal McGinnis was the happiest man I ever saw. He did up his line, unhooked his rod, and sat down. "Gory enough for one day!" he expected congratulations, but Dr. Johnstrong, of Rochester, just sat and looked at the trout and sighed.

"Want in thunder this you?" said McGinnis; "ain't that the boss trout?"  
"How beautiful and touching is age," said the doctor, as he heaved another sigh.  
"Aye! what are you givin' us, anyway?" said McGinnis.

"Decay is stamped on everything," said the doctor; "that trout was dying of old age and you happened to hook him. He would soon have come up to the surface and died, anyway. Any fool could have—"

There was an ominous rocking of the boat. Principal McGinnis had Dr. Johnstrong by the throat and was trying to heave him overboard. We parted them, and laughed till the willows on the bank trembled at our merriment. Still, I cannot understand this pride in capturing fish.

### Weighing a Hair.

"To number the hairs of your head is not a very difficult task," the refiner of the Assay office said. "A very close approximation can be made by weighing the entire amount of hair on a man's head and then weighing a single hair. The weight of the former divided by that of the latter will, of course, give the desired number. If you will pluck out a hair from your beard I can show you."

A long and straggling one was accordingly detached, the refiner putting it on a scale, which was enclosed in a glass case, and graduated with extreme accuracy. With little weights of aluminium he piled up one arm until an equi-poise was reached. The hair weighed three milligrammes. "If you reduce this to figures," he said, "it would require 8,999 hairs to weigh an ounce, and suppose you have six ounces, you have 48,992."—*New York Sun.*

E. C. Ward says he has made all the money he wants, and now he is doing missionary business. He is selling the farmers a No. 1 calf skin, hand made, shoe for \$4.00. The farmers pay the same price for split leather shoes at the stores. Mr. Ward has ordered 200 pairs of these fine uppers.

A new car load of furniture at H. S. Pickett's.—everything from a 40-cent chair to a bridal chamber set.

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