

Take Notice.

The programme for the Thursday evening entertainment was handed us too late for publication...

The Morning Stars.

Appropos of the title, Mr. Editor, we noticed last week you named us the "Busy Bees." That's a good name...

The entertainment, Monday evening, given by the band of children, was pronounced good, considering the fact that they were the sole principals in it...

Musical Notes.

Banker McCormick, while at singing school last week, struck a tremendous base note, which threw his jaw out of joint...

When Mr. Judd, the piano tuner, was tuning Mrs. Zimmerman's piano, Monday, Beecher Cox, who rooms upstairs, exclaimed: "Well, I didn't think Frank Cowen could play like that."

Cooperstown School.

Synoptic report of school for month ending Nov. 7th, 1885:

Number enrolled at end of month, 30. Average daily attendance: First week, 28.2; second week, 29.2; third week, 31.4; fourth week, 36.8.

Following is a list of those scholars who, by meritorious conduct, and progress, are entitled to mention on roll of honor: Agnes Rukke, Nellie Vallandigham, Nellie Newberry, Bertha Zimmerman, Mabel Newberry, Emily Ritzlaff, Paul Adams, Edith Adams, Theodore Thompson, Mary Skronstadt, Bertie Haskell, Josephine Haskell, Edith Brown, Nellie Brown.

Admitting that there are occasional cases of unavoidable tardiness, yet by far the greater number may be attributed directly to negligence on the part of parent or guardian. Those to whom this will apply please make an effort to remove this annoyance to the school.

C. W. HODGE, Tea. her.

Preferred.

A Kidder county telegram to the Argus says: Charges have been preferred by citizens here against District Attorney O.P. Conger, County Clerk E.M. Wilcox and Sheriff John D. Smith for malfeasance in office, gambling, drunkenness, etc. upon the presentation of which the district attorney resigned and Joseph M. Walter was appointed for the unexpired term.

Been Paying Too Much.

The actual cost of what are usually sold as 5-cent cigars at retail is thus stated by one who claims to be posted: Actual cost of tobacco (namely, what the tobacco raisers gets for it) for 1,000 cigars, 82; cigar boxes, \$1; wages for 1,000, 88; packing, \$1; strapping, 50 cents; total cost of production, \$12.50, or 1 1/2 cents a cigar.

Chinese Going.

SEATTLE, W. T., Nov. 6.—A conference between representatives of the Knights of Labor and the mayor yesterday and prominent Chinese consented to leave Seattle. A great many will go to China direct. The bark Southern Chief sails on the tenth from Victoria with 1,000 Chinese for Hong Kong. No intimidation was used in Seattle. Everybody refused to employ them.

A. L. W.—Say! Ed, Give me a chew to bacco.

E. W. B.—Here you are, Great Scott, man! I never take a chew of that size. A. C. W.—Well! (chewing). You are only an amachever.

A public dance will be given at the court house hall on Wednesday evening next. A general invitation is extended to all. Tickets \$1.50, including supper. ALLAN PINKERTON, Chairman Com. of Arrangements.

Cash

Paid for choice butter at the Palace Hotel.

Smoking tobacco at 20 cts. per pound, at Bowden & Buck's.

A good, first-class buffalo mit for \$1, at Bowden & Buck's.

Don't fail to see our North Star, all wool, 14 yards wide flannel for 80 cents. Bowden & Buck.

The Great Cash Sale at Bowden & Buck's is continued for one week. Come early and secure bargains.

Ten pounds of good roasted coffee for the mighty dollar. Bowden & Buck.

"We want to say to the trade in general, we strictly refuse to wholesale goods. Our low prices are for the benefit of our customers."

BOWDEN & BUCK.

Come early and take advantage of our great reduction in prices. We are not giving one or two articles for "baits," but will sell everything at a reduction.

BOWDEN & BUCK.

Bowden & Buck are always ready to show goods.

Quite Too Realistic.

There is a mansion on California street where there will be no more amateur theatricals. The dramatic muse has been fired out of the back window, never more to return. Here is the scene five minutes before the climax:

Augustina is on the stage to be loved. Augustus, the husband, is in the dress circle among the guests, and Guineo, the duke, plays the lover. Slow music by the piano as the portiere of the back drawing-room rises. Augustina advances timidly. The audience expresses its admiration by a low murmur. Augustus, the husband, mutters: "She does look pretty." Augustina murmurs: "It is the hour of our tryst. Will he meet me? Alas! If he will be too late." This is Guineo's cue. At "too late" he rushes on and clasps Augustina in his arms. "Whew," growls Augustus, "he needn't be so violent about it."

Guineo—How I adore you! Another kiss, sweet one. (One, two, three, and a teaser.)

Augustina—Ah, what is thy love compared to mine, darling? For thee I have prayed the wrath of an angry father. (Kiss.)

Augustus (to the audience)—I don't like this. There was none of that kissing at rehearsal. Had there been I would never have thought of permitting Augustina to make such an ass of herself.

Guineo—I appreciate the sacrifice, darling. Sit upon this primrose bank, and we will talk of our love. (Kiss.)

Augustus (to the audience)—Duce take it, but I think the villain has got her on his lap. "Pon my soul, Tina is conducting herself shamefully."

Augustina—I am so alarmed, darling; my father will have discovered my flight.

Guineo—Fear not, beloved. (Kiss.) I am near thee. (Kiss, hug, kiss.)

Augustus (to the audience)—Here, I say, stop this! Drop that curtain! Darn it, you scoundrel, do you think I've got nothing to do but sit here all night and see you hug my wife?

Audience—Same, shame! Augustus is surely drunk.

Drunk or sober, the play broke up in a row, and the last tableau beheld was the worthy host choking the wind out of the gifted but too ardent Guineo.—San Francisco News Letter.

He Had Him There.

A man who looked like he might be a stockholder, walked into the office of President Ingalls of the "Big 4" the other day, and after saying "Good morning," he remarked inquiringly: "Does your railroad ever give any passes?" "No, sir," replied the president promptly, "it issues no passes whatever."

"Never passes anything, eh?" "Never, sir."

"I thought maybe it did. I heard so up town."

"You did?"

"Yes, I did. I heard it passed a dividend last week."

Mr. Ingalls took a header into a pile of papers on his desk, and the man signed heavily and went out like a tall candle in a draft.—Merchant Traveler.

Portland, Ore., Nov. 10.—A party of four were seen to have some of the best scenery with grain brought from Hong Kong for the purpose.

GRANT AND STANTON.

Grant's Visit to Washington—Sees Lincoln and Kecks Stanton Out.

Grant received Washington, March 8, 1864, a stranger to almost every one there. The dinner at Ward's Hotel did not know the quiet, rather stumpy-looking man who came in leaving a little boy—the boy who had ridden by his father's side through all the campaign of Vicksburg. But soon it was whispered about who was in the room, and a demonstrative congressman (J. K. Moorhead of Pittsburg) called for three cheers for Ulysses S. Grant, which were given with a will in the evening Grant met Lincoln for the first time at the President's reception, where there was more cheering and honoring. The next day Grant received his commission from the hands of the President in the presence of the Cabinet and General Halleck. The 17th of March he issued his first general order, directed Nashville, assuming command of the armies of the United States, and announcing that headquarters would be in the field, and until further orders with the Army of the Potomac. Much was hoped for from Grant, and much was needed. There had been no counter-parts in the East to his brilliant victories in the West. The War in the East had thus far been hardly more than a drawn-out, and political influence shifted campaign, so rapidly and embarrassed movements in the field so greatly that those who might have accomplished something had little time or chance to do it in. Now a General without any points was to try his hand, and the public eyes by this time were a little afraid to meddle. For the first time since the opening of the War one General commanded all the armies. Grant had 700,000 men, and to aid him there were 600 ships and 4,000 cannon. Now, as at almost every crisis he had passed through in the War, he had the supreme good fortune to be supplied with an abundance of men and every facility for organizing victory. He at once planned two campaigns against the vital of the Confederacy—one under General Meade against Richmond, where Lee was, and the other under Sherman against Atlanta where Johnston was. A story is told of a little encounter between Grant and Stanton just before the march began toward the Wilderness. It had always been Stanton's policy as Secretary of War to keep the forts about Washington strongly garrisoned for the protection of the Capital. When Grant called upon him before starting toward Richmond the Secretary said: "Well, General, I suppose you have left us enough men to strongly garrison the forts?" "No, I can't do that," was Grant's quiet answer.

"Why not? Why not? Why not?" repeated the Secretary nervously.

"Because I have already sent the men to the front."

Said the Secretary, still more nervous: "That won't do. It's contrary to my plans. I cannot allow it. I will order them back."

To this General Grant returned with quiet determination: "I shall need the men there, and you cannot order them back."

"Why not? Why not? Why not?" cried the Secretary.

"I believe that I rank the Secretary in this matter," remarked General Grant.

"Very well, we will have to see the President about that," responded the Secretary sharply. "I will have to take you to the President."

"That is rigid. The President ranks us both."

So they went to the President, and the Secretary, turning to General Grant, said: "Now, General, state your case."

"But the General calmly replied, 'I have no case to state. I am satisfied as it is.' This threw the burden of statement on Secretary Stanton, and was excellent strategy. Meanwhile General Grant had the men. When the Secretary had concluded, Lincoln crossed his legs, rested his chin on his hand, and said in his quiet way and with a twinkle in his eye: "Now, Secretary, you know we have been trying to manage this army, for nearly three years, and you know we haven't done much with it. We sent over the mountains and brought Mr. Grant, as Mrs. Grant calls him, to manage it for us, and now I guess we'd better let Mr. Grant have his own way." And accordingly Mr. Grant did.

The General's first interview with President Lincoln is described in the autobiography as follows:

In my first interview with Mr. Lincoln alone he stated to me that he had never professed to be a military man, or to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them, but that prostration on the part of commanders and the pressure of the people at the North and of Congress, which, like the poor, he "had always with him," had forced him into issuing his well-known series of "Executive Orders." He did not know but they were all wrong, and did not know that some of them were. All he wanted, or had ever wanted, he said, was that some one would take the responsibility and act, and call on him for the assistance needed.—A. L. Tribune.

While the eminent violinist, is not without a grim sense of humor of his own. The audience which greeted him at Gothenburg, in Scandinavia, was quite small, out on the succeeding day, when the artist took his departure, great crowds gathered at the depot and cheered him with enthusiasm. As the train moved off Whitehead turned to a stand-by and said: "Next time I come to Gothenburg I shall give my concert at the station."

WELL A MORR.

"Are you having much practice?" inquired Judge Smith the other day of a young member of the Rockingham (N. H.) bar, who had just tried his first divorce suit. "Yes, Your Honor, a great deal," was the reply. "Ah! I am glad to hear of it. In what line is your practice particularly?" "Well, sir, particularly in economy." The Judge called the next case.

"We encourage the interchange of visits with the patrons of other resorts," said the proprietor of a leading Summer hotel, when our people are away for the day they pay for the dinners they don't have, and when their friends return the call they pay for the dinners they do have, so we gain both ways."

A gentleman came home in the "wee small hours" of the night, at the South End recently, and was surprised to find his wife clad in black. "Why are you wearing these mourning garments?" he said, somewhat unsteadily. "For my late husband," was the significant reply. He has been in the house at 10 ever since.—Boston Budget.

New York policemen are being instructed in politeness and courtesy to their prisoners. In future when they catch a man it will not be with a vulgar piece of locust, but with a French polished rosewood baton, which will make a man who gets a clip over the head feel as if he was being flogged by an earthquake perfumed with attar of roses.

A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant." According to this notion, a 5-year-old boy traveling in the cars with his mother ought to acquire enough knowledge in a journey of fifteen miles to split his head wide open.

An exchange says that to get the full flavor of butter, the bread upon which it is spread should be inserted in the mouth buttered side down. The fact that the buttered side up is the general custom is an indication of a general and perhaps hereditary disinclination to get the full flavor of the butter. We have known the flavor of butter to be so full as to fairly stagger.—Springfield Union.

A funny illustration of superstition occurred in the city last week. A negro employed by a grocer on Forsyth street was bargaining with Maj. Black for a hive of bees, and after settling about the price he said: "I pay you now, boss, an' den I gwine ter go an' here Deek to come 'teal 'em ter 'chance he git." "Why do you want to take an' that trouble?" "O, boss, ef I do'n 'teal 'em dey'll run away, an' wouldn't de well at all.—Amer. (via.) Record.

"I remember," said a Detroit boy to his Sunday school teacher, "you told me always to stop and count fifty when angry." "Yes? Well, I'm glad to hear it. It cooled your anger, didn't it?" "You see, a boy he came into our alley and made faces at me and dared me to fight. I was going for him. He was bigger'n me, an' I'd have got pulverized, I remember what you said and began to count." "And you didn't fight?" "No, ma'am. Just as I got to forty two my big brother came along, and the way he heked that boy would have made your mouth water. I was going to count fifty and then run."

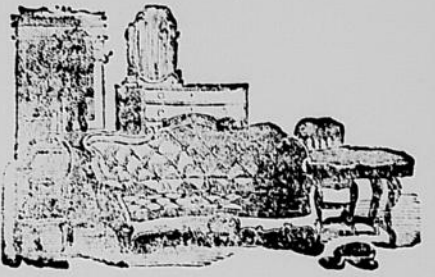
It's almost impossible to keep up with the times in these agonizing days. The newest wrinkle in the theme circles is for a young lady to artistically decorate a miniature trunk, ostensibly for collars and cuffs, with scenes from noted Summer resorts and forward it by messenger boy to her best young man. If the trunk ever gets there it will signify, "Isn't it an appropriate season for a wedding trip?" If the bait is successful the young man's station gets an order for some new and very nice clothes.—N.Y. Post.

Yes, it is a terrible bondage. It is a slavery. Yes, I inhale the smoke, and then blow it out again. It is very silly, is it not? I do the same thing with my breath. Some breaths are much pleasanter far, far away. Why do I smoke cigars? Because I am the biggest, and therefore the cigar can not help itself. It is an economical habit; the smoke of the cigar keeps the moths out of my hair. Then I use tobacco to preserve human life. Science tells me that three drops of the oil of tobacco placed upon the tongue of a rattlesnake or a dog will kill either or both of them in a minute. I tremble to think how many times I walked in the very shadow of death before I began to carry a plug of tobacco around with me. Now when I meet a mad-dog I am secure. He may bite me, but I will kill him. The cannibal who eats me will dream that night that he got hold of the wrong prescription.

"Mr. Sackeltritz," said the Austin Recorder to the accused, a saloon-keeper, "you are charged with having assaulted this lawyer, and by the looks of his head you must have used great violence." "A glass of beer flew to his head, schizid," "I know," said the Recorder, pensively, "that beer will fly to a person's head if not taken in moderate doses, but that does not explain the scalp wounds." "Dot glass fly mit der beer to his head." "O, you hit him on the head with a mug of beer. Why didn't you say so at once instead of dropping into poetry? What was the provocation?" "Dot shay-lawk lawyer," said Sackeltritz, "come to my saloon drunk, and say, 'Hello, Dutney, why don't you put your limberger cheese on le-so it don't spoil so tam soon?' I say I would not hef dot, and a glass of beer fly to his head."—Texas Sittings.

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THE INDEPENDENT, P. O. BOX 2787, NEW YORK

Notice.—U.S. Land Office, Fargo, D. T., Oct. 29, 1885. Complaint having been entered at this office by Amos S. Burns against William H. Hubbard, for failure to comply with law as to timber culture entry No. 8248, dated April 16, 1882, upon the use of Sec. 11, Twp. 18 N., R. 18 E., in Griggs county, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; respondent alleging that said William H. Hubbard has failed to cultivate to crop or otherwise any portion of the five acres broken during the first year from date of entry, also that he has failed to break or cause to be broken the second acre, acres of land required to be broken thereon during the second year from date of entry or at any time prior to this date, contrary to the timber culture law of June 14, 1878, and parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 18th day of Dec., 1885, at ten o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure.

Remember, for letter heads, dodgers envelopes, posters, tickets, etc., the COURIER office is not a cheap John establishment, but that the stock used is of the best quality, and the prices—Fargo prices. Cheap John work, in wholesale amounts, at the retail cost of first-class stock.