

Around Town.

The Norwegian church is looming up. Iver Jacobson went to St. Paul, Monday. F. B. Hilton, St. Paul, was in town, Monday. Henry Haugen's house has again been increased, by a wing. A great amount of wheat was brought in Monday, and sold for 72 cents. Several colonies of beaver, and a few otter, are reported from the Sheyenne. John Oie was at Fargo and Grand Forks, on a contest case, last week. G. W. Schwend, Minneapolis, was registered at the hotel, Monday. Davis & Pickett are building an addition to their warehouses. A new sidewalk across Burrell avenue, from Thompson's to the Glass building. M. Matson will winter in Kansas City, and will keep himself posted on Griggs county doings, through the COURIER. J. W. Christie is erecting a neat carpenter shop on Burrell avenue, west of McDermott's harness shop. Rev. Hall, of Sanborn, will shortly deliver a lecture at the court house for the benefit of the Norwegian church. George Newberry and Tom Carver had a lively dialogue at the hotel, Monday morning. John Pates has found two quail, male and female, among his chickens—the first that have ever been seen in Griggs county. The genial and sprightly editor of the Valley City Democrat shows his teeth, and yells "chestnuts" at us. Yes, we saw 'em. They are pretty slick. P. H. Wilson, of the Pioneer Press, made the Terminal Town his first visit, Monday. August Goetting's mules were attached by W. R. Whidden, on a claim of \$96 for clothing, groceries, etc. Goetting claims to have sold the mules. Dan. Flood goes to Pullman, Ills., to work at his trade, to-morrow. He has a brother-in-law, who is a contractor, at that point. Andrew Johnson, the young Napoleon of trade, finds it necessary to enlarge his store. The addition will be 16x20. James Muir has Davis & Pickett's ice house on runners; but is yet uncertain where it will light. For a small bonus he will dump it most anywhere. Mrs. Deacon Ginsing has named her baby Aniline—because she is a "poor dying woman," like the rest of the human family. T. J. Cooper, Esq., of the firm of Cooper Bros., came up from Chicago to glance over the great bonanza farm, Monday. A brother of the editor, residing in Vermont, has just been presented by his wife with his ninth son. Knud Thompson, the machine man, has done \$70,000 worth of business so far this season, exclusive of cash sales. Andrew Torlin came to town, Friday, with three teams, all loaded with wheat, on which he was graded No. 1 Northern. He renewed his subscription to the COURIER. Rev. F. E. Bostwick, Sunday school missionary for Dakota, will conduct the Sunday school institute, commencing the 27th inst.—the day after Thanksgiving. Everybody should attend and profit by the exercises. A new arrival at Andrew Torlin's last week. It is a heavy weight youngster, and will soon knock 'em all out. Andrew says that stock raised in Dakota is far ahead of imported stock. Mrs. Torlin is doing well, and the boy is as lively as a cricket. Mr. E. F. Jordan returned, Monday, from the Baptist convention, at Jamestown. Twelve clergymen were present. The Presbyterian church at Jamestown sent greeting, and the Methodist minister visited the convention. Mr. Jordan delivered an address as to the needs of the church in the dissemination of christian literature; and preached in the Baptist church in the evening. Mr. Jordan has received a call from the Lisbon church, and will soon take his departure from Cooperstown. We are glad to see Mr. Jordan appreciated but we are sorry to lose him from our midst. He is an able preacher and well liked by everybody. His new field of usefulness will be larger than that of Cooperstown, and his duty leaves him no option as to whether he accepts the call or not.

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

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Don't fail to see our North Star, all wool, 1 1/2 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.

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BULLFROGS VS. CANARIES.

Some Reasons Why the Former Are Preferred as Pets.

I do not think the bullfrog will ever usurp the eminence at present occupied by the canary in the esteem of feeble-minded old maids, but for force of character and a steady devotion to the business of acquiring a living he can not be equaled by that popular nuisance. To my mind the canary is the simple embodiment of fiddlededee, and his recommendations as a pet are vastly inferior to those of the featherless but contemplative batracian. A canary costs a great deal to keep:

- One Queen Anne cage and wire... \$2.00
Hook and wire jumper to hang same... 25
One and a half pair of good permanent... 40
Cut comb to what he likes... 15
Sawdust carpet, changed every... 20
month...

Here is a capital of \$1 85 sunk, including the price of a bird, unless some friend in a burst of magnanimous generosity gives it to you, in which case you will find it is a female and won't sing, or else has the mange or some other complaint equally disagreeable. There is nothing in the world so false as the friend who gives you a canary, for unless you can subsequently induce some imbecile acquaintance to take it off your hands you are in for at least four years of hempseed and misery. When civilization has grown a little older, I believe the gross imposition still practiced by even reputable church members will be classed in the penal code as an offense second only to burglary and mayhem. Well, you start in, therefore, on your happy possession of a \$2 50 male bird in a \$2 00 cage, with a 25-cent jumper, and a 10-cent bath-tub, and you find yourself handcuffed to a running expense of 75 cents a month. At the end of the year you are out \$13 85 in cash, not counting the doctor-bills incident to the wear and tear of your nervous system. At this time, when you are thoroughly reckless, some malevolent lady acquaintance suggests the propriety of your providing your affliction with a mate, and offers you the female bird necessary to the consummation of her fiendish design. Your sense of danger being now blunted you fall into the trap, humbly accept this second curse, and enter into a pernicious and demoralizing course of bird housekeeping, from which, except by a general conflagration or a convulsion of nature, you can never hope to emerge. At the end of the second year you find your home the permanent residence of an epidemic of canaries, occupying sixteen cages, and multiplying faster than maggots. Of course, you can now gratify the bitterness of your heart by making unlimited Christmas presents of secretly female birds to those whom you inwardly hate, but as the remainder of your stock multiplies faster than your enemies this hellish subterfuge really affords you but little relief.

Now, look at the bullfrog question. Even in the depth of winter and on Fourth avenue you can get a bullfrog, warranted sound in every particular, for 25 cents. Here in Catskill you can sit on a marsh and get them for not a fig. The gift of a bullfrog has no hidden deception, a female being equal to the male as a marketable commodity, and as they are practically celibates in captivity you can make your family calculations to a nicety. A bullfrog requires neither hempseed nor...

to sit on a perch twiddling his perpetual dinner, and his only requirement in the way of furniture is a flat rock whereon he can lay low for flies, and bury himself in deep philosophy.

I have four bullfrogs in a tin tank, and Maj. Spreckle is boss of the gang. The major has a mottled-green coat, a white vest trimmed with freckles, brown shorts, spay stockings, and a bad eye; and whenever there is a weakness in the fly market the other frogs have to go hungry until he is so full he can't move. Tommy isn't big enough to thrash the major, but he wallops the two troglodyte frogs if captured in the cave, which seems to relieve his feelings. These last unfortunates, dressed in somber brown, like meek little Cartusians, have the alternative, in times of excitement, of being kicked all over the tank or diving to the bottom and holding their breath in martyr attitudes until the trouble blows over. The operation of giving them a dinner is to shake the buzzing contents of a fly-trap into the tank, and quickly replace the gauze cover. After the first flurry the flies fall to braiding their hind legs and polishing their eyes after the custom of blue-bottles, and then the major gets in his fine work by flipping his tongue at the nearest. All you can perceive is that the fly vanishes, while the major winks one eye in a slow but significant way. No fly escapes his deadly aim, which is point-blank at four inches. After filing away a couple of dozen he allows Tommy to take a whack, and then the abused troglodytes pop timidly up from the depths, and bearing carefully to windward of the major's kick proceed to go for the remainder. The limit of a bullfrog's appetite is that of his skin stretched to its utmost. The major weighs two ounces when hungry, and he has forty-six blue-bottles, four angle-worms, two wasps, and a June bug before extending the courtesy of the harder to Tommy. Their food is largely a matter of education. The general principle implanted in a bullfrog's mind is that anything that moves is good to eat. I dangled a bare hook over one in the creek the other day, and he gathered it in. He seemed vigorously surprised when I landed him, but dove back cheerfully on being released, popped up his head after a minute, swallowed the same hook again, was again released, only to snap it up when tendered for the third time. This shows that a steadfast adherence to principle is one feature of the higher bullfrog metaphysics.—Catskill Letter to New York Times.

How Artificial Teeth May Do Damage.

Another agent in the combination to maintain for the man of advancing age his career of flesh-eater is the dentist. Nothing is more common at this period of life than to hear complaints of indigestion experienced, so it is affirmed, because mastication is imperfectly performed for want of teeth. The dentist deftly repairs the defective implements, and the important function of chewing the food can be henceforth performed with comfort. But, without any intention to justify a doctrine of final causes, I would point out the significant fact that the disappearance of the masticating powers is mostly coincident with the period of life when that species of food which most requires their action—Viz, solid and malodorous—is fitted, if at all, required by the individual. It is during the latter third of his career that the softer and lighter foods, such as well-cooked cereals, some light mixed animal and vegetable soups, and also fish, for which teeth are barely necessary, are particularly valuable and appropriate. And the man with imperfect teeth who conforms to Nature's demand for a mild, non-stimulating dietary in advanced years will mostly be blessed with a better digestion and sounder health than the man who, thanks to his artificial machinery, can eat and does eat as much flesh in quantity and variety as he did in the days of his youth. Far be it from me to undervalue the truly artistic achievements of a clever and experienced dental surgeon, or the comfort which he affords. By all means let us have recourse to his aid when our natural teeth fail, for the purpose of vocal articulation, to say nothing of their personal appearance; on such grounds the artificial substitutes rank among the necessities of life in a civilized community. Only let it be understood that the chief end of teeth, so far as mastication is concerned, has in advancing age been to a great extent accomplished, and that they are now mainly useful for the purposes just named. But I cannot help adding that there are some grounds for the belief that those who have throughout life from their earliest years consumed little or no flesh, but have lived on a diet chiefly or wholly vegetarian, will be found to have preserved their teeth longer than those who have always made flesh a prominent part of their daily food.—Sir Henry Thompson, in Popular Science Monthly for August.

A new use for children has been discovered in England, and it is now fashionable to have them running about the grounds in reasonable numbers whenever a large party is given. The small tocks are arrayed for these occasions in white frocks with ballet skirts, silk stockings, very high boots, and immense hats, for it is the fancy of the moment that a child's head shall look as large as its body.

Portland, Oregon, is about to have some of her streets paved with granite brought from Hong Kong for the purpose.

A REMARKABLE MILL.

In Which Most Everything is Made and the Gospel is Preached.

On the old county road leading from Taunton to New Bedford, about three miles from Taunton green, at the head of a large pond, stands a building whose history is so peculiar and whose uses are so many that it can properly be classed among the wonders of the old colony. It was erected about fifty years ago by Josiah King for a fork works. A few years afterward it was sold to William Pierce, who now owns it. In appearance it is no more peculiar than the ordinary run of country saw-mills. Its age rests lightly upon it, and, barring accidents, it is likely to remain a landmark for at least fifty years to come. Its history, told by one who lives near it, is as follows:

On the lower floor of the building are three rooms. In one is a grist-mill, in another machinery for sawing and splitting wood and cider making, and the third is used for a church and for holding various kinds of entertainments. Grain is brought here from miles around and ground into meal for 'fodder' and cake-making. On any day during the fall you will see half a dozen old farmers gathered about discussing things in general, and waiting for their little grist to be ground. Meal made from corn of their own raising is thought far superior to any that can be bought at the store.

I asked an old man one day why he did not use boited meal. 'I've used meal of my own and father's raisin' for over sixty year' an' it's good enough f' me. I don't b'live in s' many new-fangled notions just gut in 't' git money out of us poor farmers.' Of course he must have his clumsy joke on the end: 'I c'n bolt my own meal fast enuf when 's made into cakes.'

In the early fall the old mill is kept running night and day making cider. Hundreds of cartloads of apples are ground up and the juice squeezed out. An upright barrel with one head out stands always full of the fermented juice, and a cup near by invites everybody to help him-self. One day a small boy wandered in. He could not reach over the top of the barrel to the cider, so he made an inclined plane of a board and crawled up on it. He reached down to dip a cupful of the coveted liquid. The board tipped up and the young man went in head first. Luckily someone heard the splash and rushed into the room just in time to save the youth from a cider grave. This boy has now grown up to be an active temperance worker. Cider-drinking parties are often held here, and the person who drinks the most is voted the champion. I once saw a young man drink ten glasses in rapid succession. When this part of the mill is not in use for cider-making wood is sawed and split here, and the same old farmers who bring their own corn to have it ground to save money will bring a load of wood and have it returned to the proper size for stove-burning. Years ago this part of the mill was used for sawing box-boards and shingles, and more recently as a furniture factory.

In all the years the old mill has been running there has been but one accident. One day the mill was sawing shingles, when a young man with a scart about his neck came in. He got too near the shafting, and it caught him by the scart and began to throw him around and around. Before the mill could be stopped his boots and stockings were torn from his feet in shreds, and four of his ribs and an arm were broken.

The room used as a church is such as the old puritans worshiped in. Except in mid-summer and midwinter meetings are held there regularly Sunday evenings, and on week-day evenings—fasts, revivals, and sewing circles—often make merry in this room. Not infrequently in winter a dance draws the young people to the old mill.

I distinctly remember one evening prayer and praise meeting that I attended here. The minister was an old man and very near-sighted. In the course of the evening he began to cough, and not being able to control it he asked for someone to fetch him a glass of water. It was early in the fall, in cider-making time, and in the second room beyond stood the full barrel and a glass near it. A young scapegrace quickly responded to the request of the minister, but instead of bringing water he filled the glass with cider, and with a sober face took it up to the preacher. The audience discovered the trick and reached for handkerchiefs. The unsuspecting old gentleman raised the glass to his lips, and without stopping to taste or smell, swallowed the whole of it. Such a look of horror as came over his face, when he realized the trick I will not attempt to describe. The audience smiled and tittered, but the minister immediately regained his composure, and said not a word.

One of the most pathetic scenes I ever witnessed was the funeral of a little child in the church-room of the old mill. The parents were poor, hard-working people, and the dead baby was the only one God had given them. It was a beautiful little girl, as fat as though its parents had been of royal blood instead of being too poor to provide a collier for the little thing. Kind neighbors had bought a little white robe of some cheap cloth and trimmed it with blue ribbons. They put flowers about the room in the old mill in rude vases and cups, and gathered reverently about the mourning parents, while the minister said a few kind words and prayed to God that the father and mother be given strength to bear their great grief.

Such, like the mills of the gods, this mill grinds all.—Taunton (Mass.) Cor. Boston Globe.

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NOTICE.—U. S. Land Office, Fargo, D. T., Oct. 29, 1885. Complaint has 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. 8348, dated April 16, 1882, upon the N.E. 1/4 sec. 11, Twp. 18 R. 23 in Griggs county, Dakota, with a view to the re-issuance of said entry; and the said Hubbard has failed to cultivate to crop or otherwise any portion of the five acres broken during the first year from date of entry; and that he has failed to break or create to be broken in the second five 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 24, 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. E. C. GEARY, Receiver.

JOB PRINTING 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.