

Commissioners' Proceedings.

Convened Nov. 7, 1885, at 9 a. m., in accordance with adjournment. Present, Com. Halverson. Adjourned till 1 p. m. Convened at 1 p. m. Present, Comrs. Rukke and Halverson.

On motion Com. Rukk was made temporary chairman.

On motion ordered that the following election expense bills be allowed, viz: Precinct No. 1—

E. S. Kollon, judge, \$2. John Carlson, Judge, \$2. H. J. Lund, judge, and making return, \$5.20.

John K. Olson, clerk, \$2. Reuben Belden, clerk, \$2. Precinct No. 2—

Joseph Buchheit, judge and making returns, \$6. E. W. Hagerty, judge, \$2. A. Know, judge, \$2. C. H. Johnson, clerk, 2. Orin Reed, clerk, 2.

Precinct No. 3—

F. D. Femer, judge and making return, \$1.80. David Nicoll, judge, 2. H. G. Tiffany, judge, 2.

Precinct No. 4—

J. N. Jorgensen, judge and clerk, \$4. Anton Enger, judge, 2. H. P. Smart, judge, 2.

Precinct No. 5—

S. K. Norgard, judge, 2. S. S. Norgard, judge, 2. Harry Pashley, judge, 2. John Pashley, clerk, and making return, 4.00.

Precinct No. 6—

Iver Thompson, judge, 2. J. H. Atchison, judge, and making return, \$5. Precinct No. 7—

N. Hemmingson, judge, and making return, \$3. F. Greenland, judge, 2. C. E. Skarie, judge, 2. K. Stromme, clerk, 2. E. Stromme, clerk, 2.

Precinct No. 8—

J. W. Fiero, judge, and making return, \$3. M. L. Michaels, judge, 2. Albert Neill, judge, 2. Wm. McDonald, clerk, 2. E. D. Bloom, clerk, 2.

On motion ordered that the following bills be allowed, viz:

Allan Pinkerton, posting election notices, \$12 30. Allan Pinkerton, search for Hunter Bros. stolen property, 19 80.

T. F. Kerr, stationery and expenses Co. superintendent, 6 73. S. Goldthrite, road work, district No. 3, 4 84.

M. Goldthrite, roadwork, district No. 3, 2 80. Louis Buchheit, road work, district No. 4, 3 18.

David Nicoll, road reviewer, 2 00. H. Williams, road reviewer, 2 00. A. B. Richardson, road reviewer, 2 00.

C. H. Moseley, road reviewer, 2 00. Fargo Republican Co., poll books, 16 00. Sven Olgard, helping Co. surveyor, 2 00.

A. V. Aune, helping Co. surveyor, 2 00. M. A. Ueland, services as county surveyor, 39 00.

Hunter Bros., dravage on coal, 9 98. Chas. Schulz, witness fees before grand jury, 2 00.

Carl Schulz, witness before grand jury, 2 00. Joseph Fromm, witness fees before grand jury, 1 90.

C. H. Fromm, witness fees before grand jury, 1 90. Whidden Bros., lamps and oils for court house, 9 33.

Gull River Lumber Co., coal, 250 16. On motion ordered that the report of Hiram Williams, David Nicoll and A. B. Richardson, reviewers of a proposed public road, commencing at or near the quarter stake between secs. 25 and 36, tp. 146, r. 60, and terminating at Cooperstown, be approved, and the payment of damages, as awarded in said report, is hereby ordered, viz:

To owner of n e 1/4 sec. 30-146-50, \$26. To owner of nw 1/4 sec. 30-146-69, \$25. To owner of sw 1/4 sec. 30-146-59, \$30.

On motion said proposed public road is hereby ordered opened. On motion ordered that the following refunding orders be issued, viz: Joseph Fromm, road poll tax for 1884 overage, 1.50.

Hans A. Lymer, road poll tax for 1884, overage, 1.50. Chr. J. Thingstad, road poll tax for 1884, overage, 1.50.

Syver Johnson, road poll tax for 1884, overage, 1.50. Syver Johnson, road poll tax for 1883, overage, 1.50. Frank Hunter, upon a value of \$320

for improvements upon sw 1/4 23-147-50, erroneously assessed for the year 1884, \$7.78.

Isaac E. Mills, upon a value of \$206 for excessive area upon s 1/2 sec. 31-148-58, erroneously assessed for the year 1884, \$5.40.

On motion ordered that the taxes now appearing against s e 1/4 sec. 34-147-58, for the year 1883, viz: \$4.16, be abated, having been assessed twice.

On motion adjourned to meet Nov. 30, 1885, at 9 a. m. N. C. RUKKE, Temp. Chair'n. H. P. SMART, Clerk.

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, 1 1/2 yards wide flannel for 89 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.

A NEWSPAPER FILE.

It was two days after Aunt Priscilla's funeral, and Sue and I were sitting together by the kitchen fire with that hush over our spirits still which follows a death and a burial. All the afternoon we had been busy in getting the house to rights, not meddling yet with the things which had been hers and were now ours, but by dint of open windows, sunshine, and furniture dusted and rearranged, trying to restore to the rooms that familiar look which they had lost during these weeks of anxiety and trouble. A few days more and we must face a future which was full of terrors. Meanwhile custom, as well as inclination, accorded a brief respite in which to think of her who was gone and of each other with the clinging fondness of those whose lives, never before parted, were about to separate.

She sat on a low stool, her head against the chimney jamb. It was the chimney of Aunt Priscilla's youth; she would never alter it—one of the wide, old-fashioned kind, with pot-hooks and blazing logs, and a bake-oven at one side. The soot-blackened bricks and faint red glow made a background for my sister's head, with its great tress of fair hair and lily-like slender throat. Sue is very pretty, prettier than anybody I ever saw. I recollect a picture as I looked at her—a picture of Cinderella sitting in just such an attitude by the chimney side. Sue was equally picturesque at that moment; so far as looks go, equally worthy of a prince; but, alas! no fairy godmother was likely to emerge from the apple-room for her benefit. Aunt Priscilla, who in a small way had enacted that part toward us, was gone, and her big rocking chair, which we had no heart to sit in, swung empty in its accustomed place, type of a like emptiness which we were conscious of in other things, and would feel for a long time to come.

Neither of us spoke for awhile. We were tired and spiritless, and John Shade was coming presently to look over things, and so we saved our words.

Dr. Shade—John—was Sue's lover. Their poor little engagement had been formed two years ago. How many years it was likely to last nobody could guess, but they held on to it bravely and were content to wait. Pretty soon, as we sat waiting, his step sounded without on the gravel, and with a little tap—courtious, but unnecessary, for the door was never locked—ne entered, gave Sue a gentle kiss, me another, and sat down between us in aunt's rocking-chair. It was a comfort for him to do that. The house seemed less forlorn at once.

"Well, children, how has the day gone?" he asked.

"Pretty well," replied Sue. "We have been busy and are tired, to-night, I think. I am glad you are come, John dear, we are getting lonely and dismal, Cree and I."

Lucretia is my name, but Sue and Aunt Priscilla always called me

"Cree."

John adjusted a stick on the embers and, with one daring poke, sent a tongue of bright flame upward before he answered. Then he took Sue's hand in his broad palm, and, patting it gently, said: "Now let's talk over matters. We ought to decide what we are to do, we three."

That "three" was very comforting to me, but John always is a comfort. He was "made so," Aunt Pris said. And he certainly carries out the purpose of his creation.

"Did your aunt leave any will?" he went on.

"Only this," and I brought from between the leaves of the big Bible, where we had found it, a half sheet of note paper, on which dear aunt had stated, in her own simple form, that she left all she had to be equally divided between her nieces, Susan and Lucretia Pendexter. Squire Packard's name and Sarah Brackett's, our old washerwoman, were written below as witnesses.

"Very well," said John. "That's good in law, I fancy; or, if not, you are the nearest relations, and it's yours anyway. What property did your aunt own besides this house?"

"She had an annuity of \$250 a year and \$50 more from some turnpike stock. That's all, except the house and furniture, and there is a mortgage of \$300 on that. Squire Packard holds it. The annuity stops now, doesn't it?"

John looked as though he wanted to whistle, but refrained.

"Your aunt was a clever manager," he said—"a capital manager. She made a very little go a great way, didn't she? I don't know any one else who could live on \$300 a year with a mortgage interest taken out. You have always seemed cozy and comfortable."

"We always have been. But we had the garden, you know, and the cow; that gave us two-thirds of our living. Aunt was a wonderful house-keeper, though. Isn't it a great deal cheaper to feed women than men? She always said so."

"I suppose it is. Men are carnivorous. A diet of tea and vegetables doesn't suit them very well; they are apt to grumble for something more solid. Well, my dear girl, our summing up isn't very satisfactory. Even without the mortgage you couldn't live on \$50 a year."

"No. And I've been thinking what we could do. So has Cree, though we haven't spoken to each other about it. I might teach a district school, perhaps. And Cree—"

"I could take a place as plain cook. There isn't anything else I can do so well. Plain cooking, with dipping and soap fat by way of perquisites; and I gave a laugh which was meant to be merry."

"It is hard," said John, with a moody look on his face which was foreign to its usual frank brightness. "How much a little money would sometimes do for people who can't get it, and how little it is worth to other people, who fling it away without a thought of its value! A thousand dollars now. Any rich man would consider it a mere bagatelle in his expenses; but if I could command the sum it would make us three comfortable for life."

"How do you mean? What would you do with a thousand dollars if you had it, John?"

"I don't know. I guess I'm going to sell his practice."

"Oh!"

"It is a large practice, for the country, you know. It brings him in six or eight hundred a year—sometimes more. He has a chance to go into partnership with his brother out West somewhere, and he'll sell for a thousand."

"But, John, some people like you better than they do Dr. Langworthy."

"Yes, some people do. But the question is, will they like me better than the other man who buys Dr. Langworthy out? If I were that man I should command both practices. It is a chance, don't you see? But a new man coming in has a chance to cut me out."

"I see. What can be done?"

"Nothing," with a rueful glance. "That's the worst of it. I can only keep on and hope for the best. But it is hard when with this miserable thousand dollars I could double my chances and make a nice home for you two Sue, darling, don't cry."

She had hid her cheek down on his arm, but she wasn't crying, only looking sadly into the fire.

"If we sold everything, all this which aunt left us—the home, everything—couldn't we get the thousand dollars?" I asked desperately.

John shook his head. "I couldn't let you do that, Cree, in any case. You'll want your share some day yourself; it mustn't go into buying a practice for me. But, apart from that, houses sell so badly now that this wouldn't realize much over the value of the mortgage at a forced sale. And the furniture, though worth a good deal to keep, would go for nothing at an auction. This plan wouldn't do at all for any of us."

"Still, there's no harm in thinking about it, and seeing what we have and what it's worth," I urged, loath to give up any ghost of a chance. "We may do that, mayn't we, John?"

"Of course. That is a thing you must do sooner or later. Look over the house and make a list carefully, and we'll consult and fix on approximate values. Don't hurry about it, though. Next week is time enough, and I know you need rest."

"Rest is the very thing I don't need and can't take," I cried, impatiently; "something to fill up the long days and keep us from thinking and getting blue is what we want. We'll make

the list to-morrow, John."

A little more talk and he rose to go. "Did you stop at the postoffice, John?"

"Yes; there was nothing for you."

"Not even the *Intelligencer*?" asked Sue, languidly.

"I forgot to tell you. There has been a great fire in New York, and the *Intelligencer* is burned out. Abner brought the news over; it was telegraphed to the junction. They say the building is a total loss, so I suppose there won't be any publication for awhile—some days, at least."

"Poor aunt! how sorry she would be!" sighed Sue. "Aunt took the paper ever since it began—forty-five years ago. She never missed a number. There it all is, up-stairs—stacks and stacks of it. Sue is proud of her file. It's no use at all now, I suppose; is it, John?"

"The ragman will give you a penny a pound for it," I suggested; "that's something."

"We'll weigh the lot one of these days and see what we can realize," said John. "Good night, children."

It was a ghastly task which we set out to do next day. The past itself, the faint, fragmentary past, seems to be wrapped up and inclosed in those bundles of time-worn articles with which elderly people encumber their store rooms and closet shelves. Some air of antiquity exhales as you open them, and mingling with our modern air produces an impression half laughable, half sad. Aunt Priscilla had been a born collector. Sue loved old things because they were old, apart from use and value, and instinct and principle combined had kept her from ever throwing away anything in her life. Our list was a very short one. A few chairs and tables, a dozen tin spoons and a small teapot in silver, the huge newspaper heap which I had appraised at a penny the pound—these seemed the only salable things; and we looked comically and grimly into each other's faces as we set them down.

"I wish it were possible to eat *Intelligencers*," said I.

"They say newspapers make excellent counterpanes," replied Sue—"warmer than blankets."

John came as usual in the evening. "Here's enterprise," he called as he came in.

"What is enterprise?"

"The *Intelligencer*! Behold it, large as life, and looking just as usual, only forty-eight hours after the fire? That's what I call luck."

"Isn't it," cried Sue, admiringly, as she drew the paper from its wrapper and held it to the blaze that she might see the familiar page. Meanwhile I took from my pocket our melancholy little list.

"You were right, John. Sue and I have searched the house over to-day, and this is all there is of any value—the furniture, a little silver and those wretched *Intelligencers*."

I was interrupted by a startling cry. Sue was gazing at the newspaper in her hand with large, dilated eyes. Her cheeks had flushed pink.

"What is it? What is the matter?" both of us cried in a breath.

"Just read this! Oh, John, I don't believe it! Read."

She thrust the paper into his hand, and he read:

\$100.—The office file of our paper having been destroyed by fire on the evening of the 24th inst., we offer the above price for a complete and perfect set of the *Intelligencer* from its first number, March 4, 1830, to present date. Any person able to supply a set, as stated, will please communicate with the publisher, P. O. Box 354, New York.

"A thousand dollars! Oh, Sue! oh, John, what a piece of good fortune! Dear aunt—think of her file turning out such a treasure! It is too wonderful to be true. I feel as though it were a dream; and I danced up and down the kitchen floor."

John and Sue were equally excited. "Only," premised the former, "we mustn't forget that some one else may have a file of the *Intelligencer* and get ahead of us."

This wet blanket of a suggestion kept me awake all night. My thoughts kept flying to New York, anticipating the letter which we had written, and John posted over night for the early stage. If it should be lost in the mail! When morning came I was too weary and too drowsy to employ myself in any way. But about noon John walked in, comfort in his eyes.

"Why, John, how funny to see you here at this hour! Why do you look so? You haven't heard yet; you can't. The letter is only half way there."

"But I have heard! I got ahead of the letter—drove over to the junction, telegraphed, paid for the answer, and here it is."

Blessed John. This was the telegram:

Send file at once. Check ready to your order. P. BALDWIN.

How we cried and laughed and kissed each other! How much that message meant! To John and Sue, the satisfaction of their love, life spent together, the fruition of deferred hope; to me, the lifting of a heavy weight, home, security, the shelter of my sister's wing, the added riches of a brother who was brotherly in very deed. And all this for a thousand dollars! Oh, how much money can do some times! and at other times so little! We had grown somewhat calmer, though Sue still kept her sweet, wet face hidden on John's shoulder, and quivered and sobbed now and then, when I turned emotion into a new channel by seizing a tumbler of water and proposing this toast: "To the memory of the late Samuel F. Norc."

Sue seized another and added, "The *Intelligencer*—may it rise like a phoenix from its ashes!"

I leave you to guess if we did not drink this hearty.

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