



JULIUS STEVENS

H. G. PICKETT.

THE COURIER.

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By FRED'K. H. ADAMS.

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Official Paper of Griggs County

TIME TABLE.

S. C. & T. M. RAILROAD.

Trains make the round trip every day, except Sunday, leaving Cooperstown at 8:35 a. m. and arriving at Sanborn 11:30 a. m. Returning, leaves Sanborn at 1:15 p. m. and arrives at Cooperstown 4:15 p. m.

N. P. Railroad, main line—Passenger trains leave Sanborn:

Going east, 3:45 p. m.
Going east, 10:17 p. m.
Going west, 8:30 a. m.
Going west, 6:57 a. m.
Going west, 11:45 a. m.

Tickets for all parts of the United States and Canada for sale at this station.
R. M. COWEN, Agent.
C. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Terrible Murder.

DULUTH, Dec. 1.—Arthur E. Prudden, a grain inspector, at about half past nine was standing in the Northern Pacific yard waiting to look at some wheat which had come in during the night, when his eyes fell on Northern Pacific car No. 1,316, which he knew to be consigned to Davis, and pushing back the door he climbed up and looking down on top of the grain he beheld a sickening sight. What at first seemed a bundle of old clothes, gradually resolved itself into the form of a man lying stiff and cold in its last sleep. The glassy eyes stared at him with unconscious glare, the pale cheeks were daubed with blood. Blood matted the thick, black hair. Blood formed the fearful cosmetic which stuck his stiff beard together. Blood was spattered on the roof and side of the car. Prudden rubbed his eyes and looked again, but the ghastly, horrible sight was too real to be a joke, and dropping to the ground he called the others and told them what he had seen. Dr. Graff, the coroner, and Will McQuade, deputy sheriff, were summoned by telephone and pending their arrival all persons were kept out of the car. When they came a minute inspection was made of the body. It was that of a man thirty five years old, evidently accustomed to hard work; his hands were calloused and his muscular development good; his hair was black as was his short beard and mustache; he wore a fur cap, a double breasted rough blue coat over a mackinaw shirt; a mackinaw shirt; a pair of pants over a pair of overalls, full suit of light colored under clothing and a pair of cow hide boots. Every pocket in his clothing seemed at first sight to have been turned inside out and rifled of its contents, but Dr. Graff, on close inspection, found a hole made inside the pocket of the overalls on the right, and just between the suspenders buttons, which had not been disturbed. This pocket contained a package wrapped up in paper and enclosed in a clumsy made leather pouch "for tobacco," thought the doctor as he drew it out, but it turned out to be four hundred and seventy five dollars in good United States currency. The largest bill was of the denomination of fifty dollars. To obtain this money the man had evidently been murdered; the murderer either became frightened before completing the search, or had become careless and overlooked this pocket altogether. The deputy sheriff while stumbling around in the car hit his foot against something solid concealed in the wheat, which being uncovered, proved to be a blood bespattered coupling pin, and the implement with which the deed was accomplished. The roof and side of the car were splashed with blood in such a way as to show that the dead man must have been standing up when first assaulted, and there was a deep dint in side of the car into which the round end of the coupling pin exactly fitted, as if the murderer, in striking at his victim had missed his aim. Lying on the wheat was the following letter, which was the only thing found by which it will be possible to solve the question of identity:

Sanborn, Dak., Oct. 26, Mrs. Burke—Inclosed please find \$12, for which please send receipt. Hope you and the folks are all well and happy. As for myself, I am well but not very happy. Resp'y,
S. L. PLATT.

Telegraphic inquiry showed that Platt is the Northern Pacific

operator at Sanborn, and the following Tribune special received from him at midnight throws some light on the affair:
SANBORN, Nov. 30.—About Oct. 24, 1885, I wrote a letter addressed to Miss Burke, Leonard, enclosing postoffice money order payable at Fargo. I have no idea who the corpse can be. You will probably get what information is necessary from Miss Burke, Leonard, Dakota.
[Signed] S. L. PLATT.



Prof. Oldtown—(Who is a little crazy, but very classical). O, beautiful creature! Venus, Goddess of love. In my dreams I have seen thee. Let me worship thee!

Venus (the cook)—Lord, chile! Ye doesn't mean hit, does ye? Is ye done facinated on my shape?

Prof.—Aphrodite—Foam of the Sea—Beautiful Goddess, permit a wrapt devotee to touch the hem of thy draperies.

Venus—Don't you call me Sea Foam—nor Snow Ball, you old villain. Ye jest tech that hem, and I'll mash ye in de mouf. I'll let you know I'm a lady, sah—a respectable culled lady, not no Sea Foam, nor Snow Ball.

Here "Old Miss" came in, and led the Professor back to his study.

A Persian Workman.

(From the December Century.)

From the illustrated paper by G. S. Benjamin, our late minister to Persia, in the city of Teheran, we quote the following: "What implements they used in ancient times we know not; but to-day the Persian artisan has neither rule, compass, nor spirit level. He is commonly ignorant of the fact that the diameter is the third of the circumference; his gimblets and augurs are prods turned by a bow string; he has no hatchet, but only an adze, and no carpenter's bench. If he desires to plane a board, he puts it on the ground; and if he would saw a block of wood, he squats on the ground himself and holds it between his toes, drawing the saw towards himself. Wood is scarce, and with such tools is hard to work. If pillars are to be constructed, the trunks of poplars are raised and simply stripped of their branches and bark. They may be crooked, but that matters not; the master workman tells his subordinate to shape the timber into an elegant pillar with gatch. Depending only on his eye and the skill of his hand, this simple artisan applies the plaster round the trunk in the form of a fluted pillar, and crowns it with a graceful capital and cornice, showing a lively inventive fancy. If judged by the strict application of the rule and compass, these decorations may sometimes deviate slightly from a straight line, but of the artistic beauty of the conception there can be no question. Walls and ceilings are tastefully decorated in like manner.

"Lightness combined with strength is often gained in Persia by building a wall of sun-dried bricks, ingeniously arranged in hollow cubes as in a block house. They are cemented together by a layer of cargal, or mortar mixed with straw, over which, in turn, follows a coat of white plaster. Where great strength is required the angles are fortified by a layer of burnt bricks. Such a wall will stand for ages. It is interesting to watch the builders at work. They wear long tunics, which are tucked into their girdles when working, displaying a length and muscular development of limb I have never seen equaled elsewhere. The one above sings out in musical tone, 'Brother, in the name of God, toss me a brick.' The one below, as he throws the brick, sings in reply, 'O my brother, (or, O son of my uncle), in the name of God, behold the brick!'"

The End of the Riel Rebellion.

Wandering Spirit, the real author of the Frog Lake massacre, was defiant and said he feared not to die. If he had an opportunity again he would act precisely as he had done. He asked no favors from the queen and he wanted none. The pale-faces were his enemies, and he would just as soon die as live among them. He expressed regret that he had not succeeded in taking his life when he made the attempt here shortly after his capture. The priests were with the prisoners all night, talking with them on spiritual matters, but they accomplished nothing, and when the sergeant of the guard entered the guard room at 7:45 o'clock this morning the prisoners were still unmoved. They said they were ready to die at once, and several expressed pleasure at the prospect of being so soon dispatched. Under a strong mounted-police guard, after having their arms pinioned, they marched in procession to the scaffold, which was erected within the palisade surrounding the fort. The gallows, which had been satisfactorily tested, was a formidable looking structure built of massive timber. It was large enough to accommodate the entire lot, who mounted the ladder leading to the trap doors one after the other. They all appeared in good humor except Wandering Spirit and Miserable Man, who looked gloomy and defiant. They took their respective places upon the eight traps. The scene at this time was a novel and unusual one; eight strapping Indians standing upon the death traps, with ropes about their necks. As they stood there, while the priests prayed, they chanted the death song peculiar to their tribes. When they were asked if they had anything to say, Wandering Spirit began to speak in his native tongue, acknowledging that he deserved death. He warned his people not to make war on the whites, as they were their friends. He told of the Frog Lake massacre, and took the burden of the crime upon himself. He was followed by Miserable Man, who spoke in the same strain. When he had concluded, the savages, who had remained quiet throughout the speeches except to exclaim "How" at various periods during Wandering Spirit's address, when they coincided with his views, then began to chant their death song, to show that they did not fear death. All the while priests could be heard reciting prayers. The chanting of the savages continued even after the white caps had been adjusted.

THE FINAL ACT.

It was now fifteen minutes past 8, the prayers were over and the vast crowd was waiting with breathless anxiety. The inspector of police raised his finger and the hangman, a little half-breed from the neighborhood who gloats over such scenes, gave the lever a swing; quick as a flash the bolts shot back, the trap doors clanged, and the eight Indians fell crashing through the holes and were seen dangling at the ends of the ropes. The majority, whose necks were not broken by the fall, continued to writhe as if in the greatest agony for a considerable time, but the knot was about their necks, and soon their own weight drew the life out of them. It was terrible to see them kick and writhe, and to hear the guttural sounds proceeding from them, but it did not last long. They were allowed to hang half an hour, when all were pronounced dead, and then cut down. The usual formal post mortem and inquest was held, and the customary verdict returned. The Indians who witnessed the death of their companions were deeply impressed by what they saw. The execution must have been witnessed by a thousand people, including Indians. No disturbance occurred.



The reader will at once recognize the above portraits. They had been to the "mite society," and were just having a little conversation, when Aaberg got his camera to bear on them, with the above result.

The Northern Pacific railroad company are reducing the number of employes for the winter. C. F. Weiland has resigned from the station at Dazey, and Charley Allen expects to be laid off at Cooperstown.

BANK OF COOPERSTOWN

Stevens & Pickett,
(Successors to Lenham & Burrell.)

—A GENERAL—

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WM. GLASS,

LAND ATTORNEY!

COOPERSTOWN, Griggs Co., Dak.

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FINAL PROOFS.

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COLLARS, BLANKETS,
BRIDLES, FLY NETS, ETC..

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Physician and Surgeon

Cooperstown, Dakota.