

Around Town.

Wheat 69 cents, with a prospect of 90 cents before Christmas.

J. H. Mulroy, of Dazey, favors us with his \$2 for the COURIER.

A. D. Ellis, of Willow, is at the Palace.

Rev. Westberg will preach in the Baptist church, Sunday evening.

Anton Enger has bought John N. Jorgensen's fine horse and carriage.

Wm. McCulloch reports wheat, 73 cents in Valley City, Wednesday.

Rev. Westberg will preach in Norwegian, at the Baptist hall, Sunday, at 3:15 p. m.

Miss M. E. Buhre has some handsome plaques, cards, etc., in oil, for the holidays, at Dr. Newell's.

King Thebaw has ended the Burmese war, by surrendering to the Queen before firing a gun.

So far from refusing to play for the dance Nov. 18th, L. B. Allen was never asked, nor invited, to play for it.

The lecture, elsewhere a vertised for the ninth of December will be at the court house, instead of the Baptist church.

Dakota has not had a cold day, nor a raw, nasty day, so far, this season. The air is clear, calm and bracing—as delightful as Eden, itself, although more healthful, and palpitating over a more fertile soil. There were snakes in Eden, and Adam's best record was less than twenty-five bushels of No. 1 hard to the acre.

It is now reported that the man found murdered in the wheat car in Duluth boarded the train between here and Moorhead at the special request of one of the breakemen, and it is anticipated the latter was then planning to rob him.—Argus.

Agreeably to Sparks' order the officers of the Fargo Land office state that they will be obliged to reject final proofs made under the pre-emption law unless claimants show by affidavit that they have never taken advantage of the commutation clause of the homestead act, and likewise claimants who desire to make commuted homestead proofs will be required to make affidavit that they have never proved up a pre-emption.—Exchange.

Fargo, Dak. Special Telegram, Dec. 1.—In regard to the man found murdered in Duluth, but little new information could be discovered here to-day. The car reached Fargo at 7 Saturday and left the same evening for Duluth. Its seals were not changed here, and were unbroken when it started east. The murder was committed between here and Moorhead and probably by a train employe, who heard the man in the car where he concealed himself at Lisbon. The train man broke the fastenings and entered the car to eject the deadheader, when the murder occurred. This theory is strengthened by the fact that one of the train men on reaching Lisbon called for his time, and left for parts unknown. His description has been furnished the officers. It is said the murdered man was a farmer lying near Milner, Sargent county.

A Card.

L. B. Allen desires to express his obligations to the Literary Society, and others who took part in the late entertainment, for the very substantial benefit that he received from the receipts of the house. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that his services, as a musician, are always at their command.

The Wild West.

A cinnamon bear was recently seen four miles north of Oriska, near Col. O. B. Pickett's place, where it started to embrace a hunter, who persuaded it to let up, by putting two loads of shot in its eyes.—Alliance.

To Our Readers.

We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers the necessity of subscribing for a family, weekly newspaper of the first class—such, for instance as THE INDEPENDENT, of New York. Were we obliged to select one publication for habitual and careful reading to the exclusion of all others; we should choose unhesitatingly The Independent. It is a newspaper, magazine, and review, all in one. It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural, a financial, and a political paper combined. It has 22 folio pages and 22 departments. No matter what a person's religion, politics or profession may be, no matter what the age, sex, employment or condition may be, The Independent will prove a help, an instructor, an educator. Our readers can do no less than to send a postal for a free specimen copy, or for thirty cents the paper will be sent a month, enabling one to judge of its merits more critically. Its yearly subscription is \$3.00, or two years for \$5.00. Address, The Independent, 251 Broadway, New York City.—Adv.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

A Wonderful Escape from the San Diego Mines.

Allen Wade, of Portage, Summit County, recently a convict in a Mexican prison, condemned to labor in a mine half a mile beneath the surface of the earth, recently told the story of his sufferings to a representative of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "I am 31 years old," he said, "and I feel as if I were twice that age. In 1878 I obtained employment on the Mexican Central Railway in the capacity of passenger conductor, and ran between Chihuahua and the City of Mexico. My trouble began on the 12th day of February, 1884. My train ran at the average rate of thirty-eight miles an hour and when I left Chihuahua that morning at 8 o'clock I told my engineer, McFarland, to slack up to ten or fifteen miles an hour in passing Sierra Blanco, a quarry twenty miles out, where about 1,000 Mexicans are employed by the government getting out stone. Every day these laborers would get drunk and hang around the track, and as this was pay day I warned my engineer to slow up around the Sierra Blanco curve lest he might hurt somebody. Well, it happened just that way. McFarland saw a young fellow lying right across the track and whistled for him several times. The man moved, and my engineer thought he'd got off. He didn't, however, and was struck. Of course he was dead, and when we reached Domingo we were both arrested, McFarland and I. After a delay of three months we were taken to the City of Mexico and tried before the court of assizes, presided over by the Governor of Sonora.

THE CHARGE WAS MURDER.

I had two Mexican attorneys and paid them \$11,000 to get me out, but the prejudice against Americans was very strong, and I was sentenced to two years imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$500. McFarland's sentence was just twice as hard, four years and \$1,000."

"But your term of service has not elapsed yet?" suggested the reporter. "No," dryly remarked Mr. Wade, "not yet. That is, not in the regular fashion."

"When I got my sentence," he resumed, "I appealed to the American Minister, but nothing was done for me until I managed to get a letter to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and then intervention was of no avail. I was taken to the Tortez Penitentiary, and employed as undereward. I made an impression of the key to the stockade, but just as I attempted to escape I was discovered and placed in irons. Then I was sent to the San Diego mines, 2,285 feet underground. My work compelled me to kneel all the time—striking a drill. A Mexican in the mine insulted me, and I knocked him down. For this I was sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes on my bare back, but the sentence was suspended until my term of confinement should expire. I met some men down there who had not seen daylight in nine years. After working in the mines three months the hydraulic pumps in use there gave out, and I told the capitano of the guard that I was a mechanic and could repair the machinery. The engineer sent for me and I stayed up two days fixing the pumps. One of the men in charge belongs to a certain secret society to which I belong, and he told me that if I could get up on the cage he would hoist me. According to agreement I returned to work, and on the third day I made

A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

Three or four times I started, but each time my courage failed and my heart was in my mouth. At last I took my lamp off my hat and dashed it to the ground. That meant certain death for me if I was caught and I ran to the cage and gave the signal to hoist. Immediately the cage began to move, but I had not been lifted five feet when the three guard fired their double barreled carbines at me. None of them hit me, however, and I was drawn up safely. Near the mouth of the mine I found a burro tied, and without asking any questions I mounted and made tracks for the American line. That day I rode seventy miles."

Mr. Wade halted a moment to mop big drops of perspiration from his forehead. When he had cooled off a bit he said: "It is no wonder I get excited in telling my experience. It's only six weeks ago that I escaped, and I have never felt safe until I struck American soil. I made my escape on the 28th of May, and from that day I knew no rest for weeks. I traded my burro for a mustang, but one night the mustang got away from me and I had to foot it. Footsore and famished I made my way through the prairies, getting a ride and a square meal here and there. The first American town I struck was Tombstone, A. T. There I was all right."

The rich, accomplished, and beautiful daughter of a German savant recently deceased has deserted her mother in order to marry a coarse, brutal, and ignorant fisherman. He made her give him all her fortune before marrying her, and she now does menial work like other peasant women. The husband is a firm believer in the right of a man to beat his wife. Most people will think the young woman was crazy, but a medical commission has declared her perfectly sane.

A remarkable Indian shell mound has been discovered on the coast of Maine. Some of the shells have been buried hundreds of years, but the marks of fire upon them are as fresh as if made yesterday.

GLEANINGS.

A bullet travels a mile in three and two-tenths seconds.

An American scientist says the ivory of Central Africa will give out in ten or fifteen years.

Three thousand habitual smokers in San Francisco expend \$1,000,000 a year for opium.

Professor Thormholt, of Norway, has photographed the aurora polaris with partial success.

The first words of General Grant's preface to his memoirs are "Man proposes and God disposes."

Rossini wrote one of his finest operas in bed, and was too lazy to pick up a sheet that had fallen away.

W. T. Stead, editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, is a great admirer of the American style in newspapers.

At some time in their lives Miss Cleveland, Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Hayes were all school teachers.

The United States produces nearly 50,000 lawn mowers annually, and exports to every civilized country on the globe.

Bonanza Mackay is said to be a remarkable judge of men, to which instinct much of his success in life since he won a start by luck is alleged to be due.

The wild story is circulated concerning Mayor Low of Brooklyn that he is desperately in love with his wife. Outside of office hours he is generally at home.

In the language of flowers a moss rosebud is a confession of love; a red rosebud implies that the giver considers the recipient young and beautiful, and if she returns a white rosebud she declares that she is too young to love.

Last year's income of the Girard estate in Philadelphia was \$950,000. Its real estate alone is valued at \$7,346,000 besides the college buildings and grounds. The collieries of the estate produce 1,400,000 tons of coal during the year.

The Rev. William M. Blackburn, D. D., late President of the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks, D. T., has accepted the Presidency of Pierre University, and will at once remove his family to East Pierre and enter on the duties of his office.

Innumerable quantities of writing paper are used in the Baltic provinces of Russia, but not for writing. As tobacco is extremely scarce, the Russian peasant makes a cigar out of cabbage leaves and writing paper, and this he smokes with perfect content.

A Texas telephone experimenter claims to have perfected a magnetic telephone, the whole appliances of which are a simple transmitter and receiver and a horse shoe magnet. With this and a single wire he claims to be able to send a message around the world. He proposes to secure foreign patents before making application in this country.

The actual cost of what are usually sold as 5-cent cigars at retail is stated by one who claims to be informed on the subject: Actual cost of tobacco (namely, what the tobacco-raiser gets for it) for 1,000 cigars, \$2; cigar-boxes, \$2; wages for 1,000 cigars, \$8; packing, \$1; stripping, 50 cents; total cost of production, \$12.50, or 14 cents a cigar.

A writer upon coming in London concludes that the use of the whip is now nearly a lost art, one reason for which is that whereas, in old times almost any animal was considered good enough for a coach, and the stimulus of the lash was a necessity, now only high-bred and not over-worked horses are employed, and there is little occasion for urging.

Ohio has 1,017,000 head of cattle, making 24.8 to the square mile; Illinois 26; New York 18, and Texas, 15.9. For the United States at large this is 8 head for each 610 acres. Germany has 32 per square mile, Great Britain 54. In the United States there are three head of cattle for each four inhabitants, while in Europe there is only one animal for each six persons.

"The Great American Desert" is a thing of the past. The quadrant which this "desert" once occupied on the map once embraced the area now occupied by the States of Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas to the Indian Territory—an area in total equal to nine New Englands." The grain product of this "desert" in 1880 amounted to 612,416,200 bushels.

Last autumn a bookseller named Meyer, of Ronneburg, tied a waterproof label under the wing of a swallow which had occupied a nest at his house, and had become comparatively familiar. On it he wrote a query in German to the effect that he wished to know where the swallow would pass the winter. The bird returned to its former nest bearing an exchange label similarly fastened saying in German also: "In Florence, in Castellari's house, and I bear many salutations."

The instrumental music question, which has been debated annually for fifteen years by the Presbyterians of Ireland, but never satisfactorily settled, well nigh caused a schism this year. Indeed, a number of elders did secede from the assembly for a short time and held an opposition meeting. In a few hours, however, a truce was arranged, but such was the tension of feeling that it was deemed inexpedient continue debate on the subject, which was accordingly postponed till next year.

In 1770 Obadiah Hills went from Newbury to Leominster, Mass., and began making back-scar combs from horn, working in his kitchen with rude

hand tools and without an assistant. To-day Leominster is engaged in the manufacture of horn combs, chains, bracelets, lockets, knives, ornamental trinkets and various other useful articles, including horn chains. More than a score of firms are in the business, and hundreds of people are employed. More horns of cows, oxen and steers are worked up in this town than in any other place.

In A. D. 975 the late Empress of the famous Tang dynasty, who was the most beautiful woman of her time, had clubbed feet. She bandaged and ornamented them so successfully that the fashion of cramped feet spread through the whole empire. The Emperor Kang-Hi, the founder of the present Manchū dynasty, in 1762, made a great effort to suppress foot-binding. After issuing one edict that proved ineffectual he prepared another, accompanied with most stringent and severe penalties, but his advisers warned him that if he persisted it would probably cause a rebellion. Thus the conquerors of China were conquered by the women of China. They set their tiny feet on princes' necks. On the men he imposed the shaved head and the cue, and also the shapely dress they had to wear, but when he tried to suppress this practice the women defied him.

The famous M. Renan is an odd-looking individual. Short, obese, shapeless, his body is surmounted by a large head, to which the hair clings flat and greasy. His face is invaded by a nose of vast proportions, his general aspect is that of a sensual old monk addicted to all the pleasures of the table, and his fat hands instinctively cross themselves over his stomach in the traditional priestly attitude. And yet, in spite of his ecclesiastical exterior, Renan is the greatest living heretic—so great and terrible a heretic that in some provincial towns the priests have the bells rung when Renan arrives, do him the same honor that they would do the devil in person. In spite of his unpleasant exterior, no man has greater suavity of manner than Renan, or a more insinuating smile. And, all ill-favored as he is, no French writer has ever carried to a higher degree charm of form, beauty of imagery, and melody of style; and no poet has ever spoken a correcter, purer, or more harmonious language.

The Carnage at Malvern Hill.

From General Fitz John Porter's account of the last of the Seven Days' Battles in the August country we quote the following: "While taking Meagher's brigade to the front, I crossed a portion of the ground over which a large column had advanced to attack us, and had a fair opportunity of judging of the effect of our fire upon the ranks of the enemy. It was something fearful and sad to contemplate; few steps could be taken without trampling upon the body of a dead or wounded soldier, or without hearing a piteous cry, begging our party to be careful. In some places the bodies were in continuous lines and in heaps. In Mexico I had seen fields of battle on which our armies had been victorious, and had listened to piteful appeals; but the pleadings were not of my countrymen then, and did not, as now, cause me to deplore the effects of a fratricidal war.

"Sadder still were the trying scenes I met in and around the Malvern house, which at an early hour that day had been given up to the wounded, and was soon filled with our unfortunate men, suffering from all kinds of wounds. At night, after issuing orders for the withdrawal of our troops, I passed through the building and the adjoining hospitals with my senior medical officer, Colonel George H. Lyman. Our object was to inspect the actual condition of the men, to arrange for their care and comfort, and to cheer them as best we could. Here, as elsewhere, were found men mortally wounded by necessity left unattended by the surgeons, so that prompt and proper care might be given to those in whom there was hope of recovery. It seemed as if the physician was cruel to one in doing his duty, by being merciful to another whose life might be saved.

"While passing through this improvised hospital I heard of many sad cases. One was that of the major of the Twelfth New York Volunteers, a brave and gallant officer, who was believed to be mortally wounded. While breathing his last, as was supposed, a friend asked him if he had any messages to leave. He replied, 'Tell my wife that in my last thoughts were blended herself, my boy, and my flag.' Then he asked how the battle had gone, and when told that we had been successful he said, 'God bless the old flag' and fell back apparently dead. For a long time he was mourned as dead, and it was believed that he had expired with the prayer left unfinished on his closing lips. Though still an invalid, suffering from a wound then received, that officer recovered to renew his career in the war, and now, for recreation, engages in lively contests of political warfare.

"On the occasion of this visit we frequently met with scenes which would melt the stoutest heart: bearded men piteously begging to be sent home; others requesting that a widowed mother or orphan sisters might be cared for; more sending messages to wife or children, or to others near and dear to them. We saw the amputated limbs and the bodies of the dead hurried out of the room for burial. On every side we heard the appeals of the unattended, the moans of the dying, and the sobs of those under the knife of the surgeon. We gave what cheer we could, and left with heavy hearts. There was no room then for anything

hopes of promotion; prayers to God for peace, speedy peace, that our days might be therewith devoted to efforts to avert another war, and that never again should the country be afflicted with such a scourge; and our hearts as we passed from those mournful scenes."

Five lines of picture frames, moltings at H. S. Pickett's.

Baby chairs to throw at the birds, at H. S. Pickett's.

Notice of Final Proof—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Dec. 1, 1885. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereon on the 26th day of January, 1886, viz: Karl P. Vangren, D. S. No. 16890, for the ne. 1/4 of sec. 12, T. 44 N. R. 17 W., and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Maas Natrosi, Trond Romne, Soren Larson, Hans Gaverby, all of Jesse postoffice, Griggs county, D. T.

The testimony herein to be taken before John N. Jorgensen, clerk of the district court, at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 10th day of Jan., A. D. 1886, at his office, 46-51 Jacobson & Co. attys.

HORACE AUSTIN, Register.

Notice of Final Proof—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Nov. 27, 1885.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereon on the 14th day of Jan., 1886, viz: Soren B. Larson, D. S. No. 14311, for the sw. 1/4 of sec. 18, T. 47 N., R. 10 W., and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Helge Leme, of Willow; Andrew Hanson and Jens Forthun, of Jesse, and Andrew Bendikson, of Ottawa, Griggs Co., D. T. The testimony herein to be taken before George B. Clark, judge and ex-officio clerk of probate court, at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 9th day of January, 1886, at his office, 46-51 Jacobson & Co. attys.

HORACE AUSTIN, Register.

John N. Jorgensen, attorney.

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