

Suicide of Frank Hunter.

About noon, yesterday, the community was shocked by the report that Frank Hunter, one of the most popular of our Griggs county boys, had shot himself.

A visit of the scribe to Hunter Bros.' livery stable proved the report only too true. In the rear of the office is the bed room, occupied by the brothers. It is a small and rather dark room. Beside the bed, with a terrible wound through the temples, and the face ghastly and besmeared with blood, lay the dead body. A .38-caliber Smith & Wesson, spattered with crimson, lay beside him: Upon a hook at the head of the bed was a paper, in the handwriting of the deceased, which reads as follows:

"This ends it all. I have no further use for the gun, and I return it to Stevens & Enzer. My carcass goes to the dissecting room.—my last request, Mr. Coroner. 'Ta! ta!'"

Coroner Newell at once impuneled a jury, consisting of John H. McDermott, John N. Jorgensen, and Wm. Glass.

THE INQUEST.

Dr. J. A. McGuire testified as follows:

On examination we find a lacerated wound in the right and left temples, apparently caused by gun shot wounds; that it passed through the brain, underneath the frontal bone, apparently penetrating the left temple and passing out of the right, which would be sufficient cause to produce death instantly.

P. A. Melgard testifies as follows: I sold Mr. Hunter, a few minutes past eight a. m., to-day, a Smith & Wesson revolver, .38-caliber, and identify this as the one sold.

Chas. A. Hunter testifies as follows: I saw Frank Hunter about 7:30 to 8 o'clock this morning for the last time, alive. Did not see his face then. I found him dead about 10 to 10:30 a. m. to-day. Never saw anything to indicate that anything was wrong with him. No business trouble has occurred. He felt as though I and others had misused him, and he brooded over it very much. He said that there was a stain on him. I slept with him last night he was apparently quiet during the night.

Harry Wasser testifies as follows: I saw Frank Hunter last, alive, about 8:30 o'clock a. m., and spoke to him, and he did not answer; he looked sad; seemed about as usual yesterday. I saw him dead in his bed room next.

John Flynn testifies as follows: I saw him go to breakfast this morning; he appeared as usual.

Moses Frankham—I saw Frank Hunter about 9:30 this morning, in rear of Clausen & Krogstad's drug store. He seemed as usual.

John R. McDonald—I saw Mr. Hunter about 8 a. m. Saw him earlier this morning; seemed daller than usual; said little.

Chas. A. Hunter—Frank Hunter thought he ought to have \$150, and I agreed to get it for him; but Mr. Pickett would not give it to me for him. I broke our business contract with Davis & Pickett. They refused to allow him to carry the business on, which troubled him. My brother was always sensitive, and rather peculiar with reference to business matters.

The above testimony was deemed sufficient, and the jury found that the deceased came to his death by the discharge of a pistol, in his own hands, while laboring under temporary aberration of mind.

Mr. Hunter was twenty-eight years of age, and universally liked and respected. He was a native of Dowagiac, Michigan, where his aged mother and a brother are living. A married sister resides in Battle Creek, Mich., and another brother in Nebraska. Frank was the youngest of the family. He and Charley came to Griggs county with the original Cooper outfit. The family have the sympathy of the entire community in this affliction.

The Hunter Brothers purchased the livery stable of Davis & Pickett last spring, and not getting along together, they were about to dissolve partnership, and turn the property over to Davis & Pickett. The whole matter seems to have been an ordinary business transaction, which blame can attach to no one. He must have killed himself about 10:30 a. m. He had locked himself in his room, put the key in his pocket, and the shot was not heard. He was discovered an hour later by his brother, and Mr. Wasser. After securing the revolver he had breakfasted, and performed his ordinary duties.

Around Town.

Eighty-one farmers have applied for membership in the Home Mutuals.

Herbert Robinson, of Bald Hill, went to Canada, yesterday, for the winter.

Druggist Clausen has a new prescription case, the handiwork of James Christie.

H. P. Smart and wife have moved into town, and will stop at the Palace this winter.

Wm. Rickford favors us with \$2 for COURIER, and Farm, Stock & Home.

Mr. P. W. Lapher, of Edmonds, was in town, yesterday.

J. Cullom leaves his present run, and will have charge of the road between Minnewaukan and La Moure. Jerry Behn takes his place.

The Ladies' Aid society wish to express their thanks to all who assisted in the preparations for their last fair.

E. W. McCrea has gone to Canada for the winter. Before going he ordered the COURIER forwarded.

The slaughter of prairie chickens from the COURIER office will be immense, next year. Iver Jacobson presents us with a blooded canine, which would take a prize at a bench show.

Wheat 71 cents.

Berg & Larson sold 66 McCormicks this year, and had orders for 7 steam threshers.

Wm. Rickford insists upon donating a few dollars to scatter Griggs county intelligence. William lives in Nelson county, but Cooperstown is his headquarters.

The Bank of Cooperstown will be closed on Dec. 25, 1885, and Jan. 1, 1886. All paper due those dates, will be due and payable the day preceeding.

An elder brother of the late Frank Hunter, from Dowagiac, Mich., will come on to attend the funeral. We have not learned of the disposition of body.

Rev. J. W. Donaldson informs us that his congregations at Dazey and Spiritwood have each determined to build a church the coming season. Lots have been donated in each place.—Enterprise.

The Rev. Mr. Jordan passed through Sanborn Tuesday, for Lisbon, where he will in future hold congregations to sleep. Mr. Jordan preached in Sanborn for some time, and was quite popular. We are sure he will be appreciated by the people of the thrifty city of the late gold regions of the Shesenne.—Enterprise.

The Oakes Merrie Makers entertained a full house, Wednesday night. John H. Oakes is evidently a musical genius, and the violinist and sketch artists were good. Harry Eades has an India rubber jaw of which the like has never been seen.

The man who was found murdered in the wheat car at Duluth has been identified as Andrew Kopf, and he was on his way home to Algiers. He had worked for Matwig & Smith at Tower City, and, in addition to the money found on his person, had \$400 in gold, which the murderer got. The dead man boarded the car at Fargo.

Have a Cigar.

Editor Adams has much improved the COURIER and everybody thinks it a "dandy," as Mr. Adams has a peculiar faculty of telling very plain truths in a very fascinating way. He handles cranky notions and cranks without gloves, while his keen, cutting sarcasm makes itself felt for good. It will require a very subtle philosophy that will convince the residents of "this man's town" that in Mr. Adams we have not the right man in the right place and that the Griggs COURIER is not the best local paper in the territory.—Correspondent North Dakota Democrat.

Mr. Fred H. Adams, editor and proprietor of GRIGGS COURIER, of Griggs county published at Cooperstown, the county seat, was in the city to-day. The COURIER is one of the best and brightest weekly papers of Dakota. Mr. Adams complimented Moorhead, and stated that it bore no signs of the frontier, but was like an old settled city, with evidences of prosperity and culture.—Moorhead News.

Business at the Cooperstown COURIER office is good and the editor announces a paper all printed at home. Keep right on, my dear brother, you are doing finely.—Bathgate Sentinel.

South Dakota Legislature.

Huron, Dec. 15.—The legislature of the proposed state of South Dakota met at Huron Monday. Hugh J. Campbell, chairman of the state executive committee, convened the two houses and swore the members in. H. R. Turner, of Marshall county, was made speaker protem., and Thomas McConnell, editor of the Carthage Home, temporary secretary.

The two houses met in joint convention. Messrs. Edgerton and Moody were elected United States senators. Governor Mellette reported his message, which is conservative in character. Even General Campbell expressed satisfaction at its radicalism. Wednesday was fixed as the day for canvassing the vote for senators.

Notice to Tax Payers.

All delinquent personal tax for the years of 1883 and 1884 must be paid before January 15 next. Any such tax remaining unpaid at that time will be left with my deputy tax collector, and collected by distress, according to the general laws of this territory. Dated this 5th day of Dec. A. D. 1885, ANTON ENGER, Treas. Griggs Co. D. T.

DAZEY TIME TABLE.

Table with 2 columns: Direction (Going South, Going North) and Time (10 a.m., 3:45 p.m.).

LOCALS.

Wheat 71 cents.

C. A. Seigfried is buying wheat and barley.

A. C. Ensign will ship a car load of No. 1 hard to New York city.

D. R. Swartout has shipped 3,000 bushels of No. 1 hard to S. S. Linton & Co., Duluth.

The Half-way house is being overhauled and newly furnished, which adds greatly to its convenience.

Parties desiring any information in regard to N. P. railroad lands, or Dazey town lots, will do well to call on C. F. Weiland.

D. R. Swartout has sold his farm near Dazey, and will invest in Dazey town lots.

O. H. Nelson was up from Fargo last week, after the interests of his firm at that place.

Stee & Alstad intend building an extensive addition to their building, and open up a first-class hotel.

A few more farmers can be accommodated with the Keller Farming mill, by applying to C. F. Weiland.

Miss Ophelia Wilsie, who has been visiting Mrs. Otto Helmar the past week, started for her home in Wisconsin, Monday.

P. Wickstrom, of Fargo, now employed by Nelson Bros. & Co., will open up a furniture store and cabinet shop soon.

Mrs. Wm. Schweigler returned from Sanborn, Tuesday, where she has been visiting.

We hear that Dazey will have a flour mill of 200 barrels capacity the coming season.

Encl. of picture frame moldings at H. S. Pickett's.

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

The Ideal of an Idle Hour.

It is Sunday morning, and the gayeties of the Saratoga Summer season are momentarily lulled. The day is perfect; all nature seems grateful for the pause in the sonorous bustle of fashionable watering-place life. Birds are twittering in the trees, the church bells are monotonously pealing forth invitations to spiritual temples, the air is balmy, and the bright rays of the sun illumine the earth with a flood of maternal glory. Walking down Broadway amid the throng of church-goers on the spacious sidewalk in front of the United States hotel is a lady who enchantingly enchains our attention and enkindles our admiration. To describe the brightness of the picture in all of its completeness defies the power of diction. Her tall figure is superb and symmetrical, and her carriage queenly and dignified, without any trace of haughtiness. As she passes along with an easy and elastic step she is the embodiment of grace; the poetry of motion! Her fascinating visage is not of the round and red, dollish and doll-faced type, which shallow critics call pretty, but it is of a more aquiline and infinitely superior mold, full of expression and mentality, and brightened with an ineffable sweetness which imparts a wonderful winsomeness. Her lustrous, speaking dark eyes—brilliant as a Venus night comet—form a splendid contrast to the marvelous delicacy of her fair and lovely complexion. She is dressed with the exquisite taste which infallibly indicates inbred refinement. The deft hand of the artist is apparent in the arrangement of every detail, from the well-fitting lavender glove on the shapely hand that so cleverly carries a lace-bordered parasol to the ornaments which glisten in her dark and luxuriant hair. Her form and features, dress and deportment, all harmonize in constituting an ideal entity—an image of beauty! To walk by her side on this sun-crowned Summer day within the immediate circle of the indefinable but irresistible influence of her matchless magnetism were to shake the dust of the gross, clayey earth from one's feet and be triumphantly transported through the pearly portals of paradise. Alas, alas! it is madness to permit such a thought to enter our enthralled and enraptured senses and yet we are filled and thrilled with a new-born aspiration. She turns at the corner of the Grand Union, and is now beyond our ken. The reaction has come, and we stand in the gloom of a leaden-hearted stupor staring at vacancy. Everything seems dull, commonplace, insipid. We have no eyes for others; who can relish rain-water after partaking of champagne? Our ideal has vanished from view, and we can only fervently breathe the prayer: God bless her! May good angels guide and guard her footsteps through life, so that she may escape the cankering sorrows and soul-shrinking drudgeries which so often fall to the lot of even the noblest of womankind.—John Jackson, in Saratoga Eagle.

The treeless condition of parts of the South American pampas is attributed to the work of an omnipresent ant, which feeds upon leaves and quickly destroys tree seedlings and other tender plants as soon as the leaves appear above ground.

Grandmother and the Little Girl.

It was so terribly cold—it snowed, and the evening began to be dark; it was also the last evening in the year—New Year's Eve. On this cold, bleak evening a poor little girl was in the street with bare head and naked feet. It is true she had shoes on when she went from home, but of what use were they? They were very large shoes; her mother had last worn them; they were too large and the little one lost them in hurrying over the street as two carriages passed quickly by. One shoe was not to be found, and the other a boy ran away with, saying that he could use it for a cradle when he got children himself. The little girl now went on her small, naked feet, which were red and blue with cold. She carried a number of matches in an old apron, and held one brand in her hand. No one had bought of her the whole day, no one had given her a farthing. Poor thing! she was hungry and benumbed with cold, and looked so downcast! The snowflakes fell on her yellow hair, which curled so prettily around her neck, but she did not heed that.

The lights shone out from all the windows, and there was such a delicious smell of roast beef in the street—it was New Year's Eve, and she thought of that!

She sat down in a corner between two houses—the one stood a little more forward in the street than the other—and drew her legs up under her to warm herself, but she was still colder, and she durst not go home; she had not sold any matches or got a single farthing! Her father would beat her, and it was also cold at home, they had only the roof directly over them, and there the wind whistled in, although straw and rags were stuffed in the largest crevices.

Her little hands were almost benumbed with cold. All a little match might do some good, durst she only draw one out of the bundle, strike it on the wall, and warm her fingers. She drew one out, ritch! how it burnt! it was a warm clear flame like that of a little candle, when she held her hand round it—it was a strange light!

The little girl thought she sat by a large iron stove with brass balls on the top, the fire burned so nicely and warmed so well! Nay, what was that? The little girl stretched out her feet to warm them, too, when the flame went out, the stove vanished—she sat with a stump of the burned match in her hand. Another was struck; it burnt, it shone; and where the light shone on the wall it became as transparent as crystal; she looked directly into the room where the roasted goose stuff'd with apples and prunes steamed so charmingly on the table, which was laid out and covered with a shining white cloth and fine porcelain service. What was still more splendid, the goose sprung off the dish, and waddled along the floor with a knife and fork in its beak; it came directly up to the poor girl. Then the match went out, and there was only the thick, cold wall to be seen.

She struck another match. Then she sat under the most charming Christmas tree—it was still larger and more ornamental than that she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's last Christmas. A thousand candles burnt on the green branches; and motley pictures, like those which ornament the shop-windows, looked down at her. The little girl lifted up both her hands—then the match was extinguished—the many Christmas candles rose higher and higher; she saw that they were bright stars—one of them fell and made a fiery stripe in the sky. "Now one dies!" said the poor girl, for old grandmother, who alone had been kind to her, but who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls a soul goes up to God.

She again struck a match against the wall, it shone all around, and her old grandmother stood in the luster, so shining, so mild and blissful. "Grandmother!" exclaimed the little girl, "oh, take me with you! I know you will be gone away when the match goes out—like the warm stove, the delicious roast goose, and the delightful Christmas tree!" And she struck in haste the whole remainder of matches that was in the bundle; she would not lose sight of grandmother, and the matches shone with such brilliancy that it was clearer than in broad daylight. Grandmother had never before looked so pretty, so great; she lifted the poor little girl up in her arms, and they flew so high, in splendor and joy, there was no cold, no hunger, no anxiety—they were with God.

But the little girl sat in the corner by the house, in the cold morning hour, with red cheeks, and with a smile round her mouth—dead—frozen to death, the last evening of the old year.

New Year's morning rose over the little corpse as it sat with the matches, of which a bundle was burnt. She had been trying to warm herself, said they! But no one knew what beautiful things she had seen—in what splendor and gladness she had entered with her old grandmother into New Year's joys.—A Christmas Story, by the Danish ecc., Hans Christian Andersen.

Editorial Stimulants.

Brain exhaustion is the fashionable complaint in New York. Everybody who works with his head instead of his hands, and occasionally feels fatigued, fancies that his brain tissue is dilapidated. In the most crowded part of lower Broadway is a soda-water stand that does more business than any regular bar in town. Women and children are the principal customers at such drinking-places elsewhere, but here the crowd is composed almost entirely of men, and the shop is never shut. All night long half a dozen white-aproned fellows are busy behind the counter. In the daytime the swallows include a fair proportion of those who order the common forms of sweetened and flavored carbonic acid water; but large numbers are lawyers, bankers, and other headachy chaps, while the

might as well take very largely journalists employed in the neighborhood of Pennsylvania Avenue. All these professional men, from the ordinary soda-water vendor, many of them take whisky in lieu of the sugared flavored but the demand for supposed brain-bracing mixtures is astonishing. No saloon bar on earth is stocked with half the variety of beverages that are here in constant request. Four managing editors of morning journals happened to meet in this mid-coffee-shop, weary with the night's strain and desirous of beneficial refreshment before going home. They drank together. Cockard of the World took acid phosphates in vichy, Lord of the Sun class mix and soda, Reed of the Times got quinine and sassafras, and Flynn of the Herald dosed himself with zinc and K-sagen. Then they discussed learnedly the symptoms of neurasthenia, the new name for nervous exhaustion, compared their various feelings of fatigue, and disagreed altogether as to remedies.—W. U. G. O. G. O. G.

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