

Around Town.

Knud Thompson went to Fargo, Monday. The Mutual Aid society had a meeting Tuesday evening. W. S. Vanbogat favors us with the a subscription. Hans Olson Lien orders the COURIER sent to Bangor, Wis. James Rankin went to Sanborn, Monday. O. F. Forde, of Lee, favors us with his elegant \$2 for the COURIER. Geo. L. Lenham went to St. Paul, Saturday night. Attorney Van Wormer, of Sanborn, has gone to Pennsylvania on a visit. The COURIER is issued one day earlier than usual on account of Christmas. Mrs. J. H. Montgomery is seriously ill. Andrew Park, of Gallatin, sends us a two dollar item. A brisk rain Tuesday. The mercury 57° above zero, and yet this is the frozen northwest. Parties were cutting hay and weeds in the slough by the depot, Monday. A young daughter at Dubois Newell's. How about that six-mile-moonlight walk, Geo. W.? Why didn't you give us the item? The Moorhead News issues a beautiful holiday supplement. Charley Hunter made Jo. Vallandigham a Christmas present of three loads of manure. This is the latest thing in Christmas presents. Sylvester Flick came up from Valley City, Monday, and went on to Red Willow. Fred Thomson departed for the east, Monday morning, and was thoughtful enough to have the COURIER forwarded. Andrew Johnson has bought the store building, now occupied by him, from Peter Nelson, for \$750. N. Swenson, the Dazey farmer, called in and favored us with a renewal of subscription. Paul J. Nelson, of Romness, called and favored us with a renewal of his subscription. Edwin Olson, of Mt. Clair, was in town, Wednesday, and honored the COURIER with a substantial call. A sister of Mrs. G. W. Newberry, and Miss Thirza Gimblett, will spend the holidays with them. Wm. Glass was called up at 6 a. m. Wednesday, to attend to land business. The boom is upon us. Judge Matthew Davidson, an old subscriber, renews his subscription to the COURIER, this week. Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Brown anticipate entertaining their friends, at a little horse-warming, after the holidays. The Valley City venturesome ones are speculating in puts and calls. Better quit it. A ten-cent wheat gambler generally figures as a fifteen-cent loser. C. H. Hunter will conduct the livery stable, and will always be found there ready to accommodate parties desiring livery, or board for their horses. It is rumored that a genial and efficient young man connected with a Coopers-town hotel will be married to an estimable young lady of Cooperstown very soon. Charley Allen says it's a nice piece of business for a dirty old woman to yell out in a theater, and ask if a fellow is present, when he is sitting under her nose, with his best girl. Chas. A. Hunter and John McDermott accompanied G. W. Hunter as far as Sanborn on his sad trip to Michigan with the remains of his brother, Frank Hunter. Andrew H. Berg received \$175 from the Fargo Hail Insurance company. Total loss on fifty acres. Mr. A. B. Cox claims that the above named company has adjusted and paid all its losses. There was a fine congregation assembled at the Baptist chapel, Sunday at 3:30 p. m. to hear Rev. Westberg preach. Mr. Westberg was not present, and the congregation dispersed. Upon examination of the COURIER file, it appears that no meeting was announced for that hour. Moral: Read your COURIER carefully. L. B. Allen has returned to the East. Mr. Allen is spoken of in the highest terms by his late employers, and everybody else for that matter, and we are sorry to see him go. Watch the old year out at the court house, with much "merrie making." Go to the Library benefit on New Year's eve. A short literary programme and a long session at the lunch counter.

A Lesson in Tennis.

They played at tennis that summer day— Where was it? Oh, call it Mount Desert— The place matters not; I will simply say, They were playing tennis that summer day, And she wore a short and striped skirt. He played but ill—twas his first essay— And she his partner and coach was both; Though perhaps not "up" in the points of play, Yet she knew the game in a general way, And to give him points seemed nothing loath. He'd hit his best, but his best was poor; The balls served to him on his side staid; And thus it went on for a round or more, Till, anxious, he ventured to ask the score, "The score? Why, its 'thirty—love," she said. "And Love? What is love?" he fain would know, Yet blushed to ask it, for he could see What paragon's ignorance he must show; But so bravely answered him, speaking slow, "Why, Love is nothing, you know," said she. The sun of that summer day is set; The season is gone, as seasons go; But his heart was caught in that tennis net, And they might have been paying partners yet. Had she not given her answer, "No." He plays no tennis at all this year; But he hopes, and hopes, and sighs— "heigh!" That fate is so hard, and life is so drear; And, worse than all else, he remembers clear That "Love is nothing"—sure to him so.

THE SUWANEE RIVER.

A Description of the Beautiful Scenery Through Which It Flows.

The other day two or three of us, boon companions—well, there were some thirty or forty in the excursion—went to that spot famous in song and story—the Suwanee river. The ride to the gulf has already been described; suffice it to say that the trip was swift and agreeable. The jungles had lost none of their beauty, the splendid magnolias were in bloom, the grand oaks were garlanded with gigantic grapevines, and the moss was as gray, silken, and fantastic as ever. One takes a small steamer going for some distance along the gulf, and after a night's rest looks from the sheltered deck upon the lovely Suwanee. The river is quite as large as the upper St. John's, bending in and out in innumerable curves for over one hundred miles. In its clear waters you can see the fish leaping and swimming. Every bend throughout its entire course seems more graceful than the last; every stretch more romantic and beautiful. Nowhere is the verdure more tropical, and as far as the eye can reach one sees an unbroken line of symmetry. If some gardener had the care of the trees on either side his work would call for hearty admiration, but it is all the handwork of nature, that magnificent wall of green—not a shrub seems to be broken, not a faded leaf can be seen, on a long vast, unbroken hedge of emerald, and underneath a greenward like a carpet, interlaced with lines of gold and bars of silver, where the sun throws vivid or fainter beams down athwart the cool, deep shadows. "Dar's whar de o'd folks is," says a swartny deacon, as he doffs his rimless hat, showing broad white ivories and laughing back to laughing faces ashore. So enough, in yonder tiny bend is a little hut built of logs, and two or three colored children stand on the greensward to see you about ride. As if to add pathos and reality to the poet's vision, there comes out an old, old man, his head whitened with the frost of age, and stands leaning on a stick to watch us out of sight. And later on comes the moon to add to the witchery of the surroundings. Over yonder the river has washed in under the live oaks, the tall cypress, and the pines. Years ago the Indians and his wigwam dotted these shores. I have no doubt they were as wild, and perhaps as wayward, as their brothers of the west—rejoicing in scalps, bandishing the war-knife with savage satisfaction, and setting fire to the peaceful habitations of the white settlers along the borders. In all probability the poetry of the splendid river was muen of it lost upon their uncivilized natures, though its waters may have kept them cleaner than the majority of their race. They did have some music in them, however, for notice the names of their towns and rivers. By and by we reach a plantation, but it is in ruins. Yet it blends well with the sort sad beauty of the night. Whether or not it is "de ole plantat on," who can tell. We know that once it was peopled with happy family groups, husky's children and massa's slaves. The tinkling notes of "de banjo" were heard under the eaves, the negroes sang their plaintive melodies, while "de white folks" took their ease on the now deserted lawn that slopes so gently down to the water's edge. We stop at several landings, at one of which are the famous iron springs, and, wherever we go, the wonders of foliage, of color, of water and sky, enhance our admiration. It is the paradise of the South—the wonderlands of Florida—and tourists who do not investigate its beauties have lost much that would make memory a pleasure. —COURIER (see various chronicles).

The Pigtail as a Brain Regulator.

With a population of 300,000,000 China has not a single insane asylum. This fact does not prove that there are no lunatics among the Chinese, but it shows that they are not sufficiently numerous to make an asylum necessary. To what do the Chinese owe their exemption from brain disease? Various explanations are given. It is said that the Mongolian enjoys mental repose. He does not fret and worry. As his religion has been established for thousands of years he lets it alone. He cares nothing about politics. There is no competition to stimulate him. All the business of life is regulated by the government. Doubtless all these things are conducive to mental sanity, but the Chinaman's epiglotis is probably due to his pigtail more than anything else. It takes good judgment and a nice sense of proportion to make and keep in order a first-class pigtail. It must hang evenly from the middle of the head between the shoulders. It acts as a sort of balance-weight. Some mental concentration is required to keep a pigtail in order, and self-love, pride, and methodical habits are all involved in it. This may seem a trifle, but the human mind is controlled by trifles. Our Chinese friends, perhaps builded wiser than they knew when they first twisted their pigtails. —The U. S. Institution.

The Pigtail as a Brain Regulator.

The two English ladies recently captured by Greek brigands, and released on a ransom of \$2,500, have returned to their home in West Kensington, thoroughly cured of sentimental traveling on the plains of Marathon. Their adventures bear a curious resemblance in many points to those of the two fair captives, Mrs. Simons and her daughter, as related so amusingly by Edmund About. It appears that the realization is complete, even to the fraternization of Greek gendarmes with the banditti, a spectacle of which the captives were actual witnesses.

The Homes of the Cabinet.

The tent-pitching of the Cabinet has been watched with much interest; but now they are all settled in home, that satisfy not only themselves, but the community at large. The Secretary of State will remain in his old home; the Secretary of the treasury has leased the house of Mr. Bigelow; the Secretary of the Navy, ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen's; the Secretary of War, that of our new Minister to Germany, ex-Senator Pendleton; and the Secretary of the Interior, the Postmaster-General, and the Attorney-General are placed as they were in the spring. Mr. Manning's home pro tem. (or pro term, as it is a four-years' lease) is in the North End. It is on Dupont Circle, and its west front is gorgeous with the scarlet glories of the Virginia creeper and ampolopsis, and the less fleeting splendors of stained glass. Massachusetts and New Hampshire avenues flank it with their wide parallels that lose themselves not in infinity, but in the beautiful woods that crown the heights north of the city. Secretary Whitney was for months relegated to the Yuloe mansion, already familiar to your readers—a fine specimen of the new school of architecture, whose red brick is relieved and made artistic by great windows of stained glass, a conservatory blazing with tropical bloom, and large files of terra-cotta on which cluster in bas-relief the orange blossoms, fruit and foliage, the palmetto and palm, and the passion flower and cactus of the State which the old Senator represented so long in congress. But he has quietly disapproved popular rumor by leasing the home made familiar to society by the elegant hospitality of the ex-Secretary of State and his family. It is a plain, square, double brick on I street, in the heart of the West End, within a stone's throw of Farragut square, and in the near neighborhood of the old Shubrick house and the homes of Gens. Benet and Sackett, U. S. A. It has no claim to architectural beauty, and its charm lies, like that of the King's daughter, come from within. Secretary and Mrs. Endicott have the prettiest house in town, although it is small. Its nearest neighbors are Mr. Blaine's home and Senator Cameron's; and it is as quaint as it is attractive. One special feature is the oriole windows. They cluster on the sides of the building after the fashion of the nests of the birds from which they take their name; and, as each one shows a foliage plant, a pot of bloom, or a flash of lace and colored ribbon, the effect is very bright. The old bronze vidette Scott stands near by in his circle of flowers; and far away down the street the facade of the White House rises over the green of Lafayette square like a white spray on a surf-wave. The interior of these homes are characteristic of the inmates. Mrs. Whitney's being filled with bric-a-brac, Mrs. Endicott's with books and pictures and Mrs. Manning's with people.

A Learned Judge.

The judges of county courts are well known to possess an extensive and varied knowledge of things in general; but an acquaintance with the principles of artistic dressmaking is not usually to be found among their accomplishments. There seems, however, to be an exception at Liverpool, where the judge had to settle a dispute between a "fashionably attired" young lady and a dressmaker; the former claiming damages against the latter for spoiling some silk sent to her to make up into a bodice. According to the plaintiff's story the bodice was a misfit and the silk wasted. The dressmaker insisted that the bodice had been padded so as to improve the plaintiff's figure; but the plaintiff retorted that she was quite satisfied with her figure as it was. Under the circumstances the judge ordered the bodice to be tried on. The plaintiff is here reported to have blushed so the judge kindly added, "Try it on in my library." The plaintiff soon reappeared in her bodice, and the judge surveyed it with a critical eye. His honor concluded that it certainly was out too short; but that if the plaintiff would wear a dress-improver the bodice would look all right. Under these circumstances it is reported that judgment was given for the plaintiff for 5 pence 3 farthings. The case shows how important it is for judges to be men of wide knowledge and experience. —The U. S. Institution.

The Queen's Style.

Gen. Baden, formerly American consul at London, writes thus about Queen Victoria: "She still exacts for herself the punctilio of former centuries. Men and women of the highest rank kneel to her to-day; cabinet ministers kiss her hand. She refuses to receive any personal service from a menial except at table. She never opens a door or directs a letter. Dukes and duchesses cloak her in public, and commoners become 'honorable' for life because they have waited on her majesty. At a garden party I have seen a duchess walking behind her to carry a bouquet, or standing at the entrance of a tent while her mistress went within to rest or refresh herself. The sovereign's own daughters arrange her robes when she opens parliament; the price of Wales pays homage as a subject on the same occasion; her children must be presented at court upon their marriages. In the early part of her reign she was visiting Louis Philippe, then king of the French, at his Chateau d'Enfer, and one day asked for a glass of water. It was handed her by a servant, but her majesty declined to receive it, whereupon the king directed one of his own sons to offer the goblet, which was then graciously accepted."

Ben Parley Poore.

Ben Parley Poore tells this anecdote of Senator Ingalls of Kansas: Mr. Ingalls was visiting Old Point Comfort. He was sitting on the pier one evening, looking with his near-sighted eyes into the rippling water and descending on the change between this moonlit scene and hot and busy city life. "Is it possible," said some body, with keen recollection of his ruling characteristics, "that that man is ever anything but cool?" "Yes," said the Senator, overhearing the remark, "sometimes. I am like a good I heard preaching a sermon on Judgment Day. He described the final condemnation, and the horrors of judgment, and finally exclaimed: 'Ye, ye, ye! Heav'n will pass away, and Earth will pass away, and sea and air, and by th'n (as a claimer) I will pass away, too.'"

When the new Centon them.

When the new Centon them, and aqueduct are built, 1,000,000 gallons of water will be sent to New York city each day. Ten thousand men are now employed on the work.

Modjeska's Months.

Of the children's months which Modjeska spent in Europe, only six of them were spent in acting. The remainder were given over to resting and visiting and dissipation, in consequence of which he has thought over some ravishing stunts, she having entirely replenished her stage wardrobe. In fact, seventy-two pieces of baggage were landed with the steamer belonging to her party of four, which consisted of herself, her husband, her maid and her niece. Only one old dress has she retained, and that she regards with a superstitious veneration common enough among the Slavonic races, but quite incomprehensible to practical America. It is the lace wrapper which she wears in the death scene of "Adrienne Lecouvreur." The importance she attaches to it is occasioned by her belief that it brings luck, or rather did bring her luck, and therefore that it might be unlucky to part with it, or discard it for a new one. The history of this gown is simply that when in California where she first spoke English on the stage and made such an instantaneous success, at very nearly the last day of her preparations she remembered that she had no dress for the last act. Her money was nearly exhausted, and she was a total stranger to everyone in the city, except her English teacher, a young Jewish woman. Between them they mustered enough money to buy the material, and between them they made the dress. Modjeska had determined at this time that if she was not successful this garment should be her shroud, for in case of a failure she had fully resolved to drown herself. On the night of her debut in English, appreciable success did not come until the last act, wherein she wore this dress, and as she stepped in front of the curtain in response to calls of that San Francisco audience she determined never to part with that gown. Modjeska has other strange fancies. She believes in clairvoyance or fortune-telling, by the lines on one's hands. Cland Warren, the English sculptor, celebrated also for his study of the human hand, took a cast of Modjeska's hands last summer, and in his book of twenty-four famous pairs of hands, he introduces hers with a drawing and description of it. In one paragraph he says: "Lines rather numerous, thin, weak; a very prominent one in comparison with the others is the one of art and the one of destiny." Those who have seen Modjeska act and know the history of her life can easily believe that if there is anything in clairvoyance, she must have both lines remarkably developed in her hands. From a little girl, acting like Cinderella among the pots and pans of the kitchen, running bare-footed and in her nightgown through the bloody streets and among the burning houses of Craew, amid all the horrors of a Russian bombardment; following to her grave, in her first teens, the bodies of many of her countrymen; marrying at 16 her guardian, much older than herself; going on the stage a year later; traveling in a cart from village to village; becoming later the reigning actress of Warsaw; then, after her first husband's death, marrying a Polish nobleman and sharing his exile and poverty in this country; her mastery of the English language; her triumphs on the American stage, and her re-entrance into her own country, all tend to show that, whether there be anything in the lines of the human hand or not, art and destiny have had a large share in shaping her life, and she can hardly be blamed for considering her Adrienne gown as a robe de triump.

Ochiltree's First Charge.

Thomas Ochiltree, the famous Texas raconteur, was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other day listening to some fellow-comrades in the late War relating their hair-breadth escapes. After they had spoken of narrow escapes in certain battles Tom spoke up and said that he won his first golden spurs under Gen. Dick Taylor. "It occurred this way," he said. Everybody gathered nearer, with a dry grin, to listen. "One day Gen. Taylor ordered me to take charge of a battalion of cavalry and go and feel for the enemy and place them. I put myself at the head of the column and started. We came to a large, open field, and rode nearly half way through it. I suddenly discovered the Federal army on the edge of the field ahead. I rose in my stirrups and ordered a charge. I was in front, and pulling out my sword and putting spurs to my horse, I dashed forward at the enemy. My idea was to rout them by our bold charge. I suppose I had galloped a quarter of a mile, yelling the slogan and cheering, when I turned in my saddle to see how my battalion was aligned. Horrors! I was alone in front of an army of 50,000! I caught sight of my men a mile back, retreating at full speed. I saw the white of the enemies' eyes and heard their guns clicking. But I was not hit. Not a bullet struck me." "How did they miss you?" asked a veteran. "They didn't shoot. My daring act paralyzed them. You've often seen an army panicking, haven't you? Of course you have." —New York Mail.

Call and place your order.

Call and place your order for the Monitor Seeders and drills, so. You may be left Knud Thompson.

Go to the court house and make the best hours of the old year a pleasant memory for all the new.

Remember the court house New Year's eve.

I can tell you something fine about T. G. Maudt's Bob's sign. O. I. are here. — Knud Thompson.

Notice to Tax Payers.

All delinquent personal tax for the years of 1884 and 1885 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 F. NORTON, Treas. Griggs Co. D. T.

Sherman on McCullough.

Gen. W. T. Sherman, who was a warm personal friend of John McCullough, says: "I know poor John well. It was in California, in 1860, when McCullough was managing a theater there, that our acquaintance began, which has been steadily maintained since. He was then just as jovial and pleasant as he was in the later years of his success." "When did you last see him?" the general was asked. "About a year ago, I think. Anyway, it was just after he had the trouble in Chicago, when he broke down. He came to St. Louis and called to see me. I noticed when he entered the room that he was the same John McCullough physically, and for the first few sentences his mind seemed all right. He went on, then, in a complaining way, to tell me how he had been ill-treated in Chicago, and repeatedly said that he was perfectly able to carry out his part. As I looked at his physique I would have believed him had he not fallen occasionally into a strange silence, when his face assumed a pitiful, dazed expression. This was the last time I ever saw the tragedian, and he never played after that." "What about the charge that he was an imitator?" "Oh, that is absurd. John McCullough was an educated man and a man of great native force, and in every sense of the word was a great actor. All actors are more or less imitators, and if McCullough imitated Forrest in some instances, the example was grand enough to warrant it." "What characteristic impressed you most forcibly?" "His intense earnestness, his desire to do thoroughly whatever he undertook, to master it, and, again, his great good nature, for he was a kindly man, of the truest kind. He was a very warm personal friend of President Garfield, at whose house in Washington he frequently visited. But then, for that matter, all the doors in Washington were open to McCullough during the time I lived there. He was easily pleased, and came to me about two years ago to tell me that he had secured a book of Shakespeare's plays, an humble volume, from which he first got his inspiration for the stage. I asked him what there was about it that made him prize it so highly, and then he told me of his early days, when he served an apprenticeship with a chairmaker in Philadelphia; of an old English workman in the shop who had this old book of Shakespeare, and of how he was always spending from it; of how he himself came to catch some of the old man's affection for the drama, and finally, of how he chanced to come under the notice of Edwin Forrest, who gave him some books and told him to educate himself. He told all these things with great satisfaction at the thought that the old book was really his own at last, and I could not fail to be impressed at the time with the simple nature of the man." "Which play did he excel in?" "In my opinion he was at his best in 'King Lear.' The other plays—'Virginia' and 'The Gladiator'—were too bloody, and although he acted them to perfection, to my mind his greatest success was 'Lear.'"