

Around Town.

A. N. Adams was in Fargo, this week. Alex Stewart has gone to Potter county, on a visit to relatives.

Claus Jackson purchased Dr. T. F. Kerr's horse, last week, and is now enjoying life.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Jorgensen entertained a small party of old friends, Sunday evening.

There was a dance at A. A. Fluto's, Wednesday night. They had a fine time.

R. S. Hall was insured for \$350 in the Continental. He was adjusted at something over \$200, and he is waiting to receive it yet.

A grand ball at the school house, in Dazey, Wednesday eve. F. B. Buck and Cash Yancey furnish the music.

Mr. B. B. Brown's thirty-seventh anniversary was celebrated by a large gathering of friends at his home.

Maynard Crane, the enterprising young lumberman, has gone east; and it is openly whispered that there is a young lady in the case, who will shortly become Mrs. C.

F. D. Craig wants to sell us a chicken incubator, for advertising. With an incubator, and the Nebraska receipt for making artificial eggs, a farmer would be fixed.

Allen Breed has been waiting many weeks for about \$2,700 due him from one of our great hail insurance companies. Yes, he is waiting, but he doesn't propose to wait much longer.

Tom Craver gave an oyster supper to his friends, Wednesday night. Tom never does things by halves, and his guests were filled from "stem to gudgeon" with the succulent oyster.

Charles Freidenberg has for some time suffered from an elongation, and stiffening of the joint, of his great toe. Sunday, Dr. McGuire amputated the member. The patient is now out again.

Mrs. W. R. Whidden did receive that caster, and would like to have the guilty persons (the young fry) meet at her house, Saturday evening. All are earnestly invited to be present, and participate in the festivities.

Sam Sansburn, of the reliable firm of Moore & Sansburn, with their usual promptness, liquidated their little account Christmas, and took in the Farm, Stock & Home. The boys took the train, Tuesday morning, for a month's visit to Canada—their first vacation in five years.

Farmers should not fail to be present at the hail insurance company meeting, January 9th. The company will certainly be a success if managed properly; and, as this is the most important meeting, everybody interested should be present, and bear a hand in its control.

Mr. E. W. Blackwell spent Christmas in Valley City, returning, Tuesday. He has been quite sick since his return, so it is fair to infer that he had a merry Christmas. Under similar circumstances we have some times worn a cheese box around on our head for a few days.

Cooperstown has become so good that all its ministers have forsaken it for Lisbon, Crookston, etc. Here is a fine chance for the young men to instruct the people.

J. E. Quale came in and squared up at the beginning of the New Year, and secured the best agricultural paper in the Northwest. Mr. Quale is one of our pioneer settlers, and says that he would as soon lose an ox as miss his COURIER.

Rev. Westberg had the misfortune to lose one of his ponies, Christmas night. The "cussed" animal, with the perverseness of a mule, deliberately hanged himself. The reverend gentleman went to Portland, Tuesday, from thence he will go to Crookston to hold a revival. He will return in about three weeks.

Jas. G. White, of Helena, made the COURIER office a pleasant call, Monday. Mr. White confirms the statements of the great value of our meadow grass in fattening stock. He has wintered cattle on this grass, and had them fat in the spring, whereas in the fall you could see their ribs across a school section.

Messrs. A. Know, Morris Roach, Kirk, and Joe McCulloch spent Christmas at the country residence of their hospitable bachelor friend, B. C. Bound, at Red Willow. B. C. was resplendent with smiles, and entertained his friends with roast turkey (stuffed with oysters) mince pies, and captivating dough nuts. The boys say that as a caterer, Bound goes 'em all one harder. Mr. B. is a single man, about 31 years old, a brunette, and stands six feet three in his stockings; owns a large farm, and would like to get married—provided he can find a woman all wool and a yard wide.

Dare to say "N!" Think of the wreck upon life's ocean tossed for answering "Yes," without counting the cost. Think of the mother who burns you in pain. Think of the loss that will fall like the rain. Think of the heart, and how cruel the blow. Think of her love, and at once answer "No!" Think of the horses that are drowned in the bowl. Think of the danger to body and soul. Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow. Look at them now an fat once answer "No!" Think of a manhood with unclouded breath. Think how the grass leads to sorrow and death. Think of the homes that, now smothered with woe, might have been heaven had the answer been "No!" Think of the lone graves both unwept and unknown. Think of the hopes that were fair as your own. Think of the proud forms now forever laid low. Think of all that might be here had they learned to say "No!" Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl. Think of the life that will fall like the rain. Think of all this as life's journey you go. And when you're assailed by the tempter, say "No!"

Uncle B. P. Sharon.

"You people are missing the most interesting features of Uncle B. P. Sharon's last will," said a recent arrival from San Francisco. "The deed of trust by which he gave all his property out to his children and grandchildren had a string to it. The old man preserved his business shrewdness and tact to the last. Sharon is a good deal of a Shakespearean student, and when—in his prime—he had knocked off the necks of a couple of the Widow Clapot's jugs he could quote the bard by the hour. He remembered King Lear, and so, after he had made and signed the deed of trust which virtually left him a pauper he suddenly raised his head, beckoned to General Barnes, his attorney, and whispered: 'Wait a moment, I guess you'd better put in there something like this, that in the event of my recovery from this illness I stipulate that the sum of \$10,000 a year be first set aside from the income of the estate for my personal support until I die. Do you understand? You remember, General, how old King Lear once remarked: 'Fathers that wear rags do make their children blind.' I would avoid that. Put it in the deed—\$10,000 a year if I get well—ten thousand—and then the little old millionaire fell off into a doze.' Continued the same authority: 'No list has yet been published of Sharon's property, but it is known to cover the Palace and Grand hotels, alone representing four or five millions; all the property on both sides of New Montgomery street for four blocks; about 400 dwellings in the Western Addition and near the central portion of town, nearly all of which pay good rent; business places on Dupont street; 20,000 acres of land in Fresno, belonging once to the Friedlander estate; the Burlingame ranch, in San Mateo county, embracing 800 valuable acres; the old Ralston property at Belmont; most of the Bank of California stock; controlling interest in the Virginia & Truckee and Carson & Colorado railroad companies, and large interest in the Yellow Jacket, Crown Point and Belcher mines. He has been the largest builder of residence houses in San Francisco, and altogether he probably owns 600 houses, which rent for \$500 to \$5,000 a year. I regard this estate as worth at least \$12,000,000. The deed of trust provides that, pending settlement and division, his son, Fred Sharon, and his daughter, Lady Flora Hosketh, of England, shall receive \$18,000 a year in income; that his son-in-law, Mr. Newlands, shall receive \$10,000 a year, and \$8,000 per annum shall be devoted to educating the latter's three little daughters. That when the latter shall be grown they, with the father, shall each receive one-twelfth the estate. It will, by the time those little girls are of age, yield them all more than a million each—great catches, eh? And as the Occidental tourist remarked this he looked at himself in the glass and turned away. He was a trifle gray.—Chicago Herald's Wives and Wives.

Digital Tenotomy for Pianists.

There is no saying to what extent martyrdom in the cause of art will go. It has just been discovered that nature, when designing the human hand, forgot to make allowances for the invention of the piano-forte, and that, consequently, all who are anxious to excel on that instrument must undergo an operation known as digital tenotomy, or the severance of the tendons which prevent the fingers from being stretched very far apart from one another. Doctors have, naturally enough, expressed their approval of this proceeding, considerably adding that there is certainly some chance of the wound thus inflicted not healing by first intention, and therefore patients should be warned of the risk they undergo previous to the operation. This is, perhaps, not quite so bad as putting out a horse's eyes in order that he may pump up water properly, but it is a step in the same direction, and it is scarcely to be expected that in these days of infant prodigies such a royal route to success will be confined to those who are old enough to fully understand the steps they are taking.—Pittsburgh Gazette.

The name of Gessler is still execrated in Switzerland. A Prussian nobleman of that name recently hired a boat to convey himself and some friends across a lake. During the passage one of the party chanced to address the nobleman by his name. The boatman started with horror. He stopped his oar for a moment, and then said to the astonished company: "I would not have a Gessler in my boat for 100 francs." In spite of all entreaties he turned his boat, rowed to the land and insisted that the supposed descendant of Gessler should disembark.

MISSING LINKS.

In Melbourne the letter carriers are clad in scarlet coats, waistcoats and trousers. The Mexicans use a species of the blackberry for curdling milk to make cheese of. Tennie Cladin's husband, the Visconde de Monserreta, is a rich dealer in India shawls in London.

Of the 100,000 acres vineyard in California only one-tenth is planted with the raisin varieties of grapes.

Iowa possesses one of the three best law libraries collected under state authority in the United States.

An Altona man has invented a machine with which he can cut 100 heads of cabbage for sauerkraut in one minute.

It is rumored that Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, is soon to marry an attractive young widow of Washington.

Mr. Blaine is reported to have once said, in reply to a remark: "In politics there is no gratitude. Politics means ambition and success."

A marriage ceremony was lately performed on an iceberg in the Arctic Ocean, the contracting parties being a German clergyman and an English girl.

The prosperity of the country may mean something more than fastening the power of the corporation magnates upon transportation.—Usury Dispatch.

Etiquet is a studied style of behavior for particular occasions. Good manners stay by a man all the time and are more important.—of Orans Peignure.

In the schools of Copenhagen twenty-four boys out of every 100 suffer from headache. They study too much—eight hours a day—and do not romp enough.

Boys are sometimes very bad; and sometimes parents are no better. If boys have any inalienable right it is to a good home and a decent example.—New York Herald.

Generals, Colonels, and lesser official military lights, can be found to the number of sixty-two in Rome, Ga., but "not a single private is known to be within the city limits."

A New Jersey farmer, having no faith in banks, went to the field to plow with \$2,500 in his pocket. The money dropped out and he plowed it under. It took him two days to find it.

Wayne County (N. Y.) peppermint growers predict the highest price for the herb next season ever known in America. They are holding back thousand of pounds of it with this expectation.

A celebrated antiquarian, rummaging among the ruins of Athens not long ago, had some broken fragments of kitchen utensils palmed off on him for the remains of an ancient statue of Venus.

Evangelist Moody having seen, as he publicly avers, a church-fair advertisement that "A man could kiss any girl for 25 cents," takes occasion to denounce church fairs in general as an abomination.

When the last lines were written he lay back upon his couch and breathed out his great soul to God, whom he had worshipped most unflinchingly after the manner of his fathers.—Early Ward booker's out of our world.

A Philadelphia man has a miniature on ivory, which he believes to be a portrait of Mary, the mother of George Washington. It was picked up a short time ago on a farm near Appomattox, Va., by an ex-Confederate soldier.

The most valuable possession of a city is the reputation of its professional classes, and of all classes the reputation of its teachers is most precious, since they stand at the very fountain head of public intelligence and practical morality.—Journal of Education.

The proposition is made that we imitate European governments by establishing penal colonies. We demur. Every country on earth has a full supply of indigent villains; let the poison be neutralized instead of spreading it.—Crested's doubts, also to.

There is a dog at McKeesport that has a great reputation as a diver. One day last week a brick was thrown into the river where the water was five or six feet deep. The dog promptly went down and brought it up, carried it ashore and laid it at his master's feet.

The revolt of the English farmers against the low prices offered by butchers for fat stock has extended to the northern counties, where farmers are killing cattle on their farms and selling the meat thus obtaining a great advance on the prices offered them by butchers.

Every few days a New York dispatch announces the arrival of a fresh consignment of Mormon converts from Europe. While Congress and the courts are trying to stamp out polygamy in Utah, these heavy additions are permitted to be made to the offending society.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A farmer living near York, Pa., is the possessor of a wonderful pig. The left foreleg resembles the arm of an infant. At the extremity is a hand with a thumb and four tapered fingers, which are regular in form, even to the nails. The face also bears a striking resemblance to that of a human being.

People read so much in these days of multiplied presses that they are in great danger of losing the literary instinct entirely; the sense of style becomes dulled to a degree which makes it incapable of discerning what is literature and what is mere reading matter, good for the moment only.—Christian Union.

Even our fathers may forget the number of tons of hay they pitched when they were young; the cords of wood they cut every day that had a knot in ever length. The good old days were doubtless mighty mean, and it is a blessed phase of human nature that enables us to remember best the pleasant and forget the painful.—The Patriot.

Joaquin Miller told a Washington correspondent of the Denver News that all the money he had made in this country came from his dramatic writings. McKee Rankin gave him \$5,000 for "The Danites," and afterward for a breach of contract he recovered \$10,000 damages. A new play of Miller's is soon to be produced at New Orleans.

Abronack W. H. H. Murray remarked in his lecture at Rutland, Vt., that credit of the management of his Montreal restaurant was due to his sister and two noble girls, and that if anyone dared to couple the names of these women with disgrace he would kill him on the spot. And yet the sanguinary W. H. H. Murray used to be a clergyman.

Is any man sick, the physician says: "Let him pack up for Saratoga, or Long Branch, the White Mountains or Florida." The advice is often given as a last resort, because it seems as though nothing else will help him. But, what does he give up? His pastor, his doctor, his home-independence, his home-feeling. From being the master of the situation, he becomes the victim of it.—E. E. Rankin, in the Address.

There is too much piano playing, or attempt at mastering and mistressing the instrument. A girl is seated on a piano stool when she should be learning music more suitable to her organism. Some females would make fine violinists, flutists, harpists and even cornetists, but their use is disregarded that they may be had pianists. It would insure many a musical treat, enliven many a home, if boys and girls were encouraged to learn the use of such instruments as are best suited to their abilities and physical conformation.—Y. Academy.

The Prison Congress held in this country mark a very important phase of modern thought and sentiment. There is nothing newfangled or foolishly indulgent in the spirit which makes such conferences possible. The reformation of prisons and criminals and the abatement of crime are as practical subjects as the least imaginative person could desire, and it shows a real advance in intelligence that men of standing and sagacity have agreed to co-operate for devising measures to make prisons something else besides universities for hardening transgressors and turning them out in deadly hostility to society.—Missbury Chronicle & Telegraph.

Josh Took the Course.

Among the graduates of a recent class at Chautauqua were an old Ohio man and his spouse, who had had little chance for "learning" when they emigrated from Connecticut to the "New Connecticut" of northern Ohio, and set to work to clear the timber and begin to provide for the children and the rainy days. But the twain prospered, and in time the Chautauqua idea began to be exploited, and the old couple, who had not known the culture of the schools in their youth, began to inquire about the "Everyday College" that gave all sorts of plain people, old and young, a chance to learn something and still stay right at home. The idea struck in like measles, says the old man, as he tells his experience, until one day things came to this pass: "Wife's eyes sparkled," said the old man; "Commonly she called me Joshua, now and then when the woman in her was up she says 'Josh.' 'Josh,' says she, 'that's us. We've always worked hard with our large family, and both of us wanted to go to Oberlin College, but had to have the children go; we've staid at home, and now our grandchildren are going, and we are past three-score and ten, and shall make heaven soon; but, Josh, we'll go through college first, we'll join the circle at once.'"

Join they did, and took the full course. Continues the correspondent who tells the story:

"This splendid specimen of a man, just rounding out his 80th year, with his admirable wife by his side, were standing at the camp-fire on the eve of graduation day, on the assembly grounds. They were standing near one of those tall, smooth, red beeches upon which we boys in New England, standing on each other's shoulders, used to see which could cut his initials the highest. As he closed this narration, and emphasized the unmeasured good the Everyday College had been to him and his family, he said with tremendous emphasis: 'Every man and woman in America under four-score years of age ought to take up the readings.' As in measured tones he uttered these words he began to straighten from his boots up, till he seemed almost as tall as the smooth beech under which we were standing. These old friends comprehend the Chautauqua idea."

A New Recruit to the Emigrant Cars.

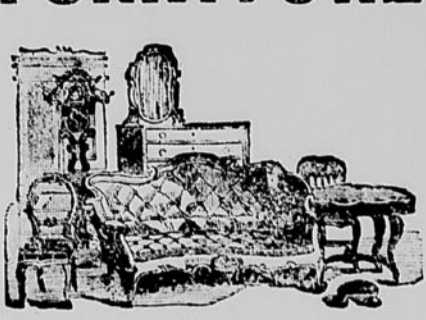
"Saw a queer thing coming in the other day on the Fort Wayne Road," said a drummer. "There were several cars of immigrants along, and you know how they do crowd 'em in. You think this smoking saloon crowded, with twelve of us in here, and every man puffing at his cigar; but you just ought to have seen some of those immigrant cars. They were loaded from door to door, and the air in 'em was so bad that when the door was opened you see clouds of it waft off over the homes of poor innocent, offending families. I've heard that the farmers along the route claim the escaping air from those emigrant cars has ruined their crops, and they propose to sue the company for damages, but that may not be true. You can't believe everything you hear while travelling. For instance:—

"But the queer thing you were going to tell us about?"

"Oh, yes, you know those little racks on the sides of the cars up over the seats. They are for parcels, hats and things. But what do you suppose those emigrants were using them for? Babies, sir, as I live. If there was one baby hanging up there in a rack there were a dozen."—Chicago Herald.

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