

**DAZEY TIME TABLE.**

S. C. & T. M. RAILROAD.

Going South.....	10 a.m.
Going North.....	2:45 p.m.

Any information as to connections with trains at Vancouver, and rates on tickets to all points in the United States and Canada, cheerfully given.

C. F. WEILAND, Agent.

**—LOCALS—**

Wheat 72 cents.

Knud Sice went to Cooperstown, Tuesday.

Wheat advanced one cent, Wednesday.

D. R. Swartout came up from Sanborn, Monday.

For Dazey town lots call on C. F. Weiland.

T. L. Sykes, of Fargo, is repairing the boiler at the elevator.

J. W. Vidal, of Valley City, will erect a feed mill on his farm near here.

Geo. L. Latham dropped off, Wednesday, to see how work was progressing at his elevator.

The location for the new church has been decided on, and stone will be laid immediately for the foundation.

J. F. Blanchard came in from his farm, Wednesday, and will finish the work on the Half way house.

John Swenson, the supposed lunatic, was taken to Valley City, Monday, by Constable Holman, from there to Jamestown by Sheriff Simons.

Henry Flohr and F. H. Etter will build dwelling houses in the spring, on lots recently purchased by C. F. Weiland.

The Christmas tree at the school house, Friday, was a decided success under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson.

Invest in Dazey town lots.

C. A. Siegfried is not buying wheat and barley.

Farmers, read C. F. Weiland's advertisement.

C. A. Lyons drove to Sanborn, Sunday.

Johnnie Foeckler came up from Valley City to spend Christmas.

Owing to a leak in the boiler the elevator will be shut down for a few days.

Chris Gilbrandson, our popular blacksmith, is laid up with a sore throat.

Mrs. N. Swenson left, Wednesday, for an extended visit through southern Minnesota.

Mr. Sever Tolstad, one of Little & Clendening's genial clerks, left, Monday, for Wisconsin, where he will spend the winter.

Doctor Spratley, of Valley City, was here this week, at his favorite game of draw-ing.

P. E. Wickstrom went to Fargo to spend Christmas.

No falling off with our wheat shipments from here yet.

Ten thousand bushels of wheat in the elevator, and 75,000 more to come in.

Otto Holman says prairie chickens must get, next summer, when he gets after them with his Gordon setter.

C. F. Weiland has received a car load of choice ground feed from Minneapolis, which he is selling for \$25 a ton.

Dazey town lots sold for the week ending December 24th:

P. E. Wickstrom, lots 7, 8, and 9, blk. 21, \$240.

Chris. Gilbrandson, lot 18, block 18, \$125.

Henry Flohr, lots 1 and 2, blk. 23, \$35.

F. H. Etter, lots 8 and 10, blk. 23, \$35.

Total sales, \$135.

C. F. WEILAND, Agent.

**Mass Meeting.**

The farmers of Griggs county are requested to meet at the court house hall on Saturday, January 9, at 1 p. m. for the purpose of concluding the organization of the Griggs County Mutual Insurance company. The by-laws, now being drafted, will be presented for adoption at this meeting. Nine directors for the ensuing year are to be elected on that day; and only those who have applied for membership will be qualified to vote for directors. It therefore behooves every farmer to subscribe for membership in order to have his saying as to who shall conduct the business of this grand institution, during the year 1886. All ought to come prepared for business.

FARMERS.

**Cash**

Paid for choice butter at the Palace Hotel.

**—Stray.**

A black boar—weighs 200 pounds—on my premises. Call, pay damages, and take it away.

A. THOMAS,  
34-145-61.

**Wanted**

10,000 bushels of wheat, in exchange for merchandise, at 10 per cent above elevator prices.

JOHN SYVERSON & CO.

**Where Are Guiteau's Bones?**

Guiteau's bones remain in apparently as mysterious a hiding place as those of the assassin Booth. Col. Corbell, the late District Attorney, was asked to-day what had been done with Guiteau's remains. He said:

"I don't really know. Generally the body of a criminal after he is executed is given to his relatives. Hicks, Guiteau's son-in-law, got some sort of a will out of him, in which Guiteau left him his body as a bequest. There is no property in a corpse. He had no right to do that sort of thing. I found that Hicks had made arrangements to have Guiteau's remains examined by a number of experts who believed he was insane. I was determined he should not get hold of the body for any such purpose. I told the Warden to hold on to it, and if Hicks made any row about it to fill the coffin with quicklime and settle Guiteau's remains that way. I then got first-class scientific experts and had Guiteau's brain examined. They reported that his brain was in a sound, healthy condition. After that I didn't care what was done with the body. I never said anything upon the subject officially to the Warden, but I think he understood my wishes in the matter. Hicks, I think, did get the body away in about a month after the execution."

"How did he get hold of it?"

"Well, it was a case of body-snatching, practically. Guiteau's body was buried in the corner of the jail yard, and the authorities there were not very much interested in protecting it after I had established what I wanted to. The Government could have stopped any exhibition of Guiteau's remains. I think Hicks got the body through his representations that he would give it to the Government Medical Museum. I understand he did give it to that institution, and that his bones have since been articulated there, though they have never been placed on exhibition. I think the institution has found them a white elephant. It should never have received them in the first place. They could not have been used to any scientific advantage, and to try to get or to receive such relics is more in keeping with the management of dime museums than of a Government scientific establishment. I think the authorities are ashamed of having them, and that is the reason they have suppressed all information about them. The judicial authorities here never attempted to have any mystery about Guiteau's remains. We washed our hands of the matter when I had Guiteau's brain examined."—*Wash. Dispatch to N. Y. World.*

**William Page.**

The life of William Page was a life of spiritual enthusiasm and untiring devotion to the high ideal of his art. It was truly the artist's life as it is felt and described by Browning:

"I could have painted pictures like that youth's  
Ye praise so—"

Fascinated by the great works of the great painters, he sought long and unweariedly the secret of that superb color, that divine glow, which has been the inspiration and the despair of generations of artists. How much of that mellow brilliancy which is the splendor of the Venetians he caught and transferred to his own canvas, those best know who are most intelligently familiar with his works. But he never rested. He was Emerson's "endless experimenter," and some of his finest portraits, painted according to his method of the moment, have gradually darkened and are practically extinct.

But the noble enthusiasm to which the reverent pursuit of expression in art is a religion and not a trade, if it kept him always poor, made him always young, and was as fresh at threescore and ten, and in the feebleness of illness, as it had been in the youth of the pupil at the academy. He walked hand in hand with poetry as with painting. Familiar with the sonnets of Shakespeare as with the portraits of Titian, he lived among men rapt in that high ideal world.

"Whose light doth trample on our days." If it was pathetic to see how far he fell short, in his own estimate, of the excellence that he revered, it was inspiring and re-assuring to human nature to watch a devotion so absolute, and so invincible a faith. But of Page it is true, as of so many men of the finest nature, that his works, however beautiful and valuable, are but glimpses and gleams of a genius which leaves no adequate expression.—*George William Curtis, in Harper's Magazine.*

**Vinegar is Cheap.**

A sign in a Third avenue grocery window reads: "Pure Russet Cider, 4 cents a Quart."

"The cider was never moved by a breath of country air," said a man in a blue check jacket, who was passing the window yesterday, "and it was never any nearer an apple than it is now as it stands in the barrel at the rear of the grocery."

"Made of sulphuric acid and glucose, then," suggested a companion.

"No, that's too expensive."

"What is it made of?"

"Sawdust. I work in the shop where it's made. Pure apple cider is worth 30 cents a gallon. Sawdust cider costs about one-fourth of that. We take the sawdust from a couple of wood-yards—hemlock, hickory, maple—every kind, just as it comes. We dump it into a big retort and heat it with coal-fire. Just 45 per cent. of what boils over is crude vinegar. It has to be purified a bit and boiled down a little, but it is pretty good vinegar. When the wood reaches a certain point in the heating process it becomes charcoal, and is cooled off and sold to filtermakers. We can heat the gangsters on the vinegar business and not half try."—*J. Sen.*

**The Latest for Girls.**

"Have you noticed the latest idea on the ladies?" said an observant Smithfield shoe-dealer yesterday.

"No. What is it?" asked the reporter.

"A new style of walking; don't you see? The real fashionable young lady doesn't twaddle along now as if she was going to have a tooth pulled. Instead of that she takes a quick, springy gait, not exactly as if she was in a hurry, but as if she enjoyed walking, and was running over with animal spirits and in good health. That is the idea they wish to carry out. Summer is over, and every young lady is supposed to have been either in the country or at the seashore, and come back full of vigor. It isn't the proper thing at all now for a young lady to be tired. She may be slightly fatigued, but 'tired' is too great an acknowledgment of weakness. I think that the idea is a good one, anyway, and the very appearance of good health will bring health. At least it will bring outdoor exercise, and that is the next thing to it."—*Utica (N. Y.) Item.*

**McCULLOUGH.**

A writer in the New York Star says: McCullough did not make any mark until Forrest came along for an engagement. Those days there were no traveling combinations. It was only the stars who traveled, and the stock companies in the various towns and cities supported them. Well, the great tragedian came along, and the awkward young man was cast to double several small parts in the Forrestian repertoire. An episode then occurred that has since gone the rounds of the papers with the name of the actor cut out, because he had become so great that the truckling scribbles feared to offend by reminding him of an episode not wholly complimentary. Every actor wishes the public to consider him heaven-born—a creature who has stepped out of obscurity equipped, cap-a-pie, in his perfected artistic state. He wouldn't for the world have you see him in the ridiculous attitude of climbing and tumbling and sprawling. He wants no pictures of the efforts he made to attain his high place. He would have you think he was born so and had no growing to do. The trucklers of the press detect this silly vanity and humor it. So McCullough never had his name given as the hero of the story before.

Forrest was a bear at rehearsals—a wearisome, trouble-making growler. Actors, young and old, feared him and dreaded his rehearsals. McCullough therefore trembled at the prospect. His stage business in each play was exclusively with the star, and as the points were fine and the actor exceedingly particular the young beginner had good cause to be inspired with terror.

When he rushed on the stage to roar out a defiance at Metamora, and to seize upon the brave, the noble savage stopped him at once.

"Hold on! Stop! That's not a bit like it. Go back and try it over again."

Much abashed, McCullough went back and tried it again. He had lost confidence, though, and did it much weaker than before. Back again he was sent, and again and again, each time doing more awkwardly than before.

"You approach as if you were afraid of me!" growled he. "Come at me as if you meant it. Make the audience think you're in earnest, and try to think so yourself."

McCullough tried again, but he only went from bad to worse. His voice had almost forsaken him, and his manner had become exceedingly constrained and awkward from fright and nervousness.

"Here! Give me the bow! I'll show you how to do it!" said Forrest, in a towering passion. He snatched the bow from the trembling hands of the athletic utility man, placed him in Metamora's position, and rushing from the stage entrance delivered the speech, accompanying it with the suitable action in effective style.

"Here!" said he, "you blasted thick-head! Can't you do it like that?"

This stung young McCullough, and he spoke up:

"If I could do it like that, Mr. Forrest," said he, "I shouldn't be playing for \$7 a week."

"Seven dollars a week!" repeated the tragedian. "Is that all you get?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then speak the lines any way you d—d please," said the great actor.

From that day Forrest took a great interest in McCullough. His next engagement in Philadelphia he insisted that the young fellow should be hunted out and engaged to support him in minor parts. He spent hours in teaching him the stage business and the effective readings of his parts. When he played in New York he insisted that the manager of the theater should send to Philadelphia for the young utility man to fill the small parts. This brought McCullough into notice in the profession, and more than doubled his salary. The next year Forrest insisted that more important business should be given the young actor, who albeit was ambitious, and in three seasons the tragedian had him so far advanced that he played second parts to the leading actor. Truth to say he was not fitted for the advancement at the time, but Forrest, who was as faithful a friend as he was a bitter enemy, insisted that experienced actors should be displaced and the callow youngster put in the second place to him. Under Forrest's tutelage he advanced rapidly, though of course he followed in the footsteps of the great actor and marked out no path for himself. In every movement, every stage attitude, every crossing, every point of stage business, those who have seen Forrest may detect reminiscences of him in the acting of McCullough.

**McCULLOUGH.**

Writing of Gen. McCullough, "His Majesty, Myself," says in the Syracuse Standard: The accomplished woman who sustained him in the period of his greatest triumph, and to whose untoward widowhood the most sympathetic reference is now made as her first love on his part, was the daughter of Gen. R. B. Marcy, an officer of the regular army in the early days of the service. Mrs. Marcy was born Miss Mary Mann. The name will hardly recall a reminiscence to the mind of a living resident of Syracuse. Nevertheless, it was a name to conjure with fifty years ago. Miss Mann was in her day one of the reigning belles of the town. She is described to me as a very beautiful girl, accomplished in the pleasing arts and learned in the useful trades of domestic life. Her father, Gen. Jonas Mann, a gentleman of large wealth, who was engaged in milling here, was given to lavish hospitality. The entertainments under his roof were usually in charge of his gifted daughter, who shone as a hostess and conquered as a woman. As she still survives, those who have had the privilege of meeting her can conjecture what her resources were in the rosy dawn of life. Gen. Marcy, then a handsome, gallant young officer, with a scar or two to testify to his valor, came to Syracuse to be the guest of Col. Timothy Teall, a West Pointer like himself. Their cadetship had covered the same time. At an evening party the attachment sprang into being, and on repeated visits was molded into deep affection. The marriage occurred along in the thirties at the residence of Gen. Marcy, a frame mansion, which older citizens will recollect stood on the site of the restaurant of Louis Windholtz, at the corner of Railroad and Clinton streets. It outshone in brilliancy any event of a like character which the village had ever witnessed. The lovely bride followed her husband in pursuit of the bubble reputation, even to the cannon's mouth, the fortunes of the soldier taking her from frontier post to frontier post until his retirement full of honors. The graces of the mother were inherited by the daughter, as the friends of Mrs. McCullough will not need to be told. Only a woman of her noble traits could have been the prop and stay of a life so completely embittered by fate. At the top of social life in New York, Mrs. McCullough by intuition and breeding was fitted to adorn the station made for her by her husband. At all the Delmonico balls she was a conspicuous figure, and in an engaging person combined the graces of the mother, whose dazzling beauty and winsome manner made womankind in Syracuse envious half a century ago.

From an interview in the San Francisco *Alta-California*: "In Salt Lake, you know, it is perpetually leap year, and a lady can ask a man to marry her if she desires to risk the chance of a refusal. Not many of them do so, though, as a general rule, but papa [Brigham Young] had a great many offers. Aunt—asked me to marry her, I'm sure," she [Mrs. McAllister] continued, addressing the latter sentence to her mother, whereupon a pleasant dispute over the proposal ensued, which was finally ended by the younger lady's positive declaration: "Well, I just know he wouldn't have married her unless she had asked him." Then to the reporter she said: "Aunt Ann Eliza proposed to papa, too." "Don't be too sure of that," interposed the mother. "Well, if she didn't her mother did, anyhow. The old lady kept calling on papa until finally he gave in and married her."

The weight of drops is shown by M. Boymond's investigations to present some peculiar variations. It is, of course, well known that the weight depends upon the exterior diameter of the tube, the interior diameter having no influence except upon the velocity of flow. It is the nature of the liquid which determines the weight, whatever may be the proportion of dissolved material that it contains. M. Boymond employed a dropper of one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and determined the weights by an extremely sensitive balance. The mean of his results gave for 15 grains of distilled water, 20 drops; alcohol of 90 degrees, 61 drops; alcohol of 60 degrees, 52 drops; alcoholic tinctures from 60 degrees to 90 degrees, 53 to 61 drops; ethereal tincture, 82 drops; a fatty oil, about 48 drops; a volatile oil, about 50 drops; an aqueous solution, diluted or saturated, 20 drops.

A capitol that is a copy in miniature of the great Federal Capitol at Washington is being built for the State of Georgia in the town at the gates of which Sherman thundered with iron knuckles when our grown boys were babies.

**Mrs. McClellan's Mother.**

Writing of Gen. McCullough, "His Majesty, Myself," says in the Syracuse Standard: The accomplished woman who sustained him in the period of his greatest triumph, and to whose untoward widowhood the most sympathetic reference is now made as her first love on his part, was the daughter of Gen. R. B. Marcy, an officer of the regular army in the early days of the service. Mrs. Marcy was born Miss Mary Mann. The name will hardly recall a reminiscence to the mind of a living resident of Syracuse. Nevertheless, it was a name to conjure with fifty years ago. Miss Mann was in her day one of the reigning belles of the town. She is described to me as a very beautiful girl, accomplished in the pleasing arts and learned in the useful trades of domestic life. Her father, Gen. Jonas Mann, a gentleman of large wealth, who was engaged in milling here, was given to lavish hospitality. The entertainments under his roof were usually in charge of his gifted daughter, who shone as a hostess and conquered as a woman. As she still survives, those who have had the privilege of meeting her can conjecture what her resources were in the rosy dawn of life. Gen. Marcy, then a handsome, gallant young officer, with a scar or two to testify to his valor, came to Syracuse to be the guest of Col. Timothy Teall, a West Pointer like himself. Their cadetship had covered the same time. At an evening party the attachment sprang into being, and on repeated visits was molded into deep affection. The marriage occurred along in the thirties at the residence of Gen. Marcy, a frame mansion, which older citizens will recollect stood on the site of the restaurant of Louis Windholtz, at the corner of Railroad and Clinton streets. It outshone in brilliancy any event of a like character which the village had ever witnessed. The lovely bride followed her husband in pursuit of the bubble reputation, even to the cannon's mouth, the fortunes of the soldier taking her from frontier post to frontier post until his retirement full of honors. The graces of the mother were inherited by the daughter, as the friends of Mrs. McCullough will not need to be told. Only a woman of her noble traits could have been the prop and stay of a life so completely embittered by fate. At the top of social life in New York, Mrs. McCullough by intuition and breeding was fitted to adorn the station made for her by her husband. At all the Delmonico balls she was a conspicuous figure, and in an engaging person combined the graces of the mother, whose dazzling beauty and winsome manner made womankind in Syracuse envious half a century ago.

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