

**AROUND TOWN.**

Wheat 58 cents.

Kansas City has had a 'clone.

Our late devil is out on a strike.

R. C. Cooper finished seeding, Wednesday.

Attorney Jacobson went to Fargo, on land office business, Wednesday.

Frank Brown has been polishing up the court house, this week.

Hattie Rickford, the blind girl, will give a concert Saturday, June 5th.

Monday will be the seventy-second anniversary of the independence of Norway.

The trustees of the school district have rented the Christie building, on Burrell avenue, and will for the present occupy it for school purposes.

Rev. F. M. Rockwell is reported very much better than he has been for three months.

Rev. C. L. Westberg will be married to Miss Maud B. Thorsten, of Mayville, May 21st.

Rev. Westberg informs us that he will hold a camp meeting on the river, commencing July 1st, and lasting for one week.

Rev. O. D. Purinton preached in the Congregational church, Sunday morning, and at the Baptist chapel, Sunday evening.

Sheriff Michaels received a telegram from Buffalo, requesting him to hold one Brown Burgess, charged with seduction. Brown has not arrived yet.

P. P. Crenshaw, of the Diebold Safe company, of Chicago, has been in town this week, taking orders.

If you don't think Ben McCormick understands painting, examine A. N. Adams house, outside and in. It does him credit.

Rev. F. M. Rockwell walked from the asylum, at Jamestown, to Sanborn, Tuesday afternoon, and was returned Wednesday morning.

A. Christeson, and R. A. Wells, of the Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, were piloted to the COURIER office by Conductor Bryant, last evening, and made us a pleasant call.

S. C. Bennett, an old friend of J. H. Vallandigham, has been in town this week. He is general Northwestern agent for the D. M. Osborn Harvesting Machine company, with headquarters at Fargo.

G. Swanson, "Billy" Williams, and Dr. Carroll, of Valley City, made us a call this week. They report Valley City as having received its second wind, and as lively as in '82.

Claus Jackson shot and ate two Sand Hill cranes this week. Pretty good for Jack. This farming business gives a man a good appetite.

A marked improvement in the notions of our Griggs county farmers, is evidenced this season by the importation of valuable heavy stallions for breeding purposes. Among others, the Fairbanks and Hammer horses, the advertisements of which appear in the COURIER, attract the farmers' attention.

Miss Lulu Lenham, of Sanborn, visited her sister, Mrs. M. J. Davis, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Haskell gave a small, impromptu dancing party, at their residence, Friday evening last. Twelve couples were present, and danced till 1 a. m.

C. L. Allen will sell at public auction, Saturday, the 15th inst., at 10 a. m., in front of John Sverson & Co's store, his entire stock of household goods, consisting of one Steinway bedstead (eight octaves); one Chickering mattress, blankets, sheets, and a what-not, and some soap (as good as new.)

Mrs. Harry Wasser presented her husband with a fine little girl, Tuesday morning. Mrs. Wasser and the little one are doing well.

The Ladies' Aid society will give one of those elegant chicken suppers, at the Congregational church, next Tuesday evening, from 6 to 8 o'clock. Proceeds for benefit of new church.

W. T. Reaser, patentee of the Reaser Balance valve, for stationary engines, and locomotives, was in town last week, made us a pleasant call, and subscribed for the COURIER. His valve is now used by the J. I. Case Co., and other manufacturers of stationary engines, while the Michigan Central has had wonderful success with an engine built by him, which they subsequently purchased. The valve saves fuel and friction. Mr. T. J. Cooper is interested with Mr. Reaser in the patent.

The Yanceys will give a grand concert at Court House hall, May 28th, prior to the departure of Miss Yancey, who is about to conclude her visit.

Mr. F. Van Voorhis and his sister, Miss Grace, were in town, Tuesday. This is Mr. Van Voorhis' first town trip since December.

Walt Wilmot, the Valley City base ball pitcher, is said by the Pioneer Press, to be the making of a great pitcher.

Nels Gulbranson, of Willow, made us a visit, Tuesday, and left \$4 on subscription.

C. A. Van Wormer, A. A. Miller, C. N. Jackson, J. H. Law, J. S. Skinner, P. P. Crenshaw, were at the hotel, May 9th.

John H. McDermott has a handsome new phaeton, purchased of Knud Thompson.

Dr. Opsal, who is still doing dental work at this point, brings the highest testimonials of professional skill from Dr. Spalding, of Paris, who was formerly located at Fargo, and was the best dentist in Dakota.

Mrs. Baker and son, relatives of Mrs. Dr. Newell, are visiting the doctor and wife.

The stock of the Johnson store was sold by Frank Keogh, Tuesday. It was bid in by Mr. K. for \$1834.55. This is the liveliest stock of goods in the county. Of late it has been generally wholesaled.

One of our bright young lights says it was Al. Pinkerton's subscription to the proposed license organ that broke him. We think not. No newspaper bills ever broke Al. He didn't let a little matter like that worry him.

This week, Prentice Mulford's story, "The Bank of California," is concluded. It is a thoroughly bright American novel, with a local coloring that takes it out of the category of prosy, respectable, conventional, English and American foreign travel. When we can find a worthy successor, we shall publish it. The samples lately offered do not fill the bill.

**Strike in Cooperstown.**

The entire railroad force employed at the depot, is out on a strike, with the exception of Station Agent Cowen, who can not be induced to leave his post by intimidation nor bribery. No violence has been used, the trains are running regularly, and it is hoped that the movement has lost its impetus. C. L. Allen, the anarchist, addressed the strikers in Tar Flat sand lots, Saturday, and hoped they would be firm and stay out until capital should take a tumble to itself, and let 'em all in again. All is quiet up to the hour of going to press.

**Willow Cuttings.**

Commence this time at the cradle—On May 3d, to Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Ellis, a daughter. Mother and child doing finely, and A. D. as happy as a clam.

The Willow Sunday school will hold its sessions in Hagerty school house, instead of Clark's.

H. and O. L. Reed have gone out to their claims, near lake Washington.

We hear that our new road supervisor rather left the judge, on the cow deal. How is it, H?

It seems that in our little account of the fair, the boys didn't have much trouble in fitting themselves to a coat. Say, don't some people hop into a garment too quick, when it is made to fit them. By the way, rumor has it that the last case of spring water evaporated in transit hitherward, and as a consequence, all's quiet on the fair grounds.

John Quirk, our village blacksmith, strikes while the iron is hot. He is rushing biz.

As there seems to be quite a diversity of opinion among our people as to the identity of Chris X, I will set the matter at rest, and stop all further speculation; and announce to them, in the language of my illustrious Dutch uncle, *de Me.* Now you found dot oud, eh?

CHRIS X.

**Gallatin.**

Quit a number of stock horses have been brought in, and a number of new comers, from Canada.

Young Sanderson went to Cooperstown for his wife, lately, expecting her from Chicago. Mr. S. will become a permanent resident.

We hear that Mrs. Basse is some better. We hope she will be around soon. The doctors report her sickness caused by an abscess.

The farmers are still seeding oats, which will be ready to cut after wheat harvest.

Atchison, P. M., at Gallatin, had a tremendous walk to Hope and back for a small package of goods he had ordered by mail, and which came by express. When he got back he was wet, sore and lame. He will never walk to Hope and back again.

Sven Algard was down to the river for some wood. He thinks it is the nicest place in the world.

**Valley City Notes.**

D. W. Clark is the new P. M. at Valley City.

The Record company has traded off its building to Herbert Root for his shares of stock.

The block, from the postoffice to Parkhouse's store, will soon present a solid front, along Main street.

The Record stock company made some changes last week. Mr. Root, traded his share of stock in the newspaper material for the building occupied by the company, as an office, and it was supposed would retire from the public gaze as a wielder of the pen, and to some this was glad tidings of great joy. But things are not to be as they seemed at first blush, so rumor has it, for it is now alleged he still owns shares, having lately purchased a new invoice from foreign stockholders. Such are the trials and tribulations of the impetuous newspaper man.—*Democrat.*

**Daisies.**

W. L. Pattison, the genial Captain Boniface, is thinking of adding to his already commodious hotel.

The Sawyer elevator will be one of the best equipped in Barnes county. The farmers are greatly pleased with this enterprise, as competition is the life of trade. With such men as Sawyer and VanDusen, confidence is again restored.

Charley Weikand is still booming the mill project. He is a rustler from Rustherville.

Holman & Nelson are increasing their business, and before long will have the cleanest and best trade in the county.

Wheeler, the blacksmith, is playing "Yankee Doodle" on the anvil, night and day. He has an ear for music.

The genial Nels Larson is getting thin elevating the price of wheat.

Commissioner Opegaard exports 30 bushels of wheat to the acre.

Little & Clendening are up to their ears in business.

Stet & Alstad are on deck, this spring entertaining their old friends, and multitudes of new ones.

Holladay Bros. report the machine business, good.

**GROVER'S BRIDE.**

HER GENUINE PORTRAIT, IF SHE IS THE RIGHT ONE.

If the Newspapers Want Your Picture Take It as a Compliment and Give It—Sketch of Miss "Frankie."

**MISS FOLSOM.**

BUFFALO, April 27.—When the roses come again it is said the president is going to be married. Our readers may have the pleasure of knowing that they see here an authentic likeness of his girl-bride, Miss Frances C. Folsom, of this city. Some of her pictures have already been published, but it is said that her indignant friends are hunting the artist that made them, with a shotgun and three detectives. If I tell you how a New York paper got hold of one picture of the lady, you must never, never reveal it. There was an elderly gentleman who was an intimate friend of the Folsom family. In true gaily-girly style Miss Frances, in exchanging vows of eternal friendship with Mr. Blank's people, had given them her photograph. When it was announced that she might become Mrs. President Cleveland in the time of the June roses, this respectable gentleman was so set up over the presence of her fair portrait in the family album that he had to go and tell of it. But he wouldn't let a blamed reporter have it. No, never! It was always nosing into people's private affairs, the press was, and it was a shame and outrage. Wow!

An insinuating newspaper young man heard of the best. By his persuasive tongue, by alternate bullying and coaxing he got the respectable citizen to show him the picture. Then alas! they adjourned to a gilded gin palace to talk over the enormity of the practices of newspaper reporters who turn reputable private persons inside out, and put their pictures in the newspapers.

Shall I tell you the rest? Alas for Spartan incorruptibility! In an hour of pleasant conversation on the wickedness of the press, the eminent citizen became so blind intoxicated that he would have given away the story of how he was caught by a bunco man, if the fascinating youth had asked for it.

Next Sunday Miss Folsom's picture appeared in the great metropolitan journal.

That was a bad young man, no doubt, but he was a smart one. How, for instance, did we get the picture which here appears? I will tell you a way in which it might have been got. When the rumor of the coming marriage was first "wired over the country," as the newspapers say, a telegraphic dispatch was received at a certain office I know of, as follows, to wit:

"Reporter of New York — here; has secured a photograph of Miss Folsom. Will let me have it instead of sending to his own paper if I pay him \$ — — Shall I?"

The rest of the story you don't want to know.

**MISS FOLSOM'S BIRTHPLACE.**

The pretty stone house, No. 478 Franklin street, in which Miss Folsom was born, is shown in the illustration. While our artist was making this sketch he says that an old mail with corkscrew ringlets sidled up to him to volunteer this: "So you're sketching Frankie's birthplace, are you? Well, my opinion is Grover'd orto marry the mother, not the girl."

The matter of pictures of Miss Folsom is with her lady friends a particularly gossipy hobby. They all claim to have one, but the funny thing about it is that they can never be prevailed upon to show it. There is a story now that Miss Folsom, during her stay in Washington a few months since, had six taken; that the president has one, Miss Gregg, of Buffalo, another, and a Buffalo lawyer the third. When the rest are not known, but they are said to be all carefully catalogued, and not one of them, if any exist, can be seen for love or money. Everybody claims that the one she had taken when she graduated from the Buffalo Central school is the only one that looks like her, and it is from this photograph that our engraving is made.

There is a craze for newspaper portraiture at present and photographs of prominent people will be got by the able journals at any cost. They do it merely to supply the demand among their readers for such illustrations and not with a fiendish desire to distress nice people. If the persons whose photos are wanted refuse to give them, then the next best thing is done by the newspapers, which is to get them some other way. The honorable ones often have a skillful artist steal upon the person unawares, and with a few lightning strokes, produce an outline sketch which is recognized at once. Newspapers have many other ways of getting portraits. In fact there is no such thing as their not being able to obtain one. Therefore, if a respectable journal wants your portrait give it quietly and graciously.

The fair and gracious young lady, who it is said, will shortly be Mrs. Grover Cleveland, is now in Genoa, Italy, with her widowed mother, but is expected home about May 20. She is the daughter of the president's former law partner in Buffalo. She was born in Buffalo, in 1864, consequently is 22 years old; two and a half years less than half as old as her presidential lover. But if she and Grover want to marry each other, their respective ages are none of my business, certainly. Miss Frances is said to be rather a serious minded girl, given to intellectual pleasures, rather than to the frivolities of the dance, the racket and the kettle-drum.

She first attended, history says, the Buffalo high school, then graduated at Wells college, so she is fairly educated, as women's so-called colleges go, which is not very far. She was the star student of her class at Wells. She is a gentle, lovely girl, those who know her here say, quite good enough to be the wife of the best president that ever occupied the White House. She had a little romance in her life a few years ago. She was betrothed to a Mr. Charles Townsend, who concluded to be a preacher. After studying theology a while Charles decided he could not love her as he ought, and told her so. She released him. When she becomes Mrs. President, Rev. Charles will have a chance to chew the cud of bitter fancies.

When she was 15, Miss "Frankie" presided over a booth at a fair in Buffalo, and in a vote of 15,000 won the first prize for her beauty and amiability. The Folsom family is one of the oldest in America, dating back to 1658.

**NORTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BUFFALO.**

It was at this church the family attended when Miss Frances took the prize for beauty. All of us in America must wish that this fair girl will be happy. ELIZA ARCHARD.

**The Flag Saves Him.**

As long as Mr. Jefferson Davis makes his harangues with the flag of the Union waving above his head his remarks are harmless. The flag makes a speech to the eyes of his auditors which takes all the sting out of the words that reach their ears.—*Philadelphia Record.*

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**C. M. MacLAREN, Attorney**

And Counsellor at Law, COOPERSTOWN, DAK

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