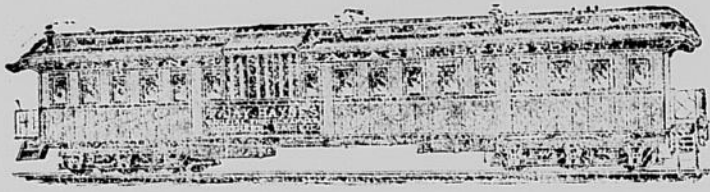


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Probate Notice.

Territory of Dakota, county of Griggs. In probate court, Special Term, 1886.

In the matter of the estate of Frank Hunter, deceased.

Whereas, the petition of Charles A. Hunter has lately been filed in this court representing, among other things, that Frank Hunter, late of the county of Griggs, territory of Dakota, died on the 17th day of December, 1885, at Cooperstown, D. T., in day of December, 1885, and petitioning this court that William Hunter, testator, be appointed administrator of said estate, and that letters of administration be granted to said petitioner.

It is therefore ordered, that the said petition be heard before me at a special term of this court at the office of the probate court in Cooperstown, county of Griggs, territory of Dakota, on the 28th day of April, 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m.

And it is further ordered, that public notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to the heirs of said decedent, and all persons interested, by the publication of this order in the Griggs Courier, a paper published in the town of Cooperstown, in said county of Griggs, for three consecutive weeks, and that copies of this order and notice be addressed to the heirs of said Frank Hunter, deceased, resident in this territory, at their place of residence, and deposited in the postoffice with the postage thereon prepaid by the said petitioner, at least ten days before the time of said hearing.

Dated at Cooperstown, this 1st day of April, 1886.

Geo. B. Clark, Judge of Probate.

ARTHUR'S ILLNESS.

DISQUIETING RUMORS ABOUT THE EX-PRESIDENT'S HEALTH.

A Poor, But Handsome Boy—Brilliant College Student and Successful Lawyer. His Portrait and Picture of His Residence.

One day the papers announce that ex-President Arthur is preparing to go fishing soon, either at his favorite West island, near Newport, or to Canada, it is not yet decided, which. The next day they say he is slowly dying of Bright's disease and heart trouble, and that, in fact, he really has come nearly to the end. Then next day again his physicians or somebody else deny the whole story of Bright's disease, and say the ex-president is not dying, though they do not deny that he is ill. It is a race between the newspapers and the doctors, which on the one hand can tell the most and on the other can conceal the most.

Mr. Arthur seems to be really in an alarming condition. Not long since his old pastor, who preaches in the church in which Arthur used to attend in Washington, was sent for to go from that city to New York and visit the invalid. Now, a man does not usually send for a preacher unless he has good reason to suppose that it is all up with him. Moreover, any one who within a year has seen the ex-president in the street in New York city must have been struck with the look of a man and declining health that seemed to have suddenly come over him. No wonder, it is enough to kill a man to be president of the United States. The storm of abuse, the misconstruction and out and out lying, in short, to which he is subject, must break a man of iron. It seems as though an American president is not entitled to common decency of treatment. He is one whom no man need envy.



EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

Mr. Arthur is a young man to be doing. There is something painful and saddening in his history. He started in life a dreamer and an enthusiast. His father was a Baptist doctor of divinity and a fine classical scholar. Chester A. was born in Fairfield, Vt., in 1829.

He was a barefoot boy who did farm chores for his living in his childhood, but he never made any fuss about it. He was a graduate of Union college, N. Y., and paid for his education himself by teaching in other ways. In college he was the most popular of students. Tall, commanding and handsome, his manners were at once dignified and winning. He was courteous itself to all. He had dark brilliant eyes and dark, curling hair. He was a first-class scholar, too.

Great things were predicted for him. He studied law, again paying for his education himself. When only 21 he was principal of a boys' academy at North Pownoy, Vt. He was steadily employed, obliged to be so. When he had saved \$10,000 he began the practice of law, first in the west then in New York city.

Mr. Arthur's first days were his best days. He came from college full of enthusiasm and determined to do right at all cost.

He was intensely anti-slavery in his convictions. He had hardly settled in New York and was only 22 years old when a law case was put into his hands that tried both his principles and his intellect. It was the celebrated Latham slave case, to decide whether, under the laws of New York, slaves brought into the state did not become free.

Arthur took up the side of the slaves and won their cause triumphantly. The trial was carried on from court to court, and Charles O'Connor was the opposing counsel to him, but the brave young man won. From that day on it was settled that slaves brought into New York by their owners became free. Then Arthur took up the grievance of a negro woman who had been put off a street car on account of color. He sued the company and collected damages, and again from that day on, colored people had the right to ride unquestioned in the public conveyances of New York.

John T. Sullivan on Death.

"John," said I, "there are lots of people who are not fighters or athletes—men who are clerks, or in sedentary positions, who would like to know just how to condition themselves in the game. What ought they to do?"

"In the first place," he answered, "they ought to get up at five minutes to half an hour every morning for exercise. More than half of all men die in the last moment of the morning, then jump up, dress in a hurry, and go right to the breakfast table, and wonder why they have no appetite and feel dull and stupid. The human stomach was not made to be treated that way. A man should, after getting up, take a ten minute brisk walk, if possible, or, if that is not convenient, use a light pair of dumbbells for three or four minutes, so as to bring on a slight perspiration. Then he should rub himself dry with a coarse towel, and after that take a sponge or towel bath. Then, after he has rubbed himself dry, he should rub and slip himself briskly, as I have done just now. Then, after dressing, let him go to the table and eat a couple of poached eggs on toast, or a bit of nice steak, with bread and coffee, and he will be fit for his day's work, and, my word for it, he will want no other tonic to give him an appetite for his dinner."

A Woman's Sacrifice.

Mrs. Carlisle, the wife of the speaker, is a woman who can and wears no cloak of hypocrisy or policy. Some time ago she was talking to Miss Susan B. Anthony, and spoke in high terms of her. If and the other women associated in the suffrage movement.

"Al," replied Miss A., with tears in her eyes, "I am very grateful for your words, and wish you could know better all the women active in that great cause."

"Well," replied Mrs. C., frankly, "it is just because I don't know them better that I hold them in such high esteem."—Washington Critic.

A Red Flag Before a Mad Bull.

I can hardly understand how the Morgan syndicate are gifted with so little foresight and common sense as to attempt to put up the price of coal in the face of the stand taken by the labor party, more especially when they show such enormous power. Some weeks ago I ventured to point out to these capitalists that labor was beginning to assert its power, and yet I find that a combination, representing a capital of over \$200,000,000, are banded together with a view to advancing the price of one of the necessities of life. It looks as if they were shaking a red flag before a mad bull, and if ever the bull does get among them



HOUSE ON LEXINGTON AVENUE.

As a member of the staff of Governor Morgan, of New York, during the war, it fell to him to equip regiments of soldiers and forward them to the front. He did this admirably, and in this work he got the title of general. The title is a civil, not a military one. He was Governor Morgan's adjutant. Afterwards he was collector of the port of New York and vice-president. It is said to have been directly opposed to his friend, Roscoe Conkling's, wish that he accepted the second place on the Garfield ticket. Conkling hated Garfield so intensely that he thought him not good enough to stand on the same ticket with Arthur.

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The split in the Republican party of New York wrecked Arthur's fortunes politically. The bitter and final quarrel that resulted in consequence between himself and his warmest friends, distressed him and rendered his life not pleasant socially. He is said to have a fixed belief that the American people have misunderstood him and not given him his due, and that those on whom he lavished favor and friendship have turned against him and tried to do him injury. His life has not been a very jolly one since he left the White House.

Mr. Arthur's wife died in 1879. He was devotedly attached to her, and never remarried. He lives alone with his children, a son and daughter, in his house on Lexington avenue. His son Allan, looks like a duke, and is not greatly remarkable, except for having broken a marriage engagement with a charming girl, while his father was president.

So, from having started in life with the highest prospects and aspirations, with all that nature could do for him in the way of physique, and with a fine brain, from beginning with a brave record on the side of liberty and justice, the ex-president is finishing his career in declining health and obscurity, at his home. Until his illness called attention to him again, his name had scarcely been mentioned since he left Washington.

His little daughter Nellie was the sweet, bright flower that cheered his checkered life in the White House. She is now nearing womanhood, and resembles her father in face and features.

In his youth Mr. Arthur was called "an ideally faithful friend," and it was this which caused his overthrow. When vice-president of the United States he went to Albany and worked like a very lobbyist for the re-election of Conkling and Platt to the United States senatorship. He recognizes now that this was the mistake of his life-time. He has, perhaps, had plenty of time to brood over it since. He is said to be the only one of the Republican presidents who never made a reference to the south in any of his messages.

Bachelor, Widower and Marrying Presidents.

James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland were the only two bachelor presidents, and if the latter marries Miss Folsom this year it will leave the Pennsylvania president alone in the cellidate list of chief magistrates. Four presidents were widowers at their inauguration—Jefferson, Jackson, Van Buren and Arthur. Sixteen were married when they went into the White House. One alone, President John Tyler, married while holding the executive title.

President Tyler's first wife was Letitia Christian, daughter of Robert Christian, of New Kent county, Virginia. Miss Christian was a noted eastern Virginia belle, and when her husband became president assumed the White House duties. Her health was feeble at the time, and she died there in September, 1842.

President Tyler remained a widower but a short time, paying the Johnsonian compliment to his first spouse by soon selecting another, Miss Julia Gardiner of New York. She was the daughter of the wealthy gentleman who owned Gardiner's Island, familiar to many naval people as near the roadstead in east Long Island where the naval practice squadron, with its American and foreign ships, is stationed. Although Mr. Tyler was the first president—and so far the only one—to marry in the White House, the ceremony was not performed in the White House, but at the church of the Assumption in New York, June, 1841. After the wedding a grand reception was given in the Executive Mansion.—New York Sun.

—AND GETTING—

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