

**President of the International Typographical Union.**



WILLIAM AIMISON.

The International Typographical union is the oldest, most conservative and most powerful of our labor organizations. It is composed of journeymen printers of the United States and Canada, who hold a convention annually to elect officers for the government of the organization for the ensuing year. At the recent convention, held in Pittsburg, Pa., Mr. William Aimson was chosen president. Mr. Aimson was born in Marseilles, France. In 1836 he came to this country, when quite young, settling in Nashville, Tenn., where he learned the printing trade. He is the only living charter member of the typographical union organized in that city in 1855, and of which he was twice president. He served in the Confederate army throughout the war. He was elected to the Tennessee legislature in 1879, and has been continuously re-elected since. He is a man that is universally liked where known, and it was his popularity, rather than ambition, that carried him into politics. He possesses the cool and fair judgment which is essential in the chief officer of a labor organization which is always under the critical eye of public opinion.

**CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.**

**HOW THE HERO FELL THIS 25TH OF JUNE TEN YEARS AGO.**

Picture of Sitting Bull, the Great Sioux Chief, Who Defeated Custer on the Little Big Horn—His Children—Curly, the General's Scout.

This 25th of June, 1886, it is ten years since the day when brave Gen. Custer and his band of soldiers were massacred on the Little Big Horn river, in Montana. The wild Indian region of ten years ago is a civilized country now. Flocks and herds graze peacefully where brave Custer and his men marched to their death that day. The only bit of real wilderness in all that country is the National Yellowstone park, set apart by government as a "public park or pleasure ground for the benefit of the people."

It is the strangest river in the world, that Yellowstone, down a branch of which heroic Custer marched with his men. It was explored for the first time in 1870-71. When the surveying party came suddenly to a square mile of hot springs they could only stop and wonder. The terrific rift in the mountains, 3,000 feet deep some distance further on, with the rapid river flowing through the bottom, was still more wonderful. It was awful. The ravine is so sunless that in broad daylight persons looking up from the bottom can see the stars.

George A. Custer was an Ohio man, born in an obscure country village, New Rumley, in Harrison county, near the Pennsylvania border, in 1831. His ancestry was Pennsylvania German, as far back as the revolution. In point of fact he was descended from one of the Hessian officers who fought on the wrong side in the American revolution. There was little of the phlegmatic German temperament in the boy George, however. He was as restless and nervous as a squirrel. He was educated at West Point. A good story is told of him in his senior year, 1851. He was officer of the guard one day, and was put under arrest for not making two cadets' cense fighting. He wanted to see which would whip, and was letting the fellows fight it out, when suddenly Gen. Hazen, then a lieutenant, came on the scene. Custer was put under arrest. His class was allowed to go at once to his seat of war, where officers were so much needed, but Custer was not with them. On the contrary, he pinned in a guard house at West Point. He was regularly court-martialed on the specification that "he, the said Custer, did fail to suppress a riot or disturbance near the guard tent, and did fail to separate, etc., but, on the contrary, did cry out in a loud tone of voice: 'Stand back, boys, let's have a fair fight,' or words to that effect."



GEN. CUSTER.

While awaiting sentence a telegram came from Washington ordering his release and commanding him to report at Washington for duty. From that on he entered heart and soul into the war. He won fame as a cavalry leader, and one promotion after another was accorded him till he who had entered the war as a lieutenant came out a brevet brigadier general. The war over, he was ordered for service to the far west and became an Indian fighter. The country rang with his praises. His lamented death made an impression only second to that caused by



SITTING BULL.

the murder of a president. Yet so soon are even the greatest and best forgotten that few even remember now when and where bold Custer was killed. To recall the story to their memory these lines are written.

Of all the red foes our soldiers ten years ago had to meet, Sitting Bull, the Sioux, was the wildest. He considers himself a good Roman Catholic Christian, but one who sees his portrait cannot help fancying that his pious beads and medals and crucifix are worn quite as much for ornamentation as for devotion. He has a splendidly strong, though

cruel, relentless face. It takes many years to make a good Indian out of such a red man as Sitting Bull. He had a huge head, with hair whose color was brown—very unusual for an Indian. He could neither read nor write, but, strange to say, he kept a journal, which a scout found and brought into the United States army camp. It contained a history of his life, drawn in grotesque Indian pictures. Most of them represented S. B. killing somebody, white or red. Sitting Bull destroyed Custer and his command on the Little Big Horn river, June 25, 1876. He then fled across the border to British America and annoyed the United States government people six years longer. It was not till 1882 that he finally surrendered. Even then he has always claimed that he himself did not surrender. It was his son Crowfoot, the lively Indian youth who appears in the picture, that at last snatched his father's gun and handed it over to Maj. Brotherton. The boy has some of his father's own grit. His clear-cut, strong face shows him to be a chip of the old block. Sitting Bull was rather pleased at his boy's daring, and let the surrender stand. Unlike the Apache Geronimo, Sitting Bull kept his word, and never made the white people any more trouble after giving up. The long braided hair upon each side is a badge of the Sioux.



CROWFOOT.

Sitting Bull was a pretty little daughter. This picture of her is from a photograph taken a year ago in Bismarck, Dakota. The little maiden, except for the cruel and merciless strings of wampum in her ears, would be as bright and attractive to look at as any of her small white sisters who learn music and go to Sunday school. Custer's force was divided into three columns on that fatal day, one commanded by Maj. Reno, another by Col. Benteen, the third by Custer himself. The plan was for these three columns to take different routes converging toward the Indian village on the Little Big Horn. The rest of the story may be told in one sentence. Reno and Benteen failed to come to time. Custer and his men reached the village, fought an overwhelming force of Indians till every man died in his tracks. For a mile or more their bodies were found strung along the banks of the Little Big Horn, just where they fell. The particulars of this last fight are as thrilling as the story of Thermopylae. It ought to be put into the school books for American boys to read and draw inspirations from.

The Indian scout Curly, who tells the story, was the only one with Custer who escaped from the massacre. He had been with the leader several years, and was trusted and faithful. He was a Crow. The fight began at 2 o'clock and lasted till sunset. The white men who fought it know long ere it closed that it was desperate. As soon as Curly saw this he went to Gen. Custer and begged him to let him lead him to a place of safety of which he knew. There was one way of escape whereby a single man, the general, could be saved. Curly pressed the proposition earnestly on his general. Custer's head fell on his breast a moment, as if in deep thought. Then he looked up calmly, and waved the scout away. That was the last time Curly ever looked on the face of his general alive.

In that moment the dashing, heroic cavalry leader chose between life and death. He fought like a tiger himself before giving up his life. The Indians closed in around him at two close quarters for him to use gun or pistol. Then he snatched his saber. The Indians say that he killed three braves with his saber before he was finally overpowered. Then a chief, named Rain-in-the-Face, who had a mortal grudge at the white leader, shot and killed him. Such bravery as he had shown his wild enemies reverenced as more than mortal. His was the only body they left unutilized. This proved that they looked on it with superstitious awe. The Indians say there were more of their braves killed than of white men.

Curly, the Crow scout, escaped alone by the way he had indicated to Custer. He washed his Crow paint off and let his hair down like a Sioux, and thus, undetected, hovered around till the awful fight was over. Then, as much dead as alive with grief and horror, he followed on down the river till he reached the steamboat landing. It seems that, all the while the five hours' fight was going on, Reno and Benteen were not more than three or four miles away. Reno heard the firing, and knew that his chief was engaged with the enemy. Reno had been even attacked by a portion of the hostiles flying toward the Custer fight. They came riding like the wind, "crunching over the necks of their fleet little ponies, flinging away with their short whips, firing random bullets in the air, and all the time yelling out their 'Hi-yip-yip-yip-yip-hi-yah!'" The sight seems to have been rather a demoralizing one to Reno and his men.



CURLY.

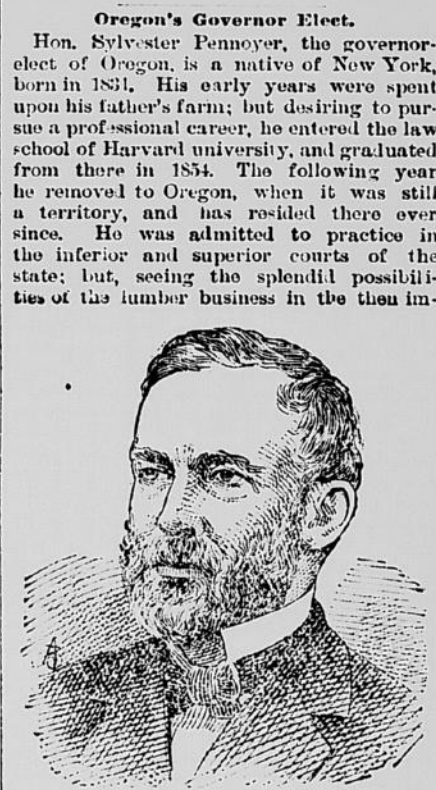
A monument was erected on the scene of the massacre. The horrible relic hunters are already fast chipping it away. Three Custers, a sister's husband and a beloved, bright-haired schoolboy nephew, perished of the hapless family that day. Col. Tom Custer and young Boston Custer were the general's brother. These were all found in a group close together. The monument contains the names of those who fell, the flower of the United States Seventh Cavalry regiment. It is one of the most thrilling stories ever told in any language.

**A Celebrated American Theologian.**  
One of the most celebrated of American divines died recently at his home in Lancaster, Pa., at the age of 83 years. It was the Rev. Dr. John Williamson Nevin. He was a native of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent. In early youth he exhibited a strong theological turn of mind, which developed in after years until he became famous as a sturdy champion of Christianity. He graduated from Union college, Schenectady, at the early age of 18. He entered Princeton Theological seminary in 1823, where he became distinguished as a Hebrew scholar and student of biblical literature. He afterward filled chairs in these branches of learning in Princeton and other colleges. The Western Theological seminary, now a power in the Presbyterian church, owes much of its prosperity to the early labors of Dr. Nevin. In 1840 he took a professorship in the Theological seminary of the Reformed Church at Mercersburg, Pa., and was afterward made president of Marshall college at that place. Through the publication of a tract called "The Anxious Bench" Dr. Nevin became, in 1843, involved in a controversy which nearly created a schism in the Reformed Church, and was the beginning of the movement known as the "Mercersburg Theology." From 1849 to 1853 he edited The Mercersburg Review, and during this time got into a theological controversy with Rev. Orestes R. Bronson, D. D., of Boston, which attracted wide attention at the time. From 1856 to 1876 he was the president of Franklin and Marshall college, after which he retired from public life.



JOHN W. NEVIN, D.D.

**Oregon's Governor Elect.**  
Hon. Sylvester Pennoyer, the governor-elect of Oregon, is a native of New York, born in 1831. His early years were spent upon his father's farm; but desiring to pursue a professional career, he entered the law school of Harvard university, and graduated from there in 1854. The following year he removed to Oregon, when it was still a territory, and has resided there ever since. He was admitted to practice in the inferior and superior courts of the state; but, seeing the splendid possibilities of the lumber business in the then im-



SYLVESTER PENNOYER.

mense forests of Oregon, he abandoned his professional ambition and engaged in the timber trade, and has been for years connected with one of the largest mills in the state. For a brief period he edited The Oregon Herald, displaying marked ability as a writer.

**Blind Maud Cook, Musical Wonder.**



Little, blind Maud Cook, whose home is in Manchester, Tenn., is probably the greatest living musical prodigy. She is only 9 years of age, and yet when but 5 years old she was not only a musician but a composer also, and the youngest on record. She has already composed and had published three instrumental pieces: "Cave-land's March," "Hendrick's Funeral March" and "Texas Galop," very pretty, and a song, "Let the Angels In," which is remarkable for one of her years. It is claimed that she surpasses Blind Tom, in that the soul, the inspiration of music, is fully developed in her; and, besides, she is altogether intelligent, having no peculiarities to distinguish her save her passion for music, which she manifested at the early age of 18 months. She is one of seven children, two more of whom, like herself, were born blind, and all betraying the same genius for music as Little Maud, though not in the same high degree. A copy of her "Hendrick's Funeral March" was sent to the widow of the ex-vice-president, who acknowledged its receipt in grateful terms. It is a very appropriate production, and does the little genius great credit. She will be 10 years old in October. Her parents are too poor to give her the benefits of a musical training, or there is no telling what she might not develop.

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