

AROUND TOWN.

Bill Rickford has the finest wheat in the north.

Helena's picnic on the 3d, and enjoyed the day splendidly.

Rev. C. L. Westberg has gone to Mayville, Portland, and Grand Forks.

Sever Serungard delivered the oration at Mardell, the Fourth, and is said to have done finely.

The Devil's Lake Stock show was successful; the races, we should judge, were about like our own.

C. T. Dazey, the original owner of Dazey, sends us a check for subscription, and informs us that "Erma," his last play is a great success.

Peter E. Nelson is building a mammoth barn on his farm, adjoining town.

Joseph Allen says he has sixty acres of as fine wheat as is growing anywhere. If he get a dollar a bushel for it he will start a bank this fall.

Mr. Knud Thompson's mother, from Lanesboro, Minn., is visiting her son, and will be here all summer.

Karnes Hegge doesn't wish to monkey any more with tin water spouts, in a thunder storm. He received a "right smart" shock in the last one.

Halvor P. Hammer has purchased the Montgomery barn, and will immediately move it to Ninth street.

Better time was made on our track the 5th inst. than at Devils Lake during the fair, or any other northern town.

A young Norwegian preacher named Olson, distinguished himself at the camp meeting, by preaching in English and Norwegian; and in an eloquent and forcible manner, worthy of Rev. Dr. Sims.

There was a celebration at John Rickford's, near Due, Saturday last. A little difficulty in the evening marred the enjoyment of the occasion.

Hon. Joseph Buchheit was in from Willow, Wednesday, the first time in a month. Joe spends all his time writing to his best girl.

The camp meeting at Quale's grove under the management of Rev. C. L. Westberg, was a pronounced success. The meeting lasted six days, and many were converted.

Mrs. Hogue, who has taught school several years in Hope, was in town, Thursday, and applied for the Cooperstown school.

The Congregational church spire is well proportioned and handsome; but the letters on the weather vane should "be right side up."

John Jorgensen's blooded spaniel pup, Bruno, after a lingering illness, kicked the bucket, Wednesday, at 1 p. m.

Country merchants will find our job stock complete, and the COURIER'S advertising columns reaching every intelligent English speaking household within thirty miles of Cooperstown. Give us a call.

Old Mr. Hawkspit says the "kentry has jest got ter blazes;" that it hasn't rained on his farm since Garfield was shot. The old man has been pretty dry himself lately, which may account for the extravagance of his remarks.

Geo. N. Stork has arranged an ingenious plan for corralling hogs at the elevator. Wednesday he caught eighteen, and on Thursday he had about as many more. He says there is more money in it than in wheat buying.

It was suggested by a good citizen, Monday morning, that nobody would celebrate in Cooperstown, on account of its being, that day (actually, as well as nominally), a temperance town. There was the largest gathering mentioned in the annals of the place.

We hear talk of a union meeting of the Farmers' alliances of the county, at Cooperstown, either before or immediately after harvest. It will be of the nature of a picnic, with speeches, horse racing, stock show, and will probably wind up with a big dance.

There was a meeting of the Farmers' alliance, Tuesday. It may have a good secretary, but he evidently doesn't take enough interest in the business to furnish the COURIER with any items, although he has been instructed so to do. It would not cost him, nor the Alliance a cent. We have been raising wheat ourselves five or six years, and take an interest in the matter.

Interest in fast horses has not abated, and last night the track was alive with equines. Andrew Hasel was out with his Michigan stepper.

Bob Moore and Sam Sansburn have broken their clay bank mustangs. The neck of one of them slightly gave way. It left him so sweetly docile that John McDonald patted him on the head with a sledge hammer, last night, until he passed into the land of shadows. Our

fashion of breaking mustangs may not be scientific, but it is thorough. Well! there will be mustangs after we are all dead.

Rev. O. D. Purinton will preach at Atchison's, Sunday morning; at Mill's school house in the afternoon, and in the Baptist Hall in the evening.

Sheriff Michaels spent the Fourth at Battle Lake Minn., among old friends.

Ice cream at Baptist hall, Saturday, from 4 P. M. to 10 P. M.

The Farmer has been complaining of no dews. Thursday night had he as much dew on his nose as there was dew on his crop the sheriff would have had his farm.

Somebody (a good neighbor no doubt) has threatened to "rough on rats" one of my geese.—Well the geese is gone, and I think that the rat must have caught it. LOUIS BROWN.

The farmers were getting a little worried about the dry weather, until Thursday morning when the big drops came down for about an hour, at a rattling rate.

Geo. L. Lenham, wife and children, J. M. Burrell and wife, Mrs. Laura Leverich, Miss. Leverich, Miss. Lenham and C. A. Van Wormer, came up from Sanborn last night, and, today, with Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Crane, Miss Grace Van Voorhis and A. B. Cox, Mrs. H. S. Lenham and A. L. Bowden, went to the river for a family picnic.

We have heard a great deal about the trotting virtues of the Colorado stock; but it is rumored that the wrong horses were shipped, and that the wild Oregon mustangs are better travellers. We believe this to be a foul slander, and that there must be some latent speed in the stock, or it would not be worth so much money. If there is no money at stake the most tender conscience ought not to prevent a horse from maintaining his good reputation.

On July 5th there was a game of base ball at Dazey, in consequence of which the Cooperstown train went out two and one half hours earlier than usual, and leaving several passengers and considerable mail. The train returned at 4 a. m. the next morning.

We went up to Romness, Sunday, to see Peter Mathison, one of the pioneers of Griggs county. Peter is pretty sick; but he has plenty of sand, is in good spirits, and it will not be surprising to see him about this fall, as well as anybody.

The dance at Quale's grove seems to have been a very sociable affair. There were three fights, and one of the boys, who had indulged in too much spring water, made things lively with a small gun.

Mr. and Mrs. Angell, of New York, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. W. R. Whidden. Mr. Angell was once a poor editor; but now is engaged in cutting down printers' bills, and all kinds of bills, in the metropolis.

Cooperstown Market Report.

Yeast is rising. Slippers are down at the heel. Butter is a little off. Hog meat is active, on the street. There is a perceptible movement in cheese.

Can-openers are a drug in the market. Horse flesh is in active demand. Ice cream is active, price firmer than the cream.

Candidates getting plenty, farmers not dealing very heavily.

Young ladies very scarce, and in great demand.

Old bachelors not marketable, at any figure.

The Dance On The River.

Hunter's omnibus made two trips to the Picnic and Camp-meeting on the river last Saturday. We went out in the last load at 7:30 P. M. Notwithstanding the storm which threatened us, we went just the same, and were there at 8:30 sharp, when a slight rain fell, which stopped the dancing for about an hour, when all went on as before, (the camp-meeting I presume was not molested, but I did not go over to see,) and a pleasant time was spent till 4 o'clock. A. M. We arrived home all O. K.

The dancing platform 20x40, was crowded all the time, and the ones with the most gall, or gal, seemed to be the ones who got the most dancing and had the most fun. Of course I was not at all behind in this line.

Some three or four fights seemed to be a portion of the days amusements, the last one however was the most exciting. A man employed on the Pickert farm, got a little too much "bug juice" and swore he could whip the whole Norwegian outfit, when a young Samson arrived on the scene, and gave him an opportunity. He used him up pretty badly. He however was cared for by his friends and taken at once to his home. The victor afterwards got a little wild and reckless, but was quieted down.

There were some more wood-pecker fights and much music and dancing. Altogether it was pretty lively for a

temperance county.

Old man Norgard was in one of the rows. Next time I go to a picnic I shall carry a shot gun and a Winchester rifle. THE DEVIL.

The Glorious Fourth

Was ushered in at Cooperstown by the firing of a salute of 110 guns by Messrs. Brown and McCormick, assisted by James Walker, who received part of the contents of one load of the five pound rifle gun in his forehead. James was a bloody spectacle for a few minutes; but being a canny, hard headed, Scotchman no great harm resulted, and during the rest of the day he attended to business as usual. About noon the farmers began to arrive in town: The ladies of the Congregational church had fitted up a rural bower in Clark & Smart's office, with trees from the Shewenne, and were furnishing the hungry and thirsty with lemonade, ice cream and cake. Messrs. Greenleese and McDermott had decorated the buildings at the driving park with star spangled banners, and the informal celebration began to promise success. At 2 p. m. the grounds at the park were alive with people. Mr. Adams introduced the orator of the day, Judge MacLaren, when that gentleman made a short, impromptu speech which was listened to attentively, and frequently applauded. It was a departure from the usual hackneyed Fourth of July effort, and was appreciated accordingly.

The 3:00 race was then called. Old Gold, entered by Andrew Johnson; Jumbo, entered by N. Sifton; and Lightning, entered by Charley Hall. Old Gold won the race in two straight heats, after a lively tussle with the big brown gelding.

The next was the pony race, one mile dash; between Retzlaff's Buckskin, and Glass' Bay Rum, which was won by Buckskin.

The free for all running race, half mile dash, had two starters, the black stallion, Jet, and Beauty, entered by H. G. Pickett. Jet won the heat and race after an exciting struggle.

The combination race was a very tame affair. Joe, the pacer, wouldn't pace, but amused himself by kicking off his shoes; and the runner, Jet, would not run. The latter, however, managed to cover enough ground to win the race handsomely.

After this the same horses were sent the second time. A bad break of the pacer, on the acute angle of the track, let in enough day light to insure the second heat to the runner.

About 700 people were present, which tends to establish as a fact that when we make an effort for a celebration, we shall call 1,500 people out. This was our first celebration, and not a bill was printed, a purse advertised, nor a cent of expense incurred, other than in fixing up the ground. The judges were John McDermott, Geo. W. Greenleese, and Anton Enger.

In the evening there was a dancing party at the school house. About thirty couples were in attendance. Harry Wasser and A. Haskell were the floor managers. Music by Messrs. Hodge and Larson. Mrs. B. B. Brown and Mr. James Walker furnished refreshments. The party broke up at 2:30 a. m., and is said, by our devil, to have been very enjoyable.

NOTES.

Col. Frost enjoyed the races, and backed the winners—the highest bet was 25 cents.

There are some more races talked of for an early day.

The people did not patronize the grand stand as they should. Lumber is very high.

Andrew Johnson won every heat and every race in which his horses were entered.

Jimmy Walker would have been running yet, if the judges had not driven him off.

Dazey.

Dazey was but a few days arranging for her Fourth of July celebration; but its great success speaks volumes for the enterprise and patriotism of her citizens. The day was oppressively hot, the thermometer registering 110 in the shade, and yet this circumstance did not deter the lardy grangers of Northern Barnes and Southern Griggs from turning out to the number of five hundred. Valley City, Sanborn, Cooperstown, Helena, Hanaford, and other towns in the two counties, were represented. An excursion train from Sanborn, with about sixty passengers, arrived at 10 a. m. The usual programme for a 4th of July celebration was observed—salute at sunrise—reading declaration of independence—oration—various races—ball game—dancing, etc.

Your correspondent arrived too late for the morning programme, which included the reading, and oration; but was assured that both productions were well rendered, the former by Mr. J. D. Bojer, and the oration by Editor Vallandigham, of Valley City. Mr. Val-

landigham was dressed in a neat-fitting Prince Albert coat, a white neck-tie, and looked handsome. He eloquently reviewed the early history of Dazey, its remarkable growth from the bare prairie to its present size and importance as a trading center, and prophesied a bright and prosperous future for the town.

After dinner the large crowd assembled at the race course to witness the races. The half-mile course is just east of the track, and a few rods north of town. The races were called at 2 p. m. Mr. Joe Hawlett took first money in the free for all trot; Otto Holman, second.

In the running race, Frank Wilson took first money, and Wm. Hadlock, second.

A gentleman from Sanborn had the fastest running pony, and got first money; Willis Wilson, second.

In the slow mule race (the slow mule to take the prize—change of riders), J. D. Rood won the race.

Next came the sack race, which created no small amount of enthusiasm. Jos. Hawlett won the race; Otto Holman second.

The boys race was run, but in the absence of the judges no action was taken on the same, and the boys went to town disappointed and disgusted.

Messrs. J. M. Burrell, W. J. Wheeler and C. A. Van Wormer presided in the judges stand. There being no audible "kicking," it is presumed they were very fair in their decisions. The trotting and running races were participated in by farm horses only. There was no time scored no jockeying, and no fights.

At 3 p. m. the base ball game was called. The two clubs—Sanborn and Dazey—made a nice appearance in their new uniforms, and their appearance on the diamond was greeted with hearty cheers. The citizens of Dazey had made up a purse of \$25, to be presented to the winner, which fact lent additional interest to the game. C. F. Weiland umpired the game in a fair, impartial manner. The game lasted two hours and resulted in a score of 20 to 9, in favor of Sanborn.

At 7:30 the large hall over Lawrence Bros' store was illuminated, and near two hundred ladies and gentlemen assembled there, and danced until the dawn of Tuesday morning. Eight sets kept time to the soul stirring music of the Dazey orchestra. Where so many beautiful ladies came from is what puzzled the old pioneer, who remembered that not more than three years ago you couldn't scare up enough in twenty miles around to fill a set.

Messrs. Wheeler, Quinn, Holman, Nelson and Thompson, were the committee appointed to keep good order, and they succeeded, as there was not a disturbance throughout the day. The horrors of a box-car bastille cooled down the ardor of any who went there ripe for a fight.

C. F. Weiland, with practice, will make a good umpire. Even the giants of the main line can't shake his decisions—when once announced.

Capt. Pattison, the genial landlord, enjoyed a rush of business at his hotel.

The writer is indebted to W. J. Wheeler, Mr. Wheeler was very active in getting up the celebration. He is an enterprising citizen. Will Russell and S. J. Russell, Jr., have returned from Sims, Dak., and report everything in good shape on the stock farm. Will Russell will go to Fargo for his family, and return to Sims.

B. A. Clausen celebrated at Dazey, and then went to Jamestown for a short vacation.

Jo. Vallandigham, Rollif Berg, and S. H. Larson likewise celebrated at Dazey.

Iver Jacobson spent the Fourth in Dazey, and then went to Fargo on business.

Ottawa.

Wheat is suffering from the effects of dry weather.

Ask Ike Mills what he knows about riding bronchos.

Farmers are busy laying in this section.

Parties in this vicinity who are disputing the rights of those who have purchased hay from the N. P. railroad company, and going ahead, cutting hay on said lands, and our opinion is that there names will be Dennis.

QUILDRIVER.

Sheep.

For Sale—Breeding ewes, and their lambs. Grade Cotswold or Southdown—for cash or time, with approved security. Enquire at Lawrence Bros' Bank.

One car load of salt just received at Whidden Bros.

E. C. Ward wishes to inform the public that he has secured the services of a first-class shoemaker, and will be able to supply the work of the public, on and after Monday next.

Willow Cuttings.

Once more we greet you.

Say, who told you that we had fallen into innocuous desuetude. We didn't fall into that old chestnut at all.

How are you feeling after your celebration of the glorious Fourth? The good people of Willow, to the number of eighty, had a picnic at the lake, and experienced a very enjoyable time.

Geo. G—— was up from Coopers-town; but we don't think a good dinner was his sole object in coming. Eh, George?

Mrs. Ruth has had her dwelling moved about one-half mile east, to her homestead. Sparling Bros. successfully engineered the job.

Put your hail insurance with the Farmers' Mutual.

Elijah Hamilton's mother has come up from St. Cloud, Minn., to visit her son.

Herbert Safford, at work for Elijah Hamilton, on section 11-148-90, received a bad cut with an axe, on the calf of his leg, July 6th. The axe flew off the handle and caught him as it came down. These Willow boys have lots of muscle.

We hear that parties from Hope shot a young elk, about one-half mile south of Willow postoffice.

Our road supervisor is going for all those who harbor noxious weeds on their premises.

Herbert Safford's valuable mare, the same day of his injury, became tangled up in a wire fence, and is nearly ruined.

The P. M. informs us that hereafter we shall have our mail direct from Cooperstown, and that mail will come to this office on Mondays, instead of Tuesdays. The new carrier, Joe McCulloch, made his first trip July 3d. Shall receive the COURIER one day sooner by this arrangement.

Well, so long. Will see you again, later. CURIS X.

Editor Courier:

Yea, verily, the still swine drinketh the swill. Yet, it is our opinion, that when a person, aspiring to be a representative man in his locality, contemplates to enter into a little, mean, contemptible scheme, whereby a school election is turned into a farce, and all for personal advancement, he is stooping very low, and demeaning himself greatly in the eyes of all right minded people. And further, that the scheme whereby he scored a temporary success, is worthy only of the fertile brain of an illicit dispenser of bug juice and vile butter; and the sooner, and harder, such proceedings are set down on the better it will be for our schools.

Here endeth the first chapter. Willow, July 6th. JON.

Hail Insurance.

Editor Griggs Courier:

Seeing an article in your valuable paper in regard to the St. Paul Fire & Marine Hail Insurance company, I would say the company may be all right in their way of thinking, but I would like to know how much the farmers have ever made by insuring in outside companies—and they want the cash down at that. They have sent men to adjust losses that don't know the difference between a wheat field and a wild oat pasture. And why should we patronize any but our own companies?

Brother Farmers, Mr. Pickett, or any other agent, has very little to do with the business after he writes you out a policy, and takes your note or money. The agents are working for wages, like any other men, and yet this St. Paul company is better than most of the other companies, which are absolutely rotten. I would also say to the farmers, to oppose all office seekers, this fall, who uphold the whisky license.

Yours, Respectfully, Dazey, July 3, 1886. J. H. MURROY.

The great horses of the Minnesota circuit were the pacers, Dan D., and Kinsman. The other pacers—the Stillwater gelding, Mike Wilkes, and Johnson, did not add to their laurels, although Johnson easily won the \$6,000 race from the former horse in three straight heats; best time, 2:15. As a trotter, Prince Arthur had everything to himself, although Longfellow Whip forced him to lower his record to 2:19. Dan D. is supposed to be able to lower the pacing record.

Wm. Carroll, veterinary surgeon, from Valley City, is in town, doctoring horses.

Saturday night Mr. Duncan McDonald became security in a \$100 bond for the appearance to-day of Edward Connors, in Justice Connelly's court. The time having expired and Connors failing to show up, McDonald has offered a reward of \$50 for Connors' appearance. —Valley City Times.