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NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., June 21, 1889.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Fargo, D. T., on August 6, 1889, viz: Ole S. Men, for the same, sec. 10, Twp. 147, R. 59.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: John Fosbeld, Andrew Mickelson, Edward Ireland, Torlie Fosheldt, all of Cooperstown, D. T. **HORACE AUSTIN,** Register, Iver Jacobson atty.

THE COWBOY EVANGELIST.

He Was Once a Maverick, but Now Claims to be Branded.

The great southwest does not mean to be outdone by any other portion of this great continent. Learning of the success of the Rev. Sam Jones, and the sensation he was creating east of the Mississippi, they have taken up what they claim to be an equal prodigy in the person of S. W. Wesley, who as an evangelist can "whoop her up with any of them."



S. W. WESLEY.

"I was born," said the evangelist, in a reported interview, communicating the startling secret with much impressiveness, "I was born in Missouri, but when I was a three-year-old I ran to the enormity of the fact and went to Texas. One dark night I sat in a gray flannel suit and rode out in a Texas. Yes, sir, it was my third birthday. I brought up on the frontier, and until a year ago was a cowboy. Every one knew me. I was branded all over with the devil's iron; yes, sir. One day a year ago, things being corpse-like on the frontier, I dropped over into Anderson county, just to get a swaller of civilization. I had several, so to speak. Happened into meeting one night, and there was Maj. Penn, an evangelist, first red-hot Bible into the crowd. Began to talk about a son of a Maverick, known about without no owners; but that night the Lord jese himself me, branded me, and says, 'Now you expect on my ranch, an' I've been about the very same. Was, a year ago I didn't know Mr. Jones from Mr. Jones, but I've saved things out. If any man can jump a quail from the Bible that I don't know way. The swaller me, but eat him blood-saw, jst as he is.'"

Mr. Wesley is in real earnest in promoting his present mission. He recently visited some of the churches in the purpose of raising money to buy and repair a church building in Colto, Tex. In this he has been successful. He is the son of an Illinois river steamboat captain, and claims to be a descendant of the great John Wesley. His progress in the church has been rapid. He was converted in April, 1885. He used to preach at the Baptist church in July of that year and ordained in April of this year, since which he has been constantly preaching.

CHIEF GALL,

Who Commanded the Indians at the Custer Massacre.

Our soldiers from both north and south met of late on the anniversary of a battle, and remitted in good feeling on a field where, before they were engaged, they were endeavoring to fight one another to death. It is the many and soldierly thing to bury old animosities of the scene of their culmination. How much more magnanimous was the burial of the hate on the part of our soldiers, are their savage antagonists on the respective sides of the tent anniversary of the Custer massacre.

The great Sioux chief, Gall, who commanded the Indians on that terrible day, was invited by the few survivors of that fight and in numbers of the garrisons in the neighboring posts to go over the field with them and see the manner in which Custer's command was annihilated. With calm dignity and emotion, aided by an unweary manly eye, the brave warrior depicted the scene as if it were but yesterday. He said: We saw soldiers early in the morning crossing the divide. When Reno and Custer separated we watched them until they came down in the valley. The cry was raised that the white soldiers were coming, and orders were given for the village to move. Reno swept down so rapidly upon the upper end that the Indians were forced to fight. Sitting Bull and I were at the point where Reno attacked. Sitting Bull was the big medicine man. The women and children were hastily moved down the stream where the Cheyennes were encamped. The Sioux attacked Reno and the Cheyennes Custer, and then all became mixed up. When Reno made his attack at the upper end he killed my two squaws and three children, which made my heart bad. I then fought with hatchets (meaning that he mutilated the soldiers).

From other portions of his graphic description of the fight one of the chief causes of Custer's disaster is determined. He says that some of the horses stood on their heads from fright at the Indians yelling and shaking var-colored blankets at them. The soldiers then abandoned their horses to fight on foot, leaving the horses in charge of a few men. These were soon dispatched by the Indians, and the already frightened horses stampeded, carrying in their saddles the reserve ammunition on which the soldiers depended. The wily redmen knew all this, and drew the fire from the white soldier until his ammunition was exhausted, when they closed right in and killed them with hatchets. This account of the disaster is born out by the known fact that most of the Seventh cavalry had, just previous to the battle, been remounted on fiery young Kentucky horses, untrained to the yell and excitement of Indian fighting.

Gall, however, pays a high tribute to the bravery of Custer's command. "The Indians," he said, "were in couples behind and in front of Custer as he moved up the ridge, and were as many as the grass on the plains. The first two companies (Knox's and Calhoun's) dismounted and fought on foot.

They never broke, but retired step by step until forced back to the ridge, upon which all finally died. They were shot down in line where they stood. Knox's company rallied and were all killed in a bunch. (This statement seems borne out by the facts, as thirty-eight bodies of Knox's troopers were found piled in a heap.)

"The soldiers fought desperately and never surrendered. They fought standing along in line on the right. As fast as the men fell the horses were herded and driven toward the squaws and old men, who gathered them up. When Reno attempted to find Custer by throwing out a skirmish line, Custer and all who were with him were dead. When the skirmishers reached a high point overlooking Custer's field, the Indians were galloping around and over the wounded, dying and dead, popping bullets and arrows into them. Forty-three Indians were killed that day, but many more died subsequently from wounds."

Gall has with his own hand killed many soldiers and settlers in the twenty years that he was on the warpath prior to 1876. At one time a party of soldiers overtook him on the prairie, near Fort Sully, D. T. They shot him a half dozen times through the body, and to make sure that he was a dead Indian they bayoneted him several times through the chest, but he lived to retaliate on the Little Big Horn battlefield.

Gall is a magnificent specimen of Indian humanity. He is full six feet in height, with an immense chest and lithic, active body. He, like Sitting Bull and the major part of his tribe, are now sincere Christians, and that they are proud of their religion is evidenced by the cross which they wear. Taqura a born leader, Gall has become one of the meekest of followers.

COL. GEORGE B. CORKHILL

Sudden Death at Mount Pleasant, Ia., His Old Home.

A short paragraph in the crowded columns of the newspapers is given to an obituary notice of a man who eight years ago figured very prominently in the mail. Col. George B. Corkhill, to whom is thus assigned brief but kindly dispatching to the other world, was the United States prosecuting attorney that conducted the trial of Guiteau, Garfield's assassin. In doing this he incurred the enmity of the murderer to a violent extent. Guiteau accused Corkhill of seeking to have him hanged in cold blood.

Col. Corkhill was born in Harrison county, Ohio, forty-eight years ago. His father was a Methodist preacher, and George was like so many other clergyman's sons—bright and passing, but poor. While he was yet a small boy his family removed to Iowa. The youth was graduated at the age of 21 from the Wesleyan university of Mount Pleasant, Ia. Thence he entered the law school at Harvard. His blood, however, was too ardently patriotic to calmly sit and read law while the war drum was sounding in his country. He threw down his books and hastened back home to Iowa. There he organized a company of volunteers and hastened to the seat of war.

President Hayes appointed him prosecuting attorney of the District of Columbia. He continued to hold this office till the beginning of President Arthur's term. Then he opened a law office in Washington. The name he won during the Guiteau trial easily laid up a good business for him.

He left Washington on his usual health and in the best of spirits on Thursday, and on Tuesday he was lying dead on his bed.

Again the Republican Candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania.

When, before the close of the recent Republican convention in Harrisburg, Pa., their nominee came swinging down the center aisle on crutches, and a moment later stood on his solitary leg on the platform, it produced a scene of the wildest enthusiasm, which is only seen at political conventions. Gen. Beaver, the central figure in this scene, is a native of Pennsylvania, and not 50 years of age, though he looks some older, but then he went through enough suffering during the war to have aged a few years.

AND GETTING—

AND PRINTED—

FOR FINE

GEN. JAMES A. BEAVER

Upon the breaking out of the war Beaver entered the service as captain of Company H, Second Pennsylvania Infantry, and served during the three months' campaign. He entered the three years' service as a lieutenant colonel of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Infantry. He resigned his command on Sept. 4, 1862, to take command of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth regiment, recruited in Center county. He was shot through the body at Chambersville, and his wound was supposed to be fatal, but a surgeon at Harrisburg recovered him. Before joining his regiment he organized and sent to the field the emergency men from Camp Curtis who participated in the battle of Gettysburg. He distinguished himself at Antietam and Blood Run Station. At Cold Harbor he was wounded in the hip, and promoted to the command of his brigade. At Petersburg, while relieving his forces, he was struck in the side by a piece of shell, and thus received a severe wound. He then came north and remained until the battle of Reams' Station, on the Wilmington and Western railroad, on Aug. 24, 1864, in which he lost a leg. This loss obliged him to retire from the service, and he returned to Bellefonte and resumed the practice of law, begun before the war. In 1875 he married the daughter of his law preceptor and partner. In 1882 he was defeated for the office for which he is again a candidate.

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For Governor of Maine. In Maine, where a Republican nomination for governor has long been an equivalent to an election, the lucky candidate this summer is Hon. Joseph R. Bodwell, of Hallowell. His career is a singularly interesting one, being that of the old-fashioned, typical American, Ben Franklin sort of boy, who, by industry and application, rose from a humble position to eminence.



JOSEPH R. BODWELL.

He was born in 1818 in what is now part of Lawrence, Mass. In those days he was called by the old-fashioned name of Mochette.

His father was so poor that the boy went to live with an uncle. The probable governor of Maine has been farm laborer, shoemaker, farmer, teamster, quarryman and granite works proprietor. The latter he still is on a very large scale. He was who opened up the granite quarries of Maine, thus giving his fellow citizens a new industry. He began to work the quarries at Fox Haven in 1852. So small was the beginning that he used to haul the granite out himself with an yoke of oxen.

He learned to make evenings, while he was going to school, in the daytime. He had, besides his quarry interests, a fine farm, and is known as a large importer of blooded stock. He is one of Maine's most substantial and respected citizens. Reminiscing his own poverty and humble beginnings, he takes great interest in public schools and in the cause of temperance.

He has twice presented his fellow citizens in the lower house of the Maine legislature, has twice been mayor of Hallowell, and a delegate-at-large to the Republican conventions at Chicago in 1880 and 1884.

This is a cup which is offered to the fleetest yacht that sails of any shape, size or nationality. It will be raced for during the annual cruise of the New York Yacht club this summer.

The cup is presented by Mr. Ogden G. Clark, of New York. It is of silver, 2 1/2 feet high, and cost \$1000. The figure upon it is to represent wind and water, with a large "W." The female in this figure is the fury in a Miss Newell. The figure is of the same material and to the effect of a water and wind admiral, Mr. Wind the admiral. The water is running down a river from the shell-like top of the vase. The figure is a span, technical description of this work of high art says that the genius of the wind, with his army of evil spirits, is sporting with the Nereid of the sea, while dolphins and seaweed mingle in the flow of water, giving a spiral form to the vase, etc.

The other side of the vase bears the inscription "Goblet Cup, 1886." The water trickles over that, too. The race will occur in the early part of August and will be from Newport, over a triangular course of forty-five miles, to the starting point.



GOLLEY CUP.