

Official Directory.

TERRITORIAL OFFICERS.

Governor—Gilbert A. Pierce.
 Delegates in Congress—Oscar S. Gifford,
 Secretary—M. H. McCormick, Bismarck.
 Auditor—E. W. Caldwell, Bismarck.
 Treasurer—James W. Raymond, Bismarck.
 Superintendent of Public Instruction—A.
 Sheridan Jones, Olivet.
 Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction
 —John W. Cowen, Valley City.
 Surveyor General—Maris Taylor, Huron.
 Attorney General—George Rice, Bismarck.
 Judge District Court, Sixth District—Wm. H.
 Francis, of Bismarck.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Commissioners—R. C. Cooper, chairman, John
 Jorgensen and Ole Halvorsen.
 County Clerk and Register of Deeds—H. P.
 Smart.
 Clerk of District Court—J. N. Jorgensen.
 Sheriff—M. L. Michaels.
 Treasurer—Anton Enger.
 Surveyor—Martin A. Ueland.
 Supt. of Schools—Dr. T. F. Kerr.
 Judge of Probate—Geo. B. Clark.
 Coroner—Dr. G. F. Newell.
 Commissioners of Insanity—Geo. B. Clark, T.
 F. Kerr and David Bartlett.
 Justices of Peace—P. A. Melgard, Cooperstown
 Harry Clark, Willow; Andrew Johnson, M.
 Davidson, Gallatin.
 Constables—J. H. Atchison, Allan Pinkerton,
 C. H. Johnson, M. L. Michaels.

The political pot has commenced to boil in every county but ours, and it is time the people—and by the people we do not mean the men with hankering for office, nor those who are always engaged in manipulating politics, but the men who live here, pay taxes, and attend to all the duties of life—commenced to think of the matter. The deacon who attends his weekly prayer meeting, and neglects his county conventions and elections, is ignoring a grave responsibility, and is a defaulter to mankind. He certainly needs all the mercy he can get of Deity for he is morally indicted by every thoughtful citizen. The farmer or merchant who stays at home during conventions, and excuses himself because he has "something to do beside meddling with politics," and prefers to "mind his own business," is either a fool or a coward. The few dollars that he filches from the public by "attending to his own business" he is liable to pay back ten fold, in taxes and inconvenience. If his absence is because he is afraid to offend some, by exercising the prerogatives of American citizenship, he is unworthy of his country and its institutions. It is a well-known fact that our conventions are empty affairs. The best men, as a rule, will not accept nomination, nor work at elections, because the nominating bodies are not deemed by them representative. Let the alliances, the churches, the mutual companies, the business men of a county meet in convention and the offices, even to the constabulary, will be held honorable and desirable. Politics should reach the pulpit as well as the bar.

The New Rockford Transcript brings up in its correspondence the Gopher question. We have farmed it in Dakota seven years, in a sort of ragged-kid-glove style, and understand the gopher question. One year we had 250 acres of alleged wheat, and the entire crop was in gophers. For every kernel of seed wheat we must raise a gopher. They would sit on the railroad track, which runs through the land, a string of them two miles long, and smile at us, and flick their tails, as we drove by. It was mortifying to witness their plumpness and *sans froid* and *abandon*. They climbed the telegraph poles, and sent telegrams to our creditors that they had fixed Adams' crop for him. They started gradually, as if fearful the crop wouldn't last them; but toward harvest time they got reckless and the harvester refused the hollow mockery of harvesting a stubble field. If the kid glove farmer worked it right we believe he could get enough gopher hides to start a glove factory. In Paris, rat skins are worth two cents a piece; and if the hide of one American gopher isn't as good as that of a Paris rat, we better quit raising wheat for the consumption of the Frog Eater.

Hugh J. Campbell, it seems, could not convert peaceable Dakotians into revolutionists by repealing section 32 of the "Constitution of Dakota," at the Sioux Falls convention. We have been hurrying the division and statehood movement some years, and we seem to be in hard luck, and better wait awhile. Our time will come, and then look out for a boom.

The Carrington News is doing some high kicking over an alleged Jamestown legislative slate for the district it is in. The News is right, if the slate is made—which is a point in dispute. As long as we are doing business in a republic, it is just as well that the people make the slate, if they will sufficiently enthrone.

Jamestown Alert: Hon. C. M. Mac Laren, of Cooperstown has been set down by his friends as a candidate for the legislature from the eighteenth district—if he will run, and if he don't, the next man, the boys say, must be Editor Adams of the COURIER, who is popular and able.

We have always spoken well of the gentlemanly editors of the Alert; and why they should thus wantonly attack us, is incomprehensible. As a matter of fact, we are not a candidate for the office. When we achieve an "office," be it that of justice of the peace, or senator, it will have to come to us. We are not going to chase after an office that has, in the majority of cases, brought only bankruptcy to its holders, without any adequate appreciation of honest services. This may surprise some of the "other fellers," but it's correct. See?

We wanted to take in that good fish dinner at Detroit, or any where else; but, say, isn't that a long way off—that Detroit? What is the trouble of all the editors coming up to Lake Ensign, and taking dinner with Captain Pattison? Lake Ensign is a beautiful lake, three miles from the sea port of Dazey, and, until this year, not even the most inquisitive pioneer dreamed that its waters were rioting with pickerel, pike, and bass; and yet the fishing has been finer there than in any other lake in the Northwest.

The country editor is an individual who has to stand a great many impositions. He regularly receives applications for advertising space which he is to work out in trade for a stringhalted sewing machine, a wheezy organ, or a mangy shot gun, provided he will pay the swindling wretches the full value of their old junk in cash. Our waste basket is stuffed with such trash. By the way, Lord & Thomas, of Chicago, would it not look better for you to pay your bill to this office for printing that insurance ad; and not compel us to subscribe for some advertising directory in the dim future, in order to get even?

The political pot has commenced to simmer in every county but this, and, while we hear of divers candidates for divers offices, it does not seem public policy to stir the pot up too early in the day. We wish to see the best men nominated in convention and elected at the polls.

Now comes the Bahgite Sentinel and proposes Editor Hansborough for Congress. Well, the Sentinel might have done a mighty sight worse, than to suggest Mr. Hansborough. He is able to fill the bill we all know, but we reckon the proposition lacks what the play of Hamlet lacks when the Prince of Denmark is left out.

Some of our Northern editors met at Detroit, Sunday, and decided to organize a North Dakota Press Association. A meeting will be held at Hotel Minnesota, July 29th, to perfect arrangements. We should like to be there, and shall be, if possible.

Say, Bro. Bowers, you are figuring this wheat business down pretty fine. Have you been taking some chances yourself, or is it our own experience, years ago, that leads us to misjudge you, or only because you read the papers?

Puck; A type-setter recently committed suicide by taking Rough on Rats.

Our devil says the blamed fool ought to have known it would hurt him.

We have received the premium list of the North Dakota Agricultural exposition, to be held at Grand Forks, Sept. 13th to 18th, 1886.

A "ball of smoke" came down to the earth with the deafening roar of a freight train, at Grafton Wis., and buries itself in the earth.

The Mayville Tribune endorses the Barnes county boom for Major Edwards.

John Lind has been nominated for Congress in the Second district of Minnesota.

The Oleomargarine bill has passed the senate and that article is to be taxed two cents a lb.

The Anarchists are still on trial, at Chicago.

Gladstone and his cabinet have resigned.

Puck seems to be "agin" church bells; and, although we are not yet troubled by them in Cooperstown, its remarks are worthy of notice.

No amount of piled up age can make a good thing bad, or a useless thing useful. This Nineteenth Century is noisy enough without having to bear the infliction of medieval noises that lost all significance and sense a century ago. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, it was well enough to ring the church-bells to tell the time, to summon church-goers to their devotions, to sound the curfew and to give the alarm when fire or violence threatened the townfolk. But what earthly reason is there today, when every man can have a clock at home, and when almost every man has a watch in his pocket, for the maddening clangor of the church-bells, rending the air day and night, hammering Sunday from a day of rest into a day of nerve-racking uneasiness? There is no end of poetry about the church-bells. Poets beyond count have taken each his turn at entreating us to listen to their music or their melody or their tender tones. But the poetry has pretty thoroughly gone out of the church bells. Today they are—at least in all cities and large towns—simply an unmitigated nuisance. They serve no end whatever. Any man who has a dollar of his own can buy a clock. A house without a clock is about as rare as a house without a roof. People known when it is 10 or half past ten, or even eleven, on Sunday morning, as well as they know when the hours come on the other days of the week. Church-going people do not, the most of them, live within call of the bells of their own particular churches. And they are on their way to their Sunday services long before the bells begin to ring. We can never get statistics of the absolute misery and suffering caused by the discordant clamor of a great city's hundreds of discordant bells. But we know the untimely ringing breaks the scant sleep of the weary; tortures the sensitive nerves of the sick; and annoys the entire populace, without serving any purpose whatever, beyond pleasing those agreeable people who want to have everything done in this century as it was done in other centuries; and who ought to be relegated to some limbo where they may practice upon each other the barbarism they pretend to admire.

The Anarchist Trial.

CHICAGO, July 18.—In the anarchist trial yesterday afternoon Lieutenant Quinn, who commanded the company of police at Haymarket, testified that the expression, "Here comes the blood-hounds; you do your duty and I'll do mine," came from a man on the wagon who was addressing the crowd. Every eye in the court room is turned upon the anarchist Fielden, who straightened up in his chair and glared at the witness. A memorable scene followed. The lieutenant continuing, rises to his feet to better illustrate his remarks. He says: Captain Ward was just ordering to disperse and the speaker was climbing from the wagon, and turning toward the policeman yelled, "We are peaceable," pulled a revolver from his hip point blank fired at Ward, Bonfield and the officers behind them. The bomb exploded almost the same instant." This is the first evidence that any certain defendant had directly attempted murder in the Haymarket. A hush falls on the audience. Fielden has started eagerly forward in his chair, his right hand nervously pulling his shaggy beard, his eyes strangely lightened up, and a grim smile on his lips. Even the jurors are half rising in their seats.

First Gun for Gifford.

Pierre Dak., July 17.—The first Gifford gun of the campaign was fired today. The Republicans of Hughes county, in convention, selected as delegates to the territorial convention at Yankton, Sept. 22, J. C. McManning, C. H. Walworth, C. J. Crawford, J. Seebree, H. O. Besancon, and C. A. Berger. Resolutions were unanimously adopted eulogizing Hon. O. S. Gifford and instructing the delegates to work for nomination as delegate in congress; also pledging continued efforts to secure a division on the forty-sixth parallel, and the creation of two states out of the territory.

Perhaps you know, Miss Cleveland preferred to go away alone and unattended. A friend who was on the train with the departing Cleverlands says that the brother and sister separated in Jersey City, Miss Cleveland going on alone. She took an elevated train, instead of a carriage and went up town in a humble and unostentatious way as doubtless will her Presidential brother when he comes to leave the White House and return to New York. I understand the President is anything but pleased with his sister's second venture into the field of literature. Neither is he a friendly admirer of the Barnum skill of the publisher in throwing the book on the market at the time of his wedding. The first book was forgiven upon the theory that Rose Elizabeth was never to offend again. The novel just finished is said to be the very quintessence of sentimentality of the kind that never would be met outside of the dreams of maiden ladies of a rather advanced age.—E.E.

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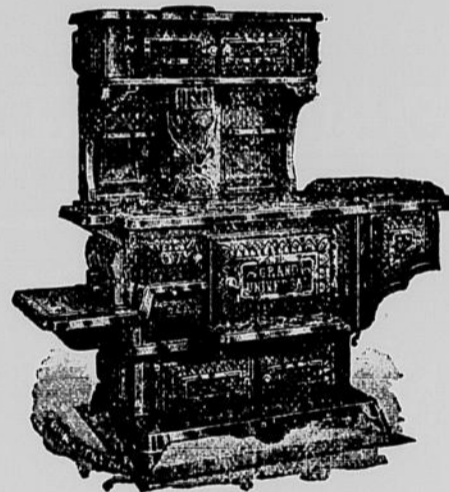
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