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NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., June 22, 1886.

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 the judge of the probate court, at Sherbrooke, D. T., on July 30th, 1886, viz: John Anderson, Andrew Anderson, Karl Eliezer, Knud Halvorsen, all of Roseburg postoffice, Griggs county, D. T.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: H. B. Randall, James Sweetland, James H. MacLean, Arthur Sweetland, all of Pickert P. O., Sibley county, D. T.

23-25 HORACE AUSTIN, Register.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., June 22, 1886.

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, 1886, viz: Ole S. Moe, for the n-e 1/4 sec. 10, twp. 147, r. 59.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: John Fesholdt, Andrew Mikkelson, Edward Ireland, Torleik Fesholdt, all of Cooperstown, D. T.

23-25 HORACE AUSTIN, Register.

BESIDE TILDEN'S GRAVE.

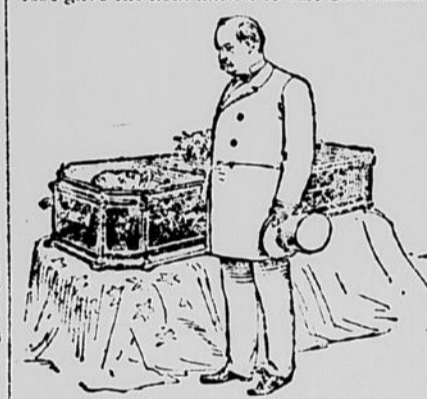
THE PICTURESQUE BURIAL PLOT AT NEW LEBANON, N. Y.

The Great Democrat Sleeps Amid His Ancestors in the Country Burying Ground—A White-Draped Catafalque. His Latest Portrait—Gramercy Park.

At New Lebanon, Columbia county, N. Y., the mortal remains of Samuel Jones Tilden were buried, Saturday, Aug. 7. There, in the little country hamlet, his life started, seventy-two years ago. When it had worn out the body and taken its flight to unknown realms, the clay mold it had inhabited was given back to the same kindly earth at New Lebanon.

The portrait in the illustration is from a photograph taken only a few weeks before Mr. Tilden died. For the past ten months he had been gaining in flesh and strength and there was reason to believe that he had years of life before him yet. There was even talk of nominating him for the presidency in 1883, with or without his consent. Rival candidates will undoubtedly breathe more freely now old and infirm as the Sage of Greystone was. He was the shrewdest political organizer of his time.

Lumors had the distinguished old man bequeathed to more women than was the luck of any other bachelor of his time, yet he lived and died single. There is not even the record of an early love disappointment, such as invested President Buchanan with romantic interest, to gild Tilden's blunt unvarnished bachelorhood. It appears to have remained single because he liked it best that way. Had he chosen he might have been a bachelor president. There is every reason to believe that he might have died president had he accepted the Democratic nomination in 1884. He could have had it also in 1880. As it was he was a president maker, and perhaps that was as much consolation to him as having the office for himself. At any rate, it was far less bitter. His latter of declination in 1884 gave the nomination to Mr. Cleveland.



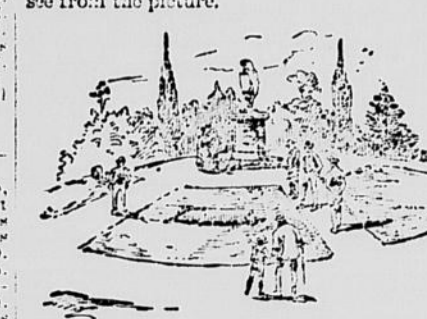
MR. TILDEN.

The president attended Mr. Tilden's funeral and stood with bowed head beside the coffin of the great master Democrat. Several members of the cabinet also came over from Washington to Greystone to be present. A striking and pleasing feature of the scene as the body lay in state at Greystone was the absence of heavy black drapery about the roared remains. The catafalque, where the body lay in state in his own room looking out over the Hudson, was covered with snow white hangings. It was beautiful and unique.

Many famous men have died like a tree at the top first, as Dean Swift said of himself. Mr. Tilden was spared that most sorrowful kind of decay. For some years his body has been practically dead. He was so paralyzed that it is hard to see how he kept in the flesh so long. His vocal chords ceased to act several years ago, and he could only speak in a whisper, so low that the listener had to bend his head close to Mr. Tilden's lips to hear. His left hand was useless; his right hand shook so that if he wished to extend it in greeting to a friend it had to be shot forward with a sudden impulse to make it move at all.

When he walked it was with a slow, shuffling step, painful to be seen. His hearing was the only sense that remained to him perfect. Yet his mind was strong, and crystal clear to the last. He was so helpless that for some years he had to be fed like a child, yet within a few months he dictated and issued a document so vigorous and statesmanlike that it waked up the whole country. The document was his letter to Senator Hawley on our need of coast defenses and fortifications. It commended itself to members of both political parties.

The Tilden burial plot is of unique and beautiful design. Probably Mr. Tilden himself planned it, for it was the work of no ordinary mind. The plot is in the village cemetery, and is laid out in circular form. In the center are buried the statesman's father and mother. A tall marble burial urn is placed above them. Then a circular walk runs around their graves. After that comes a circle of four burial plots, then another circular walk, then another round of grave plots. Four walks radiate from the central graves, where the Tilden ancestors repose, out to the circumference of the whole burial plot. Mr. Tilden is buried in the northwest corner grave of the inner circle. How his grave looks you see from the picture.



TILDEN'S GRAVE.

It is a peaceful country graveyard. The thoughts of the Sage of Greystone turned to that in his old days, rather than to the more pretentious cemeteries nearer New York city.

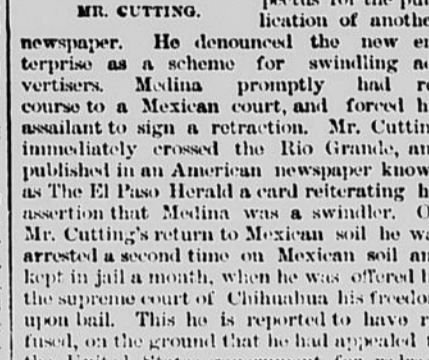
His family were Presbyterians. Greystone is a beautiful country seat on a Hudson river hill, above the village of Yonkers, nine miles from New York city. Mr. Tilden's city home, at Gramercy park, in New York, was a luxurious and beautiful mansion. It had been originally two houses, which were made over into one. Its choicest treasure is its vast library of 30,000 volumes, which New York city hopes to possess as a legacy from the sage. At the age of 35 Mr. Tilden was a most successful lawyer. He became rich in railroad and mining enterprises before being elected governor of New York, in 1875. His estate is estimated at \$7,000,000, to be divided among more than twenty heirs.

CASUS BELLI CUTTING.

The American Editor Whose Detention Has Raised such a Hubbub.

The arrest and detention of Editor Cutting by the Mexican authorities has attracted the attention of the whole continent, and illustrates the bitter feeling that exists between neighbors on the banks of the Rio Grande. This animosity comes from the long series of depredations which the lawless bands on both sides of the river have practiced on one another for years.

The facts in the present rupture are about as follows: Mr. Cutting, while an American citizen, lives in the Mexican town El Paso del Norte, and edits and publishes a newspaper called El Centinela. In this journal, which is printed in the Spanish language, he attacked a rival named Medina, who had issued a prospectus for the publication of another newspaper. He denounced the new enterprise as a scheme for swindling advertisers. Medina promptly had recourse to a Mexican court, and forced his assailant to sign a retraction. Mr. Cutting immediately crossed the Rio Grande, and published in an American newspaper known as The El Paso Herald a card reiterating his assertion that Medina was a swindler. On Mr. Cutting's return to Mexican soil he was arrested a second time on Mexican soil and kept in jail a month, when he was offered by the supreme court of Chihuahua his freedom upon bail. This he is reported to have refused, on the ground that he had appealed to the United States government for redress, which seems to be slow about coming, and in the meantime the whole border becomes inflamed. It is safe to say that this affair will be diplomatically healed between the governments, but that the hostility which it has engendered will cool without some blood spilling is not so certain.



MR. CUTTING.

ROSS RAYMOND'S EXPLOITS.

One Whose Trail of Rascalities Extends Across the Continent.

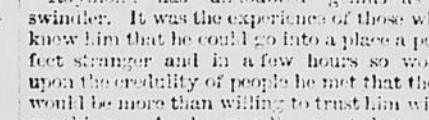
Ros Raymond, one of the most successful swindlers of the age, is now in jail in New York for indulging in his favorite pastime of passing bogus checks. Through the courtesy of Inspector Byrnes we are enabled to give his portrait, as secured for the Rogers' Gallery, in the hope that in case he escapes conviction this time newspaper men and hotel keepers, whom he has a perfect mania for swindling, will be chary of him.

Raymond's aliases would make a city directory in themselves. His American career began as a reporter on a San Francisco paper in 1872. Being possessed of a good presence and an exceptionally fluent pen, he earned money rapidly, but here, as elsewhere, his success as a newspaper writer simply enlarged his facilities for swindling. When his inquiries began to pile up so that there was danger of his being imprisoned, he turned his face eastward, leaving a trail of swindles across the continent and along the Atlantic seaboard and in Europe. His exploits will be recalled in Virginia City and on The Denver Tribune, in Ogden, Omaha, Chicago and on The Times and Enquirer, of Cincinnati. Here he got into an altercation with the circus owner Robinson's son, and a scar which he received then has done him good service in his stories of his alleged war experiences.

In 1877 he was on The Baltimore American and later in Philadelphia, and finally on The New York Herald, where he wrote the details of President Garfield's sickness and death. He was doing first class work, making \$125 a week and swindling right and left. About this time he learned that a Miss Lizzie Linderman, whom he had known in California had fallen heir to \$100,000. He made violent love to her on paper, induced her to come east, married her and squandered her fortune. He then paid attention to a doctor's wife. The doctor, getting one of Raymond's pictures from her room, used it for pistol practice for several weeks so as to familiarize himself with Raymond's features. Afterward he is said to have used the pistol on himself.

His career from this time on could scarcely be credited. He made a tour of the southern states marked by a constant succession of swindles and escapes. After touching at Boston he started a news bureau in London. He was next war correspondent in Egypt. Then he turned up in Australia and escaped trouble there by fleeing to the Sandwich Islands. He was next heard of in the East Indies. In Calcutta he ran a house with forty-eight servants and the richest of equipages. In 1884 he loomed up again in Paris in a red fez and Turkish costume as Raymond Bey, a representative of the khedive of Egypt. In a few days he disappeared, leaving fabulous hotel and other bills unpaid. He then made a raid on our foreign consuls and few of them escaped.

Raymond has undoubted genius as a swindler. It was the experience of those who knew him that he could go into a place a perfect stranger and in a few hours so work upon the credulity of people he met that they would be more than willing to trust him with anything. As he usually wanted to be trusted, this mesmerizing faculty stood him in excellent service. It is estimated that only a small portion of his exploits are known. It is to be hoped he will now be effectually cazed.



ROSS RAYMOND.

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