

Official Directory.

TERRITORIAL OFFICERS.
Governor—Gilbert A. Pierce.
Deputy Governor—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. Braconier, Bismarck.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
Commissioners—R. C. Cooper, chairman, John Mogensen 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. Melgaard, Cooperstown, Harry Clark, Willow, Andrew Johnson, M. Davidson, Galleit.
Constables—J. H. Aichison, Allan Pinkerton, C. H. Johnson, M. L. Michaels.

Ex-President Arthur, died in New York of apoplexy, yesterday.

The Anarchists.

The Chicago anarchists will die upon the scaffold unless the sentimentality of the governor of Illinois leads him to undo what has been accomplished by an intelligent jury of American citizens, and an able bench and bar.

It is an axiom as old as political economy that there is no royal road to wealth or its enjoyment—the privilege of idleness.

By the sweat of a man's brow does he obtain bread; and by accident is property heaped in piles.

No matter if Jay Gould is the alleged maker of his own wealth, as Wm. K. Vanderbilt is its heir; it is accident that one is rich as well as the other. The very talent for money making is accidental, and the opportunity must be afforded to exercise this talent, or the result is that of the ordinary industrious citizen—a living.

A knife at the throat of the capitalist is not the proper thing to re-divert in wealth that it shall flow to the people. Nature does not act that way. The heirs of the rich men are the friends of the poor. Their extravagance and financial incompetency are better friends to the poor than the knife. Life is one tale of accumulation and distribution.

Throughout the world there is labor and living wages for all. Occasionally when great swarms of men swarm to the already swarming cities, there is not even labor for the poor; but the knife and the bomb will not bring it. The bomb was invoked in Chicago, and by whom? By a gang of scoundrels whose living was in anarchy and incendiarism. They are to be hanged—not the sons of toil whom they have deceived.

Dennis Kearney's famous speeches were written by a newspaper man of San Francisco named Hull—as a joke—and it gave California a new constitution. At the bottom of the whole anarchal scheme will you find jokes—not jovial jokes, but lean and hungry jokes, perpetrated by men who deceive the people that they may profit, and who would be money kings and monopolists had they the wherewithal. It is a good thing that some of these murderous outfits are to die.

According to our South Dakota exchanges, the Solons from the south will attack the law relating to the taxation of railroads this winter, and warm over the capital removal business. Other sections wish to amend the wheat bill so as to regulate the freight tariff. There seems to be well grounded reasons for this latter movement.

The Argus suggests that in selling some lots we are preparing for the legislature. Major, you frighten us. We supposed that it was only necessary to send a dray around to the boodle side-track once a day to get all the money a man wished for.

Steele county polled 818 votes; Griggs county was neck and neck—rolling up 810 votes. More democratic votes, however, were polled in Steele than in Griggs. The entire vote of Griggs county, had it been polled, would have exceeded 950. In the east it is customary in reckoning the population to multiply the vote by five. In Dakota one to four is a fair estimate; so that it appears that we have a population in excess of 3,000, the census of 1855 to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The County Seat Surprise.

It will be remembered that at the session of the last legislature, the county of Foster was divided, and Eddy county formed. The county seats were given to Carrington and New Rockford. It is provided by law that the location of the county seats may be voted on at the next general election. The owner of the town site of Tiffany, and adjacent lands, a Pennsylvania capitalist, has taken advantage of this provision, and secured with aid of friends a majority for Tiffany of about forty, the New Rockford people knowing nothing about the scheme. A big lawsuit will be commenced over the matter, with Dodge & Camp attorneys for Tiffany. If the county seat is moved from New Rockford, it will prove a serious blow to the town. Hon. Mark Dunnell, of Minnesota, is largely interested in real estate and the bank of that town will probably look after the matter. Tiffany, is a small town, but it is thought that the Cooperstown branch will be extended to that point. As there can be no further special legislation on the matter, if the town once gets the county seat, it will probably retain it. The Tiffany district has elected two county commissioners, and it is thought, has the matter settled. Hon. L. R. Casey, to prevent any future question, quietly secured a vote favoring Carrington, by use of stickers.—James-town Alert.

Editor Bowers, although his candidate for the council and the regular nominee was defeated, gives the balance of the ticket a good send off. The result might possibly have been different had the active George not been down with a fever.

In Fargo, Wednesday, we took in the Argus building. The building is extensive enough to accommodate the Chicago Times, and convenient enough to make the news paper business a kind of pleasure. The people of Fargo should be proud of such enterprise and liberally support it. It costs money to run an establishment like that.

The "Lancers" is the name of a new club in Valley City, with Messrs. Benson, Parkhouse, Stanton, Peake, Mason and Winterer, as officers. They are intending to become proficient in Terpsichorean exercises by the aid of a professor of deportment and dancing. The "Cotton" party was a grand success—ninety of the best people whisked away the golden hours in the ecstatic delirium of the mazy.

In Fargo, this week, we had the pleasure of meeting Hon. Michael F. Battelle, the new register of the land office. Mr. Battelle is a New Yorker of liberal education and pleasing address, who has resided for many years at Luverne, Minn., where he has been a prominent factor in democratic politics. He is about thirty-five years of age, is a man of family, and will reside permanently in Fargo.

"Yes," said a young dude, "I went to the party, expressly to enjoy myself, but the first waltz settled it. I got the fat Miss Coldbones, on the floor, and she explained that I would have to 'turn her'—that she couldn't turn herself. Well I tugged away at her until my shirt bosom was limp and the music stopped; and then I fainted dead away. I wasn't used, you know, to manual labor. I've been laid up ever since."

Mr. Mendlesohn, of Lakota, loaned the late P. L. Hoiland \$550 and took a chattel mortgage for security. When he came to file the mortgage he found a half dozen mortgages ahead of him on the same property. He went for Peter; Peter went for his cousin, and, stating his situation, borrowed \$550 with which to pay Mendlesohn. Then he went to Mendlesohn.

"Here (showing a roll), you miserable one-horse Jew—here is your money; I only wanted it for a few days to make a turn with; and, curse you, I have doubled it; I only gave you that security as matter of form, anyhow."

Mendlesohn saw the big roll and commenced to apologise. "My dear Peter; you keep dot monish; it vash all a mistake. That vash oil right; when you can spare dot money out of your peesness it is oil right—Ah, you and I vash always goot frents, Peter."

"Well," said Hoiland, sternly, as he put away the roll, and jammed it to the bottom of his pocket. "don't you go around town any more telling people that I am trying to beat you, for if, you do, I shall be offended."

Mendlesohn says now that he saw his money—again—something that no other creditor did.

In Fargo we had the pleasure of meeting some old townpeople—from Vergennes, Vt. Mr. Henry Chapman, of the Northwestern Farmer, and wife (nee Miss Francis Griswold), and Mrs. Chapman, formerly Miss Julia Chapman.

man. To meet a party of Griswolds and Chapmans was like a trip to Vermont.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES.

Ingersoll is not dying, and is not defending the Anarchists.

There are 365,783 pensioners in the United States, and 1539 survivors of the war of 1812.

President Cleveland, says that the "signs of the times," indicate a revival of the old strength of the Republican party in 1888.

It is said that Ignatius Donnelly, will be the next United States Senator, from Minnesota.

The Russian wheat crop, has failed.

The Vermont legislature, has driven Oleomargarine out of the state.

The Canadian government, is running in debt, at the rate of \$10,000,000, per year.

A great snow blockade, in South Dakota. More snow has fallen already, than fell during the entire winter of '85-'86. Abandoned trains and dead engines, line the railroads. Wednesday, all street cars in St. Paul and Minneapolis were stopped.

The Secretary of the Interior, has reversed a decision of Sparks in which that worthy took away an old woman's claim, because she had to leave it, in order to earn a livelihood. The good faith of the claimant must be considered together with the absence complained of. Sparks sees bad faith in everything.

O'Googhlan and the Type-writer.

Judge MacLaren was engaged on his type-writer, yesterday, when a gentleman from the "ould sod," called on business.

Click—click—click, went the type writer, and when the end of each line was reached, the little bell sounded.

"That's that?" said O'Googhlan.

"That is the penult bell," said the judge, clicking away.

"To the devil wid yer penult bell! I'm thinkin' it's wan o' thim chestnut bells; and givin' yez away when you come to yer danged wherazzes and aphersaids. Yer turin' the danged thing out an' its squallin on vez."

Peter L. Hoiland, has cast some reflection upon himself lately. It is but a few months ago that Peter experienced religion; and to-day he is in Canada along with the eleven thousand other embezzlers, etc. Peter must have got the wrong kind of religion. It was but enough to buy up steam threshers, header wagons, and enough other farm machinery to start a man in the machine business, all with bogus securities, to run in debt to every store in May, Portland, Lakota, Cooperstown, etc. \$500 or more; to steal school money to the amount of \$1,450 and leave his bondsmen in the lurch; to borrow money from every acquaintance and relative and give them chattel mortgages a dozen deep; to notice a steam thresher left near his house by the owners, and to go to town and mortgage it; and to borrow a pair of ponies to drive home with and to keep straight on to Canada, and then sell the ponies—all these things require gall; but when a man deliberately trades off on his poor old mother a mortgaged and broken down work team for a fine pair of unincumbered horses, and a mangy bull, staggering under a load of mortgages, for a fine blooded bull in perfect condition and unincumbered, it leads one to suspect that he is inclined to be a little tricky, if not actually dishonest. It is said, however, that he cried like a child when he reached the Canadian line. This, at first blush, would argue that remorse had attacked him, that he had some of the tenderness of childhood yet lingering in his heart. But when it is explained that he wept for joy to think he had got away, we perceive that Peter may not have laid in any remorse when he was getting his boodle, and things, and that the tenderness of his childhood is all gristle. It is thought that Mr. Hoiland carried with him about \$10,000.

"A fool and his money soon parted." The very causes that led to his dishonest practices will soon beggar him again.

Hoiland has been called a very shrewd man. A "shrewd" man, argues a "wise" man. To a fool he is a wise man; to a wise man he is a fool.

Wm. Miller and Harry Lahr secured H. P. Hammar's pony team for a nine mile trip, west, on Saturday afternoon. They circled about town and struck out, however, for Hope. Sunday, Hammar became alarmed and sent the sheriff after them. The district attorney armed him with a search warrant, and, thus equipped, he traced the fugitives to Casselton, Glyndon, and finally to Bluffton Minnesota, where Miller had relatives. The sheriff met the boys in a ravine; Miller was driving, and both received their hand-cuffs with good grace, and are now in the jail at Fergus Falls. The sheriff swore a out warrant and had them

held under the Mills so a statute un I he could get a requisition from Governor Pierce. Lahr said he had been released out of his wages as a thresher, and took that way of getting out of the county. Miller exhibited the calmness of an old time convict, and said he had nothing to do with the team, but was merely going to see his uncle at Bluffton. Michaels thinks that when he goes after horse thieves a rain will blow away other papers with him than search warrants, as it would be difficult for a thief to conceal these "insects" about their persons, in any event.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Nov. 16th, 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 secure final entry thereon, viz: Sidney B. Murray, H. E. No. 1631, for the S 1/2 of sec. 6, tp. 141 n. r. 59 w. and names the following as his witnesses, viz: John G. Miller, Dungen Sinclair, Alexander Miller, and John A. Sinclair, all of Cooperstown, D. T. The testimony of claimant and witnesses to be taken before Geo. B. Clark, judge of probate court at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 20th day of November, 1886, at his office. HORACE AUSTICE, Register. Glass & MacLaren, Attys. 44-49

OUR THANKSGIVING.

The morning came. It came as other Thanksgivings mornings had come—with fresh, frolicking winds and sunlight, and blue skies; with merry voices, with cloudless faves and happy hearts.

I remember just how yellow and murky the sunshine lay on the floors that morning, and how I thought the wind wailed about the corners of the house—to me it had no folk. The children came in from play while I was at work, all flushed and eager, and happy, jostling and pushing each other good-naturedly in the entry.

Dinner time came at last and they gathered round the table gleefully—just as gleefully, I thought, with a half bitterness, as if they had all been there.

"Why, what's this for?" asked Harry, stopping. "Mother, you've got one clam too many."

"Hush, Harry—I know—don't you see?" and then Lucy finished her sentence in a whisper.

Why had I done it; I hardly knew. To lay the plates and set the chairs, and pass that one plate by—that plate that always was by mine—it seemed hard. It was a very little thing; but you know how clear these little things become to women sometimes.

So I had put it there—the empty chair; and with its pithful, appealing blankness beside me, I sat down to the festive meal. I remember just how everything looked, as in a picture—my husband's face, with its peaceful smile, and the children grouped around in the old places; and a flock of yellow sunlight that had fallen in through the warm south window upon the table cloth. I remember everything. I know that John had just bowed his head to ask a blessing on our food, and the children's eyes were closed, when I saw—I saw as distinctly as I see this paper upon which I write the words—a shadow fall across the empty chair.

I turned my head, and I saw him, my dead boy Willie. I know it was Willie. You need not doubt me, for I tell you I cannot be mistaken. Should not I know him, I, his mother? I looked deep, deep into his eyes. I saw the old, rare smile; I touched his own bright curls upon his forehead; I spoke to him; he spoke to me.

"Willie!" "Mother!"

The voice was breathless, but it was his. "Willie! Willie!"

Again the old, rare smile. With one hand he motioned silence. His father's voice hushed the amen, and the children looked up and began their chatter.

"Did you speak to me, Mary?" asked my husband.

"No."

"Why, I thought some one spoke during the blessing."

So they did not see him. I alone was chosen. I looked into his face, smiling, smiling down into mine so tenderly—you cannot know how tenderly; but in his eyes I saw—and I thought my heart would break to see it—a certain, sad, reproachful look, that I had caught on his face once, years ago, when I accused him of injustice of some trifling, childish fault—a look that had haunted me in many a still hour since. And then I heard him say distinctly, though to not another ear was the breathless voice audible: "I want them to be happy. I want you to enjoy the day. Did you think I should not be with you, mother?"

He was with me, thank God, and I was happy. I talked, I laughed, I chatted with the children; their merriment increased with mine; my husband's pale face lighted up; I felt my own eyes sparkling. And all the while, where they saw only that empty chair, I saw the beautiful, still face and happy smile. I saw him pleased with the old familiar customs. I saw him mindful of the children's jests. I saw his eyes full of their own home love, turn from one to another and back again to me—I saw and I was content. All that day he was beside me. He followed us into the sitting room and took his old seat by the cozy fire. He listened to his father's stories and watched the children at their games, and joined us when we gathered around the piano for our twilight song. I heard his voice; the children asked what made me sing so clearly.

Just as the shades began to fall heavily he drew me toward him by the frost bound window. He stooped and kissed me. He took me in his arms and said, as he had said before:

"Did you think I should not be with you, mother?"

And then I missed him. I called to him, but he did not answer. I stretched out my arms to him, but he did not come back to me. The room grew dark; my head swam; I tottered over to my husband.

"Oh, John! I have lost him!"

"Mary—why, Mary! what is the matter?" and he caught me in his arms.

I looked up. I was in the parlor by the frost bound window; the children were not beside me. The sitting room fire had died down into the ashes; the door into the hall was open, and my husband had on his overcoat. He was holding me tightly in his arms.

"I thought—oh, John! John!" And then I told him all my dream. When I had finished he was still a long time, then—

A. F. GRAY,

THE

Cooperstown Blacksmith,

Does all kinds of repairing.

—Had or Crippled feet a speciality.—

HORSE-SHOEING

(Satisfaction guaranteed.)

Shop located at—

HAMMER'S LIVERY.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the payment of the sum of three hundred and sixty-seven and forty-one hundredths dollars which is claimed to be due at the date of this notice upon a certain mortgage duly executed and delivered by Joseph C. Weller to Mrs. Richard S. Hulme, bearing date the 31st day of September, A. D. 1884, and duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds in and for the county of Griggs and territory of Dakota, on the 7th day of October, A. D. 1884, at 11:30 o'clock a. m., in book E of mortgages, on page 53, and no action or proceeding at law or otherwise having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Now therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said mortgage, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed, and the premises described in and covered by said mortgage, viz: The northwest fractional quarter of section number two (2), in township number one hundred and forty-eight (148), north of range number fifty-eight (58), west of the fifth principal meridian, and containing one hundred and twenty-eight and two one hundredths acres, according to the United States government survey thereof, in Griggs county and territory of Dakota, with the accretions and appurtenances, will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to pay said debt and interest, and the taxes thereon, and fifty dollars attorney's fee, as stipulated in and by said mortgage in case of foreclosure, and the disbursements allowed by law, which sale will be made by the sheriff of said Griggs county, or by his deputy, at the front door of the court house, in Cooperstown, in said county and territory, on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1887, at 2 o'clock p. m., of that day, subject to redemption at any time within one year from the date of sale, as provided by law.

Dated November 16th, A. D. 1886.

Mrs. RICHARD S. HOLMES, Mortgagor. C. M. MACLAREN, Mortgagor's Attorney for Mortgage. 44-49

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Nov. 11th, 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 secure final entry thereon, viz: John Ringberg, D. S. No. 1632, for the northwest quarter of sec. 32, tp. 146 n. r. 59 w. and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Steen H. Nelson, Ole Nelson, Ludwig Peterson, and Elias Peterson, all of Mardell P. O., Griggs county, D. T.

The testimony of claimant and witnesses to be taken before John N. Jorgensen, clerk of the district court, at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on Friday, the 31st day of December, A. D. 1886, at his office.

MICHAEL F. BATTELLE, Register. Iver Jacobson, Attorney. 44-49

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Nov. 16th, 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 secure final entry thereon, viz: Asmund Pederson, D. S. No. 1631, for the S 1/2 of sec. 4, tp. 148 n. r. 59 w. and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Sigvard Tander, Ole Aalvickson, Tollef R. Tolhanson and Fingard Larson, all of Lee P. O., Nelson county, D. T.

The testimony of claimant and witnesses to be taken before John N. Jorgensen, clerk of the district court at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on Friday, the 31st day of December, A. D. 1886, at his office.

MICHAEL F. BATTELLE, Register. J. O. Ole, Atty. 44-49

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land office at Fargo D. T., Nov. 16th, 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 secure final entry thereon, viz: David H. Peaman, D. S. No. 1631, for the S 1/2 of sec. 28, tp. 148 n. r. 61 w. and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Charles A. Wright, John S. Insland, Albert A. Palmer, Peter Schaffer, and all of Willow P. O., Griggs county, D. T.

The testimony of claimant and witnesses to be taken before George B. Clark, judge and ex-officio clerk of the probate court at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on Monday, the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1887, at his office.

MICHAEL F. BATTELLE, Register. Glass & MacLaren, Attys. 44-49

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land office at Fargo, D. T., Nov. 16th, 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 secure final entry thereon, viz: Jacob Oleson, H. E. No. 1703, for the S 1/2, sw 1/4 and w 1/2 of sec. 6, tp. 144 n. r. 58 w. and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Ole J. Stromme, John Foesberg, Gust Foesberg and Nels Ostlund, all of Cooperstown P. O., Griggs county, D. T.

The testimony of claimant and witnesses to be taken before Hon. W. H. Francis, judge of the sixth judicial district, territory of Dakota, or his absence before John N. Jorgensen, clerk of the district court at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on Friday, the 31st day of December, A. D. 1886, at his office.

MICHAEL F. BATTELLE, Register. J. O. Ole, Atty. 44-49