

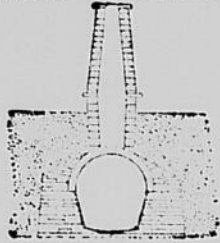
THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.

SOURCE OF THE WATER SUPPLY OF NEW YORK CITY.

A Great Conduit of Masonry, Thirty-five Miles Long—Perilous Journeys Through It—The Water of Twenty-three Lakes, The Reservoirs.

We hear often in one way and another about the Croton river, whence New York gets its water supply. But not many persons outside of that city, or inside, for the matter of that, have any very definite idea of its whereabouts. It is associated in a mysterious way, in some minds, with croton oil.

It is a very modest little river in itself. Its importance comes from the fact that it is the



SECTION OF AQUEDUCT.

Three hundred and thirty-nine square miles are included in the region drained by the twenty-three lakes. The lakes are emptied into small streams, which mingle their waters. The original source of the Croton river is the waters of three springs in Putnam county. These run out into three pretty little brooks. The brooks unite in a sociable way near Owentown, N. Y., and run along together, and that is how the Croton gets its start. Then immediately afterward come into it the waters of the twenty-three lakes, and so it becomes of sufficient importance to furnish the water supply of so many people.

This means only the present supply. That has been found inadequate, and new water sheds have been built to take in yet other lakes. A new aqueduct is in process of erection, too. It will be a year or two before it is finished. When it is, New York will have a purer, nobler water supply than any city since ancient Rome, except, perhaps, Glasgow.



OUTLET FROM RESERVOIR.

But the new aqueduct is not yet completed. This paper deals with the present or old one.

Croton river enters the Hudson at Teller's point, forty miles above New York city. Six miles above the mouth of the Croton river, and thirty-five miles north of Central park, the present aqueduct begins. Up near Owentown is a great natural basin called Croton lake. It holds 500,000,000 gallons of water. At the southwestern end of this lake a gigantic dam is built, and here the great thirty-five mile aqueduct starts. The dam is 250 feet wide, and 45 feet high.

The aqueduct trails across ravines, tunnels through solid granite hills, and leaps high over rivers. It crosses Harlem under the floor of High Bridge in a huge pipe about twenty-three feet around. At intervals of every half mile it is pierced by a pipe to ventilate it. In the first illustration such a ventilator appears in cross section.

In the second illustration the Central park end of the aqueduct is seen. Here, thirty feet underground, begin the forty-eight inch mains that conduct the water through the city. This point is known as the pipe gallery.



INSPECTING AQUEDUCT.

In Central park are two reservoirs, and there is a third one down in the city at Forty-second street.

Sometimes once a year, sometimes oftener, it is necessary to inspect the whole thirty-five-mile length of aqueduct. The chief engineer personally goes through it from end to end. Occasionally it is allowed to run quite empty, and the engineer and workmen—piling machines that are half bicycles, half hand-car—pump themselves through the dank archway.

It is a perilous business altogether. In there is pitch darkness, except at the niches of the ventilators. The men have taken their lives in their hands. Any foreigner who the part of a cat-depener, and in the panting of orders—such as lifting the water in too soon—and whilst they would be crowned like the king.



BOAT INSPECTION.

Accidents have come fearfully near happening more than once. It is necessary to travel twenty-four hours to complete the whole length and make repairs, sometimes remaining in the aqueduct during that time. Once the engineer ordered the gate keeper at Croton dam to let the water in at 11 p. m. The gate keeper misunderstood and flooded the aqueduct at 11 in the forenoon. It was all the men could do to reach the nearest mark and climb up the ladder before they were borne down by the rushing tide. The water was already to their wrists, and they staggered while trying to keep their feet in

the tearing current. The coolness and pluck of the engineer kept them from getting panic-stricken, and saved them.

The water is not always entirely drained out of the aqueduct. Then enough is left in, about five feet, to row over the course in a metallic boat. This is scarcely less dangerous than the other. The boat is easily upset and sunk, and then for those who lose their heads, as poor humanity is apt to do in trying situations, there is the added danger of drowning. Fortunately only one life has ever been lost in the great conduit.

The aqueduct was finished in 1842 and cost, without the reservoirs and distributing pipes, \$8,375,000.

THE MIKADO'S FATE.

A THANKSGIVING TRAGEDY.

It was about the first of November that the big turkey, the Mikado of the farmyard, was given a home all to himself and everybody waited upon him in the most unflattering manner. At first he was somewhat astonished at so marked a change in his fortunes. Such extraordinary consideration as he now received at everybody's hands amazed him for a time, but he soon settled it in his mind entirely to his satisfaction.

"Hot hot," he said. "Ha! ha! They have just learned my worth. I have always known that I was a great genius, with a brain as big as a wash tub, and I think the other turkeys, poor insignificant things, and the chickens, sorry creatures, knew it also. At least, they have all shown a wholesome respect for my power, but I must admit that I have been slow to impress the people with my importance. It has come at last, however. See how they truckle to me, how they bow to me, and make menials of themselves to cater to my pleasure!"

This he said to himself as he walked by himself. The other citizens of the farmyard looked at him with glowing faces and the bitterness of envy in their hearts. He had always tyrannized over them, and they hated him with a hatred all the more deadly because it was concealed under the mask of respect. Now, though he had never done a humane or generous thing in his life, they beheld him housed and feasted like a king, with the sauce of admiration served up to him every hour. They couldn't understand it; they saw no justice in it, and they murmured against it.



"OH, I AM THE GREAT MIKADO."

A poor, hard working hen who had brought up her family by the strictest economy and most faithful industry, and who had been robbed of her last babe again and again by the heartless Mikado, spoke her mind about it.

"It's an outrage," she said, "an outrage on all decent fowls to see that brute of a Mikado in clover up to his comb while the rest of us scratch for morning till night merely to keep life in our bodies. Such things are rapidly creating an aristocracy of sex. In the future when male and female are both equal before the law there will be none of this. But it's the way of the world, and always has been. The basest and least deserving get into power, because they are so coarse that they can ride right over any obstacle, having no sensibilities to wound."

Here a great swell of a cock, a monopolist of high degree, looked away and pretended not to hear; but the others listened attentively, sighed, and admitted that it was hard to see in the world while such monsters as the Mikado had the power to oppress.

A middle-aged anarchist spluttered around at a great rate; but as he had always talked rather more than he should they didn't give him the closest attention. A fair and fabled of good figure snarled scornfully, and said that one could expect nothing but coarse vanity from a person of really low pedigree like the Mikado. For her part, come what would, she had the comforting knowledge that the bird of the Deahama fowled in her veins. Her ancestors were Adamic Kings. Then she strutted around to show off her figure, which really was perfect.

A beautiful party was recently applied for a warrant upon a father who desired that his son should be put under bonds to keep the peace. The judge declined to issue the warrant, and told the father that his son would not be liable even if he had threatened to do so. "How do you know about that?" said the father, "my lawyer had filed—Monte Carlo."



THE SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

We thank you for the cheer of things,
For the peace and quietude,
For the sunshine and the flowers,
For the birds and the bees,
For the wind and the rain,
For the snow and the ice,
For the sun and the moon,
For the stars and the sky,
For the earth and the sea,
For the air and the fire,
For the life and the love,
For the joy and the hope,
For the faith and the truth,
For the good and the right,
For the best and the true,

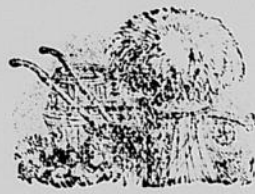
Since the quakes there are some persons who don't want the earth so much as they did.—Boston Transcript.

"And you have perused all the papers?" continued Mr. Wilks.

"I've read every paper, every speech, every affidavit, every decision, every argument," said the stranger, as if reciting a formula.

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GEO. B. CLARK.

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COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA.

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W. L. PATTISON, PROPRIETOR.

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SANBORN & COOPERSTOWN RAILROAD.

A good Barn and Livery in connection with the House

CALL AND SEE ME.

(Copy) Chicago, April 21st, 1886.
This is to certify, that the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank has this day received from the Union Cigar Company of Chicago, to be held as a Special Deposit.

U. S. 4% Coupon Bonds,

as follows:
No. 22028 b. \$100. Market Value of which is \$1012.
" 41204 100.
" 41205 100.
" 42273 100.

(S.) Yes, S. C. H. Cash.
We offer the above as a FORFEIT, if our "FANCY GROCER" does not prove to be a genuine Havana-Filter Cigar.—Union Cigar Co.

FANCY CIGAR



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OFFICE IN BANK BUILDING.

Notice of Cancellation—U. S. Land Office, Fargo, D. T., Oct. 27, 1886. Complaint having been entered at this office by Miss Thompson against John Johnson, for abandoning his homestead entry No. 1286, dated April 25th, 1881, upon the southeast quarter section 8, township 142, range 58, in Griggs county, Dakota Territory, with view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 14th day of December, 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.
S. C. GEARY, Receiver.
Ivan Jacobson, Attorney.