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AROUND TOWN.

Wheat 59 cents.
 Valentines have been received at this office.

Tuesday is the birthday of the father of this country—George Washington.

Turn out and enjoy the Baptist social tonight. You can't find a better place to spend the evening.

Why not get up some nice Washington birthday party? It would be very appropriate and probably attended with success.

If the readers of the COURIER would read the local news carefully what a large number of mistakes they would avoid.

J. S. Morton, the voluble type slinger of our Burrell avenue contemporary, held down his cot with an attack of "lead colic" Tuesday.

Two more victims rode the sportive goat Monday evening. At the rate members are being brought in a more commodious lodge room will soon be needed.

Everybody seems to have the word "anti" on the brain nowadays. Some of the boys are speaking of organizing an "anti-templars" society. Better do that, boys, that organize a "penny-ante" society.

A. Brimer, of Sanborn, brought up a load of traveling men on Friday returning on Saturday. He spoke some of blithering on to the front end of the Cooperstown express and hauling it back to Sanborn.

Mrs. Morton and little son, mother and brother of Typo Morton, of the Independent, came in on the resurrected train Saturday night from Michigan. They had been on the road no less than twelve days.

A taffy pull was among the many sweet events that occurred during the past week. We did not sample the taffy, and therefore cannot possibly say whether it was a successful affair or not, but presume it was.

With his usual enterprise, Liveryman Hammer started out to meet the train Saturday morning at Baid Hill, and brought in the mail, which was distributed, read, and everybody looking for another before the train got in.

Postmaster Jameson has got the mail business down to a system. He has let the contract to Mr. Hammer to carry the mail each way three times a week until the road is opened permanently, and that gentleman says he will get it there if any one can.

There is sufficient talent in the Good Templars lodge to get up a first-class entertainment. Why not get up something of this kind for the benefit of the public at large? It would be much appreciated by outsiders and help replenish the treasury of the order.

The herculean frame of J. F. Bronson, the Sanborn jeweler, issued from the summer coach of the rescued train Saturday night. Section Foreman Gibbons says that the salvation of the Cooperstown train was owing to the fact that J. F. got out and "bucked" snow for all was worth.

The debate to take place at the Good Templars lodge next Monday evening, on the question Resolved, "That the works of art are more beautiful than nature," will be handled on the affirmative side by Mr. Lloyd and on the negative by Percy R. Trubshaw. There is a chance for a good argument on either side. The exercises last Monday evening were very enjoyable.

"To the COURIER Devils," read the address in a bold, masculine hand, on a letter received at this office Monday. With no small amount of trepidation that made their hearts beat like the steady thrub of a butter churn, the seal was nervously broken and out fell a lovely valentine. We know not from whence it came, but it was a pretty one, and though the writing was of the masculine gender, your satanic majesties are convinced enough to imagine that it came from some one of the female persuasion. Gentle doves, their souls yearn for thy soft similes.

Social this evening.

Joe Jameson is suffering with rheumatism.

The depot windows look as if they had been struck by a cyclone.

W. H. Montgomery has been busy the past week hauling wood from the Sheyenne.

Several of the young people expect to go to Hannaford, Wednesday evening, to attend a social dance.

David H. Henmaun, of Willow, is canvassing the vicinity in the interest of W. H. Chedester & Son, electrograph photographers, of New York.

It has been suggested to a COURIER itemizer that it would be an excellent idea for the young people of Cooperstown to organize a euchre club. Well, start the ball rolling.

A. H. Berg expects to leave in a couple of weeks for Iowa, where he intends to purchase a few horses, etc., to help run his fine farm about twelve miles northwest of Cooperstown.

A slak Gunderson proved up on 100 acres of Uncle Sam's rich and fertile domain this week. John A. Ole was his attorney, which is assurance enough that it was done up in the most approved method.

A petition has been circulated and signed generally in the Cooperstown Sunday schools abstaining from the use of tobacco as well as intoxicating liquors. It did not mention anything about chewing gum, though!

The editor's Bismarck letter, which was written for last week's COURIER, but arrived too late for publication, will be found heading the editorial columns of this issue, and will be found quite interesting, notwithstanding the "lateness of the hour."

The Children's Missionary society, of Cooperstown, met Saturday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. W. R. Whidden. This society was organized as an aid to the Woman's Missionary society. The following are the officers for the ensuing year: May Retzlaff, president; Florence Haskell, vice president; Paul Adams, secretary; Nellie Newberry, treasurer.

H. B. Simington has distinguished himself as a Spencerian, as will be seen by a glance at his artistic work executed with a pen and pencil, on a large card which he has had framed and placed in the postoffice store. The card is an advertisement for the Continental Insurance company, which is represented in Cooperstown by Simington & Miller.

Those who have attended the various entertainments given by the ladies of the Baptist church, will not fail to attend their social at the Baptist hall this (Friday) evening, under the auspices of the sewing circle of that denomination. Extensive preparations have been made for the occasion, and a beautiful repast will be served, preceded by an excellent musical and literary programme.

The business men of this prosperous young metropolis last Saturday, were circulating a petition which was most generally signed by our citizens. The petition is to be presented to the legislature now in session at Bismarck, through F. H. Adams. The circular is complaining of the negligence of the officials of the Northern Pacific in keeping this branch open.

At the Baptist church last Sunday evening, the pastor, Rev. O. D. Purinton's subject, as had been announced, was, "Is it right for Christians to dance?" etc., in which was depicted to a large and attentive congregation, the evils arising from the modern ball room, the card table, and the unmoral way in which the theatres of the present day are conducted. Mr. Purinton will take for his subject next Sunday evening, "What do Baptists believe?" All are welcome.

It takes the breath out of a man mighty sudden by the rapidity with which pride takes a tumble philosophically remarked one of our shining lights to another social favorite as they extricated themselves from a fifteen-foot-deep snowdrift Saturday. They had been sleigh riding but the runners went to fast for the balance of the sleigh, and the boys were launched into the bosom of the snow. 'Snow matter, boys, try it again.

A card party took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Warner, on Monday evening last, we are informed. A very enjoyable evening was no doubt the result of the gathering. We have been further informed that it was a progressive euchre party and that Miss Edith Brown captured the prize for being the best lady player, a handsome volume by Dickens, and Mr. Bowden a book of poems for being the best gentleman player. The two booby prizes—we ought not to give it away, but the dear people should not be disappointed—fell to the lot of Miss Frankie Bernard and Will McGuire.

Signatures seem to be at a premium nowadays.

Billy, the "kid," thinks its a picnic watching the engine o' nights.

Attorney Wm. McGuire has invitations out for a party to take place at his home this evening.

Nine sacks of mail Wednesday evening, was the result of the Sanborn mail carrier's first regular trip.

The young folks have been enjoying parlor parties this week. There is nothing that beats sociability.

Ed. Blackwell, of Cooperstown, performed photogenic exercises in Sanborn last Sunday.—Sanborn Enterprise.

D. M. Ferry & Co., the noted seedsmen, have published their seed annual, which now lies on our desk, together with a packet of samples.

The new stage and mail conveyance will leave Cooperstown, until further notice, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, for Sanborn, and all intervening points, returning the alternate days.

Frank Brown manages to keep his many customers supplied with wood, cut, split and sawed. Frank says if you want a cord of wood "bucked," give him the wink, and you can be accommodated in short order.

The very interesting and romantic story, "Snow Bound at Eagles," is concluded in this week's issue of the COURIER. It will be followed next week by another romance, "An Heiress of Red Dog," by Bret Harte.

R. C. Brophy came up from Hannaford Tuesday, driving up M. L. Michaels' fine span of bays, which has a tendency to make Mike once more happy as he spins up and down the avenue behind the prancing steeds.

H. P. Hammer has kept from one to four teams busy drawing ice for Knud Thompson's mammoth ice house. Mr. Thompson expects to put up about a hundred ton, and will be prepared to furnish the public with that valuable article next summer.

The COURIER is in receipt of the first annual report of Adjutant General Noah N. Tyner to Governor Preece. The report throughout shows that the general understands his business, and is a credit to the territory, the militia, and the man who got it up.

All the cranks are not dead yet. Some one who probably wished for notoriety, threw a bomb onto the stage at the Grand Opera in San Francisco, on Feb. 9, where Adelina Patti was closing up her last appearance of the season in that city. Very fortunately no one was hurt.

The warm rays of the sun and the springlike weather of Wednesday fetched out the machinery men from their winter quarters. Some of them have already been awakened from their lethargic sleep, and the poor farmer will now have to suffer being button-holed and forced to buy the "latest thing in machinery on the market."

The Northwest Magazine, one of the best illustrated monthlies published, has issued its January winter carnival number, which has just been received at this office. It gives a full description of the carnival at St. Paul with fine illustrations of the scenes connected with it; also of prominent men and business houses. Editor Smalley knows how to make a periodical interesting.

This office was taken for a valentine bureau Monday. Several individuals opened the sanctum door about every so often, and a voice squeaked out, "Have you any valentines for sale, here?" "Sich 'em, Major, was the answer. He sighed. A dull, sickening thud was heard on the sidewalk and a great clump of silence fell like a pall on the inmates of the office. Another tragedy was added to the annals of Griggs county.

It has reached us—on the wings of the mail—that H. B. Simington is practicing pedestrianism preparatory to entering into a six-days-go-as-you-please, for the championship of the world. His first trial trip was on the ties of the Cooperstown branch, seven miles of which he heel-and-toed on schedule time, breaking the best record yet made. The train got stuck and he had to walk or spend a couple of days in the "modern ice palace."

A couple of Cooperstown fair belles were overheard in a conversation the other evening, talking about the latest craze, which is to have the names of their lovers "pegged in" upon the soles of their respective shoes. (No. 8's.) That's right; besides giving the cobbler something to do to whittle away the dull hours, it will afford much amusement to the disinterested, watching the love-sick youth as he follows a bevy of the fair ones, in hopes of seeing his own initials imprinted upon the beautiful snow.

Commissioner John Rogenson came up from Romness yesterday.

W. J. Warrey, a hopeful farmer from Hope, was a visitor in the hub, Wednesday.

James Muir is burrowing into the bowels of the earth in search of "aqua pura."

B. M. Herney, mail contractor, was the bold autograph which appeared on the Palace hotel register.

The reading room agitators are very persistent in their efforts to secure a free public reading room in Cooperstown.

Judge MacLaren and family are reported to be basking in the sunshine at New Orleans, with the mercury at 700 above zero.

Rev. C. L. Westberg preached at the residence of Hans Wold, of Romness, last Sunday, and Tuesday at the residence of Esten Johanson, of the same place.

Polka dot writing paper is the proper thing in Sanborn circles, says the Enterprise. Vash dot so, it seems to have reached Cooperstown also—it comes rather High.

Wednesday was a lovely day, being bright and warm. Every available cutter in town was in use, lovers of this kind of exercise taking advantage of old "Sol's" genial rays.

E. D. Bloora, of Helna, another farmer blooming into prosperity, took advantage of the balmy weather Wednesday, and illuminated our streets with his smiling physiognomy.

Joseph Hoggarth reports business picking up in the wagon repairing business, etc., preparatory to the spring trade. Joseph now takes the COURIER from the Cooperstown postoffice instead of Hannaford.

It is said that Sheriff Michaels in his zeal to fulfill the duties of his office, took in two prisoners—of the fair sex, last week. On paying the necessary penalty, the gallant sheriff delivered them safely to their homes.

Next Sunday the Rev. Westberg, of the Norwegian M. E. church, will meet at the residence of Halvor Thorson, east of the river, and the following Sunday will deliver a discourse at the house of Hans Hohle, of Romness, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Andrew Johnson, secretary of the Farmers' Mutual Insurance company, of Griggs county, called on us yesterday. At a meeting of the company held at the Palace hotel last Saturday, it was decided that the secretary and president should stump the county in the interest of the company early in March.

Contractor Muir has taken the contract to finish re-erecting the old Thompson warehouse building, purchased by Ford & Luckken, some two months ago, and which fell to pieces (much to the chagrin of its mover), while being moved from the rear of Knud Thompson's office to its present sit back of the office of the late purchasers.

Messrs. P. E. Nelson, O. C. Ford, T. E. Warner, Geo. W. Slegner, I. W. Miller and Cash Yancey invested in a Louisiana State Lottery ticket, No. 74,031, some time ago, and have just received the intelligence that it is the winner of the snug little sum of three hundred dollars. We congratulate the boys on the good luck that has struck them!

Several of our benevolent ladies met at the residence of Mrs. J. Lawrence last week for the purpose of sewing for the benefit of those who are in need. Those present were Mrs. W. Lawrence, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Brown and Miss Edith Brown. The ladies worked well and a basketful of clothing resulted from the labors of the deft fingers. Mrs. John Lawrence also entertained the ladies at tea, and thus a social as well as charitable afternoon was spent. The above are acts of kindness that are worthy of mention.

The train and snow plow which left here last Sunday evening died about two miles south of Odell for lack of fuel. They were dug out on Wednesday, and on Thursday afternoon a snow plow and two engines, followed by a freight train was again started up the branch and reached Dazey last evening, so we are informed, where they remained all night. It is expected that they will reach Cooperstown some time today, but have not put in an appearance up to the time of going to press.

Local news is scarce, so happening to run across a dialogue—on paper—supposed to be written to a popular young man in town,—and was written in school—we will give you a sample of it. It appears that Mr. Purinton's sermon on popular amusements, has pierced somebody's conscience at the least:

Young lady to gentleman—Do you believe in dancing?

Gentleman to lady—You want to know if I believe in dancing; I do, in private, but not on platforms, etc.

We did not catch the balance of the conversation.

Miss Bauer's German school promises to be a success.

A. L. Bowden, it is alleged, is the champion checker player of Griggs county.

Another blizzard is reported headed this way from the scene of the late riot rebellion.

Miss Cynthia Hampton entertained a number of friends at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ford last evening. A pleasant time was enjoyed.

Should another blizzard occur after the train has come up with freight from Sanborn, it is said the road will be abandoned for the balance of the winter.

The reading room committee has so far progressed with their laudable work that they have over eighty dollars subscribed for the six weeks up to the time of going to press.

Next week through the columns of the COURIER, Frank Brown will issue a challenge to "lunk" a cord of wood, with any man in Griggs county, for any sum from \$5 to \$50—next.

Dr. Kerr says that it is fearfully dull for his business. Someone should raise watermelons to help out the medical profession. Water-melon-choly times we would have writing obituary notices.

Next Sunday morning Mr. Frost will preach a second sermon aiming to show that Jesus Christ is more than man. Sunday evening the subject of his sermon will be, "The Ten Virgins." A cordial invitation is extended to all.

M. M. Robinson has moved his household goods into town from his farm near Stamp Lake. It is reported that Mr. Robinson and family will move into the residence at present occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman as soon as the latter move out on their farm in the early spring.

Three families in Valley City were made happy—and probably famous—last week by the arrival of distinguished visitors, at their house. To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Craswell, a son; to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hoffingshead, a son; and to Mr. and Mrs. Willis Wylie, a son. At this writing this is all that has been announced—with the outside wards and back precincts yet to hear from. We have not counted up the exact number of arrivals in this county during the past year, but it has been variously estimated to be between one hundred and one hundred thousand. Verily, the old adage—"By their works they shall be known"—have brought to light the hidden talents of a large number of our worthy citizens during the past year. Later—Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Brown, this morning, added their mite (a son) to the welfare of Barnes county.—Ex.

NEIGHBORING TOWNS.

Romness.

The bundle of the COURIER for last week has not arrived at the postoffice yet, although our mail has been in three times since it was published.

Mrs. C. P. Mathison has been appointed postmaster at Romness.

Curry Bro was down to the river for wood Wednesday.

Some of the farmers that burnt their straw last fall are now digging through snow drifts for miles to get to neighboring straw stacks. Hay is short and straw will be before spring.

Peter H. Peterson says that he is going to de-horn his calves next spring.

Mrs. A. V. Johnson is still confined to her bed. She has been sick for almost two years.

SUBSCRIBER.

Correspondence.

GALLATIN, Feb. 13, 1887.

EDITOR COURIER.—Will you please allow me space enough in your valuable paper to explain a mistake about the number of my shoe. The size of my shoe is 9 not 19. It must have come about in this way: The Gallatin correspondent to your paper—Mr. Jack Blizzard—has just bought a cow, and it just keeps him busy milking nowadays, and knowing it to be a No. 1 cow, you see she gives a good mess. The first time he milked her, she didn't give him any less. Thus a teacup full of milk, six. And he says she is gaining because he feeds her plenty hay, but she needs a good training. By milking often every day. His coffee now is white as snow with cream that can't be beat, and his butter will be as yellow as any butter he did ever eat. And consequently he is tickled. Over the cow that he did buy; but his mind is almost pickled. Oh! the milk and butter by and by.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think he made the mistake just though this cow. He knew I wore a No. 8 shoe, and at the same time thinking of his No. 1 cow, when he wrote the item about my big foot. He got mixed up and made it 19. Please correct for fear some of Chicago's dime museum men will be after me.

FRANK TON.