

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Victor Hugo leaves a fortune estimated at \$2,500,000.
 —Lawrence Barrett carries \$120,000 insurance on his life; Edwin Booth, \$80,000; and Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, \$60,000.—*N. Y. Mail.*
 —The widow of the late President Harris has one of the finest houses in New York. It is on Fifth avenue and cost \$1,000,000.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The King of Greece has conferred upon Dr. Manis H. Henry, of New York, the gold cross of the Royal Order of the Savior for his distinguished services in the cause of science.

—Moses Dow, the founder of the *Warrently Magazine*, is still living, though old and very feeble. He is a genial man, but greatly infatuated with Spiritualism. Hardly any of the matter printed in the magazine is paid for, and its profits are said to be \$30,000 a year.—*Bo ton Budget.*

—Elihu B. Washburne, Hamilton Fish, William M. Everts and James G. Blaine are the only living ex-United States Secretaries of State. Mr. Frelinghuysen is the first Secretary of State who has died since William H. Seward, who passed away at Auburn thirteen years ago.—*Chicago Journal.*

—When the late Mr. Frelinghuysen was a very young man he had an ambition to become an actor, and, being convinced that his histrionic talents would win him distinction as an exponent of the drama, he broke away from all social considerations and was for a short time on the stage.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—J. E. Carpenter, the English songwriter, whose death is announced from London, was the author of "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" widely popular twenty-five years ago, and not without admirers now. It was founded on a chapter in "Dombey and Son," and brought the writer considerable money.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Colonel William Kent, of Concord, N. H., ninety-two years of age, and a brother of the late Governor Edward Kent, of Maine, is of the opinion, says the *Concord People and Patriot*, that he is the only person now living who heard Daniel Webster's first public address, made in Concord July 4, 1806, at the old North Church, then the only church in town.

—Prof. Day, of Yale, in speaking of the work of the revisers of the Bible, now concluded, recently said: "You can not understand the immense comfort it is to be relieved, after a long twelve years of secrecy, from the necessity of declining to answer the questions of many of my best friends in regard to the rendering of particular passages."—*Hartford Post.*

HUMOROUS.

—A man in New Mexico caught the bronchitis riding a pony. He first caught the bronco.—*Chicago Current.*

—"What pains a father more than the cry of his infant child?" asks some one. We don't know unless it is the cry of his infant twins.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Got anything in your purse?" asked Mr. Ball of his wife, as they sat down in the street car. "Yes, dear; lining," she replied, sweetly, and Mr. Ball paid the fare.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—"It is really wonderful to see how well the men keep step." He: "Bah, that is nothing! When I was a soldier I used to keep step better than all the rest put together."—*La Vedetta.*

—"Run for the doctor, quick! Help! help! Dot baby has swallowed a nickel!" exclaimed Mrs. Schaumburg. "You make so much fuss as if it was a twenty-dollar gold piece. Be calm, Rebecca," replied Moses.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The following passage between bench and bar occurred in a certain court the other day at the end of a lengthened wrangle: My Lord: "Well, Mr. —, if you do not know how to conduct yourself as a gentleman, I am sure I can't teach you." Counsel: "That is so, my Lord."

—The celebrated Signora Howlinski was in the middle of her solo in the Houston Opera House, when little Johnny Fizzletop, referring to the director of the orchestra, asked: "Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?" "He is not hitting at her; keep quiet." "Well, then, what does she holler for?"—*Exchange.*

—The Egg of Columbus. "Who was Columbus?" asked a teacher of his class, in one of the public schools of Austin. "Columbus was a bird," replied a little girl. The whole class laughed vociferously, and the teacher asked the little girl what she meant by such a silly answer. She explained, shedding bitter tears, that she had read in the book of an older sister a piece of poetry about the egg of Columbus, and as only birds lay eggs she supposed Columbus was some sort of a bird.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Johnny (who is spending the afternoon at the Smiths')—My mother says she'd like to look like you, Mrs. Smith. Mrs. S. (who is extremely plain, but not entirely aware of it)—Like me, my dear? I take that as a compliment, indeed, from so very pretty a lady as your mamma. You're quite sure it was I, Johnny, that she meant? Johnny (accepting another cruller)—Oh, yes'm. She said that if she could have your health and strength she believed she'd as lief look as you do.—*Larper's Bazar.*

—The strength of the church lies not in the oratory of the pulpit, but in the oratory of the closet.—*Spurgeon.*

—The number of students in attendance at Boston University has steadily increased the past four years, the numbers being as follows: 603, 556, 591 and 610.—*Boston Journal.*

Information concerning lands, lots, and business chances in Griggs County, can be obtained from the COURIER office.



In the above engraving of Cooperstown it will be seen, that the waving wheat fields, encroach upon the village green—that the suburban villas, are not as yet in *case*—that the city is immersed in an illimitable sea of pure air, resting upon a basis of vegetable loam, of unparalleled extent, and fertility—that air and earth are shimmering continually in a proxysm of mutual admiration. But for the necessary curtailment of the horizon in the illustration the honest farmers might be seen to approach the great rural trading point, from the Mouse river, on the north, to the main line of the Northern Pacific,

on the south; from the United States on the east, to where the foot hills of the great western watershed commence to pitch and roll—

Some in rags,
 And some in tags,
 And some in velvet gowns.

With a population of less than 1,000 souls, draining the trade of 1,600 square miles of richness, populated by an honest, industrious and thrifty people, it is not to be wondered at that its churches, banks, elevators, stores, hotels, newspapers, horse markets, lumber yards, coal and wood depots, architects, ministers, lawyers, doctors, milliners, dress-makers, blacksmiths, machine warehouses, are the best in the world.

In 1885 *Nine Thousand Tons* of wheat was marketed at this point at such a price that had the receipts been equally distributed to the people of the county, \$100 in cash would have been given to every man, woman and child. So rich and vast is the country that centres at this point, if one-half of the arable land should be cultivated to wheat, the yield at 20 bushels per acre, by close mathematical calculation would be in excess of 175,000 tons.

In addition to the cultivation of cereals, the surrounding farmers are raising horses, cattle, pigs and poultry for which they find a ready market. As a grazing country the only draw back is the exceeding fertility of the soil, for it requires moral courage in the husbandman

to graze land that by tickling with a plow will "laugh with a harvest" and that breaks a cast iron binder all up the first season. Cattle fatten at the straw stack, while barley in sixty days converts the lean "razor back" into a shapeless ball of lard. The finest breeds of Percheron and Clydesdale horses are carefully cultivated, and thrive upon the native grasses better than the best timothy or red top.

The horse, cattle and hog market of Cooperstown is a revelation to easterners.

The very best of land can be had at \$5 per acre in the vicinity of Cooperstown, while the city offers the best inducements to enterprising business men.

An improved farm of 506 acres within sight of three elevators will be sold very cheap. Every acre is first-class wheat land, except some excellent meadow. An improved farm of 320 acres—all good wheat land—cheap for cash. A magnificent improved tract of 520 acres adjoining a live town can be had at a bargain.

F. H. ADAMS.