

KATE TERRY'S ROMANTIC STORY.

A Liverpool Barmaid's Rise to the Tip Top of High Life.

In 1870 a man named Flynn kept in Liverpool a drinking shop of an unsavory odor. Burglars, counterfeiters and crooks of various sorts stopped there. Flynn's wife and daughter tended bar. The girl was 15 in 1870, and very pretty. She was fair, with a magnificent figure and abundant light hair.

About that time there appeared in the bar-room an American named Charles Bullard. He was the hero of the Boylston Bank robbery in Boston, at which \$100,000 had been stolen, and his share of the spoils was \$40,000. He was a handsome fellow, of fascinating address. Kate Flynn fell in love with him, and they were married on an acquaintance of three weeks.

Bullard took his \$40,000 and his wife to Paris and started a saloon where "American drinks" were conspicuously advertised. But he could not keep down his instincts for preying upon society, and his place became the scene of divers swindling games and robberies. On one occasion an Englishman was robbed of \$80,000 worth of diamonds there. Kate got half of them.

Bullard fell under the suspicion of the police and fled to London. His wife and bartender broke up the establishment and came to New York. Bullard followed them to New York and endeavored to obtain the property by law suits. He was arrested and thrown into prison. Twice she helped him escape. Once he was recaptured, the second time he got away. He fled to Belgium, committed a burglary, was caught and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. He is still in the Belgium penitentiary serving out his sentence.

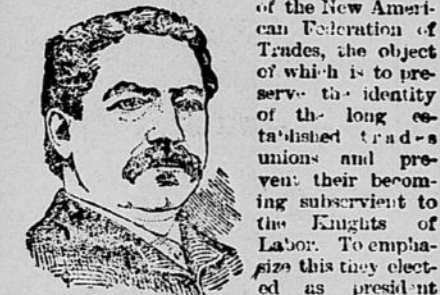
Kate meantime discovered that he had already a wife when he wedded her. She thereupon regarded her marriage to him as null and void, and looked on herself as a free woman. She had a precarious time of it for several years in New York, letting out lodgings and keeping houses that the police were sometimes suspicious of. At length she became seriously pinched for money, and put up at auction two valuable paintings which she had brought from Paris. At that time (1880) Don Tomas Terry, the richest planter in Cuba, was furnishing a magnificent mansion in New York. He was worth nearly \$75,000,000, and money was therefore no object. His son strayed into the auction room where Kate Bullard's paintings were on sale. He was looking for pictures to adorn the new house. Kate, who then called herself Mrs. Williams, was in the room at the time and he was introduced to her. He was tremendously taken with her, and it was all up with him from the first. In March, 1881, he and the beautiful woman who had associated with burglars and thieves all her life, were married. Six weeks ago he died of consumption in the arms of his "darling Kate," and left her the income of \$7,500,000, and the absolute ownership of about \$2,000,000. Just one month after his death a girl baby was born to Mrs. Terry, that, if it lives, will inherit the bulk of the wealth. But the mother will control it all.

She is coming to New York with her baby and her husband's body. It is said that she has never lost her affection for Bullard, the original husband, but will marry him when his time is out in Belgium. Terry's funeral in Paris was a very grand one, and the United States consul and other officials attended it and treated the widow with the utmost respect. She is somebody now.

SAMUEL GOMPERS,

President of the New Federation of Trades.

The trades union convention recently held in Columbus, O., resulted in the formation of a federation of trades unions under the name of the New American Federation of Trades, the object of which is to preserve the identity of the long established trade unions and prevent their becoming subservient to the Knights of Labor. To emphasize this they elected as president Samuel Gompers, who is one of the staunchest advocates of the trades union form of organization among labor.



SAMUEL GOMPERS.

Mr. Gompers was born in London in 1850. His parents were from Holland. His father being a cigar maker, young Gompers began work at his trade at the age of 10, attending school in the evenings. He came to New York in 1863. In 1865 he became a member of one of the first cigarmakers' unions. For the past sixteen years he has been a delegate to every convention of the Cigarmakers' International union. It is said that it is chiefly through Mr. Gompers' knowledge of the principle of trades unions that the cigarmakers have become the most successful of unions. Mr. Gompers was first vice-president of the old Federation of Trades and Labor unions, organized at Pittsburg in 1881; subsequently he was president for two terms. He is now president of the Workingmen's assembly for the state of New York.

Tilden at the Shrine of Beauty.

Some years ago, at the Fifth Avenue theatre, a distinguished party passed from the manager's box behind the scenes to congratulate Mary Anderson upon her success. The scene in the green room was very striking as the tall Kentucky beauty was formally presented by Henry Watterson to Samuel J. Tilden. Attired in an elaborate full dress suit, a jewel sparkling in his shirt front, his hair carefully combed, his face radiant with smiles, to which the drooping of one eyelid gave a quizzical debonaire expression, Mr. Tilden paid his compliments to the actress with all the grace and empressement of a French nobleman. The strictest nothings sparkled as he uttered them, the commencement of admiration glowed with the fervor of his look and manner.

"What a handsome man Mr. Tilden is!" said Miss Anderson, as the party retired. "Old!" she continued, in reply to an observation: "I never thought of his age. Why, his face was as young as anybody's." —New York Mail and Express.

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



COOPERSTOWN.

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 *esse*—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 proxym 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.