

SYVERSON'S SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. V., NO. 16.

COOPERSTOWN, GRIGGS CO., DAK., FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1887.

TEN PAGES.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Wheat 61 cents.

Turn this page and learn all about the spring boom.

Decorated and painted glassware just received at Syverson's. Turn over.

Inspect our large stock of spring and summer goods, which we have marked way down. SYVERSON & CO.

WALL PAPER.

New and artistic designs at JOHN SYVERSON'S.

Syverson has just imported a fine line of baby carriages for the spring boom. Young couples are invited to call and inspect the stock.

Judge Harry Clark, of Willow, was in town Monday and brought in a fine fat gopher for Hank Retzlaff.

Seed potatoes, the finest in the land, For sale by JOHN SYVERSON & CO.

We have ordered, and will receive in a few days a large assortment of wall paper, window curtains, etc. SYVERSON & CO.

On Friday evening, May 13, the ladies of the Congregational church will serve a "May Supper" in the church, at 7:30. The supper will be followed by an interesting programme, of which a laughable charade will form the principal feature. A prize will be given the successful guesser. Mrs. Christie will also favor the audience with some fine selections from the piano. Admission free; supper 25 cents.

We have just received a large stock of dry goods, boots, shoes, hats and caps, etc., SYVERSON & CO.

Ladies trimmed hats in great varieties, at SYVERSON & CO'S.

The solicitude of the Independent over the burden the taxpayers will have to bear on account of the liquor prohibition is quite touching. The Independent feels about economy as the legislature of Kansas did in '82. The legislature wanted to dismiss the chaplain and save \$1.50 per day.

Our exchanges are publishing a good deal of obituary poetry of one sort or another. While we do not think much of this manner of expressing grief, we print the following by request:

Our little James, a lovely child,
The light and joy of our home,
Has left us to moan in loneliness,
For we laid him away in the tomb.
The world is full of darkness and gloom,
Its pleasures cannot absorb us,
We've laid little Jim away in the tomb,
Along with the cholera morbus.

ENGLISH PENNY-A-LINERS.

How They Eke Out a Miserable Existence in London.

Although this is the best season of the year for the penny-a-liner, I met one of the craft the other day, whom I had known under happier circumstances, on the verge of starvation, and from what he told me of the profession I take it that "penny-a-lining" is not really so profitable a business—in London, anyhow—as poetry.

Penny-a-lining is one of those professions, the embarkation upon which does not involve the expenditure of any very large amount of capital—all that is needed for a start being a certain number of "fimsies" and "blacks," with a vulcanite "plate" and an agate "style." Armed with these, an ability to write more or less legibly, and a smattering of the queen's English (very little of the latter being required), the embryo liner may set forth in quest of worlds—I had almost said words—to conquer. He must not be disappointed at discovering many in the field before him, nor at his earlier attempts finding their way into the sub-editors' w. p. b., which annually receives so many miles of what the author regarded as most interesting "copy." London is literally overrun with these free lances of the press, who are, to a large extent, responsible for the gray hairs and premature decay of assistant editors. All is fish which comes to the liner's net, and there are few public events which—to vary the metaphor—do not bring grist to his mill. Fatal accidents, sensational suicides, horrible murders, speeches by prominent men, fires, or (as he invariably calls them) conflagrations—all are material for

Great is the liner where inquests are concerned. In most cases he follows one particular coroner and listens to case after case for week after week, in the full and certain conviction that sooner or later he will get the temporary monopoly of something very startling or horrible. London is too big a city for the regular staff of any paper to properly cover, and all the journals of the metropolis are more or less dependent upon the penny-a-liner, who occasionally shamefully imposes upon the sub-editor when news is scarce and money scarce.

Liners may be divided into two classes: First, those who are regularly engaged upon the staff of a small suburban paper, and who eke out the miserable stipends which local London proprietors regard as sufficient by "flimflaming" anything of sufficient importance for the big dailies which they may happen to come across in their own district. These may be regarded as the more respectable half of the profession. The somewhat shadier portion is composed of out-at-elbows gentlemen, broken down hacks, men dismissed for drunkenness from the higher walks of journalism, etc.; men to whom the non-insertion of a "par." means absolute starvation, and it is small wonder that sub-editors are now and then "had." A party of four or five liners gather together in a bar parlor, and report their own vapors over their pipes and whisky as "an important political gathering;" and quite recently the dead body of a man was several times found hanging in one of our parks, which corpse was never discovered by the park rangers or police. Sunday papers go in largely for inquests, and it would not do for too close an inquiry to be made into some of the particulars reported as having taken place "yesterday," while the manner in which liners try to "run" one another after something of the kind is not a little diverting. The rule of most papers is, first come, first served; but some subs have their favorites, who are the envy of their less fortunate brethren.—Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Woman's Objection to War.

In the first place, I have very little respect for any country, whether it is my own or any other man's, which has not the diplomacy or the dignity to settle its quarrels without going out like two gangs of street boys and fighting it out.

In the second place, I fail to see the nobility of half of the causes of war or the nobility of spirit that resents with a hired brother's blood a fancied insult.

I also fail to see the glory of declaiming the male population of two countries, destroying commerce, business and agriculture, to say nothing of destroying the national treasures and taxing an over-taxed people unable to earn to the very last cent, simply to settle some little question of boundary, respect or allegiance.—Cor. New York Graphic.

California Marble.

One of the largest deposits of marble in the world has been discovered in San Bernardino county, Cal., only three miles from the railroad. It covers 600 acres, and no less than eleven different shades of marble are found.

FREDERICK H. ADAMS,

Attorney and Counselor At Law.
COOPERSTOWN, DAK.

U. S. Land Office business attended to.

PHOTOGRAPHS

of all sizes from that of a postage stamp to life size. Photographs of

DECEASED RELATIVES
nicely copied.

The gallery will be closed early in June, when parties desiring pictures of their farms, buildings etc., can be accommodated.

A. J. ROSTUEN,

Cooperstown, D. T.

A. F. GRAY, V. S.;

THE

Cooperstown Blacksmith,

Does all kinds of repairing.

HORSE-SHOEING

—Bad or Crippled feet a speciality.—

(Satisfaction guaranteed.)

Shop located east of

HAMMER'S LIVERY.

Horses' teeth floated, filed and fixed.

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GOLD AND SILVER.

Along her father's field they strayed,
All flecked with cowslips yellow,
A little dainty gold haired maid,
A sturdy nine-year fellow.
And there love's course they two began
(Ah, thorny path for treading!),
And vowed when they were maid and man
The town should see a wedding,
Their golden curls were blown and blest,
Through wafts of fragrance treading;
"And oh!" they murmured, well content,
" 'Twill be a golden wedding!"

" 'Tis time," said he, "to claim her vow,"
And forth he went and found her;
But she was grown a beauty now,
And half the town was round her.
"I see," says he, "you don't want me!"
Though tears were ripe for shedding,
"I'm glad your eyes are good," says she,
Ah, where's that golden wedding?
He flung away, and left her there,
Such heart sore tear drops shedding,
And goosies cried in bland despair,
"He's spoiled the rarest wedding!"

He sailed the seas, he beat the French,
Two score good years he tarried,
And then he thought, "That little wench—
I wonder if she's married!"
Next week a bluff old tar rolled past,
The gabled High street treading,
And ancient goosies crowed, "At last
We're like to have the wedding!"
She'd waited for him forty years—
The gray their locks were threading;
And some with smiles and some with tears,
Beheld their silver wedding.
—F. Langbridge in Good Words.

Benefits of Plain Living.

A lawyer by profession, but a judge in one of the highest courts in New York for twenty-three years, is noted for methodical habits, legal acumen and perfect integrity. Long past 60, erect and vigorous as a man of 40, he cannot count a day lost by sickness in a quarter of a century. At his post as regularly as the sun rises, after adjournment he writes out the opinions of the court, which already fills several large volumes. No man in the city is more worthy of the universal regard which he long since secured. Having long known Judge Blank, I once asked him the secret of his power. "Plain living," he replied, "has been my salvation. I was a nervous youth, high strung and excitable. I smoked, drank occasionally and was given to rich food. Shortly after being admitted to the bar I found myself the victim of dyspepsia. I began to study my habits and their influence on mind and body. I experimented with food, drinks and exercise. The result was fixing a rule of life which I have since followed inflexibly. After a plain but substantial breakfast, I loiter about for an hour or two and then walk to the court house, or a distance equal to three miles or more. Having previously had the room well ventilated, I stay in the building, occupied, except an hour at noon, with my judicial duties. The other judges take a hearty lunch; I eat nothing. At 5 o'clock I am through for the day, and walk up town again. Rain or shine, cold or hot, finds me swinging my arms and plodding along in the same gait. All legal work is dismissed as utterly from my mind as if I never knew Coke and Blackstone. I eat a hearty dinner; take no made dishes, no Worcestershire sauce or inflammatory condiments, no pudding, pie, ice cream or custards, and drink no wine. I have a sense of comfort but not of repletion, feel no desire for intoxicating liquors, and make it a business to thoroughly digest my food, eaten twice a day, no more. I am frequently compelled to attend dinners, banquets and festivals of every kind. But neither entreaty nor ridicule can induce me to change my habits. Even a dish of ice cream cannot tempt me."—Good Housekeeping.

On the coldest morning of our late disagreeable spell of weather the fishermen built a large fire on a point projecting into the river from East Palatka, and, after warming themselves, went on with their fishing and left the fire burning. Returning after a time they were surprised to see a group of some fifty or sixty buzzards standing about the fire, kicking up all sorts of antics. Not understanding such proceedings the boats were rowed up pretty close, and the occupants watched the birds for some time. It was a very cold morning, and the birds would stand with one side to the fire until it was warm, and then they would deliberately turn around and warm the other side. Those on the outside of the group would get so eager to get within the warmth of the fire that they frequently crowded the birds on the inside nearly into the flames, and the struggle was waged fierce and bitter for advantageous positions.—Palatka News.

STABLE ADJACENT.

TEL,

, D. T.

unmodious belleys, and it is a pleasant hostelry for of the public up to a first

PROP.

CO.

vegetables,

ETC.

Kinds of FARM

ds.

D.S.

que Percherone 1885. by Nogent (729) 20 II (714). His

weighs 1720 lbs.; has no is large, flat and quality of horn. In is easily handled by

FOUND AT S STABLE.

COOPERSTOWN, DAK., at all times during the season.

LAWRENCE BROS.

CONCRETE STORE

Cooperstown, Dak

Pattison, A. I. and Bob... ret, of Dazy. But few fish rewarded the sportsmen, as thousands were frozen in the ice, and are now rotting on the shore.

It was only last week that Deacon Frost very judiciously claimed ignorance of the fact that \$2.50 would not pay a \$4.00 CURTAIN bill. This was a great error, as the Deacon knew very well that he was in debt to the COOPERSTOWN office, and that sending him a bill would be an idle ceremony. Well, Sunday night his machinery shed was struck by lightning and burned down with all on board. Reader, take warning. Keep your subscription paid up, and don't "saw" the editor. The Deacon seems to claim it is only necessary to send him a bill to secure settlement. We did not think there was so much money in the county.

knew." "Well, I have got a warrant for you. You better put on your pants; you would look better." "Well, I'll be goll darned! Did Brophy get a warrant out for me—honest?" "Here is the warrant all regular." "Well, I'll be goll darned. You take this old mackerel back to Brophy with my compliments, and tell him I'll get even with him if it takes all summer." "What about the costs and mileage? I guess you better go along with me and fix it up." Here, Stark caught sight of Brophy mackereling behind Michaels, and after much hilarity they settled the matter.

(Additional local in Supplement and on 6th page)

days but under Dr. Kerr's care, is rapidly improving, and it is to be hoped that she will soon be convalescent.

The Sioux Falls Insurance company is gaining a rather unsavory reputation in these parts. I apprehend they will write very few policies for people of Willow, in the future.

Seeding is nearly done around here. We have not, in our five years in Griggs county, seen as much seeding done during the month of April, as was seeded that month, this year.

All is quiet on the Willow. A calm off' precedes a storm. In time of peace, prepare for war.

Did you hear anything drop, eh? Good day.

CORR. X.