

# THE COURIER,

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY EVENING  
By FRED K. H. ADAMS.

There ought to be a commission to regulate the doings of the Inter-state Commerce commission. They should make the rate for suspending the long and short haul clause uniform, and have it plastered on the chairman's back.

Our contemporary publishes a column of rot concerning Rev. Frost, over a nom de plume, when according to it, the publication is courageous and gentlemanly. When the reverend gentleman sees fit to write a letter (over his own name), characterizing the aforesaid stuff as blackguardism, not worthy of refutation, he is said by the same paper to be cowardly and ungentlemanly. There seems to be a little inconsistency in this. Perhaps the Independent to show its courage will publish the name of "Subscriber"—not that the COURIER needs the information but as an evidence of good faith. In Burma they worship the white elephant; in America, the Independent ought to excuse a clergyman, from holding the blind pig sacred.

In the approaching contest between license and no license, should the fanatics on the side of liquor carry the day we may expect to see rum rampant. Should the no license element conquer, and elect a commissioner determined to see the laws enforced, we may expect a dry time. The laws are sufficient upon the subject to prevent any marked evasion, although to wipe out the use of liquor cannot be done until the millennium. Should license carry, and a no license commissioner be elected, the result will be one or two saloons paying to the county \$1,000 each for the privilege of selling liquor. This would leave the county in better shape as to the temperance movement than any of its licensed neighbors. The present board of commissioners would, probably, under a license system, decide unanimously upon a high license. The members, so far, have worked together with remarkable harmony, and for the best interests of the people. One thing should be observed at election. The voter should work for officers in harmony with the policy of the voter, not only upon the license question but every question affecting the public good—otherwise a vote is, as to principles, a sentimental procedure, and is to individuals, an evidence only of the personal friendliness of the voter.

The COURIER has not had reason to believe that the Hope branch of the Manitoba road, or the Cooperstown branch of the Northern Pacific would be extended this season, or next—or at any time in the near future. The only reason for extending the Hope branch would be to make a short route to St. Paul. The Manitoba road has already a long haul over the same country. To warrant the company in expending a half million dollars in the making of a short haul there must be something to haul. There is nothing on the Devils Lake Indian reservation, very little in the sandy and newly settled county west of the lake, and only great possibilities in the Turtle mountains. It will take five years for the county to develop enough to warrant the Rugby Junction scheme. As for the Cooperstown road it will terminate at Cooperstown until the desert Indian reservation blossoms like the rose, the base and perpendicular of a right angle triangle are together shorter than the hypotenuse; or until the Jamestown & Northern has more business than it can do. Cooperstown, will, in the future, as in the past drain the country trade of a larger and more popular section than any other town in Dakota, north or south. To better demonstrate this the COURIER will soon be enlarged to sixteen pages, making it the largest paper in Dakota territory.

## DAKOTA'S TREASURER.

BISMARCK May 7.—There has been much speculation of late as to who will be Dakota's treasurer during Governor Church's administration and the presence of J. D. Lawler of Mitchell, in the capital during the past few days caused a lively rustling in political circles. Lawler was one of the democratic members of the council and is popular in his party. He left for home last evening and the result of the conference has been kept secret. There is every reason to believe that J. W. Raymond, who has held the office owing to the resignation of J. D. Benton, who was appointed by Governor Church, will remain in the office for several months and that when another appointment is made Lawler will be the lucky man. Abe Boynton of the railway commission arrived here to-day. The board will meet in Fargo on the 10th, at which time the question of electing a secretary will be taken up. Since the last meeting, as Fargo failed to elect a secretary numerous candidates for the place have entered the field.

The editor acknowledges an invitation to the North Dakota Fireman's association, at Wahpeton June 14, 15th and 16th. The old town of Wahpeton still lives, and follows the example of Eli.

Judging from the way things are working up in that prohibition paradise—Cooperstown, Hon. Fred Adams' count bill was the best act that passed the last legislature. The grand jury will have several "cold tea" cases to investigate at the coming term.—Times-Record.

## THE CENTURY.

The May number is full of good things. It has a picture of Pharaoh, whose mummy has been discovered after a lapse of 3,000 years. Old Pha. must have looked in life something like Charley Miller. The little "cawn pone" stories are getting to be a peculiarly attractive feature. The great paper, however, is the seventh installment of the life of Lincoln.

CENTURY CO.,  
Union Square, New York City.

The following letter appeared in the Pioneer Press of Saturday, dated at Devils Lake Dakota:

To the Editor: I see an item of news fresh from Madison, Dak., repeating what has appeared regularly in the press at intervals since the close of our legislature, in re the extravagance of the late "farmers' legislature." The legislature was not a "farmers' legislature." It lacked two very essential features, viz: There was not a majority of farmers in the legislature and there was not a majority in the council. The latter body was composed of five farmers, three merchants, three doctors, and thirteen lawyers, several of whom were bankers. Suppose, for a change, we call it a "lawyers and bankers' legislature," and let the professional gentlemen take a turn at explaining the extravagance, etc. These is no necessity for the farmers to worry themselves excusing the extravagance of the "lawyers' and bankers' legislature." Let them rather take credit for having elected sufficient farmers to elevate the moral of the legislature to earn the distinction of being the cleanest legislature ever elected in Dakota. Yours truly,  
F. L. LOUCKS,  
President Dakota Farmers' Alliance.

## MAKE A NOTE OF IT.

Every person who conducts an honorable business, no matter where, should show to the world that they are there. If in a town or city and it has a newspaper remember that it is regarded in the business world as a photograph of the enterprise and push of a city's business interests. Strangers and those at a distance pick it up scan its advertising columns, and fix their estimate of the town and its people by it. If a true and good impression is to be made no business should be unrepresented by a standing advertisement, though it were ever so small. The advertising columns of the newspaper of a town is largely accepted as the truest criterion of its volume of trade; hence those who do not wish to have their town misjudged should see that their names in connection with their business is there always to be seen. Does it not seem, too, that a person which is always advocating the interests of its town—always making the most of its good qualities presenting its advantages—inviting new comers—stimulating trade and helping everyone engaged in legitimate business should meet with some recognition from those who profit by its work. Should they not at least be sufficiently public spirited to desire that its paper should reflect as creditable a display for the town as an actual representation of fact will justify. A newspaper to a town is even more than the bill of fare to a hotel. It tells the story of what it had, what it can offer to tempt visitors and what inducements for them to remain.—Times-Record.

## Phalanxes.

Old Jimsonweed called in Wednesday. He is looking a little careworn this spring. "You see," said he, "the old woman saw Cooper's teams out seeding, ten mawl teams abreast, which she called phalanxes, and she said it was no wonder I was behindhand. She was bound to have things like Cooper. How was I to make a phalanx out of one yoke of cattle! Well, she just hung to me till I went and mortgaged the cattle and got a mouse colored mawl of Knud Thompson. I hadn't fairly got the mawl by the halter afore he wheeled around and let fly both heels. I suppose the creature aimed at my head, but he hit me square on the brandy bottle I had in my breast pocket. Knud said he was a temperance mawl. I larruped him with a piece of barbed wire fence till the tears run down his cheeks as big as goose eggs, and then I threw it down, and as trow as I'm tellin' you, that same or-

nery mawl, in less'n ten minutes had cate'n up that ver barbed wire, and was lockin' his chops for more. He'd eat the handle off'n a pitch fork. He eat up an eight day clock and a patent ehurn, and got out of the stable one night and kicked the ell off'n the house. He was an ornery mawl. Twelve o'clock at night was squealin' time for him, and he would squeal till mornin'. When we first started the phalanx seedin' there was the bull cattle draggin' the seeder, and the same mawl and the old cow hitched to the drag. But that wasn't phalanx enough, and the old woman wasn't satisfied till I got a yearling heifer on another drag and herself yoked in with the heifer. She said she would try it one round if it killed her, for all the neighbors could see would be the three teams. She said that Cooper or the foreman allus rode a horse and bossed around, and it would be more proper if I rode on the mawl's back. Well, off we started. The heifer got skeered an' commenced to run and beller, and the old woman tore up the sod along side like she was another heifer. You see she couldn't get away. She was yellin' murder and her pins was a flyin', and this skered the bull cattle and they run too, while that ornery mawl just backed up agin the seeder and kicked it all to flinders. Sez I, I have got enough of the phalanx business; sez I, you are unsibordinate; sez I, Maria, you are worse than Fitz John Porter. She never sez a word, but just goes into the house and minds her own business, so I know she was hurt pretty bad."

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for June is on our table, fresh and bright as the first month of summer itself. The steel-engraving, handsome colored fashion-plate, and numerous wood-cuts are even above their usual average of excellence, and regarded from a literary point of view, this number, both in the matter of tales and poetry, is more than ordinarily rich and varied. The illustrated story, "Dick Lacey's Choice," is charmingly told, and Mrs. Sherwood's interesting serial, "The Professor's Daughter," closes in a dramatic and satisfactory manner. A new volume begins with the July number, affording a good opportunity to subscribers or to form clubs. Terms: two dollars a year, with large reductions to clubs. A specimen copy will be sent free to anyone desiring to get up a club. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## A DOMESTIC IDYL.

After the baby came how changed the place! The old man brightened with a newer grace! The roses grew more thickly round the door, And softer were the sunbeams on the floor, Full sweeter was the song of every bird, From that glad day his little voice was heard, Crowing and cooing in such queer delight— But there was more walking done at night, After the baby came.  
—Harper's Bazar.

## A Curious Old Custom.

It used to be the custom many years ago in old Esopus, now Kingston, for all thrifty dames to prepare "grave clothes," for the different members of the family. With the growth of a child the old "grave clothes" would be discarded—perhaps given to an improvident or shiftless neighbor to be used in time of need—and new garments would be promptly made to replace the old. A story is told about a relative of the late Judge Westbrook, of Kingston City. Mrs. —'s grave clothes had been laid carefully away for many a long day. When grown yellow or mottled looking the old lady would "do them up fresh," with her own hands and a feeling of blissful readiness and security would again be hers. One day a neighbor called on the old lady, and the latter was found to be greatly perturbed over something. "Guess you'd be fustered, too," said the excited dame, "if somebody came and borrowed your grave clothes, just after they'd all been done up fresh. That shiftless Miss —! I knew she wouldn't have anything fit to wear when she came to die; and, sure enough, it was borrow, borrow, even after her death. Such shiftlessness I never could endure! Now I've got to go to work and make up another set, or I may be caught in the same box." The old lady, who was then past 90, went promptly to work and had fresh grave clothes made up, and it is asserted on good authority that she lived only a few hours after their completion.—Kingston Freeman.

## Recollections of Old Hickory.

As the daughter of the late Senator Benton, Mrs. Fremont's opportunities to observe and remember date back as far as the presidency of Gen. Jackson. When Old Hickory and Old Bullion had their talks at the White House, the president liked to have the senator from Missouri bring his little daughter Jessie, and Mrs. Fremont speaks of these visits with a sweet, tender and delicious simplicity. They were accustomed to find the president in an upper room, "where the tall south windows sent in strong breadths of sunshine, but his big rocking chair was always drawn close to the large wood fire." As Jackson talked with the child's father he would keep her by him, his hand on her head. "Sometimes," Mrs. Fremont writes, "forgetting me, in the interest of discussion, his long, bony fingers took an unconscious grip," but she had been trained not to wince or show pain even if Gen. Jackson twisted her curls a little too vigorously. This description of the stern old soldier-president, seated in a rude old fashioned rocking chair in the White House, with the child by him, while he discussed men and affairs with the Missouri senator, brief as it is, is a picture.—Philadelphia Times.

## A Chinook Wind.

A Bostonian, who has just returned from a flying trip to Portland, Ore., relates how he left Chicago with the mercury at zero, and went on to find it constantly sinking, until with two locomotives it was difficult to get up steam enough to drag the train; and with a roaring fire in the cars it was still necessary to keep muffled in furs to be anything nearly comfortable. He says that in crossing snowy plains through Dakota, when everybody was bundled up to the eyes, a man accustomed to the country suddenly threw back his heavy ulster collar, exclaiming:

"There, we've struck a Chinook wind. Now we are all right. I'm going out on the platform."

Those not accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of the American climate in that especial locality regarded the man as beside himself, but when the platform was visited by the more daring ones it was discovered that the temperature was that of a mild spring day. The snow everywhere was visibly melting with much rapidity, and the mysterious wind seemed to have blown in a new season. The name of this warm breeze is the same as that of a tribe of Indians of British Columbia, who perhaps manufacture it, and it is said to be so warm that it destroys three or four feet of snow in a single night. The gentleman who relates this thermic voyage closes by relating how when he arrived at Portland pansies were blooming in the garden beds, and mildness had possession of the land; an ending which is especially effective in these frozen days.—Providence Journal.

## Preparation of Sherbet.

The beverage in Persia is sherbet, which is plentifully supplied, and of which there are many varieties—from the bowl of water with a squeeze of lemon to the clear concentrated juice of any sort of fruit to which water is added to dilute it. Preparing sherbet, which is done with the greatest care, is a very important point in so thirsty a country as Persia, and one upon which much time is devoted. It may be either expressed from the juice of fruit freshly gathered or from the preserved extract of pomegranates, cherries or lemons, mixed with sugar, and submitted to a certain degree of heat to preserve it for winter consumption.

Another sherbet is much drunk, which I must not omit to mention, called guzangeben, made from the honey of the tamarisk tree. This honey is not the work of the bee, but the produce of a small insect or worm living in vast numbers under the leaves of the shrub. During the months of August and September the insect is collected and the honey is preserved. When used for sherbet it is mixed with vinegar, and although not so delicious as that made from fruit, it makes an excellent temperance beverage. Only among the rich and fashionable are glasses used; in all other classes sherbet is served in china bowls, and drank from deep wooden spoons carved in pearwood.—Belgravia.

## Work of an Amanuensis.

Pushed as the writer always is to the highest rate of speed which he commands, he must bend every energy to the task. Brain and muscle must be strained to the utmost to accomplish their work, and the notes completed, he must set to work with assiduity to transcribe them for use, a task requiring, as he knows, four times the period occupied by the dictation, but which fact many otherwise intelligent masters are frequently unable to comprehend. The strangest experience of shorthand writers is the inability of the employer to understand the difference between a spoken and written language as to the proportion of time required to produce them respectively, and the annoyance which is the outgrowth of this ignorance is one of the peculiar hardships of the shorthand writer.

It is as though a messenger should be required to emulate a racehorse in celerity of motion. He therefore bends all his energies to hasten his transcript, and his day's work leaves him fatigued beyond any of his fellow clerks. For this reason the work is not adapted to women. The strain is too great, and although in some instances a good constitution may enable the worker to endure for years, injury is sustained which is generally irreparable.—F. P. Fairbanks in the Journalist.

## The Bill Always Correct.

"I see you have got me down for burning 2,000 feet of gas in December," he said as he laid the bill down on the counter.

"Yes. December generally runs up the gas bills."

"But we were not at home in December. We left here on the last day of November, and didn't get back until the 2d of January."

"But the meter says you consumed it."

"Well, I can prove that the house was shut up."

"Did you find everything all right when you returned?"

"Yes, except that some one had broken in and stolen a few towels."

"Ah, that explains! I knew the meter couldn't lie! You see, they had to light the gas to find the towels, and your bill is correct."—Detroit Free Press.

## Wax Model of a Human Body.

The wax model of a normal human body, which, under the auspices and direction of Councillor Professor Waldeyer, is being made at the Berlin School of Anatomy by Sculptor Schuetz, was for the first time used, a fortnight ago, at one of the medical courses. Its completion will take some years yet; meanwhile the artist is only allowed to work in Professor Waldeyer's study. Thus far, no less than seventy corpses have been required for the accurate execution of the model.—Boston Transcript.

William Winter denies the authenticity of an alleged interview with him published in a Boston paper. He says: "For thirty years I have labored in literature, and I have always respected and sustained the dignity and honor of my profession. It is no light thing that I now find myself entrapped and paraded as one of those multitudinous paltry twaddlers who fill the newspapers with the clamor of their gab and cackle and effluvia of their personal conceit."—New York Graphic.

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