

Yes, in 1830 we had 23 miles of railroad. In 1887 we have 125,000 miles of railroad. In 1900 at the present rate of building, the mileage will be doubled. One mile of road is now laid to every 350 people. The mile of road, with the rolling stock is worth \$50,000. This consolidated capital is king of 350 people. In 1900 the power of the monarch will be increased two fold. Our plowshares and pruning hooks will have been converted into steel rails, and we shall approximate the state of the angels. and be always on the wing. Now an American schemer builds a mile of railroad for \$5,000, and bonds it for the investment of a foreign capitalist for \$50,000, and the brawn and muscle of the country wear their lives out in paying interest on these blue putrid, and swollen bonds by the way of high freight and passenger tariffs. As long as the poor domestic sharper finds wealthy foreign sharpers to combine with him to pillage the willing and honest poor, railroads will grow and flourish like the Upas tree. Art and letters die. The clothes of our mighty dead hang loosely upon the shoulders of their degenerate descendants. Inventive flourishes. We can not write like Shakespeare nor paint like Raphael; but we can build a torpedo boat that will, in a twinkling, blow a thousand Shakespeares and Raphaels into the infinite. And we—git there—GIT THERE—GIT THERE, ELI!!! We rumble and roar and lightning along, and are as proud of it as if mankind were progressing, "While wealth accumulates and men decay." Our posterity will look upon us as ingenious barbarians. One day the wealth producers of the country—the bread winners—will stop paying taxes on fictitious values. One day great wealth will not lie between the foreign bondholder and the domestic poor. One day the rumble of the rails will be subdued and the president of the great consolidated x y z route will doff his hat to the president of the United States; and with this devetailing of railroads into our civilization we may expect better times—but we—we shall be dead—extinct.

The statement that the saloon is the nursery of crime finds a remarkably strong proof in the advance sheets of the report of the secretary of state for Iowa. The figures therein indicate a remarkably high state of public order, and a most noteworthy effect of closing the saloons. During the year ending September 30, 1896, there were but 1,645 convictions in the entire state for criminal offenses, being an average of but little over one conviction per month per county. But the most interesting feature of the report is the statement by counties, from which we learn that Iowa has 55 counties in which there was not a single person committed to jail during the entire year. This is indeed a fact of which Iowa citizens may well be proud, as showing the new condition of affairs in that state under the new regime. Another fact brought out in this report is that of the 1,645 persons convicted, 657, or over one third, were for violation of the liquor law. But lest some captious individual might question the connection of this decrease of crime with the enforcement of the antisaloon law, it may be well to state that the report further shows that in those counties where the relative percentage of crime is least, the provisions of the law are most strictly enforced.—The Farmer.

The Fargo editors are in great luck. The mayor has just received a five thousand dollar plump, earned as secretary of the Fargo & Southern, and is well supported in his attentive and careful administration; while Col. Jordan is managing editor of the Omaha Republican. The Fargo Republican is now edited by J. J. Jordan, who evidently does not intend that it shall retrograde.

The Casselton Blizzard thinks the Times-Record not so brilliant, editorially, as the old Times, nor so neat typographically, as the Record. Editor Dobbin will have to go back to the old hand press, and the—raising plan. The thug and horse thief book ought to be lying around the office somewhere, yet—but—perhaps the Col. took it with him.

No man can get even with a newspaper by stopping one subscription. One drop out of the bucket is not missed, but the drop is apt to feel lonesome. The COURIER, like any newsworthy and live paper, occasionally loses a good, but misguided, subscriber; but it has the satisfaction of knowing that it gains a dozen new subscribers for every one it loses. The best way for a man to get even is to read the paper aloud to his neighbors, and show them what a pig headed fool the paper is anyhow. The new arrangement by which \$1.50 cash in advance pays for the COURIER seems to meet with the approbation of our best farmers.

A Healthful Climate.

Canton Advocate: It is getting to be an iron-bound fact that Dakota possesses about the finest climate—that is, the most healthful—of any state in the Union. This truth will stand any amount of hammering before it can be shaken. The first settlers in Illinois became sallow shakers from malaria, and counted quinine as the most essential article of consumption. There is no fever 'nager' in Dakota, and the doctors and undertakers all have to take claims, go to legislature or run some sideshow to subsist. If figures were strictly veracious they would prove that Dakota is the healthiest region of which there are statistics—but, in fact, deaths here are confined to the extremes of life, those who brought the fatal disease with them or those who disregard the common laws of nature. If you will notice, the air is always dry, and free from that prevalent dampness which causes fever and ague.

Supreme Court.

(Yankton Press and Dakotainian.)

To-day a case of much importance in its results to the educational interests in Dakota has been ably argued. The title of the case is "The Capitol National bank of St. Paul, vs. school district number eighty-five, of Cass and Barnes Counties, Dakota." The case tests the validity of school district warrants and some \$3,000 are involved in the suit. This afternoon a case similar in its merits has been argued. The title is "The Farmers and Merchants National bank of Valley City, Dakota, appellant, vs. school district number fifty-three, Barnes county, Dakota." Senator C. K. Davis, of St. Paul, presented a portion of the case for the appellant; his argument was highly interesting, and listened to with rapt attention by the assembled spectators and lawyers.

Among the briefs filed since court opened are those in the case of Sawyer, Wallace & Co., respondent vs. James Rector appellant, Cass county. Attorneys—Stone and Newman for respondent. Miller and Miller and Greene for appellant.

NEVER AGAIN.

Listen to the water-mill!
All the livelong day—
How the creaking of the wheels
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the water glides,
Ceaseless on, and still,
Never coming back again
To that water-mill;
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As the spell is cast—
The mill will never grind again
With the water that has passed.
Take the lesson to yourself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are passing by,
Youth is passing too;
Try to make the best of life,
Lose no hour at war;
All that you can call your own
Lies in this to-day
Power, intellect and strength
May not, can not last—
The mill will never grind again
With the water that has passed.

MONKEY BILL.

[A Dakota Romance.]

By GEORGE COBRIER.

HE was a lank young man of twenty-four, from Boston—all legs and soul and culture and eye glasses—all Bostonians wear eye glasses except Jo. Cook. He had acquired the habit of wearing eye glasses early in life while reading Thoreau, Emerson, and other people who didn't wear eye glasses. The world was altogether to fresh and commonplace to be observed without a slight barrier between it and his soul. The eye glasses furnished such a protection. He was studying for a professorship when his health failed him and he accepted an offer as bookkeeper for the great Binglehauser farm near Lake Jessie. His name was Elliot Clanning Bacon. He had come to meet his fate.

She was a girl from Montana, as wild and free and uncultivated as the mountain breezes. Her health had not failed her. In fact she was not in the west for her health, and had accepted a situation of general utility in the Palace

Hotel at \$20 a month and her board. Her contortion was grace itself, deftly concealed beneath the flowing and classical draperies of the Mother Hubbard gown. She had a bulge in her eye. How she had acquired that bulge she did not know—neither did she give a cent. It did not interfere seriously with her duties, as it never got under her feet and tripped her up. She could throw the table cloth over a sixteen foot table or the larriat over a Texan steer as well as the finest lady in the land; but she was no conversationist.

THEY MEET.

They met at a soiree at the Buglehauser ranch. It was fate that they should meet. When they met his soul went out to her—her bias glance shot through his optic nerve and clinched on the gray matter of his cerebellum. She was sitting pensively alone. Monkey Bill the terror of Bald Hill, claimed her as his girl, and all knew that the man that aroused the absent Bill's jealousy was a dead man. Bill was a cold blooded Montana outlaw who killed. A boquet of red tissue paper roses was pinned to her bosom and rose and fell with her tumultuous emotion, and she continued silently to sit and emote. Suddenly she started and threw her off eye upon Elliot who had approached her. A terrible struggle was evidently going on in her bosom, but she knew too much to give it away. She was no conversationist.

"Fair maid," said Elliot, clutching the rim of a vulgar cracker barrel for support, "may I have the honor of a dance? The roses on her bosom heaved and she spasmodically clutched his lithe arm. Ah! the bliss, the rapture of first love—ah! the electric throbs—the lightning zigzagging up and down through the soul. She danced like a wood nymph while he conversed at her, looking into her beautiful and bulging eyes. It was a dream from which he was rudely awakened. The celestial music of the Cooperstown orchestra stopped as if paralysis had clutched the bass viol by the vitals. The voice of Professor Yancy paused midway in the command to "all balance." A shudder ran through the room and out of the front door. Monkey Bill had arrived from Bald Hill with Tom Robinson, Bert Bloom, Mike Michaels, C. P. Miller and a host of desperate characters.

"Drop the gal," said Monkey Bill, in a deep Geo. N. Stork subcellar tone. "Drop her, I say, or by the living artichoke I will cut your milk white heart out of your mouse colored chest."

Elliot fell forward in a deep swoon. The girl turned upon Monkey Bill with a look of unmitigated scorn—her nostrils were distended, and blood red, while the roses upon her bosom rose and fell like the tide in the bay of Fundy. If her look had struck Monkey Bill square in the jaw it would have broken it, but it went crackling through a plate glass mirror, while Monkey Bill stood unharmed.

"Gilly!" she hissed, between her clenched lilly white teeth, "you shall pay dearly for this outrage. You have knocked me out of my hard earned supper ticket. Do you think you limber backed deule is in a condition to face a square meal after the racket you give him?"

Bill looked at her in undisguised admiration and astonishment.

"Well, I'll be goll darned! Come on Lize; ye shall have the best in the house. So you was workin' this thing? Haw! haw! haw!" and kicking aside the limp body of his rival, the wild murderer dragged rather than led the fair Liz into the banquet hall.

Elliot slowly came to. "Where am I?" he gasped. He was helped to his feet. Through the door of the banquet hall he beheld Lize and Bill eating merrily. The iron entered his soul. His heart was broken. He staggered from the room.

[To be continued.]

A German Brigadier's Idea.

Our German troops did yeoman's service during the war, but it was hard for some of them to adopt American ideas, especially in military matters, and they occasionally had strange views of the war and the best means of bringing it to an end. At the battle of Chancellorsville the Eleventh corps, largely composed of Germans, was broken by Jackson, and retreated in considerable disorder, to put it very mildly. After the retrograde movement that followed that battle officers of various corps were in the habit of discussing the cause of the giving away of the Eleventh and of the failure of the operations. I was present when a number of officers, high in rank, were talking about the matter, some assigning one reason and some another. At length a German brigadier arose, and with an air which implied that no contradiction was possible, said: "I will tell you what de trouble is, gentlemen; dere is too much de American element in dis army." This oracular announcement set the company in a roar, but it was no unfair example of the feeling which was entertained by too many of our foreign officers.—Col. R. L. Converse in Globe-Democrat.

Eyes of Venomous Snakes.

The eyes of poisonous snakes have been found by Dr. Benjamin Sharp to have elliptical pupils, while in the harmless species they are circular.

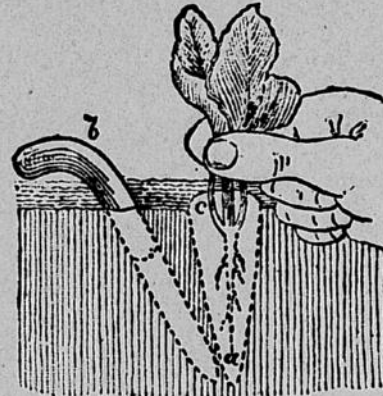
FARM AND GARDEN.

FEEDING RATIORS FOR MILCH COWS.
HORSES THAT WILL SELL.

Directions for Building a Convenient and Economical Piggery—Hints Worthy of Consideration Wherever Vegetables Are Grown, Either for Home or Market.

When plants are removed from the soil in which the seed germinated, a considerable shock is experienced unless great care is exercised in transplanting them to their new bed. The important operation of transplanting is properly performed when the equilibrium between the functions of the roots and the leaves is soonest re-established. If plants are transplanted to a wet and particularly heavy soil, the part pressed to the roots will bake and contract, leaving open spaces near the roots. The earth into which plants are to be shifted should be freshly dug, as this seems to encourage an early emission of young rootlets; and it should be as fine as possible, so that every part of the roots may come in contact with soil and moisture.

If the earth has been freshly stirred and is moist enough to allow planting holes to be made by the dibble, without having in, and the soil is not very sandy, new roots will soon begin to grow, and the warm soil will push these rapidly forward.



PROPER USE OF THE DIBBLE.

A Oemler, in some very sound advice given to truck farmers of the south, furnishes directions that may be safely followed in any locality where vegetable and strawberry plants are grown. Following are some of his suggestions: In transplanting such plants as the strawberry, the fibrous roots should be opened out as much as possible, while the root of the tap rooted plant, as the cabbage, beet, etc., should be placed regularly up and down and not bent upon itself. If such root is bent, the nutritive matter in descending from the boxes will be interrupted at the bend, and new rootlets will be slow to appear beyond it. In transplanting, the soil ought to be uniformly, but not harshly, pressed to the roots their entire length, from the extreme lower point upward.

With the exception of asparagus, horse radish, onions and such plants as emit new roots along the lower portion of the stem, as tomatoes, cabbage, etc., it is a safe rule to put down the plant to the depth of which it originally grew. In sandy soil it sometimes becomes necessary, in a drought, during an entire transplanting season, to water the plants after they are set out. In this case the watered surface should be covered with dry soil to prevent baking.

In a loose, fine, light soil, free from sticks, stones, pebbles, etc., the hand alone is often used in transplanting on a small scale, but either the planting stick or dibble, or the trowel, is preferable. The trowel is the safer implement in the hands of an unskilled workman. In using the dibble, it is thrust into the soil to at least the full depth at which the plant is to be inserted, the hole is then widened by a rotary motion of the implement.

To insert the plant properly, it is held between the thumb and the index finger of the left hand, and thus placed in the hole; the dibble is then plunged into the ground two or three inches from the plant, in a direction with its point toward and a little below the end of the root. The engraving, taken from Truck Farming, shows the hole made by the dibble with the root of the plant within it. The dibble is thrust into the ground, ready to fix the root in place, by using the point (a) as a fulcrum and moving the handle of the dibble from b to c the soil will be pressed to the root for its entire length from a to c. If this be done with sufficient force, it will fix the delicate plant firmly in the soil. If, on the other hand, the dibble is inserted perpendicularly or parallel with the plant instead of at an angle, or if it be partly withdrawn before the movement from b to c is completed, the soil will only be pressed to the root at the top, leaving its more important part loosely suspended in an open excavation of the soil.

Planting proceeds most conveniently from left to right. When the trowel is employed the operation is the same, except that the implement is inserted in front of the plant instead of at its side.

Horses That Sell Well.

There is no branch of the stock industry that, with judicious management, pays better than rearing horses. Farmers may come in for their share of profits in this industry if they will but exercise common sense. There are enough trotters; remember this and leave their rearing and training to professional breeders. The farmer's opportunity lies in the production of good, serviceable animals, which will sell at a remunerative price. Such horses always pay, and there is not half the risk in raising these there is with the lighter and more nervous trotters. It is only about one trotter in 500 that amounts to anything—at least that makes a sufficient good record to pay for his trouble and brings a big sum extra. When a trotter falls below a certain standard he is the most valueless of horses to own.

There is always a ready sale for half-bred percherons, as is there indeed for any good shaped horse that will weigh from 1,300 to 1,500 pounds. The quick stepping ones prove excellent coaches and are in demand as carriage teams, while the more clumsy, slow going animals prove valuable as cart and truck horses.

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C. M. MacLAREN,

Attorney

And Counsellor at Law.

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