

THE COURIER,

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

Col. Clough has resigned this position as Northern Pacific attorney, and accepted a position on the Manitoba road. The Colonel's connection with the N. P. has not tended to make that corporation popular, and the change may be mutually beneficial.

O'Brien, the home ruler, has had an extremely lively tour in Canada. The Orangemen have been very enthusiastic and have thrown brick bats, vegetables, stale eggs at him wherever he has appeared. There isn't much satisfaction in trying to help Ireland when the Irish are dominated by such a devilish spirit of bigotry—killing their brothers for the love of God.

The attempt by the railroads to make the Inter-state commerce law obnoxious, by raising the rate on the long haul, so as to maintain the same on the short haul, is proving a boomerang. Instead of having the effect expected, it has demonstrated that freights can be secured over other lines. For instance, a sugar refinery at San Francisco has contracted with the Canadian Pacific for the transportation of two million pounds of sugar to the Atlantic coast. The immense cargoes of tea and coffee that are received at that port will nearly all go over the Canadian Pacific. This together with other items will be a heavy falling off of the freight business over the American Pacific roads and make a tremendous increase to the Canadian Pacific. It is more than likely the American roads will see their mistake in time. —Fargo Sun.

MONKEY BILL.

[A Dakota Romance.]

By GRIGGS COURIER.

When our hero sauntered out of the Buglehauser ranch with the iron protruding from his soul, he fled with the light step of a startled fawn to the Shyenne bridge, over which he plunged into the seething gulf below. Just at this instant a solitary horseman was seen approaching from the east. It was the Count de Luni in search of his daughter who had been Charley Rossed early in life by a traveling party of American railroad princes. The Count was a foreigner of great wealth and distinction, but with lines of care on his countenance as if eaten in by blue vitrol, and trimmed up with a cold chisel. He rushed to the rescue of our hero, who in his wild plunge had become entangled in the mud and slime of the river bed. In an instant with herculean strength the count seized the exposed right heel and dragged Elliot to the shore. Elliot immediately fell on his neck and admitted that the Count was his preserver, and desired to know what knightly quest the Count was on—was he after releasing distressed damsels or charging on wind mills—it was all the same to Elliot, who proposed to dedicate his life to the service of the Count.

Our hero narrated his adventure at the ball and described the girl that had made such havoc with his heart.

"Ha! has the damsel then the caste of Vere de Vere?"

Elliot thought she had, and after describing her, the Count promptly identified her as his long lost daughter, and together they set out for the Buglehauser ranch. The festivities were still in progress. Monkey bill was sitting in the corner blazing away at the boot heels of the dancers with his 44 Smith & Wesson, while Lize hung over his chair, fondly, and selected the boot heels for his target practice.

Enter—Count and Elliot Channing Bacon.

Count.—Is this the damsel? Damsel, I am the Count de Luni.

Lize.—Right you are pard; you are loony, sure; what account you are iz another thing. Haw, haw, haw! He sez he's Count de Loony, Bill; plug him one for luck.

Count.—Damsel, I am your father. Your real name is Lady Clarinda Beatrice Isabella Marie Arabella Infanta Victoria, only daughter of the Count de Luni. Come to my arms my child.

Lize.—Keep away from me, Loony; you old stiff! Whatyergivenus!

Bill.—See here, Cully. Don't you be given out any more of them gasses. You make me weary. I hev been requested by this lady to plug you one for luck, and you are going to get it in the neck.

Count.—What kind of language is that—what does this person—this boor—mean by this familiarity, Lady Clarinda, Beatrice, Isabella, Maria, Arabella, Infanta, Victoria?"

Bill.—Infanta, nothing. Her name is Lize. Take that for luck." * * * * *
Crash! Bang!! * * * * *

The Count de Luni fell like a log. The Lady Clarinda's haughty features relaxed with a look of gratified pride.

"Now Bill, give the dood one for luck."

"Mercy," shrieked Elliot Channing in high falsetto Beacon Hill accents. "I telj you girl that you have killed your own father. What he told you is strictly true. Under your right arm you will find a strawberry mark. You were stolen by Jay Gould and Cornelius Vanderbilt from your sire's ancestral castle in your infancy."

A cold 40° below zero look came into Monkey Bill's blood shot eye. "By the immaculate artichoke, if you are lying, I will unjoint every bone in your anatomy. Is the strawberry mark there, Lize?"

Lize's eyes were dilated with amazement. She had found the strawberry mark, and with a soulful moan she threw herself on her father's inanimate body.

[To be continued.]

Dakota Court Scene.

(Dakota Bell.)

The trial of a man for selling liquor was taking place in one of the Dakota prohibition counties. A quart bottle of whisky was produced by the officer as having been found on the premises of the defendant.

"Just lenme see that bottle o'likker," said the Judge.

It was handed to him, he pulled he cork out with his teeth, smelled of the contents a couple of times, held it up to the light and said:

"I sentance this 'ere likker to solitary confinement."

"What's that?" asked the astonished prosecuting attorney.

"The contents o' this bottle is hereby sentenced to solitary confinement."

"Why, you damed old snoozer, you aren't trying the bottle—it is the prisoner here, who is before the court."

"Five dollars fer contempt o' court, you red-eyed pettifogger!" roared the judge. "The prisoner is discharged! Get out o' here, every one o' you! I'll show you ef this court can't enforce its own sentences!" And he put his feet up on the desk, threw his head back, and there was a sound like pure, cold spring-water running out of the bung-hole of a barrel.

Below we print letters from the poets Langfellow and Whittier, to a lady now residing in Cooperstown—the letter of the former, written in 1879 is upon unruled and unglazed paper, in the poet's neat, peculiar back hand, while the letter of Whittier is written on, apparently, the leaf of a cheap blank book:

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 3, 1879.

Dear Miss ———
The Persian spoken of in the poem is Xerxes. Evelyn, speaking of the Plane tree, says:
"This beautiful and precious tree, anciently sacred to Helena."
By Xerxes, that Elians and other authors tell us he made balls, and stopped his prodigious army of 1,700,000 soldiers, which covered the sea, exhausted rivers, and thrust Mount Athos from the continent, to admire the publicitudo and prosperity of one of them; and becomes so fond of it, that spoiling both himself, his concubines, and great persons of all their jewels, he covered it with gold, gems, necklaces, scarfs, bracelets, and infinite riches, and—more of it. But this is enough to explain the passage.

Yours Very Truly,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, Mass., April 24, 1873.
Dear Mrs. ———
The person referred to in "Snow Bound" was Miss Harriet Livermore, daughter of Judge Livermore, of New Hampshire—a cultivated, gifted young woman, but eccentric, and of violent temper. She was religious, and spent thirty or forty years of her life in Europe and Asia, visiting religious convents, etc. She resided for a time with Lady Hester Stanhope, on the slope of Mount Lebanon. She died at a great age some fifteen years ago.
I am thy friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

NEIGHBORING TOWNS.

Willow.

Recent rains have washed the air out in good shape, and is just making the wheat climb for a 30 bushel to the acre yield.

Mrs. Alexander and child, of Lakota, are visiting Willow friends.

Will Root attended the dance at Hagerty's school house last Friday night and enjoyed himself immensely, as did all present, to the number of fifty or more.

Old Sol don't catch Will Ligget and Joe Gedding in bed these fine mornings; they are early birds.

Somebody should give Clarke a rooster, as he seems to be a little short on roosters. So E. J. S. says.

We hear there is to be a great big steam flouring mill erected at the "calamity" cross roads, forthwith or sooner, by Willow's meet active business men.

Old and Joe having completed the foundation for the latter's house, are ready to contract for the mason work, and G. W. P. says he will carry the hod for them. McCurdy will put in a bid for the carpenter work.

You Cooperstownites will have to work your ass lively or Willow will soon be doing the milling business for the county.

The parties that paroled the library and other Sunday school property from the school house last Sunday, had better return the same, quick, and in the future have a care what they are doing, or they will get themselves into the Willow pound. There was nothing smart in that deal, boys. Don't repeat it.

The COURIER comes to us nearly double its former size; now why not double its circulation.

CHAS. X.

DANGERS OF DESK LUNCHING.

A Solemn Warning to Over Industrious Employees, and a Hint to Employers.

In the office of an insurance company on LaSalle street I saw, the other day, a young man eating his lunch at his desk. It was a very modest lunch which his good mother, a New England Puritan, had prepared for him at home with typical New England simplicity. It consisted of bread and butter—the slices of the former rather thick and the layers of the latter quite thin—two hard boiled eggs and a piece of mince pie. Doughtless the pie was good—all New England mince pie is—but I pitied the young man from the bottom of my heart. With his glass of water from the hydrant, his eyes fixed upon a letter before him even while he munched, his attitude reminded me of that of a slave bending over his toll and eating the crust which his hard taskmaster had begrudgingly flung him. In ten minutes the lunch was finished, and then the young man resumed his labors with reports, policies and letters.

I made some inquiry concerning him, and learned that he was one of the most valuable employes in the office—earnest, faithful and loyal—and that his services were appreciated and rewarded with a good salary, out of which he and his mother, good Yankee that she was, were daily saving a snug sum. And yet I pitied him. If I had been an old man I should have said to him, as earnestly and paternally as I knew how: "Young man, don't eat any more lunches at your desk. Tell your mother not to put up any more eggs or mince pies for you; you can't afford it. You may save a dime or two and a half hour's time, but you can earn your salary and more, too, after taking an hour for a lunch out. The dimes you are saving now will some day be needed to pay doctor's bills and support you when you are too sick to work. Stop this desk lunching. Go out to a restaurant, buy some soup, some warm food, take your time to sit eating, find some companions to go with you and chat and laugh with you. Take a little stroll in the open air, fill your lungs with oxygen that is not superheated and lifeless, get your mind away from your work a little while, and depend upon it, the sum of your life's strength, energy and happiness will be all the greater for it."—Chicago Herald.

People Born to Dance.

Strangers consider us dancing maniacs, for we are at it all the year around. The real reason lies partly in our climate and partly in our population. No other sport can thrive here in winter. The sea air and the heat of a half million fires makes sleighing, sledding and all winter sports impossible. Then we are made up of Scotch, Irish, English, Germans, French, Italians and Jews—all inveterate dancers. It seems as if everybody dances, and usually on the co-operative plan. Wherever twenty factory hands or counter girls are gathered together a "coterie" or social club is formed. A year's dues and fines, amounting to nothing until they accumulate, serve to hire a hall and buy a few tickets and cards, and that is enough.

Every sort of people give their annual balls. The elevated train men, the Knights of Labor, the thousands of shop girls, the political clubs, the demi monde, the marketmen, the Catholic societies, the bicyclers, canoeists, athletic clubs, cigarette girls, city department employes and everybody else. And it makes no difference about Sunday either. In fact, Sunday night is the favorite time for dancing in the east side tenement district, and even in the uptown brown stone quarter among the wealthy Hebrews. Dancing schools are very numerous, and the latest dance steps can be learned for prices within the means of sewing women, but most of us have dancing born in our heels.—New York Cor. Providence Journal.

Living in Washington.

Ten years ago a liveried coachman or footman was a novelty in Washington. The officials who employed them first were howled at as aristocrats and imitators of the fashions of Europe. To-day there is not an official who has money enough to have a servant but puts him in livery. It will be but a short time before powdered wigs will be used to further distinguish the servants of ultra fashionable families. A high official family has already consulted an artist in this town concerning new livery designs, and these designs include the powdered wig. There will be no more outcry against the wig innovation than there was against the liveries of ten years ago. It will be remembered what a sensation was created in New York when Vanderbilt at the opera placed a liveried footman at the door of his box. Arthur reproduced this in Washington, and the Clevelanders have adopted the Arthur fashion.—Washington Cor. New York World.

A Thought Reader on Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone is, of all notable men I have met, about the least able to mask his emotions, skillful as he is in cloaking his thoughts. He is a highly emotional man, and there is about him, moreover, something distinctly mesmeric. His natural charm of manner, the softness of his voice and the soothing nervous action of his hands give him an immense power over men. It is almost impossible to be in his presence without feeling this mesmeric influence, and I can well understand people doing things at his dictation which may be against their better judgment.—Nineteenth Century.

Mortality Among Children.

Before the Paris Foundling hospital adopted the expedient of placing children in families in the country its mortality rates averaged 56 per cent. a year; under the new system the death rate sank to 30 per cent. for the whole time the foundlings were its wards, which enters the school age. The Hospital San Spirito in Rome reports the difference of mortality between the children it retains in asylum and those whom it places with families in the country at 83.78 to 12.80 per centum. This is for abandoned infants.—Charles X.

The Russian government has decided to prohibit the importation of patent medicines, the published list of prohibited articles contains 800 items.

BRIGHAM'S GUIDE.

THE MORMON APOSTLE'S HISTORIC JOURNEY ACROSS THE ROCKIES.

A Veteran Frontiersman Tells How He Led the Mormon Chief Over the Mountains and Into the Valley of Salt Lake.

John Y. Nelson, the guide who in 1846 piloted Brigham Young across the plains and over the Rocky mountains to the site of the present capital of Mormondom, is one of the most interesting of the strange band of pioneers and savages now depicting the perils and pleasures of frontier life for the delectation of effete easterners with Buffalo Bill.

He was seated on a camp stool in one of the score or so of tents that line the sides of the broad upper corridor at Madison Square garden, his wife, a Sioux squaw, squatted at his feet industriously stitching with shreds of buffalo tendon for thread, a boy of 12 stretched on a couch of deer-skins in one corner and a copper colored lassie of 8 sleeping peacefully on a bank of blankets in another corner. Others of their dusky brood romped in the long passage outside with the papooses of the Pawnee or the Sioux and came at their white father's bidding to shake hands with the visitor. Bright eyed, black haired, blithe and quick, the elements of savage and civilized blood seemed strangely blended in their natures. There had been nine children of this marriage, the old trapper said, of whom five were living, the eldest, a girl of 15, pursuing her studies in a Brooklyn boarding school. To earn provision for their support and education he has turned his back on his loved mountains.

IN THE FALL OF 1846.

"It was late in the fall of 1846, I think," Nelson began as he lit his pipe and shoved back his broad sombrero. "I was at Cottonwood Springs, Neb., living with an old Mexican half breed, who knew every inch of the Rockies like a book. We were doing nothing in particular and ready for a job when Brigham Young came along and asked my Mexican friend and myself to be his guides across the Rockies, promising us good pay. He had four companions, Mormon elders, I think, but I cannot remember their names. Seven in all, we started with two emigrant wagons, one of them loaded with flour, bacon, coffee and biscuit, enough for two years' supply. I don't believe Brigham had any idea when he started just where he was going and when he would get back! It was a sort of prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother' and the old man was a good natured, jolly sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday school, pious Jonah kind; would say 'damn it' just the same as I would, and played a good hand at euchre. I was quite a young fellow in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism. "He was about 40, well set up and with a big, strong head and neck. I didn't take much stock in his arguments defending polygamy, which Jo Smith had recently introduced as a revelation among the saints. But Brigham gave me the idea of a man who was pretty firm in his opinion and actually believed what he preached.

"We didn't hurry ourselves much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty and exploring the country for miles around. I don't think we met a white man all the way across. There were lots of Indians, but they didn't trouble us, just coming into camp to trade off fresh meat or skins for bacon and coffee. Toward Christmas we struck Ham's fork, in western Nebraska, after making a journey of nearly 1,000 miles. There we were snowed up until the spring.

SNOW FORTY FEET DEEP.

"That was a particularly hard winter, and the snow was forty feet deep in places where it had drifted over the canyon. But we didn't suffer; provisions were plenty, there was lots of game, and when we couldn't get water we got snow and melted it. Our camp at Ham's fork was pitched in a sheltered valley, and we got all the elk, antelope and bear we could shoot.

"Late in the spring, when the snow had melted, we struck camp and started straight up the mountain about forty miles. Right up on the top of the mountain we found a large lake fed by a living spring chuck full of trout that beat anything in the world. The smallest of them was about two feet long and weighed five or six pounds, and the flavor!—The trapper smacked his lips as the recollection of the gustatory gratification of forty years before arose in his mind.

"Brigham was all the time spying out the lay of the land, and as he looked from the top of the mountain over the level stretch of desert nearly fifty miles away, he said: 'The promised land is in sight.' We made our way down the mountain without any accident worth mentioning and when we struck the water now known as Salt Lake Brigham swallowed a mouthful and named it the Great Salt Lake. Then we struck out about six miles to the northwest and Brigham Young stopped suddenly in the midst of the valley and shouted: 'This is the spot; this is the place revealed to me by the Great Spirit in a dream long ago. Here we will build the New Jerusalem!'

"We stayed in the neighborhood about six weeks. Brigham staked out the place so that we could find it again easily and made a sort of map of it. Then we started back to Cottonwood Springs, which we reached late in the summer. Brigham and his friends went on to Nauvoo, Ill., and I went off on a deer hunt with my Indian friends. Next year Brigham took a large party of Mormons over, and Salt Lake City was built on the very spot to which I guided him."—New York World Interview.

Precious Stones Imported.

The value of the precious stones honestly imported into the United States is between \$8,000,000 and \$9,000,000 per annum, and it has been calculated that gems to half that sum escape payment of the duty.—Home Journal.

GEO. F. NEWELL,

Physician and Surgeon.

I am out of practice, but if you have plenty of money to pay for forty years' professional experience, you can consult me at my drug store for nothing. If you need my services they can be had; but they come high.

C. M. MacLAREN,

Attorney

And Counsellor at Law,
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