

SYVERSON'S SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. V., NO. 19.

COOPERSTOWN, GRIGGS CO., DAK., FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1887.

TEN PAGES.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

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

R. C. Cooper has a notice out which will be of special interest to owners of stock. Take heed.

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

Rev. D. L. Babcock, a Baptist clergyman of Minneapolis, preached a very able sermon at the Baptist hall Sunday evening.

WALL PAPER—New and artistic designs at JOHN SYVERSON'S.

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

Rev. O. D. Farrington attended the convention of the Baptist association at Minneapolis, this week.

Four emigrant teams passed through Cooperstown, Monday, en route for Devils Lake, from Fargo. They had about twenty-five head of stock.

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

Notwithstanding the bad weather last Friday evening, the ladies of the Baptist church realized \$18 from the sale of ice cream. The success was due partly to President Brown, T. Kennelley, C. H. Warren, Wm. Lowe, C. P. Miller, H. B. Silling and J. C. Gibson, representatives of the Farmers' Mutual Protective, etc., who marched in single file and liberally opened their pocketbooks. The gentlemen, in return, were treated to some fine instrumental and vocal music by the choir. The ladies are arranging for a strawberry and ice cream festival to be given in the near future.

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.

A Lecture on Economy.

A stupid looking tramp knocked at one of the finest residences in Austin, and was received by the lady of the house.

"What do you want?" "Please'm, give me a dime to buy a glass of bread; 'cause me, I mean a loaf of beer."

"I haven't got any money." "I haven't got no money? Then, madam, modest as this cottage is, I would suggest your moving into a cheaper house; you are evidently living beyond your means. Economy is wealth. Economize in the way of clothes and house rent. Cut your expenses, and then perhaps some day you will have a dime to spare—a dime, madam, that may be the means of preventing a hungry and thirsty fellow mortal from committing suicide; or it may be a quarter—a coin of the value of twenty-five cents—that will upholster the dark clouds of the horizon of his despairing soul with a silver plated lining and fill his stomach with buck beer. Good day, fair lady."—Texas Sittings.

Drill Planting—Shallow Cultivation.

It is nineteen years since Mr. E. S. Carman first began the advocacy of planting corn in drills instead of hills; of sowing fertilizers on the surface and merely harrowing them in; of surface cultivation—that is, shallow cultivation; and of keeping the land as level as possible—that is, not hilling up. There were then, as indeed there were many years previously, advocates of one or the other of these methods, but none who favored all simultaneously.

At the present time there are many progressive farmers who have tried this method, and few, if any, of them would return to the old way, viz.: plowing under the manure, planting in hill, hilling up and deep cultivation, until the corn is harvested.

Mr. Carman also says: All farmers who have planted corn very early know that after the plants sprout and have grown two or three inches there usually comes a cold spell, and the plants stop growing and often assume a yellow, sickly appearance. Is this due, as is generally supposed, to the cold weather altogether, or to the fact that nitrification ceases? If inquiring farmers would sow a little nitrate of soda upon a small portion of the field when planting, thus supplying nitrogen in an immediately available form, it might appear that the "standstill" was due rather to a deficiency of nitrogenous food than to the cold weather.

Society of Books.

Books are more than a man's life. They can be opened and studied, dwelt with in closer relation, communed with in the quiet of the study where influences are most potent, yet we admit to our society books, the character of which we would not tolerate in individuals.—The Current.

Gilding Glass.

A process for gilding or decorating glass with gold and silver has been brought out. It is stated to be a revival of an older process, or in other words the discovery of a lost art. The metal is precipitated on the back of the glass, and then coated with a protective composition which excludes the atmosphere.—Boston Budget.

Since Mrs. Cleveland has accepted her black poodle for a pet dog Washington society has taken up the same species as its pet. Not long ago Hector, the black Antwerp poodle, who lords it over all the other pets at the White House on account of seniority, was the only black poodle in this city, but now no dude considers himself in the fashion unless he has a black poodle. Even the young ladies have taken to black poodles for pet dogs. In a walk up the avenue I counted no less than six black poodles in as many squares. It was curious to note the various specimens—some very fine looking; others looked shaggy and dirty, as if just risen from poverty to affluence and they had not had time to get used to it. A dog fancier in this city says he has more orders for black poodles than he can fill, and that the boom in the dog market is unprecedented. He says he thinks of beginning to dye some of his white poodles black to meet the demand. As yet the call for monkeys has not begun.—Cor. Baltimore American.

FREDERICK H. ADAMS, Attorney and Counselor At Law COOPERSTOWN, DAK. U. S. Land Office business attended to.

Diphtherial Diphtherial

Fever!! Fever!! Fever!!

Blood poisoning and a host of other bodily ills lie in that pile of dirt and garbage outside the kitchen door. Go out and stir it up a little; don't great clouds of "incense" offend your sense of smell, your sense of cleanliness, your sense of general decency and neatness?

The warm days that are just now beginning to cheer us, will also bring sorrow and regret if the same is allowed to do its deadly work on these fermenting heaps.

Preserve your health; save your doctor's bills; be clean for the public good if not for your own sake. Haul the stuff away before you are called on by the host of health. B. H.



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BRITISH COLUMBIA, PUGET SOUND AND ALASKA.

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EMIGRANT SLEEPERS FREE.

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THE Cooperstown Blacksmith,

Does all kinds of repairing.

HORSE-SHOEING

—Bad or Crippled feet a specialty.—

(Satisfaction guaranteed.)

Shop located east of

HAMMER'S LIVERY.

Horses' teeth floated, filed and fixed

A Plan That Didn't Work.

One druggist had an automatic chestnut register on the door of the closet in which he keeps the "poisonous stuff" of his stock, and it rings every time the closet is opened to take anything from it. The tingle of the bell was for the purpose of awakening the clerk to the responsibility of his actions.

It didn't work. "I thought it a good plan," the druggist said, as he asked the reporter if he ever smoked, "but this was how it worked: A fellow came rushing in here one night with a prescription for his wife, and, like every person under similar circumstances of excitement, he must tell me all about her dangerous condition.

"Great Scott! What's that?" he asked, as the bell on the door of my poison closet rang. As he was too excited to be telling a story, he didn't understand why the bell rang, and looked at me suspiciously.

"Bell of the poison closet," I replied. "Putting poison in my wife's medicine!" he exclaimed. "Well, I suppose it's all right, but I tell you, as I told the doctor, that my wife is one of those women—Heavens! there's that bell again. More poison? Look here, ain't you making some mistake, putting so much poison in my wife's medicine? No! Well, I don't know about that. Here, give me the prescription. I guess I'd better see the doctor about it. I don't want my wife poisoned."

"There were so many occurrences like that," the druggist concluded, "that we had to do away with the little scheme. However, you may say that all druggists are exceedingly careful, and it's very rare that errors are made. You know, no man is infallible."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Reception Prostration.

I have discovered that a new disease is ravaging Boston. It is known as "reception prostration." I met one of its victims last week, a man who is generally overflowing with spirits. He was gloomy, almost misanthropic, and seemed as though he had never known how to smile, and was an utter stranger to cheerfulness. "Not well?" I inquired. "Used up!" was the distressed answer. "Too much reception. I'm prostrated by it. In fact, if I followed my feelings I would go to another reception this afternoon, take a dose of rough on rats, and make a sensation by dying then and there. Only think of it! A reception every day; sometimes two a day. I say nothing of musicals in the evening. You see the same people at them all; hear the same things—the same gossip, the same little scandals; see the same chocolate and whipped cream, the same tea. You see the same women glaring at the same other women with the same expression of mingled wonder and indignation that they should be there, until at last the world seems to narrow itself down to some dozen or two people whom you meet at every turn, and who pervade your existence as if they were an inseparable part of it. My nerves are shaken, my faith in pleasure undermined; I believe, if I were wounded, I should bleed Vienna chocolate or black tea." And he looked the very embodiment of limp despair.—Boston Saturday Gazette.

She Would Not Serve.

The latest small but gusty breeze in altitudinous society was raised over a question of dress. It is a custom of the semi-public halls—those to which entrance is restricted to a carefully chosen company—to impart an aspect of seclusion by having three women pose as hostesses. This was done on the occasion in question. A trio of Fifth avenue's proudest and most respected wives consented to act. They were to stand in an ante-room of the large hall, on a low platform, and bow graciously to the arriving guests. That is how the thing is done. The first of these matrons to report for duty was clad in sumptuous brown brocade. The second wore pink satin. So far so good. But the third came in crimson—a color that effectually killed the delicate pink of her proposed companion. The latter angrily declared that she would not serve. She was sure that the other had known all about the color question, for it had been discussed, and devilish malignity alone had impelled her to put on the destructive red. The difficulty could not be composed, and so two matrons received the company, while the third mingled with the throng, trying to hide her anger under a placid surface.—Clara Belle in Pioneer Press.

During the past nine years 83,000 physicians have graduated from the medical colleges in this country.

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TABLE.

in them; I am peaceably disposed. This town will go for license; some sections of the county will poll a heavy vote against license.

Insurance has conquered hail; drilling in the wheat protects us from drouth and wind; we are out of the "hepper" region; smut and the Hessian fly have never appeared in Dakota. Now if the farmers can buy a good binder complete for \$120, a threshing machine in proportion, we shall prosper. The profit on farm machinery is simply enormous, and the farmers must look out or they will soon be owned by non resident manufacturers. Some years ago McCormack, the inventor testified in a patent infringement suit, that it cost less than \$40 to put a harvester and binder in the field. At that time the machines were selling for \$300.

bride and groom were in attendance.

No, the statement that our alleged contemporary's alleged extra edition, calling for a 17th of May celebration was bogus, was written during the absence of the editor, by request of the Norwegian gentlemen imposed upon. The COURIER was Norwegian enough to set that matter right, but not enough to get up a celebration for the Norwegians, in spite of themselves. Evidently our alleged contemporary does not understand that it was the independence of Norway that was celebrated, and not dependence upon a one horse printing outfit. The COURIER is glad that there were TWENTY-FIVE couples present, and that Jo. had such a recherche time, and got the two dollar job. The COURIER had an idea that there were not quite twenty-five couples present.

NOTICE TO STOCK OWNERS—All stock of every name and nature, found trespassing upon my fields or meadows, on and after this date, will be taken up and held for damages. Dated May 21st, 1887. R. C. COOPER.

Lost.

One sorrel gelding pony from Sec. 30-147-38—ten year old. The finder will be suitably rewarded. HENRY O. HAUGEN.

For Sale.

A complete set of second hand farm machinery on terms to suit the purchaser. Also one new milch cow and heifer calf. WM. GLASS.

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

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