

Not Jim Hill.

"It will not be long," said James J. Hill the other day, "until points in Dakota within 500 miles of Duluth will be sending wheat from their stations to Buffalo for 15 cents per bushel." And we may add that they will have Jim Hill to thank for it, too.—Ex.

The above taffy to J. J. Hill, is at the expense of the I. S. C. law.

Why his sudden change of heart?

It is because competition with the N. P. compels him to lower his rates, and competition with the Canadian Pacific compels the Northern Pacific to lower its rates.

Observe the new Northern Pacific traffic table in this issue of the COURIER.

The Canadian Pacific is being fed from the East Indies by three Cunarders, lately purchased, in addition to other vessels, and, unless the American Pacific roads can seduce the Inter-State Commerce commission into relieving them from the provisions of the formidable long and short haul clause, they must reduce freights all along the line to accord with the longhaul tariff—while they are competing with the Canadian road.

The American Pacific railways can not give up the trade of China, Corea, Japan and Hindoostan. The immense value of the products of these countries as evidenced by the fact that the mightiest cities of ancient times sprang up in the pathway of their trade. The American roads are prevented by the Canadian roads from saying, "you shall pay for your long haul across the continent at the same rate we have heretofore charged you from Fargo to Duluth." They, under the new law, can only fix the competitive rate with the Canadian road, and settle the tariff for short hauls in the same ratio—the minimum rather than the maximum.

Verily the people have the Pacific roads upon the hip, so that a vast reduction in freights must be made.

If the law is not tampered, with wheat will be carried from Cooperstown to Duluth this season at five cents per bushel—thanks to the Inter-State Commerce law.

The Hope road will be extended about an eighth of an inch this season by the expansion of the rails from the heat of the sun.

The school house cases will not be tried this term. The decision of the supreme court in the Barnes county cases will not be rendered until October. The decision will probably settle the point that the warrants are invalid. If not we shall see.

Mr. Day, the democratic candidate for Congress, last fall, predicts that Major Edwards will be the Republican candidate in '88, and speaks very highly of the big mayor, who is alleged by the London Times to weigh 900 pounds.

Mrs. Geo. N. Lenham, of Sanborn presented her husband with a pair of beautiful new girls, last week. Geo. now has two boys and three girls. This beats two pair.

The Brule Index celebrates its sixth anniversary by coming out in blood red ink. The Index is published in that red hot region that produced Mentzer and Sullivan, the celebrated legislative obstructionists.

The Baltimore Sun is cackling over its fifty years of life as cheerfully as a forty year old maid over her sixteenth birthday.

Nels Olson Holong says he murdered Lilly Field, at Fergus Falls, because she would not give him her photograph. This is a new ruling, as abrupt and startling as some of Sparks' land office decisions.

If you have not energy enough to plant trees, plant sun flowers about your house. Ten rows three feet apart shut out blizzards like a belt of trees.

Christian & Co. will build 30 elevators in northern Dakota this year. Cooperstown and Odell will probably be favored by the firm. The war of the elevators and the railroads is a triumph for the farmer.

Chas. S. Fee, general passenger agent of the N. P., favors us with some advertising folders and pamphlets that are as instructive as they are aesthetic. Proctor Knott's famous Duluth speech is among them.

The COURIER acknowledges a complimentary to the Fargo races. They promise to be very interesting.

Dr. Falk seems to be editing the Times, at Caledonia, as successfully as the Col.

"Home and School," a new paper published by A. Sheridan Jones, late territorial superintendent of schools, contains a world of information, and every settler with children should have it in the house. Send to Olivet for sample copy.

Northern Pacific Rates.

The change in classification from "Joint Northern" to "Western," was, in effect, a reduction in rates, as the latter is a much lower classification. The present rates are: 1st, 1.16; 2nd, .98; 3rd, .81; 4th, .69; 5th, .56; a. 45; b. 37; c. 30; d. 23; e. 18.

New rates—June 1st, will be: 1st, .92; 2nd, .76; 3rd, .62; 4th, .46; 5th, .37; a. 37; b. 32; c. 28; d. 23; e. 18.

This reduction is stated by the company to be voluntary, and in line with the policy of making reductions in rates as the country through which its road passes becomes more thickly populated, or volume of its business becomes sufficient to warrant it.

Wanted a Lawyer.

"Are yez the lyer?"
"I am an attorney."
"Well then, I want to hoive yez to famfoodle the jury in the court."

"Ahem! What is your case?"
"It's nothing—it's triflyin. I shake me fist under Denny O'Brien's big nose, and he squeals on me for assault and bathery."

"Well, the shaking of the fist would not be a battery. Did he commence it?"

"The same he did. He sez to me, 'good mernin', Mr. O'Finnerty.' Sez I, 'pay yer boord, you dirty blackguard. Sez he, 'you lie', and then I shook me fist in his face."

"Did you hit him?"
"Niver a hit. If ever I hit him he'll not live to tell the tale."

"Was there any blood on him?"

"Faith, you could not see his face for blood. I jist tapped him on the nose wid me fist, 'thinking no harm."

"Were his eyes blackened?"

"Faith I'll not decave yez. His eyes was swelled, but t' was triflyin."

"You stamped on him when he was down, didn't you?"

"No, I did not. I moit have kicked him in the jaw to jache him a lesson, never thinkin' any harm; but never a stamp did I make on him."

"Well, are you guilty?"

"How the devil do I know if I be guilty. I want a lyer to prove me innocent—to famfoodle the jury and make the devil sweat for his squealin' and beatin' me out of my boord money."

"Well sir, you admit having provoked the fight, blackened O'Brien's eyes, blooded his nose, and kicked him in the jaw, and I don't see how you can make O'Brien sweat for that."

"Ye can't; yer a fool! I shuposed ye were a lyer; but now I see ye are nothin' but a low lived Cooperstown pettifogger. If it was not for yer size I'd unjint every bone in yer dirty body and stamp you into the ground. Good day to yez; may the devil fly away wid ye."

MONKEY BILL.

[A Dakota Romance.]

By GRIGGS COURIER.

But let us return to our heroine. We find her precisely where we left her—with the slight difference that she is moved to tears. She weeps, oh, so bitterly—as if she was made up of eyes floating upon an ocean of saline water. The paper roses upon her bosom are crushed by the weight of her lithe-some form. Ever and anon she writhes in anguish, and beseeches her noble sire to breathe once more, to call her his "wee birdling," and to kiss her fevered brow for her sake; as if the old nobleman had lost interest in breathing on his own account. Monkey Bill, who had bereaved her sire of his mind, glared at her with a regular Bald Hill glare—the villain still pursued her. The sire finally commenced to moan. He seems all means, while the fair girl continues to gurgle fond gurgling through her pomegranite lips. Ha! he seems to understand her. He arises and shakes off her clinging arms: "death! Fiend—murderer, unhand me! You are not my daughter. I now remember that it was not my daughter, the lady Clarinda that was abducted. It was my son, the Viscount George Augustus Howard Plantagenet. The lady Clarinda is at boarding school. Let me be gone."

"Not so fast, young feller," said Monkey Bill, "probably you can find Plantagenet around here somewhere; how is this for a strawberry mark?"

The ruffian bares his slinky arm.

The Count gazes long and earnestly into his rocky countenance. With a sigh that seems to issue from the innermost recesses of his being, he clasps the serpent to his bosom.

"You are—you are indeed, my long lost son. You are my Viscount George Charlemagne Howard Plantagenet."

"And thus," said Monkey Bill, clasping Lise with his unoccupied arm, "is your

darter-in-law—Lise Slocum Plantagenet. Kiss your new pa, Lise Slocum Plantagenet."

The Count drew himself up to his full height: "Never! My son, that grogleyed slouch Lise is no mate for a de Lunl. Do not contaminate yourself by touching such a worm of the dust."

A baleful fire gleamed in the eye of Monkey Bill. "I said for her to kiss you, pa. Now pa, you kiss Lise Slocum Plantagenet, and give her a little soft talk or I shall be obliged to bereave myself of you." The ruffian drew his terrible 44. "The pinto' this gun is on the sparkler in your shirt buzzum, the trigger is pulled and the charge kin only be diverted as aforesaid."

"Mercy! Mercy!" shrieked the Count, falling upon his knees. "Have you no regard for my superior rank?"

"No pa, you are in Ameriky and we arc all captains here. You have called the lady Lise Slocum Plantagenet, a googly eyed slouch, and you and I and Lise will never go to our auntsisters castle till you have wiped out these words."

The ruffian's finger pressed the trigger. The count murmured a short prayer, when Elliot Channing Bacon came between them, and with a powerful blow on the jugular brought the villain to the ground with a dull sickening thud. Elliot had been taking lessons of John L. Sullivan, and—the villain still pursued her.

[To be continued.]

PLENTY OF INFORMATION.

(Dakota Bell.)

Col. Caldwell and Col. Price are now very busy in this city compiling the laws of the territory from the first session of the legislature in 1862 to this time. They are making them up from various sources, among which may be mentioned the official records, newspaper files, verbal accounts of early settlers and their own personal recollections. They will add a novel feature in the shape of a sort of a concordance in which, in the case of each law, the reader will be referred to some other statute which exactly contradicts it. Dakota attorneys have long expressed a desire for something of this kind.

TEMPERANCE AND BEER.

(Dakota Blissard.)

"He's a pretty temperance advocate! Why, I saw him drink a glass of beer the other day, myself!" Well, if you did? You are smart enough to know what "temperance" means, arn't you? The temperance man is he who does nothing in excess. A man may drink two or three glasses of beer a day, and still be temperate, just as he may eat three times a day and not be a glutton. "But I don't see how a man can drink himself and still be against saloons." You don't, eh? Well, let us put a case. You smoke, I believe, don't you? Yes? Well, suppose the cigarmakers and the cigar-sellers all through the United States had banded themselves together so strongly, and had become so insolent that, when you remonstrated with your friend Jones because he was smoking twenty cigars a day and ruining his health, they bounced down upon you, d—d you for your interference and threatened to "run you out of town" if you didn't quit—suppose they actually killed a preacher in Iowa, a doctor in Ohio and a school-teacher in Indiana, because they wrote and talked against the evils of smoking—suppose that nearly every cigar-store became the headquarters of a gang of roughs, who taught your boy to smoke when he was too young to stand it, and sent him to you reeling, sick and almost dead—suppose these cigar-stores practically controlled politics, and no candidate had a chance of success unless he spent money freely over their counters—suppose they kept in power a set of men who robbed the country, and more than doubled your taxes—suppose they openly and persistently defied justice, and disobeyed the laws, and met the protest of yourself and other law-abiding citizens with an insolent "What are you going to do about it?"—suppose they did all this, and more, too, don't you think you would feel it your duty to break them up, even if you did smoke an occasional cigar yourself? All this and more, the saloon keepers have done, and for this are arrayed against them to-day, not only the total abstainer, not only the man who believes alcohol a poison and the seller thereof a criminal, but also the moderate drinker, the temperate man who treats wine and beer as he does tea and coffee, and drinks enough and no more, who relishes them as good things, but who is tired of the tyranny, the political domination and the growing arrogance of the liquor power.

NEW LIQUOR LEGISLATURE.

The Bismarck Tribune publishes the following articles noting and explaining the changes made in the liquor laws by last winter's legislature:

The law passed by the last legislature regarding liquor licenses is being misunderstood in some instances. In 1879 a law was passed making it unlawful to sell intoxicating liquors in any quantities LESS THAN FIVE GALLONS, without a license' etc. The same law also provided that the license should be at the rate of not less than \$200 nor more than \$500 per year. Two acts were passed by the last legislature affecting the above act.

The first one, approved February 15th, was in the shape of an amendment to section one of the act of 1879, providing that "intoxicating liquors shall not be sold in any quantities in counties where no license is granted by the board of county commissioners," except as provided for in section 13 of the 1879 act, which relates to druggists selling under certain restrictions. The effect of the amendment is, that not even can intoxicating liquors be sold in five gallon quantities, "PROVIDED (note this provision,) nothing in this act shall interfere with, or invalidate any license granted by any city council, action under a special charter or act, granting exclusive authority in the matter of granting licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors."

The other act of the last legislature affecting the act of 1879 is one approved March 11th, which increases the rate of license from \$200 minimum and \$500 maximum to \$400 minimum and \$1,000 maximum.

In addition to the above amendatory acts was the "local option" act, which makes it the duty of county commissioners to submit the question of prohibition to a vote of the people upon the presentation of a petition signed by one-third of the legal voters of the county, as shown by the preceding general election,—said petition to be presented at least sixty days before the Thursday next after the first Monday in November, 1887.

The impression seems to prevail that county commissioners are obliged to call an election in November to vote on "local option," but such is not the case, except when petitioned by one-third of the legal voters of the county.

BLIND PIG COLUMN.

We hate to give our esteemed contemporary so much advertising space, but it seems to insist upon it.

The Independent seems to be satisfied with 75 subscribers. By its columns it would appear that it has, perhaps, seventy-eight—not more than that.

It is rumored that a certain fellow is going to Butte, Mont.

Who was to pay for those grand jury telegrams one year ago?

Jake says that Cash "stole" the alcohol from him. Cash may have stole the stuff, but Jacobson had told to sell it to another party, just the same.

The fool killer ought to have been around Monday. Jacobson and Vallandigham drove sixteen miles, to and from the Good Templars picnic to see that the rights of the blind pig were not infringed upon by the editor and Judge MacLaren, and—and—and—found that—that—that the picnic had been postponed. The poor fellows need not have feared. The invitations were for memorial day addresses—not temperance speeches.

Our pig contemporary was observed carrying a pail from the rear of the Jackson building, to the rear of the old Rankin meat market, where it has stowed its miscellaneous lot of truck owned by the Minnesota type foundry, at about 8:00 o'clock yesterday; so it is to be presumed that Jacobson Berg and Jo. had commenced to write their brilliant editorials about that time. By the way, the Berg-Jacobson pig says that we have a very efficient set of county officers. Yes, we have a nice set, when they have to run in debt for a lot of old pig to advertise that they are good officers. They must be dases. Berg can count gopher tails, while Jake can pull the pigs how to run so as to avoid being struck, while Jo can stand them all off. More anon; we are loaded for bear.

Peculiarities of Steel.

Steel is queer stuff. That a metal should be in such common use in which are to be found so many valuable characteristics in its normal condition, and which can be changed by heat or cold to appear like a new something, entirely different in character, and still its value be enhanced incalculably by the change, seems marvelous. That the hard pieces of steel, which resist all efforts to cut them with chisel or file, may be softened by simple heating and cooling, so that they may be cut and worked and engraved into all the thousands of shapes of utility and beauty in which steel may be found in toolrooms and vaults of our busy manufacturing, and that, when the work is all put on the same pieces, may be reheated and cooled, and made thereby so hard that no tool which cut them before will mark them, made so hard even as to cut glass like diamonds, is wonderful.—Boston Budget.

Old Portrait of Byron.

A long forgotten portrait of Byron, painted at Venice in 1816 by Natale Schiavoni and representing the poet seated at a coffee table, smoking, and wearing a high hat and voluminous cloak, has been discovered among some unappreciated relics at Fiume, Hungary.—Chicago Tribune.

A Dog's Howling Note.

Dr. W. H. Walsh says that he once saw a dog who invariably uttered a heart rending howl when the note F sharp on the fifth line of the treble clef was struck on the piano. He had seen him rouse up out of apparent sleep at the sound. The animal proved, under repeated trials, perfectly indifferent to the semitone above and below that note, to its octave and, in fact, to all other notes.

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,
COOPERSTOWN, DAK

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