

The revenue of the United States will be, this year, \$300,000,000. The expenses of government, \$200,000,000, leaving a surplus of \$100,000,000. What shall be done with it? Gentlemen desirous of making a bogus reputation as economists, wish to acquire as much of it as possible, and then reduce the tariff that our expenditures shall equal our receipts—while our navy consists of a dozen rotten vessels, our army a handful of tramps, forts of crumbling masonry; and our rivers and harbors are filling up with sandbars. At a population of 50,000,000, the indirect tax for each individual is about \$6 per annum. This is certainly enormous, but inasmuch as the greater part of it comes from luxuries, and is paid by the well-to-do classes, it is not so burdensome, as might, at first blush, be thought. It would be a good thing to diminish our expenses of government, and, leaving the surplus as it is, wisely expend it as becomes a great republic.

The Bird.

Life is short and, uncertain and you ought to get used to fire works in this world that you may not shy or jump over the neck yoke in the pyrotechnic display that may be before you. We are getting up an entertainment to relieve the windgalled mind and ragged edged nerve, that we may recuperate, live long and prosper, and keep in mind that we are American citizens, fond of liberty and fire crackers. We desire your presence at Cooperstown on our 11th reunion since signing the Declaration of Independence. Many old veterans will be present who have signed everything from a temperance pledge to promissory notes for \$13.25, with interest at the rate of 200 per cent, and would have signed the Declaration if it had been handed to them.

Several well known race horses, with their legs tied up, will compete for prizes.

Two talented base ball clubs will kill an umpire for a prize of \$50 and your amusement.

Trap shooting of Peora pigeons by some of the craziest shots in the territory, will amuse and frighten you.

A fine brass band from a neighboring town will discourse most eloquent music until you will go home and smash the old fiddle over the dog's back.

At night, in the moonlight, or by the light of the blazing bon fire, there will be revelry to the strains of the band, with plenty of policemen around to prevent you from being garroted. You can bring your pocket book with you, with perfect safety.

Red lemonade will be free on that day. You can wallow in it if you wish. Bring the family and the hired girl and stir up the neighbors. There will be plenty of shade and dead loads of fun. The occasion will be one to which you will look back in your declining years as a wild phantasmagoria of paroxysmal and effulgent corymbiferous ecstasy.

As a matter of fact there will be about \$500 distributed on that day, and it will pay everybody to come to town.

MONKEY BILL.

[A Dakota Romance.]

By GREGG COURIER.



CHAPTER IV.

Elliot Bacon and his bride are on Beacon hill. The same blow that prostrated Monkey Bill burst in the portals of the maid's virgin heart and let in the rosy god of love. They fled together to Ward's ice cream parlors, where her lithesome form was saturated with the delicious compound (ten cents a line and ten cents a dish), until she was in the dreamy state consequent upon excessive deglutition and repletion. He then led the girl to Judge Melgard who connubialized her according to the impressive ritual of a Justice of the peace.

BREAKFAST ON BEACON HILL.

My dear, what have you in your little rosebud mouth?"

"Put it away, Birdie, while you eat."
"You make me tired."
"You mean I weary you. Don't wattle your knife against your teeth so, dawdler. It is too degage. Does youth want to go to Mrs. Bromide Potassium's party to night?"
"Well, ducky, I'll trot you one heat among the high ups for luck."
"Merciful Heaven! What a vulgar expression! Eliza, you must promise me you will not entangle into conversation at the party. You are not a success as a conversationist. It isn't necessary for you to converse. You must cultivate the heauteah of the lady we saw at the dime museum. You ah vevy beautiful."

"Nyum-nyum-nyum."
THE SOIREE.

Mrs. Potassium's haughty em bon point form was dressed with royal magnificence—never had she looked so fat and queenly; but there was a lurking devil in her eye. She had intended to marry our hero. It is true her husband was living, but she was not the woman to be deterred by trifles. She had resolved to remove him from her path. Mr. Bromide Potassium had the heart disease; and she, at one time, concluded to administer one of those terrible shocks which physicians tell us are always fatal to people afflicted with heart disease. She had prepared the fatal vial—a copy of Huckleberry Finn, which she had artfully placed upon the etagere. The guilty woman knew that when her husband's transcendental eyes fell upon the wretched volume in his own home, the shock would be too great for him. When the marriage of our hero was announced the plot failed, and she secreted the vulgar quarto in her bosom. The guests arrived. The evening wore on. Our heroine's situation was becoming unendurable; she had been asked how she liked Emerson and Jo Cook, and whether she held to the disintegration of molecular force by the ebullition of psychological phenomena, or otherwise. Fifty times, and was getting hostile.

"How are you enjoying yourself, my dear?" said old Mrs. Swillington to her.

Our heroine with charming *sautee* replied by enquiring if they never had any "scraps at such partys to break up the monotony;" "Scraps? scraps?" said Mrs. Swillington, "what are scraps?"
"I guess," said Eliza, "you have never been out in society much, or you would know what scraps are—shootin' cuttin' and sluggin'. I go a great deal in society when I am at home."

"Mercy! what a creature!" said the old dowager, as she waddled away.
"How are you enjoying yourself?" asked a voice at our heroine's elbow.

Lize looked up while a rosy glow of indignation mantled her cheek. "You see that dude waltzing with the fat woman. Well, that is my husband. He has waltzed with her six times, and every time they go past me she bites his ear. Oh! I'm havin' a bloomin' time. The next time she comes around I'm going to lift her har."

The waltzers approach * * * * *
Eliza's willow form is strained to its fullest height * * * * *
The Blue Danube is bringing them nearer and nearer the fatal spot. * * * * *
"OUCH! OUCH!!!" * * * * *
Lize has her by the chignon * * * * *
All is confusion.

Bromide Potassium approaches * * * * *
Lize has her down and is denuding her lithesome form of her overskirt and such trifles. * * * * *
Horrors! Bromide Potassium sees the fatal volume.

"Wretch!" he hisses through his clenched teeth, "you are false as—; you have deceived me—your bosom is false."

The guilty woman, husbanding her remaining strength, tears out the nauseating title page of the volume, and before she can be prevented swallows it and expires in convulsions.

"There," said Lize, as she put on her opera cloak, "I was expected to make a sensation in Boston society, an I guess I have done it."
(To be continued.)

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 3, 1887.
The Washingtonian has every facility for becoming an expert cicerone as well as chaperon; and oftentimes causes the regular established professional guide to turn green with envy as he hears the amateur glidly rattle off the various attractions and points of interest in store for his eager listeners, in the Capital of the nation.

The hospitality of the citizen is often put to the test in this city, and generally, I think, the pleasant labors of the host are very creditably performed.

Great was the perplexity of a friend of mine, a day or two ago, when approaching Greenough's admirable conception in marble of George Washington

describing this great masterpiece of art, he observed a singular and entirely new expression on the features of the Father of his Country; coming nearer, he and his companions were greatly shocked and considerably amused at the same time, at discovering that some vandal hand had penciled the pupils of the eyes, and that their glance had been purposely turned inward, giving a ludicrously cross eyed effect to the object of the people's veneration.

This disposition of recklessness in disfiguring and mutilating objects of public interest, out of motives of pure mischief, together with the selfish greed of the relic hunter, by strangers visiting here, caused the closing of the Washington Monument, to the great disappointment of the throngs who were here during the week of the National Drill.

An indication of radical change is shown in the disallowance by the Second Comptroller of the Treasury yesterday, of that portion of the accounts of the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, which relates to whisky, brandy, etc., furnished for the use of the Annual Board of Visitors to that institution.

The plans, specifications, and forms of proposals and contracts for naval vessels advertised for, were made public yesterday; and I do not know of another question unless it be that of the surplus in the National Treasury, that has taken such a hold upon the public mind as the contemplated reconstruction of our navy.

A former Secretary of the navy, who was an enthusiastic forwarder of this measure also—Wm E. Chandler—seems to be destined for the Senate; he having distanced all competitors in the race.

Boynton, of Cincinnati Commercial Gazette and Shaw, of the Boston Transcript, are now the veterans of Newspaper Row, since the demise of Maj. Perley Poore.

There is one perceptible good that has been effected by the reform in the Civil Service, and that is the increased punctuality. In a Department consisting of fifteen hundred clerks, where formerly two hundred were noted as being customarily tardy, now five or six only have to be reported as coming late, and none are permitted to leave before four o'clock either, thus gaining perhaps an hour each day for the government, on quite a large percentage of clerks.

WM. JONES.

THE ALPS IN WINTER.

AN ENGLISHMAN CROSSING BY THE ALBULA PASS IN A STORM.

An Undertaking That Called for All the Skill of an Experienced Guide—Fall Over a Precipice—An Almost Miraculous Escape.

I was informed that in some parts of the pass there were masses of snow fourteen and sixteen feet deep, and it would be all but impossible to get through them. As I persisted in my determination, however, I at length succeeded in obtaining the services of a sturdy peasant who knew every inch of the route, and who was tempted by the liberal fee I offered him. We left Bergun soon after 12 with a well stocked knapsack of provisions, including a bottle of old brandy. An hour later the sky had clouded over, the sun had quite disappeared and little wreaths of powdery snow filled the air.

As we approached the majestic and terrific Fenishtal the snow thickened and fell in large, compact flakes, while the gust of deadly wind came up with a roar from the awful ravine where the Albula thunders in its rocky bed 300 feet below the roadway. The whole landscape was obliterated, and it was impossible to see half a dozen yards ahead. The road itself was entirely lost, but the guide, with unerring instinct, traced the way, cleverly avoiding the precipices and the drifts, though now and again we found ourselves struggling up to the waist in soft accumulations on the road itself. By the time we had painfully toiled up to the well known stone bridge which spans the awful ravine, the wind was blowing a gale, while the snow was blinding. We came within an ace of plunging down into the rocky chasm; for the snow was level with the parapet of the bridge, over which it curled in a great cornice.

A PERILOUS UNDERTAKING.

Here, for the first time perhaps, we fully realized the hazardous nature of the undertaking. But to turn back was out of the question, as that would have been even worse than going on. From the bridge the road is carried over the face of a stupendous precipice, and thence descends on to an extensive plain. Before opening upon the plain the defile is exceedingly narrow, and through this the wind swept with such terrific force, and was so charged with compact snow, that six different times were we driven back into the shelter of the projecting rocks that broke the force of the cruel blasts. At length, taking advantage of a lull, we forced the passage and gained the open. I confess that here I almost lost heart. The icy wind seemed to blow clean through one, and it stung the exposed parts of the face like whip cords. All around appeared to be a solid wall of snow. The flakes were as large as five shilling pieces, and almost blinded one. Conversation was out of the question, for it was impossible to hear each other, while the exertion required to make progress at all was exceedingly exhausting.

No one who hadn't been born among

lifetime in such desolate regions could possibly have found his way and must inevitably have perished. But my guide, with one or two exceptions, never once seemed to go astray. For myself, I followed in his tracks mechanically. I was numbed and drowsy, and he had the appearance to me of a white specter only dimly seen. Although by the hour there should have been plenty of daylight, the air was darkened by a thick snow, and I began to very seriously doubt whether it was at all possible to reach our destination. The guide had similar thoughts, for soon after he stopped and shouted in my ear that there was a shepherd's hut somewhere about there, and it would be as well to try and find it and shelter in it for the night. I readily acquiesced in this proposal, and we turned off at an angle and forged ahead for about a quarter of an hour, when, with startling suddenness, the guide disappeared—where I knew not. I only knew that he had gone out of my vision, and I was left alone in that ghastly region of death, with the appalling roar of the wind and the river thundering in my ears.

OVER A PRECIPICE.

I stood for a moment and shouted, but my voice was drowned by the wind, and I scarcely heard it myself. I determined to try and discover what had become of my companion, and render him assistance, if needed. And so, like a blind man groping along, I advanced cautiously, probing the snow with my alpenstock, but suddenly my feet seemed to go from under me and I felt myself falling through the air. The next thing that I was conscious of was that I was buried in the snow and was suffocating. I raised my hands with some difficulty and cleared the snow from my mouth and was then able to breathe. The next moment I heard a voice very close to me, and never in all my life have I heard anything that sounded so welcome as did that human voice in that awful moment of deadly peril. I managed to turn round and saw about a yard away the head and shoulders of my companion. The situation was clear now; we had plunged over a precipice about ten feet and fallen into a soft snow drift. "We must get out of this immediately," he said calmly, "or we're dead men." He had retained possession of his alpenstock, and he gave me one end of it, and by this means, but only with great difficulty, he was enabled to extricate himself. We fortified ourselves with a strong dose of brandy, and he then pulled me out and we scrambled by the aid of some bushes to the road again.

The cold was increasing, night was coming on, and the snow was thickening. We were alone in that stern wilderness, and at any moment we might topple over some precipice, or, falling that, sink from exhaustion in the snow and be frozen to death. If we could only have got shelter from the deadly wind, things would not have been so bad. For, apart from the distressing sense of numbness it produced, it swirled the snow around us and made breathing most difficult. One had to take in the air in gasps, as it were, and at intervals, when the force of the blasts lessened. For two and a half weary hours we struggled on. It was a sheer struggle of physical strength against the forces of nature, and the slightest failure of that strength would have sealed our doom. At length, with startling suddenness, my companion uttered a joyful zodel. His quick eyes had seen what mine had not—namely, a friendly gleam of light streaming from one of the little windows of the lonely hospice on the summit. The people of the hospice heard the shout and came out with a lantern to welcome us. They were naturally surprised at our appearance, and as we entered the room, where a huge iron stove diffused a genial warmth, I felt that we had come out of a white world of death into the living, breathing atmosphere of human companionship, that was doubtfully and trebly welcome after the extreme peril we had passed through.—Geneva Cor. London News.

Fate of a French Sculptor.

M. Anatole France relates the following anecdote in the Paris Temps to illustrate the poverty which is the fate of many modern sculptors. In the Ecole des Beaux-Arts can be seen a bronze Mercury without the right arm. It was the last work of Brian, who, though the recipient of the Prix de Rome, could hardly earn enough to pay for his bread. He lived in a garret and never warmed his room unless a model was sitting. One night it became so cold that he took all his clothes and threw them on his bed. Suddenly he remembered his Mercury, and that the cold might freeze the clay and spoil his masterpiece, so he took his clothes off his bed again and put them over the statue. Next morning he was found dead in his bed, frozen, as was his statue; and when an attempt was made to remove it, the arm broke off.—Chicago Times.

How to Retain Health.

It is impossible to lay down any rules for health which may be followed safely by all persons. Health depends largely upon the diet. Some people cannot eat newly baked bread; others cannot eat it when stale. Much fresh meat with some constitutions induces fullness of the head and a feverish state of the system, because it makes blood too fast. It should therefore be discarded, and a little salt meat or fish, if the appetite craves it, with fresh fruit and vegetables, will be found probably to be just what the system requires. In truth, with health, as in many other things, each person must be a law unto himself.—Medical Journal.

Professional Aristocrats.

One of the worst signs of the times is the hardness and want of feeling in the professional classes for those they are pleased to term beneath them, a survival of the old aristocratic leaven, working in new ferment in the warmth of wealthy college atmosphere.—New York Mail and Express.

Scientists state that water once contaminated by sewage never becomes purified by natural means.

The British Medical Journal reports a case of poisoning from the accidental swallowing of a piece of an aniline pencil.

The lobster lays from 2,000 to 12,000 eggs, of which probably 1,000 are hatched.

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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