

THE OLD RELIABLE

U. S. MUTUAL
- ACCIDENT INSURANCE -
COMPANY,

SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

Break your legs and make something these dull times.

\$10,000 death by accident.
5,000 loss of both eyes.

\$5,000 loss of hand or foot.
10,000 loss of hand or foot.

\$10,000 loss of hands or feet.
1,300 loss of one eye.

\$2,000 for permanent total disability. \$50 per week for total disabling injuries.

One-half or one-quarter of Above Insurance at Proportionate Rates 35,000 Members in the Various Divisions

Do not delay but COME. My companies take notes in payment.

H. G. PICKETT.

Office in Lawrence's Bank.

THE COURIER,

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

In 1882 four hundred boomers were gathered in Boomville, Dakota territory. With these 400 boomers were associated 400 men, women and children who were like unto the ordinary designers of a New England village. Town lots were worth from \$100 to \$1,000, and these lots were 25 feet in width—so precious was the land round about. Adjoining farm property was valued at \$100 per acre. So BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL was the glow that the Boom threw over the land.



The farmer then, coming into the country without One Dollar, immediately preempted, or homesteaded land, built him a shanty, with lumber at \$30 per thousand, bought him a spavined and balky team for \$500, a seeder at \$60, a binder \$500, at \$300 and all the paraphernalia for farm work at equally extravagant prices; for which he gave his NOTES bearing 12 per cent interest. That is, he went into debt to the extent of say, \$2,000, simultaneously with his ADVENT in Dakota.

Sweet Boomville! loveliest village of the plain Where health and plenty cheered the laboring Swain.

Alas, there was not then, nor is there now a CEMETERY in the place.

But it was evident that the people were not in Boomville for their healths. As a man with good digestion does not realize that he has a STOMACH so the people forgot the blessings of health and even plenty, and went into debt,

each one of them \$2,000, in the hope that the Deity had made the land so rich that it would bring forth increase a thousand fold without cultivation, while the notes and mortgages would liquidate themselves. The very harvesters that had cost, principal and interest, \$480 (the same machine can now be purchased for \$150) rotted in the field after harvest, and the five hundred dollar bundle of spavins and ringbones wintered on the range. It was sublime faith; but it did not Win.

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey, Where factories prosper and machines decay. The land there, as now, was the most fertile in the world, for it was in the heart of the GREAT WHEAT BELT

unequaled except by the valley of the Nile, and infinitely superior to it for DIVERSIFIED FARMING. Cattle fatten at the straw stack. The county abounds in the heaviest meadows of natural grasses. There is coal in the hills and timber on the rivers. The wheat yield has never averaged less than 13 bushels per acre, and has averaged 30 bushels.

Yet in that boom time the prairie was undeveloped—there was little land under cultivation and the houses were board shanties. There was no stock in the country. There were neither schoolhouses, churches nor elevators. The prairies were treeless and birdless. But now all is changed—Dakota has a population of 600,000. It has more churches, elevators, school houses, and newspapers, than any other territory, or any one of the states, except New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania. The trees are growing upon the prairies, and the birds have come, and come to stay.

AFTER THE BOOM.



The men who ran in debt in such an unprecedented manner and the boomers

are gone or going. We are on the up grade. Prosperity but not BOOM is with us. The territory is healthier than ever before in its history.

[Since writing the above one of the finest improved boom farms in the territory has been offered for sale for one-fourth of its value. It is all fine wheat land, except a pond of fresh water and some hay meadow. The farm contains 580 acres, and will be sold without cash, and for a share of the crop each year until paid for, or it will be sold very cheap for cash. It is convenient to village (1 1/2 miles) and three elevators. Address COURIER office, Cooperstown, D. T.]

DEAD.

SCENE. Courier office, editor out. DEVIL discovered at desk writing a poem. STRANGER enters from door.

Stranger. Sir, are you the editor of this paper.

Dev. No, sir, I am the devil.

Stranger. Well, you look it. I am Abraham Comstock & Co., general dealer in dry goods, peanuts, hats and caps, boots and shoes, barbed wire fencing, millinery, groceries, hardware, confectionery, wines, liquors and cigars—in short, anything to be found in a first-class country store. Here is my card.

(Deals him a card.)

Dev. You must have got this printed at some snide shop in Chicago. Sorry I haven't got a card of my own. You sit down and I will print you one of my cards, and then we can exchange.

Stranger. It isn't necessary. As I understand it you are the kid that sticks type upside down, corrects the galleys with a monkey wrench, spells christian qu r i s c h s i o n and throws rocks at Mrs. Brown's ducks, besides writing to your girl on the office letter heads with your tongue hanging out a foot or more.

Dev. You must have met me before. Why didn't you say you were in the insurance business?

Stranger. Never mind that my son, I want to see your subscription list.

Dev. Don't you want the ledger and the bank book? You go and get your bond filled out for \$500 and I will lock you up in the refrigerator so you will keep till the editor comes with a shotgun.

Stranger. Does James Winthrop Green take your paper?

Dev. No, sir.

Stranger. Does James Winthrop

Green advertise?

Dev. No, sir.

(Stranger weeps.)

Dev. Why do you weep, kind sir?

Stranger. Boy I weep because the

the harvest may be ended, the summer

done and James Winthrop Green may

be sold out by the cruel sheriff and he

will not know—because his beautiful

tree claim may be jumped and lost and

he will be unconscious of it—because a

fortune of a million dollars may be left

him and he will stall go round buying

seven cents worth of crackers and a cod-

fish for dinner—because wheat may

jump to a dollar a bushel and he will

continue to borrow money on it at 5 per

cent a month—because the commis-

sioners may offer the courthouse for

gopher tails while he strychnines goph-

ers with strychnine at \$2 per bottle—be-

cause his next neighbor may run away

with the hired girl and he not hear of it

for a month—because he can't expect

me to hunt all over town for the coffin

plate on his front door to find out what

kind of stebang he is running. James

Winthrop Green wanted credit of our

house for four bushels of peanuts, seven

dollars worth of spring bonnets, and

nine rods of barbed wire fencing; but he

is dead and gone out of business, and

I will so mark him. Here devil is a dol-

lar for your trouble. We have no truck

with the dead, and a man who neither

takes his county paper nor advertises is

dead—dead—dead and the lord have

mercy on his soul!

John Bright says of the jubilee that

during the queen's fifty years of power

she has engaged in foreign wars seven-

teen times—everyone of which wars

were unjustifiable, and brutal and

cowardly.

We acknowledge the receipt of a com-

plimentary to the South Dakota fair at

Mitchell, and to the Minneapolis expo-

sition. Each exhibition will be a

reeking saturnalia of concatenations,

both amusing and instructive.

THE FARMER, the enterprising agri-

cultural weekly of St. Paul, Minn., for

July 21, will contain an illustrated

article giving the life history of the

Chinch bug, an account of its habit, its

natural enemies and the best artificial

means for stopping its ravages. We

advise every farmer reader to send a postal

card to THE FARMER, asking for a copy,

which will be sent free.

The three-cent round trip rate given the people who attend the Minneapolis Exposition is the lowest transportation ever given any institution for any length of time and will undoubtedly result in an enormous attendance at the Great Exposition.

An aerolite which fell in Georgia is covered with pictures—probably soap advertisements. If so, it demonst rates that the inhabitants of the other planets use soap.

It is said Blaine's second choice for president is Chauncy M. Depew, the New York railroad lawyer and millionaire. It is evident that our Jim proposes to hold the fort himself. The president of the New York Central will never occupy the White House. Jay Gould has as good a chance.

The ice is gradually thawing out around La Moure as appears from the last "official proceedings" of the county board. John McNeill is awarded \$8 for "cutting ice around La Moure bridge." Say, Brother Potter, wheat is about ready to cut up this way.

The three-year-old boy of Frank Aikens, chairman of the judiciary committee of the late legislature, fell into a tub of boiling water. Thursday, at Canton, and died in a few hours.

The Bismark Tribune thinks, that so much capital is invested in the liquor business a sudden wipe out would "seriously cripple other enterprises remote from the liquor traffic." Between business and its political preferences the Tribune seems always between the Devil and the deep sea. Men may come and men may go, from governors to alderman, but the Tribune is always "official."

McGarrigle the first convicted Chicago bootlegger, and a pal of Mike McDonald—Jo Mackey & Co., desired to meet an official at his residences for the purpose of giving the whole bootlegging business away. The official couldn't meet him; but McGarrigle felt so "all gonish" upon the prospect of not seeing his wife or getting a bath that the tender hearted sheriff took him home. The sheriff waited in the parlor while McGarrigle took the bath. It is now thought that McGarrigle intends to bathe in lake Michigan or wait until he gets to Canada. Chicago detectives are scouring the lakes with tug boats; but McGarrigle has probably left us.