

Editor Hoskins has sold the *Bathgate Sentinel*. Mr. Hoskins' paper will be missed by all its exchanges.

Judge Fry in the last issue of his paper, the *Fargo Journal* ventilates the affairs of the late Fargo Insurance company. The president and secretary ran away, leaving the judge financially busted, to stem the tide of the wrath of the parties defrauded. It is pretty well established that the judge fell among thieves and was himself duped—in fact was the heaviest loser in the smash up.

In an interview at Duluth, Oliver Dalrymple, the Cass county bonanza farmer, stated that what in Cass, was not threshing out within three or four bushels as much an acre as was expected two or three weeks ago and the yield will be but twelve or thirteen bushels an acre. The wheat however, is of excellent quality.—Times Record.

Dr. King's "New Discovery" (extract of pigweed and molasses) and "Electric Bitters" (which will probably give a man the jim-jams as neatly as any other cold-blooded concoction) wish to advertise in the *COURIER* along with "Arnica Salve" etc. Our conscience will not permit us to advertise their "well known" remedies at less than regular rates. We give them this notice without charge. Come again.

The territorial board of equalization has been in session during the past week. The assessed valuation of the territory will be about \$150,000,000, an increase of over \$15,000,000 since 1898 assessment. A decidedly favorable showing for Dakota, especially when it is considering that the disposition of assessors been toward lower assessment of property.—Dakota Ruralist.

It is not known to many that the president of Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy railroad owns 64,000 acres of land in Wells county and part of the townsite of Ontario, the prospective county-seat of Wells. It is an open secret that New-York parties have purchased large tracts in the same vicinity and have contracts with the seller to build a railroad from Dawson to Ontario; that \$100,000 of the money is now up, and Mr. Cook has been called to New York to receive detailed instructions as to the first ten miles. There is so much capital invested in lands in Wells and Kinder by the people projecting this branch railroad that they must build it to bring their realty into an active market.—Bismarck Tribune.

The saloon keepers are largely responsible for having prohibition enacted if indeed it is; they have pitted intolerance against what they are pleased to term fanaticism; they have gone into party caucus and conventions and their ruthlessly knifed the tickets nominated because for both some of the nominees would not spend their hard earned money with them; they have tried to dictate the policy of the city government; they have been bitter and abusive to those who honestly believe the liquor traffic wrong; they make a personal matter of what is only a public policy; they see no good in any person or set of men who refuses to patronize them; they are unwilling to give to those the right of thinking and acting for themselves; the public must bow down and worship at their throne or be forever damned; they would revive the day of the inquisition, if by so doing they could carry their ends; their own intolerance is hastening the day when the public bar will disappear forever.—Pierre Free Press.

The Grand Forks *Plaindealer* squeals about the lack of advertising the North Dakota Fair is receiving from the territorial press. We think the *Plaindealer* can guess the reason after glancing over the premium list, etc. To interest Dakota people it is necessary to make the fair more of a Dakota affair. When the managers shall use as great an exertion to secure exhibits of all kinds, including blooded cattle and horses, racing stock, etc., from Dakota that they do to secure attractions from Minnesota, just so soon will the North Dakota fair cease to play second fiddle, in the Dakota mind, to the Minnesota state fair.

Petersons' magazine for September is at hand. It is filled with good matter, and the ladies say its patterns, instructions in fancy work, etc., are the most valuable furnished by any journal.
CHAS. J. PETERSON,
306, Chestnut St., Phila.

Ballou's Magazine for September is at hand in advance of all its contemporaries. It is rapidly getting to the front.
G. N. STUDLEY, Publisher,
23 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

HOPE

It is hope gifts the future, love welcomes it smiling; Thus was the old world, therefore stay not to ask "My fortune bids fair, is my future beguiling?" If mark'd still it please—then raise not the mask.—George Eliot.

THE ARTIST'S WIFE.

The way that Robinson Smith, the young artist, came to be married made one of the prettiest romances that can be imagined. Told in the conventional way and printed in Mr. Bonner's Ledger, it would have delighted the tender hearts and sympathetic fancies of scores of shop girls and dozens of school teachers. Without lingering over the details, the story of it may briefly be told as follows:

Several summers ago the young fellow determined to spend his vacation at a little village in the Catskills. Some friends of his had been there the year before and had returned eloquent with enthusiasm over the picturesque brooks, the paths through the woods and the marvelous and far-reaching views to be obtained from the summits of the neighboring mountains. Such talk had touched his imagination, and one morning early in July he started off from New York to enjoy all these mountainous beauties for himself. He had sold two pictures during the spring, one at the exhibition and one to a dealer, and although these were his first sales in a long time, he found after paying all his debts that he had quite a comfortable sum of money remaining in his pocket. He had been in luck. Heaven only knew when he would sell another picture. But this reflection did not trouble him. He was going to have a good time.

Early in the evening he reached his destination. There is no necessity of naming the village. It was up toward Stamford, and not very far from the pretty little cluster of houses where Jay Gould first saw the light of day.

The house which was to be the artist's home for a couple of months was an old fashioned hotel.

Here not many years before the four horse stage, which had been whirled along this plank road—the road was still full of old planks—had stopped to change horses and leave the mail. But now the railroad had come. The old stage, divested of its wheels, lay not far away by the roadside, and the driver had dropped the reins, had put up his whip in a corner of the house and had transformed himself into the rough and ready country host.

There was a sound of fiddles from within when the depot wagon, with the young artist in it, drove up to the door an hour after sunset.

"We are having a little dance in the dining room to-night," said old Jonathan Hunter, the landlord, after having shaken the artist heartily by the hand. "But the women folks will bring you a bit of supper in the sitting room, if you don't mind. When you are through we would be glad to have you join us."

When the young man came down from his room up stairs to what the old man called the sitting room, he found the supper ready spread, and the slight and graceful figure of a young girl bending over the table deftly arranging the dishes. She turned as he came in.

"Supper is ready for you, sir," she said. "Thank you," he responded mechanically, looking at her in a dazed kind of way. For the life of him he couldn't help it. He thought he had never seen before such a beautiful face. She blushed under his steady glance.

"Is there anything else?"

"I beg your pardon—no I think not." Then she went out and young Smith sat down to his supper, dreaming of the pure, sweet face, the great, brown eyes and the confusion of curls that covered the well-shaped head. Of course, with the mustard spoon poised in the air, he paused to indulge the thoughts which crowded on him and then plunged the spoon into his tea. Such things were to be expected. After a time he bethought himself of the landlord's invitation and went out to the dining room, which for the time served as a dancing hall.

There is no necessity for telling the whole story. It was like thousands of others which have happened and will happen. He danced with the girl who had brought in his supper. Next day they walked to the postoffice together. Then she came to watch him at his painting. He was painting a picture of the dismantled stage coach, with children playing in and about it. Pretty soon, when the picture had reached a fair stage of progress, he began another. It was the picture of a girl swinging in a hammock. It is easy enough to guess who the girl was. And so matters slowly came to the inevitable conclusion. The young artist could not conjure up any prettier picture than of this young girl with her bright eyes, her round, rosy cheeks and her lithe figure, becomingly clad in dainty summer dresses. And he could not imagine any greater happiness than claiming her as his wife and introducing her to his student friends.

Finally he told her how he loved her. He concealed nothing as to himself or his prospects. He impressed upon her what a precarious existence that of a struggling artist was in New York. He was confident that some time he should achieve fame and fortune. But in the meantime—

In the meantime she told him in a low, tremulous voice, she would be his wife. She would share his struggles and when the triumph came she would stand proudly by his side.

And so they were married, and went on a modest little wedding trip to Lake George and the Thousand Islands. They returned to the village in the Catskills after all the boarders had gone, lingered there until the leaves had turned and then, followed by the old stage driver's blessing, they came down to New York, and the young artist resumed his regular work and his old life again.

What a glorious time they had that first winter. Young Smith, before his marriage, had both lived and worked in his studio, which was located on the top floor of an old building in the center of the city. Of course, this would not do now. So he secured a small sized flat of three rooms on the east side and furnished it. Then they began to enjoy life. She would come over to the studio and talk as

no worse. They made plans as to what they would do when they were better off. In the evening they went for long walks and occasionally visited the theatres. Then they went to exhibitions of paintings and art receptions, and very often, on Sundays, the young artist's friends would come in and they would talk art theories and art news and art dealers by the hour. How proud Smith was of his beautiful young wife, with her laughing eyes and simple ways and girlish, graceful figure. And how he liked to introduce her to his friends.

There was only one thing which troubled him and his wife. The money he earned did not always serve to pay his current expenses, and the little savings with which they had started were slowly dwindling away. When they started in the young artist was not only firmly convinced that it would not cost him any more to live married than it had done to live single, but he had determined to provide against any possible trouble by working twice as hard as he had before. And he did. He turned out twice as much work, and his studio began to fill up with all kinds of pictures, good, bad and indifferent. Then at last he began to realize that his increased industry did not necessarily increase his income. This could be effected only by selling more pictures, not by making more. But how could he do it?

As the answer did not come immediately he turned to his work and found forgetfulness in it. He lived with his art. High thoughts and pleasing meditations smoothed the momentary wrinkles of care that had lined his brow. At times the necessities of the situation brought him sharply back to the realities of this life, and for a brief while he would confront the old problems of how to live. Then he would leave his beloved studio and go to some of the art dealers and try to sell a picture. Falling in this, he would put up one at auction. Then with a little money in the house he would go back to his work.

"I won't go to these art dealers any more," he says, "and I won't ask for any more illustrating to do. When you want these people, they treat you like a dog. I'll wait now until they want me."

"But in the meantime, dear?" murmurs the wife.

"In the meantime we will sell a picture."

But they didn't, and things rapidly grew worse. At last they had to give up the little flat, and a portion of the studio was curtained and screened off for living purposes. It was marvelous how little such things affected the young man. They had to sell some of the furniture of the flat. The wife saw it go off to a second hand dealer with a great pain at her heart and tears starting to her eyes. The husband seemed to treat the matter with absolute indifference. He didn't mean to, but his thoughts were so engaged with the picture on which he was working that all this seemed of very little importance. He gave her the paltry little money arising from the sale with the remark:

"Now, pet, you can pay some of those bills and get yourself a new dress."

How little he knew about the struggles of this little woman to make the few dollars go as far as they would. What did he actually know of the planning which he required to secure the plain meals which he ate without a question? These were the sordid things with which the young wife had to live day in and day out, and these were the miserable things which with womanly loyalty and tenderness she kept from him. She would not disturb him at his work. He would soon sell a picture and then everything would be all right. Well, a picture was sold. Their debts were paid and they had a few dollars to go on with. Then the months passed and they slowly drifted back again to where they were before. And all the time the pretty young wife was growing thin and paler and careworn. Her eyes had lost their merry sparkle, her hair was no longer glossy, her full red lips were drawn tightly as if in pain. Her wardrobe had been slowly exhausted and had been cheaply replenished. When she went to an art reception now she appeared one of the most commonplace of young women, with a worn look in her eyes and a crushed manner. She had struggled with poverty and she bore the marks of the struggle around with her.

On such occasions her husband was dressed quite as cheaply as she was. But otherwise look at the difference between them. He is erect and confident. He carries his head proudly. There is alert intelligence in his glance, and he moves about the peer of any one in the room. He has lived with the creatures of his own imagination. His mind has not been stained and degraded with the grinding commonplaces of life. This has been his little wife's fate. In order that he may give his pictures to the world, she has lived with an oil stove, with tin pans and coffee pots. She has haggled with the butcher, put the baker's bill off, gotten the coal on credit, and at the same time has made an entire costume for herself at the expenditure of \$2. And her hands are hard, her thoughts fly low. She has not had the spirit to keep up with the world around her. She has even lost her interest in her husband's work, although her sympathy in it when they started was keen and strong, and he was indebted to her then for many valuable suggestions. And under such conditions their life flows sluggishly on.

At last the fortune which sooner or later, but usually later, comes to every good artist came to Smith. His pictures began to sell. Then the art dealers did come to him. He could sell everything he painted. He was invited everywhere, and with his wife handsomely dressed he went everywhere, and Mrs. Murray Hill sees her and says, as she looks through her gold eyeglasses across the drawing room:

"What an excessively commonplace looking woman the wife of Mr. Robinson Smith, the artist, is. I wonder how he ever came to marry her? He is a magnificent looking man. She is not at all his equal."—New York Mail and Express.

Saddle Horses and Their Gaits.
The increased demand for saddle horses, so apparent of late in the east, is felt all over the country; hence the subject of saddle horses and their gaits, treated by such acknowledged authority as The National Live Stock Journal, will doubtless prove of general interest.

The gaits for a saddle horse are the

walk, the fox trot, the single foot and the rack. The walk is a gait understood by everybody; but everybody does not understand that a good saddle horse ought to be able to go a square walk at the rate of five miles an hour. The fox trot is faster than the square walk, and the horse will usually take a few steps at this gait when changing from a fast walk to a trot. It may be easily taught to most horses by urging them slightly beyond their ordinary walking speed, and, when they strike the fox trot step, holding them to it. They will soon learn to like it, and it is one of the easiest of gaits for both horse and rider.

The single foot differs somewhat from the fox trot, and has been described as exactly intermediate between the true trot and the true walk. Each foot appears to move independently of the other, with a sort of pitapat, one at a time motion, and it is a much faster gait than the fox trot.

The rack is very nearly allied to the true pacing gait, the difference being that in the latter the hind foot keeps exact time with the fore foot of the same side, making it what has been called a literal or one side at a time motion, while in the former the hind foot touches the ground slightly in advance of the fore foot on the same side. The rack is not as fast a gait as the true pace; but is a very desirable gait in a saddle horse. In addition, the perfect saddle horse should be able to trot, pace and gallop, and should be quick, nervous and elastic in all his motions, without a particle of dullness or sluggishness in his nature. His mouth should be sensitive, and he should respond instantly to the slightest motion of the rein in the hands of the rider.

A poor and clumsy rider, however, will soon spoil the best trained saddle horse in the world, and such a person should never be permitted to mount a horse that is exceptionally valuable for that purpose. A "plug" horse and a "plug" rider will go together; but keep a really good, well trained saddle horse for one who knows how to enjoy this most health giving, exhilarating and delightful of out of door exercise.

Benefits of Plain Living.
A lawyer by profession, but a judge in one of the highest courts in New York for twenty-three years, is noted for methodical habits, legal acumen and perfect integrity. Long past 60, erect and vigorous as a man of 40, he cannot count a day lost by sickness in a quarter of a century. At his post as regularly as the sun rises, after adjournment he writes out the opinions of the court, which already fills several large volumes. No man in the city is more worthy of the universal regard which he long since secured. Having long known Judge Blank, I once asked him the secret of his power.

"Plain living," he replied, "has been my salvation. I was a nervous youth, high strung and excitable. I smoked, drank occasionally and was given to rich food. Shortly after being admitted to the bar I found myself the victim of dyspepsia. I began to study my habits and their influence on mind and body. I experimented with food, drinks and exercise. The result was fixing a rule of life which I have since followed inflexibly. After a plain but substantial breakfast, I loiter about for an hour or two and then walk to the court house, or a distance equal to three miles or more. Having previously had the room well ventilated, I stay in the building, occupied, except an hour at noon, with my judicial duties. The other judges take a hearty lunch; I eat nothing. At 5 o'clock I am through for the day, and walk up town again. Rain or shine, cold or hot, finds me swinging my arms and plodding along in the same gait. All legal work is dismissed as utterly from my mind as if I never knew Coke and Blackstone. I eat a hearty dinner; take no made dishes, no Worcestershire sauce or flaming condiments, no puddings, pie, ice cream or custards, and drink no wine. I have a sense of comfort but not of repletion, feel no desire for intoxicating liquors, and make it a business to thoroughly digest my food, eaten twice a day, no more. I am frequently compelled to attend dinners, banquets and festivals of every kind. But neither entreaty nor ridicule can induce me to change my habits. Even a dish of ice cream cannot tempt me."—Good Housekeeping.

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.

The Diet of Strong Men.
The Roman soldiers who built wonderful roads, and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet, and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onions and watermelon. The Smyrnan porters eat only a little fruit and some olive, yet he walks off with his load of a hundred pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. Moderation in diet seems to be the prerequisite of endurance.—Scientific American.

Quicker Time to Chicago.
Commencing Sunday, Aug. 21, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will improve its train service, and its through trains will leave St. Paul as follows: For Milwaukee and Chicago (fast line), 7:30 p. m., daily; for Milwaukee and Chicago (Atlantic Express), 2 p. m., daily; for La Crosse, Milwaukee and way (Day Local), 7:25 a. m., except Sunday. All these trains run via River Division, through Winona, LaCrosse and Milwaukee, and all classes of tickets will be honored on them. The "Fast Line" train makes the run from St. Paul to Chicago in fourteen hours, serving breakfast in dining car before arrival. This is the quickest time made by any route between these cities. With its elegant day coaches, magnificent Pullman palace sleeping cars of the newest and most approved pattern, the finest dining cars in the world, and the beautiful scenery of the Upper Mississippi River, this line offers to its patrons advantages and accommodations that cannot be excelled. For time tables and map folders showing details of time in both directions apply to any coupon ticket agent in the northwest.

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