

An old voter, who lives west of town, says he will be blamed if he will vote for Cooper for commissioner. He took a load of wheat to Dazey and got 51 cents for it and Cooper offered him only 56 cents. Mr. Cooper is buying for the North Dakota Elevator Co., and pays no more than the company authorizes him to pay. The old voter can not get even by voting against R. C. Cooper for county commissioner. To get even he will have to vote against the North Dakota Elevator Co. The business of county commissioner is separate and distinct from the business of buying wheat for a Minneapolis or Duluth firm. If Mr. Cooper can afford to pay four or five cents per bushel out of his own pocket the voter will vote for him. As the office is not worth anything whatever, and it is for the interest of the people that a good intelligent and competent commissioner be elected, it is probable that Cooper will not buy votes by exceeding his instructions. If he should act contrary to the orders of the company for which he is buying he might be expected as commissioner to treat the county in the same manner.

As for the North Dakota Elevator Co. and Cargill Bros. we have no apologies to offer. They are driving trade away from the town every day. Under the present circumstances it would be a good thing if there was not an elevator in the place. Mr. Cooper explains his connection with the North Dakota Elevator Co. in this way. With short crops for two years, and a severe loss on wheat (\$25,000) in 1885, from paying more than the market warranted, he is unable this year, for lack of capital, to buy for himself and consequently is under the dictation of the North Dakota Elevator Co. His profit out of the business is very small, and he has no complaint to make if the farmers go where they can do better.

As for the county commissionership, he has been in office some years. The people know whether he has attended to his duties faithfully. If they so think they can re-elect him. If to the contrary they can replace him by a new man. He has not and shall not make any effort to be re-elected.

Ballou does not send out its own "original reviews." In this respect it is higher toned than many leading British and American magazines. Mr. Studley is running good matter.

A Presbyterian paper desires us to run its electrotype ten weeks for an exchange. We couldn't exchange even. Moreover as there are no Presbyterians about here, the advertisement would be wasted.

A very handsome Steele engraving accompanies Peterson's for November. It is called "A wreath of Immortelles."

The Northwest for October is full of interesting matter, and magnificent engravings.

We are in the midst of autumn when the trees are blushing in the vigorous clasp of old winter, and the festive chattel mortgage skips and gambols between the radiant attorney and the bashful sheriff,—when the mortgagor occasionally gambles and skips to newer fields and brighter skies,—when coal advances 50c per ton every 15 minutes, and green elm passes readily for dry oak at \$6 per cord,—when the wheat market continues to grin at the irate husbandman, and you can't get a woman to wash windows short of \$2 per window.

We have been naming counties after embryo statesmen for some time; why not commence to name our embryo statesmen's descendants after counties? It would be a more sensible rule. Yellow Medicine Jones, or Grand Folks Smith, would sound well, and save much confusion. Or name a few of them James. In this way we may hit on a president and get admitted as a state. Five presidents have been named James—Madison, Monroe, Polk, Buchanan and Garfield.

Possibly the warfare between our great northwestern astonisher, Ignatius Donnelly and the other Shakespearians

...attributed the plays to Gilbert & Sullivan, or to Dion Boucicault, or to Beaconsfield, or to Mr. Donnelly and all will be well. The Bard of Avon doesn't care a rap.

When Editor Blethen of the *Minneapolis Tribune* made a bad break at the president and wife (very like that of the Globe and other democratic papers upon Mr. and Mrs. Blaine) we respected him for his courage. He has however "squealed" and says it was Heakell that wrote the article. An employe in our absence has made one or two bad breaks lately in the local columns, for one of which a country paper in a neighboring town raised particular shiel. If we had rushed into print to skirk the responsibility we should expect to be wiped out of existence. The editor of a paper ought to have sand enough to back up the utterances of his paper, and sense enough to know that an endeavor to shirk responsibility will not wash with the public.

We learn from our exchanges that Day, Carland and Pratt are to succeed Judge Francis. Three of them together ought to be able to please all the attorneys in the district.

The pig advocate admits that R. C. Cooper has made a good commissioner, and follows the admission with a miserable slur by which it might be inferred that heretofore the COURIER had accused him of jobbery, extravagance, corruption in office, etc. While the COURIER is the servant or heeler of no one, and has always expressed itself freely concerning men and measures, it has never made any charges of the kind. There would have been, however, no hesitation in the matter had it been necessary.

It looks as if Cooper would make a good commissioner. Retzlaff says he voted for the "old man" three years ago and doesn't know any reason for going back on him now,—unless he runs himself, and this will depend upon his friends. Mr. R. is now road supervisor and school director. Mr. Retzlaff thinks the board of commissioners may not have to obey the voice of the people and refuse to issue license if the vote so goes.

Mr. Cooper regards the vote upon license as a voice that must be obeyed, and, if elected, he will aid in preventing license, or in issuing it, according to the will of the people. This is the law. If Mr. Retzlaff thinks differently it will be a very hazardous experiment to change commissioners. The commissioner elected, if he regards his oath of office, can have nothing to say as to whether or not license shall be granted. The county is now running economically and quietly. The board of commissioners, as a body, is able and careful. Mr. Retzlaff might make a good commissioner, but there are many men in the same fix. If Cooper did charge \$1,000 to Christian for his own property his price for the same was not greater than Retzlaff has been in the habit of charging for his goods, nor more than the average citizen (who has paid ten cents per bushel for elevator storage through the winter) would think it right to charge a bloated Minneapolis combination for the privilege of cutting the farmers wide open. Perhaps the objection to Cooper is that he is a farmer, who has planted his stakes in Grggs county for all time, and that he is not an anarchist.

The Northern Pacific has lost J. T. Odell, its assistant general manager. Mr. Odell is a genial, whole-soled gentleman as well as an able railroad man, and has gone to the Chesapeake & Ohio where his salary is \$12,500 per annum.

The Crow Indians are still troublesome. Until Mr. Cleveland provides for giving them front seats at all the Montana variety theatres, or returns their battle flags, or has a fall roundup each year, in which the unruly bucks are singled out and slaughtered, we can not hope for a quiet frontier.

A Dakota Poker Story.
(AFTER THE GLOBE STYLE.)

"Most remarkable game—wonderful luck—never saw anything like it," said Col. Skylight, of Bismarck, as he picked the chicken legs out of his teeth at the Palace, while en route for Canada. "It was during the capital commission excitement. There were five of us playing. It was a big jackpot. There was \$5,000 in the original pot. We had fattened it fifty dollars apiece four times so that it was worth \$6,000—our smallest chips were \$50 a piece. I opened it for the downs on four kings: Col. Bloodletter, from Fargo, double broke it. The next man Judge Sleimmons, of Pembina, just stayed, the next man Senator Doolittle, from Grand Forks, raised it \$10,000. This made it interesting; but when the last man Major

...I made up my mind he had a straight flush. All of us stood but we were mighty nervous. We each had \$63,000 invested besides the original pot, making \$230,000 in all. I threw away the four kings and drew to the ace of hearts. All the rest stood pat. We all passed it up to the Sioux Falls' man and he bet \$250,000. I looked at my hand and saw that I had drawn the king, queen, jack, and ten of hearts and I raised him \$250,000. Every man at the board called—making \$2,750,000 in the pot. They all had straight flushes but mine was the highest and so I raked in the pot."

"Well, General," said the COURIER scribe in admiration, "that was a nice pot. All cash I suppose?"

"Well, er—not exactly. There was seven dollars in the pot and I took the rest out in town lots in Fargo, and Pembina, and Bismarck and Sioux Falls, and I have got 'em yet—fourteen first-class lots."

Commissioners' Proceedings.

Convened Oct. 21st, 1887, at 1 p. m.
Present, Commissioner De Forest Conant.

Adjourned to Nov. 11th, 1887, at 1 p. m.

ROLLEF BERG,
County Clerk.

By NIC GREEN, Deputy.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

Notice is hereby given that a delegate convention will be held at the courthouse in Cooperstown on the 1st day of November, 1887, for the purpose of putting in nomination a county ticket, and that said county is divided into caucus precincts as follows: One in each commissioner district; and each entitled to the following representation:

District No. 1, 6 delegates.
District No. 2, 11 delegates.
District No. 3, 7 delegates.
District No. 4, 4 delegates.
District No. 5, 4 delegates.

And that the caucuses will be held as follows, on the 29th day of October, 1887. Commissioner district No. 1, at Baker's schoolhouse.

District No. 2, at the courthouse in Cooperstown.

District No. 3, at the schoolhouse near Isaac E. Mills'.

District No. 4, at the house of John W. Fiero.

District No. 5, at the house of Wm. C. Jameson.

And that each of said caucuses be held at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m.

One commissioner.
Two constables.
For or against sale of liquors.
For or against division.

GEO. B. CLARK, Chairman.

Election Precincts.

[OFFICIAL.]
PRECINCT No. 1.
Composing of Tps. 147 and 148 Range 61. Polling place at A. A. Coleman's on Sec. 24-148-60. Judges, A. A. Coleman, W. A. Reply and Ole Thompson.

PRECINCT No. 2.
Composing of Tp. 147 Range 60. Polling place at schoolhouse on Sec. 14. Judges, Ole E. Thorn, Peter Miller and Wm. Hethington.

PRECINCT No. 3.
Composing of Tp. 147 Range 59. Polling place at schoolhouse on Sec. 2. Judges, Mark Sutherland, S. Simpkins and Peter Anderson.

PRECINCT No. 4.
Composing of Tp. 147 Range 58. Polling place at schoolhouse on Sec. 27. Judges, A. V. Johnson, Wm. Gimblett and Hans E. Hohl.

PRECINCT No. 5.
Composing of Tp. 148 Range 58. Polling place at Washburn's granary on Sec. 20. Judges, Millard F. Washburn, Nels E. Nelson and G. W. Barnard.

PRECINCT No. 6.
Composing of Tps. 145 and 146 Range 59. Polling place at Knud Thompson's office in Cooperstown. Judges, John Syverson, Henry Retzlaff and W. R. Whidden.

PRECINCT No. 7.
Composing of Tp. 148 Ranges 60 and 61. Polling place at schoolhouse on Sec. 16 Tp. 146 R. 60. Judges, Wm. Church, John McCulloch and Olof Johnson.

PRECINCT No. 8.
Composing of Tps. 144 and 145 Ranges 60 and 61. Polling place at schoolhouse on Sec. 33 Tp. 145 R. 60. Judges, Nick Swenson, J. G. White and W. S. Evington.

PRECINCT No. 9.
Composing of Tp. 144 Ranges 58 and 59. Polling place at schoolhouse on Sec. 18 Tp. 144 R. 58. Judges, C. E. Skarie, Chas. Nelson and Wm. Saar.

VOTERS!

Don't forget the caucus at the courthouse Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2 p. m.

You are responsible for the selection of a commissioner for three years.

You are responsible for the decision of the caucus for or against license.

You are responsible for the decision of the caucus for or against division.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

THE HUSBAND PREPARES A GRAND SURPRISE FOR HIS WIFE.

He Guarantees to Furnish Plenty of Milk for the Family—The Cow and Calf. The Butcher's Explanation—Effects of Grief—Finale.

"What d'ye think?" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, as he rushed into the sitting room without taking time to leave his hat and overcoat on the hall rack.

"Some of our relations dead?"
"Relations? Naw! Mrs. Bowser, for the past two or three weeks I have been preparing a surprise for you—a great surprise. How much milk do we use around this house daily?"

"Three quarts of milk and a pint of cream."

"Exactly, Mrs. Bowser, exactly. And the cost is twenty-four cents. You call it milk, but what is it? A compound of chalk and water, which must kill us inside of five years."

"And are you going to change milkmen?"

"Exactly, Mrs. Bowser. I am going to be my own milkman after this!"

"You are going to—?"

"Yes, I'm going to buy a cow!"

"But you always get cheated on such things."

"Do I? That's all you know about it! When I don't make 25 per cent. profit I want to be kicked. A cow will be the best paying investment we ever made. Just figure for yourself: There are twelve quarts of rich milk per day, at six cents per quart. That's seventy-two cents per day or \$5.04 per week. Take out seventy-five cents as the cost of her keeping, and you have a clear profit of \$4.29. Is that a swindle? We can't use over four quarts per day, and can therefore sell eight to the neighbors. Just speak to Green and Smith's folks, will you?"

MR. BOWSER'S WARNING.
"Mr. Bowser, don't you remember our pig?"

"Pig! pig! What has a Durham cow got to do with a short horn pig? And, besides, your own base conduct killed that animal. Mrs. Bowser, don't you dare attempt any tricks on my cow. I don't want a scandal but I'll divorce you if you ever look cross eyed at her."

"Well, we'll see how you'll come out."

"Oh, yes—throw cold water on my efforts to give you all the comforts of life. It's a wonder to me that I don't get discouraged and go to the gutter, as many a good man has."

Early the next morning a woman appeared with a cow and calf, having them tied behind her wagon. The calf was tied as well as the cow, and I noticed that it seemed to be doing its best to keep away from her. This seemed so singular that I went to the back door to speak to Mr. Bowser about it, but he promptly called to me:

"Get back there! Do you want to get this cow excited and her blood heated up?"

He paid for his new milk cow and placed cow and calf in the barn, and after giving them an hour to quiet down he came in for me. After looking the animals over I asked:

"Mr. Bowser, how old is that calf?"

"Three weeks."

"And that cow is its mother?"

"Its mother? You don't think she's its uncle or grandfather, do you? You must be getting soft in the head!"

"Do you notice that she won't own it? See there! She's ready to cripple it if it comes near!"

"Mrs. Bowser, you go in and attend to your gossip and that wall eyed baby, and don't you dare to come near this barn again! You have become cross eyed and soft headed."

I went in, but two hours later, when he had butcher up to buy the calf, I slipped out and heard the man say:

"That's the way of it, Bowser. That isn't her calf any more than you are Queen Victoria's brother. The cow may be all right, however; she looks like a good milker."

The calf was driven away, and Mr. Bowser put in the afternoon at making a milk stool and fixing buttons on the cow's horns. After supper he went out and milked, and as he brought in a pail even full he set it on the kitchen table with the complacent remark:

"Might have got six quarts more, but I got tired."

He made a great cow, and the next day sent around the neighborhood to drink the customers. He held me in lofty contempt for awhile, but finally melted enough to inquire:

"Well, did you taste any chalk in that?"

"No, but did you observe that it had an old taste?"

"W—what do you mean?"

"If that calf didn't belong to her what is the inference?"

He rose up, turned as white as a sheet, and after a great effort managed to say:

"The inference is that you don't know enough to come in when it rains! Mrs. Bowser, you killed off my hens, and you caused the death of my pig! Take care how you conspire with my cow! There is a limit to which a human being can be pushed!"

Nothing further was said until next morning, when the quantity of milk dropped off to four quarts. I began to express wonder and amazement, but Mr. Bowser interrupted me with:

"I didn't expect even that much this morning. She is grieving for her calf."

The quantity at night was the same, and Mr. Bowser's marble brow wore a look of anxiety. At the end of a week the quantity had fallen to three quarts at a milking, even with Mr. Bowser feeding ten pounds of meal per day. Then I ventured to observe:

"Mr. Bowser, I was satisfied from the first that you had been swindled. That calf nev'—"

"Oh, you were? Well, I wasn't! She's grieved for that calf until her milk is nearly gone, but I'll fat her for beef and get at least \$30 more than she cost me."

We kept the beast from March to September. She yielded us about \$10 worth of milk which no one liked to use, and she cost \$60 for fodder. Her first cost, exclusive of the calf, was \$42. Mr. Bowser sold her to a suburban butcher for \$25, and on the evening the trade was concluded, and as we sat in the gloaming, I remarked:

"Well, it hardly paid us to buy the cow."

"It didn't, eh? I expected you'd be flinging out some insult pretty soon! Why didn't it pay us? Who coaxed me into buying her? Who did her malicious best to drive that cow to her grave? Mrs. Bowser, I just wish you had some husbands to live with!"—Detroit Free Press.

Left Handed Writing.
"It looks like copperplate," remarked a prominent teacher of penmanship to a reporter, as he exhibited a handsome specimen of chirography from among some specimens in his large collection.

"It couldn't have been written very rapidly," suggested the reporter.

"It was, though—as rapidly as the writer could make his fingers move."

"Probably he is a professional penman; bookkeeper or teacher, likely?"

"Neither, and he only learned to write four years ago. He was a soldier. During the war he lost his right arm. After the war he became a traveling salesman. Five years ago he lost a leg in a railroad accident, and then took up penmanship. He had to learn it all over again. But by perseverance you see how much he has accomplished. He is the secretary of a mining company down town and draws \$10,000 a year salary. One odd thing about this is that he never was a good penman when he had both arms. But in learning to use his left hand he acquired the art of making all of his characters plainly. He made them slowly at first, and now he can't write badly, no matter how rapidly he works."

"Did you ever know of a man's learning to use both hands equally well?"

"There are a few instances on record. I heard of a man once who not only wrote with both hands, but wrote with them at the same time and a different sentence with each hand. He was the wonder of the profession, but he was more of a freak than anything else. Ambidexterity is a great accomplishment, but such experiences as that are not valuable, save as curiosities."—New York Mail and Express.

Fishermen Going to Alaska.
Some 600 or 700 fishermen of Newfoundland have decided to emigrate, owing to the distress caused by the failure of Labrador and Newfoundland fisheries and the ill feeling engendered by international complications, and will probably locate fisheries on the Choumagn and Aleutian Islands of Alaska. These islands are in the immediate vicinity of the codfish banks of Alaska, and there is no reason why Newfoundland men cannot make their new homes upon them. The climate is no worse than that of their present homes, while the supply of fish is reported to be immense. On Queen Charlotte and other islands in British Columbia waters there will be room for many families. The waters of the sound and in the vicinity of the United States boundary line teem with black cod and halibut.—Frank Leslie's.

Highest Mountain in America.
The highest mountain in the western hemisphere is Aconcagua, which rises 22,415 feet above the sea, and is in plain view from both Valparaiso and Santiago when the weather is clear. Chimborazo was until recently supposed to be the king of the Andes, and in geographies published thirty years ago was described as the highest mountain in the world. No one has ever reached the summit of either monster, but by triangulation Aconcagua has been determined to have an advantage of 2,000 feet over old "Chimbo" in stature.—Harper's Magazine.

Where Patrons Rule.
To a young singer in London patronage is as necessary as learning the scales. There are but two ways of getting within the charmed circle. The singer must pay a large price to some person who will become her manager or she must get the patronage of a great lady who will make her her protegee, and push her forward at her own and her friends' parties and concerts.—Lippincott's Magazine.