

A Great Theatre.

Griggs County contains 720 square miles or 20,072,448,000 square feet. The entire population of the globe, 1,450,000, 600 individuals might be comfortably seated in this county in armchairs and allowed 18 square feet apiece, or a space 3 1/2 feet each way. The county is a little

greater in area than the incorporated limits of the city of London, and yet if the people of the city of London were all located in Griggs county, and there are 5,600,000 of them, each man, woman and child might have one-tenth of an acre—or a plot of ground 66 feet square—enough ground, in its marvelous fertility, to support the individual. Yet we have only a population of 3,000 with government land to be taken up and railroad land to be purchased at from \$2 to \$5 per acre.

People everywhere have but a poor notion of Dakota's extent. Nearly each one of my old acquaintances asks me if the sleighing is good in Hillsboro. Upon my solemn assurance that farmers were ploughing last Friday, they assert that the papers state "snow has fallen six inches deep in Dakota," forgetting entirely that the boundaries of the great Territory extend beyond the Rocky Mountain system, where snow storms are not to be wondered at during eight or nine months of the year.—Hillsboro Banner.

The *New Era* thinks we are lying in ambush for an office like many of our distinguished fellow countrymen. Lord, brother, there never was a greater mistake. Any man who continually stakes his happiness on the result of conventions, elections, etc., is bound to be in sheol half his life even if the other half is spent in office.

If the half dozen people who do not take the COURIER will call in at once they can secure it for \$1.50 per annum in advance. If any person objects to the opinions of the paper we will fold it for him inside out so that he need only read the patent inside.

There has never been a united effort of the people of Dakota, independent of the politicians, for the admission of the territory. Now that the politicians have failed so ingloriously to cause any kind of a united effort in that line, we hope the people of Dakota will make an effort to bring about some sort of a plan whereby business men, independent voters and members of both political parties can unite and present their wishes before congress in a manner that will command the respect and attention of members of the national legislature. If the people of the territory act unitedly in this matter, we believe their prayer will be heard and statehood will quickly follow.—Aberdeen Republican.

The Mistakes of Moses Vallandigham.

In its blind pig rage our esteemed contemporary is always a little too hasty in its utterances.

If the statements made by the COURIER regarding Commissioner Cooper were false the esteemed contemporary should have had the courage of its convictions (in the interest of Mr. Retzlaff) in venturing Mr. Cooper's jobbery, extravagance, etc. It's course is either untruthful or pusillanimous, and it seems evident that it is the former. The COURIER article was true.

It is quite mistaken in the assertions that the COURIER has ever tried to "besmer" Messrs. Conant, Hemmingson, Mosely or Hogenson as either of the gentlemen can testify.

It is quite mistaken (for the second time) in stating that its outfit—printing presses, type, etc., is paid for. It is still mortgaged for all that it is worth. The records and the bank will both testify to this. It is also indebted to our late foreman unless he is again mistaken.

Again XXX white wove No. 64 envelopes, such as the COURIER has nearly always supplied the county officers with, can not be printed for \$2 per 500 in county warrants or \$1.70 cash—unless the printer steals the stock or does not pay his help. They cost from \$2.80 to 2.90 per M. at J. W. Butler Paper Co.'s in Chicago, and the freight per thousand is about 40 cents. If the Independent figures so carelessly it will never lift its mortgage, in the hope that with the new year our esteemed contemporary will cease being so chronically mistaken we wish it all the success it deserves.

The Dev'l's Lake Inter-Ocean says that a democrat will undoubtedly be appointed to succeed Sparks and favors M. H. Day for the position.

Ballou's monthly periodical for December is at hand, and is up to its usual standard of excellence—replete with interesting and solid reading matter.

Barnum's greatest of all menageries burned up the other day, and he was making contracts for new attractions before the charred remains of his cremated animals were cold. Barnum would make a typical Dakota boomer.

Marshall McClure, late proprietor of the Jamestown Alert and later of the Minot Tribune, has sold out the latter to C. E. Gregory, district attorney of Ward county, of which Minot is the county seat. Mac is a genuine rustler—being branded as such from the time when he reported the doings of the council from under the table in the capitol building at Bismarck some few years ago during a secret session—and has become so inoculated with journalism that his restless spirit will not lay down until he has started a few more newspapers.

Sir William McArthur, ex-Lord Mayor of London, was choked to death by a London fog a few days ago in an underground railway carriage. The next time the country gets a commissioner like Sparks, instead of asking him to resign, the better plan would be to take him over to London for a vacation and trot him around underground.

The Casselton Blizzard, published by Ufford & Houghton, completed the third year of its existence with the last issue and starts out on its fourth year vigorous and healthy. The Blizzard has been an ardent worker in the late local option campaign; it has weathered the winds of adversity of the past; and now as Dakota is on the turning point toward prosperity, it will no doubt gain the reward which is its due—success.

A call has been issued to the voters of territory of Dakota, regardless of party, asking for statehood, and appointing the 15th of December as the time and Aberdeen the place for the holding of a territorial convention to formulate some kind of request to congress for immediate action. The document in full is as follows:

TO THE VOTERS OF THE TERRITORY OF DAKOTA:

Believing that the time has arrived when the claims of Dakota to statehood should be presented to congress in a dignified, proper and respectful manner, you are earnestly requested to assemble in county convention at an early day and elect delegates to a convention of the people of Dakota, irrespective of parties or affiliations, to be held in the city of Aberdeen, on the 15th day of December, 1887, at noon of that day.

All persons who favor the admission of Dakota as a whole, without unnecessary delay, are invited to take part in this convention. We believe that if Dakota's claims are fairly presented to the congress of the United States about to assemble, that an enabling act will be passed authorizing the holding of a constitutional convention for the whole territory, and that as soon as the labors of that convention shall be ratified by the people of the territory, we shall be admitted as a state.

His Nabirs Mewies.

MISTER EDITOR:  
Sum peep bez kuriz noshons about mewies—they think mewies is in-jin ruber, stuff with steel springs. Thet they kin work an kick oll the time withot etin or sleepin or bein kloht kunfutable. A mewl may live on gunny sacks but he kant never git korpolint on em. My nabir hicht his mewies in town to the Kurier fence Thirzdy nite to let em kool oph aftr thar sunners work. Tha shrunk up under thar kolars with the kold till only thar tales and nozes was expozed wen Sheriff Mikla cain and put them in the liver stabl. The mewl dont kik so mutch az the hawse but wen he does he dont never opologis. A mewl wil wate pashont twenty yers to git a squair kik at a man an befor he kiks he wil turn around an smile fondly. The mewl would liv sevral hundird yers if he didnt git society down on him fur sutch biznis. You kin tell a mewls age by soundin the howles over his eys. If you kin run a led pencil in full length the mewl is a hundred yers old, an if he haz whit hairs on his tale he wil never so sweet sixteen agin.

Yours respectfully,  
WILLIAM WM. WILLIAMS.  
St. Paul Society.

[The Pioneer Press has written up the society femmes converse of our beautiful Dakota cities, and it is only fair that some enterprising Dakota paper should reciprocate and write up St. Paul society. We have had some trouble in getting a

society correspondent. Our citizens generally are little else on St. Paul society. Uncle Simon Williams knew a woman that killed a "bar" when she was fourteen years old, and afterwards married a half breed at Fort Snelling, while we ourselves remember a Mrs. Peetybone who left a husband and five children on a Cass county ranch to join a grass widower in St. Paul. We merely mention these things to show the difficulty experienced in getting satisfactory information. The sweet singer of Bald Hill Creek was finally retained to write the article and we submit it with some trifling office amendments and corrections.]



Perhaps no city in the world has so many young, ravishingly beautiful, and phenomenally accomplished ladies of the beau monde as the saintly city. There is moreover something in the air—a sort of blue haze of esoteric refinement which renders the beauties of the person only a side show to the transcendental mind of the devotee of female loveliness.

Among the noble dames that shed effulgence on the balls, routs and soirées Mrs. General Saltair enjoys the reputation of being the *Madam de Staal* of the upper Mississippi. She has moved so much in European court circles [divorce court circles] that her receptions are particularly attractive to the foreign nobility. [The "nobility" must leave the monkey and the hand organ outside.]

Mrs. Imogene Vere de Vere the beautiful poetess, has a charming cottage on St. Anthony's nose where she entertains delightfully. Her last book, "The Dying Cow and Other Poems," is attracting much attention and she enjoys considerable prestige on her own hook or the cow's hook.

Mrs. Commodore Bunker is a petit blonde with manners that are charmingly naive and décolleté. She also has a wart on her nose.

Mrs. Cohenberg, the wife of the celebrated pawnbroker, is delightfully *embonpoint* and unconventional.

Mrs. Will Boggs is peculiarly short and asthmatic.

Mrs. Alderman O'Ryan is a beautiful woman and a charming waltzer. There are no flies on Mrs. O'Ryan.

Mrs. Col. Perkins, the lovely soprano of the church of the Heavenly Rest, is possessed of a voice like Mallbran. Jenny Lind in her palmist days was a mere bull in the woods to Perkins.

Mrs. Joseph McGillicuddy, Mrs. Gen. Brown, Mrs. Capt. Jones are all amiable and charming.

Mrs. Henrich Shroederheimer is a magnificent brunette and her kraut parties are very select and *degage*. She raises her own cabbage.

[We fear that the sweet singer is using a St. Paul directory and we cut her short, remarking incidentally that if we have omitted any prominent society people the omission is not to be considered a reflection, nor the reflection an omission, but that such, if any there be, are probably good housekeepers and amiable.]

Willow.

News items very scarce. Beckon I shall have to import some from adjoining counties and call it Willow news.

Les Greeley started homeward from here last Monday. He lives at Maine Prairie, Minn., and has put in a good summer's work for E. S. Hamilton.

Messdames Killis and Root took in Cooperstown Monday.

Think I will buy that printing outfit for my boy to play with this winter, since they did not succeed in capturing the county printing. It really is too small a plaything for these grown boys to be spending so much of their "valuable" time with. Some one will be getting a rubber stamp and want to do the county printing next.

Horsea Sorter is hauling his hay from Lake Washington. He will live on E. S. Hamilton's place this winter.

Our new railroad is booming. So is our new town over on the north border. The people over that way have already built a good town with elevators, grist mill, cheese factory, etc.—in their mind.

It seemed as if all the people of Griggs county and a good delegation from all the surrounding counties was in Cooperstown last Monday. I thought when I came in that you must be having another Fourth of July celebration. Must go and feed the pigs and water the turkeys. So long. CHRIS X.

Gallatin.

The ice is not thick yet in the river. Your correspondent's team broke through several times in crossing. No damage. We are afraid Ward will have to take his ice in a liquid state if the mild weather continues.

A drove of horses owned by Mr. Jack Brown

were recently taken up for destroying grain and other property and are held for \$25 damages. People should not let their stock run at large as it is against the law. Other stock owners should also take warning. A word to the wise is sufficient.

We understand there is to be a fandango near S. J. Pound's some time this week.

Simon Ouren intends to live well this winter. He has killed for his own use two beavers, three sheep, three hogs and has a turkey or two for the holidays.

A. J. and F. Pates of Granite Falls and St. Paul respectively, are visiting their brother, J. H. Pates, at his farm. John was busily engaged at his barn and was startled by rapid firing from his breechloader which he supposed was quietly resting in its accustomed place. Rushing to his temple he found the door securely barred within and heard some one say in an undertone, "give me a knife." Thinking that his domicile was captured by the enemy he put his shoulder to the door and with a superhuman effort forced an entrance, and imagine his surprise when he discovered the outstretched hand of his brother one of whom he had not seen for eighteen years. The brothers were in high glee at surprising their brother. The second day was appropriated to an old time hunt, in which 48 timber rabbits, 5 jack rabbits and a number of grouse were secured. One jack rabbit weighed 12 1/2 pounds. The boys are well pleased with the country and think it rich and productive and will soon become very valuable.

Ashtabula.

Perhaps some of the readers of the Courier who live off in some corner of this territory do not know where Ashtabula is, nor what it is, and as nothing is said about this place we will introduce ourselves by saying just enough to give you an idea, because you may hear from me again.

Ashtabula is about sixteen miles north of Valley City and about ten miles east of Dasey in the valley just where Sibley crossed the Sheyenne river when he passed the Indians from Minnesota way out west through this country. It was formerly Abbotts P. O., Mr. Frank Abbott being the first postmaster. The name Ashtabula originated by the way of one John Hubbard who tried to scheme up a town here and succeeded in getting fifteen county workers besides himself, each to hold a share of \$1,000, a townsite was purchased and lots laid out and a few lots sold. Mr. Hubbard erected a large frame building which was occupied and filled with merchandise by one Mr. Rich, where the postoffice was also moved, but now the store building is vacant and Hubbard is gone and the P. O. moved to the house of A. T. Anderson who is now the present postmaster. Mr. Hubbard was born and raised in Ashtabula, Ohio, and hence the name Ashtabula. A. T. Anderson is a Norwegian and a veteran, serving in the U. S. Army in the late war. He is a pioneer and a full-blooded democrat but will cast his vote against license every time.

A good many of our surrounding farms are settled and run by good, able-bodied, stout, spry, kind hearted and nice young unmarried fellows, and a fine country it is too.

Three young maidens arrived in Valley City direct from Germany, hired a rig, and drove out in our neighborhood and distributed themselves among three of our enterprising young farmers: Jacob Rapp, Jacob Steiner and Robert Kunnis were the lucky ones. Rapp says it won't be until near spring, Robert says he ain't but he can't fool us that way, and Steiner is so full of smiles that the laughs are rolling right out of him. We'll just take a smoke boys before we go seeding.

We had very good prospects of a good harvest this year but the hail cleaned some of us out in grand style. A good number were partly hurt but Mr. E. O. Lien, Chas. Tiber, Jacob Rapp and O. Sanders, who were cleaned out sick and clean all but what was under the ground and that had a bad set back because the tops were all whipped off.

We were looking for John Pates and his gud-wen here this fall, but owing to the scarcity of game this season the gun and John remained at home. DAN.

A Dining Car Line to the Pacific Ocean.

The Northern Pacific Railroad, the only one of the transcontinental lines running dining cars through to the Pacific coast, announced a new time schedule taking effect Nov. 20, 1887. The principal features of this new schedule are:

First. Twelve hours quicker time from St. Paul to Helena and Butte, Montana, and twenty-four hours shorter time to Portland, Ore., Tacoma, W. T., and all North Pacific coast points, by the limited express leaving St. Paul at 4 p. m. daily. The time of No. 2, the corresponding train east bound, will be shortened seventeen hours.

Second. An additional through express train, to which will be attached Pullman sleepers, dining cars and emigrant sleepers, leaving St. Paul at 8 a. m. daily, for Helena, Butte, Missoula, Spokane Falls, and Eastern Washington points; this train making the through time five hours quicker than the former Pacific coast express, giving the intended Pacific coast settler fourteen hours quicker time than heretofore.

Third. Three express trains daily from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Moorhead, Minn., Fargo and Jamestown, D. T., with through Pullman sleepers to Grand Forks, Fergus Falls, Wahpeton and principal points in North Dakota.

The Northern Pacific not only offers to the traveling public the best train service, including its famous dining cars, Pullman parlor drawing room and sleeping cars, emigrant sleepers and splendid day coaches, but from Chicago and all eastern cities to Portland, Ore., as quick time as by any other route, while to Butte and Helena, Mont., it is the shortest line by one hundred and seventy-six and three hundred and sixty-six miles respectively, actually saving the traveler to Butte six hours, and to Helena, eighteen hours, as against any other line.

The greatest reduction in time will be of particular interest to all classes of travel, especially Yellowstone Park and Pacific coast excursionists contemplating a return trip by the all rail line—the "Mt. Shasta" route—between San Francisco and Portland, and a trip along the Columbia river or over the famous Cascade mountains via the Northern Pacific.

LINGUAL ACQUIREMENTS IN TRADE.

Knowledge of Foreign Languages Needed in Commerce—The German Merchant.

Every large town in the midland region of America—in truth, every large town throughout the entire country—has a greater or less percentage of German citizens, varying from 10 to 40 per cent., and in many cities the school commissioners have made a concession to the German element by including the German language among the branches taught

in the public schools. By this course the fact has been established that not only the children of German parents have derived a benefit, but that the studious boys and girls of other nationalities have profited by this opportunity for acquiring German. Experience has shown that this twofold acquisition of language, by practical use, is of very decided utility to the children who embrace it, and the latter make much more rapid progress than such as are taught by means of one language exclusively. In many countries they would esteem themselves peculiarly fortunate in possessing such an advantage—that is to say, a majority of the pupils bringing with them into the school at least a superficial knowledge of two languages. Such an opportunity would be sedulously cultivated, just as the French has been cultivated in the French and Wallon provinces for fully 200 years.

Not so, however, in our own country. Here, the German tongue has had to contend constantly against prejudice or direct hostility. If one takes into consideration the fact that a considerable proportion of the boys instructed in the two tongues later in life enter commercial vocations, this aversion to German will be regarded as unwise and suicidal. The German language is the second most widely spoken on the face of the globe, and a man who understands it well, together with the English, can today engage in business as a commercial traveler in any country that is not European. The trade, for example, of Mexico and Central America is in the hands of German firms, whose members were educated from their boyhood for their future profession, by being compelled to acquire Spanish, at the same time with their mother tongue, and often English and French besides. If an American commercial traveler should enter into conversation with such a merchant, in Guatemala or San Salvador, in his mother tongue, a bond of fellowship is at once established, which is very likely to bear fruit.

A nation that in our day wishes to enjoy consideration in the markets of the world must possess polyglot acquirements. For this reason Germans succeed in all parts of the world, whilst Englishmen or Frenchmen are complaining of stagnation in business. The German imperial government encourages these efforts in all directions, and last winter the permanent establishment of an oriental department in the Berlin university was decided upon, not less as a measure for the promotion of commerce than as a facility for learned investigation. The German trade's organ, Export, thus expresses itself upon this subject: "Today it is no longer sufficient to understand English and French; the period in which the German merchant supposed he had acquired a knowledge sufficient of foreign languages, in possessing these two, is long past." At present a large and active commerce throughout the whole globe has been established. The long locked up countries of Africa have been thrown open to the world—Asia is everywhere accessible. Now, for the first time, our minds fully realize how numerous is mankind—how multifarious are nations and how many tongued likewise. Even in India, whose sovereignty resides in the hands of Great Britain, there is only a very small minority that can speak more than a word or two of English.

The merchant of modern times must, to be successful, understand foreign tongues—the more the better, and the school authorities, instead of acting as the dog in the manger, should afford to the rising generation every opportunity to acquire them, especially where this can be done at the expenditure of so little time and cost as is attached to the acquisition of German in most of our cities, by the system indicated.—Translated for Public Opinion from the Baltimore Correspondent.

An Opium Eater's Face.

The effect of the drug on the physique of a person varies somewhat. Sometimes he will become dreadfully emaciated, but if the appetite keeps good he will not decrease in weight. There is always, however, a peculiar color about an opium eater's face, and by that he can be known; the complexion assumes the color of old brass, having a peculiar death like hue, but it is seldom that the digestion is impaired.

Opium affects the spinal cord and brain principally. The nerve power of the opium eater is very much lessened without the opium, and it is very much increased with the drug until the end comes. The death of the opium eater is not marked by any particular scenes of horror. I have seen several opium eaters die a very pleasant death, and I do not know that I ever saw a very bad death among such patients.—E. N. Carpenter, M. D., in The Epoch.

Principles of Insurance.

It is surprising that the public know so little about insurance, when more people are interested in it than in anything else. There is scarcely a family in the land in which there is not one or more persons interested in either life, fire, marine, accident or live stock insurance—in fact, insurance is something that is of vital interest in every household; is more talked about and more thought of than anything else. Nevertheless the great mass of mankind are as ignorant of its principles as they are of the component parts of the sun.—Insurance Agent in Globe-Democrat.

A Mantle for the Pope.

Princess Clotilde has just finished a mantle she has embroidered for the pope at her seat at Moncalieri. The mantle, which is of white satin embroidered with golden flowers, will be sent to the approaching exhibition to be held at the Vatican on the occasion of the pope's jubilee.—New York Graphic.