

NO REST FOR THE WEARY.

"Now at least I'll have one hour to myself, and a great pleasure it'll be too, to know that the house is still for once and I can be left alone with my own musings, and not be afraid every moment that some one will come in suddenly upon me driving away all my pleasant thoughts. No, thank fortune I'm alone, for the children are at school and Jim has gone to the village."

"I don't intend to work very hard either, for if a woman can't have one hour out of twelve to rest, I think it a pity."

So saying, Mrs. Smith sat down with a woe-be-gone expression on her face, such as is only seen in the countenances of those poor weary souls who always look on the dark side of life, making themselves and all around them unhappy.

"Let me see, why, I believe I haven't read last week's paper yet, and no wonder when I have to perform the duties of matron, seamstress, chambermaid, cook, waiter, washerwoman, dairy-maid, and what not, busy from morning till night scarcely taking time to breathe for fear something will be left undone."

For my part I can't see why I have to work so hard and have no time to rest, excepting when I'm asleep, while on the contrary, the men seem to take it easy. They come in at noon, eat their dinners and have an hour's nooning as they call it, while the teams are feeding. All this time I have to keep at work and by the time the dishes are washed and a hundred and one other things attended to it is supper time, then maid of all work must fly around and have supper ready precisely on time, or there will be growling from the other side of the house.

As soon as the men have eaten their supper and finished the chores at the barn—which, by the way don't take more than thirty minutes, for many hands make light work—they come in, sit down, talk, smoke, chew, read the daily papers, lounge around and enjoy themselves in general.

While they are thus enjoying themselves, I poor soul, with these two tired hands have to wash dishes again and prepare breakfast, and then when I'm almost tired to death, if I happen to sit down to rest for two or three seconds, Jim is sure to have some odd job or other to set me at. To keep me out of mischief, he says,

"I think if the truth was ever written it was in those lines:

"Man works from sun to sun,
Woman's work is never done."

If Jim would only let me have a girl to help me, but no, every time I mention it he's always 'so poor, can't afford it.' But he's got to afford to bury me some time, and that soon, if I have to keep on working in this way.

Then I wonder where my hard earnings will go to? I suppose to support wife number two, to dress her in style so she can entertain visitors and make calls while Bridget does the work in the kitchen. That's the way it generally goes. Jim wouldn't get another wife to do as I have done, one who would be so meek and gentle. No, sir, I tell you what, he'd have to stand around, it would be his turn to be lamb like.

But I wouldn't care so much, if he didn't have so much help himself, two hired men all the time, and if he happens to get in a hurry he goes and hires more, never stopping to think anything about the affording part.

Now I don't believe in this way of doing business. I like to see things balance. There's Mrs. Simpkins, she seems to have plenty of time, takes two or three magazines, and newspapers by the dozen, and after doing her work and reading all these has time to make her weekly round of calls, while I seldom get into a neighbor's house from one year's end to the other. I can't see how it is, but some people do have a way of getting through with their work that I don't understand. I'll warrant she don't cook much though. Now I think of it the men folks over there do look kind of haggard and starved like. My! Jim would be as cross as a bear, if I didn't have soup, two or three kinds of vegetables, puddings, pies and everything else on the table for dinner. But I suppose that is partly my fault, for they say before I came here Jim had to put up with anything he could get and not much of that.

I remember when I was at home sister Sue used to say I'd spoil any man if I had my way about the cooking, and I don't know but what she prophesied aright that time. But I'll remember next time when I get mar—

My! supposing some person was listening. Of course Jim is going to live. Dear me what a commotion my thoughts are in. I wonder why it is that I can't think without speaking my thoughts. Jim says I'm always talking to myself when I'm alone, but I can't help it, it's natural.

I declare, it's almost time for the children to come home and I haven't read any yet. I must, for I've heard it said, we must read a little every day if but fifteen minutes, it will make itself felt at the end of every year.

Wonderful invention—phonograph, a talking machine! What a labor-saving invention. Just the thing I want, for it is so hard for me to talk. It tires me almost to death. If I only had one of these machines I would set one of the children to turning the crank, and it would do the talking instead of me. What a great relief it would be! Then Jim would enjoy it so much I know, for he likes to listen to any one talking, and it being such an effort for me to talk, if it wasn't for the children poor fellow, he'd get lonesome.

There, now, those children are coming and I've got to get supper again. Oh, dear! I did think I'd get a little time to rest to-day, but no fate's against me. No rest for the weary!—Rural New Yorker.

Night watchman William Lawrence was shot and killed at Bath, Me., recently by one of three burglars, whom he detected breaking into a grocery store. The burglars fled, but one man has since been arrested on suspicion.

Mr. Beecher on Free Trade.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered last evening, in the First Baptist church of Brooklyn, the first of a series of pictures on free trade, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Revenue reform club. In the course of his address he said:

"In addition to what every citizen feels, as a moral teacher feel zealous to say that the protective system not only is impolitic and unjust, but wrong in fundamental morals. [Applause.] In its principles and results it is directly opposed to Christian ethics. It is opposed to the ethical organization of society. Men are organized on principles of equity and justice in fellowship, and those who violate these, in the long run, come to destruction; while obedience to them leads to success. In direct contradiction to Christian morality and the Gospel of Christ is a protective tariff, for it is organized immorality. [Applause.]

Every American heart should beat for liberty. It cost ages and blood to gain individual liberty. By revolutions, racks, and penal prisons liberty of conscience was gained. At last liberty, except where it impinges the liberty of others, exists in all directions, and goes in this land with universal intelligence. Liberty in all relations, social, religious, individual, is best for man. Men choose their own church, their own calling; can use property as they please, find their own market, and find the world wide open to get what tempts the eye and attracts wealth; but they may not bring it home. The United States will not let a man bring it in unless he pays the penalty. He may get his pictures in Italy, silks in Lyons, wine in Bordeaux; but the government says you must buy at home, and not abroad. If it is not produced here, you must wait till it is. [Laughter.] This is the literal fact, as far not only as luxuries, and necessities, are concerned. Liberty! No homesick traveller can come into his native land by permission of the government except with his skin and its covering. His trunks are opened and his person searched for gems. He cannot bring in what he can buy cheaper than at home. We are short of our liberty in the commerce of the world.

"It is contrary to morals and the spirit of our fathers to put commerce in bondage. Commerce is to the nation what blood is to the body. It equalizes the zones. Its white wings are the gospel of the world. Since the time of Paul every ship has been an ocean pulpit, with as much harmful stuff as other pulpits. Before the rebellion our ships led the commerce of the world. But now the ships are sold and the yards are silent. Commerce is in chains—a prisoner at the heels of manufactures. Instead of being an eagle it is a mere dunghill fowl. Now ships want a bounty to keep on the ocean. There should be important and omnipotent reasons for this. All tariffs are taxes to support the government, directly or indirectly. All taxes should be certain and direct; but tariffs on imports are uncertain and indirect. They add to the cost to consumers of articles, but are hidden in the price. Direct taxes tend to economy in government. We are now in danger of having too much money for government purposes."

After showing that protection made most men think it was no crime to cheat the government, Mr. Beecher said:

"What is protection doing now? It sees the surplus revenues of government, and says that taxes must be lower; but it would not take off any duties. It is proposed to send the whole question to a commission of nine to consider the subject for three years, and then report to congress—which will lay it on the shelf. But before that time free trade will flood the country. Truth is on our side, men believe in it, the gospel of Christ is for us and all the principles of humanity, and we shall not fail."

He Drank a Tear.

From the Arkansas Traveler.

"Boys, I won't drink lessen you take what I do," said old Josh Spilit in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment. "The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures on us. You are chief of the mixed drinkers, and I will not agree to your conditions." "He wants to run us in on castor oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square," replied Spilit. "Take my drink and I'm with you."

The boys agreed, and stood along the bar.

Every one turned to Spilit and regarded him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said Spilit, "give me a glass of water."

"Water! water!" the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water. It's a now drink for me, I admit, and I expect it's a scarce article with all of you. Lemme tell you how I came to take it. Several days ago a parcel of us went fishing, and we took a fine chance of whisky along, an' had a heap of fun. 'Long toward evenin' I got powerful drunk an' crawled under a tree an' went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whisky and came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they left me there drunk, and told it around town with a mighty bluster. My son got a hold of the report and told it at home. 'Well, I laid under that tree all night, an' when I woke in the mornin' that sot my wife right thar by me. She didn't say a word when I woke up, but she sorter turned her head away. I got up an' looked at her. She still didn't say nothin', but I could see that she was chokin'."

"I wish I had suthin' to drink, 'sL."

"Then she tuck a cup what she fetched with her an' went down to what a spring filled up, an' dipped up a cupful and fetched it to me. Jes as she was handin' it ter me she leaned over to hide her eyes, an' I seed a tear drop in the water. I tuck the cup an' drank the water an' tear, an' raisin' my hands I vowed that I would never hereafter drink my wife's tears agin; that I had been drinkin' them for the past twenty years, an' that I was going to stop. You boys know who it was that left me drunk. You was all in the gang. Give me another glass of water Mr. Bartender."

William B. Keep, who has been made general solicitor of the Northwestern road, is the youngest man who has ever held the place, and one of the ablest. He is a son of the late Judge John M. Keep, of Wisconsin, and a nephew of Albert Keep.

Truth is Mighty and Must Prevail

Is a good old maxim, but no more reliable than the 'oft repeated verdict of visitors that

COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA,

is the Queen City of a magnificent county and the most beautifully located of the many new and prosperous places of North Dakota. It is the

Permanent County Seat of Griggs County, and, though only a few months old, already has a representation in nearly every branch of business and each man enjoying a profitable trade. Plenty of room for more business houses, mechanics or professional men. Cooperstown is not only the

TERMINUS OF THE S. C. & T. M. R. R., but is also Headquarters thereof. In short, the place is, by virtue of its situation

The Central City of the Central County of North Dakota.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTER! THE COMMERCIAL CENTER!

THE FINANCIAL CENTER! THE RAILROAD CENTER!

and the outfitting point of settlers for fifty miles to the North and West. The energetic spirit of Cooperstown's citizens, who in most cases have not yet reached the meridian of life, the singleness of purpose and unity of action in pushing her interests, have resulted in giving her an envious reputation for business thrift even this early in her history.

GRIGGS COUNTY

is the acknowledged Eden for settlers and home-seekers. Its soil is unsurpassed; its drainage the very best; its climate salubrious, and its railway advantages par-excellent. Public land in the county is becoming scarcer every day, yet there are still thousands of opportunities for the landless to get homes.

GREAT STRIDES

toward Metropolitan comforts have been made in Cooperstown and the wandering head of the weary traveler can here find rest and entertainment at an

BEAUTIFUL AND ELEGANTLY APPOINTED HOTEL,

erected at a cost of \$21,000. The man who becomes a citizen of Griggs county's thrifty capital can have, without price or waiting, the advantages of

GOOD SCHOOLS AND SPLENDID SOCIETY.

The rapidly growing embryonic city of Cooperstown is surrounded on all sides by the very richest lands in North Dakota. Cooperstown, situated as it is in the very heart of a new and fertile region, must boom to keep pace with the

UNPARALLELED RAPID DEVELOPMENT

of the surrounding country. When you stop and consider the facts you will realize the advantages this new town enjoys. It being the terminus of a railroad, the entire country makes it a

UNIVERSAL TRADING POINT,

a fact demonstrated by the merchants already established and enjoying big trades. Cooperstown is not an experiment but is built on the solid rock of commercial industry. Sound investments can be made in Cooperstown city property or Griggs county farm lands by applying to the

COOPER TOWNSITE CO., Cooperstown, D. T.,

Or J. M. BURRELL, Sanborn, D. T.
Plans Sent on Request. Uniform Prices to All.