

THE HOTEL MOTHER.

With Some Notes on her Billiard-room Son and Piazza Daughter.

"I am sure that she is well connected," remarked Mrs. Haphazard; "she wears the most beautiful diamonds every morning." Mrs Fungus was the most gorgeous figure in the hotel. She breakfasted in a black velvet gown, with train and short sleeves, and she commonly dined in blue satin. She would have been called very pretty, but for a somewhat aggressive stare in her round light eyes, and a fixity in the lines of her graceful mouth and chin which suggested not composure so much as defiance. You could not look at her fair skin and banged hair, and her superfluity of gems and gold chains, or listen to her laugh and her grammar, without thinking of a translated barmaid. But she was perfectly good-natured and unaffected. If her manners were not fine, they were at least easy; being those which had come to her in the course of nature. She was fond of talking to anybody who would accept her company, and was an especial favorite with transient young men, who found her a pleasant relief from the monotony of the smoking-room, and spoke of her as "gay." Most of the boarders felt in looking at her as Carlyle's raw Scotch maid felt when, being shown a Virgin and Child in the National Gallery, she could only exclaim: "O my! how expensive!" Mrs. Fungus did not like a saint; but there was no real harm in her. She never walked abroad; she never drove; she never read; she never was seen with a needle. She passed the morning on the piazza the afternoon and evening in the public parlor, talking loud, if she had anyone to talk to, and otherwise contentedly taking exercise in a rocking-chair. The last thing she thought of was the children. The late Mr. Fungus had left her several pledges of affection, and she left them entirely to Sarah, who in turn generally left them alone, though sometimes—upon what occult principle the boarders never could discover—she shook them. Thus it happened that the children of Mrs. Fungus became the tyrants of the establishment. They played horse in the corridors. They jumped in the parlor. They put the piano out of tune, and dislocated the sofa springs, and broke the croquet mallets. They stripped the flower-borders, and were a terror to all domestic animals. They rushed to the dining-room as soon as the doors were open, gave extensive orders, scrambled for the dessert, filled the neighboring guests with disgust, and drove the waiters to desperation. The complaints of their noise and their trespasses were the chief worry of the clerk; but there was no remedy short of expelling the family. It never entered the head of Mrs. Fungus that for their own sake the children ought to be taught a respect for the rights of others, or that they had anything to gain by acquiring self-control.

Mrs. Fungus will be recognized by every visitor at Saratoga, at Long Branch, at the White Mountains, at the Virginia Springs, at all the fashionable resorts of the United States; for she pervades all sections, and she flourishes in the development of a series of types evolved from a rude social origin, and tending toward a complex product not yet clearly discerned. She is only a little removed from the primitive and laborious ignoramus; changed conditions of existence have affected her imperfectly; she has dropped old habits, and has not yet learned the new ones appropriate to her new environment. In the next generation we shall observe a marked advance. The children who are now the nuisance of hotel corridors will be the swells of the billiard room and the belles of the piazza. Young Fungus will never be a gentleman, but he will early assume to be a connoisseur in coats, cigars, saddle-horses, and lawn-tennis. He will haunt hotels as closely as his mother, for what other home than a hotel has he ever known?—and there he will breakfast late, and take a leading and dogmatic part in the extraordinary vapid, copious, and unlettered conversation which is to be heard only in the office of hotels and livery stables. He will be only a fop and a fool, with no thought but his own amusement; whether he will be anything else will depend upon the freaks of fortune—especially his luck in business and his luck in marriage. He will never be an interesting fellow. His sister will at least be an object of attraction. From a troublesome and over-dressed child, she will grow into a pert miss, with a profound disrespect for her mother, and a saucy answer for strange gentlemen who try to amuse themselves with her. She will quickly catch the accent and manner of a class much better educated than her own, she will learn, before she has put on long dresses, that diamonds at breakfast are in bad style; at fourteen she will be remarked for the elegance of her costumes; at fifteen she will have carried self-culture to the point of reading novels in "The Seaside Library," and, under favoring circumstances, she may even go so far as the lighter publications of the "Franklin Square Series." After a brief transition period of giggling flirtations with boys, she will suddenly appear at the summer hotel as an experienced young lady, and will take her place naturally in the category of piazza girls. Like the rest of those companionable virgins, her object in life will be to have a good time. A good time implies a young man, with whom she will always be ready for a promenade outside the parlor windows, a whispered tete-a-tete in a dark corner, a moonlight ride, an unseasonable row on the lake, or a pound of French candy in the recesses of a thicket. As for Mrs. Fungus, she, poor woman, will have gone off sadly when these nights of heartlessness and futile dalliance arrive; stray bachelors and commercial travelers will no longer find her "gay" her voice will be harsher, but her laugh will be rare,

and there will be marks of trouble on her face. Her children will despise her acquaintances, and be careful not to present to her their own. She will know little or nothing of her son's pursuits. She will wait alone on the piazza till midnight, while her daughter is out with a gentleman whose name she has never heard; and when the truant pair appear, the cavalier will not notice the old lady, and the girl will offer no remark. What will the girl be like in mature life? Will she bring up children after the pattern of herself, and teach them as she was taught, that they are no domestic duties for either old or young? The civilization which has evolved in order the hotel mother and the piazza girl is too new to show in the next stage of development; but it ought to be something remarkable. —N. Y. Tribune.

War Relics.

Few veterans, says the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette, can show a more interesting collection than can General A. L. Pearson. His opportunities were widened by his active career in the war, and his friendship with other officers enabled him to add to his store, until it grew to a goodly size. In the corner of the room a silk guidon was standing. It is tattered and torn, the blue field is almost all gone, and the stripes can scarcely be distinguished. It was the first Union flag carried into Richmond after the surrender, and was presented to General Pearson at a reunion held in Washington after the war. At the same time he was given another guidon, which stands facing the one mentioned. It is a plain bunting flag, on a pole surmounted by a wooden acorn. Black with dirt and full of holes it looks commonplace enough, but when the remains of President Lincoln were borne out of the White House for the last time, that guidon moved on the right of the line and on it the column dressed. Above the guidons are two artillery sabres crossed. One of them Gen. Griffin, as gallant a soldier as ever threw his legs across a saddle, carried at Malvern Hill, when, with his artillery, he fought that famous battle. It is a plain sabre of the regulation United States pattern, a steel blade, a wrapped leather haft and brass handle, with an iron scabbard. Gen. Griffin wore it through the battle and after it was over presented it to Gen. Pearson. The other sabre was taken from one of Lee's wagons after the surrender. Below these sabres are two crossed muskets, illustrative of the old and the new. One of them, a flint-lock, was used against the red-coats in the war of 1812, the other is a breech loader with all the improvements. A cartridge-box and bayonet picked up at Gettysburg complete the group. Standing against the mantel-piece are two guns, one a Spencer carbine, the other a Sharpe's rifle. The Spencer was surrendered at Appomattox, the Sharpe General Pearson captured himself on a skirmish line at Gettysburg. "I got that rifle," the general said, "while obeying orders to feel the enemy considerably. The adjutant general told me to throw my men out as skirmishers, giving me certain points as boundaries. I went out and found the ground covered, so I fell back to hold my command for an emergency. We laid there all night, and in the morning I was on a worm-fence, wishing that the cold rain that was falling would cease. Just then up rode a group of officers, and one of them asked me, 'Whose men are these?' and I answered 'My men.' 'What are you doing here?' 'Sitting on this fence.' 'Do you know who I am?' 'No, and I don't care.' He was pretty mad, and he threw back his coat, and I saw he was a general officer. He told me he was General Sykes, and I crawled off the fence. We had just been assigned to his division, and so I did not know him even by sight, and I explained to him why we were there and how I saw no use in covering ground other troops were on. He answered sharply: 'I'll do the thinking; take your men and feel the enemy considerably, and keep on feeling until I tell you to stop.' I was as mad as he was, and I started. The enemy was retreating, and we kept gobbling up men and sending them back until I hadn't a handful of men left. I rode up to a house, and three rebels sprang to the door. One of them had that gun and pulled it at me. He had it cocked and up, but I called out if he fired he was a dead man, reaching for my revolver, and one of the men with him knocked the rifle down, saying they surrendered. Just then an aide rode up on a gallop and asked what I was doing. I told him Sykes had told me to feel the enemy considerably, and I was doing it. 'Where's your regiment?' he demanded. 'Most of it's gone back with prisoners.' 'How many have you with you?' 'Half a dozen.' 'Well quit, for you're too far ahead.' That did me, and I went back. The rifle I should have turned in, but it had been pulled on me, and I gobbled it." As he finished this story of the Sharpe's rifle, General Pearson produced a sand-box. It was a little tin box, showing traces of the green paint that it once bore, when sand-boxes were used instead of blotting paper. "That box," said the general, "was used at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. General Griffin, who was one of the three officers appointed by Grant to arrange the terms of capitulation, gave it to me." With the sand-box was a pair of silver epaulets found in his headquarters' wagon. They are very handsome, and probably the only thing of the kind in America.

Chaff of the Exchanges.

A certain little Pharisee who was praying for his big brother, had a good deal of human nature in him, even if he was only six years old. He prayed, "O Lord, bless brother Bill, and make him as good a boy as I am!" It was a Detroit girl who married at 15 so as to have her golden wedding when it would do her some good. Ex-Gov. Trout p. m. recently mentioned of Massachusetts, declines positively to allow the use of his name.

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

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