

MY BABY'S EYES.

My baby's eyes in melting blue,
Are beaming bright as morning dew,
And from the skylight takes a hue,
Or like the starlight clear and true,
My baby's eyes in liquid roll,
Enhance my world from pole to pole,
And love sits smiling in that goal,
Forever speaking to my soul.
My baby's eyes, in other years,
May fill with many scalding tears,
And yet through cruel taunts and jeers
A mother's love will banish fears.
My baby's eyes in blight or bloom,
Those glorious orbs in grief or gloom,
Shall be to me in death or doom,
The dearest diamonds to the tomb.
—John A. Joyce.

POT LUCK.

A Thanksgiving Story Dealing With an Odd Train of Circumstances.

When Ortelia opened her eyes in the morning she could look straight through the side of the house at the blue sky and the tops of the waving pines. It wasn't a red brick house with a layer of smooth white mortar between every brick; nor was it a painted wooden house with green blinds; neither did it have a cupola on top, or a conservatory at one end, or a piazza in front. Ortelia's father and a few of the neighbors built the house, and as there were no architects among them they simply rolled the logs on top of each other and didn't take time to fill in the spaces between. But the sun and the moon came creeping through the chinks that the builders had left and Ortelia was more than satisfied.

One Thanksgiving morning Ortelia took Maggie out in the woods and together they trampled the few dead leaves that had fallen. Ortelia didn't know it was Thanksgiving Day. She knew when Christmas came, although no one had ever made her the smallest present.

"O, here's a heap o' dock!" said Ortelia, getting down on her knees and digging up the roots with both fat brown hands. "We'll take some home to granny. She'll make a power o' tea of it. Mebbe it will cure her rheumatiz. O, look!" she cried, suddenly; "I've found such a funny stone, with marks all over it."

"Put it in my pockey," lisped chubby Maggie.

"Come yere, quick!" exclaimed Ortelia, who had begun to dig again for dock root, and before Maggie's uncertain steps could reach her she had drawn from the sand, where it lay half buried, a small iron pot, covered with a thick coat of rust.

"Take home to granny," said Maggie, as she quickly threw the bright berries she gathered into the pot and tried to drag it along by the handle.

"It's a heap too heavy fur you," said Ortelia. "Reckon you'll have to let me carry it. You kin carry the berries and we'll fill the pot full o' dock root."

Granny was sitting in the doorway when Ortelia and Maggie came in sight of the house.

"What you chillen got?" she asked. "Pears though you done a heap o' walkin'. What's that your fetchin' me? Wherever did you git the pot?"

"It was in the sand behind a heap o' bushes," said Ortelia. "I'm goin' to git some ashes and see if I can't scour it up."

In half an hour the old kettle looked as black as ink once more, and Ortelia's arms ached hard with rubbing. "Put in the dock root, granny," she said, "Mebbe it will go your rheumatiz a power o' good."

So granny set the pan on the fire, and soon the dock was simmering gently. Maggie crept in to see the new pot boil the dock. The pretty berries she had gathered lay on the floor, and she picked them up and dropped them one by one in the pot. Her mother was out in the field husking corn. Granny was fast asleep in her splintbottom chair, and Ortelia sat on the doorstep trying to get the baby asleep.

"I don't feel right well," said granny, after their Thanksgiving dinner of pork and corn-bread, "reckon I'll have a sip o' the dock."

But she didn't feel any better when supper-time came, although she had taken several sips of the dock, and Ortelia's mother grew anxious.

"Do you think you could git over to the minister's?" she said to Ortelia. Now the minister lived a long mile away, and the path lay straight through the woods.

It was scarcely dark when Ortelia came to the minister's long frame house but the minister himself had gone to the shore, a mile further on, so there was nothing for her to do but to hurry back home again as fast as she could.

It grew darker and darker. Suddenly she stumbled over a black object that lay in the path, and fell flat on her face. "Who is it?" asked a man's faint voice.

"Me," answered Ortelia, almost too frightened to speak.

"I think I must have fainted," said the man. "Did you stumble over me a minute ago? I thought I felt something."

"I reckoned you was a bear," said Ortelia.

"Well, I'm as hungry as one, but I won't eat you up. I haven't had any Thanksgiving dinner yet. I've hurt my foot and I'm afraid I can't walk. Do you live far from here?"

"No," said Ortelia, "not very far. Kin you crawl?"

"Not very far, I'm afraid. Has your father got a cart of any kind?"

"No," said Ortelia, "father's dead and we never had no cart. But the minister, he's got a mule," she added. "Mebbe I'd better go back an' git him."

"Is it far?" again.

"Yes," said Ortelia, "it's a right smart ways in the dark, but I'll go fur you," and started back through the woods.

The old colored woman who kept house for the minister let Ortelia untie the mule and lead him off up the road. "Hullo!" called out the man when he heard the patter of the mule's hoofs, "it didn't take you long. I was afraid you might lose your way."

When Ortelia's mother saw them coming she came to the door, with the baby asleep in her arms.

"I've sprained my foot, ma'am," explained the stranger, "and your daughter here thought perhaps you could keep me over night. I'll take pot luck. Anything will do. I'm too hungry to be particular."

When he was seated by the fire, with his ankle bound up in calico, he looked around curiously. The old pot stood beside the hearth.

"What a quaint old kettle!" he said. "I found it in the sand this morning," explained Ortelia.

"It's dock tea in it," said granny. "It's good fur a heap o' things. Pears though it liked to killed me this time." The visitor stooped and picked up two or three of the berries little Maggie had dropped.

"Maggie brought home a lot o' them berries," said Ortelia; "mebbe she threw some o' them in the pot."

"Here, Ortelia," said her new friend, "go and empty the kettle and then bring it to me. I want to look at it. Now, granny," he continued, "come here and let me feel your pulse. I know a great deal about sickness; I'll have you all right in less than no time."

When Ortelia came in with the empty pot he looked at it closely.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed: "here's 1679 on the bottom. Now I call this pot luck. Ortelia, will you sell me this old kettle?" And he drew a handful of silver out of his pocket and thrust it into Ortelia's hand.

But Ortelia laid the silver back in his lap.

"It ain't worth such a heap o' money," she said; "it's old pot."

"That's the reason I want it," answered the stranger. "It's so very, very old. Take the money, Ortelia. If it hadn't been for you I might still be lying down there in the woods."

"An' granny might a-died if she'd gone on takin' the dock," said Ortelia, still hanging back, "You kin have the pot."

"Well, we both have enough to be thankful for," replied the visitor. "I guess we'll have to kill a chicken and keep Thanksgiving to-morrow."

"What's Thanksgiving?" asked Ortelia.

"It's one of our holidays up North," said the man, "and we all go to church, and give thanks for our many blessings."

"I'm thankful," said Ortelia, softly.

"We always have a plenty."

"Be you a minister?" asked granny, turning toward their new friend.

"You're good enough fur one."—Nina H. Clark.

Artemus Ward's Programme.

Artemus Ward was very eccentric in everything he did. Some old admirer of the great humorist has fished up one of his memorial programmes. It is one of the programmes of his "Among the Mormons" entertainment, dated Sandusky, May 8 (probably 1854). We copy a few specimens: "The music on the grand piano will compromise: 'Dear mother, I have come home to die by request,' etc., 'W-a-shoe, the land of silver—Good quarters to be found there. Playful population, fond of high-low jack and homicide.' 'Heber C. Kimball's Harem—Mr. Kimball is a kind husband and a numerous father.' 'Selections from the piano—Mr. Forrester. Mr. Forrester once boarded in the same street with Gotschalk. The man who kept the boarding-house remembers it well.' 'Those of the audience who do not feel offended with Artemus Ward are cordially invited to call upon him often at his fine new house in Chicago. His house is on the right hand side as you cross the ferry, and may be easily distinguished from the other houses by its having a cupola and mortgage on it.' 'Answer to correspondence: Laura Matilda—I have an unfortunate tendency even on trivial occasions, to shed tears. How can I prevent it? 'Lock up the shed.' 'Traveler—How long was Artemus Ward in California? 'Five feet ten and a half.' 'Citizen—I am getting bald. What will make my hair come out? 'Oil of vitriol will make all your hair come out.'"

"Rules of the house: Ladies or gentlemen will please report any negligence or disobedience on the part of the lecturer. Artemus Ward will not be responsible for money, jewelry or valuables unless left with him—to be returned in a week or so. Persons who think they will enjoy themselves more by leaving the hall early in the evening are requested to do so with as little noise as possible."

Violent Gales in England.

LONDON, Dec. 12.—Violent gales throughout England last evening and to-day did much damage in London and the provinces, and many lives were lost at sea. At Wolverhampton the exhibition building, which was only partially completed, was destroyed. At Newry the lamp posts in the streets were bent. Huge trees were torn up and carried away. Low lying districts in Birmingham were flooded. A portion of the roof of the Church St. Chad, at Derby, was destroyed. The Congregational church here was also damaged. The Parish church at Rotherham was much injured. Chimneys and shafts were thrown down at Manchester and Leeds. A large gas-holder near Belford capsized, and the chemical works at Widnes were damaged. The Leicester carriage works were destroyed. At Birkenhead great damage was done. The chief officer of a steamer just arrived from Glasgow was killed. Cabs were overturned and many buildings damaged. At Lincoln the parapet tower of the cathedral was blown down. A ship was blown from her moorings in Belfast harbor. At South Shields vessels broke adrift. Three wharves sunk. The British ship Liverpool from Quebec for Greenock is a total wreck off Stranraer, Scotland; only a man and boy were saved of the crew. Two persons were killed at Hull and several injured. A portion of Portsmouth is flooded. At Hartlepool many ships were damaged. At Birmingham two persons were killed and a number wounded. Three were killed in Manchester. At Dewsbury three were killed. At Chester a man was blown down in the street and killed and two other persons were killed. A portion of the roof of St. Mary's church, Berwick, was destroyed. Several houses in the suburbs of Nottingham were blown down. At Kildwick the gasometer was demolished. A postal telegraph inspector was cut in halves in Leeds. At Bradford monuments under the Cliff cemetery, and a portion of the depot of the Midland railway were blown down. Several vessels docked in the Mersey were damaged. Two vessels were wrecked at Dunbar, Scotland, and two men drowned. The low lands of West Lancashire and the Gasland district are flooded. At Glasgow the damage to property is very great.

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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