

Griggs Courier.

FREDERICK H. ADAMS, Publisher,

COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA.

CAUGHT BY CASH.

Where now is pretty Molly,
On whom for weeks I doted—
A lovely girl, for rosy cheeks
And eyes of azure noted?
She went to town to visit
Her uncle's only daughter,
And there, too easily, I fear,
A wealthy banker caught her.

And where is dark-eyed Sarah,
Who used to pet and kiss me,
And vowed that she would surely die
If ever she should miss me?
Now far away is Sarah,
And vainly have I sought her;
One day there chanced to come along
A rich young chap who caught her.

And where is charming Ida,
Whose love was mine one season,
And at its close I felt like one
Almost bereft of reason?
Well, now she has a husband—
I will not say he bought her;
Although her heart was vowed to me,
A fat old brewer caught her.

And there was little Nelly,
So pure, and sweet, and tender,
Whose hand I scarcely dared to touch,
For fear I might offend her.
A rich man's son she married,
Who soon to trouble brought her,
And then, to ease her aching heart,
Death came along and caught her.

—Drake's Traveller's Magazine.

AFRICAN PESTS.

They Range From the Disagreeable to the Deadly.

The Ant as a Bone Polisher and an Executioner—The Thoughtful Mosquito and "Hottentot God"—Getting Accustomed to Danger.

In the southeastern part of South Africa there is located the crown colony Natal. It is but little known to the world at large, even at the present time, and until a few years ago, when the Zulus under Cetewayo fought the British troops for a long time successfully, and the tragic and mournful death of the young Prince Imperial of France within its boundaries brought it prominently into notice, it was almost a terra incognita. Yet, small as it is in regard to territory and population, it can hold its own with larger and more pretentious countries in the variety and countless number of its insects and reptiles. I believe it was Mark Twain, at any rate it was an American humorist, who, taking for a subject the passage from Solomon, "Go to the ant thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise," says that for a long time he watched the movements of some ants, and he came to the conclusion that for insane actions, undecided movements, and unsatisfactory results he could give to ants the palm. Had he seen the ants of South Africa his opinion would have been vastly different. The termites, or white ants, build for themselves houses or hills of an average height of three feet in diameter at the base, conical in shape and some times adorned with one or two pinnacles. In rare cases the hills rise to a height of four or five feet, the substance of which they are constructed—earth mixed with a secretion from their own bodies—being as hard as cement. Mixed with water it is used in laying bricks and as a covering for the floor of Kafir kraals and the houses of the Dutch inhabitants. It makes a strong water and damp proof floor. The ant houses in the interior are divided into apartments connected by galleries. The ants have among themselves regular guards and soldiers, who, when a breach is made in their dwelling, rush forth in its defense and muster the working ants, who, curiously enough, are without eyes, to repair the damage, and in a surprisingly short time the swarms of ants will have effected all repairs and every thing will be right and quiet again. An animal dies on the Veldt; soon the vultures will have torn off his hide and devoured all of it excepting the bones, then the ants in their turn clean and polish those so that within twenty-four hours after death there will remain only the bones, smooth and polished inside and out, and what was the day previous a living animal is now a disjointed and whitened skeleton.

These ants are most destructive to everything wooden. They attack and eat the door and window frames, floor timbers and floors of houses, making no show of their ravages on the exterior, but devouring the wood until there remains only a shell, and to the surprise of the dweller, the slamming of a door or the dropping of a window may result in the total collapse of its frame, which falls in a cloud of dust. The black ants make most remarkable journeys or migrations, and when on the road travel in immense numbers—in a body from a foot to several yards in width, and being from half an hour to an hour in passing a given point. In these journeys they turn neither to the right hand nor the left, stopping only when coming to water. Any obstruction like a house or tree they pass over, swarming up

one side and down the other. Should they find an open door or window, woe be to that house. The Kafirs in their cruel manner of punishing their enemies sometimes fasten the poor victim to the ground in the way of these ants, and he is almost devoured before life becomes extinct. The insects will not leave the body until every bone is polished. The ant hills are to the traveler useful in one way. By scooping out one side and part of the interior and making a fire in the cavity, he has a most excellent oven, which retains the heat well. I have eaten often bread and meat baked in these primitive but good ovens. A peculiarity of these ants is that on a warm evening about the middle of March millions of them with wings—said to be the females—infest the houses, attracted by the lights. Their wings are light and gauzy, lasting them for the night only. They drop off and disappear. I have seen flying ants so thick in a billiard-room as to put a stop to the playing, and so much of a nuisance as to drive people away from a dining-table.

A book could be written on the various species of ants, but let us pass on to some of the other insects which abound in Africa. Here I can say a word in favor of the detested mosquito. In South Africa he is quite decent. He only bites during the day, and at sunset, unlike his American cousin, goes to sleep and gives you a rest. As to fleas, they are found in legions, and are as active and bloodthirsty as any in the world.

Sitting in my room one evening reading, my attention was drawn to a remarkable-looking insect, which sat upon its haunches before me. It was of a bright emerald-green color, three inches long, and evidently of the grasshopper species. It had a face like a death's head, with large, protruding eyes, which it rolled about in a most comical manner. Its forelegs resembled arms with hands, which it held up on either side of its face like a horrified old woman. Altogether it it a most ludicrous insect. It is called by the inhabitants the "Hottentot God." The Kafirs are very superstitious about it, believing that it is the forerunner of death. It is harmless unless annoyed, when it will show fight.

Of grasshoppers and locusts there are so many sorts, from those that are six inches long and armor-plated like a small iron-clad to little wee things hardly perceptible. All of them, however, are terribly destructive to vegetation. Moths and butterflies are innumerable, some of them are very beautiful as they flash among the flowers in the bright African sunlight, while others are of a more somber hue. We must not forget the destructive fish-moth, who finds all woolen garments, and to your utter dismay when a cold snap comes on and you think you have a nice warm garment to put on, giving it a shake to dislodge the spiders, scorpions, and other disagreeable tenants who like to take up their abode in all put-away clothing, to find it fly off in dust, and instead of what you expected you have a fine lace-worked article, useless even if ornamental. Spiders there are, from those as large as a pigeon's egg to the smallest conceivable size, venomous and terrible in their bites, lurking in all sorts of hidden places. One of the most dangerous of the species is a small, round-bodied fellow, whose favorite haunt is in outhouses and in closets, and whose bite is very painful. Scorpions are plentiful and poisonous. Centipedes are found everywhere. In fact, with those insects that I have mentioned and others not enumerated, the dweller in Africa needs to keep his eyes open, but like men who work in powder factories or similarly dangerous places, one becomes accustomed to all these insects, and a scorpion, centipede, or tarantula is brushed off in a cool matter-of-fact way, crushed with the foot, and nothing more thought about it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Cleaning a Black Dress.

A black dress, whose owner had worn it on a fishing excursion in a row boat, and was caught in a severe thunder shower while out on the water, hung month after month an eyesore, and, as she supposed, past cleaning without ripping. As the time rolled around that she might need it again for another excursion, she tried an experiment, and put the skirt and overskirt, which were in one binding, into a large tubful of clear cold water. The basque did not need it. After soaking awhile it was brushed thoroughly, especially the platings, with cast-off weavers' brushes, and hung out on a picket fence by the binding, dripping, not having been wrung or the water even squeezed out. The folds and platts were brushed in place as well as possible as it hung, and it being of stiff goods, and the day clear and warm, it was soon dry and ready to bring in. It needed no ironing except in a few wrinkled spots, which she dampened and pressed, and she felt so well satisfied with it that it has been worn afterwards, sweet and clean.—Boston Budget.

FULL OF FUN.

—White—What kind of a speaker is Black? Gray—Oh, like a whale. W.—Like a whale? I don't understand. G.—Why, he's a good spouter.

—When a man drops a paper sack full of fresh eggs on a stone sidewalk he may expect to hear his wife say when he gets home that he made a bad break.

—To whom shall I charge this reading ad?" said the practical book-keeper. "What is the title of it?" asked the editor. "Washington's Farewell Ad.," was the reply.

—Ending of a boy's letter from boarding school: "I can't write any more, for my feet are so cold I can't hold a pen. Your affectionate son, Tommy."—Accident News.

—Rural visitor standing over a pavement grating: "These ere things are good enough ter heat houses with, but they ain't wuth er dogorn to heat cities with."—Harper's Weekly.

—Bertie—Pa, Uncle Charles says you have a sluggish temperament. Pa—Uncle Charles is right. I have. Bertie—Pa, did ma know you were a slugger when she married you?—Exchange.

—My husband is a very absent-minded man," said Mrs. Slowboy. "He very often takes one thing for another." "I know it, said Mr. Badman, "I saw him taking a hot toddy last night, and he said he took it for a cold."—Burdette.

—Tom—Is Dick doing well in his new business? Harry—I guess so. He has taken in a partner. T.—What did he do that for? H.—Oh, I suppose he'd do better with her than without. T.—Her? H.—Yes, he was married last week.

—Small girl—Ma, what are the tides? Do they grow like strawberries? Mother—Tides grow? what nonsense! Small girl—Well, what does our minister mean then, when he keeps talking about stemming the tide?—Burlington Free Press.

—A Scotch Presbyterian minister who married a couple of his rustic parishioners felt exceedingly disconcerted on his asking the bridegroom if he were willing to take the woman for his wife by his scratching his head and saying: "Ay, I'm wullin', but I'd rather hae her sister."—Brooklyn Union.

—The Cause of the Difference.—Poor Young Artist—That is an exact copy of one of Raphael's works, madam. An art gallery on Fifth avenue charges \$75,000 for the original. You can have this for \$2.25. Madam—That seems to be a wide difference in price. Poor Young Artist—Yes; but I don't have to pay Fifth avenue rents, you know.—Puck.

—He was an artist, courting the daughter of a sea captain. While he was whispering soft nothings in her ear in the dimly-lighted parlor, he was paralyzed by the harsh voice of the ancient mariner in a neighboring room: "Cast off that painter!" But she explained that her father often used nautical phrases in his sleep, and the engagement proceeded to a finish.

CASHED HIS OWN DRAFT.

What a Cautious Man Paid for the Privilege of Carrying His Own Money. It was in the early days of the railroad, when it was yet new; the days when the journey to New York was less of a little jaunt than it is now; when greenbacks were not popular here. One summer morning a man, walking in happy and feverish haste, with wild excitement beaming all over his face, stepped into the office of a well-known banker.

"I want exchange for this in New York."

"All right. What is it?"

The man looked fearfully around him and then brought out a packet.

"It's twenty-five thousand dollars in greenbacks."

"I guess I can do it. Going East?"

"Yes. I'm going to-morrow. I don't want to carry all this with me. Couldn't do it. Sure to get robbed. So give me a draft. How much?"

"Oh, seeing it's you, I per cent; \$250—"

"It goes."

So the banker made out a draft on New York and took the money.

"You are going to-morrow, are you?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind taking a little parcel for me and handing it to my brother?"

"Certainly. I'll do it with pleasure."

The banker went into the other room and presently came back with the parcel.

"Just put it in your valise, and don't lose it, will you?"

"I'll take the best care of it."

"Thank you. Good-by. Pleasant trip."

Arrived in New York, the Californian went to the address and delivered the package. Then he presented his draft. The man opened the package and gave him the identical \$25,000 in greenbacks he had in San Francisco. He had carried them all the way himself.—San Francisco Chronicle.

MODERN DENTISTRY.

Recent Changes and Improvements in the Art of Tooth-Carpentering.

"Pulling teeth is not easy work, I assure you," said a prominent up-town dentist the other day. "To pull a number of teeth one after another requires muscle and considerable endurance. A dentist who pulls many molars has strong, muscular wrists, and can make things pretty warm for an antagonist in a boxing match. When I began studying for the profession I was weak and slender. My friends told me I never could do hard dental work. So I went to a gymnasium and underwent a regular athletic course. The dentist of to-day is not required to pull teeth so frequently as the men of the old school. It used to be the main object of a dentist to destroy bad teeth. The object now is to preserve them. Many of our most prominent dentists decline to pull teeth. They send their patients to some place where extraction by laughing gas is made a business. I have not pulled a tooth for several years. But in my younger days extracting was the rule and filling the exception. My first office was in a Southern town, before the war. There were plantations for miles around. At certain seasons of the year the owner of the plantation had a dentist come out and examine the jaws of all the family and then of the slaves and their families. It took a whole day often to treat one of these plantations. I recollect one plantation that I reached before breakfast. The owner, who was very wealthy, invited me to breakfast with him. I arrived about eight o'clock, and breakfast was not served until ten. So I began my work at once and before breakfast I extracted just 212 teeth. It was the hardest morning's job I ever attempted, and my appetite was something enormous when I finally sat down at the table.

"Dentistry, like every profession, is constantly changing and we think is constantly improving. We have means by which teeth can be filled and even nerves killed without the patient feeling the least bit of pain. A little cocaine on cotton, inserted in the tooth and applied on the outside deadens the pain. The tooth can be filled and drilled without the least annoyance or inconvenience to the patient. We have ascertained that teeth can be transmitted, just as blood and skin are transmitted by physicians. I mean that a tooth from one person can be extracted and fastened in another person's gums, so that it will grow fast and be as sound and useful as a native molar. Of course it is not a process that is particularly enjoyed by the person securing the tooth. The previous character and history of the tooth is so uncertain that the mind is apt to dwell rather painfully on the subject. It is not a matter of reminiscence. I have tried the process once and with great success. The patient was a colored man. He needed one tooth in his jaw very badly, but a false one would not remain firm enough. I took a freshly-extracted molar, and after fixing the socket in the colored man's mouth, inserted the new tooth. I fastened it firmly, and it soon adhered to the gum and the roots grew nicely. I said to the darky one day that he had better look out for the tooth on the resurrection day, as it would leave him and hunt up its original owner. I thought he had better keep a watch and see where it went.

"Dat ain't wot's boderin' dis nigger boss," he said. "What's boderin' me isn't what will become of dis tooth, but who de fellar was dat had de tooth 'fore dis nigger got it. Dat's a 'flection dat's worryin' me considerable, boss. It's worryin' my ole woman, too, 'kase she says like as not dat tooth cum from de mouth of some nice-lookin' nigger gal, and it may bewitch me and keep me thinkin' 'bout her all de time. 'Spects dat don't bodder dis nigger much, though, boss. If dat tooth came from a 'spectable wench, I see all right. But I see 'fraid it belonged to some nasty black trash,' and he laughed heartily."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

The Saving of Medicine.

It is a bad custom when physicians' prescriptions are discontinued by a patient to store away the remnants in vials and boxes. Preparations carefully compounded for special cases and conditions may become absolutely injurious by lapse of time, and under certain circumstances, some articles change their character by being kept in small quantities. There are a few simple preparations which may be kept in the house, though even of these the fewer kept the better. But of all things injudicious, among the most so is the giving to one person, without medical advice, the medicine prescribed for another. It would seem in some families that the members consider themselves as residuary legatees, entitled to appropriate all the remainders of the doses prescribed for a relative by a physician after his visits are discontinued.—Philadelphia Ledger.

PICTURESQUE TRIESTE.

The Corso, Canal and Citadel of Austria's One Important Seaport.

Trieste is far from being intrinsically the most interesting city in Europe. The high hills that cluster about it appear to be trying to crowd it into the Adriatic, but it clings closely to the narrow strip of level ground along the water's edge, expands up the steep hillsides and thrusts its streets, like tendrils, up the one or two valleys that give gradual access to the highlands behind it. Up the main valley extends a sort of broad canal or port, and runs the Corso, the principal but not very handsome business thoroughfare of the city. Near the end of the Corso begins a long avenue set with several rows of trees and called "alley," like those at Marseilles, but it is less shady and handsome. Here the whole population of the city comes on all the pleasant evenings of the year and passes up and down along its mile or more of length, or goes on beyond into the Borchetti, the wooded park that stretches far up one of the broad hillsides. Near by the grand alley, which has some well-patronized cafes, where very good music can be heard, is a public garden moderately well kept, and not far off the Piazzetta Ricardo—that is, "Little Place Richard"—because, so says the popular legend, in a building adjoining it, Richard the Lion Heart was first imprisoned after his capture on his return from Palestine by the treacherous Duke of Austria. It is not presumed to be the one where Blondel found him. The story is perhaps true. If it is not it gives a not disagreeable fill-up to the imagination in a city where life stagnates just a little. There is another personal reminiscence of quite a different kind. Fouché, the famous Minister of Police of Napoleon, died here in 1820, and his ashes repose under a slab in the old Cathedral Santo Giusto.

Along the canals there are signs of life, and also near the quays, which reach out their moles like teeth or hooks encircling placid bits of water. Along them are some public places, surrounded by hotels and cafes, and near by are streets containing some of the handsomest shops, in which one often hears German spoken. The tide of German commerce has reached and partially overflowed Trieste. But the personal types are Italian, and often very handsome, and the language that one hears in the streets and cafes is the soft southern tongue. It seems a great pity that a town purely Italian should be Austrian—that Italy can not have her own. To the left as you go up the Corsolies what is called the new city; to the right the older and more crooked quarters, which, if they fail to interest the ordinary traveler, are old enough to satisfy the most exacting antiquarian. To penetrate this quarter you begin to climb almost at the water's edge, and wind slowly up to the cathedral through narrow streets, lined with ancient houses and shops selling all sorts of abominations. In time and after much weariness you emerge on the cathedral terrace esplanade, whence you have a superb view of cloudless sky and tranquil sea. When told that the annual movement of the port is 18,000 ships, you naturally wonder that you see none arriving or departing, not even a sail to vary the monotony of the vast expanse of blue water stretching away to the southern horizon.

Near the cathedral is the citadel, but the guard at the gate thinks you had better not go in, so you take a second look at the church front. It is antique and queer, and among the decorations of the facade are three bronze busts of bishops, with six ancient busts coming from old Roman tombs—a strange blending of heathenism and Christianity. Antiquities are not wanting at Trieste, such as they are. There is a museum full of them, and there is an ancient arch, but whether it is one intended to celebrate a triumph of Roman arms or helped support an aqueduct, the antiquarians have not yet made up their minds. The Emperor has a palace here and comes occasionally. He has a choice of climate in his dominions, the extremes being represented by the heights of the Tyrol and the shores of the Mediterranean. The people of Trieste bear Austrian rule patiently. It is a long time since they knew any other. They were never a part of United Italy.—Albert Sulliffe, in San Francisco Chronicle.

Geographical Societies.

The societies for promoting geographical research are steadily increasing. The first—the Paris Geographical Society—was established in 1821; and 90 others were in existence in 1881. Statistics compiled by M. Kaltbrunner show that the number is now 115, of which Europe has 91, Africa 5 and America only 9. Periodicals treating of geography have reached a total of 263, of which 214 are published in Europe and 19 in America. France has no less than 28 of these societies, with 79 of the periodicals; and Germany 23 societies and 42 periodicals.—Arkansas Traveler.