

Griggs Courier.

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A POET'S VISION.

Day follows day; years perish; still mine eyes
Are opened on the self-same round of space;
You falsest forests in their Titan grace,
And the large splendors of those opulent skies,
I watch unwearied the miscellaneous dyes
Of dawn or sunset; the soft boughs which lace
Round some coy dried in a lonely place
Thrilled with low whispering and strange sylvan
sighs;

Fearful the poet's mind is fresh as dew,
And oft refilled as fountains of the light.
His clear child's soul finds something sweet and
new

Even in a weed's heart, the curved leaves of
corn,
The spear-like grass, the silvery rime of morn,
A cloud rose-edged, and fleeting stars at night!

—PAUL HAMILTON HAUNE.

THE DOCTOR'S BILL.

Mrs. Wynthrop's drawing-room was bright and cosy with its wine-colored velvet carpet, gilded tables, and deep couch-like chairs upholstered in crimson satin, and the mossy rug in front of the fire, into which one's feet sank as if it had been strewn with blood-red rosebuds.

The fire glimmered cheerily in the polished grate, the gaslight beamed softly through the ground-glass globes, and one might have fancied the apartment expressly designed for sweet delightful occupations which are supposed to belong to high life, but not for frowns such as now disturbed the artistically enamelled countenance of Mrs. Wynthrop, who, despite her elegant evening dress, looked cold and harsh, while Mabel Moore, her poor governess, stood pale and shrinking before her.

"Such forwardness I never saw—oh, never! and I wish you to understand that it will not be tolerated in respectable society, Miss Moore. A governess! yes, a common nursery governess, whom I have been good enough to employ, to flirt the whole evening with Dr. Carleton."

"I did not flirt," pleaded poor Mabel; "he was merely asking me about the arrangement of some music which he—"

"Oh, very likely," sneered Mrs. Wynthrop; "he is very much interested in music, I've no doubt, and, too, when you knew perfectly well he was Olivia's company. Well, really, I don't know what this world is coming to. One thing I wish you to understand; that you are dismissed from my employ from this very moment. You will find your wages on the mantel there, for I don't begrudge your quarter's salary, though you do leave in this irregular manner. Of course, you do not expect a character, for I cannot conscientiously give you one."

Mabel Moore turned very red, and then pale. She uttered no word of remonstrance, but, turning slowly, went up to her room, put on her hat and shawl, packed her slender belongings into a bag, and left the house.

Half an hour later Mrs. Wynthrop, rustling through the well-warmed rooms, espied the money lying untouched on the marble mantel where she had placed it.

"Dear me!" quoth the stately dame. "The governess has forgotten her wages; well, I shall not take the trouble to send the money to her."

Mabel Moore went slowly to the shabby-genteel apartments where her aunt worked at embroidery, and told her story.

Aunt Mary's eyes filled with tears as she listened.

"It's a burning shame that such heartless upstarts have it in their power to tyrannise over better people, to whom fortune has denied wealth. But never mind, Mabel, you shall be welcome to a home here until you find another situation."

"I knew I should, aunt,"

"What makes you speak so hoarsely, child?" asked the elder lady.

"My throat is a little sore, aunt; I think I have taken cold."

"You had better let me make you a cup of tea, and go to bed at once, Mabel."

"Nonsense, aunt! I am going to help you finish this robe first."

But the next day poor Mabel had a racking pain in the temples, and was quite unable to rise, and before evening she was delirious.

"Bob," said Aunt Mary, coming out of her niece's room with a troubled face, into the entry where the landlady's red-haired son was playing marbles. "I want you to go to Dr. Jeffries and tell him to come here as quickly as possible; don't delay a moment, for it may be a matter of life and death."

"Yes'm," said Bob, and away he went.

"Is the doctor in?" demanded Bob of the page-boy at Dr. Jeffries's residence.

"No, he ain't," replied the boy.

"When will he be in?"

"Don't know," was the listless answer.

Bob wasted no more time in useless inquiry, but set off after another doctor.

"If it's really a case of life and death," thought sensible Bob, "it don't make no difference what doctor they has, so they has one."

So it happened that young Dr. Carleton had just entered his surgery, thinking whether it was time to make his toilet and call at Mrs. Wynthrop's, when he found himself confronted by a small red-haired boy.

"You're to come d'reckly to No. 10, Black's-court: it's a case of life and death."

Mrs. Wynthrop had discharged her governess in order that she might be put effectually out of Dr. Carleton's way, but fate and Mrs. Wynthrop were marshalled on opposite sides this time, and Dr. Carleton walked into Mabel's sick-room, never dreaming that it was Mrs. Wynthrop's late governess whom he had been called to attend professionally.

Ernest Carleton started a little when he looked into the dark brown eyes of the now delirious girl, but Mabel smiled calmly at him without recognizing his manly face.

"It was not my fault," she said innocently; "I never dreamed of offending Mrs. Wynthrop, and it was wrong for her to turn me out of doors."

"You see she is delirious," said Aunt Mary.

"Yes, I see," replied the doctor.

So, while Miss Olivia Wynthrop lounged gracefully in the wine-colored drawing-room in silk attire, watching the gilded hands of the clock, and wondering why the expected visitor did not come, Dr. Carleton was sitting by Mabel Moore's bedside, counting the rapid pulsing of her slender wrist, and thinking he had never seen anything so lovely as her pure oval face and dark brown eyes.

"So you think I am cured, doctor?"

Mabel was sitting up in Aunt Mary's easiest chair, dressed in a crimson cashmere wrapper, with her brown hair netted back from her lovely pale face.

"Yes," smiled Dr. Carleton; "as we say of our hospital cases, I think I may mark you down as discharged cured. I do not think it necessary for me to make any more visits here unless—"

Mabel blushed deeply.

"I am afraid, doctor," she faltered, glancing at Aunt Mary, who looked equally distressed, "that I—that we—shall not be able to pay you for the visits you have already been kind enough to make."

"I was not thinking of my bill," said the doctor.

"But we must think of it," returned Mabel, "and—"

"So you will not let me come here any more as a physician?"

Mabel looked pained.

"If our means—" she began.

"What nonsense," laughingly interrupted the doctor. "I see I shall have to be more explicit. May I come as your future husband? Will that do, Mabel?"

The soft pink flushes chased away the convalescent paleness of the young girl's cheeks.

"Dr. Carleton!"

"Yes, Miss Moore!"

"Do you really—"

"I do really love you, Mabel and want you for my wife."

"But Olivia Wynthrop," said Mabel; "what will she say?"

"What has she to do with it, I should like to know?" returned Dr. Carleton.

"She is nothing to me, nor was she ever more than the merest acquaintance. It is you I love, Mabel. May I come, my darling?"

"Yes," softly, "you may come; but as for your bill—"

"As for my bill!" exclaimed the doctor gaily, "I will send that to your husband."

And Mrs. Wynthrop never called on the wife of Dr. Carleton.

Spring Fashions for Men.

The fashions in hats will not be greatly changed.

The fashionable collar will be high, with a wide spread.

Dress shirts are to be of ribbed goods. Some will be embroidered in pique figures.

Striped shirts with white collars and cuffs will be worn with business suits as heretofore.

Cuffs will be worn rather longer than at present, either round or square cornered. Cuff-buttons will be linked.

Spring overcoats are to be short, shaped to the figure, and stitched upon the edges. They will be in light colors.

The handsomest mufflers for evening wear are of white cashmere embroidered in fantastic figures of delicate tint.

Trousers will be cut larger in the leg. The patterns will be mostly in stripes, although some swell checked goods will be worn.

Dress suits of a fine diagonal cloth will be the fashion. The vest will be white and adorned with round silver buttons. These buttons are the latest thing out.

There is a great demand among the swells for dress ties which they can tie themselves. These are of plain white lawn or linen. The lawn is preferred, as being more easily tied.

The most popular street gloves will be those of a light tan color, with three spear points attached upon the back. Evening gloves will be pearl colored, embroidered upon the back in the same color.

Shoes will be worn with low heels

and tips upon the toes. They will be broad-toed and laced with porpoise skin. Light-colored uppers will be worn by the exquisites. Patent-leather gaiters will be proper for the afternoon and evening, with tips upon the toes.

Business suits will be made principally in four-button sack-coats, shaped to the figure and cut long. The breast pockets will be patched and the side pockets furnished with flaps. For the afternoon three-button cutaways will be in vogue, the coat and vest lower than the present, displaying a wider expanse of shirt bosom.

Four-in-hand neckties will be the most popular. The patterns are small stripes and figures. White four-in-hand ties will be worn in the afternoon of light ribbed goods. Some tinted shades also promise to become popular. Polka-dot ties are also in demand, and white ties with embroidered dots will be fashionable.

The Giant Birds of New Zealand.

The discovery of the Dinornis by the illustrious zoologist, Richard Owen, is famous as one of the most notable feats in the history of science. From a single imperfect bone, a femur broken at both ends, he deduced the fact that an enormous bird of the Struthious order, but far exceeding the ostrich in size, formerly inhabited New Zealand. This discovery, published in 1839, aroused much interest, and led to further inquiry. Four years later Owen was able to show, from the comparison of many fragments of skeletons which had reached him, that there had been at least six species of these gigantic birds. With additional materials, in 1850, he had increased the number of species to eleven, classed in three genera, and varying in size from a kind no larger than the great bustard (or about five feet high) to one—the Dinornis giganteus—at least ten feet in height. Still later researches have shown that even this stature was in some instances surpassed, and that birds must have existed in New Zealand whose height attained fourteen feet, or twice that of the largest ostrich.

When Owen's first paper on this subject was published, the only white residents in New Zealand were a few missionaries and traders. Since then it has become one of the most flourishing of British colonies, especially distinguished for the educated intelligence of its people. Several scientific associations exist among them, whose members pursue with zeal their researches into the natural history of their islands. These huge extinct birds were, of course, among the first subjects of investigation; and soon a decided and very remarkable difference of opinion appeared.—*Mr. Horatio Hale in Popular Science Monthly.*

A Great Meerschaum Center.

Ruhla, a mountain village of Thuringia, is the center of the pipe manufacture of Germany. Like Sheffield, it was famous in the middle ages for its arms and armor, and at a subsequent period for its knives. When the use of tobacco became common in Europe it turned its attention to iron smoking pipes.

Gradually, however, beginning in the seventeenth century, meerschaum and wood were adopted as more suitable materials to work upon. The first meerschaum pipe was carved in the early part of the Thirty Years' War, and Wallenstein is said to have bought it. The true clay is to be procured only at Eski-Scher in Asia Minor, where there are large deposits, and whence it is sent direct to the manufacturing centers at Ruhla, of which there are at present forty, employing almost the whole population of the district.

The number of pipes and other articles dear to smokers turned out is enormous; the yearly average being 500,000 real meerschaum, varying in price from 3d. to £12 apiece; 500,000 imitation meerschaums at from 1s. to £1 the dozen; 9,000,000 porcelain pipe bowls, either plain white or gaily-painted, rising in price from 4d. to 10s. the dozen; 5,000,000 wooden pipes of infinite variety in size, form, ornamentation and price, the common kinds being extremely cheap and those artistically carved fetching a comparatively high price; 3,000,000 bowls of clay or lava, plain at about 8d., of better kinds at 8s. the dozen; 15,000,000 pipes composed of separate parts (bowl, stick, cover, etc.), from 5d. to £25 the dozen.

There are five qualities of meerschaum used in the making of pipes; the best is known by its facile absorption of the nicotine juice of tobacco, which gradually develops into a rich brown bluish upon the surface, and when this process is well advanced the pipe becomes almost invulnerable without being hard. A specimen of this kind sold at Vienna for £50, although it was not very highly carved.—*London Times.*

In the experiments made by the French government a minimum quantity of salt allowed daily to cows produced the greatest flow of milk. Oxen fed the same amount presented sleek coats, while others receiving no salt were mangy, rough, and ill-conditioned. The amount allowed was: For fattening stall oxen, two and one-half ounces each per day; fattening pigs, one to two ounces, according to size; sheep, one-half an ounce, and horses and mules, one ounce.

CAPTURED HIS VALISE.

Now Col. Fitzhugh Lee Appropriated a Yankee Officer's Beloved Shirts.

In 1861, writes a Washington correspondent to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, Fitzhugh Lee, now governor of Virginia, was commanding the confederate outposts in Fairfax county as colonel of the cavalry. Col. Tannant, who was an intimate friend and classmate of Lee's at West Point, was in command of the union cavalry outpost near Alexandria. One day Tannant received orders to advance and feel the confederate position in front. A battalion of men, made up from the departments and the City of Washington, called the President's Body guard, was assigned him to make the advance. He said to a friend before leaving: "I want soldiers with me on this expedition. I know Fitz Lee. I have slept with him, and whenever we come together somebody will have to do some good fighting or fast running. I know Fitz will fight. If I had soldiers, and not these dress-parade fellows, I would be delighted to give my friend a brush, just to let him see how nicely we can whip him back into the union."

In the meantime his wife had packed his valise with clean linen and a bottle of Old Hennessy brandy. When everything was ready Col. Tannant took up the line of march along the Fairfax and Alexandria turnpike, in the direction of Fairfax court-house. After the command had advanced a few miles and come to a halt to rest, the colonel addressed his men in the following words:

"Attention! battalion: I am now speaking to you as soldiers and not as fellow-citizens. I want every man to do his duty in the time of battle as a soldier should. If there are any of you who are not willing to do this, step three paces to the front."

Not a man moved. They stood like a wall of granite. This gave the colonel much encouragement.

"Now, my soldiers," said he, "with this determination on your part, we will continue our advance and drive the enemy back or capture the entire force."

Within a few miles of the court-house they encountered the confederate pickets, and succeeded in driving them back. This gave the command new courage. On they pushed. But alas! Soon Turner Ashby, with his Black-Horse cavalry, came charging on their flank, while Fitz Lee pressed them in front. The engagement began to get interesting, when suddenly Pelham's horse artillery unlimbered on the left flank and began to pour a galling fire into Tannant's ranks. He rode to the front, leading the charge against Fitz Lee on the other side. The men, seeing the situation, became demoralized and retreated in confusion, falling back to Alexandria. The union forces lost a few killed, and some prisoners. Col. Tannant's headquarters ambulance was captured, with his rations and baggage.

A few days after the fight a dilapidated team drove up to his headquarters with the letters "C. S. A." branded on the skeleton mules, and in dim white letters on the sides of the topless ambulance also appeared "C. S. A.," and the driver, instead of wearing the blue, had on a suit of gray. The driver entered Col. Tannant's tent with a military salute, bearing in his hand the colonel's valise.

"Where did you come from?" demanded the colonel.

"I came from Col. Fitz Lee's headquarters," was the reply. "He swapped teams and clothes with me, and told me I could come back and bring your valise, and here it is, colonel."

"All right, my man," said the colonel. "Go to your quarters and change your uniform, and report for duty."

Col. Tannant took the valise over to his wife's room and opened it. The contents of the valise was a note, which ran in the following words:

OUTPOST CONFEDERATE ARMY, VIRGINIA.—My Dear "Tant": I have opened your valise, appropriated your blue shirts for a change, and also your bottle of old Hennessy for a bad cold. I traded ambulances and teams also. When you come out again bring more commissary and quartermaster stores. Fitz.

Col. Tannant kept the note until the close of the war, telling no one about it but his faithful wife. Tannant has been living in Tennessee since the war. Recently he and Lee met, and the bottle of old Hennessy was well discussed.

An Obdurate Hostess.

Remembering the Chinese minister's supper-room experience, one hostess who recently entertained told the caterer to open just so much champagne and then stop, and that he should provide for just so many hundred people, writes a Washington correspondent to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. The caterer had measured the Washington society appetite before, and protested that that would not be enough—that things would give out before all were served. As the hostess was obdurate, he quietly prepared and kept in reserve a sufficient quantity to meet the expected emergency. When judges and senators called on the obliging caterer to bring them more wine and more terrapin and salad, he slipped to the hostess's side and told her that he had opened as much champagne and set out as much as she had ordered, but that the supper-room was full of prominent people who were not served. "I have more dishes and more wine out in my wagon; shall I bring them in?" "No!" said the hostess; "not another drop and not another

crumb. They shan't guzzle and gorge in my house." And they did not, but went on to the other parties of the evening, and told this conversation, which several had overheard, to the amusement of other supper-rooms.

Peace to those who entertain Washington crowds!

A Soldier's Narrow Escape.

"I have been twice prepared for burial. My right arm was shot off and a shell took off a large slice of my chin and knocked out five front teeth," exclaimed an ex-Confederate veteran yesterday.

The speaker was, during the War, an orderly sergeant in the Third Georgia Regiment. He had just returned from New Orleans, where he attended the Mardi Gras festivities, and was on his way to his home in Wilkes county.

"Yes, I saw some pretty tough fighting during the War," continued the one-armed veteran, "and many hair-breadth escapes. I was engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with a Yank at the Battle of Gettysburg, who had succeeded in putting a bullet in my right side. It was a fierce struggle, but I got the drop on him and he fell in his tracks with a ball in his heart. I was taken to the hospital afterward and dropped into a comatose condition, and was reported dead. I was all ready for burial when I awoke and convinced the attendants of their error. My sister had been previously advised of my death and she went into mourning."

"My second perilous adventure was at the battle of Spotsylvania. I had been offered the Captaincy of the company, but declined, having a much better position. Well, as it happened, the Captain had been killed, and I took the lead. We found our path obstructed by a line of Federals, the leader of which picked me out as a target. His aim was unerring, for my right arm was shattered from the elbow down by three minie balls. I felt mad you may be sure, and with my left I blazed away at him, putting a bullet right square between his eyes. Just then a shell exploded within a few feet of where I was standing, tearing away part of my chin and some front teeth. Once more I was taken to the hospital, remained unconscious for a whole day, and when I awoke found myself about to be thrown into a ditch that had been dug as a receptacle for the dead."

"It has been said that a soldier in battle is never sure of his aim, but those two Federals I shot and killed when within a few feet of me."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Girls and the Pig's Head.

Do you suppose that Fifth avenue girls are always as staid as sticks? writes a New York correspondent of the *Albany Journal*. No, no. A little old man, as ugly a specimen of the human race as ever existed in disfiguring the earth, was going down that thoroughfare, bending nearly double under the weight of a big basket of pig's heads, which he carried on one shoulder. The rain was pouring and the sidewalks were wet. He slipped, and in his efforts to keep his footing one of the heads fell to the pavement. He stood looking at it in woful predicament, and, although he knew he could not stoop over far enough to reach it without losing his balance, he made several ineffectual attempts. The street was full of hurrying people, who jostled him on both sides, but nobody paid any attention to him, except that occasionally someone looked with an amused smile at his dilemma. Presently along came two pretty young girls, neatly dressed in black cloth new-markets, with black boss and muffs and regulation tall hats. "Oh, see there!" said one, and before the old man knew what had happened, there was a faint whiff of perfume in the air, and a pretty girl, with a dainty handkerchief protecting her gloves, had lifted the pig's head, and with the help of another pretty girl was putting it in the basket. But some of piggy's inborn obstinacy seemed to remain in his brain and dressed pate, for stay where they put it it would not. The old man stood as motionless as a caryatid, and the girls, with flushing faces and occasional laughter, tiptoed and worked and struggled with that refractory head, which, however they fixed it, would slide right off again. The passing people began to stop, and in ten seconds a big crowd was watching the operation, when, after the manner of his actions in life, piggy's pate suddenly became docile and lay perfectly quiet in the exact place where they had tried half a dozen times to make it stay. As the old man moved off with his burden resting quietly on his shoulder a cheer from a boothback was echoed in an approving murmur from the crowd as it went on its way again, casting admiring glances at the two girls, who stepped off briskly with cheeks as red as jacqueminots.

Some curious facts present themselves in looking into the relation of the United States to the British imports of live stock. For instance, out of 216,340 beef cattle imported in the first ten months of last year we furnished 102,405; out of 89,657 cows, 156; out of 32,550 calves, 2; out of 902,886 sheep and lambs, 5,289; out of 20,566 swine, none. We lead all other countries in our exports to England of salt and fresh beef, salt pork, hams, and meats preserved otherwise than by salting.