

# Griggs Courier.

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COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA.

## HER TROPHIES.

While waiting for the tardy maid  
I glanced around the room;  
My eye from floor to ceiling strayed  
O'er walls with Indian red o'erlaid  
In dim and most artistic gloom.

From antlered head a necklace swung  
Of old Venetian shells;  
The mantel lambrequin was hung  
With many a German favor, wrung  
From other and less lucky belles.

Against an antique brass shield  
A target caught my eye—  
A trophy won on hard-fought field;  
And rumor says she well can wield  
Yon ribbon racket hung on high.

And so in bright confusion thrown  
Her prizes lie about.  
Among them one—and one alone;  
Her photograph—I'd like to own;  
I wonder if she'd find me out.

But hark! I hear the sound of feet:  
Adown the stair they run;  
I rise the dainty form to greet—  
My heart falls down before my sweet—  
Another trophy she has won!  
—Harper's Bazar.

## MURDERED HIMSELF.

About half a mile from the village of Oposura, Mexico, facing the high road, and separated from the river Yagua by a belt of trees, there stood some years ago a long, low cottage known as La Bolsa. Senor Rodriguez, who was a square-built, clean-shaven man of about 40, with gray hair, mustache and goatee, and with nothing remarkable about him except a deep cut over his right eyebrow, had now been occupying the cottage for a little over a year. Considerable speculation was indulged in as to whom Rodriguez was and what he did for a living. He never volunteered any information on the score, but on one occasion he was heard to say something which led to the inference that he had been a sea captain, and on the strength of it the residents of the village called him the captain.

About this time the captain had got into trouble. He owed his landlord and the village tradesmen in the neighborhood of \$500, and the patience of his creditors was nearly exhausted, when one day they received a letter from the captain in which he wrote that he would satisfy their claims on the following Monday, as a legacy left by a distant relative had been paid in to his account at the village bank.

On Saturday the captain came into town, met his landlord's son, chatted pleasantly with the young man and invited him to accompany him to the bank. He remained at the bank about ten minutes, and came out at the end of that time, buttoning into the breast-pocket of his coat a fat-looking pocket-book. He then went straight home, after making a few purchases and bidding the young man good-day.

On Sunday morning the villagers were startled by the announcement made by the captain's servant at the police station that her master had been murdered the night before and robbed. The inspector and the whole available police force of the village, consisting of two policemen, set off for La Bolsa to unearth the mystery.

On reaching the building the windows and doors in front were closed and locked. On going round to the back the door leading from the sitting-room to the garden, which sloped down to the river, was found to be open, and on entering the sitting-room drops of blood were seen along the carpet between the staircase and the garden door. On the staircase itself the drops of blood were more frequent. The bedroom, however, was clearly the place where the murder had been committed. The table by the window had been pushed out of its place; the only two chairs in the room were lying on the floor. The bed, which had not been slept in, was deluged with blood, and in the middle of it was a deep indentation, as if a heavy body had been pressed down upon it. A large clasp-knife, stained with blood, was lying on the pillow, and by the door on the floor was an open pocket-book. So much the inspector saw at a glance as he entered. He took the pocket-book and looked carefully through it; it was empty, but lying near it, and behind the door, was a piece of neatly-folded paper. It had evidently fallen from the pocket-book while the murderer was emptying the contents. It was a half-sheet of note paper folded in three, and written on it were the numbers and value of forty-two bank notes, the total of which amounted to \$3,750. Here was a clew at once. An officer was immediately dispatched to the village with the paper to inquire of the bank authorities whether those were the numbers of the notes which had been paid to the captain the day before. He also received orders to await the arrival of Capt. Salegria, a well-known and daring Mexican detective, who was to arrive in the village at noon that day to visit an old friend. The bank identified the numbers on the paper as those of the bank notes paid the day before to the captain. The money had been paid him by the bank in pursuance of an order contained in a letter on Saturday morning from one

of its correspondents, Coles, Garcia & Co., a large firm doing an immense business with the United States. Further inquiries being made by the officer, it was ascertained that a man, who seemed to avoid observation, was seen driving along the road early on the morning of the murder in a vehicle very much of the style used in the country. The man who drove the mysterious man to where he could obtain a stage which ran on the old Oposura road, showed the bank bill which the stranger had given him to change, and it was found to be one of those stolen from the captain.

From the indications outside, there was no doubt that the murderer had gone out of the sitting-room backward, dragging the body of his victim after him. Across the small grass plot, and half way through the belt of trees, the footsteps continued; there they ceased. On the soft mud and leaves were an impression as if a long, heavy body had been laid there; near this impression, lying on the ground, was a spade, and at the distance of a few feet the ground had been dug up as if it had been intended to bury the body there. The project, however, had been given up, as the murderer had thought of a better plan for disposing of the body. But where? In the river, of course! Sure enough, in the river bank the footprints were again found. The river had been dragged up and down and sideways and across, and at every conceivable angle, but no body had been found. The inspector was getting impatient when a road wagon drove up and a dapper little man, with a swarthy complexion and a heavy black mustache jumped out. The stranger was none other than Capt. Salegria, the famous detective. In a few minutes the detective had heard all that the inspector had to tell.

"Let me see," said the detective. "All the village, you say, knew the captain would have money to pay his debts?"

The inspector nodded.

"Which amounted in all to about \$500, more or less?"

The inspector nodded again.

"And he drew out of the bank \$3,750. Was that the whole legacy?"

"It was."

"He didn't want \$3,750 to pay \$500, did he?"

This was a new light to the inspector, who shook his head cautiously.

"From whom did the order to pay the money come?"

"Coles, Garcia & Co." repeated Salegria, referring to his note book; "the great American traders."

"And you suspect no one?"

"No one except the man who passed the note."

The detective and the inspector entered the house. After looking over the kitchen and buxom widow's bedroom without making any discovery, the two went to the captain's bedroom. Everything of moment was carefully examined.

A pair of boots lying in the corner of the room finally attracted the detective's attention. Something in the lining of one of them seemed to interest him, for he again referred to his pocket-book. Having finished his examination of the bedroom the detective went down-stairs, taking one of the boots with him and inspecting each stair as he descended. These were apparently more satisfactory, for his smile brightened considerably, and after he had been shown the traces of blood along the floor of the sitting-room it had expanded into a broad grin.

He walked to the table, and turned over the books and papers till he found some sheets of blotting-paper. These he examined attentively, holding them up to the light and turning them in every possible direction. The result seemed satisfactory, for he pocketed them.

"And now about the captain," said the detective, choosing the clearest footprint he could find in the soft mud, and pulling the boot out of his pocket. "His name is Rodriguez, you say. What is he captain of?"

"Nothing that I know of, but they do say that he has been a captain in the China trade."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Tall, spare-built, about 40, gray hair, and no whiskers."

"Deep cut over the right eyebrow," added the detective quietly, as he stooped and fitted the boot which he had taken from the captain's room into the impression in the mud.

"Yes," said the inspector, puzzled at the detective's knowledge.

"He never went by that name here, did he?" asked the detective, handing the boot to the inspector, on the lining of which was written "A. Perez."

"Never."

"He was getting more and more puzzled."

"Perez, alias Cova, alias Delgado, and now alias Rodriguez; I've wanted him these three years," said the detective, cheerfully. "I've got him now."

"Yes," said the inspector, grimly, "he's safe enough over there."

And he jerked his thumb toward the river.

"Bless you," said the detective, "he's nearer America by this time. He'll die in his boots or with the rope around his neck yet. Don't you see the fel-

low has murdered himself and bolted with the swag? When I found that boot I thought how it was, and this settled it," said the detective, pulling the sheets of blotting paper out of his pocket and holding them to the inspector. There, all over them, were the words Coles, Garcia & Co., in a neat, clerk-like hand, with that peculiar flourish at the end which those who had dealings with that eminent house knew so well. "That letter to the village bank is a forgery; it's not the first time he has served Coles, Garcia & Co. this trick. He was in their American house five years; came to them with a forged character, robbed them to the tune of \$22,000 and bolted. He's been smuggling and thieving all over the world since then. But I must be off. I wouldn't miss him for anything."

The detective was right. The village bank found, to its astonishment, that Coles, Garcia & Co. repudiated the letter which purported to bear their signature. It was a forgery. Some days later the captain was arrested just as he was in the act of booking his passage for New York. Subsequently he was tried in the village court in Oposura, and, under the name of Rodriguez, was sentenced to penal servitude for the term of his natural life.

## A Lesson in Patriotism.

In the chapter of "The Fairport Nine" relating to the military company of the boys, it is told that these young heroes had a standard presented to them. Now this actually happened. Our boys' company was called the Hancock Cadets, the county in which our town was situated being Hancock. The name of the town is Castine, not Fairport as in the story. There were twelve of us, and great was the success of our little band as "trainers."

On the Fourth of July, 1840 the flag was formally presented to our company by the big sister of one of our private soldiers. Our young captain drew us up in line before the great front door of the house in which lived the young lady who was to present the flag to us. Accompanied by a bevy of her blooming companions, the young lady came out on the top step with great dignity, and delivered the following address:

"Young soldiers, it is with pleasure that I meet you on this glorious day, so dear to every patriot, and present to you a standard, whose Stars and Stripes will show you that it is the true American flag. If, whenever you march beneath it, you remember those brave men who, under such a standard fought so long and nobly for our independence, and determine that when a time of danger shall come, you will defend your country with firmness and courage like theirs, I can ask no more of you as New England soldiers!"

"I do not wish you to love war. True glory can be gained only when we fight for freedom. But I wish you to love your country! Read the history of Washington, the Father of his Country, and of the other heroes who fought the battles of the Revolution. And read, too, of those who, like the illustrious Harrison, have in later times defended our land against its enemies. Read the lives of such men, I repeat, and endeavor to be animated by their spirit. And I would have you learn more of your country,—what a broad and beautiful land it is, and how worthy to be a patriot's home. The more you learn of it the dearer it will be to you; and you should become more earnest to do all in your power to make it free and happy. I wish you to believe that bad citizens are the worst enemies of their country, for you will then be likely to grow up good citizens, and try to make others so."

"And now, after urging you once more to be always ready to protect every part of our beloved country, even to the remotest log-cabin that is built upon its borders, I will place in your hands the Star-Spangled Banner."

"Forever float this standard sheet!  
Where breathes the foe but falls before us;  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!"

The blushing young standard-bearer received into his hand the Banner of Freedom, and the captain ordered three cheers, which were given with a will.

And now let me tell the sequel: Of the handful of boys who stood around the little standard-bearer while that lesson was given to the miniature soldiers, one, the captain, fell in the siege of Fort Hudson, a willing martyr to the cause of his country. Another, a private in the ranks, won in the army of the Republic a title and a name for courage and skill; and he was one of the party who regained their liberty by tunneling a passage out of Libby Prison. A third, also a private, went to the wars and, after renowned service, came home to spend his days in peace and honor. A fourth, the drummer of the Castine cadets, commanded in many a hard-fought naval fight, deserving well of his country,—and, when peace had returned, he met his death by the sudden sinking of his ship, the man-of-war Onaida, and now lies in his lonely grave on the coast of Japan.

The lesson in patriotism was not in vain.—Noah Brooks in St. Nicholas.

Two colored citizens of Coahoma county, Mississippi, swapped wives one day, recently, articles of agreement being drawn up to clinch the bargain.

## RICH WOMEN.

Wealthy Ladies of Pittsburg and the Peculiarities for Which They are Noted.

The Pittsburg Leader of a recent date contains a long article about the wealthy women of Pittsburg. Some are noted for their domesticity, others for their wonderful public display of jewelry and costly dresses, and others for their eccentricity. Of the latter class the most striking example is Mrs. Toomey, a childless widow. Not one of a thousand and Pittsburgers has heard of her, yet she has over \$2,000,000 invested in real estate. She lives in one room at the corner of Grant street and Virgin alley, not the most pleasant abiding-place for a woman of vast wealth. Mrs. Toomey does all her own work, including the care of her solitary room and the collecting of her rents, a big task even for an able-bodied man. Yet she is about 60 years of age. She is the last of a fine old family—the Murlands. At his death her husband's property was not a cent less than \$2,000,000. It must have since been largely increased. There was no one to divide with the widow, and her wants, simple as they are, can be gratified with the salary of a junior clerk. Her tenants often puzzle themselves as to the present amount of their eccentric landlady's fortune, and its disposition upon her death makes a still more interesting study.

A wealthy and pretty young woman is Miss Maggie Milord, who created a sensation at Cape May last summer. Her wagon-load of trunks contained ninety-two dresses, and her frequent dinners and pleasure sails in her own yacht were events of the season. She is a granddaughter of Gen. Robinson, and, it is said, is betrothed to an eastern young man.

A modest and unassuming woman is the wife of Congressman "Tom" Bayne, of Allegheny City. She has from \$200,000 to \$400,000 in her own right. She has a wonderful country house at Bellevue, a few miles down the Ohio. It is perfectly round in shape and has some remarkably odd rooms. A round hall in the center, following closely the lines of the house, is lit by a skylight. Mrs. Bayne never forgets old acquaintances. It is said that she recently astonished capital society by chaperoning a rural party through the department buildings and the galleries of the senate and house. Mrs. Bayne's friends were poorly attired, yet they found a hearty welcome from the wealthy congressman's wife. She had once boarded with them in their simple mountain home in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. William Darlington is a first cousin of Mrs. Schenley, nee Croghan, the wealthy Pittsburg woman who when 16 years of age eloped with and married an English army officer, and has since resided in England. Mrs. Darlington is a daughter of Gen. O'Hara, and is worth from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000. She has literary tastes, and owns a library that ranks very high.

Mrs. H. Kirk Porter, wife of the locomotive builder, takes pleasure in entertaining visiting celebrities, and is ambitious to establish a salon in Pittsburg. She was a widow with two children when she first met Mr. Porter. That was in New York city, and she provided a home for herself and her little ones by coloring photographs. Her first husband was a Mr. Hegeman. An interesting part of her elegant residence in Oakland is a \$10,000 hall window. On it is painted a girl feeding peacocks. It was copied from a famous painting.

Mrs. Ross Proctor, one of Pittsburg's youngest and fairest brides, married last June the grandson and one of the heirs of Singer, of sewing machine fame. They first met in New York, where Mr. Proctor became infatuated with her beauty, and whence he followed her to Pittsburg. He took elegant rooms on Penn avenue and lived the luxurious life of a wealthy bachelor. The marriage soon followed.

Mrs. Henry Phipps, Jr., has something to interest callers at her Allegheny City residence. Five windows in the dining-room have painted on them likenesses of each of her five children. The woodwork in the house alone cost \$75,000. Her husband is a partner of Andrew Carnegie, and recently endeared himself to the hearts of all Alleghenians by providing greenhouses for the city parks, stipulating that they should be kept open on Sundays as well as week-days. Workingmen are thankful for this proviso.

When Thomas M. Howe, the steel manufacturer, died he left his widow several million dollars. At the time of their marriage he was a poor clerk, who, when the ceremony had been concluded, hurried back to his work, while his wife, in company with some friends, visited an auction-room, where some second-hand furniture for housekeeping was purchased.

Mrs. John Arthur recently figured in the newspapers as the wealthy aunt of Nina Van Zandt, the Chicago girl who married by proxy Spies, the condemned anarchist. It is said Mrs. Arthur threatened to disinherit Nina in case the marriage took place. It is not known whether the threat will be carried out. Mrs. Arthur was a Miss Clark, and married a rejected lover of her mother. When Mr. Arthur became old and feeble he fell in love with the daughter, who married him and nursed him until his death, which occurred about ten years ago. By his will Mr. Arthur cut off all his relatives, leaving his wife \$400,000 which has been

greatly augmented. Mrs. Arthur, who is about 50 years of age, is devoted to foreign missionary work, and has a penchant for presenting elegant outfits to lady missionaries.

Mrs. Albert Childs, a beautiful woman, is fairly idolized by her servants, for whose exclusive benefit she has gathered an elegant library.

The wife of Mr. Reuben Miller, the steel manufacturer, has a canary bird for which her husband paid \$500. It was at a recent fair for the benefit of the Homeopathic hospital that Mr. Miller bought it, and the bird's chief merit lies in the fact that it had been tenderly reared by a young daughter of Bishop Whitehead.

The widow of president "Tom" Scott, of the Pennsylvania railroad, resides in Philadelphia, but she was a Pittsburg girl who earned her own living by painting photographs. She was a Miss Annie Riddle before marriage, and her father was one of the early editors of the Pittsburg Gazette.

The widow of Thomas, brother of Andrew Carnegie, is a daughter of the late Mr. Coleman, who built the Pittsburg opera-house, the finest theater between Philadelphia and Cleveland. He gave her a marriage dowry of between \$60,000 and \$70,000, and at his death left her \$500,000. She has a wonderful old mansion on the Isle of Dungeness, off the southern Atlantic coast, where she spends her winters, and where, previous to her husband's death, she entertained hosts of guests.

Two wealthy little women of Pittsburg are the Misses Stella Hays and Irwin Laughlin. The former is about 14 years of age, and is one of four heirs to \$5,000,000 left by her grandfather, Hays, the glass manufacturer. She is attending the Ogontz school at Philadelphia, which occupies Jay Cooke's old home. Irwin Laughlin, age 10 years, is an orphan and the sole heir to millions. Her parents' marriage was a sad one. Her father was then dying of consumption, and an extended tour of Europe prolonged life for a brief period only. The wife died of grief shortly after the birth of her little daughter. An interesting fact is that nearly all the stock of the old and wealthy Bank of Pittsburg is owned by ladies.

## The Wet Blanket.

There are few of us who have not made the acquaintance of the wet blanket, and have not experienced its chilling effects, and suffered influenzas and pneumonias from its contact. We have often received it, no doubt, from a quarter from which we least expected it, and have, it may be, in our turn bestowed it where it was equally unwelcome. What a tendency it has to kill our little enthusiasms with its frosty touch, to accent our ignorances, to arrest our progress, to annihilate our pet conceits! She who does not know the wet blanket is a fortunate being, perhaps, but she lacks this means of development and discipline, although most of us would vastly prefer to remain undeveloped and undisciplined to the end of our days. It is not cheerful to be matured by misfortune; one would rather submit to the natural process of time. The wet blanket renders us self-conscious and shrinking; it makes us feel as if we were too insignificant, too stupid, to accomplish anything serious or serviceable. It is worse than a narcotic for stupefying the faculties and benumbing the activities; one could no more live under its constant application than under that of a chronic blister; it is a species of torture which, although slight, ends by paralyzing effort, spontaneity, and originality. There are instances, however, where the wet blanket has not been applied often enough—where it would be rather remediable than otherwise in counteracting self-sufficiency and other deep-seated ailments. It is as good as a physic for those whose stomachs are disordered by too sweet an opinion of themselves and contempt for others, or as salicylic acid for the mentally rheumatic. There are wives who have become so docile under its influence that they not only dare not say their souls are their own, but no longer believe the fantasy, who never venture to give an opinion on any subject till they have found out which way the wind blows, who have had their intellect eliminated by this dampening method. Indeed, the wet blanket is largely used in the domestic circle, and one can usually count among one's friends a few who keep it constantly on hand, and do not scruple to use it in order to subdue high spirits, contented minds, and lofty aspirations; like the cold compress, it is a sure means of reducing the temperature and bringing the fever of high enterprise down to the normal pulse of commonplace repose. However medicinal this treatment may prove, we all like to swallow our bitters voluntarily and not have them thrust upon us like greatness; and to whatever school of medicine we may belong, we place little confidence in the saving grace of the wet blanket for our own personal disorders, however we may insist on its efficacy with regard to others.—Harper's Bazar.

A new volume just issued is entitled "The Anatomy of Money." We trust an entire chapter is devoted to the vocal organs to show how and why it is that money talks and what it says.—Philadelphia Press.