

Griggs Courier.

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TRIBUTES TO SAXE.

TO JOHN G. SAXE—1888.
O genial Saxe, whose radiant wit
Flashed like the lightning from the sky:
But, though each flash as keenly hit,
Wounded but what deserved to die—
Alas! the cloud that shrouds thy day
In gathering darkness, fold on fold,
Serves not as background for the play
Of those bright gleams that charmed of old:
For, from its depths whose terrors hide,
There crashed a bolt of dreadful tone;
Scattered the household treasures wide,
And left thee silent, bruised, alone!
We miss thy song this pleasant May:
And in the meadow nause to think;
"What if, amid their bright array,
We heard no voice of bobolink!"
Yet charms not now his blithesome lay,
Nor flowery mead, in verdure clad,
The world that laughed when thou wert gay,
Now weeps to know that thou art dead.

SAXON EPIGRAMS; OR, EPIGRAMS ON SAXE—1882.

Dame Wit is like a coffee-plant,
Whose frugal hand is never lax,
Whatever crop the seasons grant her,
She puts it all away in Saxe!
II.
Whoever the wine of wit would drink
Of Saxe's daron smacks on.
Wherever the Anglo-Saxons think
They think New England Saxe on.
But though, with a new and sparkling
Wit,
His racy wit is quaffed at,
I'm sorry the truth must be confessed;
Wherever 'tis drank 'tis laughed at!
IV.
That we have many sacks is true—
As wool-sacks, flour-sacks, and pea-sacks;
And we have "sacks" of poets, too,
But only one John G. Saxe.

THE LOVERS.

Jessie Rue was twenty-three. The sun of that birthday had just risen, and she stood before her looking-glass, fastening in her ears and about her dainty wrists the pearls that had been her uncle's gift the night before, when he said to her:

"Jessie, you are twenty-three. You are young and pretty still, but youth and woman's beauty are fleeting things. I cannot live long, and I do not want you to be left alone, an unprotected spinster, when I die. Make your choice before long, and then give your old uncle some chance of blessing you on your wedding day."

"Poor uncle!" sighed Jessie, brushing away a tear. "He is worth twenty lovers to me, dear old man! Why does he want me to marry? Make my choice! Well, who should it be? Ashley Honeywell—certainly the handsomest man in our set? He admires me. It would be worth the trouble to make him love me. And the doctor?" she laughed. "Oh, how much he is in love with me! A smile makes him happy; neglect breaks his heart. Oh, no! You are too plain, too small, and bald as an egg. I shan't choose you, Doctor Manly."

Pinning a coquettish little bow in her hair as she said these words, Jessie left the glass, and ran downstairs and out into the garden, where she always spent an hour before breakfast. A gentleman was there already—a pleasant-looking man, who wore a large hat of Panama straw, and a collar that exposed his handsome throat.

"Good morning, Miss Rue!" Dr. Manly cried, taking off his big hat. "I have come to beg some flowers for a patient."

"You must always help yourself to flowers for your sick folk, and I shall be prouder of my garden than before," said Jessie. "Lend me your knife."

And when he had opened it for her she cut him a bouquet, fragrant and beautiful, and arranged it with unerring taste, and made him hold it while she bound it together with some silk from a reel she had in her embroidered apron pocket, he looking at her with admiration all the while. When at last he thanked her and went away, Jessie laughed.

"I don't believe in your patient, Doctor Manly," she said to herself. "It was only an excuse to see me."

And she thought so every morning when he came for his flowers. She saw him oftener in the morning. Ashley Honeywell she met where she visited at teas and dancing parties. How often Jessie wished the two men could be changed in some way. Ashley was the man she intended to choose; but sometimes that light in the dark grey eyes under the Doctor's great straw hat made her wish that he were Ashley and Ashley he.

Time passed. Some little things happened. Ashley had openly declared his admiration. They were on the very point of being engaged, and the Doctor ceased to be lover-like. He came for the flowers still; but she knew now that he did not do it that he might meet her. He took them to a patient. Once, taking a long walk, she had paused at a little cottage on the roadside to ask for a drink of cool well water, and had seen, in a great chair near the door, a girl as lovely as an angel, though she was very evidently still quite ill. Near her, in a great glass pitcher, stood a bouquet of flowers, that Jessie thought she recognized as those she had plucked that morning in her own garden.

"These flowers are beautiful, are they not?" the sick girl asked of Jessie, while the little boy ran for fresh water. "A dear friend brings them to me every day. He says a lady has told him I may have all I want. He brings them a long way. The

lady must be very rich, I think. I fancy her old, white-haired—something like my grandmother in her pretty lace cap. I have all sorts of fancies in this invalid chair."

Then the nurse came in, and Jessie said good-bye.

"He has not even described me," she thought; "and oh, how lovely the girl is!" And then she found herself crying. That evening she engaged herself to Ashley Honeywell.

The Doctor came for his flowers. She picked them for him, but she did not smile as she used, nor did he look into her eyes. With every motion of the hand that held the flowers which she cut he saw the flash of Ashley Honeywell's engagement ring.

One morning, as she sat at work upon her porch, a boy hurried up the path. She remembered him as the child who had brought the water in that pretty cottage parlor where she had seen the beautiful invalid to whom Dr. Manly took her flowers.

"Is the Doctor here—Dr. Manly?" he asked. "I was told he might be. Miss Gwendoline is dying, Aunt Jane says. Oh, miss! if you only can tell me where to find him. He'll save her, if anyone can."

The child was crying. Jessie felt troubled and agitated.

"The Doctor must be on his round of visits," she said. "I'll send Jack to look for him."

She called to the lad who helped the gardener, and bade him go with the little fellow and search for the Doctor. And then she hastily donned her riding-habit and rode away toward the cottage—why, she did not know, or whether she could do any good; but her heart bade her go.

She alighted at the door and entered in haste. The girl sat in her chair; the old nurse stood behind her. She made a little sign to Jessie, and the girl went into the kitchen with her.

"She is sinking fast," she said. "I sent my nephew for the Doctor an hour ago."

"I know," said Jessie; "that is why I came."

"The boy is searching for him. Say nothing to frighten her," said the woman.

Jessie gave her a look.

"I quite understand," she said.

Then she sat down by Gwendoline's chair.

"You have come," said the girl. "I am so glad—so glad. They came this morning. I saw both of them. You don't know, perhaps. Mother smiled, father looked stern; but they will forgive me after a while. They are both dead. But they came. I saw them."

"In a dream?" asked Jessie.

"No," said Gwendoline. "Their spirits came. Think how strange that was. You know I was engaged to my cousin, Dr. Manly?"

"No," said Jessie, "I did not know."

"I was," said Gwendoline, "but I jilted him. He was not handsome. He was grave and older than I, and I liked Ashley—Ashley Honeywell—and one night I ran away. Oh, it was years ago. I am five and twenty now. I was seventeen then. And my father died of it, and my mother. Oh, I was a wicked girl. We went to Italy. He married me with a ring. He said it was a true marriage. I believed it. But one day he told me it was no marriage at all. He was in love with an Italian woman, a singer. I spoke of it and of myself as a wife, to whom he should be true. Then he said I was not his wife. He said I was a fool to believe that a ring and a vow between us two could make me one—and I ran away."

"I hid on a steamer coming to America. I was starved and frozen when they found me. I had this cold. They were good to me, and brought me here. But my parents were dead, and the only one who knew me was the man I had jilted—my cousin, Dr. Oliver Manly."

"Oh, how strange it was! What a heart he has! He brought me here to old Hannah, a servant of ours once. What is your name?"

"Jessie," replied the other girl, softly.

"You don't know Ashley Honeywell?" asked the girl. "You do not know him. He is far away, I suppose—far over the sea. You never knew him?"

"I know him now," said Jessie, softly.

"Yes, because I have told you," said Gwendoline. "I left him, but I never forgot him. So beautiful! Such eyes! All women love him!"

Jessie bent her head upon the pale hand she held, and tears fell.

"Don't cry for me," said Gwendoline. "I am going very soon to Heaven—to my mother. I shall pray there that some good girl will love cousin Oliver—some beautiful woman—like yourself."

She ceased speaking, and a soft smile crept over her face.

"Mother," she sighed, "mother."

The sound of wheels filled the cottage room. The Doctor's gig was coming. He was there.

That evening Jessie stood alone with Ashley Honeywell, and drew his engagement ring from her finger and gave it to him.

"Why?" he asked.

"I have met Gwendoline," she said. "To-day I saw her die. Do I need say more, Mr. Honeywell?"

"You believe her story?" he asked.

"I do, indeed," she answered.

"And you intend to look for a man who shall have no little follies to regret, before you make your choice?" said he. "You will search long."

She turned from him with contempt, and he left her.

Down in the garden someone moved to and fro. It was Dr. Manly. He was gathering white chrysanthemums—the last flowers of the garden. Jessie went to his side. Without a word she began to help him. They were the last flowers he would ever gather for Gwendoline's sake. They were strewn in her coffin, and she slept in their midst, with that soft smile upon her face; and Jessie seemed to hear again those words:

"I will pray that some good woman may love cousin Oliver and make him happy."

And she seemed to hear them years afterward, when she had long been Dr. Manly's wife.

Boarding-House Life.

However prominently gossip enters into the life of the average boarding-house elsewhere, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press, in this city it is the characteristic that makes everything else subordinate. The people live on it, study it, cultivate it as an art, and make it the chief occupation of their daily lives. The interest of any friendly intercourse that exists consists chiefly in finding out things about one another or about somebody else in the house.

There is hardly a boarding-house in Philadelphia where the private and domestic affairs of every one in it are not as well known to every one else in it as to themselves. What a woman is making or doing, what she bought yesterday or is going to buy to-day, who she visits, who visits her, how much her husband makes, where he is if absent from a meal, how much her last dress cost her, or just what is the matter with her if she remains in her room, are affairs quite as well known to every woman in the house as to herself. There is in almost every boarding-house one or more women, usually unmarried and no longer particularly juvenile, who make this their business in life. To eat and know what is going on is all they live for. They seldom go out, have no interests or occupation, and gradually every feminine trait becomes subordinated until curiosity becomes a passion. Every time the bell rings they know it, as they do the contents of every bundle that arrives. They see the letters at the plates before the owners see them themselves, and cleverly draw out of the recipients who they are from if it takes six months to do it. They invite and cultivate the confidence of every newcomer solely to minister to their absorbing passion.

Quite often the woman who keeps the boarding-house is afflicted with this frenzy herself, and the case is well authenticated of a keeper of a fashionable boarding-house in this city who opened and read, by steaming them, the letters of most of the ladies in the house for six months before she was discovered. There are a number of boarding-houses where every letter and every package received into the house is taken to the mistress before they reach their rooms. In all such espionage and, as a rule, not only lend themselves easily to it, but in time become adepts themselves.

He Sang, and Barnabas was Saved.

Several years ago on one of our northern bays, when as yet steamers were infrequent visitors, a certain small boat used to ply, touching at various points, according as its freight or the weather demanded.

The crew was somewhat limited, consisting of the captain, the first mate, whose name was Barnabas, and the cook, John, who, when stress of work required, also acted as second mate.

John was an excellent cook and a fairly good sailor, but he was afflicted with an impediment in his speech which made him somewhat backward in expressing himself, and was especially annoying if, for any reason, he became excited. At such times the more he wanted to say something the less he was able to say it. Fortunately, however, he could sing as straight as any one.

One day the captain was below taking a nap, while Barnabas and John were running the boat. A sudden squall happened to come up, and a puff of wind brought the boom around with such unexpected violence as to knock the unwary Barnabas overboard. Thereupon John rushed into the cabin in the wildest excitement to inform the captain of what had occurred, but, as usual, he was unable to get out a coherent sentence.

"B-b-b-b" he stammered, until the captain, in a rage, shouted: "Thunderation! man, sing it; if you can't say it," and John, catching at the happy suggestion, sang:

Overboard is Barnabas,
Half a mile astern of us.
The boat was immediately put about and the luckless Barnabas recovered.

—Detroit Free Press.

Pull down your chandelier from the center of the ceiling is the latest fashionable command. Hanging lamps are allowed, but even they must be placed in the corners of a room, so as to add to the effect of irregularity which is aimed at in aesthetic abodes of the rich. But be sure these depending lights are securely fastened, for the other evening there came very near being a conflagration in one of Boston's handsomest houses, all on account of "the one weak link" in an antique chain. Do be artistic, if you will, but, at the same time, employ practiced workmen to produce the art, especially when kerosene is a factor in it.

MISSING LINKS.

There are 190 college papers in this country.

Cloaked stockings are fashionable for children.

The pink shirt will continue to be a favorite with the swells of tender years.

Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, rides on a railroad pass within the limits of his own state.

Sending orange blossoms in tin boxes from Florida to friends in the North is quite the fashion.

Another eminent society lady of New York is preparing to follow Mrs. James Brown Potter's example.

Prince Monticart, who died recently, left the whole of his fortune, estimated at £2,500,000, to the Queen of Italy.

A Mexican has been selling to the unwary at San Jose (Cal.) nuggets of tinfoil, representing them to be of silver.

Phillips Brooks considers Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln and Henry Ward Beecher the three greatest Americans of the century.

The Concord philosophers will this year devote themselves to a consideration of Aristotle and his philosophy in relation to modern thought.

Two Oil City idiots had a cigarette-smoking match the other day, and the winner consumed fifty cigarettes in an hour to the loser's forty-five.

Mrs. Noah, the once famous actress, is still living in Buffalo at the age of 80. With that name and those years what an attraction she would be in the ballet!

Lord Lonsdale is reported in financial hot water in consequence of his ill-advised dramatic venture in bringing the Cameron and her company to this country.

Luck Baldwin is building a hotel near Los Angeles, Cal., which will cost \$500,000. If the excursionists hold out they are expected to pay for it in one year.

The ladies of Manassas, Va., have formed a memorial association for the purpose of putting a stone wall around the Confederate Cemetery on the historic hills near Bull Run.

Charles Waite, one of the New York boodle Aldermen, used to tip the beam at 250 pounds. Now he weighs less than 175. His prostration has made quite a lightweight of him.

Miss Pauline Morton has been appointed one of the city physicians of Rochester, N. Y.—the first instance of the kind in the State. She has a high reputation in her profession.

William R. Travers, the late stammering wit of New York, left an estate estimated to be worth nearly \$4,000,000, all of which he bequeathed to his widow and nine children.

Sam Jones having returned to Cincinnati, The Commercial Gazette welcomes him as "a hurricane of righteousness, a tornado of truth, and a blizzard of sanctimonious sarcasm."

An old-time Montana freighter, and for many years in charge of one of the largest bull trains in the Northwest, says it is a fact that during a hard winter living cattle will eat the dead ones. He has seen them many times.

Queen Ranaylonna III. of Madagascar is a brave young woman, only 25 years of age, and is said to be a sincere Christian. About 400,000 of her people also profess the Christian religion.

F. M. Davis, known in the Cour d'Alenes as "Dream Davis," who found Dream Gulch in a vision and cleaned up \$10,000, has spent all his wealth and committed suicide at Los Angeles, Cal.

An ordinance was recently passed by the San Jose, Cal., council declaring Chinatown a nuisance, and directing the city attorney to take steps, "legal or otherwise," to have it removed and abated.

Eighteen months ago Bertha Pingre, against the wishes of her parents, came from Germany to marry a coachman, William Wundrum, of Rock Island. Her husband has just heard of the death of his father, whereby he inherits a fortune of \$500,000.

Sol Smith Russell was recently presented to the President by Congressman Springer. Mr. Russell told the Executive various funny stories, which were much appreciated. The President gave Mr. Russell more time than he usually accords to statesmen.

Mrs. Abigail S. Tilton of North Woodbridge, N. H., is the last pensioner on the list of the Revolutionary War. She is paid \$104 annually by the State of New Hampshire, and \$192 by the United States Government. Mrs. Tilton is over 100 years old.

Dying at the age of one hundred and three years, Uncle Sam Matney, of Jess Valley, Cal., turned to his friends and said: "I haven't been a very bad man. I never did anything worse than kill Indians, and I don't believe that will be held against me. I had to do it."

A sweeping order has been issued to the conductors of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company preventing any Indian in the future from riding on their cars. The reason for this order is to prevent the spread of the small-pox should it become epidemic. This order will probably be enforced at all times in the future.

Seventeen years ago Mrs. Rosanna Dennis, of Tiffin, O., died of dropsy. The other day, when the body was disinterred, it was found to be thoroughly petrified, with the exception of the feet. It was so heavy that ten men were required to remove it.

A piece chipped from the body resembles flinty limestone.

Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Va., the noted colored preacher and author of the Jasperian solar theory, having recovered from a long and critical illness, has resumed his ministerial duties. He is over 70 years old, and the most influential of the colored preachers of that city. During his recent visit to Richmond, Gov. Beaver, of Pennsylvania, attended his church, when "the sun do move" sermon was preached by particular request.

Henry C. Kelsey, Secretary of State, is the Pook-Bah of New Jersey. He is a member of the Board of Bank Commissioners, Clerk of the Board of State Canvassers, Clerk of the Court of Errors and Appeals, Clerk of the Court of Impeachment, Clerk of the Court of Pardons, Clerk of the Prerogative Court, Commissioner of the State Library, Scientific School Commissioner, and State Commissioner of Insurance.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has just returned to Brooklyn from his Western tour, said in a late sermon to his congregation: "I have never seen such signs of life in business—I would call it a boom if I did not dislike the word. The men who took Horace Greeley's advice were right. I would give the same advice to-day; nay, I would give myself if any necessity was laid upon me, as I told some of the Western people."

At the postal-card factory in Castle ton, Pa., between two and three tons a day are manufactured the year round. The largest order ever filled for one city was 4,000,000 cards, or about twelve tons of paper, for New York city, where they use about 6,000,000 cards a month. Chicago comes next, with about 3,000,000 cards in the same period. There are 450,000,000 postal-cards manufactured annually. Two-cent postage did not lessen the use of postal-cards, but checked the growth of their use for some little time. The check has been overcome, and the public are using more and more postal cards every day.

Living in the Ground.

Some day, when the archeologist of the three-thousandth century is excavating America, he will come upon traces of a kind of people he will not understand, says a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle. He will write volumes upon the subject of the strange race who, some time in the dim past, looking from that time, lived in the holes in the ground. He will find pans and cooking utensils and picks and shovels down anywhere from three to three thousand feet under the earth, and he will prove from them that the inhabitants of this great continent to-day had their habitations there because of the weather or earthquakes or something. The holes in the ground will never be proved to be mines. There will be enough doubt on the subject, raised by the discovery of the tailings, to awaken arguments and give the scientific world that only chance of being heard by the loudness of its quarreling over trifles. But there are millions of holes in the ground in Nevada which will be absolute proof that it was not mining, because the archeologist will never be able to find a trace of metal of any kind in them. The future archeologist is going to have lots of fun. He'll try and decipher old notices of claims, and then he'll publish reams of paper giving ingenious explanations of that age when men had such numerous families that they had to locate 1,500 feet for burial plots for one man and his progeny. He'll pick up on the 3,000-foot level a piece of newspaper that has covered some miner's lunch, and he will prove from that that the crust of earth must have been transparent in the nineteenth century, because people can't read newspapers without light. Oh, yes! I'd like to wake up about the thirtieth century and see how they fancy we lived in the nineteenth.

It would not be half a bad idea for the state to buy the Comstock for a burying-ground. We could then boast of our catacombs. The public have purchased it and had it all carefully cut out with galleries and things. And they could put up slabs and stones as they do in Westminster Abbey, don't you know. The ubiquitous tourist who always goes into a church in a strange country with his hat on, because God knows he has a pew at home, would be able to define the progress of humanity in the mining business by studying such inscriptions as:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN SMITH.

Paid 115 Assessments and Got Sold Out.

R. I. P.

George Maxwell and Henry Niles had a desperate fight in Leadville, Col., over a gambling debt. They fought until unable to longer stand on their feet, then went to the floor in a deadlock. They then began to bite each other, taking mouthfuls of flesh from the face, nipping off fingers and noses, until the crowd, thoroughly sickened, tore them apart and carried them to their lodgings. Niles will probably die.

There is a family in Polk county, Ga., whose children possess names that are, to say the least, rather original. They answer to the following appellations: Mollie Necklane, Quincy Ann, Sis Tommie, Happie Josie, Nestor Chestor, and I Wonder. It is said that the happy mother takes pride in calling each child by its full name.