

Griggs Courier.

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COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA.

Growing Old.

Softly, O softly, the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee gently with tenderest care;
Sorrow and death they have often brought
Nigh thee—
Yet have they left thee but beauty to wear:
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the
ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant home-light;
Far from the waves that are big with commo-
tion,
Under full sail and the harbor in sight;
Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and
chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest;
Past all the currents that lured the unwilling
Far from thy course to the Land of the
Blest,
Growing old peacefully,
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy and sorrow,
When the bright faces of children are seen;
Never a year from the young wouldst thou
borrow—
Thou dost remember what leth between;
Growing old willingly,
Thankful, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,
Rich in a faith that hath grown with thy
years;
Rich in a love that grew from and above it,
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears;
Growing old wealthily,
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are light-
ened,
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;
Many a face at thy kind word has brightened—
"It is more blessed to give than receive."
Growing old happily,
Ceasing to grieve.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory
Have a sweet recompense youth can not
know;
Ears that grow dull to the world and its story
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow;
Growing old graciously,
Purer than snow.

THE SIGN PAINTER.

One morning, more than two hundred years ago, a painter stood before his easel, in a garret in Naples, absorbed in earnest contemplation of a work he had just completed.

"I know well enough," said he, with his hand to his brow, "that there is no lack of genius here. I might even lay me down at once and die, and my name would be rescued forever from oblivion."

He was still in the full glow of enthusiasm, when the door of his studio opened, and a little, shriveled old dame shuffled in, bearing a wooden trencher with a very spare meal upon it, and laid it down upon one side. But finding that the painter took no notice of her, she at last tried to make him conscious of her presence.

"When I heard you talking so loudly as I came up stairs," she said, "I thought I should find a real customer here. But I don't wonder no one will buy such a picture as that," she continued, pointing disdainfully at the canvas on the easel; for it must be remarked that old Beatrix shared the prejudice of many of her master's critics.

"It is truly lamentable, good Beatrix, that it does not please thee," said Ribera, patting her gently on the shoulder.

"It is much more lamentable to think that you are minded to die of hunger," replied the old dame. "Scanty as your dinner is to-day, I only hope you may have as good to-morrow; but before that can happen you must give me the means, for mine are all gone. And yet you will always be saying that you could be rich if you liked! Why have you not finished that portrait for the Countess of Verona? a lady who would fairly have covered the canvas with gold for you, and secured for you the patronage of the viceroy himself. It might have been the making of you!"

"Don't talk to me of that woman, Beatrix," said Ribera, with a gesture of contempt, "with her modish face and her lack-luster eyes. Ah, if I had the young girl to copy whom I met while ago, I would have painted her with ecstasy!"

"You are a fool," said the old serving-woman; "happily for you, your friends have not lost their wits, but have been thinking far more of your welfare than you yourself have. Come, dress yourself now, and go and find out Christopher Panolfo; he is waiting for you."

"Who is this man?"

"One of the richest merchants in Naples."

"I know him not."

"But he knows you well. They have been talking to him about you; he has an excellent opinion of your talents, and wants to order a picture of you. This is as good as ready money; will you reject this too, as well as the rest?"

"No, certainly not," said Ribera.

"If this Panolfo is a judge, and will take the trouble to come to me, he will, beyond all doubt, set a respectable price on this masterpiece before us."

"What! you will not even call upon him?"

Ribera coolly turned to the window and shrugged his shoulders.

"No? This is past all bearing," cried Beatrix, with the greatest indignation, as she planted herself before him with an almost threatening air. "I tell you plainly, you must go to Panolfo."

Ribera shook his head.

"Ah, I see," continued she. "I must coax you to obedience. This shows a bad heart, Ribera. Though I made you angry at first by speaking ill of your painting, you must forgive me, and go to Panolfo. Here is your sword, and here your hat, which becomes you immensely when you just

perch it a little on one side, so. You may hide your jerkin beneath your mantle, for it is a little too shabby to be seen in open daylight."

Still chattering on, as if she would never cease, Beatrix waited only till the artist had finished attiring himself, and then, thrusting him out of the room, she gave him one more volley of encouragement as he descended the stairs.

"When you arrive at the other end of the town ask for the merchant Panolfo. Mind you do not forget his name; he lives in the grand square nearly opposite the palace of the viceroy. Fare ye well, and bring me back all the good news you can."

Arrived at Panolfo's house, two of the servants conducted Ribera into a richly furnished apartment, which afforded a superb view of the spacious garden adjoining it, and of the blue Mediterranean in the distance. A middle-aged grandee, corpulent; with a dull and vulgar cast of countenance, paced; yawning, up and down the room. At an open window sat a young girl, her head resting on her hand, eagerly drinking in the delicious perfume of the orange grove and the breezy aroma of the sea. Ribera made his salutation on entering, but the moment his eye rested on the maiden's face he became agitated and lost his usual calm self-possession; for at once he recognized the beautiful being of whom not long since he had been speaking to Beatrix. So confused was he at this sudden encounter, that he had hardly voice left to utter his name in response to the inquiring look of the pompous merchant Panolfo.

The latter, at Ribera's entrance, had checked his perturbation of the room, attributing the artist's confusion to awe of his own presence and ignorance of the world, and brusquely enough endeavored to reassure the diffident painter. So clumsily was it managed, and with such an air of condescension, moreover, that Ribera was immediately roused from his abstraction; rising to his full height he replied, all his old pride visible in his flashing eye and curled lip:

"Neither wealth nor power, nor aught that is wont to inspire others with awe, could humble me or cause me to lower my gaze; and if you behold my embarrassment, it was from no other cause than my intense admiration of one of the Creator's most beautiful masterpieces."

His eye met that of the lovely Laura, and in her blushing cheeks and drooping lashes it could not escape him that Panolfo's daughter participated in his feelings. The spell of enchantment was upon them, and before either had exchanged speech the mute language of the eye assured each that they were loved. Unconsciously Panolfo fed the flame; for the more condescendingly he played the patron to the artist, the more sympathetic grew Laura's glances, and the more anxious she appeared to atone for the pain of humiliation occasioned by her father's manner.

"They tell me, sir," began the merchant, "that you are not wanting in talent, but that you are poor and in need of work. I have always taken pleasure in fostering the arts, so we will see whether you deserve one's patronage."

Ribera bit his lip and bowed—it was all he could trust himself to do. Laura noticed the scarcely hidden play of his features, and to smooth the rising storm, said sweetly:

"You are a stranger here, sir?"

Her voice seemed to touch every chord in the painter's heart. His brow grew smooth again as he replied:

"I was born in Spain, signora, near Valencia. I have been in Rome, Venice, Florence, and Parma; in every place I have visited I have left traces of my work behind me; wherever the divine art of painting flourishes there I have gathered honey as a bee from summer flowers. I am now settled at Naples, and never intend to leave it."

"What induces you, sir, painter, to give this city your gracious preference?" with a sneering smile.

Although Ribera felt the blood slowly rising to his face, he managed to answer calmly. "That is a secret, signor."

"You are too curious, father," said Laura, throwing a little oil on this incipient conflagration. "Signor Ribera doubtless wishes you to infer that he loves."

"Yes, signor," said Ribera, "I love, and with an ardor that will last for my life!"

"A truce to this fencing," impatiently said Panolfo. "Let us come to business. Come, my good sir, are you minded to earn five-and-twenty ducats? But you have not yet informed me what branch of your art you pursue?"

"Tell me only," said Ribera, "what you think of ordering."

"A sign for my warerooms!"

This was too much. Ribera moved as if to rise, but an imploring gesture from Laura restrained him; his anger, however, was so great that he could not find words to say whether or not he accepted this proposal.

"Are you not inclined for it?" said Panolfo. "Why it would be the finest possible opportunity of making yourself known, and if you have any talent you could have no better way of showing it to the public. Do something decent for me, and all my fellow merchants will give you commissions forthwith."

"Will you trust the choice of a subject to me?" said Ribera, with sudden animation. "On no other condition will I undertake your commission."

"Well," replied the merchant, "I have confidence in your taste; do what you like for me."

"And what price do you stipulate

for?" asked Ribera, with a smile of bitterness.

"As I told you before, five-and-twenty ducats; and that, according to my notion, is paying the thing well. You need only make a beginning, and, if I am satisfied, I will let you paint my portrait too, and double the amount. You see, I know how to do things."

"My thanks to you," cried Ribera, rising to his majestic height. "Had you left it to me, I should have said five hundred ducats as the price; but I only ask to fix the picture I shall paint for you for one single day over the door of your house and it shall not cost you so much as a breath. You are in the right. I must make myself known, and I seize the opportunity that presents itself. You may give it out publicly, signor, that you have concluded a good bargain with the first painter in Naples. In a short time we shall meet again. Adieu, signor. Farewell, signora."

Ribera slowly withdrew. As he lingered a moment beneath the window of the room he had just quitted, a purse fell at his feet. It contained five hundred ducats, and a slip of paper on which was written in delicate characters, "My hand and fortune for the first painter in Naples."

A few days after the occurrence narrated above, a large crowd was assembled in front of Panolfo's house. Every one was pointing toward it or clapping his hands, and asking the name of the artist who, during the preceding night, had erected as a sign the magnificent picture of the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew. The enthusiasm of the throng soon manifested itself in vehement clamor. Never till then had such a subject found such an interpreter; never till then had the pench of mortal man soared to so high a degree of expression and power.

The news soon spread over the town, and the crowd in the square grew so large at last that the viceroy himself became anxious to know the reason. Accompanied, therefore, by his favorites, he repaired to the spot opposite the house of Panolfo, and, seized with astonishment and admiration at the sight, cried aloud:

"Who painted this masterpiece?"

There was no reply.

"Why does the artist conceal himself?" continued he. "Let him come forward and rely on my protection. All the painters of Naples shall be schooled by him. Once more, whose masterpiece is this?"

"It is mine, signor," cried Ribera, stepping forth from the crowd.

"Who art thou?"

"My name is Ribera. I am here unknown, and only wait to become that which your highness shall make me!"

"What reward dost thou ask?"

"The title of 'First Painter to the Viceroy of Naples.'"

"Thy wish is granted. How much hast thou received for this picture?"

"Sire the merchant Panolfo offered me twenty-five ducats for it, but I spurned his offer. However, he can content me another way. His daughter Laura and I love one another fondly, devotedly."

"To-morrow ye shall be united."

Sure to his promise the viceroy caused the union of Ribera and Laura to be solemnized the following week. In a short time Ribera's *Espagnoletta* became the most renowned painter in Naples. But Panolfo, who had most cordially assented to his daughter's union with Ribera, never let a day pass without boasting that he had been the first to recognize the genius of the illustrious Sign Painter.—*James Grant.*

Evarts' Reply to an Answer.

A correspondent who had been reading the anecdotes about senators in our last number was an eye-witness of the following occurrence:

At New York city in the fall of 186—, a case was tried before Judge Sutherland in which the law firm of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate appeared for the defense. Mr. Evarts made the concluding argument, and the fame of the great counselor secured for him a considerable audience of lawyers from neighboring courts, in addition to many persons who had no interest in the proceedings.

Mr. Evarts had been speaking for some hours, and was evidently nearing his peroration. He began to sum up his arguments, and asked impressively what answer could be made to them. Again he placed the points in lucid array, and again asked a similar question. Then a third time he restated his case with vivid eloquence, and once more, in louder tones, wound up with:

"What is his answer?"

He paused. You could have heard a pin drop. Suddenly the door of the court-room opened, and a peddler, sticking his head and a feather-duster into the room, cried out:

"Brooms!"

In a moment the room was ringing with uncontrollable laughter, in which everybody joined—even the judge on the bench and the orator himself. Mr. Evarts, however, kept on his feet, and was the first to recover composure. With his hand raised to command attention, as the roar subsided, he said, solemnly:

"That was not, indeed, the reply which I expected. But you may rest assured that when you do get their answer you will find it equally frivolous and inconsequent."—*American Magazine.*

A student in the Yale law school engaged for two meals a day in a New Haven boarding house and then made such havoc at the table that the landlady watched him and caught him in the act of pocketing bread, cake, cold meat, butter and pickles.

KENTUCKY PIONEERS.

An Incident in the Life of the First Settlers of the Dark and Bloody Ground.

The dangers which Boone and his companions encountered in the fields came to the very doors of their cabins, and constantly menaced their families. Indians lurked singly or in parties to seize a prisoner or take a scalp whenever an incautious white should give the opportunity. Frequent combats (and each combat ended, as a rule, in the death of one or more of those engaged) had habituated the men to danger. It was later that they felt the danger of their wives and children.

Late on a Sunday afternoon in July, 1776, three young girls ventured from the enclosure of Boonesborough to amuse themselves with a canoe upon the river that flowed by the fort. Insensibly they drifted with the lazy current, and before they were aware of their danger were seized by five warriors. Their resistance was useless, though they wielded the paddles with desperation. Their canoe was drawn ashore, and they were hurried off in rapid retreat toward the Shawnee towns in Ohio. Their screams were heard at the fort, and the cause well guessed. Two of the girls were Betsy and Frances, daughters of Colonel Richard Callaway, the other was Jemima, daughter of Boone. The fathers were absent, but soon returned to hear the evil news and arrange the pursuit. Callaway assembled a mounted party, and was away through the woods to head off the Indians, if possible, before they might reach and cross the Ohio, or before the fatigue of their rapid march should so overcome the poor girls as to cause their captors to tomahawk them, and so dismember their flight. Boone started directly on the trail through the thickets and canebrakes. His rule was never to ride if he could possibly walk. All his journeys and hunts, escapes and pursuits, were on foot. His little party numbered eight, and the anxiety of a father's heart quickened its leader, and found a ready response in the breast of three young men, the lovers of the girls.

Betsy Callaway the oldest of the girls, marked the trail, as the Indians hurried them along, by breaking twigs and bending bushes, and when threatened with the tomahawk if she persisted, tore small bits from her dress, and dropped them to guide the pursuers. When the ground was soft enough to receive an impression, they would press a footprint. The flight was in the best Indian method; the Indians marched some yards apart through the bushes and cane, compelling their captives to do the same. When a creek was crossed they waded in its water to a distant point, where the march would be resumed. By all the caution and skill of their training the Indians endeavored to obscure the trail and perplex the pursuers.

The nightfall of the first day stopped the pursuit of Boone before he had gone far; but he had fixed the direction the Indians were taking, and at early dawn was following them. The chase was continued with all the speed that could be made for thirty miles. Again darkness compelled a halt, and again at crack of day on Tuesday the pursuit was renewed. It was not long before a light film of smoke that rose in the distance showed where the Indians were cooking a breakfast of buffalo meat. The pursuers cautiously approached, fearing lest the Indians might slay their captives and escape. Colonel John Floyd, who was one of the party (himself afterward killed by Indians), thus described the attack and the rescue, in a letter written the next Sunday to the Lieutenant of Fincastle, Colonel William Preston:

"Our study had been how to get the prisoners without giving the Indians time to murder them after they discovered us. Four of us fired, and all rushed on them; by which they were prevented from carrying anything away except one shot-gun without any ammunition. Colonel Boone and myself had each a pretty fair shot as they began to move off. I am well convinced I shot one through the body. The one he shot dropped his gun; mine had none. The place was covered with thick cane, and being so much elated on recovering the three poor little broken-hearted girls, we were prevented from making any further search. We sent the Indians off almost naked, some without their moccasins, and none of them with so much as a knife or tomahawk. After the girls came to themselves sufficiently to speak, they told us there were five Indians, four Shawanese and one Cherokee; they could speak good English, and said they should go to the Shawanese towns. The war-club we got was like those I have seen of that nation, and several words of their language, which the girls retained, were known to be Shawanese."

The return with the rescued girls was one of great rejoicing. To crown their satisfaction, the young lovers had proved their prowess, and under the eye of the greatest of all woodsmen had shown their skill and courage. They had fairly won the girls they loved. Two weeks later a general summons went throughout the little settlements to attend the first wedding ever solemnized on Kentucky soil. Samuel Henderson and Betsy Callaway were married in the presence of an approving company that celebrated the event with dancing and feasting. The formal license from the county court was not waited for, as the court-house of Fincastle, of which county Kentucky was part, was a distant more than six hundred miles. The ceremony consisted of the contract with witnesses, and religious vows administered by

Boone's brother, who was an occasional preacher of the persuasion popularly known as Hardshell Baptists. Frances Callaway became within a year the wife of the gallant Captain John Holders, afterward greatly distinguished in the pioneer annals; and Boone's daughter married the son of his friend Callaway.—*John Mason Brown in Harper's Magazine.*

Origin of Names.

The Greeks with few exceptions, had no family (or sire) names. The Romans had three names: 1. A proper name (prænomen), the distinction of the individual, like our baptismal or Christian name. 2. The name of the class (nomen). 3. The family name (cognomen). Sometimes to these were added, on account of act of valor or event, a fourth name (agnomen), as Publius (prænomen) Cornelius (the clan of Cornelius) Scipio (the family) Africanus (the agnomen, because of his victories in Africa.) The prænomen was generally not written in full as M. for Marcus, P. for Publius, etc.; as M. Tullius Cicero—i. e., "Marcus," to distinguish him from his brother, Quintus Tullius, the clan, and Cicero, the family. In Germany and the Teutonic nations family or surnames (or, as it should be spelled, "surnames"—i. e., sire or father's name) were little used before the fourteenth century. Every one had a baptismal name only. The most ancient method was to add the father's name to their own, John-son, William-son, David-son, etc. The Arabs still follow this custom—e. g., Hall's son Yoor is called Ebu Hall (Hall's son) and Yoor's son would be Ebu Yoor. The surnames given in England about the time of William the Conqueror were selected, like the agnomen of the Romans, from some peculiar circumstances relating to the individual. Thus, the earl of Anjou obtained the surname of Plantagenet from the well-known Plantagenet. Fitz (from the old French *fils*, meaning "son") Mac (Scottish), Ap (Welsh), O' (Irish), Ez (Spanish), and Ben were all prefixes meaning in those several languages "son." But Fritz meant illegitimate son. The German son, Swedish son, Dutch son are the same. German von, Dutch van, French de mean "of" or "from," referring to residence or descent. On the establishment of the feudal system new names were introduced derived either from occupation, as Smith, Turner, Carpenter, Fuller, etc., from place of nativity, as French, Welsh, etc., or from personal complexion or other peculiarity as White, Brown, Black, Long, Short, Sweet, Smart, Coy, Martin, Wren, etc.—*Baltimore American.*

When Barnum Paid for Drinks.

At a recent dinner, by the way, a story was told of Barnum. "He is a temperance man now," said one of the party, "but I remember when he set up the drinks for a distinguished crowd. He didn't do it out of pure good nature, either. It was twenty-six years ago, at the Profile House in the Franconia mountains. Barnum was feeling pretty smart in those days, and he had been playing his jokes and cute tricks rather freely about the house. A lot of guests sat on the piazza of the hotel. Among them were Commodore Vanderbilt, W. H. Vanderbilt, another of the family, Governor Gilmore's son, John Hyde, the artist, Barnum, and a number of others, including myself. Young Gilmore was a lively young chap then, but he has deteriorated and become a minister since. Gilmore put up the job and let us all into it. He twisted the talk around to physical prowess, and got Barnum to brag about how fast he could run. Across the piazza in front of the hotel was a rail to which horses were tied. Gilmore proposed that we all start from the piazza and run to the rail, and that the last man to touch the rail with his hand pay for the drinks for the crowd. Everybody agreed and we got into line, all except the Commodore who sat on the piazza and gave the word. P. T. was lively and confident, and waited impatiently for the word. The Commodore said "Go!" and away went the greatest show on earth like Jumbo in a sprint race. He took the lead right away. Everybody else pretended to run for all that was in them, but took care not to get ahead of P. T. The showman got there in great style, put his hand on the rail, and turned round in triumph. There stood the rest of the crowd in line behind him, not one of them touching the rail. When he heard the Commodore roar, he took in the situation. He was the only one who put his hand on the rail at all. Barnum set them up, but he was so mad that he couldn't tell a plausible fairy tale for a week."—*Albany Journal.*

A Facetious Horse.

He was always delighted, too, when he could tease or frighten any other horse. Many a time I have seen him, after dancing and pawing and going sideways, or tail first, as he always did at starting out, suddenly sober down, side up to Mr. Romayne's big horse, Zampa, and walk along as quiet and demure as a cat, until Mr. Romayne would say: "Why, Jo, you're really getting that pony quiet." Quick as a flash Toddie would seize Zampa's curb rein between his teeth, give it a fearful jerk, jump off to the other side of the road and stand there, shaking all over like a person that is splitting his sides with laughter. You never could tell what that pony mightn't do next.—*American Magazine.*

Queen Victoria acknowledges

through her secretary every poem sent to her. She never reads them.