

Griggs Courier.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Parrots and the dudes have much in common. They have a plentiful lack of brains and talk in polly-syllables.—*Boston Gazette.*

Brown (soliloquizing at 2 a. m.)—I wish all worst in the English language wusspelt with an "sh" itshssshomuch easier to shay.—*Tid-Bits.*

A widow may not be much of a gardener, but she always has an idea that she can raise orange blossoms from weeds.—*Fall River Advance.*

"So you think you could love Evangeline?" "Love her? I could love her even if she were my wife."—*New York Sun.*

Some physicians say disease is transmitted by kissing. Heart-disease is, and the only remedy is matrimony.—*Philadelphia Call.*

It is believed that when the millennium is due the last parties to join in the universal peace will be the railroads.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

When an embezzler skips from Chicago for Canada by water they speak of his departure as a "clearing out sail."—*Burlington Free Press.*

"An eel can live out of water for at least eighteen days." A Kentucky Colonel can live without water for a whole life-time.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Women are frightful gossips, we know, but if they were not their husbands would miss a great deal of entertaining information about the neighbors.—*Journal of Education.*

"Hubby, dear, I always feel so apprehensive when you go out shooting." "But, my dear girl, what harm can betide me?" "Not you, but the poor keepers."—*Wiener Witblatt.*

Brown—"I detest that fellow Crape." Jones—"The undertaker?" Brown—"Yes. He is all the time talking shop. Ever time he meets me he asks after my health."—*New York Mail.*

You want to know the derivation of the word gumption, do you, Eulalia? very well; it is derived from gum and shun, and a girl who has gumption is one who shuns gum. Chew see?—*Pittsburg.*

Gingseng—"Congratulate me, father, I'm going to be married." Gingseng's father—"Do you think the lady will be able to support you in the style you have been accustomed?"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Higgins—"How's this, old boy; off for the West? Thought you were going to Europe." Wiggins—"So I am; via Pacific Ocean and Suez Canal. The Atlantic's getting too crowded for safe travel."—*Life.*

First Kansas woman—"I didn't see you down at the caucus last night." Second Kansas woman—"No, couldn't get away. John wasn't feeling well, and I had to clear off the table and wash the dishes."—*Tid-Bits.*

A Philadelphia paper says there is enough beer consumed in the United States every year to float all the navies in the world. That's nothing. Twenty schooners sometimes come out of one keg.—*Washington Critic.*

It is little consolation for the man who dives into his drawer for a clean shirt and finds one with the buttons off to be told by his wife that she has been busy all week sewing for some other heathen.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

There is one comfort for editors in the Inter-State Commerce law, even if their passes are taken away. The more the price of tickets is advanced the greater the sum the editor will save by walking.—*Peoria Transcript.*

An absent-minded Pittsburg preacher remarked in a eulogy from his pulpit last Sunday that "death loves a mining shark." Thereupon four stock brokers and a man with a brother in Colorado got up and left the sacred building.—*Independent.*

First tramp—Now we've got to divide fair, Ike. Second tramp—Cert, pard. I ain't had nothin' to eat sence Friday, an' you ain't had no sleep fer four nights. I'll take th' pullet an' you take the leathers an' go over in that air barn 'n enjoy yourself.—*Tid-Bits.*

Bascomb (just returned from Australia)—Well, sir, what would you say if I told you I had seen a snake out there that measures forty feet in circumference and ninety-three feet in length? Darnley—I should say—er—that Australia does not produce good whisky.—*The Judge.*

"Suppose I shall see you at your father's funeral today?" said a friend to a young man of the period. "Naw; should like to be there, but I'll be busy in court, opening succession and heading off mother in a will contest. See you later if I succeed."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"I'm out just \$10. I lent Jones that amount a month ago, and he went crazy yesterday." "Jones the actor?" "Yes." "Well, you stand a better show of getting your money now than ever before. There's no telling what form his insanity will take."—*New York Mail.*

Maj. Kincaid (who just popped)—"I'm not so very old, Miss Daisy. King Solomon was over 100, you know when he married, and I'm sure he made a good husband." Miss Crozier—"Yes, but he had so many wives at a time that the care of him was nicely

distributed, don't you know."—*Tid-Bits.*

A boy traveling with his father got up in the night and walked out of the door of the sleeping-car, which was going at full speed, and did not wake until he began turning somersets. Then he said, "All right, pa, I'm getting right up," and was fast asleep again when the trackman found him.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

In a Boston boarding-house—"That pie we had for breakfast was simply awful; the crust was like lead." "Yes, and the doughnuts were soaked with lard. Perfectly indigestible!" "It's no wonder we women have dyspepsia!" Come up to my room. I have some lovely pickles in the closet."—*Washington Critic.*

He—I see that between sixty and 100 persons in different parts of the country have been poisoned by ice-cream. She (turning pale)—Did any of them die, George? He—No; but some of them were very sick. She (color slowly coming back)—One cannot be too careful, George, where one eats ice-cream.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Sometimes a man gives a most expressive definition of a thing without perceiving himself a full significance of his words. It was so with a poor old colored man who came to Wayland Seminary, saying that no one had been to his part of the country to "widen out the colored people," and so he had come to the seminary for help.—*Gospel Age.*

A young physician of small practice noticed a man buying some cucumbers, and he followed him home and waited outside for developments. Four hours later the front door opened and the man came hastily down the steps. "Want a doctor?" gasped the impecunious physician. "No," responded the man, "I'm going around to the grocer's for some cucumbers."—*New York Sun.*

Col. Yerger returned home very late and in a demoralized condition. "Here you are again," said Mrs. Yerger, as she met him at the head of the stairs. "Yesh, my dear here I am," replied the Colonel meekly. "You are a brute. Here it is 12 o'clock. It will be almost daylight before I get through telling you what I think of you. I have to lose my sleep on your account and feel bad all day tomorrow."—*Texas Siftings.*

Jay Gould's Outlawry.

It begins to be noised about that Jay Gould will astonish New York next winter with some magnificent receptions with which he hopes to take the social world by storm. He has found society unwilling to recognize him in ordinary channels. Several prominent clubs have declined to admit him to membership, and even the Stock Exchange declines the honor of his company. But the old man has his money and his family, and does not mind it for himself. It is only on account of his boys that he desires to break through the wall of prejudice. He had set his heart on his son George marrying into society, and it was a great disappointment when he took up with a penniless actress. But he forgave him readily, and the two are inseparable. They go up and down town together and walk the street arm in arm, and it is plain that the father would make any sacrifice to gratify the son. So, if money will do it, the boys will get into society, and in this case money is pretty certain to accomplish it. Society shut its doors grimly against the elder Vanderbilt and Astor, but opened them readily to the millions of their sons. It may not receive Jay Gould—I question if he care a deuce about it—but when the boys shall come knocking for admission with \$50,000,000 jingling in their pockets, the golden knocking at the door will be found to be irresistible. Money alone can keep in the social race. It used not to be so, but it is undeniably so now.—*N. Y. Letter to Philadelphia Record.*

The Chapel Pastor in Rural England

There is no man so feasted as the chapel pastor. His tall and yet rotund body and his broad red face might easily be mistaken for the outward man of a sturdy farmer, and he likes his pipe and glass. He dines every Sunday, and at least once a week besides, at the house of one of his stoutest upholders. It is said that at such a dinner, after a large plateful of black currant pudding, finding there was still some juice left, he lifted the plate to his mouth and carefully licked it all round; the hostess hastened to offer a spoon, but he declined, thinking that was much the best way to gather the essence of the fruit. So simple were his manners he needed no spoon; and, indeed, if we looked back, the apostles managed without forks and put their fingers in the dish. After dinner the cognac-bottle is produced, and the pastor fills his tumbler half full of spirit, and but lightly dashes it with water. It is cognac, and not common brandy; for your chapel minister thinks it an affront if anything more common than the best French liquor is put before him. He likes it strong, and with his long clay pipe. Very frequently another minister—sometimes two or three—come in at the same time and take the same dinner, and afterward form a gonal circle, with cognac and tobacco, when the room speedily becomes full of smoke and the bottle of brandy soon disappears. In these family parties there is not the least approach to over-conviviality; it is merely the custom—no one thinks anything of a glass and a pipe; it is perfectly innocent; it is not a local thing, but common and understood. The consumption of brandy and tobacco

and the good things of dinner, tea and supper (for the party generally sit out the three meals), must in a month cost the host a good deal of money, but all things are cheerfully borne for the good of the church. Never were men feasted with such honest good-will as these pastors, and if a budding Paul or Silas happens to come along, who has scarce yet passed his ordination the youthful divine may stay a week if he likes and lick the platter clean. In fact, so constant is his hospitality that in certain houses it is impossible to pay a visit at any time of the year without finding one of these young brothers reposing amid the fat of the land, and doubtless indulging in pleasant spiritual communion with the daughters of the mansion. Something in this system of household ministers of religion reminds one of the welcome and reverence said to be extended in the east to the priests, who take up their residence indefinitely and are treated as visible incarnations of the Deity, whose appetites it is meritorious to satisfy.—*Longman's Magazine.*

When the Queen is on the Road.

Let us glance at these regulations for all concerned. The time of departure and arrival having been mentioned, and the metals on which the train will travel specified, the regulations provide:

1. For a pilot engine, accompanied by a locomotive foreman for the various districts, and by a guard with lamps, flags, and fog signals. This engine precedes the royal train at a uniform speed, and always fifteen miles in advance of it.

2. The drivers and firemen, as well as the engineers of the royal train, are specially selected. Telegraph men accompany the train under a superintendent, and workmen, fitters, lampmen, and greasers travel on the train all the way, keeping a constant watch; and at stopping places they must alight and examine the train and grease the axle-boxes.

3. A look-out man is placed on the tender of the engine, and seated with his face to the train, observes any signal that may be given by the occupants. This position is by no means an enviable one, as may be imagined, particularly at night, when more than ordinary vigilance is required.

The above are a few of the precautions which the railway companies adopt to secure her majesty's safety, and her comfort is no less carefully studied. The queen travels on the down line, and so for thirty minutes previous to her coming no train, not even a light engine—by which is meant an engine without carriages attached—or any vehicle is permitted to proceed upon or cross the line—the pilot-engine alone excepted.

Not only are these rules expected to be, and are, strictly conformed to, but all goods trains are examined to see whether anything is projecting which might strike the royal train. No driver is permitted to allow his engine to blow off steam, or to permit any smoke to escape, or to whistle while in a siding near the queen, or while she is passing. The facing and other points are properly secured and bolted before the train passes; the gates of level crossings, where there are no gate-keepers, are locked an hour before the queen comes; and a long line of plate-layers, at distant intervals, like a row of sentries, guard the permanent way. Special telegraphic signals are employed, the public are excluded from the stations, and the servants of the company must perform all their duties "silently and without noise."—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

Advice to a Young Man.

My boy, when you meet a good-hearted, genial fellow, open handed and generous, who spends money freely when he has it, who "doesn't know the value of money," who only esteems it for the good it can do, who believes in the lively shilling, and always does his best to make it lively, who can't hoard up money for the life of him, who gets it and spends it, and then gets more to spend, so that all of us may get a little of it, who doesn't put down every cent he lets a friend have, as though he was a money lender, who, if he had only one dollar in the world will let you have 90 cents of it if you ask for it; a good whole souled, generous fellow, who knows no more and cares no more about money than a pig about Greek, and he is a little hard up, and wants to borrow \$10 of you for a few days—my boy, don't you lend him a cent; don't lend him a cent. Eh? Do I want you to be mean, close-fisted, stingy, weighing all friendship and good fellowship on the scales of the money-lender? Oh no my boy, I didn't say anything of the kind. I said, and I repeat it, "don't lend him a cent." I don't want you to be mean. I only want you business-like. Give him \$10, if you have it to subscribe and feel like it; give him what money you can spare, and your heart and head justify you in giving, but never lend that man a dollar. Only lend money where there is at least a remote possibility of its being paid back. That's all. You may go now. By the way, I took care of that note of Jack Merrihart's that you didn't tell me anything about; it's all right now, you don't lend Jack any more than you can afford to give him. A man who has no idea of the value of his own money has just as little comprehension of the value of yours.—*E. J. Burdette.*

Girls have gone out of fashion, and 27 is the correct age now. Nevertheless "sweet sixteen" is just as sweet as it ever was.

DIGGING FOR LIBERTY.

Experience of a Confederate Prisoner in Camp Douglas in 1864.

I made my entry into Camp Douglas near Chicago, the 3d day of January, 1864, says "Ex-Rebel" in the *Detroit Free Press*, and I may be pardoned for the remark that it was a cold day for me in more senses than one. Two weeks previous to my debut in Chicago society I was in Arkansas, uniformed in the hap-hazard fashion of the Confederates of that period, and when I came to be railroaded up North and found the thermometer down to nine degrees below zero, I could hardly hold my teeth in my head. There were about five thousand prisoners in the stockade, which was simply a board fence twelve feet high, and they were provided with rough shanties and stoves. A Northern man would have kept comfortably warm in the quarters, but it was hard work for the prisoners to keep fingers and toes away from Jack Frost. Indeed, there were many cases of actual suffering, though the Federal Government made the best arrangements possible. The trouble was at the camp instead of at Washington. After a certain hour of the evening all lights must be out and everybody in bed, and when the stoves grew cold the frost and wind drove into the shanties at a hundred points.

There were only six of us in the shanty to which I was assigned, while some held eight, ten, and twelve. We were within several feet of the fence, and as we were all men from one regiment, and all captured at the same time, we felt that we could trust each other. The idea of an escape was broached in February, but it was the 15th of April when the first real move was made. The only show was to tunnel under the fence and come out by night. There was a guard stationed on elevated platforms about the inclosure by day, and at night a chain of sentinels walked regular beats outside the fence. We calculated on a tunnel not less than thirty feet long, and it was begun by taking up some of the flooring in the back end of our shanty. Visits of inspection were had twice a week, but there was not a day in which some official was not liable to come poking around.

The floor of our shanty rested on sleepers clear of the ground. We could therefore stow away a great deal of the dirt under the floor. We worked only at night, and that in reliefs of two. We first went down four feet, and then started off on a straight line for the fence and beyond. We were almost to the fence before we had to carry any dirt out doors. We managed to scatter a quantity around our house without exciting suspicion, and the rest had to be accumulated during the night and carried out in our pockets. It was slow work when we reached that point, and on two or three different occasions we came very near being exposed by officials dropping in on us. There were several rainy days about the time we were under the fence, and for a week our tunnel was full of water. When that soaked away we went at our work again, and on the morning of the 14th of May the last man to crawl out of the hole reported that our tunnel was well beyond the sentinels' beat, and ready for the breaking of the crust.

If we had had the making of the weather we could not have planned for a better night. It was dark and misty, with every chance in our favor. During the afternoon we drew lots to see who should go first, and it fell to me. We had nothing to pack up, and the whole six of us had only eighty cents in money between us. It was planned that we should separate as soon as clear of the hole, and each was to take care of himself as best he could. That was a long afternoon, I can tell you, and even when it wore away and night came, we had to wait many hours yet. Some were for going at 11 and others at 1 o'clock, but we finally moved at 11:15. We fastened the door of the shanty and crept into the tunnel one after another, and I was soon at the far end of it and digging upward. I was hard at work when I felt the ground break through behind me, some one uttered a yell, and then came the cry:

"Corporal of the Guard! Post No. 13!"

This was repeated several times and pretty soon the corporal and a file of men from the relief arrived. The sentinel on the beat, who was a big, heavy man, had broken through into our tunnel, and in the fall, had broken his leg. While I was held prisoner in the hole the others crawled back, knowing that the jig was up. It did not take the corporal many minutes to discover the true state of affairs, and then I was hauled out by the neck and made the butt of ridicule. When escorted back to the shanty the five men were found fast "asleep," but were turned out and sent to the guardhouse to keep me company. We were reduced to half rations for thirty days, but no further punishment was meted out to us.

Horrors of Indian Warfare.

"Did I ever tell you of a little incident that happened during the Indian war of 1862?" said Lieut. Morgan, of the police force, yesterday. "Well, I was a member of company A, 6th Minnesota volunteers. When we were up in a county which had been devastated by the Sioux there was a detail from our company sent out under the command of Capt. Grant, of my company, to bury the dead. Above Birch coulee

we found a man who told us that he, with his wife, two daughters, and a little son, were in the garden when he heard the crack of guns. His wife and daughters dropped dead. He grabbed the boy and started to run down the road. He was followed by the Indians, yelling savagely and firing rapidly. He could not carry the boy and get away, so he dropped him and ran on. The little fellow followed him, shouting 'Papa, papa' but was soon overtaken by the Indians, and he heard him shriek and knew that he had been killed. After burying the dead around Redwood we came back by the way of where the man lived and found the bodies of his wife and daughters as he had said. Down the road we found the body of the little boy thrown into the hazel brush. The bodies were all mutilated in a horrible manner. At the fight at Birch coulee the man was killed. If he told his name I can not now remember. That was one family entirely wiped out. In all the reports of those dark days this circumstance has never been published."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

The Little Man Was in a Hurry.

"Look here; you can't run against me in that kind of way!" exclaimed a large, red-faced man, with bristling hair and whiskers, to a meek-looking fellow of average stature who had accidentally brushed against him in hurrying across West Madison street, near Halsted, Saturday morning last at an early hour.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the meek-looking man, in a deprecating way; "if I ran against you it was accidental."

"Well, it didn't look like it to me," blustered the red-faced bully; "and I tell you right now you don't want to do it again."

"I have apologized to you for it, sir," was the reply; "what more do you want?"

"I don't want any of your lip! That's what I don't want," vociferated the bully, crowding the inoffensive and apologetic man almost off the walk; "for two cents I'd chug you one right now."

"I'm in a hurry," pleaded the smaller man; "I have an engagement—"

"You'd better have an engagement, I can tell you—"

"I have to meet a person in ten minutes," persisted the meek-looking man, glancing at his watch, "but I think I can make it in about eight, and unless I am mistaken I can convince you in two minutes that to take an apology is the best and sometimes the safest way to settle a matter of this kind."

With this remark he shot out his right fist with the air of a man accustomed to making gestures of that nature and landed it with precision and much force on the nose of the big bully.

"I can generally spare time for an engagement," he continued, as he planted a blow with his left on the big man's jaw and adroitly dodged a heavy lunge in return, "to polish off a chap that needs it as badly as you seem to. I think I'll give you another one right there," said he, meditatively, as he delivered a crushing blow on the nose again, "which will be accompanied by the claret, not necessarily for publication but as a guaranty of good faith."

The big fellow, taken by surprise, and dazed by the vigor of the attack, struck out awkwardly, but without effect.

"I have less than a minute to spare. I must hurry," said the smaller man, and he planted a blow under his burly antagonist's ear, stretching him at full length on the sidewalk. Then looking at his watch again he was off before a crowd had had time to collect. The big man slowly arose to his feet and slunk away, with every indication of a disposition to let the matter drop.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Riding on Big Turtles.

Monster green turtles, weighing as much as fifteen hundred pounds each, frequent the North Carolina beach all the way down to Fort Caswell, four miles below the town. People eat their eggs but do not eat the turtles. Beach parties of young folks go down there, gathering beautiful shells, have dances on the hard sand in the moonlight, roast oysters and have fun with the turtles. When a female turtle wishes to lay her eggs she crawls up the sandy beach to a place that suits her fancy, digs with her flippers a big hole in the sand, and then lays in the hole two or three hundred eggs. The eggs are not dumped in a pile, but laid out smoothly and neatly in rows. When she commences laying it makes no odds to her how large a beach party stands around superintending the process. She attends strictly to business, and even if the eggs are taken from the hole as fast as she lays them it does not at all discourage or frighten her. When she gets through she scrapes the sand back into the hole, whether the eggs are there or not, and starts back to the water. That is the time for the beach party to have fun with her. As many of them as can mount her big dome-like back do so, and she carries them down the water's edge, where they jump off and she goes on. She does not seem to mind their weight or show any disposition to resent their good-natured familiarity. Sometimes they turn her over on her back, but after she has helplessly pawed the air a little while they right her again and she waddles off.—*New York Times.*

An American recently sent a bath tub as a present to a gentleman in Naples. He received a note from the gentleman some time later asking when the oars were coming.