

Griggs Courier.

FREDERICK H. ADAMS, Publisher.
COOPERSTOWN. DAKOTA.

MISSING LINKS.

Zola's ordinary income is over \$50,000 a year.

Governor Beaver gives his pension of \$45 a month to charity.

Congressman Cox will build a \$20,000 house in Washington, this summer.

The oldest son of Anthony Trollope has just published his first novel, "My Own Love Story."

James Speed, who was Lincoln's Attorney-General, is 80 years of age, but he still practices law in Louisville, Ky.

William O'Brien has a very peculiar delivery when speaking in public. He emits each word between his teeth as though biting it.

Mr. Denny, Minister to China, in a letter to his brother, says that he finds it difficult to support the dignity of his position on his small salary.

A young Chinaman employed by a cigar firm on Park row, New York, has won the second prize for ornamental drawing at the Cooper Institute.

The late G. L. Goodale of Angola, Indiana, was a cousin by marriage to President Garfield, and it was for him that the latter once worked as a canal hand.

Professor Oscar Linz, the African traveler, attributes his good health in that climate to abstention from raw fruit, and to his use of water only after it was boiled.

William Lee, senior member of the Boston publishing house of Lee & Shepard, recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance to the book trade.

An irreverent Washington reporter says that Kapiolani, the Hawaiian sovereign, knows what the English word "champagne" means, and "uses it to the Queen's taste."

There is one thing, says the Springfield Union, confidentially, about Queen Victoria that ought to be mentioned in full-face caps, this jubilee year—she never banged her hair.

Professor Palmer, of Harvard, has obtained answers from most of the members of the Senior class as to their expenses, from which it appears that one-third of them spend under \$700 a year, one-half under \$1,000 and three-fourths under \$1,200.

The maiden name of Daniel Webster's second wife was Catherine Leiror, and in Boston recently a divorce case was tried in which the parties bore these names, but were in no way related to the original families. The first Daniel did not figure in divorce courts.

An intelligent Chinaman says there is no equivalent for the word "boom" in his language. This is a soothing and restful fact to dwell upon. But it may be presumed also that no Chinese community with which travelers have made the reading public acquainted would know what to do with such a word if it existed.

The new residence now being erected at Rhinecliff, N. Y., by Levi P. Morton will be a magnificent building, 114 feet long and 81 deep. The house will be built of brown sandstone and wood. It will command a view of the Hudson River for miles as it runs through a country of mountainous grandeur.

The late C. Wyllys Betts, of New York, bequeathed to Yale College a cabinet of rare and ancient coins, some old cannon recovered from lost ships of the Spanish Armada, five antique carved wooden chests made in Connecticut in the seventeenth century, and an old oaken chair brought from Lancaster Castle.

Senator Palmer's Washington house cost him \$85,000, and he says the servants have the best rooms in it. Their rooms are on the fourth story, looking on McPherson Square. The house contains twenty-five rooms in all, and the elevator is as commodious as that of a good-sized hotel. There are nine bath-rooms in the mansion.

Clarke, a union veteran residing in New York, was a signal-boy on Admiral Farragut's flagship at Mobile. A shell from the rebel guns rolled up behind the Admiral, and the boy seeing the danger promptly rolled it overboard, when it exploded in the water. He is now so poor that the Farragut medal voted him by Congress for his bravery, has been pledged for a small loan.

Captain Legare J. Walker, Deputy Collector of the port of Charleston, South Carolina, who was wounded at Appomattox, has just had the ball removed. It was so firmly imbedded that it required considerable force to remove it. It was found to be split from its apex almost down to its base, and in the split is a portion of Captain Walker's hip-bone as firmly fixed as the filling of a tooth.

There are two brothers living in Biddeford, Maine, who bear the name of John Wesley. The elder, when a boy, was stolen by Indians, and after a time given up for dead, and a tombstone was set up to his memory. In the meantime another son was born to the family and named after the first John, who some years after was re-

turned to his family. In the family the two boys are known as "Our John" and "Indian John."

Esquimaux Joe, who acted as guide and interpreter to so many Arctic expeditions, is supposed to have been drowned near Marble Island. Joe, his father-in-law, and his two brothers-in-law, left Captain Jalebert late last autumn in a whaleboat with deer meat to trade with some whalers anchored off Marble Island. No tidings have ever been received of the boat or its occupants, and hence it is concluded that all were lost in one of the Arctic hurricanes that sweep across the northern seas.

A farmer near Boston recently found three \$500 United States bonds in a hole in a stone wall on his farm. He presented them to a bank in Boston, and, as there was some question as to their genuineness, they were sent to the Treasury Department. They were examined by experts and pronounced genuine. The finder has been informed that the bonds will be redeemed and a check for their combined face value, with interest, will be sent to him on the production of satisfactory proof of ownership.

Proposals have been made to the Governments of Denmark and Sweden for constructing a submarine tunnel for a railway under the sound between Copenhagen and Malmo. The tunnel, as planned, would have a total length of between seven and eight miles. The ground to be worked is represented as closely resembling that in the channel between England and France, and is said to offer no difficulty to the execution of the work. The total cost of construction, it is estimated, will not exceed \$6,000,000.

A master of Legerdmain visited an Indian camp near Lewiston, Idaho, a few days ago, and seeing a small dog he asked how much they would sell it for. The Indians said they didn't want to sell. "Him very good dog," said the magician, rubbing him down the back, at each stroke taking a handful of money from the end of his tail, and also from his mouth, ears, and nose. The Indians looked on in stolid silence, but after the magician went away, they took the dog down to the river bank and killed it, and dissected him. To their great chagrin they found that the sleight-of-hand man had milked him of all the money.

Chauncy Depew and the Reporters.

Mr. Depew is at all times an agreeable talker, and to reporters he is especially so. "I never but once refused to be interviewed," said he, talking to the *Journal*, while here the other day, "and I gave in on that finally. It was very late at night, and I had gone to bed more than usually tired. I was in the midst of my first sleep, which is my best, when the door-bell rang. I made up my mind I wouldn't answer, hoping that whoever he was he would tire out and go. But he didn't, and finally I got up and went down to the door and ushered in a young man. 'Mr. Depew,' said he, 'I am a newspaper reporter. My wife is very sick and the doctor says I must take her to Clifton Springs to-morrow. I don't come to you for a pass; I don't ask you for money. One of the newspapers (naming one of the leading dailies of New York) has given me a column and a half. I've got to fill it. The money I will get for it will, perhaps, save my wife's life. I have walked the streets an hour wondering what I would write, when I thought of you. Now, I want you to fill that space.' 'But,' said I, 'what shall I talk about?' 'Anything,' said he. So I walked up and down the room and commenced to talk upon a subject. 'No,' said he, 'I don't think they'd like that.' Then I started off on another. 'I'm afraid of that,' said he. He suggested a topic, but that was professional and I could not talk to him about it. Then I rambled off a category of different things until he interrupted me on one. 'That'll do,' said he, 'give me something on that,' and I fired a speech at him. In a few minutes he stopped. 'That's enough, Mr. Depew,' said he, 'I've got my column and a half,' and he had. The next morning the interview appeared, and my night friend's wife no doubt received the benefit of it."

Temptations of a Broker's Life.

From the start, the boy entering a broker's office will be intrusted with large sums of money to carry to the bank or to customers. He may be in an office where bank-bills and shining gold are within his reach all the time; and he will be so completely absorbed in the subject of stocks, bonds, and money, that it will be somewhat strange if he does not soon begin to look at the getting of money as the most important business of life. And when he is a little older and becomes clerk or cashier, he will be exposed to the temptation to increase his income by stock-gambling—"speculating," as it is called—on his own account. Such ventures are of course very hazardous, and on all accounts should be shunned. For the broker's business is at best unstable. The work is done quickly in the midst of great excitement and at "high pressure," as we say. As money comes quickly and easily to the broker, it is not so highly prized as if it were earned by the toil which produces a visible result, and it usually goes as easily as it comes. Brokers, of course, defend their own occupation. They will tell you that their services as agents in scouring stocks and bonds are needed; but they will not deny that stock-brokerage would

cease to be a profitable business, except to a very few firms, if people were to stop speculating in securities. Of course, there are many men in this business who have risen to wealth and to eminence as financiers, who should scorn to do a mean or dishonorable act. All honor to such men, because they must often have been sorely tempted to do wrong.

I would not be unjust to this large class of men, so many of whom have personal traits which we are bound to admire. They are open-handed with their means. Their word to one another is as good as a bond. In fact, a large proportion of the business transacted upon the Exchange is done without written contract, and depends solely upon the good faith of the members concerned. Their promptness to respond on public appeals for aid or sympathy is proverbial. Yet all this should have no influence upon a boy who is deciding whether or no he shall be a broker.—George J. Manson, in *St. Nicholas*.

They Were Knowing Beasts.

During the month of May, 1845, it memory be right, on the passage from Boston to Charleston, says a writer in the *Swiss Cross*, Mr. Drinkwater, mate of the ship, told me this story:

"My father owned a horse and a dog between whom there was a warm affection. The dog slept in the stable. The horse had a troublesome habit when in harness of getting the reins under his tail and then holding them tightly. To cure this habit the sinews under the tail were cut, and when the horse was in the stable the tail was strained up by means of a cord passing over a pulley in the ceiling overhead. In this manner the horse was secured the night after the cutting and the stable was properly closed. In the morning the cord was found cut, the tail free, and the horse at his ease.

"Who had meddled? Who had cut that cord? Diligent inquiry was made, but no one knew anything about it. The tail was roped up again, and at evening everything was right in the stable; but in the morning again the cord was found cut and the horse at his ease in the stall. No one could explain the matter. The third night before closing the stable my father hid himself where he could see the horse, determined to solve the mystery. When the stable had been closed and all was quiet, the dog rose, looked around, jumped on to the back of the horse, and with his teeth cut the cord that kept his friend in pain."

A gentleman in Massachusetts once told me the following story, and the style of the man should be mentioned as a part of the scene. The narrator was tall and muscular, of manly, almost noble, presence. He said:

"I once owed my life to the good will of a horse, and it was thus: I was farming in Vermont. It was winter; the ground was covered deep with snow. That snow was coated with a hard, sharp crust. I was driving in a sleigh a pair of horses. At a place in the road where but a single track had been broken and where to turn out into the cutting ice crust would give pain to horse and trouble to man I met an old couple driving a single horse in a cutter. I tried to turn my horses out into the crust. They would not turn out. I jumped out and took them by the bits to compel them. One of them sprang upon me, threw me down in the deep snow, and knelt on my breast. I was helpless, I could not stir. I thought my end had come, when my other horse seized her mate by the cheek with her teeth, pulled him off from me, and held him till I got up and was safe. Then with voice and movement she showed joy and delight as plainly as ever did man or woman."

Popular Astronomy in New York.

A singular proof of popular ignorance of the starry heavens, as well as of popular curiosity concerning any uncommon celestial phenomenon, is furnished by the curious notions prevailing about the planet Venus. When Venus began to attract general attention in the western sky in the early evening some two months ago, speculation quickly became rife about it, particularly on the great Brooklyn Bridge. As the planet hung dazzlingly bright over the New Jersey horizon, some people appeared to think it was the light of Liberty's torch, mistaking the bronze goddess's real flambeau for a part of the electric-light system of the metropolis. Finally (to judge from the letters written to the newspapers, and the questions asked of individuals supposed to know something about the secrets of the sky), the conviction seems to have become pretty widely distributed that the strange light in the west was no less than an electrically illuminated balloon, nightly sent skyward by Mr. Edison, for no other conceivable reason than a wisely desired to mystify his fellow-men. I have positive information that this ridiculous notion has been actually entertained by more than one person of intelligence. And it is not improbable, that as Venus glows with increasing splendor in the serene evenings of June, she will continue to be mistaken for some pretty artificial light instead of the magnificent world that she is, sparkling out there in the sunshine like a globe of burnished silver.—Garrett P. Service, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

Mrs. Rebecca Applegate is said to be the oldest person in Philadelphia. She is 104 years old and has chewed tobacco all her life. She also likes beer and occasionally takes a drink of whiskey.

KENTUCKY PIONEERS.

A Graphic Description of the Last Indian Battle in Kentucky.

The ability of the renegade Simon Girty combined the warlike tribes beyond the Ohio in an expedition which he ably commanded. No name was more abhorred or dreaded than his. He was the incarnation of savage cruelty. He was one of the four sons of a drunken reprobate who wandered into the extreme west of Pennsylvania, and was there murdered by some companion wretch. He was adopted by the Senecas, and except for a brief period, when in the employ of Lord Dunmore on the frontier, he lived with them and the Shawnees. At one time he and Kenton were brother scouts, and the remembrance of it induced him, in a caprice of mercy, to save his old comrade from the stake to which he was already bound. But the weakness was never repeated. He advised and witnessed the burning of Colonel Crawford, and laughed heartily at the wretched sufferer's prayer that his torments might be ended by a bullet. He was a slave to drink, and when under its influence it is said "he had no compassion in his heart." Girty professedly and sincerely hated the white man, and lost no chance of displaying his animosity.

Assembling more than six hundred picked warriors of the Shawnees and neighboring tribes at the old Indian town of Chillicothe, he moved rapidly and secretly, crossing the Ohio where Cincinnati now is built, and pushing toward the settlement in the Bluegrass.

Silently, on an August night, Girty, with six hundred Indians, surrounded the station. Within it there was activity and preparation, for the men were to start at early dawn to relieve Captain John Holder's little fort, across the Kentucky, which was reported as threatened; but no one dreamed that Girty was near. At dawn the riflemen set out from the eastern gate, but fortunately a volley checked them before it was too late to regain the stockade. Elijah Craig was their commander, and from his experience of Indian tactics he guessed the force and plan of the enemy, and foresaw the siege that he was to repel. Fortunately, there were provisions and ammunition, but by some providence the inclosure of the station did not take in the spring of water upon which the garrison must rely.

Calling all the women together, he explained that the Indians were concealed, as he believed, in force about the spring. But he thought that the ambuscade would not be developed until an attack by a smaller party on the other side of the stockade, intended to divert the pioneers' attention, should first be made; and he asked the women to volunteer to fetch from the spring, before the grand attack commenced, the supply of water that was indispensable.

It was naturally objected by the women that the men ought to go, but Craig reasoned that the women usually went to the spring with their buckets, and rarely the men; that the one would be regarded by the Indians as a proof that their ambuscade and plan of attack was not suspected, while the other would bring on the attack in open ground. The crisis was urgent, the peril great; but the women speedily reached their conclusion. Thirty or forty women and girls went out through the western gate, each carrying her pail or bucket, and endeavoring by laughter or song to disguise the fear that penetrated every bosom. Across the open space and past the side of the canebrake they passed on to the bubbling spring that burst out from the foot of the knoll. Their faces betrayed no fear, their manner showed no agitation, their walk was not quickened, though they felt sure that the rifles of five hundred savages bore upon them, and that not one would survive a signal of attack.

The buckets were dipped one after another in the spring, and loaded with their precious burden the brave women returned toward the fort. It was not until the thick cane was again passed, and the bushes and tall weeds left behind, that their composure was disturbed. Then, safe from the tomahawk and the knife of the savages, and well within the protecting range of the rifles of their husbands and fathers, they hastened with trembling limbs toward the open gate, spilling in their safety part of the treasure they had carried so steadily through danger and bursting into tears of agitation and pride and gratitude. Not a gun was fired at them, nor did an Indian move, though the little company passed within twenty yards of five hundred. Craig had exactly guessed his enemy's plan and forecast his action. It was the boldest of bold risks, but it was confidently proposed and perfectly carried through. Men often wondered afterward what would have become of Craig had the Indians fired upon the women, or rushed out and captured them; but Craig's good-natured reply was, that his good sense and the women's courage made the exploit a safe venture.

As the fight opened, and the little garrison of forty men held out stoutly against such odds, two brave fellows, Bell and Tomlinson, mounted their horses to carry the news to other stations and bring up help. The gate was suddenly swung open, and they dashed at topmost speed into the very face of the Indian ranks, and were through and beyond, and into the cover of the waving corn that hid them from the aim of their astonished foe. Soon Todd and the men from Lexington

came hurrying up, and the news went on to Boone, and from him to Trigg at Harrodsburgh, and still further on to Logan. Never had there been such a general uprising. The word flew from settlement to settlement that every fighting man was needed. The response was instant and unanimous. The little garrison meanwhile was sorely pressed, but activity and courage availed them. The women moulded bullets and cut "patching," and cared for the wounded and dying as they fell. The very children caught the inspiration of their parents' courage, and ran from place to place with gourds full of water to extinguish the flames that the fire-arrows lighted. An infant, destined to be the slayer of the renowned Tecumseh, and to become a Senator and Vice-President of the republic, slept peacefully in his cradle in care of a little sister, whose fidelity to that tender duty still left her time to carry ammunition to the men.

It was indeed a gallant fight. The arrival of Boone and Todd caused Girty to withdraw his force and retreat toward the Ohio; and then followed the pursuit that ended in the battle of the Blue Licks and the death of so many of Kentucky's best men.

The pursuers felt sure of a victory over the repulsed Indians, and insisted upon a rapid march and a fight. The prudence of Boone and the cool judgment of Todd were overborne by the rash and insubordinate courage of McGary, who rushed into the ford, carrying with him the excited and shouting hunter-soldiers. How Boone endeavored to retrieve the error, and how Trigg and Todd and scores of others, the best men of the country, fell, has been often told. How Netherland held the ford single-handed, and rallied the routed force, is a landmark of Kentucky heroism. How Aaron Reynolds saved his captain, Robert Patterson, dismounting and giving his horse that his friend might escape the massacre, while he bravely took all the chance of death, is told in every story of the infant State. The gratitude of the rough woodsman, whose profanity had been rebuked by Patterson, in a former campaign, and who had become deeply religious, was there proved. The reason for it was given in simple words in after years: "He saved my soul, and I felt that I must save his life." It was the last great Indian battle on Kentucky soil. Girty retired with numerous scalps to the Scioto towns, and for weeks there was savage revelry and joy throughout the tribes.—John Mason Brown, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Making Play of Work.

Did you ever hit on this way to get a cluttered sitting-room put to rights by the little folks who have brought about in it chaos itself? The children think it great fun to overturn chairs and hang rugs on them for tant doors; to strew the carpet with playthings and snippings of paper; to drop books, picture cards, building blocks, and dolly and her wardrobe, just where the newest tack of their latest play left them; but it is not always fun, either for you or them, to get all this litter and clutter picked up and cleaned away.

Of late we have made a little game of such work by giving each child so many breadths of the carpet, and all that might be upon them, to put in perfect order. There are five breadths in our sitting-room carpet, and at such a "corner" in the disorderly state of the room, I give two breadths—not consecutive lengths—to each of the two older children, and the fifth breadth to the little three-years-old, choosing for her the strip of carpet that has the least litter upon it. When little children have been interested in such work, it is surprising how swiftly they will straighten rugs, fold papers, pick up shreds and litter, and pack away playthings.

From end to end of their carpet breadths our small people go,—setting back chairs, making neat piles of the scattered books and papers that clutter the tables and shelves, winding the straggling threads in mamma's spool and yarn baskets if they chance to be on their territory, winging the hearth, and patting up, plump and smooth, chair and lounge pillows, till even mamma's sharp eyes cannot see another raveling to pick or one more paper to fold. She can quietly go on with her sewing or mending all through a long afternoon while her room is alternately being put in and then put out of order, only she must be wise enough to plan that the former comes last on the programme before their supper or bed-time hour comes.

The children are so quick to notice and herald each other's oversights and any slovenliness in this play-work of clearing sections of the room, that I have little need of calling their attention to any article or scrap left out of place. Even the baby will toddle across the room to reprovingly point to a wrinkled rug or an overlooked toy on a strip of her little sister's territory, and gravely say: "See there!" If a chair or table, with its tumbled heap of books or papers, stands on two carpet breadths, the exacting little landholders require each other to put to rights just such part as stands on their division of territory, and the chair, basket, or stand, I have seen the little tots good-naturedly lug away together.—Clarissa Potter, in *Good Housekeeping*.

The Prince of Wales has purchased the stirrups used by Archer in his last race. A gentleman offered \$350 for the revolver with which the jockey killed himself.