

# Griggs Courier.

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## "OUR MARY."

"Be ye the lady a'wantin' a gup!"  
I looked up with a start,  
The speaker stood in my hall-way.  
"A'ye please, I'm Mary McCart,  
An' me so'n boyan in the Baylivo  
Was tellin' av me to-day  
Ye be wantin' help, so I'ought I'd step in,  
As I chanced to be passin' this way."

I staided myself by Ted's cradle,  
Night and day I'd watched o'er that child,  
Hoping and doubting and fearing,  
Till it seemed I must go wild.  
Only a desperate mother  
Half-crazed with worry and care,  
Can know how welcome to me was the form  
That I saw in the door-way there.

"Well, Mary," said I, without preface,  
"I don't know how well you can do,  
But you see how it is here—this baby,  
They say, can not live the day through;  
If you have the heart of a woman,  
Or the least spark of pity can feel,  
Hang your hat on the nail there and do up my  
work."

Says Mary: "All right, ma'am, I we'll."  
This was Mary—so cheerful and willing,  
She did as she liked a few days,  
All I knew was the children "took" to her—  
And were loud in proclaiming her praise.  
When the terrible crisis was over,  
And Ted began slowly to mend,  
'Twas then I discovered her merits,  
For Ted was a hard child to tend.

"Tired, Mary?" so often I've asked her—  
When, the kitchen all "tidy and nate"—  
She'd don her fine hat, with bright roses,  
To "step down front on the str'ate."  
No matter how great the day's trials,  
How hard she had toiled or how long,  
The answer was always forthcoming:  
"Me tired? Oh, no, ma'am, I'm strong."

I kept Mary years. All her young strength  
Was cheerfully used at my need;  
I found her, in sunshine or shadow,  
True and loyal—a treasure indeed.  
When John was sent West, all the children  
At first refused stoutly to go,  
For Mary wouldn't leave Massachusetts  
With her poor "co'sin" ailing, you know.

We didn't forget Mary, however,  
And, of course, when I came East I went  
To the "Beehive" to call on "Our Mary,"  
With presents the children had sent.  
For a minute the girl did not know me—  
She was tending her dead cousin's boy—  
But when she saw clearly it was an old friend  
She burst out a-crying for joy.

It was hard for her tending that baby,  
And taking in washing as well;  
I really felt sorry for Mary,  
And wished she might rest up a spell.  
I told John I thought we should help her—  
But John—well, John said that he knew  
Mary must have a sum out at interest,  
Perhaps a cool thousand or two.

I wish I'd insisted, John always  
Gives in to me, after awhile—  
But I'll own I fell in with the notion  
That Mary had a snug pile.  
She was firm, too, about that poor baby—  
It was the dead cousin's request  
She should care for the child—or else I am sure  
We'd have taken her back with us West.

Ted, our baby, was just entering college  
When we came to New England "for good;"  
And soon I made search for "Our Mary,"  
As I always had planned that I would.  
Time flies, and I knew she was aging—  
I was quite an old woman, in truth—  
And I knew she couldn't choose places  
The same as she did in her youth.

Ah, well! I suppose it is natural  
To be careless of service that's past;  
But this fact gave me small consolation  
When I got news of Mary at last.  
Even John felt condemned, when 'twas told  
That Mary used off to lament  
Over being transferred to the almshouse  
Where foreign-born paupers are sent.

She wasn't sick long, "just worn out, like,"  
They said, and the child had died first.  
It was well to have left that poor orphan  
Would have troubled our Mary the worst.  
John saw that they both had a head-stone,  
And their graves are well cared for each year,  
Yet I never can think of poor Mary  
Without sharp remorse and a tear.

To-day there are many stout Marys,  
Running tireless at each beck and call,  
Giving freely their young lives in service—  
Their faithful devotion, their all.  
Whenever I hear thoughtless women  
Their servants begin to berate,  
I tell them of one faithful servant  
Whose true worth I saw when too late.

—Boston Globe.

## HOW TO GET RICH.

General Butler Tells How Wealth May Be Acquired.

Benefits Derived from Investing One's Earnings in Real Estate—Whole-some Advice for Economical and Saving Young Men.

I have received your note asking me to write some practical hints for young men on the acquirement of wealth, which may be published.

A difficult task is set me, as the circumstances under which young men commence life are so widely varied. But I think that more young men fail in the investment of what they earn or receive than in any other way to acquire property. The temptations to speculate are so great, and the desire to become suddenly rich so strong, that I believe eight out of ten, if not more, of young men are wrecked at the very beginning.

If a young man is earning something more than the expenses of his living, and has no object in view, he is likely to either increase these expenses carelessly, or to loan his money to his friends, and in so doing, in the majority of cases, he will lose both friends and money, so that the best thing he can do is to have an object, to gather up his money, and to have a call for it which shall be a profitable one. He makes no investment because he says: "I have got so little money that it won't come to anything; I will wait

until I get more," and in waiting, generally, what he has goes.

When a young man has very little money let him buy some property, preferably a piece, however small, according to his means, of improved real estate that is paying rent. He had better buy it when sold at auction, under a judicial sale, paying in cash what he can, giving his notes for the remainder in small sums coming due at frequently recurring intervals, secured by a mortgage on the property, and then use all his extra income in paying up those notes. It is always safe to discount your own note, and if the notes come a little too fast, as soon as he gets any thing paid his friends will aid him when he is putting his money where it can not be lost, and where the property is taking care of the interest, and in a very short time he will find that he has got a very considerable investment. He will become interested in it, save his money to meet his notes, and he will directly come into a considerable possession of property, and hardly know how it came to him. That is, he will have a motive for saving, and will get the result of that saving, and will not be tempted to enter into speculations. Nothing is so safe for an investment as improved real estate. Nothing is likely to grow in value faster. In the last fifty years, ninety per cent. of all the merchants and traders in Boston have failed. In the last fifty years, ninety per cent. of all the business corporations have failed or gone out of business, so that their stock has been wiped out. In the last fifty years all the improved real estate, on the average, has paid its interest and taxes and quadrupled in value. If a young man's father can give him any thing to start him in the world he had better invest it in that way and let it accumulate, and earn his living, and he will be richer than if he had gone into business. Jay Gould is said to have started from a mousetrap seller to become a millionaire. Assuming that to be true, he is only one of 60,000,000 of people; and if any young man thinks that he is going to imitate Jay Gould, there are 60,000,000 of chances to one that he won't succeed.

The rule I would lay down for a young man is never do a mean thing for money. Be prudent and saving of your money. Be careful to have no interest account running against you unless you have an equal or greater interest account running in your favor. Work diligently and you are sure of a competency in your old age, and as early as possible, if you can find a saying, prudent girl who has been brought up by a mother who knows how to take care of a house, and make a wife of her, she will aid, and not hinder you.

I claim no originality in this advice, and will relate to you an incident in my own experience to illustrate it: In my earliest practice in my profession I was quite successful in earning money, and I had a small balance in the Lowell Bank, at the head of which was Mr. James G. Carney. The bank was directly across the hall from my office. I stepped into the bank to deposit a little money on one occasion, and Mr. Carney said to me: "Why don't you invest your money?" "Invest," said I; "I have nothing to invest." "O yes," he says, "you have quite a little sum of money, and I see that your young friends come in with your checks occasionally, evidently borrowing it. Now, you had better invest it?" "How can I invest it?" "Invest it in real estate." "I know nothing about real estate." "Go to the first auction and buy the property. You can not be much cheated in that because you will have to give very little more than somebody else will be willing to pay for it. Give your notes for it, save your money, collect your fees, pay your notes as they become due. See that the property is improved property, so that the rent will keep down the interest account, and when you get any other money invest it in the same way, and if your notes press upon you a little faster than you can pay them, why, we will, when we find that is what you are doing with your money, discount your note and give you a little more time, so that you can pay it up. This will necessitate the prompt collection of your bills, for I know you would rather work and earn a hundred dollars than dun a man for it, unless you have a pressing need for it. You have not even asked for a little bill that we owe you in the bank, which shows me that you do not promptly collect your dues." I followed the advice and bought a number of pieces of property in that manner, and I never did exactly know how they were paid for, but they were, and in a few years I owned some twenty different pieces of property in Lowell that came to me in that way. I can only say that I wish I had been wise enough to have continued this course through life.

I do not think I need to extend these suggestions any further, because if a young man won't mind these he won't any others, and I can not suggest any better ones.—Benjamin F. Butler, in Chicago Times.

## AN INQUISITIVE YANKEE.

A Clear Case of Jumping from the Flying-Fan Into the Fire.

An American, sight-seeing in Europe, gives his mind to his work, which is to do the places of interest. In order to gratify his curiosity, he sometimes disregards the proprieties, and accosts the first man he meets, if he thinks him capable of serving as a guide-book. One of these American tourists, while in London, heard of the famous place which Baron Rothschild was building. He went to see it, and was fortunate enough to meet the master-builder, who showed him over the building. After he had finished the inspection, he addressed a portly old gentleman whom he saw watching the workmen, with: "Good-morning, sir." The man bowed politely, without speaking.

"I'm a stranger," the American continued, thinking he might be speaking to the contractor; "I've been looking over this building, and I should like to ask you for some information."

"I shall be happy to oblige you," said the old gentleman, and he told the American many interesting facts about the building.

"I suppose you have seen Rothschild, sir?" said the American.

"Which one?"

"The old cock."

"I see the old cock every day," answered the old man, eyeing the American.

"I should like to have a look at him: People say he is a gay old chap and lives high. I wish I had him in my power. I'd not let up till he had shelled out a pile of his money."

The American rattled on, and the old gentleman laughed heartily. When there was a pause he remarked:

"Baron Rothschild had to work for his money and deserves to enjoy it."

"May be so," said the American, "but I reckon he did a heap of squeezing to get it."

"The old man's face flushed as he said stiffly: "I never heard the honesty of the house called in question."

"Didn't you? Well, to tell the truth, neither have I. But I wouldn't be surprised if I'm right after all."

The old man's face grew black, and he bit his lip, but said nothing.

"People tell me," continued the American, "that the Rothschilds have made two fortunes. Now, I'd like to learn the way the thing was done."

"I can tell you," replied the old man, smiling. "People say the house of Rothschild made one fortune by being careful to mind their own business, and the other by letting that of others alone. Good morning, sir."

And the old gentleman left the American staring at him, and went to the other end of the building.

"Can you tell me the name of that old gentleman?" asked the American of a handsome young man who was looking at the building.

"That is Baron Rothschild."

"Then I've got myself into a scrape!" exclaimed the mortified American, and told the young man what had occurred.

"That was awkward," the young man remarked, after a hearty laugh.

"He's a crusty old chap, he's as cross as a bear," continued the vexed American.

"Oh, that is only his way; he is a kind-hearted man, but a little eccentric," said the young man.

"Do you know Baron Rothschild?" inquired the American.

"I have met him several times, and I have an appointment to wait on him to-day."

"Then I wish you'd say to him that I did not know to whom I was talking this morning, or I would not have said so much; and that he need not have been so huffy about it."

"I will do so; he will be the first to laugh at the adventure when he hears your explanation. Good-morning."

Just then a workman passed, and the American asked him the name of the young gentleman.

"That was one of the younger Rothschilds," said the workman. The American was afraid to speak to a stranger for a week for fear he might be a Rothschild.—Youth's Companion.

## Hit the Nail on the Head.

Jim Webster, one of the leading colored citizens of Austin, whose wife was sick, put in an appearance at the office of Dr. Blyster.

"Well, how's your wife this morning?"

"Dat's what I cum ter see yer about. Hits happened jest as you said. She died las' night. You hit de nail on de head dat time, shore. You bet dat war a center shot."—Texas Siftings.

## Too Conscientious.

Gentleman (to Uncle Rastus)—I wonder, Uncle Rastus, that you don't marry again. Your wife has been dead over a year, hasn't she?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, but I see too conscientious fo' ter marry agin under de circumstances.

Gentleman—How is that?

Uncle Rastus—Well yo' see, sah, I see nebbber paid fo' de gravestone yet.—N. Y. Sun.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"Yes," said a convalescent and classic patient, "even the Greeks suffered with the ill-I-ad." "Possibly," remarked the doctor, "as your complaint was rather odd-I-see."—Duluth Paraphraser.

A yacht under full sail went ashore on the rocks on the Maine coast the other day. The captain explained it all by saying that if he had had a reef in his sails, he should not have had a reef under his keel.—Boston Post.

For several years the little town of Clanton, Ala., has been enjoying the reputation of being the possessor of a wonderful hot well. Recent investigations show the heat was caused by steam from a saw mill boiler passing through the pipes to the jets which were under the water.

In ancient times buttons were used but little. Clasps, hooks and eyes, and various articles made of metal and somewhat resembling scarf pins were generally in fashion for fastening together the two edges of any dress.

Mr. S.—"See here, my boy, Farmer Brown doesn't like you to swing on his gate." Precocious Boy (who has lately been to Sunday-school)—"Well, I don't care for Mr. Brown, nor his manservant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his."

A Schenectady plumber's boy thought it would be nice to run down hill in his three-wheeled cart. When at its best speed the cart brought up against a post, throwing the boy, charcoal, fire pot and everything else out, breaking the cart and scaring a horse so that he ran away and smashed everything.

It is found that a good impression of any article of metal having a flat, ornamental surface, may be taken by wetting some note paper with the tongue and smoking it over a gas flame. The article is then pressed upon the smoked part, when, if the operation be carefully conducted, a clear impression is the result.

Within the last two years and a half the number of national banks in the South has increased 37 per cent., while in the Eastern and Middle States it has been less than 3 per cent. During the time mentioned 450 new national banks have been organized in this country.—Detroit Free Press.

Omaha Man—"Of all persons! When did you cross the Atlantic, George?" English Lord—"Hush! Harry, don't speak so loud. Call me Blinks." "Blinks, eh? Say, George, what means this masquerading?" "The fact is, Harry, I'm in love with an American girl and am trying to pass myself off for a respectable citizen."—Omaha World.

A resident of Bradford, Conn., is the inventor of the automatic street-lamp, which is run by clockwork. When the right hour comes a cap is drawn over the wick leaving a small blaze; the cap is lifted when the lamp is needed again. Several of these are in use in the streets of New London, and go without any care for several days, a large tank of oil supplying them.

The family of John G. Russell, of Brunswick, Me., was considerably surprised the other evening when, from an open flue in the chimney, a stream of swallows poured until the house was actually full of them. They perched on the pictures and the furniture, and many of them clung with their claws to the clothing of the members of the family. They seemed to be quite tame, and were with difficulty driven out.

In 1880 the number of persons receiving interest from registered United States bonds was 80,802. Since that time \$300,000,000 of those bonds have been paid off, and it is figured that the number of holders have been reduced to about 80,000. Of those holders 25,613 held between \$50 and \$500 each, and 52,841 held less than \$2,500 each. The New England States held 17 per cent. of the whole, the Middle States 67 per cent., the Western States 13 per cent., and the Southern States 3 per cent.

A man, apparently in perfect health, was attacked with a sudden disposition to destroy. He took up a stick, and, without discrimination, broke everything that presented itself before him. After a short time he calmed down and appeared to be restored to himself. He knew nothing of what he had done, and became much irritated when shown the remnants of the shattered articles. He was again seized with the same frenzy and committed a murder.—Chicago News.

A collection of the bright-plumaged birds found on Grand Isle, Louisiana, has been made by a young lady of that place. The theory is that these birds have been blown out into the Gulf during gales and driven upon the Louisiana shore. A box containing fourteen specimens, which were trapped and prepared for mounting by this young lady, revealed, when opened, a most gorgeous spectacle, the colors ranging from the brightest scarlet—a scarlet beside which that of the cardinal or red bird seems quite dull—down to the palest of pinks and blues. Some of the specimens wore of the loveliest shades of yellow.

## LAW FOR TRAVELERS.

Delays and Detentions For Which Damage May Be Collected.

We can all recollect occasions when we have sworn eternal vengeance against some railway company for landing us at our destination an hour or two late, or for stopping us at a little wayside station through a dreary cycle of time. We forget all about it after a good square meal.

There are many occasions, doubtless when the company would be liable to us for nominal damages for failing to carry us according to the time-table for the publication of a time-table is a public profession to carry you according to its terms.—4 Exch. 367.

But it is seldom that a passenger car recovers more than nominal damages—and it is not every case which will warrant the giving of nominal damages—for the publication of a time-table is not an unconditional engagement to have the trains arrive and depart precisely at the appointed moment.—52 N. H. 596.

If you have purchased a ticket by steamer sailing at an appointed time, and it fails to carry you, your items of damage would be the price of your ticket—provided you have paid in advance—the expense of waiting for another vessel to sail, and the price of your ticket on the other vessel. It is paying you to ride, and giving you food and lodging in the bargain.—1 Abb. Adm. R. 80.

And so, if a passenger is taken sick during a detention, it is said to be proper for him to receive his expenses for the meanwhile, and also the expenses of the illness, both during the detention and following it.—28 N. Y. 217.

More explicitly, the legitimate items of damage are the expenses to which you are directly or indirectly put, and the value of the time you directly or indirectly lose by reason of a detention which is the result of the carrier's breach of duty or negligence. For a detention resulting otherwise you are not entitled to any damages.—Id.

For no company is responsible for want of punctuality not attributable to its negligence.—52 N. H. 596.

If lost time is an item of damage, you can not collect a fancy price which you may set upon your time; but its value must be proved with reasonable certainty, as we shall see when we come to the question of damages for injuries to the person.—58 N. Y. 391.

It should go without saying that you are only entitled to actual damages unless you can show that the delay or neglect to carry you as agreed is willful or malicious.—1 Cal. 338.

It is meant that you are not entitled to punitive or exemplary damages—something over and above the damage to you in dollars and cents. In the old fashioned vernacular it is called "smart money."—50 Am. Law Reg. U. S. 570.

A passenger bound for California, expecting to find a position there to work at his trade or avocation, and who might be delayed a week by fault of the rail, could show the rate of wages earned there by persons of the same trade; but such rate would not be conclusive as to the value of his week's time; he might not find employment at once, and the jury should take this uncertainty into account.—1 Cal. 383.

But it has been held when the claimant offers no evidence as to the value of lost time, the jury is not precluded from giving him such compensation therefor as they may think reasonable.—34 How. Pr. (N. Y.) 144.

If a belated passenger is drawing a regular salary, or is under engagement to enter service at stipulated wages, the sum he would have received during the lost time is the measure of his damages in that respect.—58 N. Y. 631.

A partner in a mercantile house, whose salary is his share of the profits, may prove the nature of his business, its extent, etc., and the time he was prevented from attending to it.—25 Wend. (N. Y.) 425.

But if loss of profits is sought, the business must be of such a nature as to allow the loss to be fixed with reasonable certainty.—58 N. Y. 391.

For an ordinary commercial business is too uncertain and dependent on the exigencies of trade to ascertain what the profits would have been had a man been carried through in time and enabled to attend to it.—Id.

A physician or lawyer might collect any loss which should occur through being prevented from attending to the wants of patients or clients; but he must prove the loss with certainty.—71 Ill. 391.

An Illinois physician once on a time calculated to visit a patient at the next station, but the train failed to stop for him. He would have had to wait five or six hours for the next train, so he walked. It was held that he was not entitled to damages for the injury to his health which resulted.—Id.

The journey was not the necessary result of his being left on the train, but was a risk he incurred himself. He recovered only nominal damages.—Id.—M. T. Bly, in A. B. C. Pathfinder Guide.

The gilded youth soon tarnishes.—Boston Post.