

Griggs Courier.

FREDERICK H. ADAMS, Publisher

COOPERSTOWN, - - DAKOTA.

WHAT SHE WANTED.

She didn't want a corner lot way out in Kansas City;
She didn't want a Turkish rug, she didn't think them pretty,
She hadn't any use for oils, for chromos or for waters;
She stuck her nose up at the dresses worn by Jones' daughters.
She just detested diamonds, and thought jewelry vulgar;
She had no love for ornaments, Roumanian or Bulgar.
She wouldn't drive in coach and four, although she might have had 'em,
But trudged along the street, as did her great forefather, Adam.
She didn't like to travel on the trains, they went too rapid;
And a journey 'cross the ocean main she never yet had mapped.
She didn't like the drama, and she thought the ballet horrid;
She didn't like the weather cold, nor yet so very torrid.
She was no novel reader, and took little stock in poems,
Although she'd now and then look over those by Dr. Holmes.
She didn't care for household work, and had no love for dishes;
She let her mother darn her hose, for she detested stitches.
She didn't care for isms, and she never wrote a letter
To the papers, telling how she'd try to make the whole world better.
She lived in Massachusetts, she was frocked, old and tanned,
And all on earth she wanted was—a marriageable man.

—George S. Crittenden, in *Tid-Bits*.

LUCY'S GUARDIAN.

The Brief Story of a Wife's Salvation.

"You will—er—stay and—and meet Mr. Rochdale, my dear, will you not?"
"Well, no, papa," replied Edith Lascelles, in a meditative fashion, "I don't think I will. You see, my position is a peculiar one. I have no hesitation in saying that I find it a disagreeable one also. I suppose if I were like a heroine of romance I should feel a wild excitement and a strange thrill, etc., etc., at meeting the man who is to be my husband, but who is utterly unknown to me; but not being a heroine at all, these feelings are wanting."
"Of course, my dear," Mr. Lascelles observed, a trifle nervously, "you know you can refuse him if you like, but you are so sensible, and—"
"Yes," cut in the girl, decisively, "and I shall lose five thousand a year, shan't I? Well, I tell you flatly, papa, I shall lose the five thousand most certainly if I don't like the man."
"Then you intend to let the money slip from you altogether. In plain words, you refuse."
Edith shook her head.
"I never do any thing in a hurry," she determined, and a glance at her pretty, firm mouth bore testimony to her words; "but you did not tell me, papa, what induced Aunt Maria to choose this Mr. Rochdale more than any other person."
"She was in love with his father years ago. At least, I believe so, my dear, and so—"
"I understand." Edith's lip curled in a sneer; "delightfully sentimental and deplorably vulgar."
Two days later Edith found herself enconced in the snugest corner of pretty Mrs. Dalton's drawing room. She was very fond of Lucy; they had been firm friends in their childish days and Mrs. Dalton had the greatest respect for the tall, handsome girl who was so far her superior in brains. The last time they had met had been in Paris, when Edith was introduced to Lucy's husband, one of the kindest-hearted men in the world—a drysalter, or a soapboiler, or some such mysterious and consequently wealthy person—and to the golden-haired child the very image of her mother and the idol of the household.
"You are looking pale, Lucy," Edith remarked, as she stitched vigorously at her work—she was never idle a moment.
Lucy suddenly belied the suggestion by coloring vividly, almost painfully.
"I am very well, dear," she answered; and Edith's quick ear caught the faintest trace of annoyance in the pretty voice.
She pondered a little over this, and by and by Mrs. Dalton rose hurriedly.
"You won't mind, Edith, if I leave you for half an hour, will you? I must go to Dent's; they have not sent home the things I ordered."
"Let me go!" Edith put down her work. "You know you have been out this morning, and Herbert does not like to see you tired when he comes home."
"O, the drive won't hurt me, and I would rather go myself, the people are so stupid. I know you won't be dull; there is a pile of new books, and baby will come down if you would care to have her."
Edith stared at the fire when alone.

"If it was not too absurd," she said to herself, as she recalled the nervousness and haste with which her friend had spoken, "I should imagine that Lucy did not care about my being with her just now. She made me very welcome, certainly; but she seems changed, and I don't know exactly where or how! Perhaps she is ill. She may say what she likes, but she looks wretched. If so, I am very glad I have come. She is an emotional creature, and would probably have become wretched and depressed while Herbert is away."
Just about six o'clock Mrs. Dalton returned.

"Is Herbert in?" she asked, as she threw off her mantle and untied her bonnet-strings. There was the faintest flush on either cheek that might have been caused by the autumnal wind, but seemed to rise from suppressed excitement.

"Decidedly, Lucy is ill," Edith determined, as she replied in the negative; but she said nothing, only resolved that during Mr. Dalton's forthcoming absence she would take her friend in hand and doctor her. . . . At dinner time Edith, watching her, saw the evident effort made by the young wife to appear cheerful and easy, and was surprised that Mr. Dalton did not seem to be aware that any thing was wrong.

"I certainly shall not enlighten him," she declared to herself, "but I will see what I can do with Lucy when he is gone. I grieve in bliss in such a case as this. Why, he would fret himself to fiddlestrings if he thought she were ill."

When the morning arrived which witnessed Mr. Dalton's departure to the north, Edith noticed more than ever that her friend was laboring under some emotion which was not unconnected, so it seemed to her, with excitement.

Edith withdrew to let the couple say farewell. As she went into the drawing-room, her thoughts flew for the first time to her father and his marriage scheme.

"I suppose I had better write and tell the poor old man that I consent to meet Mr. Rochdale. It can do no harm at any rate, and I can't possibly marry him without seeing him first. I will go home at the end of this week."

The first day of Mr. Dalton's absence passed much as usual. On the second, Mrs. Dalton drove out with her friend and child, and did some shopping. As they returned to the comfortable villa near Regent's Park, they met a woman carrying a parcel in her hand, evidently bound for a journey.

"Why, that is Parker, is it not?" Edith said suddenly; "is she going away, Lucy?"

Parker was the housemaid at the villa.

"Yes," Mrs. Dalton murmured, stopping with a hurried gesture to push some parcels on to the seat opposite. "She has been wanting to go home for some time, and I thought now Herbert was away it was a good chance to give her a holiday."

Edith acquiesced in this, and did not observe Lucy's face flush crimson and then fade to deathly pallor as she spoke; indeed, at that moment they turned in at the gates; and Parker was forgotten.

The two women dined rather drearily, for Lucy was strangely dull, and Edith was suddenly attacked by an unusual and disagreeable toothache.

"Why not go to bed Edith?" Mrs. Dalton suggested as the clock struck nine and they were back in the drawing-room.

Edith felt desperately cross with herself. "A nice person I am to cheer any one up," she thought viciously. She was more than annoyed that so trivial but painful an ailment should visit her when she was the possessor of so rarely white and even a set of teeth. She was not easily beaten, but after half an hour had gone, during which she had been too uncomfortable to notice the strange, restless manner in which Lucy fidgeted about, she threw up the sponge and declared for bed.

"Let me bring you some brandy-and-water, and it will make you sleep," was Mrs. Dalton's eager request.

And Edith was obliged to permit her friend to perform this charitable office, and see her to her room. She bade Lucy good night, and after a wild desire to bang her head against the wall, drank the brandy with a shudder, and after a short while dropped off into a delightful slumber, in which every twinge of pain was lost. All at once she awoke with a start, and her heart beat in an uneven fashion; she sat up in bed and looked at her watch—just twelve o'clock; she had slept, then, over two hours soundly, and the refractory tooth was subdued. She was slipping her watch under the pillow when again she started; it had been no delusion, footsteps were passing down the landing. Like lightning Edith was out of bed and had thrown on her dressing gown. Her courage faltered for a moment, for Edith was only a girl, and hideous stories of pistols and hasty shooting by latter-day burglars

came to her mind; but it was only for a moment; then taking her candle in hand, she went as noiselessly as possible to the head of the stairs and passed down. All was still, and from the flickering light of the hall-lamp she could see there was no one left as sentinel or spy; so she determined, not without a curious sensation at her heart, to creep boldly down, reconnoiter, and then go back and rouse the house. She made very little noise in descending, and at last stood in the hall. The voice was still faint, and she paused to listen before proceeding. The next instant she was at the dining-room door and had thrown it wide open.

A smothered woman's shriek and an oath greeted her, and a lump seemed to rise in her throat.

"Lucy," she said, in choked, hardly audible tones, "your child is up stairs and needs you at once."

Without a word, but with a face as white as death, Lucy passed her in the doorway, and the quick step up the stairs testified to the existence of the mother's sudden dread and pain.

The man left thus stranded was young, of a dark, handsome type, attired in evening dress.

He stared at the girl before him with a contracted brow, and looked, as he must have felt, wretchedly ill at ease.

"You, sir, whoever you may be, please leave this house at once."

Edith's hand sought the door for support; though she kept so bold a front, her limbs were trembling beyond control.

He looked at her young face rigid with contempt and horror, and despite his anger could not but admire her. She made a pretty picture in her scarlet gown, with hair dark and loose on her shoulders, but the admiration was but momentary.

"This is Mrs. Dalton's house. I am here at her invitation. I leave it only at her request," he answered shortly.

"I will ring up the servants and have you thrown out," she replied.

"And so compromise your dear friend," he said, with a sneer. "By all means; I am perfectly willing."

Edith drew a short breath.

"You are a coward," she said, quietly; then before he could speak she went on very slowly, and with great deliberation: "Lucy is up-stairs, I am alone with you; the scandal, therefore, will fall on me. Now, shall I call the servants, or will you go?"
"By Jove!" he muttered, under his breath.

He had never come across this sort of woman before; his eyes just met hers, and at the unutterable disgust and contempt in them he was abashed; he took up his hat and sauntered out of the room without saying one word. Edith followed him, and closed the door herself upon him; then, shaking like a leaf, she went into the dining-room, extinguished the lights, and then crept up-stairs, feeling that for once in her life all her strength and courage were hopelessly gone.

The event just passed had lasted barely three minutes, but its result was none the less painful.

As she reached the upper landing she felt some one clasp her knees, and then crouch down at her feet, and all her nerve returned.

With her strong young arm she lifted up Lucy, who was weeping bitterly, and almost carried her into her own bed-room, and the rest of the night she spent in trying to soothe and console the poor foolish moth who had fluttered so near the candle, and by her aid had escaped; for before morning came Edith had learnt all she wanted to know; and, save for her supreme folly and weakness, Lucy Dalton had done nothing to separate herself from her husband's life.

Mr. Dalton returned to his cosy home full of spirits, and Edith met him with as much light-hearted manner as she could assume.

"I am afraid you will never leave me Lucy's guardian again, Herbert," she said; "for you will find her rather shattered. She caught cold one day driving, and I have kept her indoors ever since."

She did not stay in the room as she finished this speech, but as she shut the door she caught a glimpse of Lucy's golden head buried on her husband's shoulder, and she was content.

"I think she has learnt her lesson," she thought to herself, "and now I will trot home to papa."

Mr. Lascelles welcomed his daughter affectionately. "I got your letter, Edith," he said at once, "and I have asked young Rochdale to dinner to-night. Does that suit you?"
Edith simply nodded.

Punctually at eight the door was thrown open and Mr. Rochdale announced.

Mr. Lascelles shook hands effusively with the young man.

"Edith, my dear—" he began.

But Edith did not move; she fixed her eyes on Mr. Rochdale.

"Papa," she said, very distinctly, "I do not desire further knowledge of this gentleman; we have met before." George Rochdale's face grew crim-

son, then white; he recognized the voice of the girl who had ordered him from her friend's house a few nights ago, though the first glimpse at the tall, slender form in dainty evening dress had not enlightened him.

"Edith—" began Mr. Lascelles, alarmed and angry.

She took up her fan and walked to the door.

"Cousin Minnie will take my place to-night; I shall dine in my room."

Three minutes later she heard the hall-door bang, and from her window saw Mr. Rochdale get into a hansom and drive away.

Mr. Lascelles came up, for the first time in his life, in a terrific passion with his daughter.

"You may say just whatever you like, papa," Edith remarked, very quietly; "I know this man to be a coward and a scoundrel, and I would not marry him or even speak to him again for all the fortunes in the world!"—*London World*.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

All-Wool Materials the Favorites for Serviceable Winter Costumes.

For home wear are simple and pretty dresses of camel's hair, serge or cashmere, with a pointed bodice, to which a single straight skirt is closely shirred, this bordered with braiding, moire, velvet ribbon in a number of rows, or a passementerie of applique silk cords. Sometimes there is merely a wide hem turned up on the right side and finished with a line of brier stitching in silk. The bodice is trimmed to match the skirt, and at the back is a wide sash of watered silk, or of a fabric like the dress, finished with a broad hem pressed to lie very flat.

This is again a wool season, that is, all-wool materials rank first as favorites, and are either made up quite simply, with draperies of the same, or else used where smarter style is required, in conjunction with plush or velvet. Blocks and checks rival stripes in favor. The new stripes, however, are unlike those with which we are familiar, in that the stripes are corded, the cord in many cases so defined by being raised above the ground that they have the appearance of narrow lines of braid stitched on it, this being especially pronounced in those woollens of dark stripes on light grounds, and vice-versa. The wool ground of some of the handsomest of the raised striped textiles is generally of serge or camel's hair, and a very artistic effect is given by a woven flat stripe being set next that which is raised, and so cleverly managed that it looks as if it were a shadow cast by a bolder line.

Silk-cord passementerie, superb jet galloons in lattice patterns covered with sparkling pendants, and real laces in new designs are the trimmings most generally used upon black silk and satin gowns. Soft surplice folds of the silk are draped across the front of the basque, the plaits at the shoulders held by massive jet epaulets, and these, narrowing at the belt, are kept in place by a cut jet clasp or a huge jet buckle. Jet belts, Swiss girdles, dog collars and wrist-bands are used upon gowns of black faille designed for young ladies. Silver gimps enriched with cut-jet beadings are another elegant and expensive garniture for costumes of black. Where colors are introduced, there is an almost limitless scope for ingenious and unique combination, for the gay striped and plaided velvets, moires plain and changeable, fancy satins, brocaded with plush and velvet figures, and many other elegant novelties of the season, are noted upon black gowns of silk, satin, velvet, vigogne and India cashmere, fresh from Parisian work-shops.—*N. Y. Post*.

A Good Water-Proof.

To make muslin water-proof for covering a load of hay, procure boiled linseed oil, and after completing the sheet, (let the seams and hems be strongly sewed), saturate it and let it dry on the grass or a line, turning it frequently. When fully dry, paint it on the outer side with the same oil containing enough ochre or lampblack to deaden the light color of the muslin but not sufficient to make a body, as this would allow it to crack when dry. A sheet of this kind, if properly taken care of when not in use, will last for years. Also see that holes are not punched in it. It is best not to use the heaviest muslin procurable, but the medium, as it does not crack so much when dry. It is better to roll than to fold such a sheet. If it needs patching, "fell down" the patch as on a garment and paint the patch, especially the edges, saturate it thoroughly. Water-proof garments, lap-coverings, etc., made in this way are very cheap and useful. If making a coat, be sure the pockets are all on the inside, as they will fill with water like a cup or expose their contents, even when protected by laps. Few articles of clothing are warmer when driving against the wind.—*Farm and Home*.

Ground oats make excellent food for all kinds of young stock. If scalded, such food is also excellent for sows with litters of pigs.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—According to Peter Henderson the hybrid tea roses are hardy in most of the Northern States, if protected around the roots with leaves during the winter.

—Those great western droughts remind us that irrigation will play a more and more important part in the agriculture of the country, as the years roll on.—*Farm Journal*.

—Cream Waffles.—Take one pint of thick sweet cream, stir in half a teaspoon of soda, beat two eggs and stir in, add flour to make a little batter. Bake and butter.—*Good Cheer*.

—As well-water in villages can be poisoned with typhoid-fever germs, due to infiltration of water-closet matter, there is nothing extraordinary in finding the ooings of manure heaps into water for cattle producing an equally detrimental effect on stock.—*Boston Globe*.

—There is nothing that will fatten a pig as quickly as sweet potatoes. They are superior to corn for that purpose. Pick out those that are marketable and boil the culls for the pigs. They may be given to steers also, and can be fed raw or cooked.—*Troy Times*.

—Crumb Pie.—This makes five pies. Bake without a top crust. One cup molasses and one cup warm water, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cinnamon, mix and put in pie plates. Then take four cups flour, one and one-half cups sugar and one cup lard. Crumb it together, and put on top and bake.—*Boston Budget*.

—Lady Cake.—One pint of the whites of eggs, one pound and a quarter of flour, the same of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, and a half teaspoon of soda. Cream the butter and sugar together, and add half the eggs, after whipping them stiff. Stir in the flour, then add the remainder of the eggs.—*Exchange*.

—Peter Henderson says, in the *Practical Farmer*: "If garden seeds, when planted in the spring, are firmly pressed when under the earth, by the ball of the foot, at the time the gardeners are putting them into the ground, they will invariably grow, drought or no drought; and, what is still more important, they will spring up earlier and grow faster, and mature better than any of their kind which have not been subjected to this discipline. This same rule of pressure holds good in transplanting trees, shrubs and plants."

—"The good Lord sends vittles," says the benevolent Mrs. Partington, "and His intention should be carried out in the cooking of 'em, which doesn't always follow, sometimes, where good things are thrown together anyhow, and left to come out the best they can. Ah! many a fair home has been deseciated by poor cooking, and a man's table is often the rock on which his happiness has split, with bread so hard you could throw it at a stone wall. If a man's as pious as Beekzebub his stomach can't stand every thing."

No Cause for Complaint.

"How are times, Uncle Jerry?" he asked an old colored whitewasher on the market yesterday.

"Very fa'r, sah—very fa'r."

"Then your business is rushing, eh?"

"Seems to be, sah. My wife has hired ober fo' dollars at washin' dity week, and 'de chill'en has picked up a suit of clothes an' a basket of vittles. I can't complain 'sah—can't complain."

—*Detroit Free Press*.

—Blinks—"What? Can't drink it all?" Doctor—"It will not be safe for you to touch any more liquor, except under very exceptional circumstances." "O, what's them?" "Well, if you should be caught in the rain and get very wet, then, in your weak condition, alcoholic stimulants might be necessary." "I see. How much do I owe you?" "Never mind about that now; I send in my bills quarterly." "But I'm going away, and may not see you again." "Going away?" "Yes, siree; going back East. Toddy a climate here."—*Omaha World*.

—The *Calcutta Englishman* calls attention to a remarkable decline in the popularity of the great Rath Jatra or Car Festival, at the Juggernaut Temple in Orissa. The religious enthusiasm of the crowd is said to be also disappearing. There is no longer a wild rush for the car, in which the idol is dragged from the temple to a country house and back again, and on several occasions it has been necessary to hire coolies to perform the work.

—A traveler in looking through an open-air book stall the other day at Tokio, Japan, came across the Japanese versions of "A Dead Secret," "Miss Christabel," "Les Miserables," "Le Maitre de Forge," "Serge Panne," "Monte Cristo," and a brave but unfortunate metrical translation of some of Tennyson's and Browning's poems.

—To fall in love is as easy as falling out of a hammock, but it doesn't hurt so much.