

# Griggs Courier.

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## BEFORE DEATH.

How much would I care for it, could I know  
That when I am under the grass or snow  
The raveled garment of life's brief day  
Folded and quietly laid away,  
The spirit let loose from mortal bars,  
And somewhere away among the stars—  
What praise was lavished upon me, when  
Whatever might be its stint or store,  
It neither could help or harm me more.

II, 'midst of my toll, they had but thought  
To stretch a finger, I would have caught  
Gladly such aid, to bear me through  
Some bitter duty I had to do;  
And when it was done, had I but heard  
One breath of applause, one cheering word—  
One cry of "Courage!" amid the strife,  
So weighted for me with death or life—  
How would it have nerved my soul to strain  
Through the whirl of the coming surge again!

What use for the rope, if it be not flung  
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?  
What help in a comrade's bugle blast  
When the peril of Alpine heights is passed?  
What need that the stirring psalm roll  
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?  
What worth in what glory's blazest breath  
When whispered in ears that are hushed in  
Death?

No! No! if you have but a word of cheer,  
Speak it while I am alive to hear!  
—From Mrs. Preston's "Colonial Ballads."

## MRS. SMITH'S WAY.

Why She Thought She Could  
Never be a Missionary.

A Wise Little Woman's Sorrow for Her  
Neighbors Who Were Daily Killing  
Themselves, and Who Would  
Not Heed Her Counsel.

One evening when Mr. Smith came home from work he found his wife sitting alone in their cozy parlor that always presented the same neat and tasteful appearance; some work had fallen idly in her lap while her chin rested on her hand and she had become so absorbed in thought that she heard not the opening of the door when he entered.

"And what has put my Brownie into such a brown study that she has neither eyes nor ears for things of time and sense?" inquired Mr. Smith, after standing in the doorway for about two minutes watching his wife.

"O, Ned," exclaimed Mrs. Smith, starting up from her reverie, "I never could be a missionary, never."

"Well, I am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Ned Smith, seating himself beside his wife while a broad smile shone over his countenance: "I would be sorry to have you leave me here alone, I assure you, and I have no intention, myself, of going to some distant clime to work among the heathen."

"Ned, you may laugh at me if you will; you know I didn't think of heathen in foreign lands at all; but I do feel sorry for the people about us who are daily killing themselves."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Smith, "who is committing suicide now?"

"Our neighbor Mrs. Wilkins, and many others beside," soberly responded Mrs. Smith.

"Now you speak in riddles," said her husband. "I do not fathom the depth of your meaning."

"It is only this, Ned; I am saddened at the thought of people working and worrying over trifles."

"Why, Brownie, do you not think trifles make perfection? and perfection is no trifle."

"Ned, I wish you would be serious for once and listen to what I say."

Mr. Smith drew on a long face and said: "Now I am all serious attention with a mind wholly yours."

"A man should have a mind of his own," was the saucy retort.

The mischievous expression came again to Mr. Smith's eyes as he replied: "My mind is yours and you are mine; therefore my mind is my own. Now, Brownie, I am going to be sober as a judge and listen most obediently while you relate the cause of your sudden attack of profound meditation."

"Well, this afternoon," began Mrs. Smith, "I was out calling on our neighbors, and went, first, across the street to Mrs. Wilkins, and found that personage lying down completely exhausted from overwork. She does all her own work, and with their large family that is no light task at the best. She is by nature a strong woman, energetic and industrious, priding herself on how much work she can do in a day. That, you know, is different from me, for I try to accomplish a good deal by doing just as little as I can."

"I understand just what a sensibly lazy wife I have," said Mr. Smith, with his face long drawn.

Brownie continued, "I had conceit enough to think myself able to instruct her in the way of doing, and to convince her of the truth that 'whoever might be better employed is idle.' Yesterday she put a large washing out on the line, and when I went over to-day she had just finished ironing a great pile of clothes, and was lying down from sheer exhaustion."

"And what was extraordinary in that?" asked Mr. Smith. "I have seen

my Brownie's white hands moving swiftly over the ironing-board."

"But my hands are not all hard and and roughened by drudgery. I think my hands and head are the more easily kept clean by wearing gloves and cap when doing sweeping and such kinds of work."

"And perhaps Mrs. Wilkins isn't so fortunate in having a kind, considerate husband like Mrs. Brownie Smith."

"Of course not," was the emphatic answer, "and neither has Mr. Wilkins a wife so awfully wise as Ned Smith has. I esteem ourselves highly enough to be very self-satisfied, but that isn't doing good to any one else."

"Oh, you want to be out performing some great public work, ambitious to be a home missionary or something of the kind. I am becoming enlightened now," and the smile spread itself over his face again.

"I had no thought of missioning at home or anywhere else," replied Brownie, with some spirit; "but my afternoon's experience made me think what a difficult work missionaries had to do, and I never could have faith and patience to work a reform among people's prejudices. It does seem to me that good, practical sense is one of the great needs of the times. I am not so strong as Mrs. Wilkins, yet you have never seen me day after day exhausted by over-work. I manage my work while Mrs. Wilkins' work manages her; that is the difference."

"I told her that when I had a large ironing to do, I did not try to iron all in one day; and then such articles as sheets, tea towels and the coarse undergarments were only put smoothly through the clothes wringer, when washed, then thoroughly dried, folded and put away for use. I think they have a fresh, sweet, clean smell, that they lose by being dampened and ironed. But Mrs. Wilkins looked shocked at such proceedings and said her conscience wouldn't rest easy if she left so much as a rag without every wrinkle ironed out of it, and then she couldn't feel comfortable until her work was all done up and out of the way. I wanted to say that I, too, would have a troublesome conscience if I daily injured my health by unnecessary work, but she looked so tired and careworn that I hadn't the heart to be cross with her, and so I talked cheery nonsense until she was glad that I had come in, for it had livened her up a bit."

"I next went across to Mrs. Dean's and there found another tired, worn-looking woman, all flurried and flushed over the cook-stove, baking cake and mixing wonderful concoctions. "Mrs. Dean boasts of her good cooking, and has her table spread with dainty, delicious dishes, rich and unwholesome, that tempt the daily eater on to sure dyspepsia, and there is a perpetual howling in that family with some ailment or other."

"O, well, Brownie, the public has no idea how you starve your family with your ideas of plain living," put in Mr. Smith.

"Yes," said Brownie, "we are starved into good, sound health by eating plenty of plain, wholesome food. Our table doesn't groan under loads of indigestible pastries, nor are we groaning around with dyspepsia or other disease."

"Brownie," said her husband, "when I look at you I am reminded of the village schoolmaster in Oliver Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village';—'And still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew'—and ever since our wedding day there has been no limit to my pride and wonder when I think of being the possessor of the wonderful small head of my wife."

Without heading this remark Brownie continued: "I afterward went to Mrs. Gray's, and she, as usual, was busy sewing, and I felt inclined to break out in a general tirade against the fashions, for those little girls of hers must be ruffled and tucked and flounced until they look like so many puffed popinjays; she gives so much time and thought to dress, her chief interest in life is fashion. When she enters Heaven her first inquiry, I think, will be to know how the angels dress. I don't believe she has read a single book through since she was married; she finds no time for recreation that every one needs; and what pleasure there is in such a life, I don't know."

"We shouldn't live for pleasure alone, Brownie," said Mr. Smith.

"And good there is in it none, I'm sure," was the reply. "She was worrying over the approaching house-cleaning time. I told her how I economized in that by not having the whole house covered with carpets; that I liked best to have the up-stairs bedroom floors either painted or oiled, with a rug or two in each room; it was a saving of much heavy work and a much better way to maintain cleanliness. I liked to feel that the rooms were always pure, clean and comfortable. Mrs. Gray merely replied that she supposed I had my way and she had hers. I don't seem to have a knack of convincing people of the better way; and I can not always understand why they

will spend their time in useless labor, like stepping on a perpetual treadmill, always going but never getting to any real good that is to be enjoyed and done in the world. So few persons, it seems to me, economize their time and strength, so as to get the most out of their short lives and attain to the full extent of their capabilities of enjoyment and usefulness that I would think myself happy if I could but persuade a few individuals to adopt our beautifully simple way of living."

Mr. Smith looked kindly upon his wife and said: "Reforms move slowly, Brownie, and some, having seen our good works, may in time, be led to see and accept the beauty and good that is to be found in our way, and find in life more that is healthful, useful, and all the year round live in the enjoyment of a more jolly genial-heartedness. At any rate, example is said to be stronger than precept, and we need not make ourselves the less happy because our neighbors may happen to persist in their way of enjoying all the discomforts they can find in life, while we take pleasure in all its comforts secured to us by our way of doing."—*Phrenological Journal.*

## WEATHER PROPHETS.

A Noble Texan's Comments on Their Reliability and Truthfulness.

One day while going south on the trail, from Custer, Mont., we met a herd of four thousand or five thousand head of Texas cattle being driven through to the Northern Montana ranges. The foreman of the outfit, a long, lank Texan, road over and hailed us.

"Hello, stranger," he said, "did you jes' come down from the railroad?"

"Yes."

"Seen the papers lately, then I reckon?"

"Yes."

"Say, did you notice what kind of weather that Canada prophet says we're going to have?"

"He predicts a great drought for the next six weeks."

"Does, hey? What does the Iowa man say?"

"He says to look out for heavy rains and floods all through the month."

"Gosh, that's curious! The Georgia man got any thing to say?"

"He predicts dry, cold weather with heavy frosts from the 2d to the 20th of the month."

"Well, that gits me! The Kentucky man haint put in his mouth too, has he?"

"Yes, he says to look out for the warmest October ever known and warns people against malaris and mosquitoes."

"Why, great snakes, is that a fact? Then I s'pose the Govern'ment's got something to say too?"

"Yes, the latest from the weather bureau is to look out for a heavy fall of snow, together with blizzards and cyclones, followed by clear weather and hot winds from the southwest."

"W'y, great thunder and blazes! if that ain't the most mixed-up mess I ever heard. Say! d'ye know they git worse 'an' worse every time I hear from 'em! It's gettin' so a feller might 'bout's well not try to find out any thing 'bout the weather, but jes' take it as she comes! I tell you it's a howlin' good thing for them weather sharks that they stay back in the States. If I ever caught one of 'em out here in Montayney I'd make him think the thermometer was shootin' out the top like a volcano, an' that double 'n' twisted cyclones was rippin' up 'n' down his back like chain lightning on a greased pole! Good-by! Come down on the bottom 'n' camp with us to-night!"—*F. H. Carruth, in Chicago Tribune.*

## Sufficient Proof.

Counsel (to witness)—You say, madam, that you were a member of the household at the time of the defendant's birth?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Counsel—And were in the house at that time?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Counsel—You can swear to that positively? Remember, you are upon oath!

Witness—Yes, sir.

Counsel (with a look at the jury)—What proof can you offer that you were present when the defendant was born?

Witness—I'm his mother.—*Puck.*

—Alphonse Daudet, who spent the summer at his country seat, Champrosay, near Paris, is reported to suffer greatly from nervousness and insomnia. He has withdrawn almost completely from the society of his friends, and seeks to forget his sufferings in redoubled work. He has three new books under way—a novel, "L'Immortel," which is intended as a bitter satire on the Academy; an idyllic story called "Ma Paroisse," and an autobiographic work entitled "Ma Douleur," in which he will depict the disappointments of his literary career.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—There are 10,548 more men than women in Manitoba.

## How Women Spend Money.

It is said of women that they delight to haggle over a bargain, and show a miserly spirit in all their dealings—that they patronize cheap restaurants sooner than pay a high price for a handsomely appointed lunch; and that, if they ever give to charity, it is in a niggardly measure. Mr. Howells, who professes to have probed the feminine heart to its core, declares that they consider all expenditure extravagant that is not directed toward dress. In answer to these strictures, it must be remembered that, unless a woman has a fortune or is a wage-worker, she has no money of her own, but is disbursing the income or earnings of her husband. If she has any conscience or sensitiveness she feels inclined to handle carefully that which belongs to another. Miss Wolfe, after the manner of most women wealthy in their own right, gave largely of her abundance. As regards the accusation of Mr. Howells, the reply may be made that, while the generality of men expect their wives to dress in a manner suitable to their station, they do not usually afford them the means of giving in charity. In most cases the money thus given by a husband is not in the shape of an allowance, but must be asked for each separate need, so that the wife feels often an absolute sense of guilt in spending it.

## The Green-Eyed Monster.

Old Nace, who keeps a corned beef and cabbage hashery on the upper end of Austin is famous for his stinginess. He is also noted for his young mulatto wife, who is suspected of having married the old man for his money. Not long since Uncle Mose met old Nace and perceived at once that there was something the matter with the distinguished caterer.

"What's de matter, Nace? Got de rhumatics agin'?"

"Wusser den dat."

"I s'pose hits de toofache wat's hoisted yer mouf outer shape."

"Hits my wife's mouf what's bodderin' me. She has been a-kissin' Parson Whangdoodle Baxter, who am boardin' wid me."

"Unpossibul!"

"Dar's no impossible about hit, because I seed him myself."

"What yer gwine ter do about hit?"

"What kin I do? Ef I let de cat out de bag dat I has lost confederence in Parson Whangdoodle Baxter he might change his boardin' house."—*Texas Siftings.*

## The Slate Trust.

"The cause of education has taken another advance," remarked the Snake Editor.

"What is it now?" asked the Horse Editor.

"The school slate manufacturers have perfected an arrangement to put up prices."

Don't!—If a dealer offers you a bottle of Salvation Oil without label, or wrapper, or in a mutilated or defaced package, don't touch it—don't buy it at ANY price, you can rest assured that there is something wrong—it may be a dangerous and worthless counterfeit. Insist upon getting a PAIN-EX, UNBROKEN, GENUINE PACKAGE.

## Missing Islands.

Mrs. Suddenly Rich—"I wish to buy one of these globes." Clerk—"Here is one, madame, that is used in all the schools." Mrs. S. R.—"Well, if you will have a few more islands painted on those empty places I'll take it."

## TO THE PUBLIC

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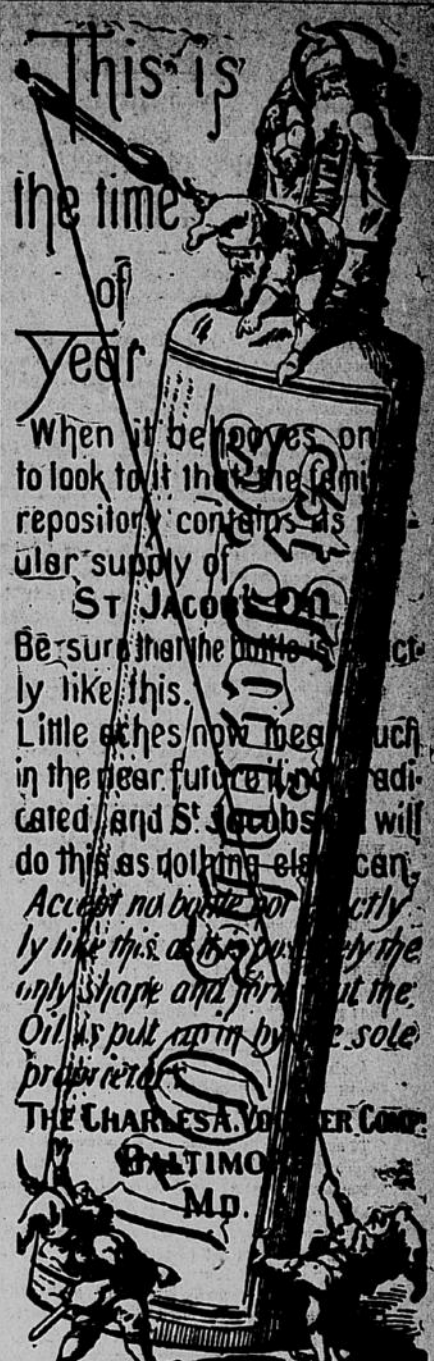
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Minister— And do you like to go to church with your papa and mamma Bobby?  
Bobby (inclined to be non-committal) Well, I guess I like it as well as pa does.