

Griggs Courier.

FREDERICK H. ADAMS, Publisher.

DOOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA.

PROCRASTINATION.

"To-morrow, to-morrow, not to-day,"
This is what slothful people say.
To-morrow-to-day I will take my rest,
To-morrow each lesson will cheerfully learn,
To-morrow, from every fault will turn,
And try in all things to do my best."

But why to-morrow and not to-day?
To-morrow's care must have their sway.
But its own each day will show.
What is to be must surely be;
There cannot not fall this truth to see,
But what may be one can not know.

Who goes not forward must backward fall,
Straight onward fly the moments all,
Nor linger they. That thing alone
Is mine which I in full possess.
If on so the hour with usefulness
Made rich, I call, in truth, mine own.

Who days with wasted moments fraught,
Whom in my life's book counts for naught,
Whom empty pages, blank and wide;
So may this day and every day,
Kne, as the minutes slip away,
Good deeds and true on every side.
From the German, by C. L. Brink, in *Character*.

TRAIN DISPATCHING.

A Position That Requires Men of Iron Nerve and Quick Brains.

The Awful Consequences Likely to Follow a Single Mistake—A Thrilling Story Told by a Commercial Traveler.

"Accident caused by an incompetent train-dispatcher," remarked a gentleman in an up-town hotel, as he laid down a newspaper after reading an account of a railroad collision. "People are beginning to realize the fact that two trains can't pass each other on a single track," he remarked, dryly.

The gentleman was a superintendent of a Western railroad who had worked his way up from a telegraph operator, stopping for sixteen years in a dispatcher's position before a superintendency was awarded him. To a circle of friends he spoke of the dangers of travel and the duties of a train-dispatcher.

"Few people," he said, "even those who travel continually, know the danger that they are in while rushing over mountains and through valleys at the rate of forty miles an hour, with trains in front of them, trains behind them, passenger, freight, excursion, construction, special and wild trains, thundering along on the same track. In the East, where nearly every road is double-tracked, the danger is materially diminished, but the great network of roads that spreads like a fisherman's net over the great West is mostly single track, and requires men of iron nerve and quick brains to handle the trains. One of our dispatchers virtually holds the lives of our passengers at the ends of his fingers.

"Suppose for a moment a dispatcher should lose his head, what is the result? An awful catastrophe. But it is seldom, comparatively speaking, that an accident or collision occurs, and for this we can thank the lynx-eyed, quick-witted and nimble-fingered man, who sits in his office hundreds of miles away, and controls the movements of his engineers and conductors, by the aid of his servant, electricity. Before him lies a train-sheet, divided into subdivisions, with the names of each station, and a column for each train, both east and west-bound, entered thereon. When a train leaves a station, the operator reports it to the dispatcher as arriving and departing at whatever time it may be, which is entered on the sheet. Thus, by glancing at his train-sheet, the dispatcher can tell where each train is. There are roads where a dispatcher has charge of two freight divisions of one hundred miles each. On each division are thirty trains each way, making one hundred and twenty trains controlled by one man, with, possibly, one assistant.

"We will suppose that a train is late, and can not make its meeting point. This is a time when the telegraph must straighten things out, and if not done well a snarl of trains will be the result. Train 10 is behind time, which happens from various causes. The regular meeting point with train 7 is at A. Not being able to make it, the dispatcher sends an order first to Train 7 at C. The following is the generally-accepted style of an order:

To Conductor and Engineer No. 7 C: Hold at C until Train 10 arrives. Answer. W. W. C.

"The operator at C then displays a signal, a flag by day and a lamp by night, that warns the conductor of Train 7 not to pass C without ascertaining what the signal is out for. When the orders are delivered the conductor and engineer sign them and they are repeated to the dispatcher, who, if they are correct, answers back 'O. K.' The dispatcher then sends an order to Train 10 as follows:

To Conductor and Engineer Train 10 A: Run to C regardless of Train 7. Answer. W. W. C.

"When this is signed, repeated and 'O. K.'d the train pulls out and makes

the meeting point. Were it not for this order the conductor would have to run his train according to a rule on the back of the time-card. This rule is that a train not having the right of way must wait at its meeting point thirty minutes for variation of watches, and then it can proceed to its next meeting point. The train having the right of way also waits five minutes for variation of watches. Trains are classified, passenger trains having the right of way over freights and the latter over work trains.

"This may look very simple, but when you take into consideration that the two trains in question are only a small part of the number that are, at the same time, under the supervision of the dispatcher, it will be seen that travelers are trusting themselves blindly to an unseen power. The essential points of a train-dispatcher are sobriety, strict attention to duty and a brain quick enough to grasp any problem that may present itself. Dispatchers work eight hours a day and are paid in the West from \$1,500 to \$3,000 yearly, according to their service."

A merchant, who had drawn a chair up to the group, told a story of a scene in a dispatcher's office. He said: "I was sitting in the dispatchers' office of the Michigan Central road at Jackson, Mich., some years ago, chatting with a school friend, who was then a contractor on the road. Every thing seemed to be running smoothly, and the four dispatchers were throwing a big ball of paper at each other's heads. A warning 'let up' came from one of them, and the next instant he was gazing thoughtfully at his train sheet. He then opened his key and sent an order. It was repeated to him, and the moment he gave the O. K. and stuck his pen in the rack, bang! came the wad of paper, and the fusillade began again. I remarked to my friend that these men acted rather kittenish for men who had so much responsibility, and he replied: 'You see they have a strain on their minds, and they cut up just such duds to relieve it; but their ears are open, and they hear every word that comes on the wire.'"

"I know a train-dispatcher story that will lay you all out," put in a commercial traveler. "I was sitting in the office of the Dixon House in Newton, Ia., one afternoon away back in 1878, swapping stories with several drummers, when one of them exclaimed: 'Here comes Blondie, the milliner!'"

"Naturally thinking there was a pretty woman in the question, we ran to the window, only to see a young man go across the street, carrying a sample case in each hand. His hair was as white as snow. 'There's a curious case,' said a shoe man from Chicago. 'He's one of the nicest fellows in the world, but he's sensitive about his hair. We called him Blondie until one day he told me how his misfortune overtook him. He was a train-dispatcher on the Chicago & Alton road, and had sent an order for a passenger train to meet the president's special at a certain place and then ordered the special by the meeting point. Both trains had been reported as having left their respective stations five minutes when he picked up his order-book and saw his mistake. There was no way to stop them. He sat in his chair paralyzed, as he expressed it. Fourteen car-loads of passengers and a special of an engine and two cars loaded with directors of the road with their friends and ladies were rushing at each other at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. It was sure death for at least half of the passengers, and total annihilation for the special train. As he sat there he could see the trains approach each other, for he knew every foot of the road; knew exactly where each train was, now rounding a curve, again crossing a bridge, until in his mind's eye he saw the trains meet in a deep cut. He saw the two engines crash into each other like leviathans of the rail, telescoping both trains and piling the wrecked cars upon each other in an indescribable heap. He heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded, and saw the mangled forms of somebody's loved ones, until the horrible scene became almost too much for his reason. He tried to raise from his chair, but could not. His blood turned hot and cold, and then he felt a prickly sensation at the roots of his hair. He was struggling out of his chair to get a drink of water to relieve his faintness, when he heard his call on the sander. Mechanically he opened the circuit and responded. The operator at the station to which he sent the order to the special then informed him that the special had returned on account of not having water enough to carry them to the next tank.

"Blondie replied: 'O. K.; hold them for orders,' and then fainted away. "When he recovered there were several conductors and brakemen about him who had heard him fall from his chair. He noticed a queer look on their faces and asked why they looked at him so strangely. One of the brakemen took a pocket mirror and held it before Blondie. He saw

that his hair had turned as white as snow. He resigned, and never sent another train order."—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

KILLING CONTAGION.

How Infected Vessels Are Made Clean in American Ports.

"The vessel has been disinfected." That is about all you hear said when a vessel carrying passengers affected with a contagious disease arrives at port.

"Perfectly safe," the health authorities say, and so it generally turns out to be, for no matter how virulent the disease, it scarcely ever breaks over this line set by the health protectors of the country.

Curious, isn't it, that a boat load of people, who have, with their clothing and baggage, been subjected or exposed to cholera or yellow fever or smallpox, can land passengers and baggage and freight, all of which have carried the germs of disease, and distribute them all over the country and in the thickly-crowded cities, and no evil results follow?

Let us see how it is done. Perhaps it will not seem so strange then. "Thoroughly disinfected and placed in quarantine" is not a long sentence, but it means a good deal after all. To be obliged to lie idly two weeks, waiting to see if a horrible disease is going to break out on shipboard and carry men off by the dozen or score is not an agreeable experience. Yet it is a part of the programme awaiting the luckless vessel which arrives at port carrying germs of infectious diseases. But that is not all. There is a good deal more. "Disinfection" is a more serious undertaking than is generally supposed. Here is a sample case, and one which may interest those who have never witnessed its methods and its thoroughness. Here is the way the steamer Alesia, recently arriving in New York with cholera on board, was handled.

The passengers were first removed, the sick to the hospital for epidemic diseases, the others to a quarantine station where they were watched carefully by competent physicians. Then the work of getting rid of the germs of the disease began. The entire steamer was twice washed with scalding water, and then washed again, with a solution of corrosive sublimate. Think of washing every accessible part of a big ocean steamer twice with boiling water and then with a solution of corrosive sublimate. But that was only a beginning. As soon as this was done, the hatches were closed and the decks covered with tarpaulin and one hundred pounds of sulphur burned in the hold, the hatches being kept closed twelve hours. Then every accessible part of the vessel was again washed (with brooms and sponges) with the solution of corrosive sublimate. Then the hatches were again closed and one hundred and fifty pounds of sulphur burned. Every textile fabric, mats, carpets, clothing of the crew, beds and bedding, were subjected to a long boiling process. Clothing of the passengers was "cooked" with hot steam inside a close tank. The baggage, every piece of it, subjected to hot steam and sulphurous acid gas many hours. The vessel was kept fourteen days in the lower bay, away from all other vessels, and, finally, as a parting precaution, all exposed portions except the saloons were repainted, and the baggage of the passengers again disinfected by the means above indicated.—*Cor. Cincinnati Times.*

TO CONVERSE WELL.

An Accomplishment Which Requires Both Tact and Discretion.

To converse well is not to engross the conversation. It is not to do all the talking. It is not necessary to talk with great brilliancy. A man may talk with such surpassing power and splendor as to awe the rest of the company into silence or excite their envy, and so produce a chill, where his aim should be to produce heat and sunshine. He should seek the art of making others feel quite at home with him, so that, no matter how great may be his attainments or reputation, or how small may be theirs, they find it insensibly just as natural and pleasant talking to him as hearing him talk. The talent for conversation, indeed, more than any thing else in life, requires tact and discretion. It requires one to have more varied knowledge, and to have it at an instant and absolute disposal, so that he can talk just as much or just as little as the occasion demands. It requires the ability to pass instantly and with ease from the playful to the serious, from books to men and from the mere phrase of courtesy to the expression of sentiment and passion.—*Baptist Weekly.*

—The old question as to whether the upper part of a carriage wheel in motion goes along faster than the lower part seems to have been settled by instantaneous photography. In the photograph the outer ends of the upper spokes appear indistinct by reason of the motion, while the outer ends of the spokes in the lower part of the wheel are photographed with distinctness.

BUFFALO BILL ABROAD.

A Little Love Affair—What the Cowboys Think of It.

The success of "our own" Buffalo Bill—W. F. Cody—in England is very gratifying to thousands of admirers on this side. There was more truth than many imagined in his reply to the inquiry:

"What are you doing in England?" "Chiefly playing poker with Duchesses." The English nobility quickly "cottoned to" Buffalo Bill because they recognized that he belonged to a higher order than their own—Nature's nobility. Despite his wild life he early managed to acquire an education and the polish which makes him easy even in royal society.

His polish is the bitter fruit, it is said, of a young love experience. When a young man on the plains, wild, woolly and unkempt in appearance and character, he fell in love with a dashing little school teacher. Full of pluck and faith in himself, he proposed to her. She laughed at him and he collapsed.

After a time he braced up, bought some books and began to study.

His defeat proved his victory. The girl was his mascot, and his successes are due to her.

Magnificent specimens of manhood though they be, "Bill's boys" are not perfect. Under date: "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Co., London, Sept. 19, 1887," D. W. Shoemaker, of the Cowboy Band, writes: "Some weeks ago I was suffering from great disorder of the liver and kidneys and general prostration. I was forced to quit work and take my bed. I called in a physician, who only afforded temporary relief. A friend induced me to take Warner's safe cure, which afforded almost instant relief, and after taking three bottles, I find myself in as good health as at any time in my life."

Two other members of the Wild West show, Mave Beardley, pony express rider, and Jim Mitchell, a cowboy, add to this statement of Shoemaker's, that in their long experience on the plains, from change of water, climate, and mode of life, and severe riding, they became subject to liver and kidney diseases, and they have found a sure remedy for these troubles in Warner's safe cure. Mave Beardley says: "I constantly recommend it to my friends."

Buffalo Bill has pluck and courage and hard sense, and not only controls all the wild elements that make up the Wild West show, but controls himself.

His experience as a scout makes him wary, discreet and shrewd. He quickly learns the best way to secure results, and, like a true man, has no prejudices against anything that proves his merit.

Buffalo Bill is so popular in England he may come home a "Sir William." But if not he will probably enjoy himself quite as well, having secured a fortune ample enough for all his wants, title or no title.

For a Starter.

"I'm going to get married," said a young traveling man to a bachelor friend.

"Indeed. Well I wish you much joy, and trust that you realize the responsibility you are about to undertake."

"Yes, sir; I think I realize the responsibility. I have settled down, and changed my habits very much."

"That's right. Spend your evenings at home, and read good solid books."

"What would you recommend?"

"I think Paradise Lost' would be the best thing you could take for a starter."

221.75 Chicago, and Local Points to Jacksonville.

Florida, the beautiful "Land of Flowers," Only \$39 for Round Trip, good until June 1, '88. The Monon Route (L. N. A. & C. Ry.) will sell tickets to Jacksonville, Fla., Single, and Round trips, at the above-named rates until Nov. 10, '87, after which the rates will be considerably higher. Choice of Pullman-Car routes from Chicago and intermediate points via either Louisville or Cincinnati. For particulars securing berths, etc., call on any Agent of the Monon Route, or address E. O. McCormick, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

Mme. Wolter.

Mme. Wolter's jubilee has just been celebrated in Vienna. This lady, whose real name is Comtesse O'Sullivan, is one of the greatest artistes of the Hofburg. The following anecdote is related of her: At the last meeting of their imperial Majesties of Austria and Russia at Kremier, the Hofburg actors had performed before the sovereigns. Later, the Empress of Austria invited Mme. Wolter, wishing to present her to the Czarina. She did

so, calling her "Mme. Wolter." After this presentation the Empress said, in an aside to the actress, "You must not mistake my intention, dear Countess, in calling you 'Mme. Wolter' instead of Countess O'Sullivan. I am proud of you as being Mme. Wolter." I have plenty of Countesses around me daily; but it is only when I have an Empress as guest that I have the occasion of receiving Mme. Wolter."

A Popular Novelist on "Love."

Love is like a flower in the desert.

It is like the aloe of Arabia that blooms but once and dies; it blooms in the salt emptiness of life, and the brightness of its beauty is set upon the waste as a star set upon the storm.

It hath the sun above it that is the spirit, and about it blows the air of its own divinity.

At the echoing of a step Love blooms, I say; I say Love blooms and bends her beauty down to him who passeth by.

He plucketh it, yes, he plucketh the red cup that is full of honey and beareth it away—away across the desert—away till the flower be withered—away till the desert be done.

There is only one perfect flower in the wilderness of life. That flower is Love.

There is only one fixed star in the midst of our wandering. That star is Love.

There is only one hope in our despairing night. That hope is Love.

All else is false. All else is shadow moving upon water. All else is wind and vanity.

Who shall say what is the weight or the measure of Love? It is born of the flesh, it dwelleth in the spirit. From each does it draw its comfort.

For beauty it is as a star. Many are its shapes but all are beautiful; and none know where the rose rose, or the horizon where it shall set.—H. Rider Haggard in "She."

Don't!—If a dealer offers you a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup without wrapper labels or in a mutilated condition, DON'T TOUCH IT—DON'T BUY IT AT ANY PRICE, there is something wrong—it may be a dangerous or worthless counterfeit. Insist upon getting a PERFECT, UNBROKEN, ORIGINAL package.

A Unique Inscription.

H. H. Davis of Morristown has just completed a tombstone bearing an inscription a little out of the common order of such things. The stone was ordered by A. D. Salmon, who lives at Drakeville, and was put up in the Succasunna burying-ground last week. The inscription reads: "In memory of Charles H. Salmon, who was born Sept. 10, 1858. He grew, waxed strong, and developed into a noble son and loving brother. He came to his death the 12th of October, 1884, by the hands of a careless drug clerk and two excited doctors, at 12 o'clock at night in Kansas City."—Sussex (N. J.) Register.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets Possess Powerful Potency, Pass Painlessly, Promote Physical Prosperity.

Children Need not Apply.

Lady (recently moved into the neighborhood)—I am very anxious to rent a pew in the church, Deacon Jones. My children are large enough to attend.

Absent-minded Deacon (who is also a landlord)—I am very sorry, madam, but we don't take children.

It is claimed that natural gas has been discovered on the Ames farm at Stillwater, Minn., and a company composed of Senator Sabin, R. F. Hersey, A. R. Keifer and W. L. Ames formed to develop the discovery.

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