

# Griggs Courier.

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DOOPERTOWN, DAKOTA.

## ROSES.

"I have roses to sell! I have roses to sell!"  
The voice of the vendor grew faint as it fell.  
I went to my window and threw it up high.  
Because I loved roses and wanted to buy.

There were women and men speeding fast  
through the street.  
The footways resounded with hurrying feet;  
I looked to the left, and I looked to the right.  
But the seller of roses was nowhere in sight.

"I have roses, sweet roses!"—I heard it again,  
And a little man form hurried by in the rain;  
No friend to protect her—to shield her from  
harm—  
No wealth save the roses that hung on her arm.

She came to my beckon, so modest and shy,  
And blushed with delight when I offered to buy.  
I took the best blossoms; I gave what I chose;  
She knew not the value of even a rose.

"I would not take money," she said, with a tear.  
"If father were well, and if mother were here,  
I can not help feeling—I've felt it all day—  
Ashamed to sell flowers that we once gave  
away!"

She fled, with a sigh, from my pitying sight,  
And hurried away in the gloom of the night;  
While I by her words was instinctively brought  
To ponder the lesson unconsciously taught.

Ashamed to sell roses! and we, day by day,  
We are bartering treasures more priceless than  
they;  
The gifts God hath given—the best we have got—  
For perishing pleasures that satisfy not.

We sell our smiles in the rich of the earth,  
Our favors for what we conceive they are worth.  
Our talents for treasure, our nature for name,  
Our wisdom for wealth, and our freedom for fame.

We are selling and selling—and what is unsold  
is given on credit, with bond for the gold;  
It is "nothing for nothing," give nothing away,  
And count up to-morrow the gain of to-day.

Poor seller of roses! I see thee no more;  
Thy fate is a secret I can not explore;  
Thy voice may be murmuring still in the night;  
"I have roses to sell—I have red ones and  
white!"

Ashamed to sell roses! Perhaps thou art now  
Where shame never flushes the glorified brow;  
Perhaps thou art breathing the sweetness profound  
The great Rose of Sharon dispenses around.

I know not; but, child, wherever thou art,  
Remembrance still claims thee a place in my  
heart;  
I think of thee often, by poverty driven,  
Ashamed to sell roses thou fain wouldst have  
given.

O, long may I follow that yearning of thine,  
To give, not to barter, the things that are mine;  
And when the dark river rolls down to the sea,  
The shore may be golden for me, as for thee.  
—Nannie Power O'Donoghue, in Chambers' Journal.

## FIN.

### A New York Boy's Experiences in the Far West.

[Written for this Paper.]

**A** CERTAIN charitable organization in New York city, which annually transports several carloads of young street Arabs from that metropolitan hot-bed of crime to the breezy Western prairies, had been the means of bringing Fin McGonigal to Kansas. Fin fell to the lot of a dairy farmer, and was set to the task of milking two staid old "mooly" cows. He soon grew quite expert, and was promoted to milk a little, wiry, black-horned Cherokee cow. At his second attempt she kicked the lad into a howling, sprawling heap in short order. It was then that Fin became disgusted with dairy farming, and departed in the middle of the night.

He "turned up" at the Bullopolis settlement, and his swaggering independence quite captivated the bordermen. This was close to the border line between Kansas and the Indian Territory, and here he soon found a home where his peculiar talents were appreciated, especially by the rising generation. His slang and acquirements, that savored a good deal of the variety theater and gutter, were revelations to the youth of Bullopolis.

The first day of school began, as the first days have ever since the time of the first school, with a frantic rush of the scholars to secure the most desirable seats. The new teacher, a pretty girl, but lately graduated from an Eastern seat of learning, wondered, as she looked at the little mob of white-headed children before her, if any of them would ever become models of erudition.

They were an unkempt, uncouth crowd. "One galledus," Smudge Hyson called them. In spite of their unprepossessing exterior Bessie Wheeler, the little teacher, found them tractable enough, albeit they were prone to stare at her every movement with owlish, solemn wonder. The first class in reading was on the floor and Smudge Hyson, in all the bravery of freshly-washed "denims," overalls and new bed-tick "galluses" was reading, in a high-pitched voice and with no inflection, the story of John-Harris-the-good-lad-when-his-father-gave-him-a-dollar-put-it-into-the—

A commotion at the door attracted his attention, and it was some time before the school learned what "John Harris" did with his dollar.

A lad, dark of face, with high cheek bones and coarse black hair, stood in the doorway. He removed his wide brimmed hat and gravely made a bow. As he started to take a step forward a sturdy kick in the rear tumbled him ungracefully into the room.

"Hi! but that was a fine stroke of my foot!" cried a little figure, crowned by a mop of reddish hair, as he bounded in, a moment later. Fin McGonigal had begun his first day at school.

The fallen youth rose quickly to his feet, and, without a word, fell upon Fin, the kicker. A spirited fight ensued and, notwithstanding the sanctity of the temple of learning, the scholars yelled with delight.

turn. I'll get a hatter to shine up my old beaver."

"Hurrah for our old things, and for the old folks!" cried Ned, swinging his Bessie, recovering from her astonishment, commanded a cessation of hostilities. Smudge and half a dozen of the larger boys cast themselves upon the combatants, and, by dint of much pulling and hauling, succeeded in separating them. Fin grinned and wiped his bloody nose, but there was a dangerous, tigerish gleam in the Indian's eyes as they stood before the little teacher. "What does this mean?" she asked sternly. "Nuthin'," answered Fin.

"Do you call it nothing to kick a boy into the room in that manner?" "Wal, didn't he get even with me! Look at this nose!" he answered, pointing a dirty finger at his bleeding olfactory organ. Bessie could hardly restrain her mirth. The nose in question seemed to be more apt than ever, and had already become very red and puffy.

Bessie turned to the dark-faced lad. "What is your name?" she asked. "Frank Wolf."

"He's a half-breed Cherokee," Smudge volunteered.



A STURDY KICK IN THE NEAR.

"Want to learn. Want education," the half-breed remarked.

"An' ye want soap, well rubbed in," broke in Fin.

The Indian clenched his fist and made a step toward the other, who started to meet him. Only the promptness of Smudge and the rest prevented open warfare.

After Fin had listened, with due and becoming meekness to a well-merited rebuke, Bessie asked him: "What is your name?" "Fin McGonigal. I'm a N' York Alderman, in the West for my health."

"Do you intend to get an education?" "Don't care a hooter. Came to school 'cause its the proper act. I'm great on property, I am."

As a test of his spelling powers, he was told to spell "Baker."

"Ax his nibs," he said.

"Ask what?" questioned Bessie.

"What is that?"

"Why, that, over there. The dude with the horse-tail hair. Him," pointing to the Indian.

A fight was only prevented by Smudge and the rest of the peace-makers.

Those two boys caused poor Bessie more trouble than all the rest of the school. The Indian was disposed to behave himself, but was continually gotten into trouble by Fin, who seemed a perfect demon of discord. The day was a rarity that did not witness the beginning of a fight between the two. Hostilities were usually slipped in the bud by Smudge and his comrades, whom Bessie appointed as school police.

Fin's several accomplishments were a source of continual wonder and delight to the scholars. He could dance several rattling steps of a jingling jig, and, with his mouth, could imitate surprisingly well the "pink-a-punk" of a banjo. The Indian continually wore about his waist a neatly-coiled hair lariat, and his one accomplishment consisted in being able to launch it through the air with great accuracy.

Friday afternoon, as a treat to the scholars, Bessie read to them the story of a good boy, who gave his money to charity, and of a bad boy, who expended his for confectionery and, as a consequence, was taken alarmingly sick and narrowly escaped a yawning grave. "Which boy expended his dollar in the better manner?" asked Bessie, anxious to impress upon them a moral lesson.

"Neither," answered Fin, promptly.

"Why, what would you have done in that case?" asked the teacher.

"Blowed the gilt in fer cig'rettes an' a ticket to the variety. Hi! But, that's the place to have fun! Nigger comes out with clops on him two foot long. Skips out, banjo an' all, this-a-way." He sprang to his feet, and, in order to fully illustrate the "nigger's" mode of operating began to execute a rattling jig, accompanying himself with his mouth in imitation of a banjo. The scholars howled with delight.

"Stop! stop!" cried Bessie.

In his revolution, Fin had managed to get pretty close to the young Indian, and, now, as he turned he bestowed a sounding kick upon the dark lad's shins.

The latter sprang up, but both were seized by the vigilant school police and pushed down into their seats. "What do mean by such actions?" Bessie sternly asked of the pugnacious Fin.

"Fun!" he answered, laconically.

"You are incorrigible," said Bessie.

"So's the Injun," answered Fin promptly. The Indian glared so fiercely at Fin that the school police sprang up, but their help was not needed.

At recess Fin began to exhibit his accomplishments. He gave the banjo imitation, which was received with rapturous delight by the youngsters.

Outside of the school house the young half-breed, Wolf, crept to a point that gave him a good view of the interior of the building. He whirled the coils about his head and launched them forward. The noise shot through the window and settled over the head of Fin McGonigal, who was clicking off a jolly jig.

"What did you do when there was no fire?"

"I drew a spark of fire by striking a flint stone with a piece of steel. Then—"



FIN WAS JERKED OVER BACKWARDS.

"Any time ye feel like it," roared Wolf, defiantly.

They had not been in their seats long after the ending of the intermission when the Indian jumped to his feet with astonishing rapidity. Fin had speared him with a "teaser," a little object made by inserting a pin head-foremost into a stick, leaving a quarter of an inch or more projecting. Fin had launched the "teaser" point foremost, lodging the pin in the Indian's leg. That lad leaped to his feet and sprang toward the tormenting Fin. The latter sprang up and dashed out of the door, with Wolf in hot pursuit. The school police grasped the situation and dashed pell-mell out of the house on the trail of Fin and the avenger.

As he ran the Indian uncoiled the hair lariat from about his waist, but the start Fin had got was too great for him to overcome and he could not get near enough to the flying lad to lasso him. Then, as he reached the edge of the "branch," winding its shallow, sluggish way along, Fin stopped.

"You'll fight me here!" he queried.

"You bet!" was the Indian's prompt reply.

With high-rolled trousers, the two waded over the pebbly bottom to the back of a bar that projected from the middle of the branch.

The school police began to roll up the legs of their pantaloons, preparatory to wading out to the combatants.

"Stay where you are!" cried Fin. "We don't want you; so if you'll stay where you are, you'll please all parties."

They went on with their preparations.

"I said stay!" shouted Fin. "If ye try to come over we'll keep ye back."

"Can't do hit!" Smudge Hyson answered, defiantly.

"Your jest as much mistaken as if you'd lost your birthday. First one that starts into the water will feel Wolf's hair rope around his neck. Then, we'll both grab hold an' jerk him down into the water. Then, we'll drag him here an' beat him scan'lous. We're goin' to fight in peace or know the reason why!"

"You bet!" agreed the Indian.

The school police consulted excitedly for a time, and ended by agreeing to remain in their present location.

Then the battle began. The lads struck, bit, pinched and clawed, till appearances seemed to predict that they would be torn to useless pieces. The spectators applauded vigorously and yelled with great unanimity whenever either of the combatants received a particularly energetic blow.

Suddenly, the sunlight seemed blotted out in an instant. The cloud-walk that, but half an hour before, had looked no larger than a man's hand, now spread half across the heavens. Unobserved, it had risen with race-horse rapidity. Depending from it was a long, tail-like funnel of inky blackness. As the sun was hidden, all looked toward the coming cloud and hostilities instantly ceased.

With a rush and a sullen roar, the water-spout whirled toward them, down the course of the "branch." As they looked it burst, and the tons of water it bore were precipitated into the "branch," but a short distance above them.

"Come ashore!" yelled Smudge. "Come ashore, right smart, or yer goners!" Even as the two started to wade to the bank, the rushing of the wall of waters could be plainly heard. A moment later it was upon them. The Indian quickly unloosened the lariat and, whirling an end shoreward, he yelled: "Catch!" The police grabbed the end and drew in, hand-over-hand. "Grab on!" he cried to Fin.

But the waters reached them, rose to their waists, their shoulders, over their heads, and Fin was swept away. The lads pulled bravely, and, in spite of the power of the flood, drew the young half-breed out on shore. All that could be seen of Fin was his round, bullet-head, bobbing about in the turbid, angry waters of the swollen "branch."

It became evident to the drenched knot of lads, huddled on the bank and casting frightened glances at the fast-disappearing head, that Fin could not swim a stroke. A few moments, at most, was all he had to live, and, at the thought, their chins quivered in impotent fear.

Without a sound, the young Indian started away at the top of his speed, winding up the dragging hair lariat as he ran. Not knowing what else to do, the rest of the boys ran after him. He was bearing almost directly away from the "branch," and, it seemed evident that he intended to leave Fin to his fate.

"He's-a-goin to let him die," said Smudge, excitedly. "Wal, we can't do nuthin' to help it. But, it seems mighty tough."

"That's what!" agreed another. "Still, mebby he orter, 'cordin' to Injun law. Look how Fin pestered an' tormented him!"

"Yes," returned Smudge, as they ran. "Mebbe he ort, but it's tough. What's he-a-runnin' fer?"

"Dunno, lessen it's not to see Fin die. What are we-a-runnin' fer?"

"Same reason, I reggin'."

"Looky thar!" cried Smudge. "He's-a-runnin'!"

It was true. The Indian was bearing a little to the right now, and running with redoubled speed. His purpose was plain.

"He's-a-makin' fer the cut-off," said one. "That was it. By following the winding course of the "branch" the Indian could not hope to come up with the rapid waters that bore the boy. But, by hurrying across the quarter of a mile of prairies that lay

## ON THE WHEEL!

What 'Round - the World Stevens and Champion Howell Say of the Sport. The popularity of 'cycling is growing.

"He's a gittin' even, fer sure."  
"That's wa't!"  
"I'd hate to do it."  
"Me, too!"

The young Indian had reached the bank, and stood with his gleaming eyes gazing up stream. The hair lariat, neatly coiled, was held in his right hand.

"Yere comes Fin!" called one of the lads, as they reached the Indian's side. Borne onward by the flood, he seemed inert, senseless, dead, perhaps. He was almost abreast of them, and, in another moment, would be gone.

"Look at the Injun's eyes," whispered Smudge. "See 'em blaze! He's a gittin' even, but its tough."

"That's what!" returned the one addressed. Then, as Fin's body was almost opposite them, the Indian seemed galvanised into new life. Swiftly the hair lariat was whirled about his head. There was a quick, jerking motion of his arm, and the loop shot out over the rushing, turbid waters toward Fin. An instant it seemed to hang suspended in the air, then it dropped unerringly about the head bobbing on the water. A firm jerk drew it tight about the boy's neck. Then, at a motion from the Indian, the police laid hold. In a moment more, Fin McGonigal was lying, limp and senseless, on the bank.

"We was mistook," Smudge whispered to a comrade. "Stead o' watchin' him die the Injun saved his life. It's heapin' right smart coals o' fire on his head."

"That's what!" returned the other. "No wonder Fin was unconscious. The wonder was that the water and the hair lariat had not drowned and choked the life completely out of him."

When he came to himself he shook the Indian's hand and said a few words that the police received with vigorous applause. When next he was at school he rose and made an awkward little speech.

"Me an' him ain't a-goin' to fight no more," he said, indicating the Indian by a wave of his hand. "He heaped coals o' fire on my head. From now on we'll hang together."

"You bet!" agreed the Indian.

There was a quick, jerking motion of his arm.

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## DAYLIGHT.

If a gentleman by the name of Day, the setting, or milk in pans or crocks, in clean, well-ventilated dairy houses, and churning the well ripened cream, thereafter washing and working out the buttermilk and water, after salting, as completely as possible, and then packing it solidly in jars or other non-odoriferous impervious packages, covering completely with brine, results in butter that may be kept in a cool place, unchanged, for winter use.

It is the old-fashioned way, and no better plan has yet been found for making butter that must be kept for months. But modern appliances and winter feeding has virtually driven this class of butter out of the market. It is now seldom found except on the tables of old-fashioned but first-class farmers' wives who are butter makers.

Yet butter is not the only nice thing, the product of milk, found on farmers' tables. Milk and cream are freely used in the natural state, and in the composition of various nice dishes that daily grace the table. One production that occurs to us is clouted or Devonshire cream, properly considered in England a prime delicacy. How this is made, and also its butter, is stated in the Journal of the Bath and West of England Society, an organization established in 1777, and which has had many eminent men as its co-laborers.

According to the journal of the society the process of making this cream and also its butter is as follows: The milk is set in shallow pans for twelve hours. The pan is then set in a hot water or a steam bath for twenty minutes, until the milk is hot and the cream "crinkles," but is not suffered to boil. The temperature should not exceed one hundred and ninety degrees. The pan is then returned to the dairy and remains twenty-four hours for the cream to rise completely. The cream is then quite thick, and, if churned, makes a very sweet butter which keeps a year without changing, the heat having dissipated the volatile oils, which, by their decomposition, produce rancidity.

We may here remark, however, that it is the volatile oils contained in the milk and cream, and held in the butter made without heat, that gives the peculiar and pleasant aroma and flavor to fresh butter. Devonshire cream, before it is churned, is a great delicacy, either eaten naturally or as a dressing to various dishes, on which natural cream is used.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

While years roll by there is a great improvement manifested among the farmers toward living more comfortably, and making better provision for the comforts of the table. Still, there is much room for improvement, and on every farm large enough to maintain a team of horses there should be a spot set apart for the culture of fruits and vegetables which can be worked with the horse.—N. Y. Observer.

—Lemon Pie.—One tea-cup of boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, cooking until a thick paste. Add one cup of sugar, piece of butter the size of an egg, and set to cool. Stir together the yolks of two eggs and the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Mix all together; bake quickly. Frost when done.—Exchange.

Value of Self-Restraint. A quick temper is an unfortunate inheritance, but not an irremediable one. Let our young friends understand this as a fact and cease to bewail their weakness. Let them take matters seriously in hand and strive to modify the disposition by keeping a close watch upon themselves, by avoiding occasions of irritation, and those old associates whose temper is known to be readily excitable, like their own. Go, my hot-headed, explosive friend, with kind, good-natured people and cultivate their manner.—Phrenological Journal.

—The art of paper-making has reached a point where a growing tree may be cut down, made into paper and turned out as a newspaper, all within thirty-six hours.

Modeling in Wax. How, Little by Little, the Arts Are Creeping Into Shop and Home. One of the most interesting of the so-called "pastimes" which have of late been introduced into the home circle under the name of art, is modeling in wax. It is not only interesting and amusing; it is instructive. A pound of wax will keep a large family busy for the whole evening, and aside from the often curious results of the two or three hours' work, there has been gained an idea of anatomy which the workers were quite unaware of. It is easier to model a head, such as it is, in wax, than to make a drawing. The light and shade is made with every pressure, and there is nothing flat, so that it is a more prolific medium than charcoal and paper. At first the amateur produces a rather archaic object, but during the evening, after he has had a little facility added to his hand, he will discover that he has been more of an observer than he was conscious of. He will also glance up from his work and look at some member of the family to locate the ear, or eye, or chin, and so by degrees he constructs a really good head, and in a week's time is able to obtain a likeness of some member of the family. So, little by little, the arts are creeping into the shop and home. It is by this medium we shall be able to add more interest to the higher and more complete arts, and the observer who has handled the wax at home will be better able to pass judgment on a piece of sculpture than he was before his "pastime" trials at modeling.—American Art.

Grooming Horses. A Matter of Special Importance During the Winter Months. A majority of those who have the care of horses appear to think that when the animals, have been brushed and rubbed on the body, so that they look sleek and clean, this is all that is required, and they neglect the most important part, the care of the legs and feet. As all know, a horse may be able to do his work regularly if not kept well cleaned, but if his legs and feet are neglected so that he becomes lame, he is then useless, no matter how well he may appear bodily. At the season when horses will be kept in the stable much of the time, this matter is of special importance. A horse that stands with his feet in filth constantly is sure to show the effects of it. Many stables are so constructed that they are not easily kept clean, and so are neglected, with the result that the horses kept in them become affected with thrush, grease and other troubles of the feet and legs. It should be borne in mind that the feet ought to be kept dry and clean, and particularly should the legs and feet have attention when the horse is brought in from work on muddy roads. Where the horses are kept in stalls, these should be arranged so good drainage can be obtained, and they should be kept clean and well supplied with dry bedding, that the horse may rest comfortably. Box stalls are an advantage, for in these a horse can move about and find much more comfort than when confined in a narrow stall, and can be kept well cleaned with much less trouble.—National Live-Stock Journal.

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