

Griggs Courier.

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SPOONSTOWN, - - DAKOTA.

LIKING AND DISLIKING.

You who know the reason, tell me
How it is that instinct still
Prompts the heart to like or like not
At its own capricious will?
Tell me by what hidden magic
Our impressions first are led
Into liking or disliking.
Oft before a word be said!

Why should smiles sometimes repel us?
Bright eyes turn our feelings cold?
What is that which comes to tell us
All that glitters is not gold?
O, no feature plain or striking,
But a power we can not shun,
Prompts our liking or disliking.
Ere acquaintance hath begun.

Is it instinct or some spirit
Which protects us and controls
Every impulse we inherit
By some sympathy of souls?
Is it instinct, is it nature,
Or some freak or fault of chance,
Which our liking or disliking
Limits to a single glance?

Like presentiment of danger,
Though the sky no shadow flings?
Or that inner sense, still stronger,
Of unseen, unuttered things?
Is it—O, can no one tell me,
No one show sufficient cause,
Why our liking and disliking
Have their own instinctive laws?
—Littell's Living Age.

JOHN AND DAISY.

How They Succeeded in Paying Their Debts.

John Ramsay was working on his farm, his careless, loose dress displaying to advantage his tall, muscular figure, and a broad straw hat shaded a handsome face, with large dark eyes set beneath a forehead whose breadth and height indicated a powerful brain. The hands that guided the plow were strong hands, but whiter and more delicate than such pursuits usually allow.

Daisy Hale sat watching him. Her dress was print, but made with flourishes on the skirt and ruffles on the waist. Her short golden hair was curled into a fringe carefully over her forehead, and gathered in longer curls into a comb behind, above which was a very jaunty hat, covered with puffs of white muslin and bows of blue ribbon to match the spots upon her dress.

The face under Daisy's hat was gloomy, not to say cross. A very pretty face, but not pleasant, having a petted, spoiled-child frown, and a brooding discontent in the large blue eyes.

Presently the farmer drew near her, and taking off his hat, fanned himself with it, stopping his horses while he leaned indolently against the plow.

"You look deliciously cool under this great tree," he said. "And—hem!—very much dressed for nine o'clock in the morning!"

"In a fivepenny calico!" she said, contemptuously. "When are you coming in?"

"At noon, to dinner."
"It is too absurd," she broke out, angry tears in her eyes, "for you to be plowing, and hoeing, and milking cows, and doing the work of a laboring man! I thought when you came home from college you would do something besides work on a farm."

"And let the farm go to ruin. That would be a poor way to pay my debts."

"Your debts!" she said, looking astonished. "Do you owe debts?"

"Certainly! You and I are both very heavily in debt, Daisy. I think when Aunt Mary took us in, poor little orphans, I her nephew, you her second cousin—"

"Third cousin," she interrupted, "since you are so particular! I know what you mean, but I am very sure that Aunt Mary never intended us to drudge on the horrid old farm!"

"Do you know that all the money she saved in a life of hard work was spent upon our education? Do you know that she has nothing now but the farm, and that to take her away from it would probably shorten her life?"

"She always has taken care of it herself."

"Are you blind that you can not see how the four years she has been alone here have aged her, how feeble she is? While we were living at ease at college and school, she has toiled for us until she is wearied out."

"But you could send her money, if you were in the city in some gentlemanly occupation."

"Perhaps so, ten or twelve years from now. To-day I propose to work this farm, and see how many bushels of corn I can raise on it!"

He took hold of the plow-handles as he spoke, started the horses, and left her, her eyes full of angry tears.

"He might as well have said what he meant," she thought, springing down and starting for the house. "He thinks I ought to cook, and wash, and make butter, and work like a servant-girl, when I have studied so hard as

tried to make myself a lady, that he might not be ashamed of me."

And yet, in her heart, she knew that he was ashamed of her, and that she deserved it. Ashamed that she could sit in her room, selfishly engrossed in making pretty articles of dress, or reading, while her cousin, or, as she, too, called her, Aunt Mary, worked in the kitchen, the dairy, the poultry yard, from day's dawn till night.

She was not all selfishness and heartlessness, though there had grown a thick crust of both over her better nature. Her ideas of ladies and gentlemen depended largely upon clothing and pursuit, and she had not yet quite realized how much more nearly John's standard reached the desired point than her own.

As she drew near the house the sting of John's words penetrated more and more through the crust she had drawn over her heart, until a fresh stab met her at the door. Looking in at the open door, she saw a white head bowed in weeping, a slight figure shaken by sobs.

Quickly through all the selfishness, self-reproach struck at the girl's heart, and in a moment she was on her knees beside the low chair, her arms around the weeping woman.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, what is it? Oh, please don't cry so! Oh, what has happened?"

"Why, Daisy, dear"—through sobs that would not be checked at a moment's notice—"don't mind me. I'm only tired, dearie—only tired."

Could she have struck deeper? Tired! At seventy, housework does become a weariness! At seventy, it may seem as if one ought to rest while young hands and active feet take up the burdens. She was very tired, this patient old woman, who had given her life's work for others; first, for her parents; then for an invalid brother; lastly, for the orphan children; with such innumerable acts of neighborly kindness as only the recording angel of good deeds knew.

Well might she be tired! It was new to her to be caressed, to have tender hands lead her to her room and loosen her dress, a tender voice coax her to lie down.

"Now I will darken the window," Daisy said, "and you are to rest. Sleep, if you can, until dinner time."

"But, Daisy, you can not make the dinner."

"I will try," was the quick reply; and Aunt Mary submitted.

Washing the potatoes, shelling peas, frying ham, making coffee, all allowed thought to be busy, and Daisy sighingly put away some of her day-dreams over her homely tasks.

"I can not be a lady," she thought, "and John won't be a gentleman, but I will try to pay my share of the debts."

She had taken off her flourishes and put on a plain dress and large check apron before she began to work; and she was rather astonished, as her kitchen duties progressed, to find herself happier than she had been since she returned home.

When John came to dinner he was astonished to find Aunt Mary "quite dressed up," as she blushing said, in a clean print dress and white apron, her dear old face showing no sign of heat or weariness, while Daisy, with added bloom and bare white arms, was carrying in the dinner.

"The new girl, at your service," she said, saucily, as she pulled down her sleeves. "Dinner is ready, sir."

But her lips quivered as he bent over her and whispered: "God bless you, dear! Forgive me if I was too hasty this morning."

It was a merry meal. They made a play that was more than half earnest of Aunt Mary's being a great lady who was to be waited upon, and not allowed to rise from the table upon any consideration. Dinner over, John returned to his plowing, and Aunt Mary, firmly refusing to sit in idleness, was allowed to wash cups and saucers, while Daisy made short work of pots and pans.

John said but little as the days wore on and still found Daisy at her post. It was not in the nature of things for Aunt Mary to sit with folded hands, but it became Daisy's task to inaugurate daily naps, to see that only the light work came to the older hands, to make daily work less of a toil and more of a pleasure.

And the young girl herself was surprised to find how much she enjoyed the life that had seemed to her a mere drudgery.

With younger hands to carry on the domestic affairs, they ceased to engross every hour of the day, and John encouraged Daisy in making use of the stiff, shut-up parlor as a daily sitting-room. A pair of muslin curtains at each window were skillfully draped to keep out the flies, the center table resigned its gay vase of stiff artificial flowers and stand of wax fruit, to make a room for the dainty work-baskets for "afternoon work," and the periodicals John took in.

Over the shiny horse-hair sofa and chairs pretty bits of embroidery were draped, and fresh flowers were sup-

plied each day. Aunt Mary's cap, her collars and aprons were adjusted to suit the new order of things, and the easiest of chairs stood over ready for her resting time.

And John, bringing to his task the same will and brains that had carried him through college, was inaugurating a new order of affairs on the farm, and made the work pay well.

Once more came a June day, when Daisy sat in the fields, and John stood leaning against the fence beside her.

Four years of earnest, loving work had left traces upon both young faces, ennobling them, and yet leaving to them all the glad content that rewards well-doing.

Many hours of self-denial both had met bravely; many deprivations both had borne well. Daisy wore a black dress, and upon the hat in John's hand was a band of crape, but through a sadness in their voices there yet rang a tone of happiness.

"You love me, Daisy?" John had said to her.

"When have I not loved you," she answered.

"And you will be my wife? Darling, I have long loved you, but after Aunt Mary was struck down with paralysis I would not ask you to take up new duties. Now she needs you no longer, and you shall leave the farm whenever you wish."

"Leave the farm? Oh, John, must we leave it? I thought it was yours now."

"So it is."
"And you have made it so beautiful, as well as profitable! Oh, John, why must we leave it?"

"Only because I thought it was your wish."

"It would break my heart to go away. I love my home."

And John, taking the little figure into a close embrace, wondered if any city could produce a sweeter, daintier little lady than the one he held in his arms.

A SCANDALOUS OUTRAGE.

How a Conscienceless White Man Cheated the Ballot-Box.

"Folks oughter be 'rested fur cheatin' de ballock-box dat way!" exclaimed a disgusted negro who stood near a voting place in Arkansas. An Eastern man who overheard the negro's denunciation approached him and said:

"Did you say something about the ballot-box being cheated?"
"Yas, sah, I did, an' dat white man standin' ober yander is de cause o' it, he is."

"Tryin' to grind you down, is he?"
"Yas, sah, tryin' ter do dat fur er scan'lous fack."

"I think myself that it is scandalous. It is a blistering shame, a cankering sarcasm upon our institutions. This sort of robbing a man of his right of suffrage is heaping disgrace upon our Government. Tell me how they treated you?"

"How da cheated de ballot-box?"
"Yas."

"Wall, sah, dat white man standin' ober yander come up ter me dis mawnin' an' says, says ze: 'Saul, you ain't gwine ter vote fur dat man Scott, is yer?' 'Wall, yas, I says, 'Ise been thinkin' some erbout it.' 'Doan do it,' says ze, 'an' I'll gin yer er dollar ter vote fur Mr. Smif.' Dat hit me in de right place, an' I voted fur Mr. Smif."

"Well, but how was that cheating the ballot-box?"

"W'y, sah, de blame dollar he gin me hab got er hole in it."—Arkansas Traveller.

Something Happened.

He was rowing around in a saloon on Woodbridge street the other day, and finally stood up to the bar and pounded on it with his fist as he exclaimed:

"Give me a show and I'll lick the whole police force of Detroit."

"Will you?" queried Officer Gordon, as he approached him from behind and took him by the collar.

The five or six men standing around began to laugh, and the roysterer made a gesture of disgust and exclaimed:

"But what chance have I got? Something always happens just this way, and I'm growing weary of this life."—Detroit Free Press.

Something Pleasant.

"Can't you say something pleasant to me?" said a husband to his wife as he was about to start for his office.

They had had a little quarrel, and he was willing to "make up."

"Ah, John," responded the penitent lady, throwing her arms around his neck, "forgive my foolishness. We were both in the wrong. And don't forget the baby's shoes, dear, and the ton of coal, and we are out of potatoes; and John, love, you must leave me some money for the gas man."—N. Y. Sun.

—A Philadelphia girl says "really!"—N. Y. Journal. That depends upon the question asked. If it is ice-cream or fried oysters she says "Yes."—Philadelphia Call.

BEFORE IT IS BORN.

Some Remarkable Statements of General Interest.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, on being asked when the training of a child should begin, replied, "A hundred years before it is born."

Are we to infer from this that this generation is responsible for the condition of the race a hundred years from now?

Is this wonderful generation the natural result of the proper diet and medicines of a hundred years ago? It is conceded in other lands that most of the wonderful discoveries of the world in this century have come from this country. Our ancestors were reared in log cabins, and suffered hardships and trials.

But they lived and enjoyed health to a ripe old age. The women of those days would endure hardship without apparent fatigue that would startle those of the present age.

Why was it? One of the proprietors of the popular remedy known as Warner's safe cure, has been faithfully investigating the cause, and has called to his aid scientists as well as medical men, impressing upon them the fact that there can not be an effect without a cause. This investigation disclosed the fact that in the olden times simple remedies were administered, compounded of herbs and roots, which were gathered and stored in the lofts of the log cabins, and when sickness came on, these remedies from nature's laboratory, were used with the best effects.

What were these remedies? What were they used for? After untiring and diligent search they have obtained the formulas so generally used for various disorders. Now the question is, how will the olden time preparations affect the people of this age, who have been treated, under modern medical schools and codes, with poisonous and injurious drugs. This test has been carefully pursued, until they are convinced that the preparations they now call Warner's Log Cabin Remedies are what our much abused systems require.

Among them is what is known as Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, and they frankly announce that they do not consider the Sarsaparilla of so much value in itself as it is in the combination of the various ingredients which together work marvelously upon the system. They also have preparations for other diseases, such as "Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Warner's Log Cabin Scalp Cure" for the hair. They have great confidence that they have a cure for the common disease of catarrh, which they give the name of "Log Cabin Rose Cream." Also a "Log Cabin Plaster," which they are confident will supplant all others, and a Liver Pill, to be used separately or in connection with the other remedies.

We hope that the public will not be disappointed in these remedies but will reap a benefit from the investigations, and that the proprietors will not be embarrassed in their introduction by dealers trying to substitute remedies that have been so familiar to the shelves of our druggists.

This line of remedies will be used instead of others. Insist upon your druggist getting them for you if he hasn't them yet in stock, and we feel confident that these new remedies will receive approbation at our readers' hands, as the founders have used every care in their preparation.

The Cause of his Triumph.

"It seems that young Hurley is quite a lion in society now?"

"The adored of all adorers."

"What's the cause of it? I see nothing particularly attractive about him."

"He struck a vein of coal on his farm the other day."—Lincoln Journal.

Mr. Henry Mylander, a well known Tailor of Baltimore, writes: "I have been suffering for some time with a severe pain in my back from which I was unable to obtain relief. I gave Salvation Oil a trial and less than a bottle entirely cured me. I do not hesitate to pronounce it a most excellent liniment."

Trying to Remember.

Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's, and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of a way.

"What makes you so serious, Bobby?" asked his aunt.

"Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat and I'm trying to remember it."

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Ready for Fate.

Two young ladies were driving in Central park when their horse took fright and dashed madly away.

"O, Ethel!" shrieked one. "stop him, stop him, we shall be thrown out!"

"Never mind," replied Ethel, with set teeth and a courageous grip on the reins, "if the worst comes to the worst and we are thrown out, I've got a paper of safety pins in my pocket."

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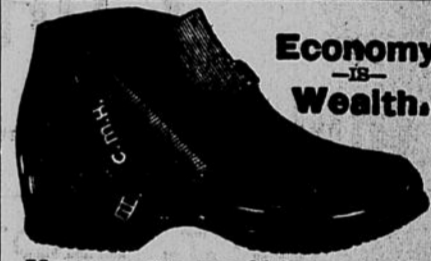
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