

Griggs Courier.

FREDERICK H. ADAMS, Publisher.

DOVERSTOWN, - - DAKOTA.

A HERO AT HOME.

'Tis brave to be first in the battle,
And listen the plaudits men give.
'Tis noble to stand amid hazard,
Or die that another may live.
Courage has stood on the ship's side,
And trod the ocean's wild foam,
But who, in silence, grapples with fate,
And suffers?—a hero at home.

Who would kindly all through the day,
And still hath a by-thee look to spare,
Though the wheels of life be rough and hard,
And sorrow is rife in the air.
Who will be true to hearts round the hearth,
And from love's allegiance ne'er roam—
'Tis easy to strive where men look on,
But who'll be a hero at home!

There are griefs that the light may not see,
Yet sure as the tides in their flow,
These are heart-pangs that never speak out,
And the passer-by can not know.
There are souls with strong yearnings for love,
Yet silent as stars in the dome;
There are tears that would cry if they could—
Oh! give us more heroes at home.

Though there be not a crown for the brow,
Through history's records be dumb—
Though fame to the front may not call you,
Or blazon your name when you come—
Yet, above, there's a pen and a book,
And stamped on that wondrous tome,
There's a word of remembrance for him
Who dares to be a hero at home.

—William Lyle, in Journalist.

A SAINT BY ACCIDENT.

My Painful Adventure on Christmas Eve.

I suppose Christmas has its bright side for some people, though I don't think much of it myself. All this precious nonsense about Santa Claus makes me sick. The fact is I did the Santa-Claus act last year and I didn't like it. Since then it hurts my feelings if any one mentions Christmas in my presence. Though I am of a sensitive disposition, I have achieved prominence in my calling. I am prepared to affirm, with becoming modesty, that I was a first-class journeyman burglar when I met with a painful adventure on Christmas eve of last year.

I had been taking life easy for some time, merely doing a quiet job of housebreaking now and then to keep my hand in. So it happened that the day before Christmas I found my pocket nearly empty. That discovery set me to work at once picking pockets belonging to other people whom I chanced to fall in with on the crowded street-corners, but I quickly grew disgusted with the undertaking. Purses were plenty, but those which I gathered in made me none the richer, except by a few stray dimes. The substantial dollars which I hoped to find had been invested in woolly dogs, wooden elephants and rubber dolls, to be hung on Christmas trees and chewed up by red-gummed babies. The shopkeepers had already helped themselves to the contents of those purses, and I was nowhere. It was humiliating to find that the most richly-dressed lady on the street was out shopping with only a battered nickel, a crooked hairpin and a crushed caramel in her purse. I actually blushed with shame when I discovered that the silver-mounted pocket-book of a prodigious swell who chanced to pass contained only a frayed pawn-ticket and three coffee grains.

Though I disliked to devote myself to professional duties on Christmas eve, there appeared to be no help for it. I decided to do a burglary or two that night, and thus lay by a little nest-egg for the holidays.

Those who have never done any thing in the burglary line can not fully realize how much harmless enjoyment they have missed. There is something decidedly alluring in the aspect of a wealthy citizen's private establishment as it appears when viewed from the interior at two or three o'clock in the morning. You feel a certain sense of proprietorship in all that lies around you as soon as you have crawled through the area window or let yourself down from the trap-door in the roof. As you stroll through the handsome rooms, dark-lantern in hand, you meet with agreeable little surprises in the shape of gold-lined goblets, diamond rings, and other desirable objects, which seem to be waiting for you to take them in charge. Gentlemen of the profession are not given to boasting, but if they should overcome their natural modesty they might tell stirring tales of happy moments spent under the hospitable roofs of the most distinguished families of the land. Not a few of them are fond of art bric-a-brac. A friend of mine, for instance, has made with some pains a collection of massive punch-bowls which formerly belonged to noted statesmen and financiers. As he shrinks from notoriety, I shall not mention his name.

On the night of which I have been speaking I removed a pane of glass from the kitchen window of a mansion on a fashionable avenue. Then I scrambled through the opening without taking the trouble to send up my

card. There in the darkness I adjusted my mask and lighted my lantern; then I started to make a tour of the premises. I was not long in finding a quantity of things which I desired to possess. I immediately began gathering them up preparatory to carrying them away.

While I was standing on tiptoe in order to reach the top shelf of the china closet something remarkable happened. Somebody behind me spoke. It was a man. He said:

"George, here's Santa Claus now." I turned about and reached for my revolver. The next instant the ugly brown muzzle of a shot-gun was poked in my face. I threw down my lantern and threw up my hands.

"Merry Christmas, Santa Claus," said the young man who held the gun at my head. "Delighted to see you. May I be so bold as to inquire what you are doing in this closet?"

"It was an—an accident," I stammered. "You see, I—I made a mistake—"

"Well, don't feel badly about it," said the man with a gun. "It's all right, Santa Claus. Make yourself perfectly at home."

"Invite your friend to step this way, Bob," said another young man who had been leaning negligently on a big iron poker near by. As he spoke he turned toward a door leading to an adjoining room.

"With pleasure, George. My dear Santa Claus, will you be so good as to come with us?"

The muzzle of Bob's gun silently repeated this polite invitation, and I had no hesitation in accepting it.

On reaching the next room the young man with the poker turned to me and said, with a sweeping gesture in the direction of a big Christmas tree which towered at his side:

"Behold, Santa Claus, what you were doubtless looking for when we intruded upon you?"

"Let me suggest that any little token of affection which you choose to leave for the occupants of this house might very well be tied on the branches of this tree, as we carelessly neglected to hang up our stockings. We shall be happy to render you any assistance that we can."

"Gents," said I, "if you'll let me explain—"

"Now," exclaimed Bob, "I insist, my dear Santa Claus, that no explanation is necessary. This being Christmas eve, nothing is more natural than that you should give us a call. I assure you that you are welcome. Your appearance is not precisely what I should have expected, but that is a mere trifle. Now shall we proceed to business?"

"Any thing that suits you, gents," I muttered. The two were such cool hands that I was ready to drop with amazement.

"George," said the chap with the shot-gun, "be good enough to assist our distinguished friend to arrange his presents on the Christmas tree."

"With pleasure, Bob. Santa Claus, if you will keep your hands above your head in that graceful position a little while longer I will attend to all the minor details of the ceremony."

With that he dived into my pocket and fished out my revolver.

"What a pretty toy!" exclaimed George, as he turned it about in his hands. "That will have a charming effect when hung properly."

He mounted a step-ladder and tied my revolver to the topmost bough of the tree.

"Ah, what have we here," exclaimed George, as he reached into my pocket again and drew forth a sandbag, a little weapon for which I have a special fondness. "This is almost as pretty a trinket as the other." Then he hung it on the tree.

After that he strung up my dark lantern. Then in turn he pulled off my mask, robbed me of my jimmy, a bottle of chloroform, a bunch of skeleton keys and several other instruments peculiar to my line of business. He also pulled my shoes out of my pocket, where I had placed them before entering the house for safe-keeping until I should be ready to depart. All these articles he gravely tied on the branches of the Christmas tree.

When George had swung my shoes across a bough and had trotted down the step-ladder for the last time he struck an attitude and said:

"I am charmed, my dear Santa Claus, to have the privilege of returning thanks for these beautiful presents. Your taste is excellent. I trust you will give us permission to distribute them as we choose among the other members of our family. Ah, thanks; I see that you consent. And now, Santa Claus, I and my emotional friend at your side have a confession to make. For some years past we have been skeptical regarding your existence. We doubted whether you would come to-night to deck our Christmas tree, and so we arose from bed at this unholy hour of night to deck it ourselves. But our skepticism has been properly rebuked by you and we humbly beg your pardon. Do you grant it? Ah, thanks."

I made no attempt to reply to this rubbish. After a painful pause I said:

"Gents, with your permission, I think I'll be going."

"So soon!" remarked Bob, getting a better grip on his gun. "This is hard," he added, pretending to weep.

"Adieu, Santa Claus," said George. "Don't forget to make us another call next Christmas."

I started for the door.

"The chimney is over yonder, Santa Claus," said Bob, wagging his head in the direction of the fire-place.

It took me a full half-minute to catch his meaning.

"I—I think I'll leave by the door," I stammered. I hoped he was only joking.

"What! Don't you always come and go by way of the chimney?"

"Not always."

"Can it be possible that the story books are mistaken on this important point? It is cruel to rob us of our childhood fancies. I think," and Bob held the muzzle of his gun close to my ear, "I think, Santa Claus, we'll cling to the old custom. Oblige us by gliding up the chimney in your own airy fashion."

I hesitated. Another glance at the muzzle of the gun decided me. I said:

"All right, gents, I'll not make trouble about a little thing like that."

I drew off my coat. George caught it up and tossed it into the branches of the Christmas tree. I stuck my head into the chimney. It was a tight fit when I came to my shoulders, and I started to draw back. I instantly felt the muzzle of Bob's gun prodding me. I set my teeth and squirmed my way into that horrible black tunnel.

It was a full hour before I dragged myself out of the top of the chimney and stood on the frosty roof in my stocking-feet. I was as black as a cinder and was nearly tired to death. When I had pulled myself together, after a fashion, I slid down the rain-spout and limped home. Luckily I met no policeman. If I had the chances were about even that either I would have frightened him to death or that he would have shot me for an escaped gorilla.

This experience weighed upon my mind so heavily that I reformed and gave up burglary. I am now a respectable highway robber.—Charles H. Dennis.

THE SEPULTE VIVE.

The Secluded Life Led by the Nuns of a Famous Roman Convent.

The Via Merulana Convent in Rome will remain in the possession of the nuns until the death of the last of them, when the property will go to the city. The sixteen remaining Franciscan nuns, who are called the Sepulte Vive, are still in the old monastery, where they once received a visit from the Princess of Wales. These nuns, some of them ladies of noble families, observed a very strict rule.

Once entering the convent, they never leave it alive. They never see men, not even the priest who says mass in the chapel. The altar is screened off, and they can just see the elevation of the Host. Through a small aperture they receive holy communion. Iron gratings and a linen veil guard the small opening through which they make their confessions.

They never undress for repose, but spend half the night in prayer, and keep, except in extreme cases of illness, a perpetual abstinence from meat. They make almost every thing they use, even to shoes and medicines. If a parent of one of these nuns dies the announcement is not made to the nun herself, but in general terms it is said that one of them has lost by death a father or mother, as the case may be.—Cor. Boston Herald.

He Tuck de Hog.

I remember very well the first case I ever had to defend in court. My client, a negro, had "tuck a hog." My father left me to make my own beginning and to wrestle with justice alone. I said: "Jim, when you are called plead not guilty, and ask for trial by jury."

"Yes, sah," said Jim.

When Jim was called he stood up, and the clerk read in his stereotyped way the indictment, ending "contrary to the form and statute," etc., and asked:

"Whereof are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Sah!" said Jim.

"Read it over," said the judge; and over again it was accordingly read and to the same concluding interrogation Jim again responded, "Sah!"

"See here, you!" said the judge; "he is asking you if you took that hog or not."

And to my horror Jim scratched his head and, with a confiding smile, said: "Yes, sah, Jedge, I tuck de hog;" and so ended my first lesson.—Cor. N. O. Picayune.

—H. P. Slavatsky and Mabel Collins, the daughter of Mortimer Collins, have started a new magazine in London, devoted to matters mystical and theosophical. They call it Lucifer.

TUBERCULOSIS IN COWS.

How to Prevent This Insidious But Most Serious Disorder.

The best bred and fed cows are subject to an insidious but most serious disorder which becomes constitutional, and is contagious under certain favoring conditions and disposition of the exposed animals. This disease consists of the disorganization of the tissue of various important organs and the formation of tubercles or cysts, which are filled with solid grayish matter, which in time changes to a soft, yellowish cheesy mass. These cells rupture and discharge this soft matter, leaving cavities of considerable size, which sometimes destroy the greater part of some important organ, as the lungs, liver, spleen, kidneys, etc. This disease is communicated by inoculation and by eating the diseased meat; or the milk, if the udder is diseased; but it is more often produced as the result of some local inflammation, which seems to offer a favorable opportunity for the development of the specific germ that accompanies this disease, and which is abundantly scattered in the atmosphere, waiting to find a resting-place where it may serve its destructive purpose in nature. The symptoms vary considerably, according to the seat of the disease; but under all circumstances there is considerable fever, with loss of activity, harsh skin, nauseous breath, stiffness and weakness of the limbs, dry cough, thin blue milk, swelling of the glands of the throat and of the joints, constant desire for the company of the bull, and usual feverish brightness of the eyes, which are sunk in the orbits. If the bowels are affected, there is a profuse and obstinate diarrhea. As the disease progresses, the symptoms become more intense, and in time the animal perishes from impaired respiration or the fetid and profuse diarrhea. At times the bones are affected, and these gradually crumble and slough away.

Recovery is very rare, and when it occurs the animal is left in impaired health and too much weakened to be of any use in the dairy, more especially as the taint in the blood is surely transmitted to the progeny.

Prevention includes the removal of infection, healthful breeding, avoiding physical deterioration caused by too close inbreeding, and the use of only robust and vigorous parents, wholesome feeding, avoiding undue stimulus of the milking capacity.—American Agriculturist.

TIN BY THE TON.

Growth of the Canned Goods Trade and the Demand for Cans.

"Over 1,000,000,000 cans are used annually by the canners of this country," said a dealer in canned goods. "A box of tin plates, which weighs from 108 to 112 pounds, will make between seven and eight cases of cans. A case contains a dozen three-pound cans, the general size, or two dozen one-pound cans. Taking the average, a box of tin will make about one hundred cans. Thus, you see, about 10,000,000 boxes of tin plates are necessary to make the cans to hold the goods packed in this country. The weight of the metal alone is something like 110,000,000 pounds, and the cost about \$45,000,000."

"Are all the canned goods brought to New York?"

"New York City is the main source of supply to the rest of the United States for canned goods as well as for other articles. It is also the principal port from which canned goods are sent to Europe, and there is a large trade now in this class of business between the United States and the Old World. The process of canning has enabled so many American products to be sent in good order all over the world that canned goods now form an important factor in the export trade. The bulk of the canned goods, therefore, come here, although other large cities are often supplied direct from the place of canning."

"Is any of the tin produced here?"

"None that is used for canning. The cost of home manufactured tin plates is too great at present to come in competition with the imported metal. Besides, that which is made here is not fitted for cans in which to pack food products."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

—A French horticulturist, Count de Buysson, ensures the growth of seeds so old as to have a doubtful germinating power by soaking them for thirty-six hours in water containing a little guano or other source of nitrogen.—Arkansas Traveler.

—Young Mr. Sissy (to his pretty cousin)—"In your matrimonial fishing, Maude, if you should make a catch like me, what would you do?" Maude—"Throw it back in, Charley."—Epoch.

—Church music in New York City, a local journal states, employs not far from two thousand organists and vocalists, whose annual salaries amount to at least \$250,000.

Roman Senators, Roman Emperors, and Gods have all engaged the world's attention, but the nineteenth century has produced the greatest Roman of them all, the Vatican Oil; it kills pain!

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