

Griggs Courier.

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DOVERSTOWN, - - DAKOTA.

A HERO AT HOME.

His brow to be first in the battle,
And listen to 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 stands—a hero at home.
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their
heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my
red
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's
nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a
clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the
matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the
lash:
The moon on the breast of the new fallen
snow
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein-
deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them
by name:
Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and
Vixen!
Oh, Comet! on Cupid! on Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane
fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the
sky,
So up to the house top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas,
too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;
As I drew in my head, and was turning
around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a
bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his
foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes
and soot;
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his
pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how
merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his lips like a
cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a
bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the
snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a
wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of
jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of my-
self;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his
work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a
jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to the sleigh, to his team gave a
whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a
thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of
sight:
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good
night!"
—Clement C. Moore.

WINNING A WIFE.

Charley Sanders' Unique But Successful Courtship.

A Midnight Fight with a Bear—He Defeats the Animal with Only His Fists, and Thus Secures a Bride.

"Yes, wimmin is curus creesters," said the old man, taking a huge bite from a big plug of tobacco. "Ye can't bet on 'em, fer th' thing they're most sure t' do ez jest what ye're sure they won't do. 'N th' more you try t' find them out th' more you don't. Every one uv 'em wants t' git married, but they'd die fore they'd say so. 'N when a young feller's ded in love 'ith 'em they'll sasshay 'round 'n purtend they don't kear a dern thing about 'im—but they do, wust way. 'N they'll git 'im into hot water 'n keep 'im thar, 'n make all kinds o' trouble fer him, 'n drive 'im plum crazy fore they give up 'n kinder smile and purtend they'd flat found it out. A young feller hez t' contrive all sorts o' ways t' git around 'em. W'y, I even knowed one young man what fought a bear t' git his wife!"

The old man closed his eyes as if in deep thought, and even the motion of his grizzled, leathery jaws ceased as he leaned back in his chair. From experience I rather suspected he had a yarn on the end of his tongue, and, after waiting a decent time, I modestly asked for the story. Old Pike pulled himself together as if to start in with a full head of steam, but presently assumed a deprecatory attitude and said:

"Don't know's it's much uv a yarn, after all. It happened out in Nevada, 'bout fifteen years ago, at Bunker's Flat, 'long th' old stage route. They wuz good diggins thar then 'n consid'able settlement, till they got so many kids we hed t' hev a school-ma'am. She come, a little chipper, brown-haired gal from Massachusetts. She hed big brown eyes et opened

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 started to retreat, but he called me out every mornin' she'd find a bunch o' flowers on her desk; 'n if a rain kem up somebody'd allus send a Chinaman 'ith an umbrella, 'n sometimes she'd find a package o' purty quartz 'n agates 'n nuggets 'n things o' them sort, with 'From a Friend' writ on th' package. She got t' look for such things after 'while, 'n I knowed who they kem from, but she couldn't ketch sight o' Charley fer a long time. He'd see her a-comin', 'n his face'd get hot 'n his hands'd tremble, 'n his knees shake, 'n he'd jest turn round 'n get out o' th' way till she'd git past. 'N then he'd look after her sorter's of he'd like t' eat her, 'n swear awful under his breath, 'n cuss hisself fer bein' sech a dern fool.

"Th' other youngsters'd shin up t' Miss 'Vevie 'n be perlit 'n sociable, 'n she'd smile on one 'n giv another a posy, 'n talk 'ith th' next one, but not a bit more fer one than another. 'N they'd talk 'bout her at work, 'n low she uz jest 'bout th' sweetest gal in all Nevada, 'n kinder joke one another 'bout who uz goin' t' git her. Never paid no sort o' tention to Charley; no one sposed he uz wantin' t' git her, too. Finally, jest afore th' term uz out, he did manage t' git sorter 'quainted like, 'n he'd be able t' meet her 'ithout jest plum fallin' down from tremblin'.

"One night there uz a dance et Meanes Tavern, 'bout two mile up th' mountain, whar th' stage changed hosses. Charley he made out t' ask Miss 'Vevie ef she'd go, 'n she bein' powerful fond o' dancin', 'n low she would. They uz lots o' young people went up from th' Flat, 'n they hed a gay time, till 'bout twelve o'clock Miss 'Vivie told Charley, bein' ez she hed t' teach school th' nex' day, she thought she'd better be goin' home. She hoped he uz enjoyin' hisself, 'n sed ef he didn't want t' leave th' dancin' she 'lowed she'd git somebody else t' take her home down th' hill. She knowed blamed well et it a bin a shootin' matter fer enny young feller t' try sech a thing, but I reckon she couldn't help a-playin' 'ith 'im that way. Charley he jest sed t' her pleasure's his law, 'n got his hat 'n they started.

"It uz a nice road, all down hill, 'n th' moon uz shinin' bright ez day, 'n it uz nice a little passez ez enny young feller'd ever want. 'N jest cool enough t' make it nice t' walk close t'gether, with Miss 'Vevie holdin' on t' Charley's arm real kittenish like. She uz in th' best spirits ye ever see, 'n kep a chatterin' like a mockin' bird 'bout every thing under th' sun. 'N Charley uz jest about in th' top heaven 'ith happiness. He hed got so's he'd manage t' look at her now 'n then, 'n say a word er two 'thout gettin' flummuxed. He knowed she uz goin' away ez soon's her school uz out, 'bout two weeks from then, 'n he felt like he'd got t' say suthin' mighty soon er it'd be no use. He uz turnin' this thing over 'n over 'n his mind while she uz talkin' so chipper 'bout heroes 'n them truck. She'd got t' tellin' 'bout some old Greek heathen fellers she'd read 'bout what did big fightin' for the gals they loved. You Lizzies 'n Akillees 'r suthin' like that, 'n sayin' she did admire brave men, 'n hoped she'd hev a lover some day what'd do big things, 'n tellin' how she'd love him. That set Charley t' thinkin'.

"He didn't know what 'n all thunder she meant, 'n didn't know how t' take her. He felt purty dern shore she must hev some sort o' idea 'bout what he thought uv her, 'n he wuzzent shore whether she meant t' aggh him on er t' tell him gentle like, that it wuzn't no use t' be barkin' up that tree no longer. He felt awful puzzled, 'n locked down th' road tozards Bunker's Flat, alayin' down et th' bottom so peaceful-like in th' moonlight. All t' onct he seen suthin' cum a moseyin' up th' road. His heart giv a big jump, 'n he looked at Miss 'Vevie 'n sed she hedn't noticed nuthin'. Then he looked agin, closer, 'n he felt purty certain he knowed what it wuz, 'n his heart felt better, 'n he sed to hisself: 'Charley Sanders, now's yer time—now er never. Ef ye're enny good this is goin' t' be th' time to show it!' Then he begun talkin' kinder keerless like, 'n kep a walkin' on, 'n th' thing kep on a-comin', 'n purty soon th' school-ma'am see it, too.

"Why, what's that a-comin', Mr. Sanders. Looks like Mr. Peterson's big Noofunland dog, don't it?" 'It do look powerful like that animal,' sez

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.

She took a young man's name. I was 'bout half way down th' hill. Nobody in sight but their two selves. Nobody o'd hear 'em if they hollered. Th' road uz so steep behind that they couldn't climb back us fast ez th' b'ar. They wuz a bluff on the right-hand side too steep fer climbin', 'n on the left hand wuz a steep canyon two hundred feet deep, 'n most straight steep. No go there. Charley hedn't a gun ner nothin', 'n th' little woman didn't expect any thing but t' be b'ar meat in 'bout two minutes. Th' b'ar uz a-comin' right straight ahead. He'd seen 'em 'n started a good galt t' onct, 'n she o'd see his large eyes a-glistenin' in th' moonlight, 'n it seemed like it wuz fastened plum on her, 'n she begun t' tremble. 'N Charley uz a-standin' thar 'n never sayin' 'boo!

"Jest then he spoke uv, quiet like, but mighty clear: 'Miss 'Vevie, I ain't no Greek ner no heathin', 'n I don't know nothin' 'bout them heroes you've bin a-tellin' me. But I jest love you ez hard ez ever a man loved enny woman, 'n I reckon I c'n fight ez well ez them furrin fellers. The b'ar shan't tetch the hem o' yer dress 'thout he kills me first.' 'N she jest said: 'Oh! Mr. Sanders! But she didn't say it a bit mad like, 'n jest squeezed his arm a little 'n stood still. Charley sez: 'Here's this low tree yere. Give me yer foot 'n I'll hist ye up, 'n fore she o'd say Jack Robinson he hed her settin' in th' crotch uv a measly little scrub oak by th' side o' th' road, 'bout eight feet above th' ground, whar she o'd stay real comfortable. 'Now, sez Charley, 'you'r all right. Th' b'ar can't climb that tree; it's too little t' bar his weight. Ef he kills me you o'd set there till somebody comes erlong 'n drives him away. Yere's my coat. It'll keep ye warm, ef I never need it no more, 'n he jerked it off 'n flung it up to her. Then he walked kinder brisk like toards th' b'ar, that hed got up 'ithin a few steps. 'N th' b'ar, ez soon's he seed Charley comin', 'rared up on his hind legs 'n come a prancin' t' meet him, 'n begun t' mumble sumthin' et sounded like 'Yum, yum, yum.' When the school-ma'am seed all that 'n heard th' b'ar a-gittin' ready t' eat him up she got her voice mighty sudden 'n screeched out: 'Oh, Mr. San—; oh, Charley, he'll kill you! Come back, please do!' But Charley he only smiled like 'n shook his head 'n marched right square up t' th' b'ar 'n hit him a chug 'ith his bare fist that ez like a mule a-kickin'.

"I bet you never see rich a fight in all yer born days ez Charley Sanders hed 'ith th' b'ar on th' mountain road, middle o' th' night, right on th' aidge o' that deep canyon, 'ith nothin' but his two fists—'n his purty little sweetheart a-sittin' up'n a tree a-lookin' on! I reckon they never wuz a more surprised b'ar in all Big Mount 'n. He jest stood 'n looked et Charley ez ef he uz dreadful disappointed 'bout sumthin'. 'N that giv Charley a good chance, 'n he patted him another big lick. Then th' b'ar seemed t' git mad like, 'n he begun reachin' fer Charley. That's th' way they hed it. Charley kep a-dodgin' 'round on his pins mighty spry, 'n th' b'ar'd foller 'im up 'n like ez nos hand 'im one, 'n Charley he'd come back at 'im, allers takin' powerful good keer t' keep from bein' hugged. Onct th' b'ar giv 'im a square knock-down, but Charley's upquicker 'n wink. They tromped round over considerable ground 'n both uv 'em seemed t' be gittin' tired like 'n real mad. 'N when th' gal in th' tree seed that she jest up 'n hollered: 'Oh, Charley, you better run! he'll kill you, shore!' 'N jest then Charley watched his chance 'n hit th' b'ar a powerful jolt 'n sorter giv a runnin' jump agin him et th' same time that jest toppled him plum over th' aidge o' th' road 'n sent him a-rollin' 'n a-tumblin' down into th' canyon, an' they o'd hear him joltin' down thar 'mongst th' rocks an' bushes, 'n gittin' furdur away from 'em all th' time.

"Charley walked back t' th' tree a puffin' 'n a-blowin'. His shirt-sleeves uz all in tatters whar th' b'ar's claws ud hit 'em, 'n he hed a scratch er two on his face from th' same source, whar th' blood hed run down, makin' him look ruther streaked to be a bowin' a purty gal home. 'N when th' school-ma'am saw him she slid down th' tree quicker, 'n come up t' him 'ith eyes a-shinin' 'n not sayin' a dern word 'n begun t' wipe th' blood off his face 'ith her little tenty handkerchief, a-tremblin' all th' time like sh'd got th' ager. I reckon Charley seen suthin' in them brown eyes mighty pleasant 'n like

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

let his arm round her waist t' keep her from fallin'. 'N they did make 'bout ez handsum a married couple two weeks from then ez I ever see!

I ventured to observe that Charley deserved a pretty bride for his gallant fight agin such odds, whereupon the old man chuckled.

"Do, do ye? Well, I reckon he did on general principles, fer he uz a mighty likely feller. But, ez fer thet fight, it uz a dern fraud. Ye see this uz th' way uv it: 'Bout a year afore Charley's podner'd ketched a cub b'ar, 'n kep it 'n made a pet uv it. Charley'd played 'ith it a thousand times; learned it t' box 'n rastle, 'n them tricks. Day er two afore th' dance they'd fetched it over t' th' Flat t' sell t' a Frisco man what wuz comin' on th' stage. He didn't come ez soon's they expected, 'n th' b'ar got awful hungry, coz nobody fed 'im reg'lar. Reckon he uz sorter homesick, too, fer he broke his chain some time that night 'n started up th' mountain, thinkin' th'et uz th' way home. When Charley seed him he knowed what it wuz t' onct, 'n hearin' th' school-ma'am talkin' 'bout heroes 'n admirin' uv 'em, made 'im think he'd play hero 'n see ef th' gal did think enny thing uv 'im.

"The b'ar uz ez peaceful 'n playful ez a kitten, 'n hed a muzzle on beside. 'N all their fightin' waz 'a fraud, least-ways till Charley hit so hard it riled th' b'ar 'n he used his claws 'n tried t' hug. He'd riz up when he'd seed Charley, coz he uz glad to meet a friend, 'n thought he'd git fed. 'N when Charley knocked 'im over th' bank he thought ez th' b'ar uz fat he wouldn't come t' much harm a-rollin' down. 'N he didn't. After Charley'd got his gal home 'n kissed her good-night like he uz allers used t' it, he went back up th' canyon after th' b'ar 'n found 'im 'n fetched 'im back, 'n next day he uz sold 'n took away, 'n nobody knowed enny better till Charley'd got married 'n uz gone off, 'n his podner tole me all erbout it."—*Montana Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Siam's Bronze Coins.

The mint at Hamburg, Germany, has received a contract for 25,000,000 bronze coins which will constitute a new currency for the kingdom of Siam. The coins will be of several denominations, and will bear on one side the portrait of the King of Siam, while on the other side will be an allegorical figure representing Genius. A Westphalian firm furnishes the metal. The new coinage will replace the present zinc currency, and the number issued is about five coins per head for the population of Siam. It will keep the Hamburg mint busy for five months. As recently as 1860 the Siamese silver coinage still consisted of roughly spherical pieces of silver of various sizes, which were formed of portions of silver rods, which were first bent together and afterward trimmed at the ends and hammered, the whole being stamped with two or three devices denoting the value. In 1861 the Siamese Embassy to England made a contract with a Birmingham firm for the circular silver coinage of seven denominations, which has since been the money of the realm.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Vanilla Cream.—Break into a bowl the white of one or more eggs, as the quantity you wish to make will require, add to it an equal quantity of cold water, then stir in XXX powdered or confectioners' sugar until you leave it stiff enough to mold into shape with the fingers. Flavor with vanilla to taste. After it is formed into balls, cubes or lozenge shapes, lay them upon plates or waxed paper and set them aside to dry. This cream is the foundation of all the French creams.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

—A Fraud—Detroit Man—"Hello, bub! What's the 'extra' out for—base-ball game?" Newsboy—"Naw—railroad accident—dozen people killed—want a copy?" Detroit Man—"Of course not. This newspaper business is a fraud. They print an 'extra' on the least provocation. It's shameful!"—*Tid-Bits.*

—"This is a cold, cold world!" sighed a young man, as he stopped aimlessly in front of a Detroit clothing store the other day. "Dot vas so, mein friend," replied the proprietor, who was standing in the door-way, "but ulsters vas cheap as dirt!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—In Boston they call it the chrysanthemadam.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

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

No part of a man will stand as nearly bows as his nose.

"Be composed," as the type-setter used to be copy.

TO THE PUBLIC

Intending purchasers of *Pompeii* cannot afford to be misled.

The passion for braiding and the use of gilt shows itself in a new form. The skirts of nearly all street costumes are without trimming, but the newer ones have the plainness of this effect relieved by braiding which extends upward in points. A French evening dress has a skirt of plain copper-colored moire whose edge has gilt braids applied in this manner. The braiding is repeated in the moire vest, the collar and drapery being of cashmere in a lighter shade of copper.

A very gorgeous and beautiful dress has been made for a noted married belle by one of the well-known New York couturiers. The long, trained skirt is of pale-blue moire of a dull tint. All the front of the petticoat is overlaid by clusters of hydrangeas in the pale, dull pinks and blues of the natural flower. The train is covered with many widths of the same shades of pink and blue tulle laid side by side. The low, sleeveless corsage is embroidered in dull pink and blue pearls, with a cluster of hydrangeas on the left shoulder. The effect is as charming as the idea is new.

For simple theater bonnets without strings a pretty idea is to cover a frame with velvet of some rich hue, putting the greatest fullness immediately in front and gathering it all on the back of the crown. This point where the stitches come is concealed by a bow of three-inch-wide ribbon with six loops and no ends. These loops are drawn forward and tacked to the velvet, and have somewhat the appearance of an Alsatian bow put on wrong side before, but it makes a stylish and effective little bonnet if the colors are well chosen.

Sailor hats in every shade of felt are just as popular now as they have been for the past two years, the only difference being that they all have the brim turned up in the back and the trimming massed behind instead of in front. Vails are very much worn with all sorts of hats, and, though they are bad for the eyes, are very necessary to defend the hair from being tossed about by winter winds. These vails are worn quite down over the chin and are usually of silk-edged gauze of a shade to match the hat.

Mrs. Potter has made quite an innovation here in the way of head-gear. She appeared on the avenue not long ago in a black velvet Tam O'Shanter, which attracted considerable attention. With it she wore a large Scotch plaid cloak. It is said to be a costume she wore in Scotland on the occasion of a visit there before coming to America, and was serviceable for long walks on the moors. Already a copy of it has been ordered for a visitor at Tuxedo Park.

Fur capes are worn a good deal on these early cold days and seem to have taken the place of boas with women who have slender shoulders, and to whom they are very becoming. A pretty woman from Boston wears a costume of dull heliotrope cashmere with one of these capes of sealskin. A little heliotrope velvet toque is bordered with sealskin and has a pompon of the same a little to the left of the front. A sealskin muff completes this charming costume.

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.*

—It is said that Henry M. Stanley has been offered \$50,000 for a book describing his latest travels when he reaches home.—*Congregationalist.*