

Griggs Courier.

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COOPERSTOWN, N.Y.

GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR.

Ah! the year is growing old,
And his days are nearly told;
He has poured into our garner all his treas-
ures manifold,
And he whispers: "I am weary—
Earth has grown so cold and dreary—
I must steal away and rest. I am growing very
old."

And we murmur: "Go in peace,
You shall find a swift release
With the years of all the ages, where earth's
sullen surges cease;
Yet 'tis very hard to part—
You have grown into our heart—
We shall miss you, dear old friend, still we bid
you: Go in peace."
—Lillian Grey.

A GRATEFUL SAVAGE.

My Great-Grandmother's New Year's Oaller.

Almost every child has a grand-
mother, but not many have a
great-grandmother—a grandmother's
mother. I have, and she is the dearest
old lady in the world.

She wears a black gown, a little
white muslin handkerchief over her
shoulders, and a white lace cap over
her brown false front, that all old
ladies used to wear.

She has fine gray eyes, and nice
teeth—all her own, too—and is ninety
years old. She reads the papers, and
knows all that is going on; and worries
over the accidents just as much as if
her own folks were in them.

She is fond of politics, for she and
grandfather—dead this thirty year—
used to keep a roadside tavern, where
all the famous lawyers stopped on
their way to H—, where the county
court was held. Daniel Webster had
stopped at the tavern, and many other
distinguished men.

Grandma loves to tell of those days
while she knits in the firelight. She
moves her needles as swift as a ma-
chine, and can knit in the dark. She
taught me to knit, too; but I think she
found a stupid pupil, though she never
said so. She does all kinds of knitting;
scarfs, mittens, wristers and stockings,
and when she was young she used to
weave, and made her own linen for
sheets and bedding when she was mar-
ried.

Once grandma visited Boston; only
thirteen she was, yet remembers every
detail of her visit. Her uncle, an ex-
Governor, gave grand balls and par-
ties, and the shy little country girl had
a glimpse of the fine manners and gay
life of Boston's old aristocracy.

But she loved the country best, and
married a neighbor's son, and went
with him to an unbroken forest
way up in the north of Maine, and
lived a pioneer life in all its hardships
of want and cold.

She had eight children, and made
every stitch of their clothing, as well
as her husband's, and taught them,
too. There was no school-house near,
and her only book was the Bible, and
out of this they learned to read and
spell. She had all the work a farmer's
wife must do, and I fancy knew little
rest. There are few such workers
nowadays.

Grandma's best stories are about In-
dians. There were roving bands of
them in Maine fifty and sixty years
ago, and some times they were not
peaceably disposed, especially when
farms were isolated and far from
neighbors' help. How many times
they plundered and burned, and how
many families they murdered and
scalped, will never be known; for who
could tell, in the depths of a forest,
what a blackened clearing meant?
It might be only a place burned by
those mysterious forest fires; who was
to know it was the ashes of a once
happy home?

A few years ago grandma was down
to our house on her regular winter's
visit, and she found us girls much ex-
cited about New Year's calls. In a
small country town, few people receive
calls on New Year's Day, and mother
had not done so since we were too
little to remember. The last day of
the old year we were talking with
grandma in the hour before tea, when
it was too dark to read or sew, and too
light for lamps. Of course grandma
was knitting, this time a big pair of
mittens for an old man that used to
saw wood for us. Grandma had not-
iced his mittens were ragged, and
finding he had no one to care for
him, took it upon herself, and gave
him three pairs of good yarn stock-
ings before she went away, and he
said:

"Now warm, you be one of the good
old-fashioned sort, the Lord reward
ye."

"You never heard about my New
Year's caller, did you, girls?" said
grandma.

"No," we cried, eagerly.

"Was it in Boston, at the Gov-
ernor's?" asked Jen.

"It must have been grand there,"
said Mamie, half-jealously.

"No," replied grandma, smiling on

pretty Mamie. "It was in the first
days of my married life. I was mar-
ried, you know, when I was only sev-
enteen. I stayed at home with mother
that year; then Joseph and I, and your
great-uncle Rufus, a two-months-old
baby, moved up to the north of where
we'd been living and pretty nigh on
the borders of Canada.

"We were twenty miles from neigh-
bors, and found our way to them by
spotted trees—trees we'd marked, you
know, for the woods are confusing.

"It was lonely like for me; but
Joseph seldom left the farm, and then
only to go to the mill, thirty miles
away, to get our corn and wheat
ground.

"I used to be afraid sometimes, for
the circuit-riders—preachers that trav-
eled round and did much good—
would stop over night and tell us
stories about the Indians, and some-
times I'd see the red creatures hiding
in the woods, trying to steal a cow or
calf. Joseph always went armed, to be
ready for 'em.

"The winters were terribly cold
there, and I used to pity the squaws
and children that would come our
way, and they were always welcome to
a shelter in my house, and the men,
too, if they were peaceable, for hus-
band didn't believe in aggravating 'em.

"Well, the New Year's Day of the
first twelve months we'd lived there,
Joseph went to the mill with a load.
He couldn't get back that night, for
the wolves were thick in winter and
fierce with hunger, and I'd much
rather he'd stop over. Besides, travel-
ing was hard and the wagon heavy.

"I watched him drive off, feeling
down-hearted enough. After he'd
looked back and waved his hat, I went
in with baby and had a good cry.
Then I reasoned myself out of my
fears, and did up my work a-singing
to the baby.

"I got the cows milked and fed, and
locked the barn; then, before I shut
the door for the night, I took a good
look around at the trees. It was get-
ting dark, and there were queer
shadows in the woods, and I felt more
scared than ever.

"After the baby was asleep, it was
lonesome enough sitting there before
the fire, and the tallow candle seeming
to burn dimmer than usual. I kept
thinking I heard steps outside, and the
icy snow a-craacking, and sometimes I
shook with dread and fear.

"At last I got up, thinking it was
moonlight and I'd feel better if I
looked out the window. I raised the
curtain, and, dear, oh, me! there was
an Indian's face pressed close against
the pane.

"All painted hideous he was, with
red and blue, and a terribly ugly being
to look at. He had eagle feathers on
his head and a long gun, and was
rigged out for fighting.

"I thought I should die; but I didn't
scream, though I knew the door had
no other fastening than a bar of wood
that he could break.

"In a minute he came to the door,
pushing hard against it, and the bar
snapped like a twig.

"In he came. Over six feet high he
was, and seemed to me the biggest
man I ever saw. He was wrapped in
a blanket, and had clothes made of
skins on. He had the long gun and a
big knife with him.

"I caught up the baby and ran be-
hind the bed. He took scarcely any
notice of me, however, but shut the
door, and went and warmed himself.
Then he hauled the quilt off the bed,
and fixed it over the window.

"I held my breath, wondering what
he meant to do.

"The baby, waking up, gave a little
cry, and he turned and drew his knife
across his throat, meaning, I thought,
by theact, to kill the child.

"I hushed the little one to sleep
again, and he, dragging his blanket
before the fire, sat down all in a heap,
grunting, like a pig, from comfort. I
crouched behind the bed and watched
him.

"Then he pointed to his mouth, to
tell me he was hungry. The victuals
were down in the cellar, and I daren't
go and leave him with the baby. But
he kept a-pointing and getting mad;
so, at last, I mustered courage, and
took the candle, and brought up a
great milk-pan full of doughnuts, a
piece of pork and a jug of vinegar—
that was all we had.

"Bless me, how the creature did eat!
Every doughnut went into him, then
the pork raw, and washing it down
with the vinegar, as if it had been
sweeter than new cider.

"When he was through, he went to
the door, and listened awhile; then he
went back to the fire, and went to
sleep.

"I set behind the bed, trembling and
watching him. Just think, girls, how
you would have felt there alone with
that heathen, that couldn't talk your
language, and that you couldn't say a
word to; and alone in the woods where
he could kill you, and no one to help
you.

"I prayed to myself, and, by and by,
crept over and got my Bible, and read
it. After a spell, I looked up, and
there he was, sitting and watching me

with a kind of wondering awe on his
face.

"Then he got up and listened at the
door again. Quick as a flash, he blew
out the candle, and flattened the fire
with a log.

"I wondered what he meant to do in
the dark, and I hugged the baby closer,
and it cried a little, and he turned and
laid his big hand over its mouth. He
meant me to keep it still.

"He stood there listening, listening.
Then he bent his ear to the floor, and
beckoned me. I dared not draw back;
besides, if he wanted to murder me,
he'd chances enough before.

"So I went to the door and listened
too, and floating to me through the
forest—worse than the howls of the
hungriest wolves—was the faint echo
of a yell. An Indian yell of war, more
horrible than any animal's that ever
was.

"It seemed to come nearer and
nearer, and I could hear him breathe
hard in the dark. It was so quiet in
the woods sounds echoed for miles.

"After what seemed an hour to me,
but couldn't have been more than ten
minutes, the yells grew fainter and
further off.

"He turned from the door then, and
piling more logs on the fire, laid down
and went to sleep.

"I set there and watched him
through that terrible night of the New
Year, till daylight. I'll never forget
it, and see myself now a-sitting in the
firelight, looking at him sleeping on
the floor, and rocking the baby to keep
it from waking him.

"At daylight he waked up, stretched
himself; then he looked at me, holding
something in his hand.

"I glanced at it, and there was two
baby-socks I'd knit for Rufus. Two
months before, a squaw with a sick
boy baby asked me for shelter one
night. I gave her a bed before the
fire, and doctored the baby, and made
her stay till he was well; and when she
went away I dressed the baby in
Rufus' clothes—socks and all—for she
had a dreadful careless way of cloth-
ing it.

"She was mightily pleased, and
smiled with her white teeth, and her
black eyes—like a bird's—dancing
with the pride all mothers have.

"Ump, pappoose," he says, and
picks up his gun and blanket, and
went out.

"Then I knew. He was a friendly
Indian, and most likely that baby's
father.

"In the afternoon I saw Joseph com-
ing on horseback at a gallop, with his
face as white as chalk. He thought
he'd find the house burned, and me
and baby killed.

"You don't know how overjoyed he
was when he saw us in the door.

"The Indians had burnt seven or
eight lonely farm-houses like ours, and
killed the people, and, driving the
cattle they stole, escaped into Canada.

"I told Joseph about the Indian,
and we both agreed he'd come out of
gratitude to save me, and while I was
dreading and fearing him, he was
staying to protect me from the rest.

"That, girls," said grandma, fold-
ing up her knitting as the bell rang for
tea, and smiling on us all—"that was
my first and last New Year's caller."
—Patience Stapleton, in Golden Days.

An Immense Lawyer's Fee.

One of the biggest lawyer's fees on
record was that received by Thomas
Williams, a '49er, of California. He
was the attorney of a mining company
at Virginia City, and when the com-
pany was on the verge of bankruptcy
he attached its property for a claim of
\$1,500 for professional services. The
property was sold, and he bid it in for
the amount of the claim. He held on
to it, and years after a representative
of Flood, Mackay & O'Brien offered
him \$100,000 for the property. "It isn't
for sale," said the lawyer. "I'll give
you \$500,00." "It isn't for sale."
Then the big firm began negotiations,
which resulted in Mr. Williams putting
his property into the firm and taking
out stock in payment. The stock be-
gan to boom, and when it was at top
prices Williams sold out for \$6,000,000.
—N. Y. Sun.

Business Is Business.

Employer—Are your books balanced,
Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith (the book-keeper)—No,
sir; there is a discrepancy of two cents
in Blank & Co.'s account in our favor,
and that must be settled before I can
strike a balance.

Employer—Have you written them?
Mr. S.—Several times.

Employer—Well, write them again
and inclose stamp for a reply. That
ought to fetch them. Two cents are
not much, but they are worth as much
to us as to Blank & Co.—Tid-Bits.

"Hello, been out to the races?"
said one seedy-looking individual to
another. "I was." "How did you
go?" "Had a great turn-out." "Is
that straight?" "Of course. The
policeman put me out of the grounds
because I didn't have a bridge."—
Merchant Traveler.

Marriage Notice of the Future.

A fashionable wedding notice last
week gave the genealogy of the bride,
as well as the occupation and connec-
tions of the groom, his father's titles
and decorations thrown in, and closed
with the announcement that so-and-so
furnished the decorations.

This is what realism is leading us to.
But why not carry it all the way through
to its fullest extent. Thus for instance:

MARRIED.

Smith—Jones—On the 20th of Octo-
ber, at No. 4672 Ninth avenue (John P.
Robinson, architect; Theodore Brown,
builder), by the Rev. Pierre K. Good-
man, author of "Side Lights of the
Gospels," published by Harping &
Bros., 12mo, cloth \$1, paper 50 cents,
for sale by all respectable newsdealers,
Anna Jones, daughter of Chas. P.
Jones, wholesale grocer, of 9276 Pearl
street, and sole agent in New York for
Spile's Gurline, 15 cents per package,
and granddaughter of Midshipman
Easy, author of the Century's articles on
"The Navy at Gettysburg," to Patay
J. P. Q. Jinkens, of the Sandwich
Islands custom house, and son of Gen.
Bolívar J. D. Furioso Jinkens, P. P.
C. J. A. C. K. C. D., of Her Majesty's
forces in Manitoba. Rebellions a
specialty. Office hours 6-4.

Decorations by J. Kearney, 626
Fourteenth avenue, third son of P.
Kearney, caterer, of 32 Lloyd-Jones
street. Furnace fire by James Higgin-
botham. Gas by the United States Gas
Trust of New York. Supper and
flowers by Blunder, nephew of Lieut.
Charles K. Bombastes, of the New
York Gazette; terms \$1.50 per annum,
payable in advance. Conversation at
reception by the World's Entertainment
Emporium, talented conversationalists
and raconteurs, etc., furnished at short
notice and at moderate prices.

To be sure, this would cost money,
but what is money compared with the
advantages accruing from the system?
—Life.

Victoria's O'Side.

Prince Henry of Battenberg is said to
lead a dull life, and instances of "too
much mother-in-law" are numerous;
but the handsome German knew on
which side his bread was buttered, and ex-
istence near the throne is not without its
compensations. There was, however, a
heavy salute from the royal mother-in-
law on the Prince's arrival at Osborne
after the memorable night, when, un-
able to cross the Solent from Ports-
mouth on account of a heavy fog, he
returned to London and went to the
play. The Queen's most loyal subjects
like to chuckle over such anecdotes and
to relate passages-at-arms between her
and the Prince of Wales when
"Bertie," defying the sovereign mat-
ernal's edict, would insist on smoking in
the drawing-room.

The Queen has always known how to
mark her disapproval of certain ladies
of high degree who are considered to
to have encouraged the attentions of
the heir apparent. Her reception of
them has been as glacial as that which
she extended to the Baroness Burdett-
Coutts when that misguided lady was
"presented on her marriage." One of
these patrician butterflies, a sister of a
nobleman high in favor, took a speedy
revenge, albeit one that cost her all
hope of future "drawing-rooms." As
she engineered her court-train back-
ward from the royal presence she ex-
claimed in unabashed accents: "What
is the matter with the old lady?"—
Boston Herald.

Fezler & Wagner, Druggists, Rook Island,
Ill., write: "Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the
leading Cough medicine in our city. We
sell more, in fact four times more, than of
any other."

A Fashionable Freak.

A yellow wedding is one of the latest
freaks. The bridesmaids are in yellow,
the decorations yellow, the laces yellow,
the flowers yellow; everything, in short,
but the bride, who is, of course, all
white, wears that jaundiced hue. The
effect is somewhat trying and more sug-
gestive of a rousing bilious attack than
the gentle, amorous scene a fashionable
marriage ceremony seeks to be. How-
ever, anything for a change.—Boston
Herald.

HOW THEY FALL BEHIND.



There is really no
profit in recom-
mending the worth-
less, for the reason
of those who buy
and are deceived is
pointedly against
everything sold by
such a dealer.

Hence, the force of the following voluntary let-
ter, which is based upon the conscientious con-
viction formed from the long and cautious
experience of a leading drug house of Boston,
represents in every line a most important
and valued revelation: "Boston, July 11,
1887.—The Charles A. Vogeler Co.—Gentle-
men: Many preparations are placed before
the public, and for a time at least they have
a large but temporary sale—large, because of
the extensive advertising; temporary, as the
suffering class soon realize that the com-
pound possesses but little merit. Not so with
St. Jacobs Oil. Its success has been constant
from the start, and to-day we regard it as one
of those standard remedies that our trade
considers as absolutely essential to always
carry in their stocks. Personal experience
and the good words of the druggists of New
England all tend to prove that each year will
add to its sale and well deserved popularity.
Signed, Doolittle & Smith." Taking the
many cases of cure, published by the prop-
rietors, examples are given of its unvarying
effects in the worst chronic cases, and there
is nothing in trade which can approach its
efficacy.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM.

I was surprised af-
ter using Ely's Cream
Balm two months to
find the right nostril,
which was closed for
20 years was open and
free as the other. I
feel very thankful.—
R. H. Cressingham,
275-18th St., Brook-
lyn.



A particle is applied into each nostril and is agree-
able. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered,
etc. ELY BROTHERS, 23 Greenwhich St., New York.

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This popular remedy never fails to
effectually cure
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick
Headache, Biliousness
And all diseases arising from a
Torpid Liver and Bad Digestion.
The natural result is good appetite
and solid flesh. Dose small; elegantly
sugar coated and easy to swallow.
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through Sleepers and Dining Cars.
Duluth, Superior and Ashland. Night
trains each way with through Sleep-
ing and Dining Cars.

St. Joseph, Council Bluffs and Omaha,
through Sleepers and Dining Cars each way.
St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth and
Kansas City. Through Pullman Buffet
sleepers.

Manokato, Des Moines, Chariton, St. Joe-
seph, Atchison, Leavenworth and Kansas
City. Through Combination Chair and
Sleeping Cars.
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Hibley, LeMars, and Sioux City. Day trains
each way with elegant Parlor Cars.

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to the comfort and convenience of the travelling pub-
lic, and offers the best and most luxurious accom-
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