

# Griggs Courier.

FREDERICK H. ADAMS, Publisher

COOPERSTOWN, - - DAKOTA.

## THE VANISHED SHIP.

I built me a ship called Youthful Hope,  
And decked it with streamers gay;  
I cried: "Farewell!" to weeping love,  
And gayly I sailed away.

Over the sea I sailed and sailed,  
Till I came to the Sunset Isles,  
Where skies are always blue and soft,  
And summer always smiles.

Out on the golden sand I leaped,  
And cried: "Fair ship, good-bye!  
I shall never tire of the beautiful isles,  
And the soft blue of the sky."

I watched my ship, as it drifted off,  
And vanished in the sea,  
And wondered, lightly, if love at home  
Were weeping still for me.

How fared I, then, in the Sunset Isles?  
One morn, on the beach of gold,  
I stretched my hands to the east, and cried:  
"Oh, give me the days of old!

"Come back, come back, O ship of Youth,  
Out of the pathless main!  
Take me, and wait me swiftly back  
To weeping love again!"

Alas, the ship of Youth long since  
Has sunk beneath the deep,  
And love on the dear old shores of home  
Has wept itself to sleep.

—James Buchanan, in *Good Housekeeping*.

## THEY'RE CHARMING.

An Englishwoman's Opinion of Her American Sisters.

Agreeable and Never Rude—Usually Very Pretty, and Always Well Dressed—Views Which Will Be Generally Indorsed on This Side.

We do not mean to attempt a long dissertation on the "beau sexe" of another quarter of the globe, or to write an exhaustive essay on the female portion of the American nation; but as the American ladies who come over to this country form such a feature, and generally such a pleasing one, in the society of the present day, there may be some interest in noting the differences existing between them and our own countrywomen.

It is no wonder that, though in the great minority as far as numbers go, they hold their own in London or any other society. The days are long past since "The Fair Barbarian" was looked down on by the self-important leaders of a small country town coterie simply because she was an American. The tide has completely turned the other way, and Americanisms from fair lips are hailed with delight; their quaint sayings and way of putting things often remind one of Mark Twain, the accent that so few of them get the better of makes every thing sound still quaint, and when to this is added a charming manner, partly the gift of nature and partly also owing to their being accustomed to society from their earliest childhood, no wonder that they are welcomed with open arms.

The American child and the American girl seldom experience the comparative seclusion of nursery and school-room which is the common lot of English children. They are "before the public," so to speak, from the beginning. This may work badly in some respects, but ease of manner is certainly gained. The ordinary American girl is as much at home in society as if she were an experienced dowager of fifty; *mauvais honte* is unknown. They may err in the other extreme, but as a rule they are quite at their ease, not forward, and do not often resemble that precocious brother of Daisy Miller, who at nine years old sat up all night in hotel "parlors," refused to go to Italy because there was no candy there, and to use the words of his sister, "Randolph C. Miller believed in nothing."

No one takes so much trouble to please, to make herself agreeable, and to say nice things as a charming American woman; and, as a rule, it is not only the young and attractive she lays herself out to fascinate, but even those who are voted "old bones" and prosy creatures receive good treatment at her hands. An American woman is never rude; the insolence of many a London lady who poses for being a grande dame would be impossible to her. She does not pose for any thing; all she wishes is to have a "good time," and that, with a singular mixture of acuteness and good nature, she finds she can best attain when at peace with all the world. Family jars and family quarrels are not at all in her line; live and let live is her motto, by which means large families dwell in peace together, and under the same roof, who in England would not tempt Providence by doing so. Of course, those easy-going ways have some disadvantages—children are not kept in order, girls are practically their own chaperons; mothers, as a rule, spoil their children, and seldom interfere with their daughters' arrangements. In fact, though we may be generalizing too much, the aim and object of American women is to enjoy themselves; they like society, and shine in it; and they do not like bother. "Be good and you'll be happy, but you

won't have a good time," is a most appropriate American saying. They are very seldom possessed with the feeling that so many Englishwomen have that they must be "up and doing." On the contrary, they like things done for them; and, to tell truth, a pretty American gets as much work out of a whole train of admirers as possible.

Henry James says, in one of his novels: "American women—the pretty ones, at least—are at once the most exacting in the world, and the least endowed with a sense of indebtedness." They make their mankind, whether relations or adorers, fag for them (to use a school-boy expression) in a way that would never enter the head of an Englishwoman. An American beauty expects to be "bunched"—i. e., sent bouquets—as a matter of course before every ball by at least two or three of the young men in her train; she also expects them to run her messages, do her commissions, and, in the most matter-of-fact way, allows them the privilege of being general paymasters for any expedition or party that may be got up. She looks on that as the proper thing and hardly deserving thanks, and certainly it is the custom of the country, and has its origin in the chivalrous feeling that a man should do every thing to honor, protect and please the ladies he has under his care. It must not for a moment be thought that American women are not proud, or have any idea of "singing" on their friends. It is simply a custom which has come out of the very independence of the women of America. In the Old World women are always accompanied by their immediate relations when they leave their homes on any expedition of pleasure, and these, of course, do the needful as regards necessary outlays; hence it follows that young men are not always expected to frank their fair companions. Now, often in America expeditions are got up entirely for and by young people, and the men of the party naturally are the entertainers.

If an American woman is provided with father, brother or husband, it must be added that she makes them work as hard as her adorers, and expects them to make much of her, cater for her amusement, and help her to the "lovely time" that she feels is hers by right. In an American family the girl of the house is the important person, and the father and mother practically nowhere; even when they are above the average in ability or position they always, more or less, yield the *pas* to the daughter, a place that she, with a mixture of common sense and calculation, takes and keeps as long as possible. She seems to grasp the idea that youth and good looks are fleeting possessions, and that she must make as much of them as possible. *Le jour est aux jeunes*, indeed, in America.

This spirit of calculation was amusingly displayed by a lovely little American girl, who was seen by her friends to devote herself day after day to the study of a very dry and learned book, "History of the Early Popes"; on being asked if she was really interested in what she read, she laughed at the very idea, and said: "You know while I am young and pretty no one cares whether I know any thing or not, but the day will come when I shall neither be one nor the other, and then I shall have something to fall back on, and people will be very glad to discuss all about the Popes with me then." The same little lady would neither see because it spoils her hands, nor walk any distance for fear it might make her feet large; and she owned to these ideas so naively that, whereas, in an English girl, it would have appeared the most foolish vanity, in her it only seemed a rather calculating prudence and a desire to make the best of herself.

The fact is the frivolity of American women is mostly on the surface; but, owing to the radical difference there is between life in America and life in England, the women of the two countries have hardly any thing in common. This may sound too sweeping an assertion, yet a little consideration will show that it is the truth. First of all, there is no country life in America, as we understand it in England; there is no aristocracy, or upper ten, and consequently no dependents, no old retainers, and very few of those duties towards their inferiors in rank, which form a part of the education and after life of many Englishwomen of the best kind, and gives them responsibility and a sphere of usefulness quite unknown in America.

Of course, in old times, in the slave States, something of the same kind existed; but it has practically died out now.

Again, American girls are not accustomed to the active, outdoor life of their English sisters. They do not hunt; they never walk, and as a race abominate outdoor exercise; in fact, they are far more French in their habits than English. I think the climate has a great deal to do with it; but, certainly, what strikes a casual observer in America is that they are

far more foreign in all their habits and ideas than English.

On the other hand, an American woman will look after her household duties much more minutely than an English woman. Servants are usually so bad in America that ladies are accustomed to do there many things which here are left entirely to servants.

American women are much more the equals of men in America than they are considered in England. To begin with they are more independent in every way. They share equally with their brothers in money or property; consequently, there is no head of a family. They are also accustomed to much more freedom in their education; they read the same books, study the same subjects and hear them discussed precisely as their brothers do. They are used to women doctors, women editors; in fact, women in every sphere, which hitherto have been kept entirely to men on this side of the "herring pond." Consequently, when they come over here they charm us with their frankness, gayety and spirits, as well as by the ease of manner, natural grace and ability to shine in society, which they share in common with Frenchwomen.

Like Frenchwomen, also, they are essentially and entirely feminine in all their ways.

They are usually very pretty, with very good complexions, small hands and dainty feet, and always very well dressed; so that when to all these graces of mind and body they lay themselves out to please, no wonder they are thought charming and have the success in society they appreciate so much and so well deserve.—*London Queen*.

## THEY NEVER STOP.

The Kind of a Wife That Makes Men Gray Before Their Time.

"William," she says, after William is curled snugly up under the blankets for the night, "did you lock the front door?"

"Yes," says William, briefly.

"You're sure you did?"

"Yes, sure."

"And you slipped the bolt, too?"

"Yes."

"You know you forgot it once, and it gave me such a turn when I found it out in the morning. I didn't get over it for a week. We haven't much anybody'd want to steal, I know, but I don't want the little we have taken, for I—"

"I tell you I attended to the doors."

"Well, I hope so, for goodness' sake. You attended to the basement door?"

"Yes, I tell you."

"Because if you hadn't, you or I, one or the other, would have to get up and attend to it now. I read to-day of—"

"I don't care what you read."

"It is said that a man down on B—street forgot to—"

"I don't care if he did."

"And in the middle of the night a burglar walked right in and—"

"I don't believe it."

"I've a notion to get up and see if you have locked that door. You're sure?"

"How many times have I got to tell you that I did lock it?"

"Well, you thought you locked it that time when you left it unlocked."

"Will you be quiet?"

"I don't care, William, you know yourself how careless you are, and—"

"See here, Mary Jane, this has got to end right here."

But it doesn't end there; and it doesn't end for an hour, and William arises in the morning with the lines on his brow a little deeper, and the hopeless, desperate look still in his face.—*Tid-Bits*.

## A Long Street-Car Line.

The longest street-car line in the world is now in process of construction in the Argentine Republic. It is so much longer than any other line that it quite dwarfs the eight and ten mile roads of our cities. It is also the only street-car line in the world which uses sleeping-cars. The road has two hundred miles of track, connecting a number of towns in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres. Horses are used there as motive power instead of steam, because fuel is dear, horses cheap, and the people are slow. Two tons of coal will buy a horse and harness. The equipment for this road has been entirely furnished by a Philadelphia car company. The sleeping-cars are a curiosity. They are four in number, eighteen feet in length, and are furnished with four berths each, which are made to roll up when not in use. The cars are furnished with lavatories, water-coolers, linen presses and other conveniences, and are finished throughout with mahogany. The other cars are four double-decked open cars, twenty platform cars, twenty gondola cars, sixteen refrigerator cars, four poultry cars, furnished with coops, eight cattle cars, two derrick cars for lifting heavy material and two hundred box cars.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Russian Government is making efforts to encourage the cultivation of cotton.

—A solid cut-glass bedstead, richly worked, was lately made at Birmingham, England for a Calcutta millionaire.

—An invention for steering balloons suitable for military purposes has just been purchased by the German Government for a million marks.

—The Congo in general is no place for Europeans, according to R. C. Phillips, who has spent many years on the lower part of that river as a trader. He says that Europeans lose their health rapidly under the influence of the climate.—*N. Y. Ledger*.

—A pneumatic clock company is a new thing in Paris, which takes charge of a number of clocks, regulating them by air power. When the pipes get out of order, which happens about twice a week, a large part of Paris is timeless.

—A telegraph line to connect Russia and France is being built. In case of a war with Germany Russia would be cut off from all telegraphic communication with the eastern countries, as the only telegraph wire it has goes through Germany.

—British iron-workers are rejoicing over the fact that in eight months they have sold America 1,000,000 tons of iron and steel, and that the volume of business this year will be twenty-five per cent. greater than that of 1895.

—The days of the small shopkeeper, who only buys at third or fourth hand in small quantities without any command of the market, are considered numbered in London, owing to the continued development of co-operation. An enormous amount of solid capital is being used in antagonism to retail competitors.

—Roumania is making an effort to build up its local industries. A law has been passed enacting that every person who establishes a factory worth \$1,000, and employs twenty-five workmen for five months in the year, can set up his buildings on crown property, ground being allotted to him on a lease for ninety years.

—The manufacture of bicycles and tricycles is the latest development of German competition with a hitherto specifically English industry. The splendid roads of the Black Forest and Switzerland have this year been more thronged than ever before with velocipedists. There is now hardly a town in Germany without its velocipede club.—*Public Opinion*.

—The gold mines of Australia continue to be very productive. Some of them are more than 2,000 feet in depth, and many will be sunk even lower than that in the near future. This is contrary to the predictions of old mining experts, who said many years ago that no gold would ever be found in Australia at a depth greater than a hundred feet.

—The plan for signaling accurate time from seacoasts was first adopted by Great Britain about thirty years ago. That country has now on its coasts fourteen time-balls and five other time-signals, and its colonies and dependencies have twenty-six time-balls; Germany has seven time-balls; France, two time-balls and two other time signals; Sweden and Norway, Austria-Hungary, Holland and Belgium, and the United States, have five time-balls each; Denmark has two; Spain and Portugal, one each; Italy, none.—*Boston Budget*.

—The work of putting up memorial and historical tablets goes on commendably in Paris. Two have just been placed on the asylum for the deaf and dumb. The first states that the Abbe de l'Epée began his self-appointed mission to the deaf and dumb in 1760, and opened a school for them in a house now demolished in the Rue des Moulins, where he died, surrounded by his pupils, December 23, 1779: The second, which runs as follows, is from a decree of the National Assembly, dated July 21, 1789: "The name of the Abbe de l'Epée, founder of this asylum, will be placed in the list of those citizens who have best deserved of their nation and of the human race."

## CHINESE MASONRY.

The Meeting Place of a Curious Lodge in New York City.

Old Masons were, until late, of the opinion that no such thing as a Chinese Mason existed. One gentleman said he had seen Arabs and Turks who were good Masons, but, to the best of his knowledge, no Chinaman was in the order. Nevertheless, there are not only Chinese Masons, but right here in New York there is a Chinese Masonic lodge in full blast with a membership of over three hundred. It is a native organization, not allied directly to the Free and Accepted Masons, but said to be founded on principles very nearly akin.

The lodge-room is at No. 18 Mott street, second floor, front, and has recently been remodeled and refitted in very good shape, all newly painted and cleaned. The lodge furniture is of Chinese design, and imported

from China expressly for the society at a great expense. A tall flagstaff with a rope for running up colors is on top of the building. Above the door as one enters the lodge-room is a red sign with native characters signifying "Chinese Masonic Society," and down the sides are two long slips of red paper bearing no toes. One of these is "good to one another," and the other relates to the business of the order.

The interior is like most Chinese quarters, only lighter, and not full of odd turns and unsuspected corners. Immediately on entering one is led into a sort of ante-room and thence into the main or lodge-room. At the lower end of this room is the altar, and a very valuable one it is, costing in China \$1,500. Above it is an alcove in which a colored drawing is suspended. It is not the least curious thing in the place, the design being three figures, one seated and two others bending over his shoulder. The seated figure represents the venerable father of Chinese Masonry. The face is heavy, placid and adorned with a long black beard. The other two are respectively the spirits of light and darkness, who are supposed to be giving him counsel. In front of the altar a lamp is hung. It is never extinguished, and burns in commemoration of the dead of the order. Another emblem is two sticks of sandal-wood punk thrust into a box of sand. They keep smoldering away and fill the air with a faint but sweet perfume.

On the wall is a long board, and on this are pasted a great number of sheets of paper covered with Chinese hieroglyphics. These are the lists of members voted on in the New York lodge. Near the altar hangs two books. One of these is sent out from the Supreme Lodge at San Francisco and gives a detailed account of a number of cases of those in distress and sickness, and the whereabouts of each one who needs help. The other is a subscription book in which the various amounts subscribed are entered. At intervals these two books and the amount raised are transmitted to the Supreme Lodge, from which the dependent members are relieved.

Meetings are not held upon regular nights, but at intervals decided upon by the dignitaries of the order, as the necessities of business may demand. The members are notified of meetings, held generally on Sunday nights, by the appearance of a triangular flag at the top of the pole on top of the house. This flag is white, and bears the picture of a huge red dragon with its tail towards the point. There are grips, signs and passwords, exactly as in an American lodge. "The traveling card" of this society is quite a curiosity in itself. It is a square of red silk inscribed with Chinese characters, and is a document highly prized by all its possessors.—*N. Y. World*.

## A UNIQUE CHURCH.

The Quaint Sanctuary Erected by a New England Congregation.

The most singular-looking church to be found in New England is located in Lancaster, Mass. This edifice is fifty-two feet long by thirty wide. The walls are half of rough stone and half of wood, each five feet in height, making it ten feet from the ground to the eaves. The roof is of the common kind, without a tower, steeple or belfry. The entrance is at one corner of a highly ornamented porch and vestibule, surrounded by a gable of a beautiful design. No description of the auditorium can give any idea of its richness of color, its beauty, or its coziness. It is not made so by stained-glass windows, shedding "a dim, religious light" over the room, nor yet by imitations of frescoes that disfigure many churches. There is a harmony of all its appointments that must please the most fastidious, and you feel at "ease in Zion" as soon as you take your seat there.

The pulpit, the pews, and the ceiling from floor to roof, and the window-sash and window folding blinds are all of black cherry from a single tree that stood on the site of this church. The roof is supported by truss-work of beams of white wood, partly arched and open to the apex, and stained of cherry color to correspond with the work below. This cherry wood is very wavy and curly, and when polished and varnished is superior to any of our native woods. At the west end of the church there is a large Sunday-school room and library finished in the same style. It is said that, from the first day ground was broken for this building to its completion ten years ago no profane word was heard from any workman. The church stands out in a beautiful lawn, partly surrounded with evergreen shrubbery, and attracts a good deal of attention on account of its oddity.

It is amusing to hear remarks of strangers when passing this church. "Is it a mill? a shop? Perhaps it's a silo. May be it's an incubator for hatching chickens." This is a Swedenborgian Church.—*Cor. Eulland (Vt.) Herald*.