Griggs Courier.

FREDERICK H. ADAMS, Publisher. **注** [2 15. A HOLE Tysburg's

tes bat

And lo! 5 Intile child, With eyes and tresses wild to lines had strayed, and met hi

there,

beary had the prosent A multitle all the prosent "By brave and proting down, Tell me how came you here Upon the field, before the fight is donof" Then, at her lisped reply, Teare dimmed the General's eye; "My papa's dead, but here's my papa's gun." *An actual incident, related by General Hancock - HENRY TYRRELL, IN WIDE AWAKE

HIS GRANDDAUGHTER.

Old Mr. Merrill was lying wearily back on his couch, when Rose, his pretty granddaughter, fluttered in, all lace and ribbons and dainty apparel; and dancing up to his side, drouged him a fantastic little curtsy, saying as she held out an embroidered purse:

"See, grandpa dear, my poor purse is empty; and there is such a lovely costume at Madame Hanc's. I must have is. You'll give me the money, won't you?" and she loaked down at him with a winsome beseching smile, that had never failed of its purpose. "Surely, dear," said Mr. Merrill, stroking the soft little hand held out

to him, for he was fond of the merry girl who came like a ray of sunshine into the dullness of his sick room-"surely you shall have the money. And now you will read to me a while? I am so lonely here, new that my old servant is gone."

"Oh, I cannot, grandpa!" exclaimed Rose with a little cry of dismay. "It is so horrid, reading those tiresome old papers!"

Well, then, sing for me. Do, dear," he entreated.

"Don't tease, grandpa," pouted Rose. "You know I must keep my voice fresh for to-mght. I've promised to sing at Mrs. Gray's musical

"Where is your mother?" Mr. Merrill asked with a patient sigh.

"Mamma has gone to the meeting of the Methetic Culture Society. You know that takes all her time. know that takes all her time. Why don't you get a companion, grandpa? Mamma and I have so many society duties, you surely cannot expect us to spend our time in a sick-room."

And Rose gracefully pocketed the money he gave her, and kissing her hand to him with an siry charming laugh, turned away—to meet young Dr. Lysle, who was just coming in to make his daily visit to her grandfather.

. "Oh, Horace! forgive me!" she ex-claimed, and darted back to her grandfather, begging his forgiveness, too.

Dr. Lysle was glad to believe that she had not meant her heartless words, and to give her the kiss her pouting, tempting lips begged so irresistibly, not fearing Mr. Merrill's kindly eyes.

But one result of Rose's suggestion was that in the next morning's papers appeared an advertisement for a "Com-Invalid, advertisement led to a second and far more important result. Mr. Merrill was just about deciding that no one wanted the position, when the servant ushered in a young girl in a soft grey dress—a girl with bright dark eyes, and sweet peaceful facevery angel of the sick-room she looked to the lonely invalid. "I fear I have made some mistake," she said, advancing hesitatingly into the room; "but I came in response to an advertisement in this morning's -for a 'companion to an invalid.' "Quite right. I am the invalid," smiled Mr. Merrill. "You came on behalf of your brother-or father, perhaps?" and he looked up at her inquiringly. "No, I came on my own behalf." the "No, I came on my own behalt," the girl replied, blushing deeply. "I thought it was a lady who advertised." "Hall I see! must the old gentle-man, taking up a paper which isy near him. "I see! You looked in the wrong column."

grandfather. Can you forgive me?" It was indeed true. The Providence which we so wrongly call "chance" had led Grace to her grandfather's door;

1.11 and h rive, tened with a happy look on his wrinkled old face that quite transfigured it,

while beside him sat Grace, calm, sweet, and persecut, the dark bright eyes shining like twin stors. "This is my dear granddangster Grace," he said. "She has come to share our home and love. Are you

not glad.'" Glad! Already they looked on her as an interlaper, and determined, if possible, so drive her back to the por-erty from which she had been rescued. (the servants had been quick to tell of the humble home from which the new comer's few possessions, had been brought). But with feigned kindliness they welcomed her, fearing lest perhaps the wealth and ease they so much prized should be taken from them in-

Grace did not tell her grandfather of the slights and provocations, and the little refinements of cruelty which some women can practice with such smiling faces, which were her portion

stilling, who had sharper eyes than the invalid. Love did not blind Dr. Lysic so but that he could see much of what Grace had to bear, and his ear was quick to detect the taunting ring in Rose's voice when she addressed her cousin.

The old song says:

It is good to be off with the old love Refore you be on with the new. Barhape because only the outer citadel of his heart had been captured, it was easy for a new, sweeter, deeper love to steal into his life. And how he fought against that love! (for he was an honorable man) till one day, no matter how, fate showed him Grace's heart, and his image hidden there. She loved him! What should he do? What could he do?

After all, it was Rose who solved the question. He had been away for a few days, and on his roturn Grace met him with a pitying look on her sweet face an angel might have worn. Laying her hand on his arm, she said: "Are you brave enough to bear sad

newsP

He took her hand, and her fingers, warm and firm, clasped his. The touch thrilled him as no other touch had ever done.

"I am brave now," he said, smiling down into her upturned face. "Tell me all."

"Rose is married," she said softly, and bowed her head; for she could not bear to see the pain that must come to his face! It hurt her to tell him, and yet she loved him so she would not let another deal the death-blow to his hopes. He was silent so long that she looked up startled, fearing she knew not what. Was this pain in his eyes-this glori-

ous light she saw there? No; for he opened his arms and took her to his heart.

"Love!" he said. That was all; bu Grace knew. By-and-by she told him how, one morning, Rose's absence was discovered, and Mrs. Merrill had come to her in great distress, with a letter from the wilful girl saying she was tired of her humdrum life, and was going to marry a young French gentleman, M. Allaire, who had promised to take her to share the delights of his Parisian home; how she knew that she had never really loved Dr. Lysle; and she hoped he would find someone to console him for her loss. Her conduct had bitterly grieved her grantifather and mother, but they found she was really married, and they

took goos as the theipers " day of rest, so far as we could make it so. In the morning breakfast was earlier

than usual. While we were breakfasting the maids wers emptying for they

almost and the fol at the Part of the thes, d fact s straight all around. ran and a to the mining state Then and y . the maints very all mady in hice Sunday dresses to go to their church with us at 11.

Dinner, Sunday-no matter who was with the way at 1 o'clock instead of 7. This was the only for mean in the day. No cooking wis cone after 1 o clock, as our supper was cold. At both dinner and supper was cold. At both dinner and supper the servants wave seat away and we waited as table. I haugh now when I think of the faces of horror of learned men or galant soldiers whe had come down to spend Sunday in the dear old rectory, or ridden over from Sandhurst, or Aldershot, to the morning service. The figonles they went through at being waited on by the daughters of the house! The struggles they made to be allowed to change their own plates! And they resigned in submission when subcly told by their host, "Is is the way of the house!" That was how we were made to help the faithful and devoted servants who spent their lives in helping us. It was not much. But it gave them an almost free Sunday .-Rost Kingsley in Wide Awabe.

Good Taste in the Household.

If our homes are to be made beautiful and comfortable, economy and good taste will both be needed to accomplian this worthy object. Our first quastion must be, How much capital have I to expend upon a home? Let me make a reasonable division of it upon the building of the house; upon the furniture of it; upon our sustenance; upon ture or it; upon our sustemance; upon our clothes; upon our education, and we will have a home in good tasta if we own a cottage or a palace. In other words let harmony be the basis upon which the home is constructed, let it be the theme upon which the variations are played. Then if your home is ele-gant, your dress and company and manners and conversation will also be elegant; if your home is simple your dress, entertainments and manners and conversation will also be simple, the only difference between elegance and simplicity being a difference of degree. If the man of elegance has to offer at his table many courses of fine viands, there is no more virtue in it than there is in the simple repast which the man of humbler means offers his guests. Good taste lies not in the abundance, but in the spirit and the inherent quality. It is told of Walt Whitman that he received the visit of a distinguished scholar not long since in this wise: Visitor awaiting his return from a walk; he arrives and welcomes without embarrassment the person, asks him to remain and take supper. When seated the old housekeeper brings in oatmeal cakes, nothing more or less. All is well with him and his guest until the latter, noticing the grim ex-pression of face of the old housekeeper, eflects that, alas! he has eaten her out of meal cake, probably, and she will have none. This story has a beautiful

side to it and a very ugly side. Calm-

MOUNT CEDDEND SAUDDESS

The mocking-bird's movements, excepting in flight, are the periection of grace; not even the cat-bird can rival aler and the second States - States The amount of the period of the second secon he go through it; he simply bounds over, almost touching it, as if for pure sport. In the matter of bounds the mosker is without a per. The up ward enting while singing is an enappreciated; he rises into the air as appreciated; he rises into the air as though too happy to remain on earth, and, opening his wings, float down, singing all the while. It is indescriba-ble, but enchanting to see. In sourt-ship, too, as related, he makes effective use of this exquisite movement. In simple food-hunting on the ground,most prosaic occupation truly,-on ing a hummock of grass he bounds over it instead of going around. In alighting on a tree, he does not pounce upon the twig he has selected, but upon a lower one, and passin quickly up through the branches, as lithe as a serpent. So fond is he of this exercise that one which I watched amused himself half an hour at a time in a pile of brush; starting from the ground, alipping easily through up to the top, standing there a moment, then flying back and repeating the perform-ance. Should the goal of his journey

be a fence picket, he alights on the beam which supports it, and hops gracefully to the top. The mocking-bird cannot be said to possess a gentle disposition, especially during the time of nesting. He does not seem malicious, but rather mischievous, and his actions resemble the naughty though not wicked pranks of an active child. At that time he does, it must be admitted, lay claim to a rather large territory, considering his size, and enforces his rights with many a hot chase and noisy dispute. as re-marked above. Any mocking-bird who dares to flirt a feather over the border of the ground he chooses to consider his own has to battle with him. A quarrel is a curious operation, usually a chase, and the war-cry is so peculiar and apparently so incongru-ous that it is fairly laughable. It is a rough breathing, like the "huff" of an angry cat, and a serious dispute be-tween the birds reminds one of nothing but a disagreement in the feline family. If the stranger does not take the hint, and retire at the first bluff, he is chased, over and under trees and through branches, so violently that leaves rustle and twigs are thrust aside, as long as the patience or wind holds out. On one occasion the defender of his homestead kept up a lively singing all through the furious fight, which lasted six or eight minutes-s remark-

able thing. To others than his own kind the mocker seems usually indifferent, with the single exception of the crow. So long as this bird kept over the saltmarsh, or flew quite high, or even held his mouth shut, he was not noticed; but let him fly low over the lawn, and above all let him "caw," and the hot-headed owner of the place was upon him. He did not seem to have any special plan of attack, like the king bird or the oriole; his aim appeared to be merely to worry the enemy, and in this he was untiring, flying madly and without pause around a perching crow until he took flight, and then attempting to rise above him. In this he was not always successful, not being particularly expert on the wing, though I have two or three times seen the smaller bird actually rest on the back of the foe for three or four seconds at / time. The song of the free mocking-bird With it ringing in my ear at this moment, after having feasted upon it and gloried in it day and night for many weeks, how can I criticise it? How can I do otherwise than fall into rhap-sody, as does almost every one who knows it and delights in it, as I dol It is something for which one might pine and long, as the Switzer for the Ranz-des-Vaches, and the more one hears it the more he loves it. I think there will never come a May in my life when I shall not long to fold my life when I shall not long to fold my tent and take up my abode in the home of the mocking-bird, and yet I cannot say what many do. For variety, glib-ness, and execution the song is mar-velous. It is a brilliant, bewildering exhibition, and one listens in a sort of ecstasy almost equal to the bird's qwa, for this, it seems to ma is the secore of the power of his music; he so enjoys it himself, he throws his whole soul into it, and he is no magnetic that he channe a listener into belief that nothing can be like it. His manner also lends enbe like it. His manner also lends enchantment; he is seldom still. If he begins in a cedar tree, he soon flies to the fance, singing as he goes thence take his way to a roof, and mo on, changing his place every few minutes, but near bains a note. His favorite but never losing a note. His favorite perch is the top spire of a pointed tree, low coder or young pine, where he can bound into the sir as already described, spread his wings, and first dewn, never conitting, a quarter. It spens like pure contage and however critical

nay be, he cannot help f deep sympathy with the joyous that thus expresses itself. the wonderful power and variety, the ritching et og se glander og et with schies

and the birds are solves of song a birds says. I do not birds on the solves says. I do not birds recommendation sounter all the solution titmest sature as loudly and const ly all day as though no mocking-bird shouted his peculiar and easily imitated call from the house-top, the sending graphed and every day in the grows hough the macker depict has more chough the macker depict has more chough the macker depict has more DIO peats the notes, rattles out the call, but he cannot put the cardinal's soul inte them. The soul of every bird seems to me the expression of himself; it is a perfect whole of its kind, given with proper inflections and pauses, and mover hurried; whereas, when the mocker delivers it, it is simply one more note added to his repertorr. uttered in his rapid staccato, in his loud, clear voice, interpolated between incongruous sounds, without expression, and lacking in every way the beauty

The song consists entirely of short The song consists entirely of shore staccato phrases, each phrase repeated several times, perhaps twice, possible five or six times. If he has a list of twenty or thirty—and I think he had more—he can make almost unlimited changes and variety, and can sing for two hours or longer, holding his lis-tener spell-bound and almost without consciousness that he has repeated anything.

So winning and so lasting is the charm with which this bird enthralis his lovers that scarcely had I left his enchanted neighborhood before everything else was forgotten, and there remain of that idyllic month only beautiful pictures and delighted memories. "O thou heavenly bird!" -Olive Thorne Miller in April Atlantic.

Made the Horse Laugh.

"Bet you a dollar I can make that horse laugh," said a man with a white hat, as he patted a demure-looking beast on the flank.

"Does the horse know you?" asked a sad-eyed man, to whom the challenge was addressed.

"Never saw him before in my life?" "Is he the same as any other horse?" "Just the same, so far as I can see." "Well, I'll have to go you a dollar for luck."

The man with the white hat passed his hand over the nostrils of the beast, and then stepped back to the sidewalk. A moment later the eyes of the horse began to roll, and then his upper ip shriveled up so high that seven teeth sprang into view.

"See him laugh!" yelled the man with the white hat, as he danced a Lancashire step on the flagging. Tears leaped to the eyes of the horse and his respirations came heavy and fast as he lifted his head into the air and uttered a hoarse guffaw.

"Give me the money; I win the bet." exclaimed the man with the white hat, amid a series of wheezes and snorts from the laughing beast. The sadeyed man gave up his dollar and passed on. Just as the animal was about to drop down from exhaustion the man with

Without a word the girl turned away, but not before fir. Morrill had marined the horsess look which came over ser face, and the tears which dimmed the lustre of the dark bright eres. "Sky," he said, "what do you know about side people and their wants? "My mother was at invalid for years and I was her only surse," she answered, a new hore springing, to her face. Without a word the girl turned away

oe.""Por outdit" said Mr. Merrill pit

ingly. "What is your name?" "Grace Merrill Boss," the girl an-

swered.

said that some day, perhaps, my grand-father might find me by that name, and love me and forgive her for my sake. And if that time even of the the said I want the time even of the the breath that he repented her disobilitience, and begins his forgiveness."

could do nothing. When Grace whispered her happy confession to her grandfather, he exclaimed piteously:

"Do not leave me, dear! I cannot give up my companion!" "Nor need you," said Dr. Lysle,

laughing. "Only say 'yes,' and you shall keep your companion, and have a

shall keep your companion, and have a resident physician as well." Bo one day there was a quiet well ding at the invalid's bedside. More Merrill had gone to join Rese in here new home, so there were no guests. But Grace did not miss them; she had all that her heart lenged for. Mr. Merrill's children, as he lover to call them make his life very happy. Dr. Lyde says that his wite a loving care is curing his patient; but Grace says provedly, is is her husband's still. It is both, I think, with God's blessing.

It is both, I think, with God's blessing.

What Charles Kingsley's Daughters Did.

Let me tell you now we were taught to help those who helped us in our dear old home at Eversley Rectory.

Of course in a busy house, where everyone has work to do, the servants cannot be helped much week days, except by thoughtfulness in little things. But there is the seventh day, when the children have no lessons to be. The is ghat we were taught to

guest, and hospitality, are both admir-able, but can Walt Whitman see .no incongruity in his mental and physical life. Something is out of joint! not in harmony with God's Universe, with His purpose concerning us. It is plain living and high thinking, and no man has the right to cheat his stomach at the expense of his brain. We do not believe in apologies. Sometimes simple, straightforward explanations will essen the discrepancies that others may be surprised to observe, but as a rule, discrepancies arise from circumstances over which we have no control, and the circumstances of our lives are usually known and read by all those about us so that a complacant silence is usually the best rule. Mrs. M. Tuttle, in Good Housekeeping.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's struggle spainst his inslady was a gallant one. His sight some time since grow dim and reading became difficult. All documents lately submitted to him were copied in a hand almost as clear were copied in a hand almost as clear as print. His secretary brought kin one last Priday. Sir Michael looked at it and said: "I cannot read such writing as that." The secretary answered: "It is the same hand as usual," and Sir Michael dropped the paper, emainin-ing, "Then it is all over!" He saw Lord Sallsbury the same morning, who rejuctantly agreed that he had no reductantly acreed that he had no choice but to resign. Bir Inichast's physicians had long been urging resign nation as the only means of ultimately saving his eyes. Whether he will rerain fairly good eyesight is uncertain. English oculists do not operate for cathrict till both eyes have grown dask, and is in most tail how long in Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's case this period may last. The success of the operation, they say, will depend largely upon the patient's health. If is prove successful he will be able to read with glasses to replace the lens entracted. Whether he can return to active public life is doubtful in any case: :

the white hat pulled a blue-bottle fly from his victim's nostrels.

"That makes four dollars I have won to-day," he said, giving the horse a congratulatory slap. "It's rather tough on the critters, but a fellow must live, why you know. You can use a fly for one 4 experiment only, but when you have a bottle full, as I have here in my pocket, you do not mind the loss."-Chicago Herald.

A Hebrew Thoroughfare.

The most striking evidence of Hebrew progress may be witnessed on Broadway, which within the past fifteen years has undergone a complete transformation by the transfer of the retail trade to the up-town thoroughfares and the invasion of Hebrew firms. Of the four hundred buildings on Broadway from Canal street to Union square the occupants of almost all are Heberws, over one thousand wholesale firms out of a total of twelve hundred being of that persuasion. On the day of atonement, when nearly all the day of stonement, when hearly a of these establishments are closed, is street for the length of nearly to miles presents a heliday appearance The signs of Hebrew firms also pi dominate in the streets configuous dominate in the streets configuous to Broadway within the servicery named, which is almost wholly devoted to the manufacture of elothing, cloaks, bats and caps, laces, embroideries, milliany goods, furs, undergaments, flowers and sethers, shirts, dey goods, and fancy goods, and kindred branches of trade.—New York Car. Thiss Observed trade.-New York Cor. Utica Observer.

Princess Sarah Winnemucca is still successfully running her school at Lovelook, Fevada. The Piute chil-dren are said to be apt scholars. The school-house is on the ranch of Chief Naches, and the little boys are to be taught how to cultivate the soil. The moving spirit in these educational projects is the princess. She has long toon steadily striving for the advance-ment of her people.