# Griggs Courier. FREDERICK H. ADAMS, Publisher. DOOPERSTOWN, '- - DAKOTA

- COLORED PHILOSOPHY.
- You may notch it on de palin's, You may mark it on de wall, Dat the higher up a toad frog jumps, De harder will he fall.
- And de crow dat fly de swiftes
- Am de soones' in de oorn, And de fly dat am de meanest' Gits up carliest in de morn.
- De brook dat am de shallo'es' Chatters most upon de way, and de folks dat am de sillies Are de ones hab mos' ter say.
- And de rooster dat am younges' Am de one dot crow de mos', And de man who am de coward Always make de bigges' boas'.
- And he am not de greates' man Who totes de bigges' muscle; Nor am she de fines' gal Who wars de bigges' bustle.
- You kin not jedge de kin' ob man By the manner ob his walkin', An dey ar not de smartes' folks, Who do de loudes' talkin -Yankes Blade
- THE OLD FOLKS' PARTY

### Mother's Funny Plan and Its Happy Results.

Mrs. Lyndon and her two children, Ned and Grace, were sitting together at a front window in the cold, gray twilight of a November day.

"I don't like November." said the little girl; "it's a lonesome month. I'm sorry for the poor dead leaves. See how the wind drives them about."

"But you forget," said her brother, cheerily, "that November always brings Thanksgiving Day. Don't you remember the day last year, and what a grand time we had?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Grace, "the poor children's party. Can't we have another exactly like it, mamma?"

"It would be pleasant," said mamma "to have the children again: but perhaps it would be better to ask some peor people who had no invitations last year."

"Another set of children, do you mean, mamma?" asked Grace. "No, I mean a set of old folks."

"An old folks' dinner-party!" exclaimed Ned. "What a funny factory you have in your head, mamma. like this plan you are just turning

out." "And so do L" said the little sister. "What old folks shall we have?"

"I will name first old John Cole, the cobbler, and his wife, who live in Cat Alley. Then there's good Granny Gray, as the children call her, who sells candy and slate-pencils. The next I have thought of is poor Uncle Jim McCall, who goes about bent over, carrying his cane in one hand and his basket of kindling-wood in the other, selling it to help support himself and his aged, feeble sister Peggy. Then, there's lame Mrs. Jones, who walks on crutches, and the old woman Biddy O'Neil. Next I will name Grandpa Doane, who lives all alone, and who is so honestly proud of a little money that he has laid up in the bank. That is the last on my list."

"I have counted them on my fingers worldly goods, and he'd take care o'

turn. I'll get a hatter to shine up my old beaver. "Hurrah for our old things, and for the old folks!" cried Ned, swinging his

handkerchief round his head. "What shall we do to amuse them at the party?" inquired Grace. "They won't want to play games and things,

like children. "The best entertainment we can give them will be to allow them to entertain us," replied Mr. Lyndon. 'Old people

love to tell of the old times." In due time Mrs. Lyndon, taking with her Grace and Ned, went to invite the guests. All were surprised by the invitation, and all were grateful. In due time, also, Thanksgiving day arrived, and with it the old folks.

After the abundant dinner was finished, the picturesque party assembled in Mr. Lyndon's library. Some of the company wore new gowns, plain and unruffled, and some old ones as neat as soap and water and well-put patches could make them. The men made a show of clean boots, and some of new clothes.

Gathered around the open fireplace, old tongues, a little cold and slow at first, thawed out, and grew limber and lively. At one side of the grate sat the crippled Mrs. Jones, her crutches standing near her in a corner, her lame feet on the fender. She talked ing the beautiful hymn: of her young days in the old country, when she was well and strong, and used to spin and weave all the clothes

she wore. Opposite her, at the other end of the fender, sat Granny Gray, the candy-seller. The women having led the way, the men gained courage, and began to take their part, telling many entertain-

ing things about the old times. Uncle Jim McCall straightened up his bent back as well as he could, put head, that was fringed round with soft,

silvery hair. "When I was young." said he, "I lived in a small town on the Hudson River. I remember the first steamboat that came from New York. For some time before, every body was talking of the steamboat, and wondering how it would look. On the day fixed for its arrival, all the people in our town, and from the towns and farms near, crowded to the spot where the steamboat was to stop. As it approached, its wheels rolling through the water, the cheers that went up from that crowd were enough to frighten out of their wits the horses on the ground and the birds in

the air." "Do you remember your first ride on a steamboat, Uncle Jim?" asked Grace.

"Oh, yes! my wee lady. I rode thirty miles to a landing where it stopped. From that I walked back home, catching short rides when I could."

"He was kinder to me than to his self," said his aged sister Peggy. "He gave me a ride to a place where we had kin, and I stayed with them till the boat came back again. He is a gude brother. There could nae be a better." Then she added, in a tender whisper, bending towards Mrs. Lyn-"When our father and mother don: had died, and I was feeble and sickly, he would nae leave me, nor get married. He said he'd never have much

o' my death, if he live till the day the longest." "Grandpa Doane, won't you tell us something about the old times?" asked Ned. "The wonderfullest thing I ever saw -though, to be sure, it wasn't a very, very long time back-was the first train of cars that passed by where I lived. We lived on a farm far back in the country. There wasn't but one house in sight from ours. We heard a great deal of talk about the new way of traveling. I'd seed men laying rails of iron near our farm; but I hadn't the least idea how a train of cars looked. 1 was workin' in a field one day. Not far from it was a long, high bill, and a strip of dark, thick woods. All of a sudden a long row of coaches hitched together came a-whirling round the foot of the hill, and past the woods, making a great, rushing sound that wasn't like the wind, nor like any other sound I'd ever heard before. I leaned on my hoe and gazed till I saw the last of that train. The cattle tore away as if they were distracted."

#### "What did you'do when there was no fire?"

"I drew a spark of fire by striking a fint stone with a piece of steel. Then I touched the spark to some light stuff called tinder, that took fire in an instant and made a flame."

"What did you think, Mr. Cole, when you first saw gas?" asked Mr. Lyndon.

"When I came from the country to live in the city, and saw my boss in his shop turn up a screw in a little iron thing on the wall, and then touch a lighted match to it, and a bright blaze spring out, I was that astonished I couldn't speak. In a few minutes he went out. Then, thinks I, I'll see what that is. I blew out the blaze, but saw nothing where it was. But I smelt something that made me think of sulphur. I struck a match on my heel, and touched it to the place where the smell came from, and out burst that fire again!"

At this there was a great burst of laughter. When the music of mirth had died away, the queer party sang some of their old-time songs and hymns, and then Mrs. Lyndon invited her guests into the parlor. She sat down at the piano, and Mr. Lyndon and the children took their places near her, and then all joined in sing-

#### "When shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever?

As they were singing this, tears were seen coming through the furrows of some worn faces. Then Mr. Lyndon took the Testament and read from it the sweet chapter in St. John which tells of the many mansions in Heaven. Then he knelt and prayed that the aged friends might be gently led by the loving Lord to those eternal homes; and he thanked God that this Thanksgiving Day had proved to himself and his family how much more blessed it is to give than to receive. -Ruth Pool, in S. S. Times.

### TOLD BY THE TASTE.

How Tobacco Experts Make Their Choice of Different Brands.

"I'll smoke that and then tell you how I like it."

"Well, I'll not put the brand on the market on the strength of that test," returned one of the largest importers of cigars in the city to a friend whom he had asked to give his opinion of a new brand of cigars he thought of introducing to the public.

"All right. Just give me a box of them and I'll be able to make a better test of their worth." "That would be no better than the

first plan you suggested." "Perhaps, then," repled the friend, slightly offended, "you don't consider

me a capable judge of tobacco." "Nothing of the sort. You certain-

ly have had enough experience to tell a good cigar when you smoke it, but while that test may be sufficient for you to judge whether the cigar suits your individual taste or not, it is not thorough enough for my purposes."

"How should a cigar be judged, then, if not by smoking it?"

"There are several ways. First by its appearance. You can tell by looking at it whether it is well made or not. Then it's color has much to do with its value. But the way to test its flavor

is by tasting and smelling it." "How can you taste a cigar without

## ON THE WHEEL!

What 'Bound ad - the - World Store

Champion Howell Say of the Sport. The popularity of 'cycling is growing. Thomas Stevens, who has just been around the globe on a wheel, says that the best roads in the world are found in British India. The Grand Trunk road is 1,600 miles, an unbroken highway of marvelous perfec-tion, from Pershawar on the Afghan frontier to Calcutta. It is made of smooth, hard, nat-ural concrete, beds of which he along the line.

b) Calcutz. It is made of smooth, hard, nard, ural, concrete, beds of which lie along the line.
How such roads would be appreciated by the enthusiastic 'cyclers of this country!
The wonderful achievement of Mr. Stevens, in the face of myriad dangers, entitles him to all his honors.
The fast riding champion of the world, however, is Richard Howell, of Leicester, England. He is a splendidly made fellow, between 25 and 30 years of age, six feet high, and weighing, in training, about 160 pounds. He commenced riding in 1879 and in 1981, at Belgravia grounds, Leicester, he won the one-mile championship of the world, beating all the best men of the day.
From that time his career has been one of almost unbroken successes. He came to the United States in 1884 and 1885, and at the great Springfield tournament in 1885, won seven out of eight races.
In the 'Cycling News (Eng.), October 1st, 1887, is the following interview with him: "What are your best performances!"
"What is your system of training!"
"Heat plain good food and plenty of it. I takes a little walk before breakfast, and then, after that meal, if I am loggy, ride eight or nine miles on the track here, in thick fiannels. After dinner I do some more 'sloging' work, and may be a walk and early to bed.

ging' work, and may be a walk and early to bed. "But there is one idea of mine which I have found invaluable. If I have done too much work or my system is out of order, or if I don't feel quite sound, I take what I have used since I was 'queer' in 1888. I have always found that Warner's safe cure sets me up and puts me to rights again, and it is a remedy which I believe in and tell all my friends about. "In the winter-time especially, when you can easily understand I am not so careful of my health as in the spring, summer or autumn, I have found it invaluable. All I want, to beat the fastest bicyclist in the world, is plenty of practice, an occa-sional dose of my favorite, and my ma-chine."

"When I am about right in weight I con-tent myself with abort, sharp bursts as hard as ever I can go on the track, and when I can cover 440 yards in thirty seconds

with a flying start, I reckon to be moving as well as I want to. Bioycling is glorious sport, but it has its physical il effects which, however, can be casily overcome by the method used by Champion Howell.

#### Didn't Know it was a Secret

"Say," said Berkey to his wife yesterday at dinner, "you didn't say anything to any one about what I was telling you night before last, did you? That's a secret." "A secret?" Why, I didn't know it

was a secret," she replied kind of regretfully.

"Well, did you tell it? I want to know."

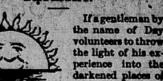
"Why, no, I never thought of it I didn't know it was a secret."-Kentucky State Journal.

So Sudden.

"Women cannot be satirical," said a writer, "any more than they can be humorous." So? How is it that when a man, after courting a girl for seven years, proposes, she says, "Oh! George, this is so sudden."

The Cashier of the German Bank of Balti-more, August Weber, Esq., says:-Having used Salvation Oil for some time I find it a sure cure for headache, sprains, neuralgia, &c., and take great pleasure in recommend-ing it.

WASHINGTON advices say that there is no longer any doubt but the Secretary Lamar will be nominated to the United States Su-



the name of Day volunteers to throw the light of his experience into the darkened pla misery, so that others may go and do as he has done

others may go and do as he has done and enjoy life, may it not be reasonably called daylight? As for instance, take the case of Captain Sargent 8. Day, Gloucester, Mass., who writes April 16, 1881: "Some time ago I was suffering with rheumatism. I used a small portion of St. Jacobs Oil and was cured at once. I have used it for sprains and never once have known it to fail. I will never be without a bottle." Captain Day also re-ceived a circular letter, and in reply under date of July 1, 1887, he says: "I used the Oil as stated and was permanently cured of rheumatism by its use." During the inter-vening six years there had been no recur-rence of the pain. Also a letter from Mr. H. M. Converse, of the Warren (Mass.) Hersid, dated July 9, 1887, as follows: "In response to yours of June 22, would say that in 1880 my wife had a severe attack of rheum atism in so that she could not raise her hand to her head. A few applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured her permanently, and she has had no return of it." Another case is that of Mr. R. B. Kyle,



Jacobs Oil cured her permanently, and she has had no return of it." Another case is that of Mr. R. B. Kyle, Tower Hill, Appomattox county, Va., who writes, November, 1886: "Was afflicted for several years with rheumatism and grew worse all the time. Eminent physicians gave no relief; had spasms, and was not ex-pected to live; was rubbed all over with St. Jacobs Oil. The first application relieved, the second removed the pain, continued use cured me; no relapse in five years, and do as much work as ever." These are proofs of the perfection of the remedy, and, taken in con-nection with the miracles performed in other cases, it has no equal. cases, it has no equal.



DAYLIGHT.

you went along. We shall have eight," said Grace.

"Have you told papa your plan?" asked Ned.

"Yes; I always tell my plans to him before I tell you. And here he comes now."

The father lighted the gas overhead, and all sat down beneath the cheerful light and talked of the old folks' dinner-party.

"What if some of them will not come because they think their clothes are not good enough?" asked Grace.

"Can't you give them all some money, papa?" asked Ned.

" How can I give to these old people enough to do them any good un-less you all help me?" said Mr. Lyndon.

"How can we help you, papa?" asked Ned, laughing. "We have only a few silver bits in our banks."

Papa looked very keenly into the children's faces, with an arch, loving twinkle in his eyes, and said: "You know, children, a penny saved is a penny carned."

Ned was eleven years old, and Grace half-past eight-not too young to learn to make some sacrifice for others.

"I," said the mother brightly, "will head the subscription list. I have expected to get a new bonnet. I will have my old one made over, and papa n't ever set foot again on this." can give the poor the money that would be needed for a new hat."

her spirit.

"You were going to give me a new sled for winter, papa, but you needn't. take one of those little bits of wood plied old Mrs. Jones, "I don't see any I'll use my old one," said Ned, with a and rub it on almost any thing, and thing particularly smart in that. I've sturdy, steady tone.

Little Grace followed quickly: "Mamma has promised me a new cloak, but I'll do without it. My old one is asked Ned. nice enough."

"How did you feel, Grandpa Doane, the first time you were on board a train?" asked Mrs. Lyndon.

"I felt like as if I was a-whirling away to some other world, and would-

Then old John Cole, the cobbler, said: "I'll tell now the strangest new The children looked up earnestly at thing that ever I saw a-coming into their mother, and in an instant caught the old times. You may laugh at me

when 1 say it was so small a thing as a box of matches. It was so queer to see a flame burst out."

"How did you light your candles, Mr. Cole, when you were a boy?"

"Now," said Mr. Lyndon, "it's my tongs, and blow it till I blew a blaze." -Boston Courier.

smoking it? You wouldn't chew it, would you?"

"By no means. To taste a cigar you take the large end in your mouth and press your tongue against the ends of the leaves. Then draw your breath through it three or four times. That way you get the entire flavor. I have bought tobacco for thirty years, and I use my judgment almost solely in my purchases. During that time I have never smoked a single cigar, cigarette or pipe, and I never chewed in all my life. Smoking vitiates the delicate taste of a judge of tobacco. Yes, indeed, there are many things in our business that the public doesn't know. and that is one of them."-N. Y. Mail and Express.

### The Use of Slang.

Clergyman - Nothing better illustrates the degeneracy of the age than the extent to which slang is now used. "I should remark."

"People who claim refinement interlard their sentences with slang words."

"You bet."

"Even the ladies can not talk without slinging in a lot of sewer language." "Yes, they get there just as well as the men."

"It makes me tired to think of it." "Here too."-Lincoln Journal.

-"Yes," said old Mr. Jones. "the doctors are getting mighty smart nowadays; why, they've got instruments and things made so that they can see clean through you." "Humph," rebeen married to you for thirty years, but I saw through you in two weeks after the bridal." Mr. Jones rubbed his bald head for a moment and "I used to take a coal of fire in the thoughtfully resumed his reading.

oreme court bench, to fill the vacancy saused by the death of Justice Woods.

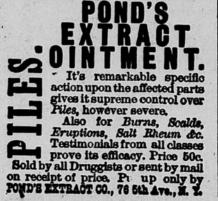
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