

Grandma at the Treasury.

Writes a Washington correspondent of the Hartford Times: Grandma has not been in Washington since grandpa was in the Senate, some years ago. It is delightful to take the old lady about and hear her comments upon the changes that have taken place since the war, and the way people whom she says were nobodies in her day have come to the surface. Like many old people, she clings to the past, and will not believe that we have had any statesman since the death of the great trumvirate, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun. She was quite horrified, when visiting the treasury, to recognize some of her old friends among the ladies. She had not been brought up to recognize the fact that a lady can support herself and yet retain her position in society. The friends she met in the treasury were blithesome young girls when she knew them in the homes of their parents. "Bless my heart!" she exclaimed, "there is Mary Abert! Well, I knew her when her father, Col. Abert, was chief of the topographical bureau. What a belle she was! There was Mary Abert, Adelle Cutts and Addie Smith, three of the greatest belles of the day. They all differed in style, Miss Cutts, when she was seventeen, looked like a classic statue. Miss Smith was a girlish, sprightly blonde, and Mary Abert was just her own sweet self." Then grandma moralized about the fact that no one can tell what their children will come to but it is pleasant to remember that they had a happy childhood. Miss Cutts married Stephen Douglas, who died from hard work in the effort to become President. She is now happily married to Gen. Robert Williams, and is with her husband at Fort Leavenworth. Miss Smith is the wife of Col. Holt, and resides in California. Miss Abert married Mr. Johnson, who was appointed consul at Florence. He died there, and left her with two infant sons. Then the war came on, and Col. Abert died, and the young widow, Mrs. Jonson, commenced the task of earning a support for herself and children. For thirteen years she has toiled. The boys are almost men now, and will soon be able to take care of their mother.

From the number in whom grandma was interested, one would suppose that every lady in the building was entitled to superior consideration. She was delighted to meet the widow of Maj. David Porter Heap. This lady, she told me, was Miss Boyer of Virginia. Her husband was appointed consul at Tunis, and they were married in time to make their bridal journey thither. "Poor thing!" grandma said; "to think that she has to work for herself and four children. Well, well; times have changed since we heard of their grandeur abroad." There were several ladies whose fathers were once members of Congress from the South, and the daughters of commodores, and ex-secretaries, and other distinguished people.

The old lady's ire was raised when she noticed the pert, flip-pant manner with which ill-bred clerks and messengers addressed the ladies. "Well," she said, "that must be the hardest part of a come down. Ladies, who have always been treated with deference and respect, to have such creatures approach them as though they were on an equality!" "Why grandma, I said, look at the messenger who has just brought in the letters; see, he stands off and tosses the letters to their owners. I saw one strike that lady in the face." "Won't she complain of such disrespect?" the innocent old lady asked. "There would be no

use—for the chiefs are familiar with these persons, and besides, they are men, or are going to be when they get older, and for that reason their salaries are above those of the ladies, and they are aware of that fact, and nowadays it is money alone that entitle one to respect." "Cards and letters used to be handed to those ladies on a silver salver," muttered the distressed old lady.

I hurried my poor old relative away, for the tears were in her eyes and she couldn't appreciate the fact that the objects of her tender compassion were so busy with daily struggle for bread and raiment that they were unconscious of the trifling trials to which they were subjected. I told her that there were hundreds who would only be too thankful for one of these situations

A Bible, Prayer-book and Almanac in one.

A private soldier, by the name of Richard Lee, was taken before the magistrates of Glasgow for playing cards during divine services. The account of it is thus given in an English journal:

A sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took the text. Those who had a Bible took it out; but this soldier had neither Bible nor common prayer-book, but pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them before him. He first looked at one card and then another. The sergeant of the company saw him and said:

"Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard. When the services were over, the constable took Richard a prisoner and brought him before the mayor.

"Well," said the mayor, "what have you brought the soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in the church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you severely."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor common prayer-book—I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions."

Then spreading the cards before the mayor, he began with the ace:

"When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God."

"When I see the deuce it reminds me of Father and Son."

"When I see the tray it reminds me of Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

"When I see the four it reminds me of the four Evangelists that preached—Mathew, Mark, Luke and John."

"When I see the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were wise, and five were foolish and were shut out."

"When I see the six it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth."

"When I see the seven it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work which he had made, and hallowed it."

"When I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world, viz: Noah and his wife, his three sons and three wives."

"When I see the nine it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were nine out of ten who never returned thanks."

"When I see the ten it reminds me of the ten commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone."

"When I see the king it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty."

"When I see the queen it reminds me of Queen of Sheba, who

visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all of them dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. The king sent for water for them to wash. The girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrists; so King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the mayor, "you have described every card in the pack except one."

"What is that?"

"The knave," said the mayor.

"I will give you a description of that, too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the mayor, "if you do not term me to be the knave."

"The greatest knave I know of is the constable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards, I find three hundred and sixty-five, as many days as there are in a year."

"When I count the number of cards in a pack I find fifty-two—the number of weeks in a year."

"I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year, and on counting the number of tricks I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter."

"So, you see, a pack of cards serve for a Bible, almanac, and common prayer-book."

Rules for Spelling.

The following rules should be carefully committed to memory, as the knowledge of them will prevent that hesitation about the spelling of common words which is frequently experienced even by the well educated.

All monosyllables ending in l, with a single vowel before it, have double l at the close; mill, sell.

All monosyllables ending in l, with a double vowel before it have one l at the close; wail, sail.

All words of more than one syllable ending in l have one l only at the close, as faithful, delightful; except recall, befall, unwell, etc.

All derivations from words ending in l have one l only; as equality from equal; except they end in er, or ll, as mill, miller, full, fuller.

All participles ending in ing from verbs ending in e, lose the final; as having, amuse amusing; except they come from verbs ending in double e, and they retain both; as see, seeing, agree, agreeing.

All verbs in ly, and nouns in ment retain the final of their primitives; as brave, bravery, refine, refinement; except judgement acknowledgment.

All derivatives from words ending in er retain the e before the r; as refer, reference, except hindrance from hinder, remembrance from remember, disastrous from disaster, monstrous from monster, wondrous from wonder, cumbersome from cumber, etc.

All compound words, if both end not in l, retain their primitive parts entire; as millstones, chargeable, graceless, except always, also, deplorable, although, almost, admirable, etc.

All monosyllables ending in a consonant, with a single vowel before it, double that consonant in derivatives, as sin, sinner, ship, shipping, big, bigger, glad, gladder.

Monosyllables ending in a consonant, with a double vowel before it, do not double the consonant as in derivatives, as sleep, sleeper, troop, trooper.

All words of more than one syllable, ending in a single consonant, preceded by a single vowel, and accented on the last syllable, double that consonant in derivatives, as commit, committee, compel, compelled, appal, appalling, distil, distiller.

Nouns of one syllable ending in y, change y into ies in the plural, and verbs ending in y, preceded by a consonant, change y into ies in the third person singular of the present tense, and ies in the past tense and past participle; as fly, flies, I apply, he applies, I reply, or have replied, or he replied. If the y be preceded by a vowel, this rule is not applicable; as key, keys, I play he plays, we have enjoyed ourselves.

Compound words, whose primitives end in y, change y into i; as beauty, beautiful, lovely, loveliness.—Journal of Education.

Phil. Sheridan His Wife and the Mormons.

General Sheridan and party passed through Ogden yesterday, going east. It is said that Mrs. Sheridan didn't leave the General a moment from the time the train entered Utah until it reached Wyoming. She was very attentive to Phil, frequently chucked him under the chin, and said pretty to him just as she used to when they were courting. When the train arrived at Evanston Mrs. S. asked if they had left Utah, and being answered affirmatively, she heaved a sigh and said: "Philip, darling, I guess PH lie down and rest a little while. I'm really tired out, and my nerves are all unsettled. If you ever go to California again, you'll take me, won't you, dear? The next time we go hubby, we'll go round by water, and then we won't have to go through Utah, you know. Half the pleasure of my visit to Oregon, California and Nevada has been spoiled because I couldn't get it out of my mind that we had to come back through the Mormon country. You'll never be a Mormon, will you, Philip, dear?" and as the train moved off she imprinted on his lips a wifely kiss and went into her state-room to lie down, first looking over her shoulder at the General to see that he was not preparing to escape and take the west-bound train for Ogden.—Salt Lake Herald.

He Came From Firginny.

A young gentleman of this city, in whom we have the most perfect confidence, gives us the following conversation, which he overheard between two colored citizens the other evening, as he was returning from prayer-meeting:

"Sam, does you know Jonah?"

"Jonah! Who is he?"

"Why, de Jonah dat swallowed de whale; dont you know him?"

"Why, darn his big-moufed soul, was he from Firginny?"

"Of course he was from Firginny."

"Well, de Firginians always was hell for fish."—Maysville Ky. Bulletin.

Mr. Parsons, a lawyer in Chicago, was trying a case before a jury, being counsel for the prisoner. The judge was very hard upon him, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Mr. Parsons moved for a new trial. The Judge denied the motion, and remarked: "The court and the jury think the prisoner a knave and a fool." The counsel promptly replied: "The prisoner wishes me to say he is perfectly satisfied—he has been tried by a court and jury of his peers!"

Warts may be removed, says a celebrated physician, by rubbing them night and morning with a moistened piece of muriate of ammonia. They soften and dwindle away, leaving no such mark as follows their dispersion with lunar caustic.

The exact value of the property left by the late ex-President Johnson is \$175,000.

A TITUSVILLE (Pa) paper joyfully says: "Suicide now within the reach of all—kerosene only ten cents a gallon."

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