"Old Bullion" and Other Statesmen.

On the 31st of January, 1842, "Old Bullion" sent the check of the Secretary of the Senate for $142 payable to his order, on account of salary as Senator from Missouri, to the Bank of Washington, with this endorsement: "The hard, or a protest.—Thomas H. Benton." The cashier explained that the amount could not be paid in specie, "as Treasury notes alone have been deposited here to meet the Secretary of the Treasury's checks." The check was thereupon formery protested, and Mr. Benton made the transaction the text of a speech in the Senate. If one of his associates had interrupted his remarks with the prediction that forty year later he would be quoted as an authority in support of permanent Federal paper currency, we may imagine what a torrent of eloquent invective and ridicule would have been set in motion. Our cotemporary, the Brooklyn *Eagle*, however, calls Mr. Benton, together with Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, and John C. Calhoun, to its aid in its contention for the constitutionality and expediency of such a currency. To show that Congress should not delegate the power to issue circulating notes, and by implication, that Congress has the power itself, Benton is quoted as follows:

"The government ought not to delegate this power if it could. It was too great a power to give to any banking company whatever, or to any authority but the highest and most responsible which was known to our form of government."

"If it could" implies that the government could not delegate what it had not—a power to issue paper currency. Mr. Benton was contending against bank notes, not for Treasury notes. An examination of his works furnishes an overwhelming mass of authority against the *Eagle's* scheme. We have room only for a few extracts:

"The issuing of currency is a prerogative of sovereignty. The real sovereignty of this country—the government—can only issue a currency of the actual dollar; can only issue gold and silver—and each piece worth its face."

—[Thirty Years View, vol. iii, p. 130.

"The Constitution has vested Congress with authority to regulate the value—not of currency, for there is no such word in the Constitution, nor any word which can be made to include paper currency—but to regulate the value of the coin of our mint and also of foreign coin."—[Abridgement of the Debates of Congress, vol. xiii, p. 652.

Mr. Benton attacked the national bank because it had been the occasion of an indirect departurethe on the part of the government from the hard money policy of the Constitution. He was even more hostile to a direct departure from the policy. "With all my objections to the national bank and its paper," he says in one of his speeches, "Thirty Years View," vol. ii, p. 385), "I am far more opposed to government banking and to government issues of paper money."

The *Eagle* reports Andrew Jackson as saying that "if Congress has the power to regulate the currency" the power should be exercised by Congress and not by a corporation. There is effectual virtue in the "if," so far as paper currency is concerned. "Old Hickory," rivalled "Old Bullion" himself in denouncing paper currency. One example will suffice, an extract from his farewell address, March 3, 1837:

"The Constitution of the United States unquestionably intended to secure the people a circulating medium of gold and silver. But the establishment of a national bank by Congress, with the privilege of issuing paper money receivable in payment of public dues, and the unfortunate course of legislation in the several States on the same subject, drove from general circulation the constitutional currency and substituted one of paper in its place."

It would be strange indeed if, while opposing the bank because it had substituted paper for the "constitutional currency" of gold and silver, Jackson had favored the direct substitution of paper for the constitutional currency by the government itself.

The *Eagle* quotes Thomas Jefferson as follows: "Let banks continue, if they please, but let them discount for cash alone on Treasury notes." If our cotemporary had begun its extract a little furth r back it would have printed the following ("Works of Thomas Jefferson," Vol. VI., p. 199):

"The question may be asked and ought to be looked at: What is to be the resource if loans cannot be obtained? There is but one. * * * * Treasury bills, bottomed on taxes, bearing or not bearing interest, as may be found necessary, thrown into circulation, will take the place of so much gold and silver. * * * Let banks continue," etc.

What Jefferson was considering was the last resort of the government when other means of raising money had failed. The circulation of its Treasury notes was a merely incidental and subordinate matter. The loan was the thing. The notes was a debt to be paid, and were "bottomed on taxes" for that purpose. He insists in another place (p. 382) on "a specific tax" to meet the notes, and still further (vol. vii, p. 65) dwells upon the evils of paper, and calls for "a constitutional veto on it."

The *Eagle* appeals to John C. Calhoun as "a strict constructionist" in support of the constitutionality of its scheme:

"And why should the community be compelled to give 6 per centum discount for the government credit, blended with that of the bank, when the superior credit of the government can be furnished separately, without discount, to the mutual advantage of the government and the community? * * * I will be able to prove that it is within the constitutional power of Congress to use such paper in the management of its finances, according to the most rigid rules of construing the constitution."

These are passages from a speech delivered in the Senate on the 19th of September, 1837, on a bill authorizing the issue of the Treasury notes. Mr. Calhoun's views of financial questions at various times suggest some confusion. On the 26th of February, 1816, he said that "a national bank paying specie itself would have a tendency to make specie payments general;" such a bank "of thirty-five millions, with the aid of those banks which are at once ready to pay specie, would produce a powerful effect all over the Union." On the 21st of March, 1834, he said: "I can conjecture no means of extricating the country from the present danger and to arrest its familiar crease but a bank. "Let then the bank charter be renewed for twelve years." There seems to be some contradiction between these opinions and later views in opposition to the bank.

But waiving the question of consistency, let us look at the speech of September 19, 1837. It does not seem to support the *Eagle's* plan for a permanent federal paper currency, of a fixed amount, redeemable in coin, and secured partly by a stock of gold and partly by the government's own bonds. So far as it goes it seems to support rather the scheme of the fiat money men, which it is fair to say our cotemporary combats as stoutly as it does the present national banking system. For example:

"No convertible paper—that is, no paper whose credit rests upon a promise to pay—is suitable for currency."

"On what, then, ought a paper currency to rest? I would say on demand and supply simply, which regulates the value of everything else—the constant demand which the government has on the community for its natural supplies. A medium resting on this demand, which simply obligates the government to receive it in all its dues * * * would contain within itself a self-regulating power."

This is precisely what the unadulterated Greenbackers say, except that Mr. Calhoun has more conservative views as to the quantity of notes that can be floated in this way. "Only make the greenbacks receivable for customs dues," they have repeated again and again, "and they will be worth gold always and everywhere without redemption." So in a later speech on the 3d of October, 1837, Mr. Calhoun said: "Wherever a paper receivable in the dues of government had a fair trial it has succeeded." But the speech from which the *Eagle* quotes shows clearly enough that Mr. Calhoun contemplated no such sole federal paper currency as our contemporary proposes. He did not intend to wipe out bank notes:

"Confined to their legitimate sphere, that of affording temporary credit to commercial and business men, bank notes would furnish a safe and convenient circulation in the range of commerce and business within which the banks may be respectively situated."

How Mr. Calhoun would keep this "circulation" within his proposed "range" is not any clearer than some other of his views. It is plain, however, that he did not mean to destroy banks or bank notes. The truth is that what Mr. Calhoun was considering in this speech was not so much the establishment of a paper currency as the handling of the government's moneys and debts. The former was incidental to the latter. "Such paper in the management of its finances" are his words. He says:

"It [the currency] could only be issued to those who had claims on the government and to those only with their consent. Should, however, a demand for gold and silver from abroad or other accidental causes depress it temporarily, as compared with the precious metal, it would then return to the Treasury, and as it could not be paid out during such depression its gradual limitation in the market would soon restore it to an equality, * * but if at any time a permanent depression in its value be possible from any cause, the only effect would be to operate as a reduction of taxes on the community and the only sufferer would be the government itself."

We are unable to reconcile this scheme of Mr. Calhoun's, which is indeed questionable enough, with the *Eagle's* plan.—*New York Evening Post.*

HOW NOT TO DRIVE.

Damages Awarded for Overdriving a Livery Team.

A quite interesting suit came up in the Probate Court, Judge Emerson presiding, last Saturday in which Hammond & McDonald, liverymen of Philipsburg, were plaintiffs and H. Milot, of Butte defendant. The evidence showed that Milot hired a span of horses and buggy from plaintiffs to drive to Butte and return, and that on returning on the 5th day of August, 1881, one of the horses dropped dead in the harness when within 1½ miles of Philipsburg. Plaintiffs demanded pay for the horse, alleging that unreasonably hard driving on an excessively hot day caused the death of the animal which was sound and healthy. The distance from Butte to Philipsburg is fifty-five miles. The thermometer during the day reached 104 deg. and marked 94 deg. in the shade when Milot reached Philipsburg at 5:10 p. m. He had left Butte at 6:30 a. m. and the horse died at 4:50 p. m. Plaintiffs set forth that Milot was racing with the stage.

The case was tried to jury on Saturday and the jury disagreed—standing 3 to 3. A rehearing to a new jury was had on Monday, with a verdict for plaintiffs, allowing $150 for the horse and costs of suit, which will amount to over $200 more. Mr. Milot filed notice of appeal.—*New North West, Feb. 14.*

In London society the dancers appear to be divided into classes known as "rockaways," "hoppers," "chandelier-crawlers," and the disciples of the *trois-temps*. The distinction is in the step affected. The discipes of the *trois-temps* are the most rapid dancers, and, as a rule, are to be seen gyrating on the outskirts of the crowd. The "rockaways" are lurching dancers, and "hoppers" are known everywhere, and the "chandelier-crawlers" derive their name from the fact that their step is so slow and their air so languid that in order to be safe from the jostling of more active dancers they generally remain under the chandeliers or near the center of the hall.

The movement now on foot in New York to secure the opening of the Metropolitan Museum on Sundays is in keeping with the growing desire on the part of the American people, one quarter of whom are said to live in cities, to secure a larger degree of educational freedom and privilege. Coincident with it has been the effort of the English House of Lords to secure the opening of the British Museum and the South Kensington Museum on Sundays. The motion to open these great institutions to the great masses of people in London and in the districts suburban to it was lost by the narrow majority of only seven votes, and evidently the delay in obtaining the consent of Parliament to the change is only a question of time.—*Boston Herald.*

The Most Brilliant Stage Spectacle Ever Seen in Paris.

PARIS, December 30th.—Let me tell you first of the *Thousand and One Night*, which Adolphe Dennery and Paul Ferrier have put on the stage for us. You are as familiar with the "Arabian Nights" as anybody, so I deed not stay to tell how Dennery has woven them together, but hasten to tell how he has delighted our eyes, which was all that was asked of him. When I tell you that the theatre was closed thirty nights for full dress rehearsals, that several times during the performance there are 400 persons on the stage, there are 2,800 costumes, 31 tableaux, and that $100,000 have been spent on scenery and costumes, you may imagine something of the dazzing splendor of the fairy piece. It would be tiresome were I to describe all of the thirty-one tableaux of the piece, so let me tell you the wonders of three tableaux, which everybody says are not only the best of the piece, but are facinating. Two of them, "Cleopatra's Court" and the "Infernal Hunt," are thought here to be the most brilliant tableaux ever put on the stage. One of these tableaux is laid in "the unfathomed caves of the ocean," where coral, sea weeds, madrepores, shrimps, fishes, lobsters, represented by young pretty girls, in dresses that never begin and are always ending, who dance and swim and dive and float, the water (green gauze) radiant with all sorts of lights. You are to bear in mind that in a theatre like the Chatelet the number of persons always on the stage is very great, because, where in a smaller theatre 100 persons would seem a great mob, four times that number are required in this great theatre. So the eyes are fairly dazzled by the number of groups and the variety of costumes. "Cleopatra" enters on an immense houdah borne by two magnificent elephants, painted to look more splendid, and with magnificent gold bracelets on each leg. The houdah is as brilliant as satin, silks, velvet, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, tassels, fringes can make it. "Cleopatra" lies on a divan, surrounded by her slaves and by fifty fan-bearers; no two persons among slaves and fan-bearers have the same costume, and each costume is as rich as possible. "Cleopatra" is welcomed by a brilliant ballet, and not one of the danseuses has the same costume. The Infernal Hunt brings on the stage a pack of 150 hounds, 12 whippers-in, 24 huntsmen, 10 members of the hunt, 5 ladies; they hunt 60 tigers that are immense Danish dogs covered with tigers' skin; these dogs are so mortified at being obliged to play this most rediculous part that they go about the theatre, before and after the piece is played, with heads hung down and tails between their legs. The scent is, however, exciting; horns blow, whips are cracked, dogs mouth it, horses gallop at swiftest pace.—*Corr. New Orleans Picayune.*

When Stonewall Jackson was Frightened.

Anecdote by Governor of West Virginia.

I recollect asking "Stonewall," who was my cousin, if he had ever been frightened in war. He said yes, once he had been considerably under a sense of fear. It was in the city of Mexico. A chest containing a large sum of money had been put in Lieutenant Jackson's charge, and to be perfectly secure of it he ordered it carried to his headquarters in an old abbey or convent, and laid down there alone in the room with it to sleep, sentinel walking the corridor outside. He had been there in bed only a few minutes, and was getting drowsy, when he distinctly heard something under his bed, which lifted up as if a man was secreated there. Jackson said he leaped out of bed and drew his sword and examined the bed and the room in vain. Jackson then supposed he had been possibly dreaming and resumed his bed. Just as he was thinking it was all a mistake his bed lifted again, plainly and with some force. He started forth a second time, sword in hand, and behold! nothing was there. "This time" said he. "I was scared, indeed, till my attention was called to a shouting outside in the street, and then I found that it was an earthquake passing under the City of Mexico that had lifted my bed up and given me such apprehension."

In 1882, What?

Rigo'o in the New York Sun.

Zadkiel's almanac for 1882 has just been published, and predicts all sorts of pleasant and unpleasant things for this country. The predictions are that in the latter part of February next great excitement will prevail in New York, and a great conflagration will take place in this city. An epidemic of diptheria and small-box threatens Washington for March. "About the middle of April Mars will transit the ascendent of the vernal ingress at Washington, producing great excitement in the tates; the President's position will be an unenviable one." The general outlook for this country for some six months to come is by no means favorable. A financial panic and the burning of a theatre are predicted for New York; great excitement, much violence, and shocks of earthquakes are anticipated for the country at large. Some great American will suffer degradation. But about August next everything will be put in good shape again by the beneficent influence of Jubiter in Gemini. Excellent crops and important measures of reform in the direction of civil service, trade and commerce may be expected for the next autumn.

The Judge Who Forgot.

Several years ago one of the justices of the peace in one of the new counties in Michigan had a case before him wherein the defendant was charged with stealing a sheep. All the evidence went to support the charge, and when the case was given to the jury every body knew what the verdict would be. After a few minutes' deliberation they announced a verdict of "guilty," and his Honor was abaut to pass sentence, when he suddenly threw aside his dignity and exclaimed: "Great hokey! but this is all irregular! I didn't charge the jury before they went out." "That's so, your Honor," replied the defendant's lawyer. "I was going to appeal the case on thoes very grounds." "Well you don't get no appeal on this court. Gentlemen of the jury, listen to the charge." After delivering his charge he sent the jury out again to find a verdict, and as one of them didn't feel quite sure whether the prisoner stole the sheep or hired his brother to do it, the defendant was given the benefit of the "doubt" and the jury disagreed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN OLD-TIME MYSTERY.

A Detective's Experience.

"I will not tell you, sir!"

The young head was thrown back haughtily, and the blue eyes flashed with passionate excitement.

She was a beautiful creature, this fair, golden-haired girl. She was very young and the petite figure looked almost childish. But for the rounded, Hebe-like form and perfect outline, one would have thought her a child—a little girl, indeed, with the sunny hopes and dreaming fancies of childhood—but these disclosed a womanhood full of nameless grace, rich and rare in beauty. Few knew the world as well as she, this brilliant little meteor. that had flashed upon society, turning men's head's and making many a fair lady mad with jealousy.

But a few months before she came to New Orleans, the protege of a wealthy English lady, who had for many years spent her winters here. Her history none knew, and untill the events which procured me an introduction to her, none cared to inquire. It was evident to all she was loved by the lady as a daughter, but she was presented to the world as her niece.

They was just the faintest discernible accent in the rich. mellow voice and liquid speech. The fair Canadian queened it royally over the haughtiest belles. Men said that accent charmed as none other could; royal beauties tried to imitate it. But her fascination lay in her winsome face and eyes that seemed so true; in the passionate regret that fevered there at a scene of woe; in the hand open as day to charity.

As she stood before me in her fierce anger I thought I had never seen a being so lovely. The golden curls shaded face and brow, and the chiselled lips had assumed their haughtiest curve. Proud as a queen she looked, the indignant blood staining neck and brow, while the cheeks flushed and paled alternately; but the blue eyes never lost their passionate flash nor the lips the curl of scorn.

The night before the house had been robbed and a casket containing diamonds stolen. Myself and Mr. I—— had been sent for by Mrs. M——s to investigate the case. I was evidently the work of on experienced burglar, and as he must have passed through the room of Miss M——s to reach the apartment of the lady from whom the jewels had been stolen, I sakked M—s if she had heard nothing in the night to excite her alarm. At my question, which was somewhat abruptly spoken, she hesitated and appeared unduly excited. I felt surprised at this and repeated the question:

"Did you hear or see anything during the night?"

"I did, sir."

"May I inquire what it was?"

"I declind to tell."

"But why, Miss M—— s?"

"I cannot inform you."

"At all events you will tell me if you saw or heard the person who committed the robbery?"

"I both saw and heard him. Sir, you will excuse me; but that I may end an interview extremely painful to me, I will say to you that I saw the person who came into the house, saw the robbery committed, but am withheld by reasons I cannot disclose from giving you his name or discription."

The avowal was made in a low, choking utterance that showed how profoundly the young creature felt the shame of the disclosure. Shocked and surprised, I scarcely knew what I said, but I remember appealing to Mrs. M——s to unite her entreaties with mine to induce Miss M——s to change her determination, or at least give a reason for it. But she did not hear me. Her eyes were fastened on the young girl's face with a wild entreaty that thrilled me to the heart. She seemed to understand why the girl refused to tell; and gazing for an instant, threw up her hands, with a wail like one brokenhearted, and sank sobbing, to the floor.

"Miss M——s, this is very strange. You do not wish me to think you a confederate, and, unless you tell me, what else am I to think?"

It was then that her expression changed and her face lit up with indignant excitement.

"I will not tell you, sir!"

She paused for an instant and I read her innocence in the look. Whatever the mystery, she was not criminal.

"Think what you please, I will not tell you."

Before I had time to reply Mrs. M——s rose to her feet, and, taking the young girl by the hand, turned to me.

"You are mistaken, sir, in your impressions. This is a family mystery—the child is not to blame. Had I known it sooner I should have dispensed with your services; but you will oblige me now by retiring and pursuing your vestigations no further."

It was impossible to resist the grave dignity of this grand old lady. We took our leave in a perfect whirl of amazement. I thought of nothing all that day save the mysterious burglary. I did not speak of it to others, for it was evident that Mrs M——s did not wish it canvassed, and my own powers of reflection were unable to solve it.

The next day I received a note inclosing a fee for my trouble, and enjoining the strictest silence in regard to the events which had occurred. Of course I obeyed; it was nothing to me and I tried to forget it, but I could not. No matter what business engaged my attention. I found myself thinking of that, and so a year passed away.

One night a man was shot in a drunken brawl. I was near him when he fell. He called to me, and I bent above the stricken man, from whom the life-blood was oozing fast.

"Will you do me a favor?"

"If I can—yes."

"You know Mrs.——, the English lady?"

"Yes."

"Tell her I am dead!"

Unutterally suprised, I would have asked him more—would have questioned him as to how the life or death of a burglar could interest her? But he waived me off.

I did his mission—carefully as I could, I imparted my intelligence. It was received in silence—a silence like death.

The next day a single close carrage attended the remains to the tomb. It was not long before a marble shaft rose above it and the single inscription.

"He died by violence.

Tells to the observer all that is known of the burglar's grave. Long years afterward I knew he was the English lady's son, and that her mission here was to see and redeem him.

She failed uterly, and both she and the fair young girl are seen no more in the brilliant society in which the young beauty was once so admired.

Bad Penmanship.

Anecdotes of ludicrous, or worse than ludicrous mistakes occasioned by bad hand-writing are numerous enough. Some of them are as obviously invented as Moore's "freshly-blown noses" for "freshly-blown roses," and others tell strongly of the stupidity of the readers. One of the best, true or false, is that of Horace Greeley or some other editor. Greeley, as the tale goes, wrote, in his usual scrawl, a letter to this gentleman. The latter wrote an answer, but in his haste put into the envelope for Greeley, Greeley's own letter just received. Greeley, after studying it for some time, wrote again to say that as he was quite unable to read it, would his friend kindly repeat his answer in a more legible form? This is an extreme case, but it is a fact that some of our best judges have been unable, after a short time, to read the manuscript of their own judgments.

A small case of the stupid sort comes to us from New Jersey. It is said that the lieutenant-governor, Gen. Nicholson, in apologizing for his absence from a temperance meeting, referred to "the need of further restrictions on the sale of drink," but the last words were read "on the isle of drink, and that led to "indignant protests on the part of certain citizens." This is quoted as a "warning to those who will not take the trouble to write legibly," but it is equally a warning to readers of handwriting to use what brains they may happen to possess. All who have had much experience in the performance of printers and copyists know very well that, though misreadings are the fewest when the original manuscript is good, some of the most irritating blunders are extracted from the fairest "copy," those namely, which make a wretched, bastard sense that perverts the meaning or enfeebles the style. The reason is obvious; a less strenuous attention is paid to good handwriting than to bad. Even in "setting up" from plain print strange mistakes are made; for instance, in setting up the last line of Guinevere, in a review of the Idylls of the King, the printers of the review, having the book before them, printed "To where beyond these *vices* there is peace"—for "voices."

Handwriting bears much blame that does not belong to it. Of course a man's writing ought to be legible, but allowance must be made for idiosyncrasy, fatigue, illness or haste. A handwriting without peculiarities is a handwriting without landmarks, or checks upon false reading; and, as an absolutely good writing is not to be looked for in the business of life, the dull, school-boy hand, with no special character in it, is not without its dangers. The very worst manuscript may be made out by a reader who can and will analyze, but those who can and will analyze are few. Here, as elsewhere, there are not many who find a pleasure in taking trouble and applying obvious general rules. Take the subject of spelling for instance. The rule which decides in certain words whether, when the sound is *ee*, the word should be spelt *ei* or *ie*, is so short and easy that any one who had no previous knowledge of human dullness would think it utterly impossible that a mistake should ever be made by a writer who had once cast his eye upon the rule; but what the fact is, we have some of us melancholy reasons for knowing. Now, take the case of a badly-written manuscript. You will find a whole group of people fumbling at a sentence, and making as to one particular obscure word guesses upon guesses, all of which are simply absurd. When it is demonstrably clear that the missing link must be an adverb, you may hear six sane men trying nouns or verbs. It may be clear that the dark word must be one of strong praise of a given kind, the dictionary possibilities of the case lying within narraw compass but scores of false shots will be made, because nobody has the brains or the will to say to himself, "Whatever this word may be, we can positively determine what it is not, and so limit our range of guessing." In making out bad manuscript, it is more than half the battle to be able to determine at a glance what a word neither is nor can by any possibility be.

There are here and there human beings who are by nature incapable of writing a good hand, just as there are others who cannot draw a straight line or a true circle, or even recognize one. But the ugly manuscript of the clumsy-fisted struggler after form is usually very clear. Haste, uneasiness, excessive work, nervous preoccupation—these are the chief causes of obscure handwriting with most of us. But when a man's manuscript has once made for itself a fixed character of its own, neither printers nor expert copyists would like to come round to tame simplicity and correctness. It would be, in another way, the case of the love with a squint, who ruined his suit by going to the oculist and getting his eyes put straight; the lady could no longer meet his eye in the old, affectionate way, and she dismissed him. Still, there are faults of handwriting which are inexcusable in themselves, and which neither compositor nor copyist can possibly like to see One of the worst of these is lax practice in putting the strokes to such letters as m and n. There is no harm in cutting down certain syllables, such as ment and ing, to mere lines or twirles, but where an attempt is made to express the characters, the number of strokes ought to be uniform. Another practical observation is that the flurried handwriting gains no time for the writer. A downright lazy scrawl is another matter and so is that kind of bad writing in which we can see badness egotistic self-assertion or disregard of the eyes and wits of others. It may be laid down that there is much egotism (associated, it may be, with much kindness) in the man who writes a bad hand which never strives to pick itself up. But of course, the rule must be applied with greater or less stringency, according to the amount of work that presses on the producer of the manuscript, his health his preoccupation and the activity of his self-consciousness.—*London Spectator*

With the most delicate shades of evening silks are seen the dingy "almond" shell gloves, the more dingy the more stylish against even white dresses. They are certainly an improvement on the black gloves, which are now only seen with black toilets.

BAGGY PANTS.

Should They be Pulled Up or Taken Off in Good Society.

The Stockton *Mail* is reading its subscribers some important lessons on etiquette. A correspondent asks that journal if it is a breach of etiquette to hitch up his pants, when sitting down before company to prevent them bagging at the knees. The *Mail* says such an act would be very rude indeed, and recommends that in sitting down both arms should be placed on the arm or seat of the chair, while the feet slide out on the carpet as the body is lowered into its position.

Upon this the San Francisco *Daily Exchange* remarks: "We think, and so do many of the best authorities on the demeanor of gentlemen in society, that if there is any danger of the pants bagging at the knees, they should be taken off and hung on the hall-rack with the visitor's hat and over-coat. Though this may create a little surprise in second-class circles, like all other customs of well-bred people, it is soon accepted as the correct card."

To our knowledge the junior editor of the *Exchange* has on several occasions endeavored to introduce this custom of the best society into second, and even third class circles, with startling results. The last time he stalked into a Minna street parlor in first-class style four ladies went into hysterics, and one vulgar male, ignorant of polite usages, felled the fashionable journalist with an external application of a bottle. Since that evening the *Exchange* editor always keeps on his trowsers in any but the most refined company—or what he calls the hot-tong.—*Virginia, Nev. Chronicle.*

Shrewd Stroke by Dumas Sr.

The following characteristic anecdote is told about the elder Dumas: Just before Monte Cristo was brought out at the Porte St. Marian theater, the director entered into an engagement with the author to pay a bonus of 10,000 francs if the proceeds of the first fifty representations reached the sum of 150,000 francs. During the course of the fiftieth performance Dumas made his appearance at the theater to inquire about the receipts. "It is already 9 o'clock," said the manager; "here are my books, you will see that the total receipts amount to 149,980 francs, and so there is no bonus to be paid you!" "You are quite right," responded the dramatist, but I am very sorry, as I counted on receiving the money and invited a few friends on the strength of it, to sup with me, and now I have not a sou in my pocket." "My purse is at your disposal; how much do you want?" "Oh, not more than a hundred francs at the most," Dumas carelessly replied. The hundred francs passed carelessly into his pocket and he sauntered out of the manager's sanctum to entertain his friends. Half an hour after he had gone to the treasurer of the theater brought the doctor a couple of louis as a supplementary receipts for the day. Alexander Dumas, it turned out, determined on not letting the 10,000 francs slip from his fingers, had taken a couple of loges—with a portion, no doubt, of the loan made him—and had thus made the receipts amount from 149,980 francs to the desired total.—*Exchange.*

Wm. H. Todd, one of the old-time typos of Montana, is looming up as one of the merchant princes of Northern Montana. We see by our Benton exchanges that he has withdrawn from the firm of Murphy, Neel & Co., and is about to open a real estate agency there. "Billy" is one of the rustling boys who make it a point not only to deserve success but to achieve it.—*Madisonian.*

Messrs. Curtis & Andrieux are the Butte agents for a Hamburg line of transatlantic steamers.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Taken up by the subscriber, one sorrel horse, 2001 [illegible] old, saddle marks, and branded [illegible] with a heart shaped brand. The owner can have horse by paying charges.

WM NORTON,

feb11sm2w Deer Lodge Valley.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF SILVER Bow County, Montana Territory.

Susan A. Smith and Ira P. Smith, Plaintiffs, vs. Edwin B Waterbury, Administrator of the estate of James Hasem and Adam Rutherford dec's' defd. — Petition for deed to real estate.

Notice is hereby given that the above named plaintiffs have filed their petition duly verified in said Probate Court of said County of Silver Bow, Montana Territory, praying for an order and decree of said court requiring and directing the above named defendant, administrator of the estates of James Haslem and Adam Rutherford, deceased, to execute and deliver to said plaintiffs a deed of conveyance to the undivided one-third interest of, in and to the St. Lawrence Quartz Mining claim located in Summit Valley Mining District, Silver Bow County, Montana Territory, under and in pursuance of a contract made by said decedents in their life time, and notice is hereby further given that Saturday, the 25th day of March, A. D. 1882, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said court in Butte City, in said County of Silver Bow, has been fixed for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested in said estates may appear and show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

CALEB E. IRVINE,

Probate Judge and Ex officio Clerk,

Dated February 16th, A. D. 1882. 22feb w5t

SUMMONS.

IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT OF SILVER Bow Township, Silver Bow County, Montana Territory.

Before John O'Meara, Justice of the Peace.

Daniel J. Welch, as Treasurer of Silver Bow County, Montana Territory, plaintiff, vs. Gardner Bros., defendant.

The people of the Territory of Montana send greeting to Gardner Bros., defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Justice Court of Silver Bow Township, Silver Bow County, Montana Territory, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days, or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of ninety three 47-100 dollars lawful money of the United States, alleged to be due from defendants to plaintiff for taxes on musical instruments for the year A. D. 1881, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein, and for costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment against you for said sum of ninety-three 47-100 dollars and costs.

Given under my hand this 20th day of February, A. D. 1882.

JOHN O'MEARA,

Justice of the Peace,

In and for Silver Bow Township and County,

Montana Territory. 22febw5t