BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

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THE AVANT COURIER,

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JOSEPH WRIGHT,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory.

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Special attention paid to collecting claims, and to entries of land in Gallatin County under the Homestead and Pre-emption Acts. Plats, records and weekly reports can be seen at our office. 1-1

PHYSICIANS.

Drs. MUSSIGBROD & MONROE

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DR. MUSSIGBROD can be found at the Drug Store of S. W. Langhorne; DR. MONROE at the Drug Store of S. H. Osborne. [August 22, 1872.

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TENDERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of the Gallatin Valley.

Office at Willson & Rich's,

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DON L. BYAM,

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,

Athis residence on Middle Creek.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

Thirty per cent of the Republicans of La Salle, are claimed as Liberals.

Senator Trumbull is to make a few speeches in Maine before the election.

Eighty-five Liberal Republicans of Bay Co. Mich., have called a convention.

One fourth of the Republicans of Illinois are now claimed for Greeley and Brown.

Gen. Farnsworth is telling the New England folks what he knows about Grant.

Four Republican members of the last Wisconsin Legislature are stumping for Greeley and Brown.

The St. Paul Dispatch says bets are lively that Ramsey county will give 1,500 Liberal majority in November.

A correspondent from Augusta, Ga., says that one third of the colored vote in that city and county will be cast for Greeley and Brown.

Some one asserts that all the Welsh in the country, numbering about 100,000, will vote for Grant. But that don't make him Prince of Wales.

The Litchfield (Conn.) Sentinel predicts 1,500 majority for Greeley in the seventeenth Senatorial district of that State in November.

The campaign in Chester county, Penn., is opened in earnest. John Hickman is speaking for Greeley and reform with all his great ability.

The Raleigh News says that the only two men in North Carolina ever convicted of Ku-kluxism were Republican candidates for county offices.

Mr. Wm. Neal, of Quincy, Ills., has posted up a large card on Front street offering to bet from $1,000 to $5,000 in gold that Greeley will be elected.

Forney has convicted Hartranft of raising a corruption fund of $240,000 to buy his election, and now the Grant papers remark that Hartranft's chances have greatly improved.

One of the most ridiculous claims the Grantites have made for some time is claiming Missouri for Grant by a majority of 25,000 votes. If it was $25,000, Grant would get it or burst.

The Springfield Republican says; "Mr. Greeley's visit to New Hampshire brings out such personal changes, and such demonstrations of popular feeling, as leave no doubt of the vote of the State.

Information has been received that on or about the 12th inst., there was a comet within the distance of 2,916,000,001 miles of the earth. So that the Plantamour hoax was not entirely a hoax after all.

M. G. Everts, of Rutland, Vt., who was nominated a month or two since by the Grant Republicans for State Senator, shows such tendencies towards Liberalism that the Grantites have determined to nominate another candidate.

M. S. Rohlfs, of Davenport, a Republican member of the Iowa Legislature, and now a candidate for State Treasurer on the Greeley ticket, says there were thirty-two Republican members of the Legislature in the Liberal State Convention.

Abandoning the Bible, the Grant editors are now rummaging the college text-books for distinctive epithets. According to the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, Mr. Greeley has ceased to be Judas; he is now the "modern Catiline."

The St. Paul Press insists that there are 350 Democrats in St. Paul who won't vote for Greeley.

Then the town ought to have its name changed, for St. Paul never before kept such bad company.

An influential politician, writing from North Carolina, says that from 800 to 1,000 fraudulent votes were cast in behalf of Settle, and that $30,000 to $40,000 was used by his supporters for bribery and corruption in that district alone.

Gen. Geo. W. Jones, ex-United States Senator, a prominent Democrat, and violent opponent of Greeley, and denunciator of all who did support him, on Saturday joined the Greeley Club at Dubuque, and seems to feel mighty good over it.

The Philadelphia Press is honest when speaking of its own party. It says: "The Republican party of Phiadelphia was poorly represented at the meeting at the Wigwam last night. The speakers, with the exception of Captain Curry, were either fools or knaves.

TOILING WIFE.—A farmer's wife on a large farm, with six or eight children of all ages, from nineteen to two years of age, has, without help, a toilsome life of it—a life of hard labor. She is generally the first one up in the morning and last to bed at night, toiling incessantly from early dawn till late in the evening. There is the baby to attend, to get to sleep. The mother and wife, on a large farm, with a large family, most of whom go to school, has a laborious life of it—much more than the husband and father. No wonder so many of them are broken down in health at forty years of age—literally worn out with toil. What wonderment then that so many of the best wives are peevish and cross. What they have to pass through is enough to sour the disposition of an angel.—*Exchange.*

An Irishman with a heavy bundle on his shoulder, riding on the front of a horse-car, was asked why he did not set his bundle on the platform. He replied: "Be jabbers, the the horses have enough to drag me—I'll carry the bundle."

At a collection lately made at a charity fair a young lady offered the plate to a rich man who was noted for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was his curt answer. "Then take something, sir, she replied; "you know I am begging for the poor."

A Female Turpin.

Only Fourteen Years Old, and an Adept at Shoplifting and Highway Robbery—Two Thousand Dollars Worth of Property Recovered.

[From the Pittsburg Gazette.]

A day or two ago a policeman arrested a prepossessing and intelligent-looking young maiden, not yet "sweet sixteen" in age, who was detected in the act of committing a theft in an up-town hair goods establishment. Numerous complaints have of late been made in this city and Allegany that valuable jewelry, clothing and fancy goods had been mysteriously purloined from the residences of people of wealth residing in the two cities. A charitable lady, Mrs. Johnson, residing at No. 229 Penn avenue, had suffered much from these depredations, and despite the utmost vigilance of the members of the household, every other day something valuable in the way of jewelry, plate, clothing or small fancy articles of furniture would disappear with as much mystery as though spiritual agents had caused their abstraction. Neither Mrs. Johnson or any of her family could remember any other visitor at the house during the series of robberies perpetrated than a sweet-faced little searcher for charity, whose plaintive stories about a destitute, sick distressed mother ever won for her some alms. The detectives siezed upon this circumstance. Secret information went along the police lines and the little beggar girl was made the object of considerable attention by the gentlemen of the police force. On Saturday, Officer Gumbert observed the prisoner enter a dwelling house, and soon retire under somewhat singular circumstances. He immediately followed her trail, preserving a respectable distance. She switched off into a hair-dressing establishment, and on coming out the officer observed her attempting to hide a valuable switch of human hair. He questioned her, and on receiving an impudent reply, he took her into the store and found that she had stolen it from the counter. The officer then took her to the residence of Mrs. Johnson, who recognized her as the recipient who had so often called, begged and received charity.

The girl was then taken to the Mayor's office, and, being charged with theft, admitted to have stolen some things, which she would surrender if allowed to go home. The officers were led to Power's court. They found a very plain and poorly furnished apartment, in which were two large trunks. These being forced open a real treasure trove was discovered. The girl attempted to keep the trays containing the jewelry, but was prevented by the officers, who captured all that was of value, and conveyed it for deposit to the Mayor's office. There were watches, bracelets, chains, finger rings, two diamond rings, breastpins, in fact such an array of jewelry as few of our belles could make. Then, too, there was a great profusion of lace goods from the stores with tabs unremoved, dress patterns, and many other articles, which were undoubtedly lifted from the counters of establishments dealing in such goods. Altogether, on a fair estimate, the goods thus far recovered amount in value to something over $2,000 in cash.

The girl Molly is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Dennison, who are plain people, residing in the place already named. The mother was very much embarrassed when the officers made the search. She at first denied of any valuable goods held by her daughter; then she said the girl informed her that some boys had given her the goods, and finally she stated that Molly would bring such things to the house, and utterly refused to say where she got them. The father is a workingman, and vehemently declares his innocence of either the girl's operations or of the possessions she had locked away in her trunk. The girl is about fourteen years old.

She gave out two aliases in succession at the Mayor's office, first calling herself Maggie McGinnis and next as Mollie Reilly, thus showing that she was well up in the criminal business.

She is charged with highway robbery by Mr. Lindsey, of Lindsey & McCutcheon, as it is alleged that she met a child of his in Alleghany, and in broad day light and absolutely stripped her of every bit of jewelry and money she had about her. Previous to that time it is charged that she had entered the dwelling of Mr. Lindsay on a begging tour, and stolen a necklace worth $130.

One day last week the daughter of a well-known citizen was walking along Wylie avenue, when she was accosted by a girl answering the description of the prisoner, to please let her see those pretty ear-rings. The child took one out and the girl insisted pleasantly on seeing them both in her own hands. The wish was innocently granted, and the little robber disappeared down a side street and out of view.

At an early hour Saturday morning, as the wife of Mr. Florence Kramer entered her bed-chamber, she found a girl, identified as the prisoner, leisurely examining the contents of a bureau. She demanded to know what she wanted, and received an answer that some Mrs. Smith, unknown to Mrs. Kramer, had sent her there to engage as a nurse—a domestic which was not needed. The girl departed, and on her way out seized a little child ten years of age, and forcibly took two gold rings from her fingers, and made her escape.

A lost cow was lately advertised by the following notice, which was posted on trees and fences near the owner's dwelling:

"Strayed or stolen—A large Red Kow, with Yaller Speks on her left side, and a pair of white speks on her right ear. She is about seven or eight years old, and belongs to a poor widow with a long tail. Ten dollars will be given to any one turning her over to Newark. Gune 17, 1800702

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

"Baby is Sick."

A great hush falls on the car like a knell, and an untold sadness settles like a pall over the heart—for baby is sick. Is it not strange that a wee thing should have the power to change everything; making the sunshine that but yesterday played so merrily and bright in and out of the windows seem such a cruel mockery to-day, and changing the joyous tones of the older children into funeral notes? But such is the spell that baby has woven, knitting herself into the very meshes of our hearts in such a quiet, subtle manner that we scarcely know how dear she is, until the little head, with its wealth of sunny curls, has laid upon the pillow, and the dear little form lies prostrate.

What care we about the order of the work basket, when the little hands that made such havoc therein, pulling out the needles, unwinding reels, scattering the buttons all over the floor, and doing other innumerable things, are laying idle, with fever coursing through each waxen finger? And does not every one in the house share the solitude, making the anxiety general? Even Mary leaves her work in the kitchen to make frequent enquiries about "baby." Papa comes home an hour or two earlier than is his wont, so anxious is he to learn how "baby" is. But the most touching of all is the pale, sad face of the mother, sitting at the sick couch, ever and anon bending low over the idol of her soul to kiss the little cheek so bright with fever, while her heart ascends to the One who sent her darling in a portion that the sufferer may be soon restored to health; and lay her glance falls on the tiny red hood and cloak so lately worn, what wonder that the tears fall thick and fast? It brings so vividly to mind what may be. But need we longer dwell? Those who have known what it is to have an empty cloak or hood that will never more be filled by the loved form for which they were made will know why mamma's tears fall; to those who have been spared that sorrow 'twere useless to explain—God grant they may never know.

A Formidable Engine.

The Great Stevens Battery in New York.

Orders have been issued for an additional force of men to commence work upon the famous Stevens battery. As the battery now lies in the yard in Hoboken it presents an unwieldy appearance, but ere a fortnight a vast change will be apparent. It has been pronounced by naval men to be one of the most formidable marine engines of war. It is nearly 300 feet in length, is 25 feet in width, and draws 21 feet of water. Its keel was laid down in 1840. Since then it has verged on completion three times, but the changes in naval architecture have been so numerous and important that its frame has been taken apart to conform to those improvements. The battery's frame is now built of the staunchest of live oak, covered with teak planking, and backed by teak slabs two feet thick. These are laced on the inside by two-inch wrought iron plates. Its outer armor consists of chilled iron plates five and a half inches in thickness. They are secured to the wood work by copper bolts without heads. By this method the sides of the vessel are perfectly smooth, and afford no opportunity by which shots can displace the plates. Her battery will consist of seven guns *en barbette*. Four of these are rifled Rodmans, capable of throwing a solid steel shot of 500 pounds. The other guns are rifled Parrott's, each throwing a 250 pound steel-pointed missile. Her battery has been completed, and only awaits shipment. The engines are in an advanced state of completion, and can be placed in the hull inside of twenty days. Her prow is sharp and is shaped like a wedge. It is composed of an immense mass of iron, backed by teak logs, and will form an effective ram. It is confidently expected that she will be enabled to steamat the rate of twelve knots an hour.

One of the hands on board a vessel which sailed recently from Dundee, Scotland, for the Greenland whale fisheries purchased a bottle of whiskey from a dealer in the Murraygate. The merchant who supplied the liquor was an acquaintance of the purchaser, and he, in a joke, told him to be sure to return the bottle when it was empty. The ship sailed with the bottle of whiskey on board, and the merchant forgot all about the circumstance. What was his surprise, a few weeks afterward, when the bottle was handed into the shop containing a letter stating that, agreeable to promise, the writer now returned the empty bottle. After the whisky had been consumed, the letter had been placed in the empty bottle, which, after having been sealed up, was cast into the sea. It was picked up by some fishermen while out in their boats, and at once sent to the gentleman to whom it was addressed.

THE NEW POSTAL LAW.—It does not seem to be generally understood that by the new postage law, packages of dry goods, hardware and other merchandise, except liquid drugs, weighing twelve ounces or less, may be mailed to any part of the Union, at a uniform rate of two cents for every two ounces or fraction thereof. Thus, a package weighing twelve ounces may be transmitted between any two points in the United States for twelve cents. The public have availed themselves as yet to so trifling an extent of this most liberal law, that the system has not been made to pay expenses. The reason must be a want of knowledge that the advantages here mentioned could be claimed.—*S. F. Call.*

A lady who recently got herself up most gorgeously for a dinner at one of the Newport hotels, had the mis-fortune to sneeze just as she sat down, when suddenly the halt of the waist of her dress ripped out, and somebody had to put a shawl around her.

Joaquin Miller.

The Poet Horse-Thief and Early Incidents.

A correspondent of the Yreka (Cal.) Journal relates the following in regard to the poet of the Sierras:

The poet's pedigree and place of birth are not generally known. He has many queer habits and eccentricities, but there is enough of the noble and generous in his composition to compensate for his faults, whatever they may be. I first saw him at the mines on McAdam's Creek, Cal. He was then fresh from the wilds of Oregon. His long, tow-colored hair reached to his shoulders, and, taken altogether, he was about the greenest looking specimen around the diggings. Literature was then as now his ambition, and he kept constantly scribbling.

I was several times favored with a sight of his manuscript, some of which I thought had peculiar merit; but most of his writings neither gods nor men could understand. He knew nothing of the laws of versification, nor indeed of rules of grammar, and when told by me that he must reconstruct his poetry, observing a rhythmical arrangement of words, and giving each line a certain number of feet according to the kind of verse, his astonishment was great, and, thinking, by my amazed appearance over his queer lines that I meant to disparage his talents, he indignantly snatched the manuscript from the table, exclaiming: "Oh, d—n the rith-um and measurement! there's the ideas, and I know what poetical license means."

His many eccentricities made him a butt for all the rough jokes on the creek. When smarting under some of these taunts, I have often seen his flushed face express the keenest pain. Soon, however, he found a most effectual way to check such insults. He bought a long, heavy Colt's revolver, which, at full cock, he would level at the face of the person attacking him, who, thinking that he meant mischief, would thereafter let him alone.

In the year 1859 Joaquin worked for Hurst & Co. on Cherry creek. The rascally Hurst would not pay him, and being a ruffian and a bully, attempted to frighten him away. Joaquin resorted again to the local influence of his revolver, and with the most satisfactory success. He also mounted a horse belonging to Hurst & Co., which he rode off and sold, paying himself with the proceeds and thereby obtaining both substantial and poetical justice. The law, however, did not recognize such an irregular proceeding, but rather considered it in the light of a felony. Hurst procured a warrant for his arrest, and accompanied Sheriff Bradley, of Deadwood, to put it in execution. Joaquin's cabin was then on McAdam's creek. The poet was smoothing his cherished tresses when he saw the man approaching, and, reluctantly dropping the brush, he leisurely started up the mountain. Not heeding Bradley's order to halt, that officer fired two shots from his pistol. Joaquin replied by shooting twice at Hurst, who was still approaching the fugitive. Joaquin now commanded Bradley to stop. The mandate not being heeded, that officer received a bullet through the thigh that just grazed the main artery, which stopped further pursuit.

The poet, thoroughly disgusted with civilization, shook the dust of McAdams' creek from his feet, and in the pursuit of liberty and happiness we next hear of him among the Indians of Pitt river valley, where report said he went extensively into the "horse business" with poor Lo, until the Sheriff of Shasta county made him "more trouble."

A German Striker.

A German man, named Jacob, who had lately arrived in this country, got a situation in a planing-mill, at a salary of ten dollars per week. Returning home one evening, with one of the younger hands of the mill, (whom we will call John), he told him that he got fifteen dollars a week.

"Vot?" cried Jacob; "you vas goten fifteen tollars a veek? Tunder and blizen! I vos so olt like you a couple of dimes, and I got me ten tollers py dot veek. How dot vos?"

"Well," replied John, "if don't get enough you should strike the boss for more."

"Vot you say? strike ter boss for more? You tink I vos got hier vages ut I vos strike the boss, aind it?"

"Yes," replied John; "I think you would."

"All riet," said Jacob.

So on Monday Jacob went to work as usual, but, instead of entering the shop, he took up his station by the office door, and as the proprietor came down the street, Jacob stepped out in front of him, and struck him with all his force, felling him to the ground, saying at the same time:

"Dare, I vas strik'd you for more higher vages, dond it?"

The proprietor bawled "Police!" with all his might, which had the effect of bringing an officer on the ground, and Jacob was arraigned for assault and battery. When the Mayor asked him what he had to say, he replied:

"Well, I tont vas could find me oud vot der vos id I go me py home mit a man vot work py me to got some more vages higher I vos petter go strike ter poss; so ven ter poss he vas comd dish morning, I vos striken him for dot vages higher, und now I vas got here for salt und battery. Vots de reason mit dot?"

During the laugh which followed, the German was informed by the Mayor that when he wanted to strike again not to make such a striking demand, and his employer withdrawing the charge, he was discharged.

Those who do not believe that a fly has 290,352 pores in his body, should catch one and count them.

Gus Finds an Economical Wife.

CONGRESS HALL, July 22, 1872.

My old statistician says there are just four of these beautiful sage-green dresses in Saratoga. Three, he says are very stylish young ladies, and one is worn by an old lady who has no business to be wearing it. Every time he sees one of these beautiful dresses he goes into an ecstasy of delight. He rubs his hands and says, "There comes the agony of Paris—$400 if its a cent!"

When we look on it is a sage-green.

Yesterday one of the beautiful young ladies who wears a sage-green took a ride over to the lake with my friend Gus. Gus has got good blood in him, but he isn't very 'stampy.' He always takes to expensive girls, and after getting interested in them, they talk such expensive talk about camel's hair, velvet suits, trips to Europe, that poor Gus gets frightened off. He comes up to my room and says he don't believe there is a girl in New York who don't cost her father $3,000 a year for nice clothes. Then he buries his face in his hands and says. "Oh, dear, there is no chance for a poor fellow on $5,000 a year!"

Yesterday Gus came into my room looking light and happy. His eyes fairly shining with blissful emotion.

"What is it Gus?" I asked.

"I've found her! She's here!" and then he stopped to catch his breath.

"Who's here?" I asked, thinking, perhaps, that Mrs. Woodhull or Susan B. Anthony had arrived.

"Why, the girl I've been looking for—sweet—young—stylish, and not expensive!"

"Lightning, Gus," said I, putting on my glasses, "I'd like to see such a girl myself. Where is she?"

"We just came in from a ride—she's down in the parlor—a regular stunner, in sage-green!" and so economical!"

"Sage-green—sage-g-r-e-e-n," I muttered to myself, thinking of the $400 I saw a young lady pay for just such a dress; "how do you know she isn't expensive. How do you—"

"Why, confound it," broke in Gus, "I know it. I've been talking to her for three hours. She talked very economically just like a sensible girl."

"What did she say?" I continued.

"Why, she said she was looking for a true man, a brave man and generous, with love in his heart, and with such a man she could be happy in a garret—yes, she said she could be happy in a garret with the man she loved. Ha! Ha!" and Gus whirled round twice and kicked the crown out of my best Dunlap hat in the excess of his mirth. * *

I made Gus take me right down for an introduction to his economical friend, and then let him go off to change his coat for dinner.

Miss D. was pretty, and stylish too. She had on a love of a $75 hat and those pretty $18 laced gaiters which the man makes under the Coleman House. Her dress was the richest *gros grain* sage-green with panier, watteau, polonaise and court train. It contained exactly 176 yards of $9 silk. On her pretty hands were sixteen button gaslight green kids, which lost themselves under point lace under-sleeves, and over diamond bracelets. On her arm she carried a $1,500 camel's hair shawl.

This is mother's, Mr. Perkins, I took it in case of rain. I don't expect to have camel's hair and regular diamonds until I'm married. Mother's last words when I left home were: 'Now, Lizzie, don't be introduced to any foreigners, or lose your jewelry.'"

"Couldn't you be happy after you are married without camel's hair and diamonds?" I asked, taking her $75 pearl and point lace fan, and looking down at her point lace underskirt.

"Why, I hadn't thought much about it. That's just what your friend Motley and I were talking about. And such a nice long talk—"

"Then you and Gus have been discussing the love-in-a-cottage idea have you?" I interrupted.

"Yes, that was it; and he's so nice—"

"And didn't you say you could live in a garret with a brave, handsome man, whom you loved dearly?"

"Yes, I did say that, I don't care if I do blush. I said I could live happily in a garret with the man I loved—and I could—if—we could have a nice elevator and have our meals sent in from Delmonico's. Why those Paran Stevens $6,000 garret suites are just as cosy as they can be. * * * *

This, alas! was the economical sweetness of my friend Gus, who could live in a $6,000 garret with the man she loved. These are the economical young ladies who come to Saratoga and deceive us poor fellows—who talk garret, get our solitaires and then come the elevator and lunch from Delmonico dodges on us. These, alas, are the young ladies who gain our honest love just to steal our money for $400 sage-green dresses with watteaus and polonaise all cut on the bias, or sell us. These are the dear creatures whom magnanimous fathers generously give away to us, saying, "Take her Adolphus, and be happy—alas! if you can"—*Eli Perkins, in New Commercial Advertiser.*

An enthusiastic reporter on a Pennsylvania paper, in speaking of the belle of the evening, remarked that "the profusion and color of her hair would lead one to look upon it as though it was spun by nimble fingers of the easy hours, as they glided through the bright June days, whose many sunny rays of the light had been caught in the meshes, and were content to go no further." This was much better than saying that her hair was red.

"Madam," said a husband to his wife during a little altercation, "when a man and his wife have quarrelled, and each considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to advance toward a reconciliation?" "The best natured and wiser of the two," said the wife, putting up her mouth for a kiss, which was given with unction.

PACIFIC SLOPERS.

Incendiaries infest Portland.

Hillsboro has a Greeley Club.

Cabinet makers are in demand in Portland.

Carrie F. Young has returned to California.

The Eugene Greeley Club number one hundred members.

Washington Territory is to have a new set of Federal officers.

An Eastern Oregon town has its mails delivered in a bar room.

Samuel Kelly killed George Duke, near Walla Walla, last week.

Prospects of a railroad from La Grande to Walla Walla are good.

An Iowa youth, anxious to see Olympia, W. T., walked all the way there.

Wallowa Indians threaten vengeance on any whites who settle in that valley.

Thos. Riley, from Montana, blew out his brains in Omineca, on the 10th ult.

Judge McFadden's chances for election to Congress from Washington Territory are very flattering.

One of the Bostonian party publishes a communication in the Oregonian denying that his company was swindled by one Robeson.

Bob Herrin, of Union Co., decamped, leaving a young wife. He had been too familiar with some fair one, and couldn't "face the music."

A Reno stage was stopped by robbers, who, after a sharp engagement, the passengers' ammunition giving out, went through them, getting $150.

The last heard of the Robinson Troupe was that they were playing on a "four horse stage," a bill entitled: "How to Avoid Paying Hotel Bills."

John Baker, while on his way from Oakland to Roseburg, was attacked by three highwayman, who ordered him to throw up his hands, but he replied by firing three shots. The highwaymen retreated.

An exchange complains that the express trains don't stop long enough at the stations to allow passengers to get on and off, several accidents having been barely avoided. Ben Holladay is a "fast man.

The desperadoes Shipley and Brown, who for the past month have committed numerous outrages both in Washington Territory and British Columbia, are still at large despite the utmost endeavors to catch them.

Mr. J. M. Melville, Immigration, Forwarding, Commission and Insurance agent of Dundee, Scotland, is making a tour of this State, in order to acquaint himself with the wants of Oregonians, with a view to aiding immigration from Scotland. Next year he will send 300 hundred female domestics from that country.

A prominent Grant man, of Eugene, recently subscribed for twenty copies of the New York Day Book, for gratuitous distribution among his Democratic friends, on account of his bitter opposition to Greeley. Imagine his chagrin, when the papers came, and he discovered that that journal had come out boldly for Greeley.

A correspondent writing to the Herald, from one of the valley towns, says that a man born in the year following the birth of the present century, lately married a gushing girl of 17, the figures that tell his own age. He will endeavor to rekindle his dying embers by the torchlight of youth, though no cradle has been ordered at his request.—*Benton Democrat.*

Suffrage for Working Women.

When women are cursed with their granted prayer, the hardest lot will fall to those whose lot is hardest now. It is the working woman for whom all is asked, but it is the working woman on whom the sword will be turned. She is the unfriended or insufficiently befriended. Working women are chiefly those whose male relatives are unable or unwilling to support them. The "loving and beloved wife," the "petted and caressed daughter" of the strong and successful man will be scarcely conscious of any change. In her well guarded home it matters little to her whether she is loved by law or grace. But the unguarded woman must fight her fight with the same real and relative disability as now; but with an assumed, a legal equality, which precludes privilege, though it cannot disarm fate. While she has no vote, no defined power, her position is a constant appeal to chivalry, a constant rebuke to brutality. When she has seized the suffrage, her brutal employer and the not too gentle by-standers will not fail to say: "Now you have got your long-sought equality, make the most of it. Ask no favors, and look out for yourself." Alas! but women are women still. Change thy laws, thy state is all the same. Good men will be good, but the bad and selfish will have no cloak for their sin. With women somewhat deterred to, with greed somewhat held in leash by shame, the life of the weak woman is bad enough. Is it likely to be easier when she has dismissed the advantages while retaining the disadvantages of sex, challenged her foes to combat, and dulled the swords of her defenders?—*Gail Hamilton.*

ONE day during the hard winter of 1863, a Miss Arnold applied to General Milroy for a permit to forage her cow, the milk of which was the chief support of the family. "Are you loyal?" asked the General. "Yes," she replied. He began to write the permit—"To the United States or Confederate States?"—"To the Confederacy, of course," she replied. "Then I shall give you no permit," said the General; "this infamous rebellion must be crushed." "Well," said she, "if you can crush it by starving John Arnold's cow, go it.