BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

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THE AVANT COURIER,

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JOSEPH WRIGHT,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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Office, lower story of Court House Building,

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JOHN L. MURPHY,

(Late Associate Justice of the Supreme Court)

Attorney and Counsellor,

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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

BEG leave to inform their patrons that they have this day formed a mutual co-partnership for the purpose of practicing

Medicine, Surgery and Obstetrics.

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.

W. R. BULLARD, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

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At his residence on Middle Creek.

MAGEE & CO.,

WHOLESALE

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

AND

BAR GLASSWARE,

MAIN STREET,

Two doors above the St. Louis Hotel,

HELENA, M. T.

ANKLES.

A young lady friend of ours hands us the following lines, which she says is as true as gospel:

There's music in a lady's foot,
And well the ladies know it;
And she who has a pretty one
Is pretty sure to show it.
At times, you too, are martyred by
The nicest little ankle,
That shoots an arrow through your eye,
Within your heart to rankle.

But when it trips along the street,
Through wind, and mud, and vapor;
By sheerest accident you see
How beautiful the taper;
And as it steps along the walk,
Amid the crowd to mingle,
Two roguish eyes look up and say,
"I wonder if he's single."

Owyhee Avalanche.

KING BABY.

His sceptre is a rattle,
His throne is mother's arms;
He reigns a tiny tyrant,
In all its dimpled charms!
Yet round his royal presence
Our loving hearts entwine;
Dictator of the cradle,
And king by right divine

Whatever be its mandates,
No courtiers dare rebel;
His mother's chief of the household,
Prime minister as well!
In vain perambulator,
His downy car of state;
Exacting, rosy monarch,
What triumphs on him wait!

In purple ease and splendor,
Long, long he seeks to reign;
All hints of nose disjointed,
He smiles at with disdain!
Alas! that royal greatness
Should ever be disowned;
Here comes a tiny stranger—
King Baby is dethroned.

From the *Aldine* for November.

DEFEAT.

He took her hand and looked at her;
No sound did that deep stillness stir;
Even the weary, wandering rain
Had ceased to beat upon the pane.
Only about the perfect mouth
A sigh more faint than the faint south,
Hovered a moment's space, and then
Died into nothingness again.

The words he spoke were brief and slow;
What could he say she did not know?
What pulse of that impetuous soul
But owned her calm, serene control?
No need for him to test her heart,
With cunning fence of verbal art,
Only to ask and wait her will,
And, winning—losing—love her still.

Perhaps she wavered; ay, perhaps
The shadow of the cloud that wraps
The future from our questioning gaze
I et in some glimpse of after days,
Some hint of all she might possess
In that true spirit's tenderness,
If but her weaker life might move
Unto the music of his love.

Perhaps! Who knows? *He* only knew
The large grey eyes were dim with dew,
Saw only on the mouth's sweet bloom
The shadow of impending doom,
Felt only one sad, gentle word,
And then through that deep stillness heard
Once more the weary, wandering rain
Beat dull against the window pane.

—*Appleton's Journal.*

Scissorings.

Lucca's wardrobe is insured for $65,000.

Alexander Dumas is very rich, and owns a large interest in the Banque des Marchands de Paris.

Sylvanus Cobb Jr., after some ninety odd novels, now expresses great disgust at blood-and-thunder fiction.

A San Francisco journal states that a wealthy miner has fallen in love with Mrs. Fair and will marry her.

California apple trees are blooming the second time this year.

Lady ushers did the showing around at a New York church wedding.

Forty-five dollars is the price for making up a plain dress in New York.

Passion is at first like a thin thread, by-and-by it becomes like a cable.

A fellow who has actually tried it says that although there are three scruples in a drachm, the more drams you take the less scruples you will have.

The Chinese have a saying, that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be drawn back by a coach and six horses.

The Treasury Department has received five-twenty bonds to the value of two thousand dollars from a conscience stricken individual in Hamburg.

Col. Wood, the museum man, is organizing a national dog show, like that of England, with several thousand dollars premiums.

Gen. James Shields, of Carroll, is the Glasgow Journal's candidate for the United States Senate.

The Government of Prussia, it is said, has finally resolved upon the construction of a ship canal to connect the Baltic with the North sea, and a commission of engineers and superior officers has been appointed to proceed to the spot to make the preliminary arrangements.

Never let your honest convictions be laughed down, be true to yourself; and, in the end, you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your own conscience.

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath.—Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place.

Labor is a man's great function. The earth and the atmosphere are his laboratory. With spade and plow, with mining shafts, and furnaces and forges; with fire and steam, amidst the noise and whirl of swift and bright machinery and abroad in the silent fields, beneath the roofing sky, man was made to be ever working, ever experimenting. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, fulfil nothing, without working.

The ill-fated Empress Carlotta will leave a fortune of five million dollars, which will be inherited by her brothers, the King of Belgium and the Count of Flanders. She had vainly tried to take her whole capital with her to Mexico. Her brother, the king, refused to let her have it, and paid her only the interest. Her father, King Leopold I., left his three children a fortune of fifteen million dollars in cash.

The shipments of tea from China and Japan to the United States from June 1 to August 12th, have been 10,695,633 pounds, against 7,876,940 pounds in corresponding time last year, an increas of 2,818,693 pounds, about equally divided between green and black teas.

Oregon salmon, which were formerly in bad repute, owing to the improper and careless mode of curing and packing them, now command a ready market. There are now one million dollars invested in the business. Spiced salmon in tins is much sought after in Europe as an article of luxury, commanding high prices.

A JOURNEY IN A BAG.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

I have a story to tell you, young folks, for I am a traveling individual, and I have seen many things that you never saw, and perhaps never heard of.

You must know that I am a letter. I was born—that is, I was written—in the city of New York, by a beautiful young lady. I am no common letter, on course paper, in a shabby yellow overcoat—envelope *you* call it—by no means! My paper is of the daintiest, cream-laid, and rose-scented, with a gorgeous monogram at the top. My coat is to match, and I lused to live in a tiny rosewood desk, with others of my kin.

When my mistress had written her messages, she folded me up, put me carefully into my coat, sealed it, and gave me to the letter-carrier.

I was young and foolish then, dear children, and I thought I was starting on a pleasant journey to find the "John" whose name was written on my coat. Little did I suspect that my very first trip would be taken in a horrid, dark, leather bag, tied up in a package between a dirty yellow coat smelling of fish, and a dingy white one, so strong of musk, one could hardly breathe. I knew I should have the vulgar smell of musk forever after.

But at last I reached California—where I was sent, and when I found myself in a light, clean box, with a glass front, I hoped I should soon find "John." But alas! when I was handed out, with other letters, to a man who asked for us, he looked at me and handed me back.

"John Howard—there's no such name in my house. The letter don't belong to me."

"But it's directed to Box 487," said the clerk.

"Well, it's a mistake," said the man, and my heart sank as I went back into another box, with lots of others.

In a day or two a clerk came and wrote down the names of us all, and passed us over to a young lady saying as he did so,

"Here are the advertised letters."

I wondered what that meant, but she sorted us over, and put me into a pile with others, and stuck us into a box marked H. Soon I found out that all our names were printed in a newspaper and every little while, all day, some one would come and ask for one of us. They asked for Howe, and Horton, and Hanson, but no one came for Howard.

I felt very much discouraged, as I thought of my lovely young mistress, and how she longed to have her message given to "John." But what could I do—but wait?

I had a good long wait, too—I tell you, for I lay in that office two months. Nobody came for me, and at last when I began to think I should die there, a man came and took us all out, and began to do us up again.

"What are those?" asked a lady's voice.

"Dead Letters, madam," repeied the man. "I'm putting them up for the Dead Letter Office."

So I was dead—was I?

I had heard of death, but I felt alive enough and I shivered to the end of my last page, when I thought perhaps I should be buried.

Buried indeed?—I should think so! Back I went into that horrid bag, and an awful, long, jolting journey I took. But at last our prison was opened, and I found myself in the Dead Letter Office, in Washington.

That's a curious place. In the first place I went into a room, where perhaps a dozen clerks were at work, at monstrous piles of letters of all kinds. Business letters, love letters, money letters, begging letters. Oh, I can't tell you half the kinds there were.

Our bag was emptied before a very busy young man, and he proceeded at once to open us. Now, I knew he wasn't John Howard, and felt very much insulted.

But of course I couldn't say anything, and so my coat was rudely jerked off, and he began to read.

He had five piles of letters he had read.

The first pile were those that had money over one dollar. On the envelopes of these he wrote how much money was in them, and I, understood from what I heard that they were carefully sent back to the writers.

The second pile was letters that had checks or drafts, or valuable papers. These too were sent back to the writers.

The third pile was letters with small sums of money, letter stamps, receipts, and such things. All sent back.

The fourth pile was of letters containing nothing, but with the name of the writer signed, so they could tell where to send it. My dear mistress had signed her full name very nicely:

MOLLY HOWARD,
196 Blank Street,
New York.

So I went into the fourth pile. But I tell you the fifth pile was a sight. The letters were signed with all sorts of fancy names, Fanny, Lu, Josie, Will, Harry, and so on. Half of them hadn't a sign of a date, of course they couldn't be sent back, because how would a respectable letter lock—I should like to know—addressed;

"Affectionate Jenny,
"New York,"

How do you suppose the postmaster could pick out the special "affectionate Jenny" in that big city?

Of course it's ridiculous. So they just go to the fifth pile, where an awful fate awaits them. I tell you I was glad my Miss Molly was'nt so silly as to sign like that.

Those unfortunate letters were put into a cruel machine, which *tore them into bits!* Then they were "dead letters" indeed, and their remains were sold to paper-dealers.

When the day's letters were sorted and there were a good many thousands of them, all the piles were gathered up and carried to other rooms. All the fourth pile went to a room, where each one of us was put, overcoat and all, into a new envelope, and directed to the one who wrote the letter.

I was directed as I told you I was signed:

Miss Molly Howard,
196 Blank Street,
New York.

and was stamped with a curious sign, "6 cents due."

Well, I went into another horrid bag, but I had got used to it by this time; besides, my strong, buff overcoat protected me pretty well, and all my neighbors had also clean, buff overcoats. After a short journey I found myself in another post-office.

Then I was given to a man with a big bag, and I knew him the minute I saw him. He was the very man who took me from my mistress, so long ago, and my heart beat for joy as I thought I should soon see her again, and perhaps return to my dear old home in her desk.

She came to the door and took me.

"Six cents due," said he.

"Why," said she, looking at my new overcoat, "from the Dead Letter Office!"

She took out her purse and paid the carrier six cents. That was to pay for my journey from California to Washington, and from Washington back to New York, two fares—or postages—you see.

When she had paid, she went into the house, and opened the letter.

"My own letter to John. I declare!" she exclaimed, "written last summer. I wonder why he never got it?" and she looked carefully at me. "Oh, I see. It is directed to Box 487, and it should be 486. What a shameful blunder!"

"She laid me, with a sigh, into the same desk, saying to herself:

"I'll keep it anyway, to show John that I *did* write."

My old friends were all gone from the desk, except a pearl-handled knife, and a gold pen, but I found new sheets of paper with the same monogram, and, regarding me as a traveled stranger, they are very polite to me.

So I'm very comfortable now, but I shall never get back my delicate perfume. Because, you know, any one who has associated with people of vulgar perfume—or ideas—can never quite get rid of the evil—all his life.—*Christian Union.*

Northern Pacific R. R. Product.

The Elmira *Advertiser* thus speaks of the Northern Pacific Railroad display at the New York State Fair, lately held at that place:

"Probably the most remarkable display of agricultural products on the ground is that made by the Land Department of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. In variety and extent it certainly had no equal. It was not entered for premiums, but simply exhibited. Among the products shown were vegetables, fruits, grains and minerals. The land that grow such monstrous specimens must certainly be of the best quality. The productions are from Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington Territory and Oregon. Some of the rye exhibited, as grown in Montana is marvelous in size, and the spring wheat is equal if not superior to the best winter wheat grown in the Genlessee Valley. There are some plums from Oregon, five of which make a pound and Bartlett pears from Washington Territory weighing fifteen ounces each. The barley is equal to the wheat and as well the oats. This exhibition attracted a great deal of attention and comment from the practical farmers of this vicinity, and the millers looked at the specimens of wheat with eyes of wonder. A larger space should have been allotted to this collection that it had, as it looked cramped and confined. We were present, when one of the largest farmers in this region was carefully examining it, and he regeatedly and emphatically pronounced it as excelling anything he had ever seen. This exhibition was a clear demonstration to the minds of the many that looked upon it, that the climate of the country through which the Northern Pacific Railroad passes is mild enough to raise the finest cereals that grow

FARMING IN ARIZONA.—A New York *Tribune* correspondent thus reports what "the Judge" told him about farming in Arizona: "Do you know how they carry on agricultural down there?" asked the Judge. "There was a fellow who hired himself out as a farm hand in Arizonia, and the first day his master told him to cut some wood. So he asked for an axe, but the farmer said, "No, we don't cut wood with an axe here," and gave him a sledge-hammer to knock and break off the mesquit which they burn down there. The next day John was ordered to cut some hay, and was looking about for the scythe, when his master said, "We don't cut hay with a scythe down here,' and gave him a hoe to cat down the woody stalks with which they swindle the horses there for hay. The third morning the farmer called his man to come out and plant corn. John looked for the hoe, but his master said, "We don't plant corn with a hoe out here," and gave him a crow-bar with which to punch holes in the ground wherein to drop corn, and John left the country in disgust at that kind of farm work."

After all, it is the best wisdom to treat with absolute indifference or contempt a great deal that happens in this world of misunderstandings. Let any good and well meaning man reflect upon the blunders and slanders that assailed and possibly annoyed him one week ago, and consider how very dead they are now? Such fruit of ignorance and malice dies of its own rottenness.

NEW YORK MILLIONAIRES.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe writes from New York: Beyond our fifty-million-apiece residents, William B. Astor, Alexander T. Stewart, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, hardly anybody knows or cares who is rich here. Daniel Drew looms up frequently in Wall street speculations, and is occasionally mentioned in Meteodist circles and weeklies as a large contributor to churches and colleges of that sect. He is a shrewed old fox, and almost always gets ahead of the boys, as he calls the members of the Stock Exchange, when he has a fancy for a big operation. He has made a vast deal of money in the last two years, and is now reputed to be worth $40,000,000. One of the most successful speculators in the street of late is Henry N. Smith, reported to have cleared $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 in the last twelve months. Jay Gould is said to have added some $2,000,000 to his capital since the *coup d'etat* in Erie, and ten or twelve other bold operators might be named who have bulled and beared, and gotten up corners until they have augmented their fortunes in a single year by $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 apiece.

The Kentucky Public Library has received from Tennessee a "brank" or scold's bridle, such was used years ago in Scotland and England for the punishment of females who were adjudged to have made too free use of their tongues. The instrument consists of "an iron band to pass under the chin and over the top part of the head with a sharp, chisel-shaped projection, extending two inches inwardly, to be inserted into the mouth. It was held in its place by another iron band extending round the back part of the head, and fastened with a padlock. When the instrument was thus put on the scold her tongue had to recede to the back part of her mouth and there remain quiet or be cut to pieces by the sharp edge of the iron put there for that purpose. To scold, or even talk, in this fix was impossible, and the woman thus bridled had to keep silent."

COMMANDING THE PEACE.—A gentleman who used to carry on the Sheriff business, wholesale and retail, in Ontonagon county, in an early day, was frequently called on to quiet tumultuous brawls, which he did by rushing into the crowd and knocking every man engaged in the row as flat as a flounder, and then repeating these memorable words over their prostrate bodies: "Say, boys, what's all this fuss about? As Sheriff of Ontonagon county I command the peace."

From the most reliable accounts received from Rome, it is evident that anything but harmony reigns there. The authority of the Pope and that of the King appears to conflict, and many of the Cardinals are leaving. Many of the churches have been siezed and converted into barracks for the troops. The King of Italy seems determined to annoy and embarrass the Pope by every means in his power. The Papal troops have been disbanded, and the household guard are not permitted outside of the Vatican in uniform. Convents, churches and monasteries have been broken up and closed, and the wildest excitement and terror prevails.

Governor Leslie is the Superintendent of the Baptist Sabbath-school at Frankfort, Ky. If we are not mistaken, Hon. John W. Stevenson, while Governor, was a regular teacher in the Episcopal sunday-school at Frankfort. With these two honorable except ons, we have have no knowledge of prominent men who let their light shine in this unpretending way.—*Paris Citizen.*

Movements of the N. P. R. R. Co.

From a gentleman who has been connected with Mr. Ward's surveying party ever since last Spring, and who reached this place a short time since, we learn that after leaving Walla Walla the party proceeded to the mouth of the Palouse river, and followed up the North branch of that stream to a chain of small lakes which are near, and perhaps, the source of Hangman's creek, down which Latter stream they followed almost to its mouth, and crossed the Spokane river about ten miles below Kendall's bridge, on the old Mullan road. From the Spokane river they ran on an almost direct line to Pen d'Oreille lake. The party then returned over the same route to Crab creek and Sulphur lake, and then took a Westerly course, reaching the Columbia river at Rock Island, one of the most feasable points on the whole river for a Railroad bridge. From thence to the Cascate Mountains they followed up the Winatchie river, which rises in what is generally known as Skagit Pass, but which is also called Lindsley's Pass by the Railroad men, in honor of one of their engineers by that name. A thorough examination of the pass revealed the fact that it is not only a practicable one for the road, but that the route through it is sixty or seventy miles shorter than that by way of the Snoqualmie Pass, which is considerably further South. Mr. Ward, however, discovered another route about four or five miles South of Skagit Pass, which he called Ward's Pass, that he considered still better than either of the others just mentioned. The latter is but little over 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and presents no serious obstacle to building a Railroad throughout its entire length. A tunnel at the summit, of perhaps a mile and a quarter in length, will bring the whole within easy grades. Our informant is of the opinion that Ward's Pass is the one that will ultimately selected by the Railroad Company as being, on the whole, much preferable to the other two. Mr. Eastwick is at present making the final location of that portion of the route between the mouth of Snake river and Pen d'Oreille lake, and we understand the contract will soon be let for the construction of that portion of the road. A speedy completion of this great thoroughfare is certainly a "consummation devoutly to be wished" by everybody in Washington Territory East of the Cascade Mountains.—*Walla Walla Record.*

Care of Farm Tools.

Most of our farm implements sooner rust out from careless exposure to the inclemency of the weather than are worn out by use. We are glad to see that our agricultural journals keep pelting away at the thick coats of our thin-skinned farming fraternity, who lose money every year for the want of a little reasonable care in this particular. The Farmer-Journal says:

Every farmer should have a can of linseed oil and a brush on hand, and whenever he buys a new tool he should soak it well with the oil and dry it by the fire or in the sun before using. The wood by this treatment is toughened and strengthened and rendered impervious to water. Wet a new hay rake and when it dries it will begin to be loose in the joints; but if well oiled the wet will have but slight effect. Shovels and forks are preserved from checking and cracking by the top of the handle by oiling. The wood becomes as smooth as glass by use, and is far less liable to blister the hand when long used. Ax and hammer handles often break off where the wood enters the iron. This part particularly should be toughened with oil, to secure durability. Oiling the wood in the eye of the ax will prevent its swelling and shrinking and sometimes getting loose. The tools on a large farm cost a great sum of money; they should be of the most approved kinds. It is poor economy, at the present extravagant price of labor, to set men to work with ordinary old-fashioned implements. Laborers should be required to return their tools to the convenient places provided for them. After using they should be put away clean and bright. The mold-boards of plows are apt to get rusty from one season to another even if sheltered. They should be brushed over with a few drops of oil when put away, and will then remain in good order till wanted.

A NEW USE FOR THE DOXOLOGY.—A good deacon, who was naturally a high-tempered man, had been used to beat his oxen over the head, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a Christian his cattle were remarkable docile. A friend inquired in to the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully. This made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load, sit down, and sing 'Old Hundred.' I don't know how it is, but the psalm has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

Brain work costs more food than hand work. According to careful estimates and analysis of the excretions, three hours of hard study wears out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor. Another evidence of the cost of brain work is obtained from the fact that though the brain is only one-fortieth the weight of the body, it receives one-sixth of all the blood sent by the heart into the system. Brain workers, therefore, require a more liberal supply of food than manual laborers.

A toper got so much on his stomach the other day, that said organ repelled the load. As he leaned against a lamp post vomiting, a little dog happened to stop by him, whereupon he indulged in this soliloquy:

"Well, now, here's a conundrum. I know where I ate the baked beans; I remember where I ate that lobster; I recollect where I got that rum; but hang me if I can recall where I swallowed that little yaller dog!

A divorce case is on trial in Chicago, in which an old bald headed rascal, and a coach man at that, is defendant, and a child about fifteen, hardly out of her short clothes, is the complainant. The latter is a member of one of the most respectable families in Chicago—"carriage people"—as they say. The divorce case is likely to be granted, although the cash is still on.

A few Sundays since a teacher in the Sunday school of an Episcopal church in Chicago said to one of her pupils: "James, what good thing—what great pleasure are you willing to give up as a sacrifice during the Lenten season?" Jimmy meditated about ten seconds, and responded: I think I'll give up going to Sunday school."

He was a Michigan sportsman, and, as the gun wouldn't go off, he tried to melt the bullet out with a red-hot iron and—well the doctor thinks two more poultices will draw out the two ounces of powder in his face, but he has given up probing for the bullet.

Sniggles says he has seen a rope walk, a note run, a watch spring, a horse fly, a Saratoga hop, and next summer he shall go to the Rocky Mountains to see the big trees leave and the Pacific slope.

An owl which was shot in Lauderdale county, Miss., had a steel trap, with about two feet of chain attached to it, hitched to one of its feet.

Present Condition of the North Pacific Railroad.

It is announced that by the middle of November this new road will be completed to the Missouri river, 452 miles west of Duluth. This will be an addition of 200 miles since Spring. Trains have been running daily between Duluth and the Red River since April last, and now rolling stock is ready to equip the extension.

On the Pacific side in Washington Territory a small section of twenty-five miles has been some time in operation. Forty miles more of track will be completed before the close of the season. Adding the completed portion on the Pacific side to the Eastern section, it gives a total of five hundred and seventeen miles of track laid in a little more than two years from the commencement of work. When the delays encountered the first year in making the surveys and deciding on the best line through the forest region are considered, the result is marvelous, and attests the energy with which the work is pushed forward. Some idea of the work accomplished will be conveyed by stating that the finished portion of the road in November will excede in length the New York Central, with all its literal and branch lines included.

Besides the actual construction, the work of surveying and locating the entire line across the continent has proceeded with vigor. The exploring parties have fought a scattering Indians, but have carried their surveys successfully to the Yellowstone. The portion of the road now in operation and increasing has a large local traffic. It intersects the Red River at Moorehead, and from Glyndon, eleven milest east of Red River, a new railroad is being constructed northward up the valley to Pembina, where it will meet and join a line soon to be built southward from Fort Garry. It commands the southeastern bound freight and travel of the British settlements on Manitoba, and also of the Hudson's Bay Company. It will also be the outlet of a large portion of the grain grown in Minnesota.

When the contracts for this season are completed, the company will have a permanent business in the great traffic of the Upper Missouri River, with all the Government transportations in the North-West. A few miles beyond the point where the railway strikes the Missouri, the river bends to the westward, and is navigable for steamboats for one thousand miles, of water way from the railroad crossing to Fort Benton, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in Eastern Montana.

Nearly forty steamers are employed during the season in the trade of these upper waters.

In April next, at the opening of navigation, there will be a direct communication, east and west, by rail and river, from Lake Superior, in longitude 92 degrees, to the populous districts in Western Montana, in longitude 110 degrees. From this point westward it is about four hundred miles through the passes of the Rocky Mountains to that portion of the Columbia river whence, it is navigable to the Pacific.

The finished sections of the road entitle the company to about ten million acres of land, granted by the Government, constituting an area about twice the extent of Massachusetts. Ten million contiguous acres belonging to the Government are at the same time rendered habitable and saleable. The lands are situated on either side of the line, and principally consists of excellent farming land, with the productive soil characteristic of all the prairie region. Settlers have already applied for more than a quarter of a million of acres. The company has already begun the cancellation of, its seventy-thirty first mortgage bonds by the proceeds of its sales of land, and is accomplishing its great work with success and economy.

There is a prospect of a large emigration of the tenant farmer class from England in the coming Spring. One colony alone, recently formed there, through its pioneer agents secured a tract in Clay county Minnesota, of 185,000 acres directly on the line of railway. The intended settlement is to be named Yeovil, after a town in the west of England whence the majority of the colonists will come. The first contingent of this colony numbers about two thousand; the remainder will follow in 1873.

The bureau having in charge the Land Department of the road has built and furnished convenient reception-houses for the free accommodation of intending settlers and their families while engaged in selecting their farms. On of these are at Duluth, another at Brainerd, where the road crosses the Mississippi, and a third at Glyndon, at the crossing of the Red River. Emigrants used to trundle with their ox-carts over forlorn and desolated prairies, and bivouac where the night found them. It is quite different now. They are carried in comfort to the very sites of their future homes—and the organization of the system is such that they are protected from imposition or spoliation from the time they leave their old homes across the water till they begin the foundation of their new ones under the sunset. Every able-bodied and industrious man and woman who comes hither makes the nation richer and contributes to the general prosperity, and in this view the condition and prospects of the race are a source of legitimate congratulation. Arrangements are making for pushing construction east and west during 1873.

N. Y. Tribune.

CURE FOR A HORSE PULLING AT HALTER.—A year ago, I had a four year old horse which had contracted the habit of pulling back whenever she was fastened. She would be sure to break loose, if what held her could be broken by her drawing in such a backward way. She was cured of the habit by taking a rope two feet long, fastening one end around her body just back of her shoulders, passing the other end through the ring of the halter, and tying it to the post. She lay back for her usual pull for a few times when fixed in this way, but soon found she was drawing from her body instead of her head, which she did not relish and soon gave it up entirely. She can now be left anywhere with perfect safety, as nothing will induce her to pull back when fastened.

REMEDY FOR SCRATCHES.—Thomas J. Graves writes to the Western Rural that he has treated hundreds of cases of greaseheel or scratches as follows, and never failed to cure it treated before the foot commenced to come off: "Wash the parts affected thoroughly with soapsuds in order to take off all the grease, dirt, etc. Wipe dry; then take the grease off the fire while boiling and throw it on immediately. Apply this way every other day, for three or four times, sometimes oftener; be your own judge as to how often from the appearance. Keep out of dews and mud as much as possible. Do not keep stabled or tied up, and allow the animal as much exercise as will be taken of its own accord. I give this from my personal knowledge and experience."

POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.—We call the following Positive Philsophy. Will our "Medicine Men" take notice. One of the Pi Ute medicine men lately told his fellow Indians that when he died, if they would cut him to pieces, his body would unite and he ascend to Heaven in a cloud of smoke. An experimental savage killed him at once, and the crowd cut him up, departing in disgust at the fallibility of science when the parts lay as they were left."—*Press*, Yankton, Dakota.

King Oscar II.

King Oscar II., who has just ascended the throne of Sweden and Norway, has many peculiarities, but as he is a highly gifted man of a family who have ever looked with favor on liberal and progressive movements, the people of the two northern kingdoms are confident that the liberties of the country will be safe in his hands. He early manifested great mental aptitude, and would have been the pride and delight of his teachers, but for his wayward disposition. His father, Oscar I., was a great disciplinarian, and insisted that his two sons should be treated by their teachers with the same severity as ordinary schoolboys. He himself would examine their compositions after school hours, and when he found they were not satisfactory, he would administer with his own hands the required correction. Having received several rather severe castigations in this manner, the young Prince Oscar, in his twelfth year, like Frederick the Great in a similar trouble, ran away from home, and succeeded in finding his way to Copenhagen, where the emissaries of his distressed parents found him playing in the street at marbles with some little ragamuffins. No European prince ever presented a more ludicrous aspect than young Oscar when he was thus found, barefooted and his clothes soiled and torn. But he asserts to the present day that he enjoyed himself gloriously during that brief absence from home. In his seventeenth year he was sent to the University of Upsala, where he took part in all the practical jokes of which the students of that ancient seat of learning are so fond. After remaining there about six months he shocked his royal father by coolly informing him that he had fallen desperately in love with daughter of one of the university professors, and was determined to marry her. To prevent this he was immediately removed to Stockholm, where he became very popular by his simplicity and unaffected manners. He delighted to walk the streets after nightfall, plainly dressed, and was invariably present at fires, where he would work with the greatest vigor at the engines. While traveling with a friend, incognito, in 1852, they were both robbed, and when the landlord presented their bills next morning, they had not a cent to pay with, when their irate host locked them up, and summoned two policemen to take them in charge, but, with some difficulty they established their identity, and were discharged. When the court of Stockholm selected a German princess as consort of the wayward Oscar, the latter went secretly to Lubeck, and, in disguise, traveled with her in the steamer that conveyed her from that port to Stockholm, watching his intended bride with the closest attention. What he saw of her satisfied him that she was an excellent young woman, and he has ever since proved an affectionate husband to her.—*Weekly Press.*

Savings for Old Age.

No one denies that it is wise to make provisions for old age, but we are not at all agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is in need a sorry sight; yes, save money by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which young men are apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy, which he will never feel the need of until he is seventy, and then how much he will want it! It is curious, but true, that a bottle of champagne at twenty will intensify the rheumatism at threescore. It is a fact that overtasking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the aid of spectacles at forty instead of sixty. We advise our young readers to be saving of health for their old age, for the maxim holds good in regard to health as to money—"Waste not, want not." It is the greatest mistake to suppose that violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty. Nature forgives no sin—no error; she lets off the offender for fifty years sometimes, but she catches him at last, and inflicts the punishment just when, just where, and just how he feels it most. Save up for age, but save knowledge; save the recollection of good and noble deeds, innocent pleasures and pure thoughts; save friends, save love. Save such stores of that kind of wealth that time can not diminish nor death take away.—*Freemason.*

Uncle Josh and the Deacon.

Deacon D. was very much interested in a revival that was taking place in the neighborhood, and, as a consequence, was continually urging his neighbors to "come over on the Lord's side," as he expressed it. He had frequently importuned an old neighbor of his—who was not particularly noted for his profession of religion, but was nevertheless highly respected by all who knew him—to attend one of their evening meetings. Now the piety and honesty of the deacon was a matter of doubt among his fellow-townsmen and particularly so with the old man above mentioned, who, for convenience sake we will call Uncle Josh.

After repeated calls, Uncle Josh consented to accompany the deacon to one of the meetings, and accordingly accompanied him to the school house one evening, much to the surprise of all present. In the course of the evening the deacon arose with a penitential countenance to tell his experience. He was the prince of sinners, he said. If he got his deserts he would be banished for ever from the divine presence. After making himself out to be all that is vile according to his own interpretation of "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," he sat down with the sublime sense of having done his duty, and asked Uncle Josh if he wouldn't tell his experience. With some reluctance he meekly arose amid the breathless attention of the assembly.

It was an unknown occurrence for Uncle Josh to speak in meeting. He said he had listened with great interest to the remarks of the deacon, and he could assure the brethren that from his long acquaintance with him he could fully endorse all the deacon had said concerning his meanness and vileness, for he was certainly the meanest man he ever knew. The wrath of the deacon was terrific. He shook his fist under Uncle Josh's nose, and exclaimed: "You are a confounded liar, and I'll whip you as soon as you get out of church."

Do Little Things Well.

Let me thank you, my friend, for teaching me the necessity of doing little things well; taking as much pains with them as with those we call great things. This lesson I have been all my life in need of learning—and I don't know, even now, that I have learned it—but I think I am making approaches to it. Little things—or those I have called such—are becoming more important in my eyes. I see how the *whole* tails, if the *parts* are imperfectly done. This is the great beauty and glory of Nature's works. Each separate little part is finished so perfectly, and put in just the place to make the grand whole harmonious. I was thinking of this a few days ago, as I stood on a high hill looking across the lake. The ins and outs, the curves and graceful lines, the hills and valleys, which combine to make up this beautiful spot,—how God must have had one great plan for his whole world, and then little plans all through it, to make these pleasant places for men and cattle, little birds, and every living thing.