BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

VOLUME 2. BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY, FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1873. NUMBER 41.

THE AVANT COURIER,

Published Every Friday,

AT BOZEMAN, GALLATIN COUNTY, M. T.

JOSEPH WRIGHT,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One year, in advance or during the first q'r	$6 00
One year, payable after the first quarter	8 00
Six months, in advance	3 00
" " during term of subscription	4 00
Three months, invariably in advance	2 00

ADVERTISING RATES:

TIME.	1 Card.	1 Square.	2 Squares.	1 Column.	¼ Column.	½ Column.	1 Column.
1 Time	$ 2	$ 3	$ 5	$ 7	$10	$ 20	$ 30
2 Time	3	5	6	10	15	25	40
3 Time	4	6	8	12	17	30	47
1 Month	6	8	10	14	18	35	55
2 Months	8	10	12	18	30	45	75
3 Months	7	12	15	25	40	60	90
6 Months	9	18	30	40	60	80	140
1 Year	16	25	40	55	75	120	225

A Card is Five Lines; a Square Ten Lines, of this type.

Local Notices 25 cents per line for the first insertion and 15 cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance, and all Job Printing when the work is delivered.

DIRECTORY OF FEDERAL OFFICERS OF MONTANA.

OFFICE.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.
Governor	BENJ. F. POTTS	Virginia City
Secretary	J. E. CALLAWAY	"
Chief Justice	D. S. WADE	Helena
Associate Justices	F. C. SHARVIS	Virginia City
	HIRAM KNOWLES	Deer Lodge
U. S. Dist. Att'y	M. C. PARK	Radersburg
Surveyor General	JOHN E. BLAINE	Helena
Register of Lands	COL. STAPLETON	Helena
Receiver "	W. C. CHILDS	Helena
Sup't Indian Affairs	JAMES A. VIVIAN	Helena
U. S. Marshal	WM. F. WIGKELER	Helena
Ass sor Int. Rev	L. B. CHURCH	Helena
Collector "	S. L. WATSON	Helena
Collector Customs	W. W. JOHNSON	Helena
U. S. Commissioner	E. W. CARPENTER	Helena

Times and Places for Holding Courts in the Territory of Montana.

SUPREME COURT.

At Virginia City, first Monday in January and second Monday in August.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURTS.

First District—At Virginia City first Monday in April, second Monday in July, and second Monday in November.

Second District—At Deer Lodge, third Monday in April, first Monday in September, and first Monday in December.

Third District—At Helena, first Monday in March, first Monday in July, and fourth Monday in October.

TERRITORIAL COURTS.

First District—In Madison County, at Virginia City, first Monday in April, second Monday in July, and second Monday in November.

In Gallatin County, at Bozeman, first Monday in March and fifth Monday in October.

In Jefferson County, at Radersburg, second Monday in May, and first Monday in October.

Second District—Deer Lodge County, at Deer Lodge City, third Monday in April, first Monday in September, and first Monday in December.

In Missoula County, at Missoula, fourth Monday in June and second Monday in November.

In Beaver Head County, Bannack, first Monday in June, and third Monday in October.

Third District—In Lewis and Clark County, at Helena, first Monday in March, first Monday in July, and fourth Monday in October.

In Meagher County, fourth Monday in May and fourth Monday in November.

A. F. & A. M.

Stated communications of Gallatin Lodge No. 6 A F & A M. held at their hall on the first Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each Month.

Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.

THOS. R. EDWARDS, W. M.

R. P. MENEFEE, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

WESTERN STAR LODGE No. 4, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday night, at 8 o'clock p. m., in Odd Fellows' Hall.

A. D. McPHERSON, N. G.

JOHN O'KELLEY, P. S.

HENRY MILLER.

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Boots and Shoes,

MAIN STREET, BOZEMAN, M. T.

KEEPS constantly on hand and manufactures to order

Custom-Made Boots,

Warranted to fit and made of the best material

JOB WORK

Of every description done. If you want your soals constructed, bring them along

Guns! Guns! Guns!

W. COOPER,

AGENT FOR SHARP'S SPORTING RIFLES

DEALER IN

Guns, Pistols and Ammunition

Second door below L. M. Black's store,

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

All kinds of repairing neatly and promptly done. 1-1

Walker House,

East Temple Street,

Salt Lake City, ... Utah.

H. S. GREELY & CO., PROP'S.

St. Louis Hotel,

HELENA, M. T.,

Extending from Main to Jackson Streets.

Will be kept open for the reception of transient and permanent guests and boarders.

Accommodations Unsurpassed and Charges Reasonable.

C. D. SULLIVAN

Professional Cards.

ATTORNEYS.

CHARLES W. TURNER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Will practice in all Courts of record in Montana.

Office in rear of Dowes' store, BOZEMAN, M. T.

JOHN POTTER,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

HAMILTON, MONTANA.

☞ Will practice in all the courts of Montana Territory.

GEORGE F. COWAN

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office, lower story of the House Building,

RADERSBURG, M. T.

T. R. EDWARDS. R. P. VIVION.

EDWARDS & VIVION,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

BOZEMAN, M. T.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory.

☞ Collections promptly attended to.

H. F. WILLIAMS,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

BOZEMAN, MONTANA,

Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.

A. G. P. GEORGE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RADERSBURG, M. T.

SAMUEL WORD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

VIRGINIA CITY, M. T.

Will practice in all courts of Montana Territory.

J. J. DAVIS,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Will practice in all courts of Montana Territory.

PAGE & COLEMAN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

BOZEMAN AND RADERSBURG, M. T.

☞ Will practice in all Courts of Montana.

PHYSICIANS.

C. MUSSICBROD, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

Office at the Metropolitan Hotel,

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

DR. H. CREPIN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Bozeman, Montana

Tenders his professional services to the people of Bozeman and the Gallatin valley. Office at residence on Black street.

Dr. G. W. MONROE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office at Osborne's Drug Store, Masonic building, Main Street, BOZEMAN, M. T.,

Offers his professional services to the people of Bozeman and the Gallatin valley.

DON L. BYAM,

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,

At his residence on Middle Creek.

W. R. BULLARD, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

RADERSBURG, M. T.

Dr. THOS. REECE,

Physician and Surgeon,

Office, No. 42, St. Louis Hotel,

HELENA, ... MONTANA.

MINERAL SURVEYS.

PETER KOCH,

U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor,

Will survey and procure patents for Placer Mines and Gold and Silver Lodes at reasonable rates.

☞ Surveys of Mining and Irrigating Ditches also made on short notice.

H. N. ANNIS,

At the upper end of Main Street,

BOZEMAN, M. T.,

Is fully prepared to do all kinds of

BLACKSMITHING

— AND —

WAGON WORK,

HORSES, MULES AND OXEN SHOD.

And everything pertaining to the Blacksmith business promptly executed, in a satisfactory manner, and at low prices.

JAMES B. FINCH,

Practical Blacksmith and Machinist,

Main Street, Bozeman, M. T.

Everything pertaining to the business promptly and satisfactorily executed.

☞ Mr. FINCH has a new plan of tempering mill picks, to which he calls the attention of millers. It has proved highly satisfactory in every instance, and is warranted to give satisfaction.

Ho for Wonderland!

AND THE

Mammoth Hot Springs.

I am now prepared to carry INVALIDS and PLEASURE PARTIES to the celebrated Mammoth Hot Springs of Horr & McCartney, and othe points in the

NATIONAL PARK.

G. W. A. FRAZIER'S four-horse conveyance will leave Bozeman weekly, or oftener, if necessary, connecting with my trains at the Yellowstone Canyon.

For terms apply to Gov. Williams, Exchange, Saloon, Bozeman, M. T. JOHN WERK. 8tf

DARWINISM IN THE KITCHEN.

I was taking off my bonnet
One afternoon at three,
When a hinseck jumped upon it
Which proved to be a flea.

Then I takes it to the grate,
Between the bars to stick it;
But it hadn't long to wait
Ere it changed into a cricket.

Says I, "Sure-ly my senses
Is getting i-n a fog!"
So to drown it I commences,
When it hollers to a frog.

Here my heart began to thump,
And no wonder I felt funky;
For the frog, with one big jump,
Leaped him-self into a monkey.

Then I opened wide my eyes,
His features for to scan,
And observed with great surprise,
That the monkey was a man.

But he vanished from my sight,
And I sunk upon the floor
Just as missus, with a light,
Come inside the kitchen door.

Then beginning to abuse me,
She says, "Sarah, you've been drinkin!"
I says, "No mum, you'll excuse me,
But I've merely been a-thinkin.'

"But as sure as I'm a cluder,
That party what you see
A gettin' out o' winder,
Have developed from a flea."

He Would Have His Garden.

We suppose there is a time that comes to every man when he feels he should like to have a garden. If he takes such a notion he will tell his wife of it. This is the first mistake he makes, and the ground thus lost is never fully recovered. She draws her chair up to his, and lays one hand on his knee, and purses up her lips into a whistle of expectation (the vixen), and tells about her mother's garden, and how nice it is to have vegetables fresh from the vines every morning, and she will go right out and plan the whole thing herself. He takes the spade, and works himself into a perspiration, and she tramps around under a frightful sun-bonnet, and gets under his feet, and shrieks at the worms, and loses her shoe, and makes him first vexed, then mad, and then ferocious. After the garden is spaded, he gets the seed, and finds that she has been thoughtful enough to open the papers, and empty thirteen varieties of different vegetables into one dish. This leads him to step out doors where he can commune with nature alone for a moment. Then he takes up the seed, and a hoe, and line, and starts for the garden. And then she puts on [illegible] with a long handled rake, and a pocketful of beans and petunia seed and dahlia bulbs. While he is planting the corn she stands on the cucumber hills, and rakes over the seed pan. Then she puts the rake handle over her shoulder and the rake teeth into his hair, and walks over the other beds. He don't find the squash seed until she moves, and then he digs them out of the ground with his thumb. She plants the best seed herself, putting just about two feet of earth and sod upon them. Then she takes advantage of his absorption in other matters, and puts down the petunia seed in one spot, and afterwards digs them up, and puts them down in another place. The beans she conceals in the earth wherever she can find a place, and puts the bulbs into the cucumber hills. Then she tips over the seed-pan again, and apologizes, and steps on two of the best tomatoe plants, and says, "O, my!" which in no way resembles what he says. About this time she discovers a better place for the petunia seed, but having forgotten where she last put them, she proceeds to find them, and within an incredible short space of time, succeeds in unearthing pretty much everything that has been put down. After confusing things so, there is no earthly possibility of ever unraveling them again, she says the sun is killing her, and goes over to the fence where she stands for hours, telling the woman next door about an aunt of hers who was confined to her bed for eleven years, and had eight doctors from the city, but nothing would give her any relief until an old lady—but you have heard it before. The next day a man comes to his office to get the pay for a patent seed-sower which his wife had ordered, and he no more than gets away before the patentee of a new lawn-mower comes in with an order of ten dollars, and he in turn is followed by the corn-sheller man, and the miserable gardner starts for home to head off the robbers, and finds his wife at the gate with his own hat on, and just about to close a bargain with a smooth-faced individual for a two hundred dollar mowing-machine, and a pearl-handled, ivory mounted, hay-cutter. He first knocks the agricultural implement agent on the head, and then drags the miserable woman into the house, and, locking the door, gives himself up to his emotions.—*Danbury News.*

How "Greenback" Paper is Made.

All the paper for the money issued by the Government is manufactured on a 62 inch Fourdrinier machine, at the Glen Mills, near West Chester, Pennsylvania. Short pieces of red silk are mixed with the pulp in the engine, and the finished stuff is conducted to the wire without passing through any screens, which might retain the silk threads. By an arrangement above the wire cloth, a shower of short pieces of fine blue silk thread is dropped in streaks upon the paper while it is forming. The upper side, on which the blue silk is dropped, is the one used for the face of the notes, and, from the manner in which the threads are applied, must show them more distinctly than the lower or reverse side, although they are imbedded deeply enough to remain fixed. The mill is guarded by officers night and day to prevent the abstraction of any paper.

Josh "never knew an auctioneer tu lie, unless it was absolutely convenient."

THE PRINCE'S POISONER.

The Victim and Pauline Weigel—His Domestic Troubles—Prince Albert as Peacemaker—A Singular Fascination—Startling Scene at a Royal Palace.

Some startling facts have recently become known in regard to the poisoning of Prince Frederick William the First, and Prince Imperial of Germany, for which the Jesuits were denounced in unmeasured terms. The progress of his malady was watched with intense interest, and when, upon his recovery, he returned to Berlin, he was everywhere the object of enthusiastic ovations as a victim of Romanism. Although the German newspapers, for obvious reasons, have not ventured to publish a line on the subject, it is no longer a secret at the Imperial capital that the Jesuits had nothing whatever to do with the poisoning, and that the real criminal, who, however, was not prosecuted at all for the offence, was a woman. The first suspicions in regard to this mysterious affair were aroused by the appearance in the middle of January last, in a Berlin newspaper, of the announcement that Henry Peltzer had been married to Pauline Weigel. Peltzer was a middle-aged attendant of the household of the Crown Prince, and Pauline Weigel, who ostensibly carried on the business of a milliner, had for years been the mistress of the Crown Prince. The relations of the latter with the milliner had long furnished material for the gossips of Berlin. The Crown Prince, it appears, formed the acquaintance of Pauline Weigel shortly after his marriage to the oldest daughter of Queen Victoria. Pauline, at that time, was a dashing, spirited beauty, a dark blonde, of slender, graceful form, an expressive, vivacious countenance, small hands and feet, and engaging manners. The Crown Prince, like most of the Princes of his house, had a decided weakness for the fair sex, and, meeting the fair Pauline, who was then but twenty years old, at a popular ball, he fell in love with her. A week after she was his mistress. He visited her every day, and from the first she gained an ascendancy over him, which she managed to retain until a very recent period. In the course of time she bore several children to the Prince, who amply provided for their wants, while he furnished the mother with means enabling her to live in a style far above her station in life. This liaison of the Crown Prince's did not long remain a secret to the Crown Princess Victoria, and it led to many angry altercations between her and her wayward husband. In effect, matters between them grew worse and worse, and a complete rupture between them was averted only by the efforts of the Crown Princess' father, Prince Albert, who hurried from Windsor Castle to Berlin, and who succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between his daughter and her husband. The latter promised to behave himself in the future; but although for a time he acted with more circumspection, he did not by any means break off his liaison with Pauline Weigel, who, knowing full well her great power over the Crown Prince, ingenuously stimulated his jealousy of her, and thereby strengthened the meshes in which she held him captive.

Years rolled on, and still the liaison continued. Pauline Weigel's beauty was not sensibly impaired in the course of time, and it was not until 1866 that the Crown Prince made an effort to shake off her yoke. The death of his (legitimate) son, Sigismund, which occurred just at the breaking out of the war with Austria, made a profound impression upon him, which was, perhaps, intensified by the terrible events of the Sadowa campaign. When he returned to Berlin, after the conclusion of peace, he told his mistress that they must part. Pauline Weigel, who, on her part, had become passionately attached to him, and whose disposition was extremely jealous, succeeded by dint of tears, reproaches, and threats of suicide, in keeping him attached to her chariot. The Crown Prince succumbed again, but thenceforth visited her more rarely. Finally, in November last, he resolved upon a definite rupture with Pauline Weigel. He visited her one night in the early part of that month, and told her, with true Hohenzollern brusqueness, that their liaison must come to an end; that she must marry; that Henry Peltzer, who had frequently acted as go-between for them, had consented to become her husband; that he would liberally provide for them, and that they must leave Berlin and Germany after the wedding. Vainly did she try to shake his determination. Tears and supplications proved unavailing. The only thing which she extorted from him was the promise that he would visit her again on the following evening, but he told her most emphatically that it would be for the last time.

The wretched woman did not leave her room during the whole of the following day nor receive anybody. At half-past 8 in the evening the Prince arrived in a public hack. He was deeply muffled in his cloak, and wore the undress uniform of an officer of low grade. What occurred between him and Pauline Weigel during this their last interview, is a secret, except that the Crown Prince took a cup of tea just before leaving her, which was after 10 o'clock. When he arrived near his palace, the hack driver stopped, as he had been ordered to do, and, upon opening the door of the coach, found, to his great alarm, that the Prince had suddenly been taken seriously sick. He carried the patient to the door of the palace, where he was at once taken care of. In a few minutes the servants were alarmed, the Crown Princess made her appearance, the Prince was taken to his bedroom and the court physicians were sent for. They unhesitatingly declared that the Crown Prince had been poisoned. The patient refused to tell where he had been, and what food he had taken last. Emetics were freely applied and immediate fatal consequences were avoided. But the Prince remained in such a grave condition that his imperial father was hurriedly summoned to his bedside. The Emperor remained for an hour alone with his son, calling, however, the physician frequently into his room. It is probable that the son then told the father the whole truth. Next day the Prince was a little better, but still remained very weak. Two weeks afterward he was recovered so far that he could be removed to the balmy climate of Wiesbaden, but months elapsed before he was restored to full health.

If the old Emperor knew all about it, it must have been sorely perplexing for him what to do with Pauline Weigel under the circumstances. To have her arrested would have given rise to a terrible scandal, and he could not even order her to leave Berlin immediately without arousing very unpleasant suspicions. And thus it is probable that she was not molested at all, but given to understand that she would have to marry Peltzer and leave Germany with him, or stand the consequences. After the wedding Pauline's house and furniture were quickly sold, and she departed with her husband for a foreign country. Where they have gone to is unknown.

Eastern Philanthropy.

While Eastern churches are petitioning Heaven in behalf of the persecuted Modocs, and Eastern journals are characterizing the people of Oregon as barbarous outlaws because they desire the Indians punished for the innocent amusement of scalping our friends and neighbors, strange scenes are being enacted in their own midst. A correspondent writing from Providence, Rhode Island, and speaking of the recent strike of the starved and over-worked mill operatives in that city says: "While the leaders of the strike, most of the men in it, in fact, are not much hurt by working eleven hours a day, it is killing the women and children. Out on the Dyerville road was a meeting of the Olneyville strikers. Perhaps there were fifteen hundred people there, and at least three-fourths of them were women and children. The women looked worn and haggard and wild-eyed, and not one in twenty of them seemed to possess physical and mental health. There were boys of all ages there, but they appeared to stand their toil pretty well and to be as lively with animal spirits as most boys in their social scale. But the saddest sight of all was the little girls. Some of them, apparently, were not more than ten years old, and their eyes were sunken, their cheeks colorless and hollow, their shoulders and arms shrunken, and had they been more neatly dressed one might have thought them in the asylum. Hardly one of them looked as though she had five years of life left in her. If the strike should result in nothing more than to give these pale, wan children a few days in the open air, it will have done good."

Where are the hypocritical liberty-shreikers of New England who are ever ready to weep over the wrongs of the poor negro and Indian, and whose hands are always thrust deep into their pockets to aid the undeserving? Under the shadow of the very temples in which they pretend to worship a just and merciful God are little girls of their own race and blood, "their eyes sunken, their cheeks colorless and hollow, their shoulders and arms shrunken," while their mothers, "worn haggard and wild-eyed," hover in despair over their famishing brood. Are not these mothers and children worthy objects of christian sympathy and aid? Are they not at least entitled to simple justice? Alas! not in the cold blooded worshipers of mammon among whom their lots are cast. New England supports Grant, however, and like ancient Rome, sits upon its seven hills and from its throne of greed and avarice rules the nation. We wish the starved and wasted forms of those Providence starvelings could be marched in mournful procession throughout the length and breadth of the land that the laboring masses of the people might see to what they must all come at last unless there is a swift, radical and thorough reform, in every department of the government.—*State Rights Democrat.*

AN UNPLEASANT PROPHET.—A decidedly sensational story comes from Vienna. Francis Joseph is said to have been warned successively by a second sighted old peasant of Transylvania that Maximilian would be shot, and that the campaign of 1866 would prove very disastrous to Austria. The aged seer appeared a third time quite recently to tell his sovereign that in another vision he had witnessed a Prince of the Imperial house opening the Austrian Parliament as Regent for the Empire. This official had also ingratiated himself with the people by promising to rule them in a truly liberal spirit. The Prince, the dreamer added, was married below his rank, and had been in Vienna for sometime past without the Emperor's knowledge. This scared Francis Joseph, for he recollected that the peasant's former predictions had been fulfilled. It appeared on further investigation that the Archduke Henry, a cousin of the Emperor, and the husband of an actress, was secretly in the metropolis.—His Imperial relative at once hunted him up and had a fight with his predicted rival, giving him a bloody nose among other marks of sovereign displeasure.

This is said to be the origin of the "Can't tell a lie" story. "Georgey, boy," said the grandfather to the future father of his country, "Benjy Franklin's father is a soap-boiler and he is going to grow up and call down the fire from heaven. Yours is not, yet you are not wholly uninstructed, my son, in the science of chemistry. Tell me, then, since I have leached these cherry-wood ashes for more than a week, is the liquid ready for soap grease?" The hero of Monmouth, Trenton, and such, let up for a space upon a stick he was whittling to reply, with all the ingenuousness of childish ignorance, "Father, I cannot tell a lye." After that he passed into history.

BISMARCK.

A correspondent writing about this new N. P. R. R. city, says: The town site of Bismarck is beautiful. It is situated two miles from the river; in front is a flat that is annually overflown. The main street is on a terrace three and one-half feet above this flat, extending back six hundred feet to another terrace, rising fifteen feet above the first, this extending back to the rolling prairie nearly a mile away. The bluffs on the opposite side of the river are ninety feet high, free from stratified rock. South of the village eight miles, the high prairie terminates in a bluff, probably fifty feet high, several miles in extent; facing the village, and west, is the valley of Apple Creek, about eight feet above the level of the river. The soil on these Dakota prairies is about eighteen inches thick, an indurated clay from twenty-one inches to three feet thick underlying it, and underlying that about seven feet of gravel. They say there is but little rain in this country, but the grass on the highest knolls grows most luxuriantly—a proof that drought does not prevail. Water is found readily near the surface; wells, at Bismarck, are sunk from 30 to 60 feet.

At present there are about six hundred inhabitants in the new town, among them twenty-five families. The gamblers and saloon men have taken possession of the town, and for a few weeks will have every thing their own way; but they are all very quiet, and seem anxious to build it up. Whisky and beer are 25 cts. a drink, and at those figures "bums" cannot afford to indulge very often. There are now twenty-eight bar rooms; seven houses occupied by Brackett's refugees; one general variety store, carrying a $45,000 stock, represented by W. B. Shaw, of St. Paul; one drug store, law offices, lumber yards, carpenter and blacksmith shops, livery stables, etc.

Track-laying is progressing at the rate of from one to two miles per day, and will be completed by the 10th of June.

There are no lots in market at Bismarck except at fearfully high figures. The agent in charge of the town site property could not sell, but permitted persons to apply for lots, reserving to them the first right to purchase. All the lots were applied for, and now speculation on the "chances" runs high. This will be stopped, however, on the arrival of Mr. Canfield, some time next week. Several lots have changed hands at $500 each, size 25 by 140 feet.

The Alias Senator.

The Pittsburg Leader of May 15th furnishes the following: M. Hippel, *alias* Mitchell, U. S. Senator from Oregon. We have not room for the details in full. According to the Leader, in the year 1856 Hippel seduced a girl named Sarah Hoom, who was the companion of his youth. The relatives of the girl, who were highly respectable, instituted a suit for seduction, and in order to avoid exposure in Court, Hippel married the girl. He remained with his wife down to 1860, and the result of their union was three children—the last two born in lawful wedlock. In April, 1860, Hippel disappeared from home, taking with him $4,000 in partnership funds, and leaving behind securities from which $2,700 was realized. The next that is known of him is his appearance at the town of San Luis Obispo, in Southern California, where he landed from a Panama steamer. This was in May, 1860, and at that time he was accompanied by a young and sprightly woman whom he introduced as his wife. His stay at San Luis Obispo was brief, and from there he went to San Francisco, and next to Portland, Oregon, at which place he reported that his wife had died in California. The inference is that this California wife was a woman he fled with from Pennsylvania, and that his change of name, appropriation of funds, and other disgraceful acts, were owing to his connection with this woman. Subsequently Hippel married the daugther of Jno. B. Price, of Portland, having at the same time a wife living in Pennsylvania from whom he had never been legally separated. The wife he had abandoned, long after procured a divorce, but her action fails to release the *alias* Senator from the charge of bigamy. In 1867, as we read the article in the Pittsburg paper, Hippel made good the amount in which he was default to his former partner, and to that extent atoned for his criminal appropriation of the funds of another. What reparation, if any, he has made to his abandoned and wronged wife, we are not informed. This is substantially the record of the Oregon Senator, and it is a recital from which all good men and true women will turn with loathing and disgust.

In the contest urged between high heels and low heels in fashionable circles, it is claimed that low heels have proved victorious; that Paris has entered the verdict and sentenced high heels to banishment. This is excellent. Wonder if it would be possible for anybody in Paris to banish any part of the enormous burdens which the most loved half of the human race are bearing about on the lower portion of their backs, resembling that strapped to Bunyan's shoulders by his "little man of sin," so as to bring their vertebra once more to a perpendicular over low heels?

An unfortunate culprit was recently brought before an Iowa justice charged with assaulting and battering a maiden. Investigation showed that the defendant had merely saluted the damsel against her will. She was in court, and gave her testimony looking so very beautiful that the judge was compelled to make a special ruling. He could not, he said, in conscience fine the man, for doing what was done; for, said his honor, "I have been obliged to hold on to the arms of my chair to keep from kissing the complainant myself." Never did a judge give a more rational decision.

The Story of Charles H. Webb.

Charles H. Webb, who wrote "Things" for the Golden Era and afterward published and edited the Californian, the best literary paper ever started in this city, is well known in San Francisco. After he left for New York, we heard of his making money by his pen, and later by speculating in Wall street. Recently the following advertisement appeared in a New York paper:

FIENDS, GIVE UP MY HUSBAND, C. H. W., of Amity and Canal street, or beware of God's vengeance. Charley, come home, I will forgive; the little cottage among the trees is left desolate.

It was understood here that C. H. W. was "Indigo." The explanation of this advertisement is as follows: Four years ago Webb met Jenny ———, a fine, dashing girl, at a picnic in Jones' wood. Jenny was a city bred girl, not long from school, and not particularly attentive while there. The two met often at picnics and elsewhere, until the cold weather set in. Then Charley determined to call on Jenny at her house. He was introduced to pa and ma. The parlor, with a low jet of gas, as if the gas men were even then on a strike, was accorded him, and for two nights in a week he held forth. With the holidays came engagement and marriage. Honey bliss, of course, succeeded—it always does. Two children have blessed the union. Before their arrival Charley had got rich, very rich. This fact caused him to change toward his wife. His manner was less affectionate; he was out more; his evenings lengthened into nights; then he was absent for weeks. Jenny, to whom dress was not every thing, called company, and last summer "the little cottage among the trees" was purchased, in order that the health of the children might be less jeopardized. It is located in Westchester county, and as soon as the family was domiciled there, the husband took city quarters with two ladies of accessible manners in "Amity and Canal street." These fascinating damsels are the fiends mentioned above. Each one seems content with half a lover, provided he has plenty of money, which Charley has. All winter Charley has lived with, escorted and supported these two frail sisters, their mother superintending the house in order to keep a shade of respectability in the neighborhood. All the time the wife has been patient and alone. About the first of May, however, she went to New York and located near her husband's boarding house. On the 10th of May she saw him go out with the three on a pleasure trip to Central Park. One can judge her feelings of bitterness as she thus saw herself neglected, a nurse for her children only, while the gay painted beauties had entirely supplanted her in the turned from their ride, the soul-stricken wife was found seated in the parlor. The situation was such a one as is sometimes represented on the stage when the orchestra indulges in ghostly, thrilling fiddling. The scene can never be described; but at the end the husband gave his wife to understand that she must return to the home he had provided for her—"the little cottage among the trees"—if she ever expected to see him again. This burst her strong self-control, and all in tears and shrieking, the once dutiful Charley, the father of her two children, escorted her to the door and shut it in her face. With the light of her life gone, the unhappy woman moved back to the little cottage and wrote her husband of the fact. He made no answer—he came not. Then she inserted the advertisement, at which Charley and his pair of flames probably scoffed. They had better be a little subdued, however, as the wife, since this last public wail, has consulted friends, and will very soon begin a suit for divorce with custody of the children. As the case stands she can prove the adultery. This will be unfortunate for Charley and his money account. The real wife is high-toned and well-connected, and her lawyers will make it lively for the faithless husband. Is it any wonder that the advertisement began with the word "Fiends?"—*Figaro.*

A Picture from Life.

New York correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.

Imagine a handsome young fellow, an Alsatian Frenchman, with a pair of purple-velvet knee-breeches, a pair of snow-white stockings coming to his knees, at which they are trimmed with lace; a pair of low shoes with silver buckles, a white linen jacket, a four correred hat of white linen, and carrying a large light basket filled with those delicious rolls which are made for the Sunday breakfast table in some of the towns of France. I am not describing a circus performer, or a grotesque humbug perambulating the streets for boys to laugh at. I saw him, and more than one of his kind, in the bright early hours of last Sunday morning, going round from house to house in the upper part of the town, supplying his customers with the bread-rolls in question. This style of thing is comparitively new here, and has been introduced by Alsatian exiles. The young man's costume looks entirely appropriate in its purity, tastefulness and gayety. He seems like a vision and reminiscence of the far-gone times. His fleecy rolls brought back to one's imagination the ages when Biddy was not, and when the various craftsmen carried on their labors as though they meant to please and delight those whom it was their privilege to serve. The French are the only civilized people, the only people who can give color and charm to the arts of daily life.

The "India rubber hustle" is again heard from. This time it was a Brooklyn young lady, who was thrown from her carriage coming down the hill from Prospect Park. She made ninety-seven and a half bounces in all, and was finally rescued by a hook and ladder company, from the top of a telegraph pole, where she had stuck in attempting to complete the ninety-eigth bounce.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*