Historical Society

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

VOLUME 3. BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1874. NUMBER 10.

THE AVANT COURIER,

Published Every Friday,

AT BOZEMAN, GALLATIN COUNTY, M. T.

JOSEPH WRIGHT,

Publisher and Proprietor.

TERMS:

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One year.....$5 00
Six months.....3 00
Three months.....2 00

ADVERTISING RATES:

TIME.	1 Card.	1 Inch.	2 Inches.	3 Inches.	¼ Column.	½ Column.	1 Column.
1 Time.	$ 2	$ 3	$ 5	$ 7	$10	$ 20	$ 35
2 Times.	3	5	6	10	15	25	40
3 Times.	4	6	8	12	17	30	47
1 Month.	5	8	11	14	25	35	65
2 Months	6	10	12	16	30	40	85
3 Months	7	12	16	25	40	60	90
6 Months	9	18	30	40	60	80	140
1 Year	16	25	40	55	75	120	210

Local notices 15 cents per line for the first insertion and 10 cents for each additional insertion.

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

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any one who takes a paper regularly from the Postoffice—whether directed to his name or another's—or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

REGULATING LEGAL PUBLICATIONS.

AN ACT to amend an Act entitled, "An Act to provide for and regulate the rates of charges for the publication of legal documents," approved January 9th, 1872.

It is enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Montana:

SECTION 1. Publishers of newspapers in this Territory shall be entitled to the following fees for publication of all legal advertisements: For the first insertion of each folio of one hundred words, three dollars; for each subsequent insertion, two dollars.

* * * * * * *

SEC. 3. The printer of such legal advertisements shall be entitled to payment of his full fees before being required to furnish a certificate of the publication.

Approved, December 28, 1871.

DIRECTORY OF FEDERAL OFFICERS OF MONTANA.

OFFICE	NAME.	RESIDENCE.
Governor	SAMUEL F. POTTS	Virginia City
Secretary	J. E. CALLAWAY	" "
Chief Justice	D. S. WADE	Helena.
Associate Justices	F. G. SCRIVE	Virginia City
" "	HIRAM KNOWLES	Deer Lodge.
U. S. Dist. Att'y.	M. C. PAGE	Radersburg.
Secretary General.	JOHN E. BLAINE	Helena.
Register of Lands.	SOL. STAR	Helena.
Receiver "	W. C. CHILDS	Helena.
U. S. Marshal	WM. F. WHEELER	Helena.
Collector Int. Rev	T. P. FULLER	Helena.
Collector Customs	T. A. CUMMINGS	Helena.
Examining "	THOMAS REECE	Helena.
Surgeons	CHAS. MUSSIGBROD	Bozeman.
"	J. H. MCKEE	Missoula.
Commissioner	JOHN POTTER	Hamilton.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

Probate Judge	H. N. MAGUIRE
Chairman of County Commissioners	P. G. DUFF.
Commissioners	P. W. MCADOW, G. W. WARRFIELD
Clerk	C. L. CLARK
Deputy Sheriff	J. B. FINCH
Clerk and Recorder	ANCH GRAHAM
Treasurer	WM. H. BAILEY
Superintendent Public Instruction	F. L. STONE
Assessor	S. M. REED
Coroner	A. D. MCPHERSON
Commissioners, First District	GEO. W. DICKSON
Commissioners, Second District	ROBERT KELLER

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

SUPREME COURT.

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

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURTS.

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

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

Third District—At Helena, first Monday in March, first Monday in June, and fourth Monday in November.

TERRITORIAL COURTS.

First District—In Madison County, at Virginia City, second Monday in April, second Monday in September.

Gallatin County, at Bozeman, 2d Monday in March and fourth Monday in October.

Jefferson County, at Radersburg, third Monday in February, 3rd Monday in October.

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

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

Beaverhead County, Bannack, first Monday in June, and second Monday in October.

Third District—In Lewis and Clark County, at Helena, first Monday in March, first Monday in June, and first Monday in November.

Meagher County, fourth Monday in May and second Monday in October.

A. F. & A. M.

Regular 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.
GENEVER, Sec.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,

JOHN BLUM, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street,

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

HAVING assumed full control of this elegant and commodious Brick Hotel,

I respectfully inform the local and traveling public that it will be my constant aim to make the

First-Class in all its Appointments.

No expense will be spared to make our guests comfortable. The house is comparatively new, and furnished throughout in the best style.

Terms Reasonable.

Stages arriving in Bozeman stop at the Metropolitan Hotel. JOHN BLUM.

FOR DEAR LIFE.

Winter again, and the land is once more wrapped in the same spotless mantle, locked in the same icy fetters, as it was that memorable winter so long ago when Eric and I had that fierce struggle "for dear life." At this season of the year the never quite dormant recollection revives, and I feel all the horror of that midnight scene rise and come back upon me, like a ghost from the confines of the past. It chills me with its dread presence until shivering in nerve and limb, I rise and draw nearer to the blazing hearth, heap on some more pine logs, and strive in the region of light to bid it defiance.

In vain. Through the whirl of my spinning-wheel comes the long drawn moan of the wind, whilst without the snow falls heavily as ever, adding desolation to the already drear and sombre landscape. Eric has gone to the fold-yard, as beseems a thrifty husbandman, to see after the well being our of kine. Would that he were back to laugh off my fears, and exercise the phantoms which rise thus unbidden from the days that are now no more! His hearty presence and joyous voice are in themselves as potent against distraught fancies as the "sprig of rowan," which the faithful wear for safeguard against witchcraft and the evil eye. Meanwhile as I sit waiting with supper ready, and all things bright and tidy, I must even yield to the spell of the place and hour, and listen to the tale suggested by the wandering fancies of old.

New Year's eve some thirty years ago—and we were keeping it right merrily at the old manor-house of Stor Aswan, the house of my childhood, as it had been that of my forefathers for many generations. The pleasantest spot in all the world. I thought, and still think, that quaint Norwegian homestead, with its buff walls and birch bark roof, which succeeding summers had rendered verdant with an evergreen thatch of moss and lichens. Just now, however, this was not visible, for snow lay thickly upon it, as it had lain for weeks past, not only there but upon all the country round. We were in the midst of a white sea, whose billows were the partially submerged hedges, that daily grew less noticeable as the snow drifted in and piled above them. The fir-tree alone stood forth bravely, as if defying this insiduous foe, yet even their stately branches trailed eastward, and their strong arms creaked and strained under the ever-increasing load.

It was the hardest winter there had been for fifty years, so the old folks said, and they foretold its continuance for some weeks longer. Other signs were not wanting, which more plainly than aught else denoted the unusual severity of the season. The flocks of wild fowl, usually so shy and difficult of approach, came down from the upper meres, their accustomed haunts, and strove with the tame denizens of our own farm-yard for a share of their mid-day meal. Hares and rabbits, impelled by hunger, forgot their nature, and stole up to our very doors, begging with their large black eyes in a piteous dumb fashion for relief. Herds of reindeer also came south from Lapland, seeking more genial pastures, and it was rumored that less pleasant visitors had recently been seen and heard. The black pine forests of Salten had again sent forth the grim blood thirsty pack of legionaries who for ages had dwelt unmolested in its dark fastnesses, and the cry of "wolf" was no longer, as heretofore, an empty sound.

All this, however, did not affect any of our party, who were all Norsemen and maidens born, used to the cold, full of health and spirits. I, Ella Bieorn, daughter of the house, was the wildest of that mad circle who had assembled at Stor Aswan that Christmas-tide, to do honor to my betrothal to Eril Jarl, the lover of my youth, ere long to be my husband. As soon as the birch trees put forth their first green tassels in the early spring, I was to leave my old home for a new one; so now, surrounded by kinsfolk and neighbors, we were keeping this last anniversary of my spinsterhood in goodly fashion. We revived many a by-gone pastime, and the vast hall at Stor Aswan re-echoed once again to the shouts that greeted the incoming of a mighty yule-log, and rang with joyous laughter at the tricks and antics of morris-dancers and mummers.

So in dancing, feasting and merry-making, the week sped, until a few hours more would see us all scattered in various directions to meet again we knew not when or where. For the last day, therefore, we had reserved the chief pleasure, the crowning point of all our enjoyment—a sleighing and skating party to Stor Aswan, a mountain-encircled lake some ten miles further north, the same from which our homestead derived its quaint Runic name. This was to be our vale or greeting to the New Year—our welcome to the incoming guest.

Brightly dawned the eventful morning, clear and fair as heart could desire. Blue was the sky as a sapphire, whilst the freshly fallen snow sparkled and shone as though strewn with living gems. All nature seemed rejoicing like ourselves at the advent of another year, and one already so full of promise. Without the sleigh-bells tinkled and chimed merrily, making the frosty air ring again as the gaily caparisoned horses pawed and shook their heads, impatient at their owners to be off. At length we started, Eric and I as hosts being the last of the party, for, of course, he was my charioteer. I well remember my father standing at the door to see us go, and as he tucked the bear-skin rug more closely around me, bidding us "return early," and beware of the Salten hounds." We laughed at the warning then, but had awful cause to remember it afterwards.

Of that day I shall not speak; we were all young and in wild spirits, and some of us in love. Need I say more? Amidst the many fair faces and lithe forms that glided so gracefully over the frozen mere, tireless through these long hours, I was the fairest. I, blue-eyed, golden-haired Ella Bieorn, was the acknowledged belle and queen of the party, and Eric, my lover, the most stalwart youth of the country-side. But all things, even the pleasantest, must come to an end. So when the shades of evening began to fall heavily, merging earth, sky and water into one great leaden cloud, we began our journey homewards. Tired out with exertions, as soon as we started I nestled down amongst the soft furs in the sleigh, and, rocked by its easy motion, soon fell fast asleep. How long I slept I knew not; but when I awoke it was snowing fast, and the darkness so intense that we could not see a hand's breadth before us. I called to Eric, who was driving, and asked if all was well. To which the answer came back, half-deadened by the thick atmosphere, "All well, but for God's sake try to keep awake."

So I aroused myself and sat up, knowing that sleep in that bitter night air might mean death. Of any other I had no thought, for my driver was skillful, whilst Thor and Odin, our two sturdy little mountain ponies, knew their way home almost unguided. Suddenly, as I listened vainly for the echo of our companions' bells, I heard another sound come up with the wind—a long-drawn hollow moan. Twice or thrice it came at intervals, this wierd noise, each time nearer and more distinct; the third time the ponies also heard it, for they sprang forward with an impetus that almost shook me out of the carriage. Frightened, I said to Eric, "What, O what is that!" And the answer came back, short and stern, "The Salten hounds!"

Then commenced that terrible chase "for dear life," which, though we should both live twice our allotted span, we never could forget. Swiftly we sped along; our steeds seemed impelled by a terror as great as our own, until they appeared almost to fly. Breathlessly we hearkened, hoping even yet to leave the enemy behind. But no; they traveled with us, gaining nearer and yet nearer—their cry growing perceptibly from an uncertain vague voice of the darkness into the wolf-like note. We knew from the direction whence it came that they were tracking us from scent; so now our last poor chance lay in the darkness of the night and our nearness to Stor Aswan. Eric still held the reins, and I cowered down at the bottom of the sleigh and prayed more earnestly than I had ever yet done in my life "for an increase in the snow-drift, or aught, even a miracle, if it might only save us."

On, on on, for a time that seemed interminable, yet might in truth have been but a few moments. Then the storm ceased, the moon merged from her shelter, and we saw, half mile in our rear, a dark line coming swiftly and steadily upon us. In the middle of a white plain, with no nook or corner visible wherein we could take refuge, and still nearly a league from home, our case looked hopeless enough. So our pursuers seemed to think, as they caught sight of us for the first time, and lifting their black muzzles from the ground gave vent to a howl of savage exultation. I could have screamed too when I heard it, for fright was driving one half wild; it was so unutterably horrible to perish thus. But a glance at Eric, so calm and steadfast, gave me new courage. I felt that, come what might, we should at least die together.

Faster and faster we flew, like hunted animals, death behind us coming on apace. A few yards more and he would claim us for his own. Already we could hear the rapid breathing of our foes, see their fierce eyes and white teeth glittering and gleaming in the moonlight. Prompted by Eric I threw out the bear skin rug which protected me from the cold. For a moment they smelt of it, then on with fresh fury after their old prey. One by one, cushions, wraps, all went over to the hungry pack, each gaining us an instant's priceless delay. As the last fell from my hand the foremost wolf bounded forward, just missing my arm, whilst his strong jaws met with a plainly audible snap.

Then Eric turned and looked at me—a long loving glance—and began knotting the reins to the iron side of the driving seat. Instinctly divining his purpose of giving his life to save mine, I sprang forward, and clinging to him frantically, whispered:

"Dearest, remember, we stand or fall together."

A sudden thought, justified by our entire extremity, flashed through my brain—it was at best a forlorn hope. Quickly I bent over Eric, snatched the hunting-knife from his belt, and cut loose the nearest pony. With almost a human cry of pain the poor animal galloped off, with the ravenous pack after it. A few strides only and it was surrounded, overpowered, down; and the last sounds we heard ere the welcome lights of Stor Aswan came in sight were our baffled enemies growling and fighting over the remains of my gallant little steed. It was a cruel sacrifice, but necessity knows no law, and by it we were saved.

In years after, as we sat around the fire at "New Year's Eve," with the storm beating wildly, as now against the casement, and the wintry twilight closing in, our children would ask to hear, "once more," the oft-told tale of the "Salten hounds," or our flight "for dear life."

WANTS MORE JUDGES.—The Washington correspondence, January 9, of the New York Herald has the following:

"As there does not seem to be much probability of the admission of Colorado as a State, this session of Congress, Delegate Chaffee is urging speedy action on his bill, introduced and referred to the Committee on Judiciary a few days since for the appointment of two additional judges. This would make the number for the Territory five instead of three, as at present. It is said the cases in the courts growing out of mining matters and other business pursuits are increasing to such an extent that additional courts are imperatively demanded. One of the Colorado judges recently had a leave of absence granted him, but the business of his court was so heavy that, before he could avail himself of it, more than half the time had passed. In all of the courts of that Territory the judges are said to be overworked. Montana will probably claim the same increase, and it will be extended to Utah. It is claimed that there will be also an advantage in enlarging the Supreme Courts of these Territories, three judges being looked upon as too small a number to constitute the higher Court of Appeals. If this were not a bad session for that purpose an attempt would be made to increase the salaries of the Territorial judges, so that they should assimilate with those of the United States district judges in the different States. In the mining litigations in these Territories the judges are frequently called upon to adjudicate cases involving very large amounts."

LABOR THE ONLY SOURCE OF WEALTH.—In the speech of Senator Thurman, delivered recently, we find the following admirably expressed sentiment, to which all must subscribe: There can be no production of wealth in a country except by labor. This is a principle that every political economist recognizes. It is the fundamental principle of political economy. A dozen men in this beautiful town of yours may speculate with each other, the whole year round, and some of them may grow rich out of their speculations and others may become impoverished, but they do not add one single dollar to the wealth of the country. A man may be a great capitalist and live on the interest he draws from his capital, and on that alone, and do nothing whatever of either manual or intellectual labor, and he may grow rich day by day, but he adds not one cent to the wealth of the country. No, my friends, he does not benefit the country half as much as the poor boy that follows his father's plow and drops grains of corn in the furrow, for those grains of corn will spring up and become lofty stalks and bear their yellow fruit, to the wealth of the country; and therefore it may be said that all the wealth of the country comes from labor, the laboring man is fairly entitled to have a voice in the government for which he labors.

THE Rocky Mountain News says that millions of buffaloes must have been killed during the last summer alone. These are rather high figures, but that paper cites as an instance of wholesale slaughter the fact that one party of sixteen hunters killed 28,000 buffaloes during the summer. The hides alone were utilized, and the plains are said to be dotted in some places with the carcasses of the animals. The price of buffalo hides has been greatly reduced by the large supply in the East. Two years ago a hide delivered at a railway station was worth $3; now a distinction is made according to the size of the hides, which are worth from 40 cents to $1 each.

A PARSON, who not over promptly paid by his parishioners, on entering the church one Sunday morning, met one of the most wealthy of his flock and asked the loan of a sovereign.—"Certainly," said the man, at the same time handing over the coin. "Dominie put it into his pocket, and preached in most capital style, and, on coming down, handed the identical sovereign to the man from whom he borrowed it.

"Why," exclaimed the lender, "you have not used the money at all." "It has been of great service to me, nevertheless," replied the parson; "I always preach so much better when I have money in my pocket." The hint was taken and the rest of his salary was got together the following afternoon.

THE GRANGE AND ITS HARVEST FEAST.

[From the Pacific Rural Press.]

The concluding ceremony connected with the conferring of the 4th degree, the Harvest Feast, is becoming decidedly popular and interesting, and every new Grange looks forward with much interest to the time when it can celebrate it for the first time. And indeed the feast loses none of its interest even when reached for the third, fourth, or even a much greater number of times. The Harvest Feast is always a welcome occasion; not alone for the "fat things" and Nature's many gifts, which come fresh and fair from the very home of the producer, but also from the genuine "feast of reason and flow of soul" which always accompanies them.

It is desirable that due attention should always be paid to making these occasions profitable, for intellectual culture and improvement. In addition to the valuable information which may be communicated at such times by the older or more experienced members, capable of giving real instruction, special efforts should also be made by the presiding Masters to draw out the younger members. Let them be encouraged to say something, be it ever so little, as an exercise for intellectual improvement, if for no other purpose. Many can better speak thus, at a table, when everybody is free and easy, than in a formal meeting of the Grange, where there is so much parliamentary or set show of persons and places. It should be remembered that the Grange is the school where the farmer, and the farmer's son and daughter is to learn to do his or her own business, and his or her own talking. It is to take the place of the debating club, connected with the school or the village, where the young student or mechanic has in times past laid the foundation of his future fame as a speaker. Debating clubs have heretofore been almost inaccessible to farmers from their isolation apart from populous communities and advanced schools. The Grange, however, is now a debating club of the farmer's own making, brought right to his very door. We have already got over ten thousand of them in full blast all over the land! If we don't hear of them, bye and bye, giving the first impetus to some young orator who will eventually be heard and honored on the floors of some of our State Legislatures, or in the halls of Congress, you may set us down as a poor prophet.

The farmers are going to be heard in such places soon, in their own proper person and not by lawyer proxies; and the Grange is just the place for such young men to first show their aptitudes; or where they may acquire studious habits and aspirations for public life. And we believe, too, that the Grange will send out better men—men of far better principles than a large majority of those who have gone out from either our academies, our workshops, our counting rooms, or our law schools. The Granges have undertaken a work of reform; they have started at the bed rock, and they propose to make thorough work of it, in every department of business, education, and legislation. Those who don't believe this, will either live to see its accomplishments or die soon.

NEATNESS.—In its essence, and purely for its own sake, neatness is found in a few. Many a man is neat for appearance sake; there is an instinctive feeling that there is a power in it. When a man consults a lawyer or a physician for the first time, or comes to rent a house or borrow money, he will come in his best dress. A lady will call in her carriage. A man that means business and honesty comes as he is, just as you will find him in his store, his shop, his counting-house. The most accomplished gamblers dress well; the most enterprising swindlers are faultlessly clothed, but countless multitudes are but whitewashed sepulchres. Too many "don't care as long it will not be seen." Washington Allston, the great artist, the accomplished gentleman, suddenly left his friend standing at the door of a splendid Boston mansion as they were about entering for a party, because he remembered he had a hole in his stocking. It could not be seen or known, but the very knowledge of its existence made him feel that he was less a man than he ought to be; gave him a feeling of inferiority.

When you see a neat, tidy, cleanly and cheerful dwelling—there you will find a joyous, loving, happy family. But if filth and squalor and a disregard for refining delicacies of life prevail in any household, there will be found in the moral character of the inmates much that is low, degrading, unprincipled, vicious and disgusting. Therefore, as we grow in years, we ought to watch eagerly against neglect of cleanliness in person as well as tidiness in dress.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

OF "scrub" it is not detrimental to health, for didn't it preserve the life of an Indiana maiden the other night? The ball fired by her heart-broken lover glanced off when it hit it, and he is now languishing in jail, while the swain smiles with the other fellow.

THE question puzzling the juvenile mind is, "Where does Santa Claus stay during the rest part of the year?"

CLIPPINGS.

Nimrod was a mighty hunter, but he never saw an aunt elope.

Honest ducks dip their heads under water to liquidate their little bills.

A photographer requested that his sign, "taken from life," should be his epitaph.

"Muggins" says that, in these hard times, a five dollar greenback looks as big as a circus poster.

A Nevada postmaster has written to Washington to know if he can rent part of the office for a faro bank.

Josh Billings says: "Success don't konsist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one the seckond time."

A Michigan newsdealer recently received this order from a young lady: "Send me A Novel called buffalo bil and the dais doins."

At a recent dinner of shoemakers the following toast was given: "May we have all the women in the country to shoe and all the men to boot."

A girl, hearing her mistress ask her husband to bring "Dombey and Son" with him when he came home to dinner, set two extra plates for the expected guests.

The Mount Pleasant, Iowa, Journal devil thinks it an all-wise Providence that ordains that religious revivals don't set in until after the stove pipes are all put up.

"How fast they build houses now!" said H.; they began that building last week, and now they are putting in the lights." "Yes," answered his friend, "and next week they will put in the liver."

A Mr. Dahm runs a large stove store up at Eagle Harbor, and the Marquette Journal says: "He must have an extensive trade, for we have heard his name mentioned in connection with all the stoves and stovepipe we ever put together here or elsewhere."

Some jackass says: "Cheer up, cheer up; it's a long lane that has no turn." Don't we know it? Of course it's a long lane that has no turn. How perfectly absurd to expect a fellow to "cheer up" because a long lane has no turn! We decline to cheer up for any such reason.

CRIME AND CRUELTY.—A writer in Mr. Bergh's paper, the Animal Kingdom, presents some curious statistics of the connection between crime and cruelty. Out of 2,000 convicts of whom inquiry was made, only twelve admitted that left pets at home. This is in accordance with the experience of all visitors among the poor. They will tell us that the flower-pot in the window, the canary hung in the sunshine, the comfortable cat on the hearth, are sure indications of the best house in the district or the quietest room in the tenement. It is going too far, perhaps, to claim that cruelty to animals is the first step in crime. Crime and cruelty are equally the results of a bad disposition and bad training. It is certain, however, that tenderness to the brute creation does mollify and refine the temper, and so it is from no mere sentimental tenderness that we applaud Mr. Bergh's noble efforts, but from a conviction that they are indirectly doing as much good to men as to brutes.

A NEW ALBANY girl who is attending college at a distance, is not so completely absorbed in her studies but that she writes to her dear mother twice each week. That our readers may know how young ladies do when "off at school," we copy in full a recent letter which has been furnished us by an appreciating and indulgent mother:

DEAR MOTHER:—I am going on splendid at school. I am studying Latin, French and German, and all the other dead languages. In arithmetic I am becoming very proficient; so much so indeed that the principal says I am the most "figurative" girl he ever saw. Cousin Bridget is of the opinion that I am a natural-born genius—whatever that is—and that I will yet ride Pegasus bareback to the highest pinnacle of Mount Parnassus. As I may be likely to meet Mr. Shakespeare, George Washington and other important individuals in this delightful retreat, I would wish to appear to the best advantage; I therefore request that you will remit me some money with which to purchase a pair of calves, a new bustle, and a waterfall. May God bless you. Your affectionate daughter,

HANNAH.

SECOND TERM PRESIDENTS.—Grant is the seventh President who has been honored with a re-election. His predecessors were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson and Lincoln—all honored names in the political annals of the country. It is, moreover, a fact that the second term of all these gentlemen (save that of Lincoln, who was deprived of its enjoyment by the hand of an assassin) were more successful than the first. This is strong proof of the correctness of the popular votes and in favor of the second term principle.

"HE was a good man," says an Iowa paper of a deceased citizen, "but then he sometimes bet on the wrong horse, the same as the rest of us."

THE TIMBER LAND BILL.

Senator Sargent has introduced a bill in Congress for the sale of the timber lands, which provides:

1. That all the surveyed lands in the Pacific States and Territories valuable for timber, but unfit for cultivation, may be sold in quantities not exceeding 640 acres to any person or association at $2 50 per acre; protecting, however, all prior rights.

2. The party applying for this land must make affidavit that he desires it for his own use and benefit, and that he has not bargained, promised or contracted with any one to part with it, and if he swear falsely, he shall lose the land and be punished for perjury.

3. Application for the land shall be posted for sixty days in the local land office, and shall be published for the same time in the nearest newspaper.

4. It shall be unlawful to cut or caused to be cut, or destroy, any timber on the public lands, and the fine for so doing shall be from $100 to $1,000.

LATE CHICKENS FOR SUMMER EGGS.—It is quite usual for many poultry raisers to save the earliest broods for layers the next season. This is all right so far as the late winter and early spring eggs are concerned. One of the principal reasons, however, why farmers do not have a continuance of eggs during the summer is that they do not save late broods of chickens for successive laying of eggs. We always save some, both from the earliest clutches and also from the late ones, even so late as August, by which we have eggs all through the hot weather. Try it and note the results. You will not be disappointed. Young hens do not make so good mothers as older ones and we should not allow them to sit until they had laid eggs one season. If not allowed to sit, they will soon recommence laying, and by having some two year old pullets for sitting you will find your profits largely increased thereby.—*Western Rural.*

THE consumption of fresh meat in New York is simply enormous, and is estimated at 25 per cent. greater than any other city on the globe. It is stated by the New York World that the total number of beeves received during the year 1873 was 442,744 head, estimated to average 600 pounds of dressed beef a head, giving an aggregate of 265,746,400 pounds of beef. There were received 116,015 calves, averaging 140 pounds a head. The sheep and lambs numbered 1,206,718. These may be fairly estimated at 50 pounds each, dressed, making a total of 60,335,750 pounds of mutton. The number of hogs was 1,958,380. At 160 pounds per head these supplied 313,342,240 pounds of pork. Besides the large numbers of beeves, calves, sheep and hogs received alive probably one-fourth as many arrived there dressed.

GEN. CUSTER reports that in three months, while on the Yellowstone Expedition, he killed, with a single rifle, forty-one antelopes, four buffaloes, four elks, four bucktail deer, three American deer and two white wolves, besides geese, prairie chickens, and other feathered game in large numbers. He also says that the average distance at which the forty-one antelopes were brought down exceeded two hundred and fifty yards by actual measurement, and that he rarely obtained a shot at an antelope under one hundred and fifty yards, while the range extended from that distance up to six hundred and thirty yards.

THE Washington Star says that General McClellan received distinguished attention while in Paris. He was given a prominent seat when he attended the French Assembly by invitation, and at the trial of Bazaine was also treated as a guest deserving the highest consideration. Of the latter tribunal, General McClellan writes that it was a most dignified Court, and its proceedings appeared to be conducted with a strict regard to the demands of justice. The Orleans Princes on General McClellan's staff during his command of the army have shown him great attention.

YOUNG AMERICA is always practical, and this truth is finely illustrated in the following: A youth in Salisbury, four years old, and his young sister, saw a rat hasten into a hole in the barn floor. Said he: "Sis, the Bible says 'Watch and pray.' You pray while I watch the hole, and I'll swat him across the snoot when he comes out."

A LIVERPOOL hospital refuses to accept a gift of a thousand pounds until the donor gives his name. Not every one would be so particular. Let the donor fix it in America if he wants to get rid of his money.

A GERMAN stopped in a jewelry store in San Francisco and inquired if they had any "consistencies." On being asked to explain himself, he didn't know what consistency was, but he had been told it was a jewel.

HOW TO become practically acquainted with the "Rule of Three"—Live with your wife, mother, and mother-in-law.