Historical Society

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

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THE AVANT COURIER,

Published Every Friday,

AT BOZEMAN, GALLATIN COUNTY, M. T.

JOSEPH WRICHT,

Publisher and Proprietor.

TERMS:

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One year.....$4 00
Six months.....1 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	$ 30
2 Times.	3	5	6	10	15	25	40
3 Times.	4	6	8	12	17	30	47
1 Month.	5	8	10	14	18	35	55
2 Months	6	10	12	18	30	45	65
3 Months	7	12	18	25	40	60	90
6 Months	9	18	30	40	60	80	140
1 Year	10	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 the newspapers or periodicals from the Postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facia* evidence of intentional fraud.

REGULATING LEGAL PUBLICATIONS.

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.

Be it 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	BENJ. F. POTTS	Virginia City
Secretary	J. E. CALLAWAY	" "
Chief Justice	D. S. WADE	Helena.
Associate Justices	F. G. SERVIS	Virginia City
	HIRAM KNOWLES	Deer Lodge.
U. S. Dist. Att'y.	M. C. PAGE	Radersburg.
Surveyor 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.
U. S. Examining Surgeons	THOMAS REECE	Helena.
	CHAS. MUSSIGBROD	Bozeman.
	J. H. MCKEE	Missoula.
U.S. Commissioner	JOHN POTTER	Hamilton.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

Probate Judge.....H. N. MAGURE

Board of County Commissioners.....P. G. DUKE, P. W. McADOW, G. W. WAKEFIELD

Sheriff.....C. L. CLARK
Deputy Sheriff.....J. B. FINCH
Clerk and Recorder.....ARCH GRAHAM
Treasurer.....WM. H. BAILEY
Superintendent Public Instruction.....F. L. STONE
Surveyor.....S. M. REED
Coroner.....A. D. McPHERSON
Assessors, First District.....GEO. W. DICKSON, Second District.....ROBERT KELLER

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, and second Monday in September.

Second District—At 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, first Monday in April, second Monday in September.

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

In Jefferson County, at Radersburg, third Monday in February, first 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.

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

In Beaver Head 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.

In Meagher County, fourth Monday in May and third Monday in October.

A. F. & A. M.

Stated communications of Gallatin Lodge No. 6 A F & A M. meld 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.

HELENA & BOZEMAN

STAGE LINE

Great Reduction of Rates.

On and after February 15, 1874, the rates for passengers over this line will be reduced to the following standard:

Fare from Helena

To Mall-way House	$ 2 00
Beaver Creek	3 00
Springville	4 00
Radersburg	6 00
Gallatin City	9 00
Hamilton	11 00
Bozeman	12 00
ROUND TRIP	20 00

Fare from Bozeman

To Cockerill's Bridge	$2 00
Gallatin City	4 00
Radersburg	7 00
Springville	9 00
Half-way House	11 00
Helena	12 00
ROUND TRIP	20 00

FREIGHT.

From Helena to Bozeman, per pound	4	Cents
" " Gallatin City	3	"
" " Radersburg	2	"
" " Springville	1½	"

H. F. CALEN, Proprietor.

COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Katie Blake was the only daughter of Jacob Blake, the old miser of Westbrook. She was more than commonly pretty, and her frank, engaging manner enhanced her charms. At her father's death she would be heiress to seventy-five thousand dollars; and although men pretended not to be interested by pecuniary affairs in love, yet it is supposed that this prospective wealth did not lessen the number of her lovers and adorers.

Among those most ardent, and perhaps most sincere, was Will Darmouth, a rattle-brained carpenter, with a heart larger than his purse, and very little thought or care for consequences. Fortunately, old Jacob never suspected the partiality of his daughter for Will; he would have put her on bread and water before he would have consented to the slightest degree of intimacy with Will Darmouth.

Jacob Blake was not in favor of marriages. Those who knew his circumstances were not surprised at this; for Mrs. Blake was a Tartar, with temper enough for two Tartars.

A maiden sister of Mr. Blake resided in the family, whose principal business seemed to be to act as an echo to her brother and his wife. Whatever they thought she thought too. She regarded it as a primary sin for Katie to associate with young men; and this doctrine was perseveringly drilled into her niece, who, though she never dissented, had her own views on the subject.

One day Mr. Blake and wife went to Dedham to attend a fair, and Miss Peggy being sent to a friend, Katie was left alone. Will Darmouth in some way learned the state of affairs, and early in the afternoon he came over to keep Katie company. As her parents were not expected home until the next day, and Peggy not till late in the evening, Will felt perfectly secure in stopping awhile after supper; and he and Katie were having a jolly time popping corn in the old-fashioned frying-pan, over the huge wood fire, when there was a sound of voices at the door.

"Good gracious!" cried Kate, turning white with alarm, "there is Aunt Peggy. Oh, Will, what shall we do? She will scold me to death, and father will be furious. Get under the lounge, quick. Oh, Will, do for my sake."

Will could not withstand the pleading of Kate's eyes, and deposited himself in the designated place. Kate put out the light, and darted into an adjacent room, and in a moment was apparently fast asleep.

Peggy's voice was heard speaking softly in the entry: "Be careful, Mr. Pike, there's a loose board there. I don't want to disturb my niece. Softly; the board may creak."

"Peggy, dear, where are you? responded the squeaking voice of the Squire, the widower of a year, "I can't tell which way you've gone."

"There, Daniel, be easy. Good heavens, Daniel Pike! Well I never! and a report burst in the ear like the uncorking of a bottle of champagne. "Oh my," cried Aunt Peggy, "what would Jacob say? I declare I haven't been kissed by a man since—"

"Let Jake mind his own business," retorted the Squire; "you and I can take care of ours without his help," and then followed a report similar to the first, only more of it.

"Do be quiet, Daniel, and let me get a light. Sit yourself down afore the fire and make yourself at home."

A light was soon procured. Peggy divested herself of wrappings, and, blushing like a girl in her teens, sat down opposite the Squire.

"It's a fine evening," said Peggy, by way of opening conversation.

"Very," replied the Squire, drawing his chair close to her and laying his hand over the back.

"Oh, good gracious, Daniel, don't sit quite so near me. I—that is—I don't consider it strictly appropriate. Mercy! what is that?"

Both listened attentively.

"It was the wind rattling the windows, I guess," said the Squire. "Don't you think you are getting nervous, Peggy?"

"I thought it was Katie waking up. And if she should, I would never hear the last of it."

"Hark! there's a noise—I—"

"Gracious airth, it's the bells. It's Jake and marm coming back! What shall I do! We're done for. Oh, Squire, 'taint right that we should be nothing to each other. Do help me! What shall I do?"

"Tell me where to go, Peggy; say the word! I'll go anywhere for your sake, if it's up the chimney."

"Under the lounge, quick! quick! don't delay a minute."

The Squire obeyed, but the space was already so well filled that it was with difficulty that he could squeeze himself into so small a compass. And just as he had succeeded, Mr. Blake and his wife entered the room, floundering in the dark, for Peggy deemed it best to extinguish the light.

Jake made for the fire, which still glowed red with coals, and fell headlong against Peggy, who was standing bolt upright, trying to collect her scattered senses.

"The deuce," cried Jake. "Look out old woman, or you'll be down over me. It's dark as a pocket here, and I've fell over the rocking-cheer or the churn, I can't tell which. Hullo! what is this?" reaching out his hand to feel the situation, and coming in contact with the bearded face of the Squire.

"By George, it's got whiskers! Peg! Peg! where are you and where is Kate, and what's this?"

The Squire did not relish the assault made on his hirsute appendages, and by way of retaliation he gave a series of vigorous kicks, which hit Will Darmouth in the region of the stomach, and stirred his bile.

"Look here, old chap, I'm perfectly willing to share my quarters with you, seeing as we are both in for it; but you had better not try that play again."

"Hevings," ejaculated Miss Peggy, "whose voice is that?"

"Who in the deuce is here? that's what I want to know," cried Jake, struggling to get an upright position. Hullo! who's fell over my legs?"

"I'll let you know who's up or down," said the voice of Mrs. Blake, and the old lady scrambled up only to go instantly down again over a chair. "Jake, where are you! Get up, this instant and get a light, or I'll shake the breath out of your body when I get on my feet again."

Jake started to obey; just then Tige, the watch dog, bounded into the room, and hearing the uproar, managed to break loose from his chain, rushed upon the scene a set up a bow-wow.

The Squire had a mortal dread of dogs, and neither fear nor love was strong enough to keep him quiescent now. He sprang to his feet with a yell. Will followed. Katie, full of alarm for her lover, appeared at the door with a flaming tallow dip. Peggy threw her arms around the Squire's neck with a cry of terror, and Jake was silent with amazement. Mrs. Blake was the only one who possessed her wits. She seized the corn popper and laid it about her with vigor.

Her aim was not always correct, and in consequence she smashed the looking-glass into a thousand fragments, demolished two bowls and a pitcher that were quietly reposing on the mantle, and knocked down the clock from the shelf.

The Squire broke from Peggy's embrace and darted out of the window. Will followed, and Mrs. Blake would have pursued by the same outlet, but she was a little too large to get through with ease.

A dreadful council was held; Jake stormed, and Mrs. Blake threatened, and at last Katie and Peggy confessed; and Jake and his wife were so rejoiced at the prospect of getting rid of Peggy that they forgave their daughter, and took Will Darmouth home at the end of the year, and in due time Peggy and the Squire were made one flesh.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

We do not expect to teach the scientific orchardist or nurserman how to transplant a tree, but there are some in this State intending to set out entire orchards of fruit trees this spring who never transplanted a tree in their lives; it is to such persons that we now we speak. Having secured your trees with all the roots possible and these as nearly uninjured as may be, if your holes have been prepared beforehand and the ground is sufficiently dry, shape the hole by re-digging the bottom and so that when the tree is set in, the roots will be allowed as near as possible their original position.

It it has a tap root don't plunge it into a hole no bigger than the root will make by being thrust into the soil, but take out a full spadeful, and having trimmed the end of every root smoothly, with a sharp knife, set the tree in position not more than an inch deeper than it grew in the nursery row. Give every root its former position as near as may be; fill in lightly with fine soil, and as some of the smaller roots bend down from the weight of the soil, with the fingers gently raise them to their proper position again and fill in as before, and continue the operation till the roots are covered and the hole is filled.

Never shake a tree up and down while filling, if it has one or more vertical roots; because upon these roots are a great many small fibrous roots running out horizontally. If the tree is shaken up and down, these small roots are badly displaced and injured. But having filled the hole, tread firmly the whole surface and then fill again without tramping—this last filling answering as a mulch—and the operation is finished and success is nearly certain.

If the tree should have lost much root in the taking up, a corresponding shortening in of the branches is advisable, or a judicious trimming up of a few of the lower limbs will suffice, if a standard tree is desired. If a low head is preferred, let the pruning be of some of the superfluous upper limbs or the heading back of the top.—*Ex.*

THE Duke of Devonshire has purchased for two thousand guineas a red two-year-old short-horned bull, the "Fifth Duke of Wetherby," from the famous herd belonging to Col. Gunter, of Wetherby Grange, in England. The price is the highest ever known to have been given for a bull.

THE oldest church edifice in Boston is Christ Church. It was built in 1723, one hundred and twenty years ago, and is standing on its original ground. Its anniversary was celebrated December 28th.

THE NEW NORTHWEST.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune.

SIR:—While most of the army officers since the commencement of the Government have been among the first to appreciate the capabilities of the ever Westward-moving frontier along which they have been stationed, it is a strange fact that in every successive age of our country's progress there have been found a few officers who could see no good in the new country in which they were doing duty, and who condemned every step of that progress as a foolish stride into a worthless, a sickly, or an uninhabitable land. These statements were not often born of malice or mendacity, but generally were conceived in the peculiar fancies of dissatisfied men who regarded their term of service on the frontier as an exile from the joys of civilization, and who naturally hated the country the defense of which required them to be absent from the easy life and social enjoyment of garrisoned towns or the forts which guard our Eastern cities. As these maledictions have successfully been uttered over every spot in the new, wealthy and blooming States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota, it is not strange that these dismal croakings, although forever refuted by the successful march of emigration and empire, should still faintly echo from the new frontier which now faces our new Northwest, and that we should still find one of the germs alive in the person of General William B. Hazen, commandant of the melancholly, Sioux-surrounded and Sitting-Bull-besieged Fort Buford, on the plateau which divides the most northerly portion of the Missouri river from the Saskatchewan, in the middle of the wind-swept plains and the centre of the arid belt. If he had confined his remarks in a late number of the Tribune to the vicinity of his unhappy domicile, neither to which nor to any place in the vicinity of which does anybody propose to build a railroad, he might peacefully vent his spleen, nourished as it is by exclusion from an Eastern home, where wealth might make life enjoyable, and deepened by the disgust which he feels at having General Crook put over his head for heroism and activity among the Apaches, which General Hazen might with credit to himself imitate among the Sioux.

But our doughty warrior, who has not been over successful in smiting the heathen with the sword, appeals to the pen as a mightier weapon with which he can demolish the whole country, from the Red river west to the Pacific—Indians, whites and all—and more especially slay those who are endeavoring to develop its capabilities by the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad. So far as General Hazen's letter in the Tribune is concerned, we might refute it from the facts recorded in its files by its faithful correspondent Richardson, who also could scarcely in his book find words to express his admiration of the larger part of the country which Col. Hazen condemns as a whole; or from the correspondence and the book of Col. Alex. H. McClure, of Phildelphia, or from the reports of the Governors and Surveyors-General of Montana, Washington and Idaho Territories, or the records of the Land Office in Washington City, or from the tax lists of the Territories named, or from the census returns; but as this martial asservator announces in advance that all who dare to contradict him are liars, perhaps we had better leave out all the testimony of civilians, and merely quote military witnesses in rebuttal. Leaving out Stevens, whom he classes as an enthusiast unworthy the attention of any sober-minded man, let us refer to the opinion of U. S. Grant, and of Phil. Sheridan; of Gen. Hancock, late commander of that department; of Gen. Gibbon, District Commander of Montana, and of Gen. Sulley, late Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and of Generals Ingalls and Hardee, all of whom have placed themselves on record in direct and positive opposition to the statements now made by the infallible Hazen. True, these gentlemen traveled over and knew the country which Gen. Hazen does not; for he admits even his ignorance of the vicinity of his own fort by quoting as authority the letter of a hay contractor, who plays on the General the nearly worn out frontier trick of complaining of the scarcity of hay in order to enhance the value of what he delivers at the post. So far as Montana, which he is pleased to include in his denunciations, is concerned, any contradiction of his grotesquely absurd statements is unneeded by the informed.

A Territory that has in the ten years of its existence produced $160,000,000 in gold, nearly enough to redeem one-half of all our greenbacks; that has paid into the National Treasury nearly three-quarters of a million in Internal Revenue taxes; that has a taxable property of $15,000,000 in goods, lands, houses and cattle—the mining property is not taxed—where in the year just passed 620,000 acres of the public domain are reported by the Governor, from the Land Office records, as having been taken up; where 150,000 head of horses, cattle and mules, and 20,000 sheep are now in the middle of this winter, as they have been for winters past, roaming in fatness on her hills, unsheltered, unhoused and unfed, save as they shelter and feed themselves on their ample winter grazing ranges—this cannot be the arid country in summer or the frigid country in winter which Gen. Hazen misrepresents it to be. The reader has has only to look at the reports of our Surveyors-General to see that we have an area of cultivable land that is scarcely encroached on—land that yields for its average crops from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre, and whose premium crops at our Agricultural Fair have to go over 100 bushels to the acre to win the prizes; where 600 bushels of potatoes and 100 bushels of oats are no uncommon yield, and where we raise rye and barley at the World's Fair in Vienna surpassed everything on exhibition there. He can find, too, that of all the lands not arable the greater portion is of the finest summer and winter pasture, and the residue covered with timber and veined with valuable mines. Let him look at the books of our transportation companies and he will find that we annually imported and exported enough to pay for the maintenance and operation of a railroad in this one Territory alone, though her mines of gold and silver are as yet scarcely scratched, and her coal, lead, iron and copper totally untouched. What will she do when her magnificent resources are developed?

As to her climate, the meteorological record kept at Fort Benton and at Deer Lodge for 20 years has again and again been published in the government reports, and as it shows a more favorable winter average than that of Philadelphia, the people of New York can scarcely put it down as unimdurably cold, while those who have the happiness to reside there, though they are gathered from all quarters of the Union and of the globe, claim preference for it over the climate of any State east of the mountains from Maine to the Gulf.

These facts being true of Montana are indisputably true of Idaho and Washington Territories, the former, like Montana, a mining Territory, the latter more exclusively devoted to agriculture and lumbering, and either of them superior in climate and natural resources to any State east of the Alleghanies. They will be able when developed and populated to support not only one but many railroads, but one at least is needed for their development and population.

The fiscal agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad, miscalculating their ability, and disappointed in their reasonable expectations of European support, failed to complete a project too great for individual enterprise, and which only needed to be completed to become a magnificent success. Their failure was the signal for a financial revulsion, produced by a variety of causes. In that crash industries were paralyzed and fortunes lost; but none lost more magnificent fortunes than the unfortunate projectors. Over this crash the country feels bitter, and is ready to applaud anybody who may kick the scapegoat of all our financial sins; but all this clamor weighs not against the intrinsic merits of the project itself, nor does it suddenly change the character of the country over which the road was to pass. Even by the agents of the European company that country was recognized to be as good or better than reported. There can be no just reason why under any circumstances any portion of our national domain should be unjustly depreciated or undervalued, and no motive therefor excepting in the jealousies of competing cities along the lines of competing routes. New York is too great to share in these. She is the metropolis of the whole country, and her press should see to it that no portion of that country is falsely disparaged, and that no great national enterprise is libeled down.

MARTIN MAGINNIS,
Delegate from Montana.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 19, 1874.

THE BOY'S RESOLVE.—I would like to have ruddy cheeks, and bright eyes, and strong limbs. But they say that strong drink dims the eyes, and whitens the cheek, and enfeebles the frame; therefore I will not drink.

I would like to have a clear mind, so that I may be able to think on great things, and serve God, and do good to others, and prepare to die. But they say that strong drink clouds the mind and often destroys it; therefore I will not drink.

I would like to have a peaceful heart and a quiet conscience, so that I may be happy while I am here. But they say that strong drink fills many a heart with misery, and implants in many a conscience a sting; therefore I will not drink.

I would like to have a quiet home and a happy fireside, where I could rejoice with loving brothers and sisters and parents. But they say strong drink makes ten thousand homes wretched and miserable; therefore I will not krink.

I would like to go to heaven, that I may dwell with Jesus in glory forever. But they say that strong drink keeps many from entering heaven and casts them down to hell; therefore I will not drink.

A Pittsburg squaw is an heir to a million dollars. Indigent gentlemen describe her as very beautiful.

THAT NEW VELVET HAT.

Old Colonel W——, formerly a well known character in one of our eastern cities, was remarkable for one passion out of the ordinary range of humanity; and that was, for buying any lot of trumpery which came under the head of "miscellaneous" for the reason that it could not be classified.

Though close-fisted in general terms, he was continually throwing away money, in fives and tens, on such trash. In this way, he filled all the odd corners in his dwelling and out-houses with a collection of nondescript articles, that would have puzzled a philosopher to tell what they were made for, or to what use they could be put. This, however, was secondary consideration with the Colonel; for he seldom troubled his head about articles after they were fairly housed. Not so with his wife, however, who was continually remonstrating against those purchases, which served to clutter up the house, and as food for the mirth of domestics. But the Colonel, though he often submitted to these remonstrances of his better half, could not resist the passion; and so he went on adding, from week to week, to his heap of miscellanies.

One day, while sauntering down the street, he heard the rich, full tones of the auctioneer, and of course stepped in to see what was being sold. On the floor he perceived a collection, which looked as if it might have been purloined from the garret of some museum, and around which a motley group had assembled; while on the counter stood the portly auctioneer in the height of a mock indignant remonstrance with the audience.

"Nine dollars and ninety cents?" cried the auctioneer; "gentlemen, it is a shame, it is barbarous, to stand and permit such a sacrifice of property! Nine dollars and ninety——Good-morning, Colonel! A magnificent lot of antiques, and all going—going for nine dollars and ninety cents. Gentlemen, you'll never see another such a lot!—and all going—going for nine dollars and ninety cents. Colonel W——, can you permit such a sacrifice of property?"

The Colonel glanced his eye over the lot, and then with a nod and wink, assured him that he could not. The next instant the hammer came down, and the purchase was hit at ten dollars. As the articles were paid for and to be removed immediately, the Colonel lost no time in getting a cart, and having everything packed up and on the way to the house. He proceeded to his own store, chuckling within himself that now, at least he had made a bargain, at which his wife could not grumble.

In due time the Colonel was seated at the dinner table, when lifting his eyes he observed a cloud on his wife's brow.

"Well, my dear," said he inquiringly.

"Well," repeated his wife, "it is not well, Mr. W——; I am vexed beyond endurance. You know C., the auctioneer?"

"Certainly," replied the Colonel, "and a very gentlemanly person he is, too."

"You may think so," replied his wife, "but I don't, and I will tell you why. A few days ago, I gathered together all the old trumpery with which you have been cluttering the house for the last twelve years, and sent it to him with orders to sell the lot immediately to the highest bidder, for cash. He assured me he would do so in all this week, at farthest, and pay over the proceeds to my order. And here I have been congratulating myself on two things; first, on having got rid of a most intolerable nuisance; secondly, on receiving money enough therefrom to purchase that new velvet hat you promised me so long ago. And now what do you think? This mornig, about an hour ago, the whole load came back without a word of explanation!"

The Colonel looked blank for a moment, and then proceeded to clear up the mystery. But the good woman was pacified only by the promise of a ten dollar note, besides that in the hands of the auctioneer; on condition, however, that she should never mention it. Of course she kept her word.

THE Troy Times says: By a recent decision of the Supreme Court, the notes of persons who have failed but have not been declared bankrupt, are worth one hundred cents on the dollar, when sold to persons who owe the failing firm. Taking advantage of this, the stove firm of Sweet, Quimby and Perry, and Bussy and McLeod sold about $20,000 worth of notes which they held against N. B. Ingalls & Son, to certain parties who owed the Ingalls firm. The stove firms made this move in time to comply with the law, and so lose nothing by the failure of Ingalls & Son, whose liabilities are $94,000, with assets on only $38,000. Smith, Fursman & Cowan acted for them. The purchase of the notes reduces the assets to $17,000, and the liabilities to $74,000.

BJORNSON, the Norwegian writer, is coming over with 700 of his countrymen to settle in the United States.—The aggregate means of the party is about $400,000. Two hundred of them are young unmarried men.

Ladies this Winter will wear the same things they wore last year—it they can't buy others.

HOW NICE IT IS TO BE A SUPREME COURT JUSTICE.

Col Forney writes that the judges or justices of the Supreme Court are rather jovial, with all their gravity. They are asked everywhere, and they go everywhere that is proper. A sort of divinity hedges them around about. They are first at every State occasion, or nearly first. They dominate at great dinners. They decorate receptions and balls. A justice or a chief justice at a party in Washington is like a prince at a drawing-room in London or a cardinal in Rome. They flutter in and out of the Senate with a sage and solemn air of possession. I think it is evidence that they often condescend to sherry and champagne, and I fear that Grier and Nelson exceptionally descend to old rye and whiskey. The whole nine effect the drama. John Marshall undoubtedly shed tears over Fanny Kemble, just as the eminent Pennsylvania Chief Justice, John Bannister Gibson, idolized old Joseph Jefferson. Davis of Illinois, and Swayne of Ohio, Miller of Iowa, and Clifford of Maine, do not deny their weakness for a good opera ballet, and Joseph Story, like Caleb Cushing, enjoying a good novel, and wrote some very fair poetry when he was a young man.

So that there are many reasons why a statesman who has got through with other offices should aspire to round his career by a seat on the velvet cushion of the Supreme Bench. It is for life. It is a social power. It is a cosy look out on politics. It is a solid dignity. It is not an exhausting labor. The salary is good, and never touched except to be raised. As the law is the royal profession in this country, so a place in the Supreme Court is the only royal laurel that can be placed on the American lawyer's brow.

MR. BEECHER'S FAITH.

In the Plymouth Church prayer meeting, last evening Mr. Beecher's theme was the loving and intimate social relations between Christ and the Apostles, who, he said, with the exception of John, were "men of coarse fibre" and "without the genius of common sense."

At the close of his lecture a brother arose and said: "We are led to believe that but a very small portion of Christ's miricals and teachings are recorded; yet, with these things brought home to their senses, they did not seem to understand him. It seems to me, if Christ had walked by my side, I should have understood and have believed. Will Mr. Beecher tell us why they did not?"

"I guesss if you had the trial," replied Mr. Beecher, "you wouldn't believe as much as you think. I have suffered much from questions as to the fundamental truths of religion. I have often thought, if God would only once speak to me as he did to Abraham, it would be a reservoir of faith for all my life. But he don't." After a pause he repeated in a plaintive tone, "But He don't—He don't."—And then he went on in a sprightlier manner: "Yet, looking at life's experiences collectively, I have the consciousness that my moral nature has been opened and enlarged. There are hours when I am as profoundly certain as I am doubtful at others—and the certainties overbalance by far the doubts. Toward embodiment of a suffering, loving, sympathetic God I throw out all my faith, and there comes a peace, a lifting up of my soul—a spiritual power that buoys up my soul, and which I think is a touch of God. So I take these effects rather than my objective truths. He exists. And he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. This God is not an invention. I am flying toward him by day and by night. I shall find him finally."

Mr. Beecher had grown vehement toward the close, and the tears finally flowed down his flushed cheeks.

TO BEAUTIFY THE TEETH.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water, and before it is cold add one teaspoonful of spirits of camphor, and bottle for use. A tablespoonful of this mixture with an equal amount of tepid water, applied daily with a soft brush, preserves and beautifies the teeth, extirpates tartarous adhesion, arrests decay, induces a healthy action of the gums and makes the teeth pearly white.

DUTY ON SUGAR.—In Congress, Sypher offered a resolution reciting that by the abolition of the duty on sugar the revenues have been reduced $12,000,000 while no reduction has been made in the cost to consumers, and directing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of restoring the duty. Referred.

THERE is considerable talk of an 'independent movement' in Oregon, similar to the one so successful in California, for the purpose of nominating a straight-out ticket to be voted for at the coming June election.

A BALKY horse in a double team may always be started by tying his tail to the whiffletree and starting the other horse. So said Geo. M. Pullman, of palace car notoriety, some twenty years ago.