Historical Soc

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

VOLUME 3. BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY, FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1874. NUMBER 26.

THE AVANT COURIER,

Published Every Friday,

AT BOZEMAN, GALLATIN COUNTY, M. T.

JOSEPH WRIGHT,

Publisher and Proprietor.

TERMS:

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One year	$ 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	45
1 Month	5	8	1	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	16	25	40	55	75	130	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.

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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	P. 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 BURCK	Helena.
	CHAS. MESSIMBROD	Bozeman.
	J. H. MCKEE	Missoula.
U. S. Commissioner	JOHN POTTER	Hamilton.
U. S. Commissioner	H. N. MAGUIRE	Bozeman.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

Probate Judge	H. N. MAGUIRE
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	ANCH 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
Assessors, 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 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, 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.

E. 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 Half-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	02 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.

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS.

Grandmothers are very nice folks—
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all,
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples, and pennies, and cakes,
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "mas"
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper 'tis true,
'Tother way, when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row, in the cellar;
And they are apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken-pie for a "feller."

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs,
And say, "Ah, those boys will be boys."

"Life is only short at the best,
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for a while at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers slog hymns very low
To themselves as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then, a boy stopping to think
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last—
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray.
For a boy needs their pray'rs every night;
Some boys more than others, I spose,
Such as I need a wonderful sight.

A Hundred Years Hence.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come!
Who'll tread you church with willing feet
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
A childhood with brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land and sea—
Where will the mighty million be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come,
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come;
But other men our land will fill,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sun shine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

"HUNTSMAN THE UNLUCKY."

[From the Russian.]

Once upon a time there lived a huntsman. He would go every day in search of game, but it often happened that he killed nothing, and so was obliged to return home with his bag empty. On that account he was nicknamed "Huntsman the Unlucky."—At last he was reduced by his ill fortune to such extremities, that he had not a piece of bread nor a singe copeck left. The wretched man wandered about the forest, cold and hungry; he had eaten nothing for three days, and was nearly dying of starvation. He lay down on the grass, determined to put an end to his existence; happily better thoughts came into his mind; he crossed himself and threw away the gun. Suddenly he heard a rustling noise near him. It seemed to issue from some thick grass close at hand. The hunter got up and approached the spot. He then observed that the grass partly hid a gloomy abyss, from the bottom of which there rose a stone and on it lay a small jar. As he looked and listened the hunter heard a small voice crying:

"Dear, kind traveler, release me!"

The voice seemed to proceed from the little jar. The courageous hunter, walked carefully from one stone to another, approached the spot where the jar lay, took it up gently, and heard a voice crying from within like the chirping of a grasshopper.

"Release me, and I will be of service to you."

"Who are you, my little friend?" asked Huntsman the Unlucky.

"I have no name, and cannot be seen by human eyes," answered a soft voice. "If you want me, call 'Murza!' A wicked magician put me in this jar, sealed it with the seal of King Solomon, and then threw me into this fearful place, where I have lain for seventy years."

"Very good," said Huntsman the Unlucky; "I will give you your liberty, and then we shall see how you will keep your word."

He broke the seal and opened the little jar—there was nothing in it!

"Hallo! where are you, my friend?" cried the hunter.

"By your side," a voice answered.

The hunter looked about him, but could see no one.

"Murza?"

"Ready. I await your orders. I am your servant for the next three days, and will do whatever you desire. You have only to say: 'Go there, I know not where; bring something, I know not what.'"

"Very well," said the hunter. "You will doubtless know best what is wanted. Go there, I know not where; bring something, I know not what."

As soon as the hunter had uttered these words there appeared before him a table covered with dishes, each filled with the most delicious viands, as if they had come direct from a banquet of the Czar. The hunter sat down at the table, and ate and drank till he was satisfied. He then rose, said grace, and bowing on all sides, exclaimed:

"Thank you! thank you!"

Instantly the table, and everything else with it, disappeared, and the hunter continued his journey.

After walking some distance he sat down by the roadside to rest. It so happened that while the hunter was resting himself, there passed through the forest a gipsy thief leading a horse which he wanted to sell.

"I wish I had the money to buy the horse with," thought the hunter; "what a pity my pockets are empty! However, I will ask my invisible friend. Murza!"

"Ready!"

"Go there, I know not where; bring something, I know not what."

In less than a minute the hunter heard the money chinking in his pocket; gold poured into them, he knew not how nor whence.

"Thanks! you have kept your word," said the hunter.

He then began to bargain with the gipsy for the horse. Having agreed upon the price, he paid the man in gold, who, staring at the hunter with his mouth wide open, wondered where Huntsman the Unlucky had got so much money from. Parting from the hunter, the gipsy-thief ran with all speed to the farther end of the forest and whistled. There was no answer. "They are asleep," thought the gipsy, and entered a cabin where some robbers, lying on the skins of animals, were resting themselves.

"Halloa, comrades! Are you asleep?" cried the gypsy. "Get up quick! or you will lose a fine bird. He is alone in the forest, and his pockets are full of gold. Make haste!"

The robbers sprang up, mounted their horses and galloped after the hunter.

The hunter heard the clatter, and, seeing himself suddenly surrounded by robbers, cried out out, "Murza!

"Ready!" answered a voice near him.

"Go there, I know not where; bring something, I know not what."

There was a rustling noise heard in the forest, and then something from behind the trees fell upon the robbers. They were knocked from their horses and scattered on all sides; yet no hand was seen to touch them. The robbers, thrown upon the ground, could not raise themselves, and the hunter, thankful and rejoicing at his deliverance, rode on, and soon found his way out of the dark forest, and came upon a town.

Near this town there were pitched tents full of soldiers. Huntsman the Unlucky was told that an enormous army of Tartars had come, under the command of their Khan, who, angry at being refused the hand of the beautiful Princess Milovzora, the daughter of the Czar, had declared war against him. The hunter had seen the Princess Milovzora when she was out hunting in the forest. She used to ride a beautiful horse, and carry a golden lance in her hand; a magnificent quiver of arrows hung from her shoulder. When her vail was lifted up she appeared like the spring sunlight, to give light to the eyes and warmth to the heart.

The hunter reflected for a little while, and then cried, "Murza!"

In an instant he found himself dressed in a splendid attire; his jacket was embroidered with gold, he wore a beautiful mantle on his shoulders, and ostrich feathers hung gracefully down the top of his helmet, fastened by a brooch of ruby, surrounded by pearls. The hunter went into the castle, presented himself before the Czar, and offered to drive away the forces of the enemy on condition that the Czar gave him the beautiful Princess Milovzora for his wife.

The Czar was greatly surprised, but did not like to refuse such an offer at once; he first asked the hunter for his name, his birth and his possessions.

"I am called Huntsman the Unlucky, Master of Murza the invisible."

The Czar thought the young man was mad; the courtiers, however, who had seen him before, assured the Czar that the stranger exactly resembled Huntsman the Unlucky, whom they knew; but how he had got that splendid dress they could not tell.

The Czar demanded:

"Do you hear what they say? If you are telling lies, you will lose your head. Let us see, then, how you will overcome the enemy with the forces of your invisible Murza?"

"Be of good hope, Czar," answered the hunter; "as soon as I say the word, everything will be completed."

"Good," said the Czar. "If you have spoken the truth you shall have my daughter for your wife; if not, your head will be the forfeit."

The hunter said to himself, "I shall either become a prince, or I am a lost man."

Then he whispered:

"Murza, go there, I know not where; do this, I know not what."

A few minutes passed, and there was nothing to be heard or seen.—Huntsman the Unlucky turned pale; the Czar, enraged, ordered him to be seized and put in irons, when suddenly the firing of guns was heard in the distance. The Czar and his courtiers ran out on the steps leading to the castle, and saw bodies of men approaching from both right and left, their standards waving gracefully in the air. The soldiers were splendidly equipped. The Czar could hardly believe his eyes, for he himself had no troops as fine as these.

"This is no delusion!" cried Huntsman the Unlucky. "These are the forces of my invisible friend."

"Let them drive away the enemy, then, if they can," said the Czar.

The hunter waved his handkerchief. The army wheeled into position; music burst forth in martial strain, and then a great cloud of dust arose. When the dust had cleared away, the army was gone.

The Czar invited Huntsman the Unlucky to dinner, and asked him numerous questions about Murza the Invisible. At the second course the news came that the enemy was flying in every direction, completely routed.—The terrified Tartars had left all their tents and baggage behind them. The Czar thanked the hunter for his assistance, and informed his daughter that he had found a husband for her.

Princess Milovzora blushed upon receiving this intelligence, then turned pale and began to shed tears. The hunter whispered something to Murza, and the Princess' tears changed into precious stones as they fell. The courtiers hastened to pick them up—they were pearls and diamonds. The Princess smiled at this, and, overcome with pleasure, gave her hand to Huntsman the Unlucky—unlucky no longer. Then the feast began. But here the story must end.

A WRONGED AND DECEIVED WIFE.

A tired husband went home from his work last night, and taking off his coat, requested his wife to mend a rent in the sleeve, then sank upon the sofa behind the evening paper. Wife-like, she took up the coat; woman-like, she dived into the pocket. From the inside pocket she drew forth a letter, directed, in delicate chirography, to her husband. With darkening brow, she quickly took the suspicious-looking missive from the envelope, and, without noticing the date, began to read:

DEAR GEORGE: I am lonely, oh, so lonely, since you left me last Thursday night.

"Ah, ha! that was lodge night, he told me," said the now thoroughly interested woman, as she glanced viciously over at her husband, who appeared to be just falling asleep. "Oh, how can you sleep with the weight of this deep sin upon you? But I'll see what more the brazen huzzy has to say, if it kills me." With one hand pressed to her throbbing heart, she read on:

I know I am foolish, darling, but when you are away there seems to be a barrier between me and all that is bright and lovely. The sun does not shine half so bright; the moon is but a white spot in the sky, and the stars stare coldly down, when you are not with me, lord of my life and heart.

"Was it for this? was it for this?" moaned the unhappy wife.

Fortune speed the day when we may be united in those indissoluble bonds that are sacred in the eyes of Heaven and earth—

"What mockery! Does he or she consider that his yows made to me are not sacred? What are they going to do with me, any way, I wonder? Poison, perhaps. Oh, false, false, perfidous man! Oh, wicked, hellish, designing wanton!" Still the suffering woman read the letter, though each word burned to ashes a thousand hopes and joys:"

when we need no more meet clandestinely, and tremble in each other's embrace—

"I'd make you tremble, if I had you in *my* embrace a minute!"

when my head may be pillowed in safety upon your breast—

"The fiendess!"

and your arms twine in loving pressure about me—

"Furies!"

and our lips smother the tender words that would escape between them."

"Oh, the sirenic she-devil!" hissed the woman, as she tried to keep down the boiling rage within her. She crushed the letter in her hands, then threw it upon the floor and sprang upon it with her heels, as though it were a snake, and ground it into the carpet. Then with clenched hands and compressed lips, she strode rapidly back and forth across the room, ever and anon making a move as if to spring like a fury upon her husband, who, with a paper over his face, was apparently sound asleep, dreaming, perhaps, of the wicked temptress that had come between him and his fond wife. Presently a reaction took place, and the wretched woman sank into a chair and found relief in that blessed panacea for female ill—a flood of tears.

Growing calmer after awhile, she picked up the rumpled letter, smoothed out the creases, and with an air of mingled despair and resignation, looked for the signature.

Your ever loving and devoted, but poor, apprehensive—

"What's this?—"

Flut—flut—tering birdie. A-D-A—ADA.

"Why, bless me! this is one of my own letters to George. What a fool I—"

A sound from the sofa, first like escaping steam, and then like a car rattling over the stony street, assured her that her ridiculous actions had been witnessed by her husband. Burning with shame, the foolish woman flew to her room, and locked herself in, and she is almost as miserable now as when she felt that she was a wronged and deceived wife.

WAITING for things to turn up is unphilosophical as well as unprofitable. Things will turn up just as fast and as often while you are working as while your are waiting.

When is a young lady like a whale? When she's pouting.

A COURT SCENE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF MISSOURI.

In earlier days in Missouri there presided over the judicial destinies of a large circuit a judge remarkable for his official and social excellencies. He was universally known as "Horse Allen," to which title in later years the prefix of "Old" was added. He was a sound lawyer and an incorruptible judge, and in those primeval days imposed a personal regard by the possession of a set of brawny limbs that men said had been called on more than one occasion into active exercise to teach the refractory "how to respect the court." He regarded the bar—composed generally of young men whom he called by their Christian names—almost in the light of his children, and they in turn soon learned to love him as a father. They tell this story on the old judge:

On one occasion, while he was holding court in a log cabin in one of the then wild counties of the Southwest, two of his boys became so excited over a case, that, after each had in unmistakable language questioned the veracity of the other, an inkstand had been hurled, and the compliment returned by a forcible propulsion of the Missouri Statutes by the maddened disputants at each other's heads. The whole thing occurred so quickly that the judge had not time to prevent it, but he proved himself equal to the occasion.

"Cyrus," he remarked to the sheriff, "adjourn court for fifteen minutes." It was done by Mr. Frost, the sheriff. "Now shut that door, and lock it."—As soon as these orders had been executed, turning to one of the combatants, then State's Attorney, and now an eminent citizen and lawyer in California, he said:

"Peter, come out and stand behind that bench!" The representative of the State quietly took position.

"Tom," he continued, to young Horrell (of whose future your historian has lost sight), "do you stand there!" and the attitude was taken as ordered.

"Now, boys," said the "Old Horse," in gentle tones, "you have been guilty of a very gross disrespect of this court, and the court cannot and will not stand it, and will take proper steps to vindicate itself. I have always held myself as good a judge of a fight as of the law. In this matter of outrage the court will sit and see it out, and you both shall have fair play. Now pitch in and fight it out."

Nothing loth, the boys went at it fist and skull, for they knew very well that if they did not settle it in this way the "Old Horse" would probably quit his seat and thrash them both—a feat very easy of accomplishment for him. And so they fought, and the judge looked on to see fair play. History does not record which of the two was the victor, but after protracted and exhausting efforts, and, alas! much profanity, of which the court took no official cognizance, the judge, turning to the sheriff, said:

"Cyrus, separate them, unlock the door, and open the court."

And when the court was opened, he turned to the court and said:

"Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of twenty dollars each against Mr. Minor and Mr. Horrell for a flagrant contempt of this court."

Before the adjournment the fines were remitted, and the boys were ever afterwaads the best of friends.—*Harper's.*

DRINKING WARM BLOOD.—Mention was made recently of a gentleman in a very feeble state of health, who was for sometime at the butcher's abattoir in Brighton for medical treatment, simply drinking half a tumblerful of warm blood twice a day. This course the gentleman, Mr. C. H. Stickney, who is willing that his name shall appear, has followed until a week ago, having been there ten weeks, and during that time gained ten pounds in weight, and, to use his own words: "My appetite is good; I sleep well and feel like a new man, and am soon to commence business again in Boston." He also says that there are ten or twelve others there, drinking the blood, all of whom are gaining under this treatment. One gentleman from Boston, a consumptive, so feeble that it was with difficulty he could get to this abattoir, is now able to handle an ax skillfully enough to "knock down a bullock." A lady from the city who has been six years stricken with paralysis, is improving wonderfully by "this blood cure." A gratifying feature of this cure is that it is "without money and without price," and Mr. Stickney speaks in praise of the gentlemen in charge of this establishment, and says strangers visiting the place will find courteous treatment.—*Boston Journal.*

THERE is nothing so hopeful to a man, and especially to a farmer, as a thrifty housewife. His wife may be beautiful and loving and accomplished, graceful, cheerful, faithful, still he will find that there are many flaws in the domestic economy unless, with her own qualifications, she combines the happy faculty of imparting the glow of youth to the aged fowl, and of so proportioning a pound of butter to a barrel of salt as will enable her to realise for the salt in the market twenty-five cents per pound.

"TITE BARNACLE" AT WASHINGTON.

There use to be a clerk in the Register's office who belonged to one of those Washington families which, ever since the foundation of the Government, have considered themselves, by prescriptive right, entitled to be provided for by it. At the same time his father was chief of one the bureaus in the War Department, and he had a brother who was employed in the Interior Department. He had also another brother who had been in the army, but, becoming disabled by illness, had been honorably discharged. For his brother, too, he was determined to secure a place in the civil service. With this object he went from department to department, but always without success. Finally he determined to go directly to the President himself, and to appeal to him to intervene in behalf of the discharged soldier. Mr. Lincoln, it would seem, had heard of the case before the Treasury clerk secured the audience with him which he sought. When the interview had terminated, the disappointed clerk rushed back to our department and into my office, and commenced in the most indiscreet and intemperate manner to express his disgust with the President.

"It is a disgrace to the country," he said, "that such a boor should be President of the United States."

I drew from him the story of what had occurred between the President and himself, and it was something like this:

Mr. Lincoln received him kindly and listened to his request. "Why don't you go directly to the Secretaries?" he asked.

"I have been to them all, and failed with all," was the answer.

"Hasn't your brother sufficiently recovered his health to enable him to return to the army?" inquired the President.

"No, sir, he has not," was the reply.

"Let me see," continued Mr. Lincoln, "I believe that you yourself are a clerk in one of the departments—which one is it?"

"The Treasury Department, sir."

"I thought so. Has your brother as good clerical capacity as you possess?"

"Yes sir."

"I think that I have somewhere met your father. Doesn't he hold an office in Washington?"

"Yes, sir; he is chief of the ——— bureau in the War Department."

"The pay is good, too, hey?"

"Oh, yes; the very best."

"Is there any other of your family holding office under the Government?"

"Yes, sir, I have a younger brother in the Interior Department."

"Well, then, all I have to say to you, M——, is that there are too many hogs and too little fodder."

MODERN EVE AND HER APPLE.—A professor's wife, who occupied herself sometimes in assisting her husband in making casts of interesting objects of geology and natural history, also for her own pleasure sometimes made flowers and fruit of wax and other materials; but notwithstanding that she had become quite an expert in this line, she found that most always her efforts were criticised by her friends. Once she passed a large apple around, and stated her confidence that this time she had been quite successful in her imitation of Nature's product; but her friends were, as usual, not of her opinion. One criticised the shape, saying it would be more natural if it were not so globular; another criticised the colors, and said they were better than other imitations, but she had not quite hit that natural, indescribable peculiarity which distinguished the natural apples from the imitations; almost every one had some fault to find. After the apple had been passed around and had come into her hands again, she ate it without saying anything. Her friends had been criticising a real apple.

MARSHAL BAZAINE now occupies the room in which the Man with the Iron Mask languished so many years, and from the window of which the unknown prisoner flung into the sea the silver plate on which he had previously scratched his name and history. In view of the prisoner's window stands Cannes and the luxuriantly covered hills of Cannot, backed by the splendor of the Alps. The room is lofty, and contains a fire-place and a large, grated window. The prisoner is allowed a servant, a medical man and a priest. An altar has been erected at the end of the narrow passage from which the room opens. The prisoner daily paces up and down the little terrace near his room in the fortress. He has his son, a little boy of 7 years, with him, and Colonel Villette, his faithful friend and companion, who sent in his resignation in order to be with his former commander. Madame Bazaine is at Cannes. The Fort is garrisoned by two companies of the One Hundred and Eleventh Regiment of the Line.

THE Senate has passed a bill donating the military reservation at Fort Steilacoom for the use of the Insane Asylum.

QUEEN VICTORIA is said to be writing a book, the scene of which is laid in Germany.

NATIONAL PARK.

A BILL amendatory of and supplemental to the act entitled "An act to set apart a certain tract of land lying near the headwaters of the Yellowstone river as a public park," approved March first, eighteen hundred and seventy-two."

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That section two of said act be amended by striking out the words "ten years" and inserting the words "twenty years."

Sec. 2. That the Secretary of the Interior may, in his discretion, grant leases for toll-roads throughout the park wherever roads have not been constructed by the United States: *Provided*, That he shall prescribe and regulate the rates of toll to be charged on such roads.

Sec. 3. That any person or persons violating any of the rules or regulations prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior for the government of said park shall, on conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not less than twenty dollars nor more than one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not less than three months nor more than two years, or by both fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court; and shall also be liable to a suit for damages to the Government.

Sec. 4. That any judge or commissioner of the supreme and district courts of the Territory of Montana or Wyoming shall have authority to inquire into and punish all offenses under this act, and any United States Marshal, or his deputies, in either of said Territories, shall have power to arrest all offenders; the park, for that purpose, being hereby placed within the jurisdiction of both of said Territories.

Sec. 5. That the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby appropriated for the construction of public roads within the limits of said park, the survey of its boundaries, and for such other purposes as may be deemed necessary, in the judgment of the Secretary of the Interior, to accomplish the ends contemplated by this act and that of March first, eighteen hundred and seventy-two; said appropriation to be available for immediate use, and to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior.

COMMON SENSE.—There is a chilly, disagreeable article, called common sense, which is of all things most repulsive and antipathetical to all petted creatures whose life has consisted in flattery. It is the kind of talk which sisters are very apt to hear from brothers, and daughters from fathers and mothers who do their duty, which sets the world before them as it is, and not as it is painted by flatterers. Those women who prefer the society of gentlemen, and who have the faculty of bewitching their senses, never are in the way of hearing from this cold matter-of-fact region; for them it really does not exist. Every phase that meets their ears is polished and softened, guarded and delicately turned, till there is not a particle of homely truth left in it. They pass their time in a world of illusions; they demand their illusions of all who approach them, as the condition of peace and favor. All persons, as by a sort of instinct, recognize the woman who lives by flattery, and give her the portion of meat to which she is entitled in due season; and thus some poor women are hopelessly buried, as suicides used to be in Scotland, under a mountain of rubbish, to which, each passer-by adds a stone. It is only by extraordinary power of circumstances that a man can be found to invade the sovereignty of a pretty woman with any disagreeable tidings, or as Junius says, "to instruct the throne in the language of truth."—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

IN a case arising under an act of Congress, with reference to the property rights of married women in the of District of Columbia, the Supreme Court, speaking through Mr. Justice Bradley, held that defendant and the husband of the plaintiff executed their note and gave it to her as a consideration for joining them in a deed of certain premises releasing her dower, the release of the wife's contingent interest was a sufficient consideration for the note, and that the wife could maintain an action upon it against the defendant in her own name. This is a blow at the absurd common-law doctrine of the "femme coverts." It will not be long before the notion that the wife has no separate proprietary rights will be entirely abandoned as a relic of cruel barbarism.

A LONDON magazine has an article on Joan of Arc, raising the question whether she or some other person was burned at Rouen. If we are to lose all our fine old myths, one after another, we may perhaps be consoled to find that the Maid of Orleans was not cruelly put to death after all, but that she settled at Metz, become the wife of Robert Hermoises, and had a family by him. There seems to be considerable evidence in favor of this supposition.

AN intoxicated man was detected, the other night, trying to pick the pockets of a billiard table.

If a Bedouin should lose his teeth, would he talk gum Arabic?