

Historical Society

# THE AVANT COURIER

VOLUME 3. BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY, FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1874. NUMBER 34.

**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 ..... 1.50

**ADVERTISING RATES:**

Time	1 Column	2 Columns	3 Columns
1 Time	5	10	15
2 Times	10	20	30
3 Times	15	30	45
1 Week	60	120	180
2 Weeks	110	220	330
1 Month	200	400	600
3 Months	550	1100	1650
6 Months	1000	2000	3000
1 Year	1800	3600	5400

**NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.**  
1. Any one who takes a paper regularly from the Postoffice—whether directed to his name or another—must be held responsible for the payment of the same.  
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, 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 uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional refusal to pay.  
4. An Act to amend an Act entitled, "An Act to provide for and regulate the relations of subscribers for the publication of legal documents," approved January 9th, 1872.  
5. 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. 2. The printer of such legal advertisements shall be entitled to payment of his full fee before being required to furnish a certificate of publication.  
Approved, December 28, 1871.

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Chief Justice	D. B. WADE	Helena
Associate Justice	JIMMY BROWN	Virginia City
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Collector Int. Rev.	F. E. FULLER	Helena
Collector Customs	T. A. CROSBY	Helena
U. S. Examining	THOMAS REECE	Helena
Surgeons	CHAS. McWHIRTER	Bozeman
U. S. Commissioner	JOHN POTTER	Hamilton
U. S. Commissioner	H. N. MAGNIE	Bozeman

**DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.**

OFFICE	NAME	RESIDENCE
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County Clerk	J. W. WALKER	Bozeman
Recorder	C. E. CLARK	Bozeman
U. S. Marshal	W. C. CHILDS	Helena
U. S. Collector Int. Rev.	F. E. FULLER	Helena
U. S. Collector Customs	T. A. CROSBY	Helena
U. S. Examining	THOMAS REECE	Helena
Surgeons	CHAS. McWHIRTER	Bozeman
U. S. Commissioner	JOHN POTTER	Hamilton
U. S. Commissioner	H. N. MAGNIE	Bozeman

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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:

Route	Rate
To Wolf-Whay House	5 00
Bozeman	10 00
Helena	15 00
Virginia City	20 00
Butte	25 00
Missoula	30 00
Great Falls	35 00
Liberty	40 00
Bozeman	45 00
Helena	50 00
Virginia City	55 00
Butte	60 00
Missoula	65 00
Great Falls	70 00
Liberty	75 00
Bozeman	80 00
Helena	85 00
Virginia City	90 00
Butte	95 00
Missoula	100 00
Great Falls	105 00
Liberty	110 00
Bozeman	115 00
Helena	120 00
Virginia City	125 00
Butte	130 00
Missoula	135 00
Great Falls	140 00
Liberty	145 00
Bozeman	150 00
Helena	155 00
Virginia City	160 00
Butte	165 00
Missoula	170 00
Great Falls	175 00
Liberty	180 00
Bozeman	185 00
Helena	190 00
Virginia City	195 00
Butte	200 00
Missoula	205 00
Great Falls	210 00
Liberty	215 00
Bozeman	220 00
Helena	225 00
Virginia City	230 00
Butte	235 00
Missoula	240 00
Great Falls	245 00
Liberty	250 00
Bozeman	255 00
Helena	260 00
Virginia City	265 00
Butte	270 00
Missoula	275 00
Great Falls	280 00
Liberty	285 00
Bozeman	290 00
Helena	295 00
Virginia City	300 00
Butte	305 00
Missoula	310 00
Great Falls	315 00
Liberty	320 00
Bozeman	325 00
Helena	330 00
Virginia City	335 00
Butte	340 00
Missoula	345 00
Great Falls	350 00
Liberty	355 00
Bozeman	360 00
Helena	365 00
Virginia City	370 00
Butte	375 00
Missoula	380 00
Great Falls	385 00
Liberty	390 00
Bozeman	395 00
Helena	400 00
Virginia City	405 00
Butte	410 00
Missoula	415 00
Great Falls	420 00
Liberty	425 00
Bozeman	430 00
Helena	435 00
Virginia City	440 00
Butte	445 00
Missoula	450 00
Great Falls	455 00
Liberty	460 00
Bozeman	465 00
Helena	470 00
Virginia City	475 00
Butte	480 00
Missoula	485 00
Great Falls	490 00
Liberty	495 00
Bozeman	500 00
Helena	505 00
Virginia City	510 00
Butte	515 00
Missoula	520 00
Great Falls	525 00
Liberty	530 00
Bozeman	535 00
Helena	540 00
Virginia City	545 00
Butte	550 00
Missoula	555 00
Great Falls	560 00
Liberty	565 00
Bozeman	570 00
Helena	575 00
Virginia City	580 00
Butte	585 00
Missoula	590 00
Great Falls	595 00
Liberty	600 00
Bozeman	605 00
Helena	610 00
Virginia City	615 00
Butte	620 00
Missoula	625 00
Great Falls	630 00
Liberty	635 00
Bozeman	640 00
Helena	645 00
Virginia City	650 00
Butte	655 00
Missoula	660 00
Great Falls	665 00
Liberty	670 00
Bozeman	675 00
Helena	680 00
Virginia City	685 00
Butte	690 00
Missoula	695 00
Great Falls	700 00
Liberty	705 00
Bozeman	710 00
Helena	715 00
Virginia City	720 00
Butte	725 00
Missoula	730 00
Great Falls	735 00
Liberty	740 00
Bozeman	745 00
Helena	750 00
Virginia City	755 00
Butte	760 00
Missoula	765 00
Great Falls	770 00
Liberty	775 00
Bozeman	780 00
Helena	785 00
Virginia City	790 00
Butte	795 00
Missoula	800 00
Great Falls	805 00
Liberty	810 00
Bozeman	815 00
Helena	820 00
Virginia City	825 00
Butte	830 00
Missoula	835 00
Great Falls	840 00
Liberty	845 00
Bozeman	850 00
Helena	855 00
Virginia City	860 00
Butte	865 00
Missoula	870 00
Great Falls	875 00
Liberty	880 00
Bozeman	885 00
Helena	890 00
Virginia City	895 00
Butte	900 00
Missoula	905 00
Great Falls	910 00
Liberty	915 00
Bozeman	920 00
Helena	925 00
Virginia City	930 00
Butte	935 00
Missoula	940 00
Great Falls	945 00
Liberty	950 00
Bozeman	955 00
Helena	960 00
Virginia City	965 00
Butte	970 00
Missoula	975 00
Great Falls	980 00
Liberty	985 00
Bozeman	990 00
Helena	995 00
Virginia City	1000 00

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Collections promptly attended to.

**MANAGING A MAN.**  
Nellie Davis was the prettiest, best, sweetest and dearest little girl in Hillsdale, and when Tom Carter fell head over heels in love with her, no one blamed him in the least.  
And when the parson gave consent, and when they went to housekeeping in a cozy bird-nest of a little house on the south side of the town, everybody prophesied all sorts of happiness for the pretty birds.  
And, true to tell, Nellie Carter was very happy.  
It was a pretty thing to go to housekeeping for the first time, with everything spick and span new and shiny; and if you have some one you love very much for a companion, it is still pleasanter.  
Now Nellie did love the great, blubbery Tom Carter with all her might and main, and there was only one thing to disturb their peace. She was the very pink of tidiness, and Tom the most careless of fellows.  
He kept his person neat and nice, but he kept his personal belongings anything else. In vain did Nellie braid a handsome merino case, and tuck it inside the closet door for Tom to put his slippers in. Tom would insist on tossing them under the parlor sofa, "to have 'em handy." In vain did she gently suggest that the rack in the hall was the place for his hat and overcoat; wet or dry, he would place his overcoat on her pretty, smoothly made bed, and drop his hat anywhere.  
In vain did Nellie make a place for everything, for Tom invariably tossed everything in some other place. Now little Mrs. Nellie was only human, and Tom's slovenly ways annoyed her exceedingly. She resolved not to spoil the peace of their cozy home by scolding; but how to cure him she could not tell.  
She bore with him with the patience of an angel, until one morning when he had gone up town, she went to the parlor, broom in hand, and there lay Tom's big shawl right across the center table, ruthlessly crushing beneath it the trifles that lay on the marble top.  
"No, I can't have this, and I won't," said she, as she raised the shawl from the delicate treasures, and discovered the ruins of a favorite Bohemian vase.  
"I don't know what to do, but this I won't have," she continued with a little bit of wifely snap, which every good wife must have if she expects to get along at all with that occasionally unreasonable animal—a man.  
"Some way must be discovered to cure Tom of such performances as this!" went on Mrs. Nellie, as she removed the ruins of the vase, and the next morning she went around at her work with scarlet lips closely compressed, and a little flash in her own brown eyes which argued well for Mr. Tom's domestic subjugation.  
Woman's wit, having a will, seldom fails to find a way. And when a determined little woman says "must" and "shall" masculine insubordination might as well surrender at once.  
Before Mrs. Nellie closed her bright eyes that night, she had arranged plans for that campaign against her lord, who slept the sleep of innocence at her side.  
But she meant to give him one more chance. So, after breakfast, when Tom drew on his boots and gave his slippers the usual toss under the sofa, she gently said:  
"Tom, dear, hadn't you better put the slippers in the case?"  
"No, let 'em alone; they'll be handy to-night."  
"But, Tom, they look so untidy."  
"Why, no they don't. A thing looks as well in one place as another. What's the use of a man's having a home if he can't keep things where he wants 'em?"  
"What's the use of keeping a woman on her feet all day to pick up things after you?" asked Nellie, without the least show of temper.  
"Don't pick 'em up. Just let 'em alone and then I can find 'em," declared Tom, as he gave her a kiss and took himself off.  
And at the moment the door closed on him, Nellie's red lips compressed again, and her brown eyes were the same look they had worn yesterday.  
"War is it, then," she said to herself. "Now, master Tom, we shall see who wins the field."  
She set quietly about her morning's work, and when Tom came home to dinner, everything was in its usual good order. It remained so, and Nellie busied herself with her sewing until nearly time for Tom to return to supper.  
Then she rose, put away her work and prepared to open the campaign.  
First, she put Tom's slippers where he always left them, under the sofa. Then she tossed her shawl on the piano and his best coat upon the center table. Then she brought some of her dresses and flung them across the chair and on the sofa. Her fur and hat reposed on Tom's special arm-chair, and her best bonnet kept Tom's slippers company under the sofa, while her own slippers lay on the mantel.  
And then thinking that female ingenuity could make no greater sacrifice than her Sunday bonnet, she sat down to her crocheting.  
Presently the door opened and in walked master Tom. He gave a low whistle of surprise as he glanced at the unusual disorder, and at Nellie, sitting calmly in the midst with her

crochet work, and then came into the room.  
"House cleaning, Nellie?" he asked.  
"Oh, no. Why?" said Nellie, looking up in sweet unconsciousness.  
"I thought maybe you had been, that's all," remarked Tom dryly, as he looked for a place to sit down.  
Nellie quietly pursued her work.  
Presently Tom said:  
"Paper come this evening?"  
"Not yet," answered Nellie.  
Tom gave a half sigh.  
"Nellie, I met Granger up town, and he said he'd call around this evening."  
"Very well; probably he won't come before tea. It will be ready soon," said Nellie, working away in demure innocence.  
"Hain't you better pick up things a little before he comes?" said Tom, glancing around the room.  
"Oh, no; just let 'em lie" answered Nellie, sweetly.  
"But they look so bad," said Tom.  
"Oh, no they don't," said Nellie, as sweetly as before. "A thing looks as well in one place as another."  
"I never saw your room look like this before," he said hesitatingly. "I shouldn't like to have any one step in."  
"Why not?" said Nellie; "we might as well keep things handy. What's the use of leaving a house if you can't keep things where you want 'em?"  
Tom's face grew redder and redder. He tried to look sober, and then broke into a laugh. "Oh, that's your game, is it?" he said, "trying to beat me with my own weapons are you, little woman?"  
"Well, don't you like the plan?" said Nellie, demurely.  
"No, by George, I don't," said Tom.  
"Well, then, I'll make a bargain with you. As long you will keep your things in their place, I'll do the same with mine, and whenever you don't—"  
"Oh, I will," interrupted Tom.  
"Come, Nellie, I'll own up like a man, you've beat me this time. Only just straighten up this awful room, and I'll never throw anything down again. There, now, let's kiss and make up, as the children say."  
Nellie rose, and laughing, held up her mouth for a kiss of peace. And then, under the magic influence of her deft fingers, confusion was soon banished; and when Granger came around to spend the evening, he found that nobody had a prettier wife or a tidier home than his friend Tom Carter.  
Having once gained possession of the matrimonial field, the wise little wife took care to keep it until Tom was quite cured of his careless habits. Sometimes he seemed threatened with a relapse; but, instead of scolding, she had only quietly to bring something of her own and lay it down beside whatever Tom had tossed down, and it was sure to be put away immediately, for he never failed to take the hint.  
If some other little woman, as wise and tily as Nellie, takes a hint, also, this story will have served a very good purpose.

**MEMORABLE SCENES.**  
The hall of the House of Representatives during this session has been the scene of events of more than ordinary historical interest. At the beginning of the session there came the weird, attenuated form of the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, the cynosure of all eyes. With a grace as delicate as it was magnificent, the House accorded him the privilege, extended only to one older of selecting his seat, without the usual form of drawing by lot; again when he spoke for the first time the House massed itself about him, eager to hear every word from the enfranchised veteran, and gave him such attention as has seldom been equalled in our Congressional halls. A few days ago, the eulogy pronounced by L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, on Charles Sumner, transfixed, as it were, every one present in the House. The Speaker sat with folded arms and gaze intent throughout its delivery, while a silence unbroken pervaded the chamber. All this was considered extremely proper. But to-day the other scene, the emancipated negro sitting in the Speaker's chair, presiding over the House of Representatives, while Judge Parker, of Missouri, was making an eloquent appeal in behalf of civilizing the Indian and elevating him to citizenship—that is the scene which will make the history of the session memorable in American annals. The honor of presiding over the House was accorded to a colored representative for the first time in the person of Joseph Rainey, the representative of the First South Carolina District, who was born a slave in Georgetown in 1832. During the war he was forced to work on the fortifications of the Confederates in Charleston, from whence he escaped to the West Indies, returning to his native town at the close of the war. He has been a member of Congress several times and is highly respected by the members of this House. It was to this member that the late James Brooks went at the close of the Credit Mobilier matter and thanked him for the friendship he had shown him during the discussion, and other evidences of his esteem, remarking that his conduct challenged his admiration, and as a debt of gratitude therefor he would be the friend of the colored race.—N. Y. Herald.

**MARK TWAIN ON THE TEMPERANCE WOMEN.**  
[From the London Standard.]  
Would you consider the conduct of these crusaders justifiable? I do thoroughly justifiable. They find themselves voiceless in the making of laws and the election of officers to execute them. Born with brains, born in the country, educated, having large interests at stake, they find their tongues tied and their hands fettered, while every ignorant, whisky-drinking, foreign-born savage in the land may hound, office, help to make the laws, degrade the dignity of the former and break the latter at his own sweet will. They see their fathers, husbands and brothers sit idly at home and allow the seat of the country to assemble at the primaries, name the candidates for office from their own vile ranks, and, unrebuked, elect them. They live in the midst of a country where there is no end to the laws and no beginning to the execution of them. And when the laws intended to protect their sons from destruction by intemperance lie torpid and without sign of life, year after year, they recognize that here is a matter that interests them personally, a matter which comes straight home to them. And since they are allowed to lift no legal voice against the outrageous state of things they suffer under in this regard, I think it is no wonder that their patience has broken down, at last, and they have tried to persuade themselves that they are justifiable in breaking the law of trespass when the laws that should make the trespass needless are allowed by the voters to lie dead and inoperative.

The present crusade will, doubtless, do but little work against intemperance that will be really permanent, but it will do what is as much, or even more, to the purpose, I think. I think it will suggest to more than one man that if women could vote they would vote on the side of morality, even if they did vote and speak rather frantically and furiously, and it will also suggest that when the women once made up their minds that it was not good to have the all-powerful "primaries" in the hands of loafers, thieves, and pernicious little politicians, they would not sit idly at home as their husbands and brothers do now, but would hoist their praying banners, take the field in force, pray the assembled political scum back to the holes and slums where they belong, and set up some candidates fit for decent human beings to vote for. I dearly want the women to be raised to the political altitude of the negro, the imported savage and the paroled thief, and allowed to vote. It is our last chance, I think. The women will be voting, before long, and then if a B. F. Butler can still continue to lord it in Congress; if the highest offices in the land can still be occupied by perjurers and robbers; if another Congress, like the 42d, consisting of 15 honest men and 250 of the other kind, can once more be elected, it will at last be time, I fear, to give over trying to save the country by human means, and appeal to Providence. Both the great parties have failed. I wish we might have a woman's party now, and see how that would work. I feel persuaded that, in extending the suffrage to women, this country could lose absolutely nothing and might gain a great deal. For thirty centuries history has been iterating and reiterating that in a moral fight woman is simply damnable, and we all know, even with our eyes shut upon Congress and our voters, that, from the day that Adam ate of the apple and told on Eve down to the present day, man, in a moral fight, has pretty uniformly shown himself to be an arant coward.

**GOLD.**  
A NEW DISCOVERY—AN ISLAND OF THE PRECIOUS METAL.  
[From San Francisco Chronicle, April 15.]  
Yesterday afternoon the schooner Nautilus cleared from this port for a voyage to the Northern Pacific. She goes on a gold-hunting expedition, but not in search of a pirate treasure or a gold-laden wreck or any such hopeless enterprise, as we learn. It appears that a few months ago a Captain John and a Mr. Langstein returned to San Francisco from a whaling voyage and with them they brought a few pieces of gold and silver ore and some specimens of galena. To a few friends, in whom they had confidence, they told that while on their voyage, Mr. Johnson being first officer of the vessel, they came upon a certain island in the Japanese group, and went ashore. Having had experience in mining, they are long recognized the signs of gold, and, armed with a hatchet, did such prospecting as they could, and found rich gold and silver-bearing ledges. Returning to the vessel they kept their own counsel. The reader may ask how it was they did not carry themselves there and then by bringing away a quantity of gold. To this Mr. Johnson replies that to do so he would necessarily have had to take his captain into his confidence, besides which, all the gold with which the vessel might be laden would belong to the ship-owners. His tale told to his friends in this city, they combined to send an expedition to this island of gold. A company with 9,000 shares was formed by a number of well known gentlemen, who contributed cash to the enterprise. The schooner Nautilus was purchased and fitted up with all the necessary provisions, implements, arms, etc., necessary for a long voyage and mining work. Captain Johnson was put in command and Langstein was made mate. Both of these serve without any compensation, and give their time which will certainly be six months, and may be more) gratis. This the gentlemen consider one of the best guarantees of good faith, as the only reward which the men will receive will be 3,000 shares of the company's stock, should the information which they have imparted prove correct. The ore which they brought assayed: Gold, \$1,243 50; silver, \$153 15; total, \$1,406 74 per ton; the galena assayed, \$36 12 per ton.  
Ten men make up the expedition, including two mining experts, and the schooner is only of forty-five tons burden, so that the quarters will be pretty close, but all went off in high spirits and confident of riches in the future. One of the stockholders—Denny the painter—has put some of his work on the little vessel, which will add to the pleasure of the voyagers. In the cabin, for instance, upon the bunks, are two well executed marine views, one of the Nautilus becalmed, the other of the same little craft scudding cheerfully before a brisk gale, homeward bound; and elsewhere about the cabin and the bows, etc., are touches of the same faded brush. If in six months or so the "Northern Pacific Enterprise" vessel comes home successful, there may be fresh complications, for although the island is uninhabited, it is apparently never visited by human beings, it nevertheless belongs to Japan, and that wide-awake government may have a word or two to say about shipment of precious metals from its dominions. But the treasure hunters do not care to meet difficulties half way, and hope that at the worst a few cargoes of ore may be safely housed in San Francisco before the Japs take a hand in the game.

**PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.**  
A Missouri farmer thus defines the objects of the Order as he understands them: "We propose to raise ourselves up. If any drone stand between us and this object, we will dispense with them; not because we hate them, but because we don't need them, and we think the world would be better off if they should change their calling. We recognize the fact that other classes have got ahead of us by exercising their brains more, and we propose to take pattern after them to some extent, and cultivate our brains more, as well as our lands."  
A MAMMOTH union depot is to be erected by the sixteen railroads centering in St. Louis at an early day. The building is to occupy about two blocks of ground on Poplar street, from Twelfth to Fourteenth streets, at the point where the tunnel running through the city and connecting the bridge, terminates on the Pacific railroad, and is to be the largest and most magnificent structure in the country. There is also talk of widening the streets in the vicinity, and from the river front up to the depot building, make a continuous row of mammoth warehouses sufficient for the storage of all classes of freight, grain, etc., for the different roads centering there.

**LOVE FOR MOTHERS.**—Indians have some good traits which might be copied with advantage by the more civilized whites. Even the Apaches, a ferocious tribe of warriors, set a good example. The Overland Monthly says: There is no duty more binding on the Apache warrior, or more willingly performed, than that of pleasing and providing for his mother. The longest life does not release him from the duty of obedience and respect to her. For her, he also must give place; she takes the precedence of all other relations; her wants are paramount to those of self, wife, or child. If she commands it, even an enemy is spared for the time; though, when she is out of sight, vengeance again takes its course.

**THE SPECIE PAYMENT CONSPIRACY.**  
Not a smile of sympathy have we for the oppressors of our national currency system. The question boiled down to its logical appendix is this: A herd of Wall Street capitalists persuaded the Government to print an immense quantity of paper-money during the war, to pay for the bloody overcoats and powder muskets, ordered of the various contractors. Twenty thousand Gordian presses were purchased, and in a few weeks the country was flooded with greenbacks fresh from the national money factory at Washington. This money was put on sale at all the news-stands and financial restaurants, and a man named Jay Cooke was employed to push its sale in Europe. About this time Rothschild remarked while he was taking a Turkish bath, that the American finances were the greenest he ever saw.  
Well, in the course of a few months the paper was innocently accepted by the farmers and mechanics as though it was real gold, and thus it came in circulation. The Wall Street people, to remove suspicion, also took it, paying gold for it, but they shrewdly deducted a lively percentage, which they claimed was to pay for blotting-paper and mangle used in transmitting exchange.  
Business prospered amazingly, and Wall Street beamed with the glory of a twenty-eight inch calcium light at a circus. Meanwhile, the twenty thousand presses at Washington ran night and day, which in conjunction with seven or eight hundred counterfeiting establishments at Chicago and other places, kept the honest yeomanry well