

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

Devoted to the Development of Eastern Montana and the Encouragement of all Industrial Pursuits.

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S. Places of Holding Courts.
Deer Lodge—At Deer Lodge, first Monday in January and second Monday in April.
S. District Courts—First District—At Deer Lodge, first Monday in April, and first 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 April, first Monday in June, and first Monday in November.
Fourth District—At Helena, first Monday in April, first Monday in June, and first Monday in November.
Fifth District—At Bozeman, first Monday in April, first Monday in June, and first Monday in November.
Sixth District—At Bozeman, first Monday in April, first Monday in June, and first Monday in November.
Seventh District—At Bozeman, first Monday in April, first Monday in June, and first Monday in November.
Eighth District—At Bozeman, first Monday in April, first Monday in June, and first Monday in November.
Ninth District—At Bozeman, first Monday in April, first Monday in June, and first Monday in November.
Tenth District—At Bozeman, first Monday in April, first Monday in June, and first Monday in November.
Professional Cards.
Don L. Byam,
ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN—Office in Electric building, north side Main st. Having located in Bozeman, the city professional services to the citizens of the town and county.
W. Monroe, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Office at corner of Main and 2nd streets, Bozeman, M. T. Telephone professional services to the citizens of the town and county.
J. J. Davis,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office on Black street, Bozeman, M. T. Will handle all Courts of the Territory.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Hamilton, Montana. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to A. Lamme & Co's., Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.
H. C. LEDYARD,
DENTIST,
Office with Land Register.
He in Bozeman a short time, fully qualified to attend to all branches of his profession. Teeth extracted without pain. Prices reduced.
Notice.
All Whom it May Concern: I have on my own account the assets of John Byam, and have authority to sell the same. Notice is hereby given that the assets must be paid in the hands of an attorney for the same. Grain four will be taken first. S. P. H. KRUG.
I. O. G. T.
ENCLOSURE, No. 40, I. O. G. T. at Fort Ellis, M. T., every Thursday. Members of the Order always welcome. W. G. SIMPSON, W. C. T. Deputies, etc.

A. LAMME & CO.,
Dealers in
General
MERCHANDISE.
Have just received a large and well selected stock of

Staple and Fancy
GROCERIES,
Dry Goods,
Clothing, Boots & Shoes

Cutlery, and all kinds of
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE.
Agricultural Implements, &c.
In fact, everything used by
The Farmer Miner and Mechanic
all of which will be sold
FOR CASH as LOW as the LOWEST
Ladies' Goods.
We have a full line of Ladies' Goods, embracing as complete an assortment as can be found in this market, all of which is marked down at a
Very Low per Centage of Profit.
Old customers will find us up to the times, and new ones are invited to call and examine goods and learn prices.

OSBORN'S
DRUG STORE,
Old Masonic Building,
Bozeman, Montana.
New Stock!
Full Assortment!
DRUGS,
Chemicals, Pills, Powders
Roots, Herbs, Patent Medicines,
Toilet Articles, in variety; Fancy Goods, in variety; Oils and Paints, in variety;
Lamps and Trimmings, Soaps, Brushes,
Sponges, Glass and Putty.
Prescriptions carefully prepared. Night entrance at the rear.
S. H. OSBORN, Proprietor.
P. B. Clark's
STAGE AND EXPRESS LINE.
CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL.
Coaches leave Bozeman for Helena daily (except Sundays) at 7 a. m.
Coaches leave Bozeman for Virginia Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 a. m.
Passenger and Freight carried at reasonable rates.
OFFICE.
RICH & WILLSON
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Bozeman, Montana.
\$5 to \$20 For Day or longer. Terms free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

Day-Dreams.
Just within the cottage door
Baby plays upon the floor,
While the mother, with her knitting
On the low stool-step is sitting;
And the golden summer day
With the twilight slips away.
Building castles in the air,
Seeing visions bright and fair,
In that golden hour so hazy,
'Till the busy hands grow lazy,
And her work unheeded lies
'Neath her far-off dreamy eyes.
No more toiling day and night,
But a life so fair and bright
'That, without a stint or measure,
She is drinking deep of pleasure,
In that visionary sphere
Which her dreaming brings so near.
She is plucking at her ease
Golden fruits her taste to please;
She is lifted in her vision
To the far-off bright Elvian,
While the twilight slowly dies,
And gray shadows fill the skies.
But hark! that merry shout
On the night breeze ringing out
Sets the bright air-circles falling,
For the fisher's voice is calling;
And the mother's dreams are o'er—
She's the fisher's wife once more.
Back again for while her halls,
Snug within her cottage walls,
Where baby must be tended
And homespun garments mended;
And her day-dreams thus are done
With the setting of the sun.
—Harper's Weekly.

WHEN ELIHU CAME HOME.
All her life long Sara Holmes had a romance. It began and ended in these words: "When Elihu came home." And though she was but nineteen years old at the time of which I write, it seemed to her on the evening of that burning July day, that she had been living one or two centuries in this world, and all the time dreaming golden dreams of Elihu, only to find them shivered into atoms at the last.
For Elihu had come. And the time and manner of his coming were so unexpected to her, as to every one else, that it was no wonder the girl sat there in the moonlight, saying to herself: "He is here. I never need watch or wait for him again. Poor Elihu! the earliest stories she could remember had been told her, by her mother, about "Cousin Elihu" and the enormous fortune he had made "down South," at a time when fortunes could yet be made there. She had heard fabulous tales of the palace in which he lived, of the slaves who flew to do his bidding, of his beautiful carriages and horses and of the jewels and silks and velvets that fortunate woman would possess who would one day become Elihu's bride.
Other girls had heard these stories also, and the bells of Helmsdale often said that, when she was sixteen, she would find her way down South, and "set her cap" for Elihu Holmes. And now Elihu had come home.
As Sara Holmes grew and developed in to a quickly and self-possessed young woman, the thought would sometimes occur to her, as she stood before the mirror, braiding her dark hair, "if husband" come back would he think me pretty! The broad low brow, the oval cheeks and dimpled chin answered; the healthy color, the deep, dark eyes, the sudden, bright, bewildering smile, said "yes." For the treasures of her mind and heart might well have won an older and wiser man to love her, long before Elihu came home.
And now she drew a long breath and set herself to recall all the incidents of that sudden and startling return.
"Tea was over—the milk strained—and they were all sitting on the front piazza under the shade of the maples and the locusts, while her father read bits from the weekly village paper aloud. Her step-mother was knitting; her sister Grace was looking at a hat and her brother Ben was whittling out a toy boat, while Sara sat beside him in a reverie about her hero in the South.
A carriage drove up the village road and halted at her gate. The driver descended from his seat and beckoned to her father, who hurried down to meet him. After talking a moment together, a small trunk was lifted down and left beside the gate. Then the carriage door was opened and a tall figure descended, and directly after, Ben, who had followed his father, in a fit of boyish curiosity, galloped back with distended eyes and whispered loudly: "Mother—girls! Cousin Elihu has come! And has lost every cent of his property down South! I heard the driver tell father so! And they have sent him off here, alone, because they thought he was going to be sick; and there he is, you see, leaning on father and the driver, and he can't but just walk. Isn't a blamed shame of those Southerners?"
"Mercy!" exclaimed Ben's step-mother, rising, as they all rose, when the tall, slender figure approached.
Sara looked up with her heart in her eyes, to her great glory—no less a hero to her for the pitiful history of loss and ruin that she had just heard.
He was a tall, upright, elegant looking man, with a fair complexion, large, melancholy blue eyes, a long straight nose, drooping eyebrows, fine lips and a firmly rounded chin, that sometimes constricted the little sadness on the rest of his face. His hair was fast turning gray, and the heavy gold on his mustache had one or two threads of silver, but with that exception he wore no look of age.
Elihu was well but plainly dressed in a traveling suit of gray. He removed his hat as he drew near the ladies, with a "What you say is all very true, Sara. I am not fit to go into the world alone. Will you go with me? You have a good home here, I know, but if I have you to work for, I will soon give you a better one. And by and by Ben can come to us, and we will make a man of him. Will you be my wife, Sara?"
She looked at him with all the solemn fervor of a woman's love and devotion shining in her eyes.
"If you will take me, Elihu, and let me care for you, I shall be the happiest creature on earth. I don't care where our home is, or what it is, so that we share it together. I can be happier with you in a log hut than I could be with any one else in a palace; for you need me, Elihu, and I have thought and dreamed of you, and I really believe loved you from the day when my mother first told me about you, when I was sitting at her knee."
So they were betrothed, and after a storm at the farm-house when her decision was made known, Ben followed the first train to a distant city, where he was married.

with herself for the sudden collapsing of sunny ambitious hopes which she had never confided to any one except her mother, except him her last dancing-school partner, and affected not to see the hand he held out.
Elihu looked slightly and turned to Sara, whose large dark eyes were fixed with a look of tender pity upon his refined and melancholy face.
"You have a face that I ought to know," he said to her gently. "You are my cousin's child, dear Sara! I hoped she would be here to meet me when I came last."
Sara's heart was already full, and his reference to her dead mother caused her tears to overflow.
"Dear cousin Elihu," said she, taking his hand in both of hers, "my mother remembered and loved you to the last day of her life. She would have been glad indeed, to see you here once more. I am glad, too. All my life long I have looked forward to your coming."
"But you did not expect to see me return so poor," said Elihu, sighing.
"Poor or rich, it matters little," replied Sara. "You are here at home once more, and that's enough to make us all rejoice."
"Aye," said Elihu, looking from her beaming countenance to the old faces of the rest. "I should have been glad to bring gold enough to make me welcome. But what has happened has happened, and I do not wish to complain. Cousin Joshua, for my cousin's sake, and for the sake of the old times when you and I were boys together, I suppose you will let me stay at the old homestead a few days?"
"Oh, to be sure! Stay and welcome," stammered the farmer, who, feeling the eyes of his wife and his daughter Sara fixed upon him, was like a man between two fires.
So it was settled, and Sara flew about like a good fairy to prepare supper for the wanderer and, afterward to set in order her room and bed. At nine o'clock he retired, and then the storm burst forth.
The second Mrs. Holmes inquired shrilly if their house was to be turned into a "poor farm," and made the abiding place of every shiftless creature who had wasted his substance in riotous living among "those negroes"—only to come at last without a penny in his pocket, to be supported by those who had had the misfortune to be related to him in a distant way.
Mr. Holmes said meekly, that "it wasn't likely Elihu would want to stay long, and that as he had once redeemed the farm, which was heavily mortgaged, with his own money, and given a deed of the place to his first wife, he didn't very well see how he could refuse him shelter here if he claimed it for a time, at least."
He added, nervously, seeing his wife's black eyebrows knitting together in a way that he had learned to dread.
The days went on. By every art that a mean and paltry spirit could invent, Mrs. Holmes the second showed plainly to Elihu how unwelcome he was beneath her roof tree. As for Grace, she simply ignored him. And Mr. Holmes, though he would gladly have been both grateful and kind, was so taxed by nightly certain locusts that he dared not show the runed man any attention, and only looked at him wistfully now and then, as if wondering when he would be gone.
Elihu's plate, knife and fork were placed upon the table at every meal, it is true. He faced as the rest faced, and his room and bed were the best in the house.
But this was Sara's doing. To her and to Ben he owed each moment of happiness which he enjoyed in the old house; and the other inmates of the house looked over and around him. Sara's proud spirit blazed up for his sake at a thousand petty insults and affronts each day. She wondered privately herself, how cousin Elihu could endure it! Nor was she surprised when, one pleasant evening just four weeks after his arrival, Elihu told her he must go away.
"I cannot blame you. They have treated you shamefully," she said, while her heart sank down in her breast, like a stone sinking into the depths of the tiny lake on whose banks they sat. "But where will you go, cousin Elihu? What will you do beside him in a reverie about her hero in the South."
A carriage drove up the village road and halted at her gate. The driver descended from his seat and beckoned to her father, who hurried down to meet him. After talking a moment together, a small trunk was lifted down and left beside the gate. Then the carriage door was opened and a tall figure descended, and directly after, Ben, who had followed his father, in a fit of boyish curiosity, galloped back with distended eyes and whispered loudly: "Mother—girls! Cousin Elihu has come! And has lost every cent of his property down South! I heard the driver tell father so! And they have sent him off here, alone, because they thought he was going to be sick; and there he is, you see, leaning on father and the driver, and he can't but just walk. Isn't a blamed shame of those Southerners?"
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Ben went with her as her protector and "best man." Her father kissed her, and cried over her, as he bade her farewell, and put a pocket-book containing five hundred dollars into her hand for the wedding portion.
"I can't go with you to give you away," said Sara, "and I'm getting old now, and I want peace and quiet in my own home. But God bless you, Sara, and your husband, and the child, dear Sara! I hope she will be here to meet me when I come last."
So, strengthened by her father's approval and blessing, Sara approached the altar to consecrate her life to the hero of her dreams.
The ceremony over, they drove to a first class hotel, and breakfasted in a style that made Sara tremble for the future. And after breakfast, Elihu laid a package before her and a casket beside her plate.
"My first present to my wife," said he. "As for you Ben—"
A cry of delight from Ben made his sister turn round to look at him. The boy was glorious in a gold hunting watch and chain.
"Open your casket, love," said her husband, smiling.
She obeyed, and a river of light seemed suddenly to flash upon her from the diamonds within. At the same moment her husband broke the seal of the package, and showed her a bank book inscribed with her name.
"Ten thousand dollars are deposited there subject to your order," said Elihu, carelessly.
"Ten thousand dollars and the watch and the diamonds!" gasped Sara, turning pale. "What can it all mean?"
"I know," broke in Ben, with a joyous laugh. "Cousin Elihu has only been poor all these poor years at the farm will be." Sara turned to her husband. He smiled, and drew her closely to his breast. From that happy day, not a wish of her's was ungratified. All the romance of her life began instead of ending (as she for a time supposed) "when Elihu came home."
A Description of the Savior.
The following is from "Foster's Encyclopedia of Illustrations." "The following is a correct translation of an epistle sent by Publius Lentulus to the Roman Senate:
"There appeared in these days a man of great virtue named Jesus Christ, who is yet among us; of the Gentiles accepted for a prophet of truth; but his disciples call him the Son of God. He miseth the dead, and cureth all manner of disease. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholder must both love and fear. His hair the color of a chestnut full it is more orient. In the midst of his forehead is a stream or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarenes; forehead plain and very delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful, with a lovely red; his nose and mouth so forked as nothing can be represented; his beard thick, in color like his hair, not over long; his look innocent and mature; his eyes gray, quick and clear. In reproving, he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair-spoken; pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered if any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep; in proportion of body most excellent; his hands and arms delectable to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest and wise; a man of singular beauty, surpassing the children of men."
Gen. Sherman at Home.
Gen. Sherman, as he appears and lives at home in St. Louis, is thus pleasantly sketched by George Alfred Townsend in a letter to the Graphic: "The General is perfectly at home in St. Louis, and is a very popular. He is at pains to be cordial with the people, and goes to entertainments with a freedom which never fails to be charming. Mrs. Sherman, a quiet lady, who has great influence over the General, is with him almost all the time, and they give pleasant receptions at their dwelling at least on one night of the week. Their two fine young daughters are at school in Ohio. Miss Lizzie Sherman is visiting in the East, and Mrs. Fitch is quietly ensconced in her trans-Mississippi home. The celebrated jeweler, which the Khedive gave ostentatiously to Mrs. Fitch, was designed for the General as a family present, but the delicate occasion of his daughter's wedding was selected to offer them nominally to Mrs. Fitch. It is understood in St. Louis society that these treasures will be divided among the daughters, and presumably the gift is worth something under \$100,000. The family mansion is a large brick building, square and high, with high ceilings, large halls and chambers, and is well fitted to be the headquarters of the army. The dagstaff is raised over the roof, and an orderly in civilian dress is found at the door."
The newspaper is the chronicle of civilization—the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come to drink. It is the newspaper that gives to liberty its perpetual vigils, its unrelaxing activity. The newspaper informs the people of legislation. And this is not practical morality; in its reports of crimes and punishments it finds a daily warning against temptation; and not a police court, not a simple trial of a wretched outcast or a trembling felon, that does not preach to us the awful lesson how imprudence leads to error, conducts to guilt; how guilt leads to bitter fruit of anguish and degradation. The newspaper is the bond that unites man and man—no matter what be the distance of the climate or the difference of the race. The newspaper is the law-book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor. It stimulates the most indolent, it instructs the most profane.—[Printers' Clipper.]

RAIDING REDSKINS.
A Chase for Life in the Wind River Valley.
The Laramie Sentinel of Saturday says: Another round with the infernal Sioux, or their allies, the Arapahoes and Cheyennes. On the afternoon of the 19th of a sudden the valley seemed alive with Sioux. The number would not exceed thirty or forty, but the festive cusses were playing in every direction, and could not be enrolled. Soon the valley was alive; horses were tramped, and every loose horse was soon making two-ten—head and tail up, like a steer in a corral.
The principal scene of action was around Camp Brown, and in the open valley of the agency, where the ranch of Uncle Billy Rodgers is situated. Two of his sons and another man were under fire a distance from the house. A daughter of Mr. Rodgers witnessed the fight from their ammunition, gathered up a supply and ran to them under a heavy fire. The second dose was too much, and the Indians made off for a lot of horses.
Col. Baker promptly ordered out the troops, and soon every available man was in the saddle—twenty men all told. Capt. Peale was out scouting. Lieut. Robinson, whose courage has been often and well tried, was in command and Lieut. Rowley, quartermaster, who showed pluck enough for a man three times his fighting weight, swung in, and all struck out to take a hand in the circus, and the Lo family began to scratch gravel in good earnest. By this time, the Indians were in their parties and driving horses in different directions. The party that were firing at the Rodgers family were now making off with eight or nine of his horses. The command started in pursuit, and commenced a straight beat of twenty miles for the Popo Agia, which was near the top in or any other country. The course taken was through the Wind Hills, or sand-drifts, many of them two hundred feet high, and in every conceivable shape—the western side a gradual slope, the eastern side a sharp cut, or steep escarpment, and through this country the Indians did not expect pursuit, but they were badly mistaken. The boys were after them, and gradually gaining upon them, now up the sloping hillside, and a plunge of thirty or forty feet down the bottom and up the next hill. The Indians, led off, and the lurid race they made knocked Barnum's hippopotamus into a cocked hat. They reached the Popo Agia, and leaving everything behind except the horses they were riding, plunged into the rapid, swollen stream, and were overpowered by the cavalry reached the bank. Further pursuit was impossible. The horses were covered with dust and broken down; five handed in their checks and quit the service. Uncle Sam may growl about his horses, but if he orders Company B's twenty men to do the work of two or three companies they will do it, or break something sure.
The command returned to Camp Brown some time in the night, bringing back all the stolen horses.

Col. Small at Bunker Hill.
A Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Tribune furnishes the following reminiscences of some of the notable personages who took part in the historic fight at Bunker Hill:
Col. Small was a distinguished British officer and his conduct in America was always equally distinguished by acts of humanity and kindness to his enemies, as by the bravery and fidelity to the cause he served. He was present at the battle of Bunker Hill, had been intimately acquainted with Gen. Warren; saw him fall, and ran to save him. In Col. Trumbull's picture of the Battle of Bunker Hill, Small is represented seizing the musket of the general to prevent the fatal blow, and speaking to his friend, Garden in his "Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War," says: "Paying a visit to our Ambassador, Major Thomas Pinckney, shortly after his establishment in London, it was my good fortune to meet Col. Small, who in course of conversation said, 'I have been writing this morning to Col. Trumbull for my portrait, he having done me the honor to place me in a very conspicuous situation in his admirable representation of the Battle of Bunker Hill. But his politeness far exceeds my claim to merit. He has exhibited me as turning aside the bayonet aimed by a grenadier at the breast of Gen. Warren. I would certainly have saved my life had it been in my power to do so, but when I reached the spot on which his body lay the spark of life was already extinguished. It would have been a tribute due to his virtues and to his gallantry, and to me a sacred duty, since I am well assured that, when at a particular period of the action I was left alone and exposed to the fire of the whole American line, my old friend Putnam saved me by calling aloud, 'Kill as many as you can but spare Small!'; and that he actually turned aside muskets that were aimed for my destruction."
A Mistake.
Mrs. Straw: I heard a good story concerning our friend Mrs.—, who, you know, is on the brink of death.
Mrs. Switcher: Do tell us; she was so free with her laughs on others we enjoy anything on her.
Mrs. Straw: The story runs that a dealer in articles of vertu here had in his establishment an exquisite statuette in Parisian marble of the Venus of Milo. Our friend heard of it, and gave it an inspection one day. After gazing at it for some time she said:
"Did you select that, Mr. Delf?"
"Yes, he responded.
"Why, you must be a good judge of a figure. Did you ever see see mine?"
Mr. Delf responded, blushing, that he had not.
"Mine," she continued, "is allowed to be the finest figure in Washington."
"Shouldn't I doubt it, mum," responded Mr. Delf, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other.
"I should like to show you my figure," she said, earnestly. Delf blushed all over. "Come up to my house some time. Better come in the morning, when it wouldn't be likely for anyone to interrupt us."
Poor Delf! he fairly sunk under a table, and stammered out something about being a member of a church, when our friend continued:
"It cost me \$120 in gold; is pure Parisian marble; and I would like to have your opinion, as you are such an admirable judge."
Light dawned on Delf. She had not been speaking of a statuette, and he had not been speaking of a statuette, and he had not been speaking of a statuette.
Alexander Hamilton, Jr.
The death of the age of ninety of Alexander Hamilton, Jr., son of the great Federalist, the Alexander Hamilton of our early history, and the one who has made the name illustrious, is announced as having taken place on the 23d inst., in New York. It sounds strangely to read such an item in the current news of the day, suggesting how near we still are to the fathers of the Republic, and how prodigious has been the growth and development of the country since our Independence was secured. The father of this man was Washington's aid-of-camp and trusted companion during the revolution; was the first and greatest Secretary of the Treasury after the organization of the Federal Government in 1789, and the untimely victim of Aaron Burr's pistol on the fields of Hoboken in 1804. The eldest brother of the Alexander Hamilton just deceased fell mortally wounded in a duel on the same spot but a short time before the death of the distinguished father. The son who has just died lived to an advanced age, and, if ever prominent, must for a generation past have been retired.
The best news we have heard for forty-two months is that the Beecher-Tilton trial is to be repeated, for Judge Morris has served notice on Shearman, Beecher's lawyer to get ready to answer on the first Monday of September. Of course the trial will be put off till January, when it will begin again red hot, and we shall all have the reading of it during the long winter evenings. To sustain the interest, it is to be presumed that new witnesses will be called, especially Susan B. and Elizabeth Cady, and not least, Henry C. Bowen, who is been keeping bags of testimony in reserve. Let us all get ready to suspend every kind of business except something to eat, so that we may devote our precious lives to this Beecher-Tilton matter. It seems that Dr. Bacon, now, as before, is the one who sits up all the fuss. He is a lively old divine.
INDIANA has a stringent law against the intermarriage of whites and blacks. John Angell Miller, a German, and Mary Sims, a negro, were married a few weeks ago in Floyd county. They and the clergyman who performed the ceremony are now in prison, and each is liable to conviction and sentence to ten years' imprisonment or a fine of \$5,000.

Robert Dale Owen's Insanity.
I have watched my father with great care and anxiety, and I see no foundation for the assertion which has been made in various newspapers that the Katie King affair is the cause of his insanity. That it was both mortifying and vexing to him is undoubtedly true, and for a week or two it did throw a cloud over his buoyant, hopeful temperament. But this was all. The deception of two persons has not shaken his faith one whit. He has not poor faith indeed if it had. He has not mentioned Katie King for the last six weeks, and since his insanity he seldom speaks of any matter connected with Spitalfields. His mind seems to have run back 30 or 40 years, to a time when he passed many of his leisure days on his stock farms. He carries about constantly a historical drama which he wrote at this time, and this and the first part of "Thread-needle Way" are about the only books which he now seems to care about. "The cause of the calamity which has befallen us is simple—an overworked brain. My father believed that his strong Scotch constitution could, even in his old age, endure all things; but richly endowed though he was with physical and mental vigor, he could not break God's laws of health with impunity, and was his children, cannot, with all our love and care, shield him from the effects of his error. My father's fate is a lesson to the undisciplined brain-dyspeptics (if I may use such a term), who are so numerous throughout this morbidly active land.—[Rosamond Dale Owen in the N. Y. Post.]

Safe Deposits in London.
Blucher said: "What a fine city to sack!" when looking down from St. Peter's. A burglar general might say of London: "What a fine city to rob." This wealthiest city in the world is just organizing its first safe-deposit company, a thing familiar to every American city. The place of deposit is a little fortress in its way, isolated from other buildings, surrounded by a moat, filled with water, like a German robber's castle, triangular, fire-proof, bomb-proof, bullet-proof. The vaults are sunk to great depths, and the doors without hinges, bolts, etc., are moved by some sort of machinery, and weigh snug four tons each.

Theology in Colorado.
The report of a sermon by a Fremont County preacher is worth repeating here: "Boys, you'll find this life just like a game of seven-up. You want to save your tens and look out for game, an' never recollect, in the long run, low counts as much as high, if it is only a trump. The devil has stocked the cards, but just say 'em honest, and when it comes your deal yer bound to get a winnin' hand every time, and old split-ho'll just have to jump the game and look for a softer snap. Also, if you happen to turn jack, call it lousy, but don't forget to remember that turning jack is uncertain business, and'll never do to bet on."—[Denver Paper.]

He remembered. An old lawyer, in an interior town of Massachusetts, whose son is yet one of the brightest ornaments of the bar, was not very particular about the appearance of his office. In fact, it was notoriously dirty. He was one day engaged in the trial of a cause when it became necessary to prove that a transaction, in which he himself had acted as counsel, took place in a certain year.
The old gentleman called to the stand Josiah A., who had been a student with him some years before. He was asked if he remembered the occurrence, and he said he did.—"Was it present in the office?" "What year was it?" "Inquired Mr. H. blandly. "O, it was the year you had your office swept out," was the reply.

NOVEL WAY OF CURING THE HEADACHE.
A lady in Augusta county, Virginia, having suffered a great deal with headache-tries the very original remedy of driving a six-penny nail in the back of her head. She told the Doctor who extracted the nail that it had had the desired effect, and that she drove the nail in herself with the flat side of a hatchet. If the nail actually penetrated the skull, as is claimed that it did, it is certainly a most remarkable cure and will no doubt greatly interest medical men. It will cure your head every time—try it.

Here is a queer political item: the latest suggestion about the next presidential contest is made by a Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald. He thinks that if the two "great parties" nominated weak men, as they are likely to do, there will arise a splendid opportunity for a "Centennial president, nominated and elected without convention or partisan combination—the people's choice." The correspondent thinks all the "great supporters" of the country would support such a candidate, and that his name would inevitably be Charles Francis Adams.

It is reported that young ladies who have gone to Wisconsin to spend the summer, have learned to put a small live worm on the hook without a tremor. It would be a proud day for woman's rights could those young ladies attain to the nerve of the well-known old darkey who explained what he had in his mouth by mumbling out, "Wama, fur bait!"

The transit of Venus has caused many storms, cyclones, earthquakes, &c., and surely it has something to do with the temper of the minds of men, for they seem to be as furious as the mind of the weather. Every paper one reads contains the sickening recital of suicides, murders, etc.

It is estimated that there are at least 3,000 persons in Europe who are left without a dollar to meet their current expenses in consequence of the Duncan, Sherman & Co. failure.

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry at the world; at times grieved at it, but, be sure, no man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it.