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The Avant Courier.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, Editor & Publisher.

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Times and Places of Holding Courts

Supreme Court—At Virginia City, First Monday in January and second Monday in August.

U. S. 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, third Monday in March, third Monday in Sept.

In Gallatin county, at Bozeman, 1st Monday in March and 1st Monday in Nov.

In Jefferson county, at Radersburg, second Monday in February, first Monday in October.

Second District—Deer Lodge County, at Deer Lodge City, second Monday in April, first Monday in December; first Monday in September for all cases that can be tried without a jury, except in cases where the parties consent that a special venire may issue to try the same.

In Missoula county, at Missoula, fourth Monday in June and 2d Monday in Nov.

In Beaver Head county, at Bannack, first Monday in June and second Monday in Oct.

Third District—In Lewis and Clark county, at Helena, first Monday in May, first Monday in November.

In Meagher county, at Diamond City, first Monday in April and third Monday in October

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN—Office in Fridley's building, north side Main street. Having located in Bozeman, tenders his professional services to the citizens of the town and county.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office on Black street, Bozeman, M. T. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.

R. P. Vivion,

ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office, first floor Perkins' brick building, Main street, Bozeman. Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory.

George May,

ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office in Perkins' brick, up stairs, Main street, Bozeman, 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.

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Whose ranche is located seven miles below the Springs, has a fine stock range, and will be prepared during the season to take charge of, and herd, the stock of visitors at the Springs. Stock will be called for and delivered at the Springs whenever desired. Charges moderate.

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Have just received a large and well selected stock of

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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.

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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.
Passengers and Freight carried at reasonable rates.

OFFICES,

RICH & WILLSON , Bozeman
DAVIS & WALLACE - Helena
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Probate Court.

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of statute a term of the Probate Court in and for Gallatin county, Territory of Montana, will be held in the town of Bozeman, on the first Monday in September, 1875, and continue till the business is disposed of.

JOHN P. BRUCE, Probate Judge.

Aug. 18, 1875.

ST. LOUIS AND MORGAN COUNTY

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SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI.

This company does a general Land Agency Business. Negotiates Loans, &c. Especial attention given to the purchase and Sale of Mines and Mineral Lands, organizing Mining Companies, &c.

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All business correspondence should be addressed to

W. H. WILSON, Business Manager

Sorrow.

FANNIE ISABELLE SHERRICK.

The waves are moaning all the night;
The sea is lonely now;
And sorrow seems to sadly rest
Upon the moon's pale brow.

No more the happy sea-birds wing
Their flight to distant seas;
For tales of death from far off shores
Seem borne on every breeze.

Oh, eyes that coldly pass me by,
And lips dumb with their pride;
Oh, change those looks for loving smiles
And cold, proud feelings hide.

For heavy on the air to-night
There rests a darksome spell;
It wraps its gloom around my soul,
Where vague forebodings dwell.

The lonely waves are moaning still,
Like pain in my sad heart;
And sorrow comes with saddening blight
To tell me we must part.

A Midsummer's Night Tale.

Sitting all the long summer evening patiently pestered by the boisterous children; patiently listening to and coinciding with all the crop talk and weather talk of the old gentleman; patiently indorsing all the old lady's views upon the best manner of stewing prunes or bringing poils to a head, and all the time furtively watching the pretty figure opposite, the brown curls and hands were busy stoning the cherries, and watching with sidelong glances the slow hand upon the dials of the old clock creeping around to the longed for hour of nine; watching it timidly, longingly, yet in dread; for to-night the old, old story must be told, and eternal joy or sorrow must be the result.

At last the clear chime rang out Father went to the window to look at the sky, and thinks it will be a good day to morrow to get in that hay in the west meadow, and then he goes off to bed.

And mother puts the bread to rise and shuts out the cat, and winds up the clock, and cautions Melinthy to lock the front door, and "not set nothing afire," and follows her lord. A door closes and all is silent, save the steady "tick tock" of the clock.

He began his often rehearsed story, He was a little weak and uncertain at first, and tumbled over obdurate adjectives, and got mixed in the meshes of polysillable substantives, and now and then covered an hiatus with a cough; but he presevered and by and by waxed eloquent. Said he:

"I have always loved you, Melinthy. When I was a boy you were day's bright harbinger, rising with the evening star before my longing vision. Later in life my soul was like the purple blossom of the sun dial, turning ever towards you, the bright orb of day, and drooping low and withering when it sank behind the Western hills, and all was dark; and later, at boarding-school, I wearied of the fair faces that sought to win my smile, and my thoughts flew to you as the white pinioned carrier pigeon wings his sure flight to his mate in his native hills. I cared nothing for the beauties of antiquity. Venus and Soldene and Catherine de Medicky, and those others were as nought to me, for you was the jewel locked in the casket of my heart of hearts. And now I turn toward you as the summer afternoon turns to the sunset, and ask you to be mine. To be the sweet song bird of my life, to make soft music in my soul forever. I am no longer a boy; I am a man, with a man's hope and a man's heart. See, Melinthy! to my full height I spring before you as sprang Minerv—"

He sprang, according to announcement, and a sharp, ripping, crackling sound, told that little Johnny's chewing-wax had been left in the chair, and the seat of those nice, thin linen pants remained with it.

He whirled about to view the situation, and suddenly clasped his hands behind him and turned back, —but too late. as he saw by the scarlet face before him, half covered with two little hands.

With one hand behind him, and muttering some incoherent words of farewell, he moved by the flank to the door, backed into the hall, backed out of the front door, backed off the steps into a marigold bed, and never heeding the anxious, "Are you hurt, Ezra?" ending in a giggle, he gathered himself up and madly broke for the front gate, still with one hand behind him.

Out upon the lonely country pike he paused—an awful pause—and stood in the soft, sweet moonlight.

Kissing in a Tunnel.

[From the Flemingburgh, (Ky.) Rambler.]

On the up train on the M. and L. road, last Friday morning, there occurred a most laughable incident, Some fun loving boys had determined to have some sport, and when nearing the long tunnel they arranged to steal a kiss from their respective girls as soon as they entered the excavation and it was totally dark. The train was greatly crowded, a large number being compelled to stand up. One gentleman and his fair companion, we noticed, were both standing, and immediately in front of them was a colored girl. The train rolled slowly through. and emerged very suddenly from the gloom, and there, taking his last, lingering kiss from the colored girl, was the gentleman, while his mischievious companion stood behind a few steps, laughing immoderately. The poor fellow let go hastily and commenced searching for his han kerchief, while the blood seemed ready to burst from his crimson face. His eal partner had become suspicious, and when they moved into the tunnel she stepped quietly back, putting the lady of color into the place she had occupied. We felt for him, and as we passed him in leaving the car we heard him sigh, "I want to go home!"

He Couldn't Linger.

[From the Brunswicker.]

A great many strapped printers are on the road now, and scarcely a day passes but one of them strikes us for a job. Those from the West say that business is dull in all the towns out there, and those coming from the East have the same tale of hard times to tell about the country they have passed through. One of them limped into the office Tuesday and propounded the old question:

'How's work?'

'First rate,' said one of the proprietors, 'never was better.'

'I'd like to get in enough to get me something to eat,' said the print., as he pulled his coat down over one shoulder.

'More work here than we know what to do with,' continued the proprietors,

'Well, that's what I'm after,' said the tramp, and he threw the other shoulder in view,

'But'—and the tones of the boss were as sad and plaintive as the moan of a lost child—'there's—no—money.'

Like a startled mud turtle 'juking' into its shell, that printer shot back into his coat, and a sigh—partly of relief—escaped him. He was sorry to be disappointed, and glad that he had been acquainted with the situation before he had wasted any of his energies in uncompensative labor.

'If you ain't got any money, how do you pay your hands?' he asked, glancing around at the boys, who were out with as much energy as if they were working in a silver mine.

'We pay them in real estate and town lots, sir,' replied the boss, who happened to be in a communicative humor. 'My partner and I run this paper, not as a money-making institution, but as a medium through which to dispose of a quantity of land which we could not get off our hands in any other way. When we find a printer who is willing to work and take his pay in the free soil of Missouri, we employ him; otherwise notsoever.'

The tramp looked puzzled and distressed, but he said:

'I don't care about settling down just now and becoming a landed proprietor. I'm poor enough already. I don' want any more of this country than I can conveniently carry around with me. I'm too feeble to grow up with any considerable amount of it. Good-day, sir.

'Hold on,' said the proprietor, 'Don't tear yourself away from a bonanza before you are acquainted with the nature of its resources. There is an opportunity to acquire distinction, it not wealth. You see, that young fellow there by the window?'

'The one with a far-away, vacant look in his mild blue eyes?'

'Yes. Well, that young man has just about completed his apprenticeship, and I've made him out a deed to 160 town lots in consideration of his services. You can see them from the window. Half of them are on the bar, and the other half in the river, but they will be very valuable in a century or two. Oh, sir, all the boys are heavy property-holders. The pressman owns half that bar, and the jours can each point with pride to the mighty Missouri and say it rolls and surges over their possessions, guarding and enriching them, You see that man over there in the corner?'

'That long, sad, consumptive-looking being?'

'Yes. Speak low. I gave him a deed for 1,000 acres of land, in payment for three years' work. It was swamp land in Linn county, and he has just returned from a visit to it, He is working this week for a lot in the cemetery. His place will soon be vacant, and you may have it on the same terms if you like.'

The tramp moved uneasily about, and finally went to the window and gazed out over the town. Presently he called the boss to him and said:

'I have'nt got long to tarry. Something seems to call me and beckon me away. But I don't mind working a couple of hours for that corner lot over there—the one with the saloon on it.'

'I'm truly sorry,' said the boss, 'but I deeded that lot last week to the boy who carries papers. There's a lot right back of it, with a nice cellar on—would'nt that suit you?'

'No, I believe not. I guess I can't linger with you any longer, however much I might desire to. I have a presentiment that I'm not long for this world, and I fain would lay my bones to rest in the home of my childhood. Farwell, old man. Your kindness has moved me. I'm homeward bound.'

He bounded down stairs, and continued his journey into the East,

An attache of the Brooklyn, N. Y. ferry company, whose duty consisted in closing the gates upon the passengers when the boats were ready to leave, died the other day, and in the funeral turn out the most conspicuous figure was that of an old man who occupied a buggy. from which was waving an American flag. Just as the order was given to start the funeral, the old man drove into line. One of the friends of the deceased astonished at the conduct of the old fellow, rode up to him and said: 'Say, look here, old man. you must have got things mixed. This ain't no torchlight procession, nor a clam chowder picnic This is a funeral, sir.' The old fellow heard all this, and grimly replied: 'Yes, I know what it is. It ain't no clam bake that's a fact; but it's better than a Bunker Hill jubilee for me to be here, for the man that's riding at the head of the procession shut the ferry gate on me, when I was in a hurry, just one hundred and sixty times in the last five years, and I am going to get even with him somehow.

An exchange says that a young man in Des Moines sent a dollar to a firm in New York who advertised a receipt to prevent bed ditness. He received a small slip of paper, on which was printed: "Don't go to sleep."

CHILDREN IN THE CLOUDS.

A True Story from "All the Year Round."

One pleasant afternoon during the comet's appearance, some ten years ago, an aeronaut, after a prosperous voyage, descended upon a large farm in the neighborhood of a large farm market town in one of the Western States. He was soon surrounded by a curious group of the farmer's family and laborers, all asking eager questions about the voyage and the management of the balloon. That, secured by an anchor and a rope in the hand of the aeronaut, its car about a foot or two above the ground, was swaying lazily backward and forward in the evening air. It was a good deal out of wind, and was a sleepy and innocent monster in the eyes of the farmer, who, with the owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, he said, he could hitch it to the fence. But before he thus secured it his three children, aged respectively 10, 8 and 6 begged him to lift them into that big basket, that they might sit on those pretty red cushions.

While the attention of the aeronaut was diverted by more curious questioners from a neighboring farm, this rash father lifted the darlings one by one into the car. Chubby little Johnny proved the ounce too much for the aerial camel, an brought him to the ground; and then, unluckily, not the baby, the eldest hope of the family was lifted out. The relief was too great. The volatile creature's spirits rose at once, he jerked the halter out of the farmer's hand, and with a bound mounted into the air, Vain was the aeronaut's anchor. It caught for a moment in the fence, but tore away. and was off dangling uselessly after the runaway balloon, which so swiftly and steadily rose that in a few minutes those two little faces peering over the edge of the car grew indistinct, and those pitous cries of "Papa!" "Mamma!" grew fainter in the air.

When distance and twilight mists had swallowed up voices and faces, and nothing could be seen but that dark, cruel shape, sailing triumphantly away with its precious booty, like an aerial privateer, the poor father sank down helpless and speechless, but the mother frantic with grief, still stretches her yearning arms towards the heavens, and called wildly up into the unanswerable voidness.

The aeronaut strove to console the wretched parents with assurances that the balloon would descend within thirty miles of the town, and all might be well with the children, provided that it did not come in deep water or in the woods. In the event of its descending in a favorable spot, there was but one danger to be apprehended: he thought that the elder child might step out, leaving the younger in the balloon, Then it might rise and continue its voyage.

"Ah, no!" replied the mother, 'Jennie would not stir from the car without Jonnie in her arms."

The balloon passed directly over the market town, and the children seeing many people in the streets stretched out their hands and called loudly for help. But the villagers, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no calls.

When the sunlight all went away, and the great comet came blazing out, little Johnnie was apprehensive that the comet might come too near the airy craft, and set it on fire with its dreadful tail. But when his sister assured him that the firey dragon was as much as twenty miles away, and that God wouldn't let him hurt them, he was tranquillized. but he soon after said: 'I wish he would come a little nearer, so I could warm myself—I am so cold.

Then Jennie took off her apron and wrapped it around the child, saying tenderly:

'This is all sister has to make you warm, darling. but she'll hug you close in her arms, and we will say our prayers and you shall go to sleep.'

'Why, how can I say my prayers before I eat my supper?' asked little Johnnie.

'Sister hasn't any supper you or herself, but we must pray all the harder,' solemnly responded Jennie.

So the two baby wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, unawed by darkness, immensity and silence, by the presence of the great comet, and the millions of unpiting stars, lifted their clasped hands and sobbed out their sorrowful 'Our Father,' and then that quaint little supplementary prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

"There! God heard that easy; for we are close to him up here," said innocent little Johnny.

Doubtless Divine Love stooped to the little ones, and folded them in perfect peace, for soon the younger, sitting on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister's knee, slept as soundly as though he were lying in his own little bed at home; while the elder watched quietly through the long, long hours, and the car floated gently on the still night air, till it began to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

At length a happy providence guided the little girl's wandering hand to a cord connecting the valve; something seemed to tell her to pull it, At once the balloon began to sink slowly and gently, as though let down by gentle hands, or as though some celestial pilot guided it through the wild currents of the air, not letting it drop into lakes or rivers, leafy woods or impenetrable swamps, where this strange, unchildlike experience might have been closed by a death of unspeakable horror; but causing it to descend as a bird alights, on a spot where care and human pity awaited it.

The sun had not yet risen, but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl, looking over the edge of the car, saw the dear old earth coming nearer—"rising toward them," said she, But when the car stopped, to her great disappointment, it was not on the ground, but caught fast in the topmost branch of a tree. Yet she saw they were near a house whence help might soon come, so she awakened her brother, and told him the good news, and together they watched and waited for deliverence, hugging each other for joy and warmth, for they were very cold.

Farmer Buxton, who lived in a lonely house on the edge of his own private prairie, was a famous sleeper in general but on this particular morning he awoke before the dawn, and though he turned and turned again, he could sleep no more. So at last he awoke his wife and said: "It is no use; I'll just get up and dress and then have a look at the comet."

The next she heard was a frightened summons to the door. It seems that no sooner did he step from his house than his eyes fell on a strange shape hanging in a pear tree about twenty yards distant. He could see in it no likeness to anything earthly, and he half fancied it might be the comet, which having put out its lights, had come down there to perch. In his fright and perplexity he did what any wise man would do under the circumstances. Reinforced by his wife, he drew near the tree cautiously reconnoitering. Surely, never had pear tree bore such fruit! Suddenly there descended from the thing a plaintive, trembling little voice, "Please take us down. We are very cold."

Then a second little voice—"and hungry, too. Please take us down."

"Why, who are you? And where are you?"

The first little voice said—"We are Mrs. Harwood's little boy and girl, and we are lost in a balloon"

The second little voice said: "It's us, and we runned away in a balloon. Please take us down."

Dimly comprehending the situation, the farmer getting hold of a dangling rope succeeded in pulling down the balloon. He first lifted out little Johnny, who ran rapidly a few yards toward the house then turned around and stood for a few moments, curiously surveying the balloon The faithful little sister was so chilled and exhausted that she had to be carried into the house, where trembling and sobbing, she told her wonderful story. Before sunrise a mounted messenger was sent to the Harwood home, with the glad tidings of great joy. He reached it in the afternoon, and a few hours later the children themselves arrived in state, with banners, and conveyed in a covered hay wagon and four. Joy bells were rung in the neighboring town, and in the farmer's brown house the happiest family on the continent thanked God that night.

The New York Tribune says that a new trial in the Beecher case is not expected. One great difficulty seems to be the want of money. Some friends of Mr. Tilton a short time after the former trial evinced a desire to get up a subscription in aid of Mr. Tilton, but the project has apparently fallen through. It is said that Mr. Tilton's counsel feel that they did their duty to their client by working for him through the first trial, and they are unwilling to go on any further in the matter without compensation. There has also been a little bickering between some of the counsel and their client, and this has caused the counsel to become a little lukewarm in the cause. It is stated authoritatively that under the present circumstances, should the matter be brought to a trial again, the former counsel will not act. The note of issue filed by ex-Judge Morris in the case is claimed by Mr. Beecher's friends to be an attempt to forestall the action of Mr. Beecher's lawyers, whose intention it was to move for a new trial in order to relieve their client of the costs of the action.

A Pugnacius Goat.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says his head was the shape and size of a Bullitt County water-melon, and he was so black that charcoal would make a light mark on him. The goat was asleep, leaning against the side of a house. The darkey was smoking a decayed cigar. He espied the goat, looked at the end of the cigar, grinned, then at the tail end of the goat; "grinned louder," looking all around to see that nobody was looking. and touched the lit end of that cigar to the tail end of that goat. The goat turned a hand spring, and the negro opened his big mouth to laugh, but the goat butted him so quickly between the chin and his breeches pockets that his jaws came together making a noise louder than the report of a gun. The negro's hat, boots and cigar lay in a pile ten feet off, while his body was curled up like a horse-shoe in the mouth of a sewer opening. When he "came to" he looked around at each one in the crowd, and dispersed the crowd by saying, "Will some ob 'you gemmen' shoot me wid a pistol? A nagga dat's as big a fool as I is ain't got no buisness libin'."

Pay Your Debts.

If you have any money and owe any bills, take the money and pay them; do not hoard the coin, thinking, or pretending to think, that you will never get any more. If you pay your debts, your creditor can also pay his, and so on ad infinitum, which means, in this case, so long as anybody owes anything. If you keep your coin locked up, it does you no good, nor any one else, and your sleep is disturbed by reason of having to guard it. There is no fear but there will be money enough in circulation soon for all practical purposes, and the best possible way to accelerate that circulation is for everybody to pay out what they have on hand, when they will be agreeably surprised to find how quickly it will come back to them. Bread cast upon the waters is said by competent authority to return after many days, but coin paid out about this time will probably come back the same afternoon, causing much happiness in its transit.

"Moderately Good Steppers."

[Spirit of the Times.]

A good joke is told of a wealthy New Yorker, with an eye for a good horse, who shortly after betaking himself to his summer residence on Long Island, in April last, was sitting on his piazza one fine morning, and noticing a pair of fine steppers that were being driven on the road in front of his house. The team consisted of a bay and a gray mare, and the driver was an unassuming, quiet, well-behaved young man. The New Yorker noticed them again on the following day, and was more than ever impressed with their fine style and graceful step, and he decided at once to buy them. Accordingly, on the next day he stationed himself at his gate, and when the team came jogging by, he signaled to the driver to stop. "That's a pretty fair team you drive," says he. "Yes, they are moderately good steppers," was the response. "Are they for sale?" asked the New Yorker. "Well, yes; I would sell them," was the rather hesitating reply. "Send them along down the road and back, so that I can see how they move," said the New Yorker. Up and down they were sent a few times, and at length the gentleman seemed satisfied, and signaled the driver to pull up. "I like them pretty well," said he; "and will buy them if the price is not too high; what do you ask for them?" "Sixty five thousand dollars," was the reply, very coolly given. The gentleman opened his mouth and eyes in astonishment, and Charley Green drove off with Lula and Fleety Golddust at a 2:25 gait, leaving the old gentleman to wonder at the high prices of good fair roadsters.

She Cured Him.

From the New York Herald.

At last she completely cured him. For months she had patiently endured the pangs so many thousands of young wives are compelled to suffer. Almost every morning at breakfast the heartless husband expressed the hope that he might live to see that day when he should get such coffee as he used to have at home; or such corn-bread as his mother was wont to make and bake. At dinner the meat was overbaked in the range. To be sure, his mother used to roast the meat in an old-fashioned Dutch tin oven, and the pieces were always done to a turn—the last turn of the revolving spit. Those days were forever gone, but he might and ought to get such a green-apple pie with new cheese as his mother used to give him. At length the long-suffering wife arose in her wrath, upset the table, sending the dishes and their contents crashing to the carpet, strided over to her astounded husband, gave him a box on the ear which knocked him off his chair, and remarked: "There's a clip over the head for you, such as your mother used to give you when you was a boy, gol dern yer." Thereafter there was domestic peace and quiet in that house, with never even an allusion to the maternal cookery and comforts of the by-gone days.

The Gin that Steinberger's Subjects Drink.

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

As to whisky, it would pay better to export it from Apia to this market than to send it from here there. Gin is the great drink of the South Sea Islander; when he can get it, what is known as "Jersey lightning whisky," or "forty-rod whisky," warranted to kill at that distance every time. At Apia you can get a quart bottle of pure Holland gin, manufactured in Hamburg from deadly poison, at fifty cents per bottle by retail and twenty-five cents per bottle by wholesale. The bottle is worth five cents anywhere as an ornament, and the labels are gorgeous and costly. The quart bottle of pure Holland gin, for which the poor natives of the Samoan, Society and Sandwich Islands pay fifty cents, costs probably ten cents to be manufactured. It is the vilest stuff imaginable, and has sent many a sturdy savage to his happy hunting grounds.

A Kentucky Sensation.

The Danville (Ky) Advocate tells this story about a "Nick of the Woods," recently discovered. In the neighborhood of McKenney's Station, a strange negro has been seen for the last two weeks that is a source of terror to his race. They claim that he is of foreign extraction, and state positively that he has escaped from some menagerie, and is roaming at will to devour the colored race. He has only one eye, and that in the center of the forehead, which gives him rather an odd as well as frightful appearance. He runs with the fleetness of an antelope, although hobbled with chains. On the day of election he hobbled to the house occupied by a negro family, near McKenney's station, and frightened the family off. He has been seen a number of times lately by different parties, and all give him a similar description.

A Sorrowful Mother.

"Isabel Mari Stephens!" yelled the mother of a milliner apprentice from this city, who went Sunday to visit her parents in the country, "what on airth do you mean by coming out in broad daylight with your gown all kajummoxed up in a heap behind you? And all bound up in that way in front of you? And hain't you got no stockings all of one color. that ye haf to wear them zebra-colored things? Thought ye was going to be a milliner. Should think ye'd married a barber, and was playing up signboard for him. Did I ever think one of my girls would come to this!" And she lifted up her voice in great lamentation, and would not be comforted.

Fred. Hart of the Austin Reville, relates the following: While riding up the Reese River Valley with Stubs last week. he pointed his finger across the valley and said: 'Over yonder is Washington; it's on this mail route; but the postmaster got killed, and they buried him with his clothes on. The key of the postoffice was in his breeches pocket, and when they buried him they buried the whole post office, and it's a Dead Letter Office now.

A Michigan Geyser.

Mr. Joseph Hahn, of Marine City, has been for some time engaged in sinking an artesian well. On Monday night the auger had penetrated to a depth of 125 feet, and the next morning, an air or gas chamber was reached. Then occurred a phenomenon which the by-standers will not be likely soon to forget. In the twinkling of an eye, upon the removal of the auger, the wooden tubing shot out from the well like a stone driven from a catapult, followed by a volume of gas, water, gravel and mud, that rose full two hundred feet into the air, while the trembling earth, and roaring torrent and the descending debris made Mr. Hahn and his co-laborers think they had struck the regions infernal. Stones weighing from ten to twenty pounds were projected into the air, and some of them fell crashing through the roof of Mr. Hahn's house, near by; in fact, the family were obliged to seek shelter at a neighbor's, for human life was not safe a moment at the farm house. In the neighborhood of Mr. Hahn's farm house a stone, large or small, was rarely found, but now they can be taken away by the cart-load. The heavy log chain binding the derrick was cut by the flying missiles into dozens of pieces, and one of the timbers was blown away as by the breath of a cyclone. The discharge of mud and water soon began to overflow the fields and bear ruin upon the poor man's crops; it was as if a water spout had burst and the floods of heaven let loose. For eight or ten hours this extraordinary well kept emitting mud, water, gas and stones; all around, on field, barn and house had settled a leaden hue. The corn was broken off and uprooted by the flood; the house and barn have been riddled by falling stones; destruction was visible on every side. It was then noticed that the subterranean monster was pretty well blown, and, although it still sent up a furious howling, the force was spent. It is estimated that some eight hundred cubic yards of clay and boulders were cast out of the well. Hundreds have been out to see it and hundreds more will probably go. The damage to Mr. Hahn's property is very great.—Marine City (Mich) Gazette.

How to Keep a Subscriber.

An indignant farmer recently entered the office of the Elizabeth News and ordered his paper stopped because he differed from the editor in his views regarding the advantages in subsoiling fence rails. The editor conceded the man's right in stopping his paper, but he remarked coolly, looking over the list: Do you know Jim Soders down at Hardscrabble?' 'Very well,' said the man. 'Well, he stopped his paper last week because I thought a farmer was a blamed fool who didn't know that timothy was a good thing to graft on huckleberry bushes, and he died in four hours.' 'Lord, is that so?' asked the astonished Granger. 'Yes, do you know George Erickson, down on Eagle Creek?' 'Well, I've heard of him.' 'Well,' said the editor gravely 'he stopped the paper because I said he was the happy father of twins, and congratulated him on his success so late in life. He fell dead within twenty minutes. There are lots of similar cases, but it don't matter. I'll just cross your name off, though you don't look strong, and there's a bad color on your nose.' 'See here', Mr. Editor, said the subscriber, looking somewhat alarmed, 'I believe I'll just keep on another year, 'cause I always did like your paper; and come to think, about it you are young man; and some allowance orter be made,' and he departed satisfied that he had made a narrow escape from death.

The steamer Fanny was coming down the upper Mississippi loaded with pig lead. As she was going over a shoal place the pilot gave the signal to heave the lead. The only man forward was a green Irishman. "Why don't you heave the lead?" "Is it the lead, yer honor? Where to?" "Overboard, you blockhead!" The Irishman snatched up one of the pigs of lead and threw it overboard. The mate, in endeavoring to prevent him, lost his balance and fell into the river. The captain, running to the deck asked: "Why don't you heave the lead, and sing out how much water there is?" "The lead is heaved, yer honor, and the mate's gone down to see how much water there is."

Be Patient.

God never takes back his gifts. If he ever gave you a sight of his truth and love, you have it still. Clouds may pass between you and the sun, but the sun is there, and will shine forth again. It may be a stormy night, and the stars are hidden; but they shine on, permanent and pure, behind the driving rain, and will again look out upon you with their calm eyes, and say, from their inaccessible and infinite heights, "Be patient, little child! be patient! and wait till all storms and all darkness shall have passed away for ever."

The modern school girl must have queer ideas. In a conversation with a New York reporter at the "hop" at Vassar, Tuesday evening, one of them queried: "Are you single?" An affirmative answer being given, then she asked thoughtfully, "Do editors ever get rich?" The "pencil heaver" again replied in the affirmative, and instanced several leading journalists, and then added, "I leave for New York to-morrow, and it will take me three days to pay up my taxes and cut the coupons off my bonds!" "Is it possible!" replied the miss "and you so young, too."—[Poughkeepsie Eagle.

A Really Honest Critic.

It is narrated that an art critic, rather addicted to rum, on visiting the British Museum in the ordinary line of his duties, looked in a mirror of the first room he entered, whereupon, taking out his note-book, he commenced reporting as follows: "First room—Head of a drunkard, not signed; great deal of character; a red nose of stunning reality; brutal face; seen that type somewhere; must be a portrait from nature."