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Baby's First Teeth.

Come look at the dainty darling! As fresh as a new-blown rose. From the top of his head so golden. To the dear little rosy nose. You can tell by the dancing dimples. By the smile that comes and goes. He is keeping a wonderful secret. You'd give half of your kingdom to know

Now kiss him on cheek and forehead. And kiss him on lip and chin. The little red mouth is hiding. The rarest of pearls within. Ah, see! when the lips are smiling. Have parted their tender red. Do you see the tiny white jewel. Set deep in its coral bed?

Now where are the sage reporters. Who wait by hamlet and hill. To tell to the listening nation. The news of its good or ill? Come weave with your old girl gossip. This golden blossom of truth— Just half a year old this morning. And one little pearly tooth.

Popping the Question.

If you love me, tell me so; I have read in your eyes. I have heard it in your sighs. But my woman's heart replies. If you love me, tell me so!

Should I give you Yes or No? Yes, a girl may not confess That her answer would be "Yes" To such questioning, unless He who loves her tells her so.

If you love me, tell me so! Loves give strength to watch and Trust give heart for any fate. Rich or poor, unknown or great. If you love me, tell me so!

While smoking on a powder keg, He dropped a cinder down; Then rose he like a meteor, To wear the golden crown.

Go to meet a fellow who struck a glycerine can with a sledge-hammer.

A ROMANCE OF HARD WORK.

'Raymond Thurston, I believe you are insane.

As Amabel spoke her voice had a sharp quiver of pain as well as anger. She was very proud of her brother—proud of his handsome face, proud of his talents—and she considered he was about to degrade himself socially if not morally, by the stand he had announced himself to have taken. Seeing her passionate outcry had not moved him, she said pleadingly: 'Have you no pride left! You who had all the old Thurston pride once?'

'I have just so much pride left, Amabel,' he answered, 'that I cannot sit here eating the bread of idleness another day.'

'You know you are more than welcome here.'

'I do know it. I appreciate your husband's kindness at its full value, Amabel. I hope the day will come when I can prove it. And, sis, I am only too thankful that you have his full love and strong arm now, when we have lost so much. Now, darling, don't try to hold me back from honest employment.'

'But, Raymond, you can surely obtain some gentlemanly position?'

'I have been trying faithfully for six months, you know with what success—There, don't look at me so pitifully, it will come right one of these days.'

'I wonder what Bertha Haines will say when she sees you perched upon the driver's seat of an express cart?'

For the first time the forced composure of Raymond's face was stirred. A dark red flush crept to his very hair, and he rose and walked up and down the room. Glad to have him moved at last, his sister said:

'With her aristocratic ideas and pride that is inborn in her family, she will never recognize you again, Raymond.'

'Then I must lose the honor of her friendship,' Raymond said honestly. 'Does any more, Amabel? And unable to bear any further remonstrance, he left the room, and a little later the house.'

The Thurston pride of which Amabel had spoken was stinging him sorely, in spite of the brave face he carried to cover it. He was a man of 33, and his life had held only the pleasures of wealth, the opportunities money gives for the development of intellect, for twenty-seven of these years. His parents died when he was a boy, and Amabel, his only sister, 15 years his senior, married before she was 20, and gave her brother a home, whenever he was not traveling, or in some summary or collision. While he considered himself a rich man, Raymond had accepted this hospitality as freely as it was offered, and Amabel's jewel case, her husband's library and her children's playthings bore witness of her brother's generosity. But suddenly, without warning, there swept over the country one of the devastating financial crashes so overwhelming in its lead of speculation, and Raymond was recalled from Europe by his brother-in-law, in forming him that his entire patrimony had been swept away. Investments that had seemed to the young man, ignorant to all business details, as secure as they were factually, had fallen to ruin, and a few hundred dollars only were left of what had been a noble fortune.

At first Raymond did not realize the extent of his misfortune. He was still young, well educated, in perfect health,

and certainly the world had some niche where he could earn an honest living. But weeks of seeking for employment gave him a keener knowledge of his misfortune. Friends who had been willing to smother his egotism and drink his woes, who were yet willing to extend every social greeting, shook their heads when asked to consider any portion of their business into his keeping.

Brought up to study, to live a life of elegant leisure, Raymond, despite of 33, knew absolutely nothing of business, nor had he studied any one branch sufficiently to qualify himself for a teacher. He tried faithfully to find some employment, spending what little remained of his fortune with the lavish hand that had not yet learned economy.

Society welcomed him home after two years of wandering, for Amabel Barclay kept open house for her friends, and Ray had long been a favorite in her circle. Her husband, many years older than herself, had long retired from business with a large income, and while he gave Raymond aid in finding occupation, and Bertha Haines, the friend from whom Raymond parted two years before, in this renewed intercourse became to him more than ever a friend before. They had not thought of love in the days when the girl was a debutante in society, and Raymond one of its favorite dears; but when they met, after the long parting, some new emotion stirred both hearts. They did not know what made hours pass so quickly when they were together, nor recognize the subtle charm that dwelt for each in the other's presence, for many a week.

Raymond was the first to awaken to the knowledge that love was the charm that bound him to Bertha's side whenever she was present; that it was love that made her eyes, the dark, sparkling eyes, so beautiful in their expression; that love tuned her voice so musically; that love made her the dearest of all women in his eyes.

Amabel was delighted. Bertha was one of her own first friends, and Bertha's father, a merchant of standing and influence, aside from this girl had inherited money from her mother. Altogether, Amabel decided the match would be charming. But a hint to that effect met one of Raymond's sternest frowns, such as had never visited his face in the old sunny days.

'Never speak of it again, Amabel,' he said, 'I am no fortune hunter to live upon the money of a rich wife. I'll carve out my own way first.' But carving out his own way proved tedious work till, desperate at his many failures, he accepted a position, offered in just, of driver to an express wagon. 'I do understand horses,' he said, 'if I cannot sell goods or keep books.'

It proved harder work, however, than in the first flush of his desperation he had imagined. Not the mere work; that he soon conquered; but the slightness, rudeness, and staves of his old friends. Some few recognized the true nobility that accepted honest labor rather than an easy dependence upon wealthy connections, but these were few. A week passed, when one of the most fashionable stores on Broadway, morning, delivering some goods at one of the stores, Raymond saw Bertha Haines opening the door of her low carriage. An impulse made him start forward to hand her out, only to draw toward him, and dropping the hand he was lifting to raise his hat. The sweet musical voice he loved spoke at once: 'Please, Mr. Thurston, help me with this obstinate door. It will stick.'

He went forward, then, with all the easy grace of manner that had ever marked his intercourse with ladies. The little gloved hand was extended to meet his as she thanked him.

'It is too bad you are engaged,' she said, 'I should like so much to borrow your artist eye to aid me in selecting a dress for my reception on Thursday evening. But you will come and tell me how I succeeded alone, will you not?' She said the last words earnestly, raising her dark eyes to his face.

'Do you really wish me to come now?' he asked.

'Then I will come! I must say good morning,' and he left her with a most courteous bow. But while the great express wagon rattled down the streets, Miss Haines turned away from the store she had been entering and re-entered her carriage.

'To my father's,' she said to the driver, and a few moments later the merchant looked up from his ledgers to see his only child, in a faultless walking dress, entering the counting house. 'Another check,' he said, moving a chair to her. 'How much this time?'

'Nothing! I want to talk to you. Shut the door, so those hard men can't hear me.' The door closed, and privacy in the counting house secured. Bertha astonished her paternal relative by bursting into a passion of weeping. 'Why, Bertha!' he cried.

'My mind, papa. It is all over now. Do you remember what you said to me when Raymond Thurston asked for some employment here?'

'Not exactly.' 'I do. You said that a man brought up as he had been would want a situation; that he never would come down to real work; and that you had no position for such a gentleman; that his offer to take a subordinate position and learn business was simply a farce.'

'Did I say all that, Bertha?'

'To see you did. I suppose you dis-

missed him pointedly enough. But, papa, if you thought he was really in earnest, really meant to work for a living, would you give him a chance here?'

'Yes. He has capacity, brains, and an splendid address. But he has been an idler all his life.'

'He is no idler now. He is driving an express cart.'

'Bertha, I met him not an hour ago. He thought I was going to cut him. As it is, he added, with magnificent scorn, 'I would aight an old friend in adversity.'

'Bless my soul! Driving an express wagon! Ned Thurston's boy! Educated at Harvard! Dear me! Did you notice whose wagon it was, Bertha?'

Bertha had not noticed, and the old gentleman bustled into his coat and started for the office. At dinner he informed Bertha that Raymond had accepted a place in his own large establishment, with a frank confession of his profound ignorance of all business affairs, but in earnest resolution to learn well and speedily whatever appertained to the duties entrusted to him.

It was not many weeks before Mr. Haines congratulated himself upon the acquisition of his new clerk. He told Bertha marvelous stories of Raymond's rapid progress and the strides he was making in his new life, knowing of the long nights spent in poring over ledgers and accounts, the many misgivings the new clerk felt. The same active brain and quick intelligence the new student had brought to him, college honors now stood him in good stead in mastering the intricacies in invoices, book-keeping, and counting house mysteries, and Raymond gained favor rapidly in the eyes of his employer. It is a question whether actual merit would have advanced him quite so frequently as he was promoted, hard as he worked, and steadily as he improved.

But Mr. Haines worshipped his only child, and the burst of tears in the counting house told him the secret Bertha successfully concealed from all others. A self-made man himself with an ample fortune to add to the one Bertha already held, he laid no stress upon money in thinking of a son-in-law. Energy, industry, integrity, these were the foundation stones of his own fortune, and these were the qualities he desired in a life companion for the child who was the hope and pride of his old age.

The closed ties were bound that drew Raymond Thurston to him in business, the more he honored and esteemed the sterling worth of the man he so long regarded as a mere butterfly of fashion, one of fashion's spoiled children. And learning to respect his worth he had also learned to love the frank, bright face, the clear ringing voice, and the ever ready courtesy of the young clerk. It grew to be a very frequent occurrence for him to ask the support of the strong, young arm when the streets were slippery, and at the door to invite Raymond to dismount, sure of a bearing look of pleasure from Bertha.

There came a day, after two long years of faithful service, when Raymond was informed in the privacy of his counting house, that a junior partnership was his if he would accept it. Some emotion checked the utterance of Raymond's heart to meet a cordial grasp, and he said: 'Yes, yes! I know. And now if you want to tell Bertha the news, you may take a holiday.'

'May I tell her more? May I tell her I love her—that the hope of my life is to win her love in return?'

'You may tell her that I have been your most sincere friend and well-wisher for two years. You may tell her—and the old man's eyes twinkled—that I have looked upon you as a son ever since the day she met you driving an express wagon.'

'And behaved like an angel?'

'Yes, yes, of course, they always do. There; get along with you. I'm busy. Take my love to Bertha if you are not overburdened with your own.'

And so—you know the rest. There was a wedding, and Amabel gave (the bride a parure of diamonds, and owned, when in a burst of confidence Bertha told her the whole story, that, after all, Thurston's pride was not so good in the end as Raymond's pride.

Struggling for a Square Deal.
[From the Atlanta Constitution.]
There were two of them squatted down on the sunny side of a show bill board, munching the remnants of a ginger cake. The blackest one remarked melancholically:

'Moses, did you ever think how 'spevative dis freedom is to a nigger?'

'You bet, honey! It mighty nigh makes ole man sometimes wish he was done back on ole plantashun whar de smoke house was 'en amost er big as de State capertal!'

He Suffered Long.

When it commenced to rain on Friday a man stepped into an office on Griswold Street, and remarked:

'This rain will cool the atmosphere, won't it?'

The proprietor agreed that it would. In about five minutes another man came in to borrow a paper, and he remarked: 'This rain will cool the atmosphere, won't it?'

The proprietor thought it would and had just dated a letter when a man called to ask the loan of an umbrella, and stood for a moment and remarked:

'This rain will cool the atmosphere, won't it?'

'I suppose it will!' snapped the office man, and he turned to his letter again. He had written four lines when a man entered and asked him the way to the City Hall, and remarked:

'This rain will cool the atmosphere, won't it?'

'No, sir,' yelled the office man at the top of his voice, and he said he'd wallop the next man who said "rain" to him. He had turned his letter over, when along came a tall young man with a long nose. He looked into the office, halted, and as he stood in the door and shook his umbrella, he said:

'Don't you think this rain will cool the atmosphere?'

'No! blast your two white eyes, I don't, yelled the man who was writing, and he threw down his pen and made ready for the next one.

Along came the man who had an office above, and who is a very good and most worthy citizen, and he stuck his head in the door and called out:

'Ah! well! sleep better tonight. Don't you think the rain will—?'

'No, you old liar!' yelled the office man, and he shut the door with such a sudden roll that the inquirer fell off the step, rolled over his umbrella, and sat down on his hat. He got up and wanted to kick somebody, and said he thirsted for blood; but the rain calmed him down, and the office man locked his door and hung up a sign reading:

'Not a blasted bit cooler than before.'—Free Press.

Homes and Home Happiness.

BY WHIPPED WITTE.
How few of us who have happy homes appreciate them. We feel jealous of some of our friends and neighbors who are able to have more expensive ones than we have, and fitted up more costly, forgetting the old saying: "All is not gold that glitters."

If we were to stay a month at the so-called "homes," we would be glad to get back to our humble abodes, where, if the furniture is cheap and the ornaments, many of them rude and made by our own hands, love, not discord, reigns and guides our actions.

Home should be made as pleasant as possible. It should be a heart place—place where the affections center—the most lovely of all places on earth. Not necessarily in grandeur, for the humblest homes are happier, if love and contentment dwell therein; bright and pleasant, always fair, with a longing to be there, is a pleasant home. Let us then strive to make our homes both neat and tasteful, where each heart will rest happy, and where the purest and best thoughts will linger. "The home where the heart is, he it ever so humble." How true this is, and how pleasant to be able to cherish thoughts of home—to know, whatever we may be, that we have a home which will be made more home-like and happy by our presence.

An Appropriate Nymn.

The following incident occurred in a New England city not more than thirty miles from Boston, as the crowd files:

Elder G., who has been Mayor of the city in which he resides, is a sledge-hammer preacher of the Free Will Baptist persuasion, highly esteemed, standing some six feet two in the crotch, and, moreover, is noted as a revivalist of the John Knox pattern, giving frequent campaigns to the pulpit. As a result of his earnest preaching, he has semi-occasionally a large number to baptize in the river which pleasantly meanders along the southern limits of the city. In a recent batch he immersed a colored woman weighing in the vicinity of two hundred pounds. She was the last one to "lose her guilty stains," and as a verse had been sung at the assembled church choir at the baptism of the other candidates for church performance, the choir started up with, ere the elder had fairly concluded the sentence commencing, "I baptize thee,"

"The morning light is breaking; The darkness disappears." What made the matter more ludicrous, just as the choir uttered "the darkness disappears," the head of the colored woman went under the water with a tremendous rouse. The spectators were convulsed with laughter; to suppress it was impossible. It was the belief of some present, who knew the wit and eccentricities of the elder, that he had selected the verse sung when the sable convert was baptized; but as to the truth of this, "deponent sayeth not."

Editor of the Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for November.

The originator of arithmetic was Addison. A Barber's epitaph—He dyed and made no sign. The ventilation of an idea never gives anybody a cold.

Hops have become very cheap, and beer is going down. The only men who are not out of patients now are the doctors. The extra sleep obtained by the use of a mosquito canopy is not gain. Striped gloves are soon to come into fashion, but striped hose is not to go out.

'Was her death quite sudden?' said a condoling friend to a bereaved widower. 'Well, yes, rather, for her.'

A really great man is known by three great signs—generosity in the design, humanity in the execution, and moderation in success.

'Six feet in his stockings!' exclaimed Mrs. Fardington. 'Why, Ikg has only two in his, and I can never keep 'em darned at that.'

That's another thing which this world needs—something that will do the work of cardamon seed without exciting suspicion.

Everyone must find out for himself the key to the riddle of life. It is of no use to have it told. Some do not hear while others misunderstand it.

'It's generally the case with the boys,' philosophically remarks Miss Anthony, 'that they look like their mother and act like their father.'

It is stated in a French paper that the value of hens, chickens and eggs annually sold in the markets of France is \$20,000,000.

A French lady sent her maid to buy some flesh-colored stockings. The servant returned with stockings jet black. The anger of the mistress soon gave way to laughter when she recollected that her maid was a lady of color.

'Marian,' remarked one of the homely-headed sons of toil to his wife, 'pears to me it takes a sight o' calico ter make you a dress those hard times. Can't yer economize with one of them air pull-backs the city gals wear?'

It was then that Marian fired the broad board at him and remarked that she wasn't 'going' to stop the circulation of blood in her legs for any bald-headed, old penny-pincher.'

Brother Moody's manner of appealing to his co-laborers, Revs. Buddington and Cuyler, is a clear infringement on the forms used on the burnt-cork stage. Says Brother Moody: 'I believe five hundred souls here to-night should be gathered into the fold. Brother Cuyler, do you see any cause why five hundred precious souls should not be saved to-night?'

Brother C.—'No.' Says Mr. Middleman to his coadjutor at the right: 'Brother Bones, can you tell me the difference between my-if and a hoghead?'

Sweet, gushing, artless girl. She went away last September; went to England first; spent the winter in Italy; wandered through Germany in the spring; came back to America, and trifled away the summer at Saratoga, Long Branch and the White Mountains. Previous to this trip she had been away to school for five years, and when she jumped out of the car last night into her father's arms, she said, impulsively: "Oh, paw-paw, dear paw, they's no place like home!" And paw's face was a study as he replied: "Well, no, no, reckon not; but must be quite a novelty to ye."

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph writes to that journal: There is rejoicing in the police over the capture of a droll scoundrel who has long given them work to do. This fellow hung around the Lyons railway station about evening time. On catching sight of a traveler who looked simple he made acquaintance in a lonely spot, and mysteriously offered to sell patent watch-chains of amazing beauty and incredible strength.

"Try it," said he; "you are a fine tough, but even you can't break my chain." So the chain was twisted around the man's wrists and snapped to. While he struggled with it the vender would calmly lay him flat, take all valuables and make off. For years this ruffian has been plaguing his ingenious game, going sometimes into the country. One night lately at the Lyons Railway he found a victim, chained him up, plundered him and ran away. But the countryman chanced to be particularly strong and swift. He broke the hardware and caught the thief.

A Retreived Baby.
We have a very interesting mystery here in the shape of the second edition of the famous Cardiff Giant. Two men living in the town of Kimball, ten miles from Fort Hudson, while out hunting, stopped to gather specimens of stones from a gravel bed in the Pine river that was washed out from the bank near by during the freshet a year ago. In this loose bank they uncovered a stone resembling the face of a child. After looking at it in wonder for a time, they, thinking of the doubts that hangs over the discovery of the famous giant, went and brought fifteen or twenty men to witness this before taking it up. It was then removed with a mass of gravel adhering. The face, chin, throat, part of the right arm, shoulders, breast, part of one arm and the whole of the other show, ed distinctly in perfect form, all the rest merging into a mass of gravel and small stones, cemented together in the same way as in any gravel pit. The right arm is bent, the fore arm lying across the body; the other is bent below the elbow. The eyes are well defined and very broad; forehead flat and sloping; nose small and sharp; nostrils open; lips very thin and flat; mouth well defined—curve of the lips perfectly natural; chin square; slight depression or dimple over the breast bone; also, just above the arm where the ribs meet, or at least just below where they meet. The form of the breast is perfect. The skin on the surface is smooth, not showing the marks of tools. Some call it a petrified child, and account for the great breadth of the head at the eyes by some pressure that flattened the forehead. Among the small stones are petrified coral, shells, etc., such as are very common through this country. Can you tell us what it is?—[Albany Country Gentleman.]

George J. Hoffman, son of a wealthy 5th avenue man, fell in love with a danseuse in the Black Crook ballet, and when her engagement was at an end he followed her to London, and made love to her until his money was gone. He sent home and received money through Jay Cooke & Co. to provide for the girl and her child. He gave her \$275, with \$75 to pay for instruction in an art school. He paid her \$100 for the child, and drew \$250 to pay his own expenses home. He and an elder brother signed the drafts, but the father in New York refused to accept them. Jay Cooke & Co. sent the sons for damages for drawing money without authority, and got damages. Last week they sued the father in Brooklyn on the ground that the money was advanced at his request, and the jury gave them a verdict of \$3,878.37.

In the closing hours of Stonewall Jackson's life his mind wandered, and he gave several military orders, after which a sweet smile spread over his face, and he said quietly, with an expression as of relief, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees;" and then without pain or the least struggle his spirit passed away.

An old lady residing in Ohio told the companion with whom she had lodged for many years. She neglected to mark the spot of his burial by a stone. Not long after getting into possession of a small legacy a sister of the deceased said to her: "I suppose you will now put up stones for Dank!" Her answer was a settler. "If the Lord want anything of Dank, at the resurrection, I guard. He can find him without a guide-board."

There was a lively scene in Plymouth Church a few nights ago. The church committee reported the names of Mrs. Monahan and Deacon West as \$3 objects to be dropped, and they were therefore stricken from the roll. Mrs. Monahan protested, and charged Mr. Beecher with the crime of adultery which he confessed to her. Mr. Fryer, her counsel, appeared with her.

Many of the Kansas settlers in the valley of the Arkansas are doing a profitable business by gathering up buffalo bones. Heads and ribs are worth \$5 a ton for fertilizing purposes. Shins and shoulder blades bring \$10 a ton and go to the sugar refiners. The horns are worth \$30 for heads of umbrellas, fans, pipes, etc., and even bits of hide found hanging to the heads are gobbled up by the glue-makers. A clean sweep has been made of the valley for forty miles each way from the railroad.