

# BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

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## THE LONG PACK.

"Aunt, tell me a story," I said, as I sat with my maiden relative in a huge tapestried apartment in a rambling old-fashioned house in the country.

"What kind of a story do you want, Harry?" she asked. "Grave or gay, true or untrue, pleasant or sad? For my life has been long and my experiences many," she added, as she gazed dreamily and thoughtfully into the fire that blazed on the hearth before us.

"Oh, something harrowing and thrilling, fearful and shocking, and above all, true—there's a dear aunt!" I exclaimed as I drew near her side, and gazed shudderingly around the large, gloomy room.

A little pause ensued, while aunt gazed meditatively into the fire, and I watching her face in eager hope of the exciting tale that was coming.

I was about 16 (Aunt Betsy began to laugh) when I was invited to go and stay with some relatives in Essex, whom I had never seen. My life in this old house—where I was born and have lived all my days—was somewhat monotonous. I was a lively girl then, and, wild with delight at the prospect of a change of scene, I looked anxiously for my parents' permission to accept the invitation.

"After some deliberation, the desired permission was given; so early one morning, accompanied by my father, I set out in high spirits for my destination, arriving there in the pleasant twilight of an autumn evening.

Our friends gave us a cordial reception. Squire and Mrs. Oldham were staid, good-tempered, rather elderly people, and their two daughters—girls of 18 and 20—was merry and as wild as I could possibly desire. Their names were Mildred and Janet.

The house, standing on its own grounds, and surrounded by lofty trees, was old and spacious, with many long corridors and passages, and plenty of rooms of all sizes and descriptions. I can recall so well the grand entrance hall. It was of immense size and gloomy, and from it a wide staircase which led to an open gallery above.

During my stay with my Essex friends Mr. and Mrs. Oldham went to spend a few days at a gentleman's house a few miles distant from their own, and it was while they were absent that the alarming occurrence I am about to relate to you took place.

The household consisted of the butler and four maid servants. The coachman, who lived in a cottage on the grounds about a quarter of a mile distant, was now absent with his master and mistress. The butler was a pompous, stately, middle-aged man, given somewhat to patronizing, though always respectful in his manners to his young people. He evidently considered the safety of the house as his peculiar charge, and was very particular in the extinguishing of fires, and in looking after the fastening of doors and windows.

We had heard of one or two robberies being committed in the neighborhood; but we did not feel nervous, and my cousin placed great dependence on a huge black dog which always slept at night in the hall.

One evening—I believe it was the third after Mr. and Mrs. Oldham's departure—my cousin and I were sitting chatting merrily around the fire in a large room which opened from the hall. I think it was about 7 o'clock, when there came a pull at the front door bell, and after a short delay, the butler answered it. Presently, hearing a somewhat prolonged parley outside, we opened our room door and peeped out.

Two men, apparently much exhausted, stood at the lower end of the hall, while on the floor at their feet lay a large, long package. Opposite to them stood the butler and one of the maid servants, and a stormy discussion seemed going on between them. Mildred, my elder cousin, after a few moments' pause, walked forward and requested an explanation. One of them, rather a respectable-looking individual, I thought, advanced toward her, and making a low bow, began to speak.

"Madam," said he, "we have brought this bale of goods to your house by mistake; we were to take it to Mr. Needham's, mentioning a house about five miles distant, but have carried it here instead. We are much exhausted, for we have walked far, the night is tempestuous, and we feel that we can take it no further. Will you kindly allow us to leave it here till morning?"

Mildred looked at the butler inquiringly before she answered. The old servant shook his head with a doubtful and suspicious air, whereupon the man who had just spoken observed hastily:

"We do not ask for lodging for ourselves, madam, we shall make our way to the nearest public house. It is only the pack we wish to leave. It is very heavy, and we will call for it in good time tomorrow. We throw ourselves upon your compassion."

"Let the poor men leave their large package," Mildred, said Jones, my younger cousin, "and have it put into the ante-room until tomorrow."

Mildred consented, and in disregard of the looks and suspicious looks of the butler, ordered the pack to be carried into a little room near the entrance.

"This was done, and I had thought I was to see the door locked and barred behind the formidable stranger. It seemed to me a dangerous risk, in our thinly populated hospital, to admit two strangers to stay there of the evening. I had made up my mind, that they should go around the hall in a surreptitious manner, and especially at the dog, which stood with us in the hall, and had at first begun to bark, but had been quickly silenced by a low command from Mildred. I saw that the maid servants, who still stood by, shared my uncomfortable feelings, and she assisted, very readily, after the departure of the men, in barring the door and seeing to the safety of the window fastenings.

Later in the evening I met her on the stairs, and she stopped me. "I don't like the look of that bundle at all, miss," she said; "it looks to me alive, once when I have fancied I saw it move—again now, for I have been in to look at it." I smiled, and telling Harriet not to be whimsical, passed on, and, rejoining my cousin, I told them what Harriet had said to me, and proposed going to take a look at my mysterious package.

"Taking a lamp with us we proceeded to the little apartment wherein it was placed. It lay on a wooden settle, which stood on one side of the room. It was enveloped in a brown wrapper, very long, and thicker at the middle than at the two extremities. Somehow I did not like the look of it; but my fears were of such a vague nature that I did not like to express them. As we crossed the hall on our return to the sitting room, we encountered Harriet, who was hovering about with a very uneasy and mysterious expression on her face.

"What is the matter, Harriet?" asked Mildred. "Oh, miss, I am so frightened about that pack. I cannot rest, and I am sure that I cannot go to bed while it is in the house." "You are very ridiculous, Harriet," remarked Janet. "I am sure the men were very respectable looking individuals, only two shopmen. We have just been looking at the pack, and it did not move, though I gave it a good squeeze. I am sure there is nothing in it to alarm you."

Harriet looked very pale, and shook her head wearily. "Ten o'clock came, and my cousin and I were thinking of betaking ourselves to our sleeping apartments, when we heard a door in the hall violently shut and locked. Immediately after Harriet rushed in on us, and sank on the nearest chair in violent hysteria. She was speedily followed by the butler, looking as pompous and still as ever, but with a certain expression of anxiety on his fat, grave face.

"What is the matter, Jones?" asked Mildred, starting to her feet. "Tell us quickly. Do try to be quiet, Harriet."

"Oh, that pack is alive!" shrieked Harriet. "Hush, Harriet," said Mildred, calmly; "let Jones tell us. I heard you lock a door. It was that of the ante-room, in which this unfortunate pack is placed, I suppose?"

"It was, miss," replied Jones, earnestly; "and the dog is in the hall," he added.

"So far good," said Mildred, composedly. "And how, pray, do you know that the pack is alive?"

"You see, miss," replied Jones, "ever since that pack has been left here Harriet has been in a distracted state of mind—frightened out of her senses, in fact."

"I saw the thing move when it was laid in the hall," sobbed Harriet.

"Go on, Jones," interposed Janet. "So before we went to bed Miss Harriet persuaded me to come and take another look at the package. You know I did not approve of its being left, miss," he added.

"Never mind that," said Mildred, "tell us what you have seen."

"Well, miss, I thought it had gone, but I went. We took hold of the handle and turned it about a little, but could make nothing of it. Presently Harriet pulled a small hole in the wrapper. She pulled the rent rather more open and looked in. I saw her face change. She turned and drew me out of the room, pulled the door to, and locked it. This is all I know at present, ladies," and here Jones bowed to us politely.

Harriet had become quieter, so Mildred inquired: "What did you see, Harriet?" The girl shivered and covered her face with her hands.

"Come, Harriet, speak," said Mildred, becoming a little pale.

"Yes, tell us, and instantly!" cried Janet. Harriet took her hand from her face and looked up. "It was an eye, miss," she said in horror-stricken tones; "such an awful looking eye, and it glared at me!" she added, with a suppressed shriek.

We looked at each other in mute consternation. "Was it a living one, do you think, Harriet?" I asked.

"Yes, it was all alive, miss, I am sure," she sobbed. "Oh, what shall we do? It looked so malignant and terrible!"

We looked at each other for a few moments, and then Mildred spoke: "I can scarcely believe that you are right, Harriet," she said; "I fancy that your imagination must have been making a goose of you."

"Well, Mildred, I ventured to say, 'Harriet may be right, and it would be well to do something at once. This may be a plan to rob the house when we are all in bed.'"

"And mander so all," shrieked Harriet. "Janet began to cry, and meanwhile the butler left the room."

"Where is Jones?" inquired Mildred, anxiously observing his absence. "Let us go and find him, and see what is to be done?"

So Miss Ed into the hall and we followed. Jones was rummaging in a large closet, the door of which stood open; he had a lamp in his hand. The other servants stood by, and we together waited for him to emerge. He was rather a long time—so Mildred went close to the door and whispered:

"What are you doing there, Jones?" Jones made no reply, but came out armed with an old rusty looking dagger and two pieces of strong rope.

"You are not going to kill him?" inquired Janet. "Never fear, miss," replied Jones; "a little prick however, will do no hurt. I must take care of my master's house."

"We will come with you," whispered Mildred. "Very good, miss," he answered. "Please bring the dog to the door, and keep him there till I want him."

So off went Jones with his lamp, his dagger, and his ropes, and the servants followed closely with the dog, who seemed to possess a strong consciousness of something being amiss.

Jones opened the door of the little room quietly, and went in and placed the lamp on a small side-table which stood near—then at once, dagger and ropes in hand, he walked toward the pack, which lay on the settle; but I now observed that there were one or two openings in the wrapper.

There was a deep silence among us for a moment or two, interrupted only by the low growlings of the dog, who became manifestly more and more uneasy, and was with great difficulty restrained from rushing into the room. Then there came a scene of noise and confusion, Jones reached the pack, and throwing the ropes over his arm, and still clutching the dagger, stepped to inspect the slit in the wrapper where Harriet had asserted she had seen an eye. At that moment one of the most fearful and terrible yells I ever heard broke from between the folds of the wrapper. The pack struggled violently, then rolled over and fell heavily on the ground, while a choked voice begged for mercy; at the same time a knife was seen endeavoring to effect an opening. The screams of servants, the hysterical sobs of Janet, the low howlings and whinnings of the dog, who was still restrained by Mildred from rushing frantically into the room, made a din that I never can forget.

I remember that Jones alone looked very composed and unmoved throughout. Before the men in the pack had time to free himself from the wrapper, Jones had managed, despite his opponent's struggles, to pass the ropes round him, and to secure them. By the time he had accomplished this we had all become pretty quiet. The dog was silenced, and made to lie down in the hall, while Mildred and I and two of the servants, the terrified Harriet not being one, went into the room.

The pack presented a very ludicrous appearance. The wrapper had been slit up from the center upward, and displayed the figure of a man apparently about 30 years of age, lying in it, the ropes wound around him. He had a long pale face, a brown grizzled beard, and eyes that glanced doubtfully from Jones and his dagger, who knelt beside him, to us as we approached him. He was perfectly mute, and refused to answer any questions.

"See, he has got a whistle," cried one of the servants. Jones instantly seized it, and after a few moments' consideration beckoned Mildred out of the room. I followed.

"Young ladies," he said, "the man is now quite secure, and his accomplices will certainly not attempt to enter much before midnight. I expect the whistle was to have been the signal. Would you be afraid if I slipped down to the coachman's house and got his wife to send one of her boys into the village for other assistance? We could then probably secure all the villains."

"But you may be attacked by them on the way," urged Mildred. "No fear, miss; I can slip unseen behind the shrubs in the darkness."

"Go, then, and quickly," said Mildred. "You are sure that the man is quite safely bound?"

"Quite so, miss; but perhaps you would like to ask the consent of the household before I leave you?"

Mildred soon obtained our consent to the plan, and Jones was cautiously let out of a small side door. In about twenty minutes—which had seemed two hours to us—he returned, and his low tap was instantly answered.

"It is all right," he said. "I have seen and heard nothing of the men. The boy is sharp enough, and he has his directions, and is to bring a party from the village to this door by the same way that I took."

More than an hour passed away; then a low tap was heard, and six men appeared, accompanied by the boy who had been sent to bring them.

About midnight Jones opened the shutters of a casement window in the hall and blew a loud whistle; the whistle was responded to by another; and two men presently appeared at the open casement. Jones drew back into the darkness of the hall and shortly allowed them to enter. The moment their feet touched the hall floor they were bound.

"And where were you, aunt?" I said, during this scene? "We stood in the gallery above. The boy who had received his directions brought forward a lantern, and we had light at hand in the gallery."

"Were the men bound, aunt; and what was their punishment?" "Yes, they were conveyed to the county prison, and on their conviction were sentenced to transportation. The butler, as you may imagine, was handsomely rewarded."

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**HUMOROUS.** Persian ladies are said to "hook like pencils covered with paint."

An Indiana man picked up a wild cat in his barn in place of an Afghan. He detected the difference in the millionth part of a second.

An old lady in Detroit, hearing that American Girl was dead, remarked: "I've allus said that this tight lacing would lay 'em out some day."

Some papers are always talking of their independence and sneering at "organs." Isn't it better to be an organ than a lyre?

A Detroit woman who was turned out of her house for non-payment of rent, went out in good style, putting on silks and jewelry, and having her hair frizzed in extra style for the occasion.

A down-country farmer who put in a half acre with turnips last summer, says they don't bring him a cent. He should try onions next time. They always bring a cent.

Why was the cleansing of the Anguan stables like a piece of ancient pottery ware? B—cause it was an Axtoc kind of a job. [Voice of the speaker choked with emotion.]

This is the way the newspapers talk in Louisiana: "If that convicted thief and robber, Jim Walker, wants any fuss with us he can have steel or buckshot in unlimited quantities by poking his nose around our corner."

A New York merchant has been detected measuring thirty-four inches to the yard. Two inches is nothing on a towel, but it tells heavily on a woolen shirt when the thermometer drops down.

A lady put her water under her pillow the other night, but couldn't keep it there because it disturbed her sleep. And there, all the time, was her bed-ticking right underneath her, and she never thought of that at all.

If there is anything that will bring tears to the eyes of an Indian tobacco sign it is to witness a young lady undergoing the trying ordeal of endeavoring to bring a fallen clothes line, full of clothes, to a realization of its solemn duty.

Reporters should always be even tempered men, but when one rushes wildly ten squares to get a vivid account of a man breaking his leg, he may be excused if he can't find any words in the dictionary to suit the occasion when he discovers it is a wooden leg.

"I say, Sambo, what did you git de shirt studs?" "In de shop, to be sure." "Yah, you just told me you hadn't no money." "Dat's right." "How did you git 'em den?" "Well, I saw on a card in de window, 'col lar studs,' so I went in and collared 'em."

**The Revival We Need.** The revival which we need is a revival of morality which tells the truth and sticks to its promises; which pays twenty shillings to the pound; which cares more for a good character than a fine coat; which votes at the ballot box in the same direction that it prays; which defies avarice, and which can be trusted in every straggle of temptation. A revival which will sweeten our homes and chasten our press and purify our politics and cleanse our business and commerce from roguery and rottenness, would be a boon indeed. Let Moody and Sankey direct their preaching of prayer and singing to the peevish and mean to lead better and purer lives, and all good people will say amen.

We do not want a mere outbreak of excitement kindled by artificial methods. That is not the sort of a revival we need. There must be an awakening of conscience of the individual, and the moral tone of society must be elevated. We have had quite a surfeit of the religion which luxuriates in the devout fervor of the prayer meeting and the camp ground, sweet sermons, and then goes straight off to its money-grasping and its pleasure-seeking and its pandering to self and sin.

It is a bold endeavor to attempt to polish the incomplete work of a good artist. Finish the "Christabel" remains unfinished, in spite of all the efforts of later bards. Heaven beyond the dream at the foot of the hill, has received an added stanza from some American writer, which supplies the missing idea, and what is very remarkable, expressed in a style so simple, terse and touching as to seem a part of the original song. Here it is:—

John Anderson, my Jo, John, When we have slept together The sleep that 's' man sleep, John, We'll wake wi' ane another; And in that better world, John, No sorrow shall we know, Nor fear we e'er shall part again, John Anderson, my Jo.

An American in a French hotel asked for a toothpick and was told that they were not to be had. Expressing surprise at this he was effectively silenced by the explanation of the waiter, that the supply had been discontinued because the customers were so discourteous as to take the toothpicks away with them.

**Speech of Col. Joyce, of St. Louis.** The Judge then asked him what he had to say, and he spoke as follows: For myself, I have no fear of punishment on earth; yet in behalf of my past good character, this being the first punishment that ever darkened my life, and in consideration of the support I owe my wife and children, I ask that magnanimity at this bar of justice that would be reasonably claimed by yourself under like circumstances. A few short yards will sepulcher the living of to-day with the dead of yesterday, and the sunlight of tomorrow will bring us all to the bar of Omnipotence, where the judge, jury, lawyer and client will meet upon the level of eternity and part upon the square of final judgment. Then all hearts shall be laid bare, and truth will rise in splendid triumph. The blood of innocence flows free and untrifled through the life-channels of this frame, and the artificial lusters that surround the victims of crime, find no lodgment in my heart. When I look back to the field of battle, where I fought and bled for my country in the hour of terrible trial, I wonder whether patriotism was but a name, and the gratitude of nations a mockery and a sham to lure the brave to destruction, and for that I suffer the greatest humiliation, while the glorious services and recollections of the past are buried in the grave of forgetfulness. Is this just? This epidemic air of reform has risen like the rush of a mighty flood and speed toward the gulf of punishment—the good and bad suffocated. The stream is full of drift wood and dead timber while many young oak and tall sycamore on the banks are loosened from their firm foundation and dashed into the river of destruction. But the rain falls lightly in the mountains, the sun shines warmly on the plains and the floods even now are setting into its former bed, where the crystal water shall again reflect the green foliage of the oak and sycamore, and the gentle breeze and birds of spring shall make merry music in the sweetened air of a generous nation. The prison walls that hemmed in Galileo, Columbus, Tasso and Napoleon did not measure the minds of men. It is true that the proud spirit that rose in their hearts leaped the bonds of clay, and soared away into the illimitable regions of science, poetry and art, making them monarch of the hour, and masters of eternity. Humble as I am I am in the walks of life, my soul is inspired by their illustrious example, and it shall be my fortune to endeavor to show the world that although I may suffer for a time all the penalties of a perjured testimony, yet like a mountain crag, shall breast the pelting storm, and lift my head clear and bold to the coming sunshine of truth and redemption. I have done.

Then the judge passed sentence upon him that he should be imprisoned for three years in the penitentiary for evading the revenue laws in regard to whisky.

**A Conqueror.** "And what ail you?" asked his honor of the first man out. "Weakness," was the mild reply. "How?" "Can't stand up under a pint of whisky as I could when I left the army."

"Don't try any jokes on me, old relic of gory battle-fields," continued the court. "You were in the army, eh?" "Five years."

"Did you go as a sutler or a Colonel?" "Sutlers didn't get them off, did they?" asked the vet as he held up a hand minus three fingers, "nor bullets in the shoulder nor sabre cuts in the head? No, sir, I fit waded right for the jaws of death."

"And now you wade for the jaws of demijohns and decanters?" "I got drunk," answered the soldier. "But it was a mean, sneaking drunk, none of the old sort we had during war time. I'm kinder sorry, but I'm going to stand by the colors and take sentence."

"Your nose is red, your eyes bleary, your voice wags down in your knee caps, Charles Aldredth," said the court, "and it is evident to me that whisky is killing you. Still I'll try you once. It isn't the right way to attempt the conquest of the world by carrying your battle flag on your nose, but there is one chance in a million for you to reform. Bout face, forward—guide right march."—[Detroit Free Press.]

In a recent letter on the subject of funeral reform, John Bright writes: "If your friends or any sensible people wish to reform the funeral exhibitions and the funeral expenses, let them observe and copy the practice of the section to which I belong—that of the Society of Friends. Nothing can be more simple, and nothing can be better. They would be wise, also, that follow them in reject the fashion of wearing mourning, which is always costly, and, as worn by many women, hideous."

A New York editor writes that it appears that this is going to be an easy winter for the poor. There has been a decline in the price of black bread; new dollar stores are springing up all over the land, the religious papers are offering every encouragement in the way of charity, and an imitation coral necklace can be bought for a quarter. With her record of 113 then, placed within her reach, no true-hearted woman will complain of the price of coal.

Christmas comes but once a year, etc.

**Bank Infidelity.** "When I was a young man," said the Judge, mopping the beer off his trousers with a handkerchief which he had borrowed from Billy Wood, "I knew a blacksmith in this village who was one of the best workmen in the place. A rival preacher came along, and Tom was converted. It made a great change in him, and he was held up by the church people as a signal example of the saving power of grace. After Tom had been traveling on the road to Heaven for about three weeks his turn came to be examined on his fitness for church membership. Tom was an awful heathen, and, although he could sing and pray with the loudest, he couldn't read, and knew no more about the bible than a wild African. The session—I think that's what they call it—met one Saturday night, and Tom went in, with his face washed and his hat in his hand, looking a little embarrassed, but happy, as new converts always are. After the praying and other preliminaries the parson got to work on Tom. He told him the story of Jonah and the whale, and asked him if he believed that.

"Believe that a man was in a whale's belly, and came out alive?" cried Tom. "Do the bible say that, parson?" "Cu, ainly, brother."

"Oh, yes, yes; of course I bell ve it," says Tom.

"Do you believe that the three Hebrew children, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were cast into the furnace heated seven times hotter than usual, and that they walked in the flames praising the Lord, and not even their garments were singed?"

"Tom's eyes bulged out of of his head as he looked at the parson and gasped: "Do the bible say that, parson?" "Yes, of course it does, my brother."

"That them fella's you spoke of walked around in fire seven times hotter'n I kin hear my forge?"

"Yes, my dear brother; do you believe it?"

"Tom rose up and got out into the aisle, then he sneezed: "No I don't, and I don't believe that damn fire story neither, now!"

**Boas Tweed and Family.** They were married when the man was a chair-maker, and they might have had a happy career had the former remained honest. They lived in a quiet way, mingled with mechanics' society, and were the parents of two boys and two girls, good-looking and healthy. The era of meretricious splendor has come and gone like a dream. The girls are married. Each had a diamond wedding, and each has sunk into obscurity and poverty. The two sons once held fine appointments in the service of the ring, but are now lounging around the city hall. The mother is now in widow's desolation. The ill-gotten wealth is almost all gone. A million and a half has passed into the hands of her lawyer, and her husband is still in jail. A seedy and corpulent old man, occupying two rooms at Ludlow street jail, is all that is left of one who has been old-man, congressman, chair-maker and lawyer, commissioner of parks, public buildings and docks, state senator, and for seven years the autocrat of the city. The only redeeming feature is the faithful wife, who is reducing herself to poverty in the hope of getting her husband's relic so—New York Letter.

The California papers contain a great many interesting minor incidents of the fire at Virginia City. For instance, think if the barkeeper of a saloon getting a nut safe out of the ashes containing all the money of a large gambling establishment, besides much valuable jewelry, and absconding with it! He hasn't since been heard of, nor has the safe. Those who saw him at work presumed that, being an employe of the establishment, it was all right. Yet another incident was that Judge Whitman had just completed a new residence at a cost of \$35,000, and furnished it in a very expensive way. He was just about to move into his new home of which there is nothing now left except the front steps! An undertaker fought the flames till his face and arms were badly burned in the effort to remove two corpses from his warehouse. He saved the dead, and that was 'all from his establishment. While the city was wrapped in a sheet of flame a woman passed out of the fire; around her neck hung the frame of a looking-glass, and in her arms she bore a wash-tub. She cried to a man whom she met: "O, Mister! help me carry this tub." But when she added,—"I've got in here fire in the handkerchief mill pups you ever saw," the gentleman merely remarked: "Confound your ball pups; we've got dogs enough in this town;" and left her to struggle up the steep dambles with her tub of ball pups!

The Springfield Republican states, upon full investigation, that wages of labor since 1860 have advanced from forty to sixty-five per cent. The wages of railroad employes have advanced thirty-five per cent., of domestics sixty-five per cent.; operatives in woolen mills, the same; and workmen in cotton mills, fifty-five per cent.

The Taunton Gazette makes this record: "It was a good and prayerful old lady of this city who said that she had stopped praying for her husband. 'Because I have prayed so long without effect that I think the Lord has just as poor an opinion of that man as