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IN THE FAR WEST.

A MOUNTAIN COURT SCENE

Old Job Dawson had been duly elected to fill the responsible position of a Justice of the Peace, and this was the first case which demanded his attention. Job was an old veteran mountaineer, and had lived in the shadow of the lofty peaks, hunting, trapping and fighting Indians, to use his own words, "sense Adam was a kid." In that rough region an accusation of a great crime against any one is but a forerunner of a "hanging bee," and a trial is seldom thought of. But in the present instance a will "cuss" who had been frequenting the settlements had appropriated a "bruncho" (Indian pony) belonging to a neighboring ranchman, and had been pursued, captured and brought back. Old Job was summoned to try the culprit, and a spot in a rocky gulch near the 'squire's cabin was selected as the site for the investigation. A motley crowd of hunters, trappers, miners and ranchmen had assembled. Some were lying upon the ground, and others sitting upon the rocks, all anxiously awaiting the 'squire's coming. Job soon came from towards his cabin, and with a dignified air seated himself upon a boulder, took off his bearskin cap and said to the men:

"Fellers, the court are ready to git down to biz, an' I want ye all to chuse yer racket an' let up on that chin music according to law. Throw yer ha'r in sight and pay 'tention to this here Court."

Every hat came off at his command, and this Honor, glancing around the circle, said:

"Whar is the dam cuss?"

Three mountaineers arised with heavy rifles and six-shooters, stepped forward with the thief—a young man—wearing a bold, devil-may-care expression. His hands were securely fastened behind his back with buck-kn things. Clad in buckskin from head to foot, he presented a picturesque appearance as he faced the 'squire.

"What do they call you when yer at home?" asked the court.

"Ain't got any home, leas'tways in these parts," sullenly replied the prisoner.

"Ain't, hey! Well, what's the name you tuck w'en you left the States, now whar?"

"The boys here on the hills call me Tiger Jim."

"Wall, Tige, yer spotted as a hoss thief, an' I reckon thar's sum'm'n in it, or the boys wudn't a brought you in. You c'n't expect a t'orney trial like you'd git down to Laramie, or in any o' them towns along the road. We haven't any paper, pens or ink, or any o' that sort o' foolishness up hyer in the hills, an' thar ain't one of us thar could engineer them if we had, so we'll jist grind her through, an' do the best we can for you. In the name o' the law I now ax you, did you collar that hoss—but stop 'er rite thar, doggone it, I forgot to swar you. Come mighty near forgettin' it. Hold up your right han'!"

"Hold up my right han'?" How kin I when they are tied tighter than thunder and blazes?"

"That's so. Yer k'reet, Tige, but guess any member o' the body 'll be 'cordin' to law in extreme cases. Staddy him a little, fellers, so he kin hold up his right foot."

"Tige" raised his moccasin-covered foot while a guard on each side held him in position.

"Now, then, I ain't fly on them 'ar lawyers' aff'days, but I make her stout enough to hold a Mexican mule. Tiger Jim, do you swar by the holy Moses, according to the laws of Wyoming Territory that every time you chip in my racket you give us the squar' truth? An' ef yer don't do you hope, do you hope that you may git clawed up by a grape, chopped to pieces by Sioux, strung up to a pine with a rope round 'yer blasted, thov'n neck, an' fail to connect on heaven w'en yer life goes out, to the best of your understanding as provided by law, so help yer God, eh?"

"That thar's jist what I does, Pardy," said Tiger.

"Now, Tige, you are under oath, and every time you speak yer want to hit the bull's eye. Now, Tige, did ye nip that hoss?"

"Wall, Uncle Job, there's no use o' lying about it, an' I tell you jist how it war. Last night you know thar war a jumboree over to Al. Wilkins' ranche in Miller's gulch, and I war thar. Al. had been to Laramie City and got a keez of good old budge, an' we all got pretty full. Arter the dancin' war over I pulled out for Bowles' ranche, whar I'm hangin' out, and as I was staggerin' down around Mountain Cat Hill I runs right onto the bruncho that war picketed out in the grass, and I were jist drunk enough to mount him and lit out. I know I am going to swing for it, and I'll die game too. I ain't wudn't a cuss any way, and if it war'n't for my poor old mother back in the States (here the tears commenced to roll down his bronzed cheeks) who never closes her eyes without prayin' for God to send me back to her, I'd laugh at death and help ye to fix the rope, but when I think of that darlin' old soul I git weak-er than a wounded atolepe, I tell ye, fellers, I have been a tough cuss ever sense I strack out for these mountains, and I s'pose the world 'll be better thout

A CHARMING ROMANCE.

A Singular Matrimonial Alliance, and What Came of It.

[From the San Francisco Bulletin.]
It is a popular saying "that all the world loves a lover," and it may hold true that all the world loves to read of lovers. Some years ago there appeared in the Chicago Inter-Ocean a sketch of a singular marriage. It was related that the bridegroom, a young man named Tiger Jim, was to be married to a young woman named Lucia, within two hours after the wedding ceremony was concluded. The sketch, widely copied at the time, was true in substance and detail, but the romantic coloring of the marriage, so to speak, was in its first blush. The lapse of time and change of fortune have brought one of the parties of the singular wedding to California, and placed the other well on the road to historic fame in Italy, it is now in good time to give the continuation of the romance:

About four years ago a young army officer, Lieutenant Phillip Reade, who by the way, is a nephew of the immortal Ben Butler, attended church in Topeka, Kansas. There are living witnesses to this assertion, however singular it may appear that an officer of the army and a nephew of Old Ben's found his way to the sanctuary of grace. He did go, and while there one voice of the choir impressed him as sweetly sympathetic. This music touched his soul, and his heart went out to the rustic vocalist. He sought her acquaintance, obtained an introduction, and for months whiled away the hours unconsciously in the cheerful sunshine of her presence. He learned of her ambitions, and listened with all the fervor of a youthful enthusiast, to a recital of her aspirations. She longed for fame in the great world of the opera, but there stood poverty, that twin companion of obscurity and enemy of genius, interposing obstacles in every path promising lead to the goal of her ambition. Yet she was not discouraged, and she planned a childish way of her own to reach Italy and study under the inspiration of great masters in the land of poetry and song. She had already begun to give music lessons, and had even saved a few dollars, as the beginning of her fund. The young army officer admired the heroism and applauded the daring pluck of the noble little woman. He had faith likewise in her fortune, believing that her talents would some day engage the attention of the most professed officers, and generous without he professed her the money to complete her musical education, which she in proper pride declined. However she obtained means by singing in local concerts to pursue her studies in Boston, and little was heard of her, until the Eastern papers, as already intimated, announced the wedding of Lieut. Phillip Reade, U. S. A., and Miss Minnie Beals, of Topeka, Kansas.

It may be inferred that the marriage was the condition of her acceptance. One to pursue her studies in Italy, and it is true that more than three years' time has elapsed since the matrimonial event, and neither one of the pair has seen the other. In the meantime she applied herself with all the patience and diligence of feminine nature to constant study under renowned teachers, finally made her debut and winning words of praise from the most eminent critics.

In a recent letter from Italy to her husband, who is now in San Diego in charge of the military telegraph lines, the lady herself tells the rest of the story in the charming candor of girlish simplicity.

Although permission is granted to give the exuberant epistle in extenso, for the edification of our readers, the substance thereof will suffice for the purpose. The letter is dated at Milan, Italy, June 12, and after the customary and very appropriate greetings of Mrs. Lucia Phillip Reade to her husband, opens with an announcement that she has just signed an agreement for four years, at a splendid and increasing rate of salary, with Scalapini, a celebrated Italian impresario. The debutante opens at the Poglieno Theatre, Florence, in Amber's new opera of the Prodigal Son, produced for the first time in Italy. After this season she is to appear successively in all the leading theatres of Italy, and will then extend her triumphant travels to other parts of Europe, probably visiting the United States before the expiration of the present engagement. Other evidences are given of the marked success of this deserving lady, and a brilliant future is before her. Her finishing instructions were received from Signor Gilli, a famous Italian teacher. Signor are the ultimate results of the plous turn that accidentally befell Joseph of old Ben Butler one Sunday morning and led him to intrude into a quiet sanctuary of worship in a Kansas town.

California flaunts in the faces of the other States of the Union another of her prodigies, the "great wheat king," so called because he has several thousand wheat fields so large that when a laborer starts to go around one of them with a reaping machine, he always tells his wife that she must educate the baby the best she can if he shouldn't be back before it is twenty-one years of age. The "great wheat king" name is Friedlander. We're forgotten how much land he cultivates in wheat, though we believe it is nineteen thousand six hundred and forty-three millions of a-re.

WYOMING KIT.

Prehistoric Remains in Colorado.

The discoveries made by the exploring expeditions of Prof. Hayden and Lieut. Powell, during the past season, in relation to the prehistoric age, will form an interesting portion of their report. In his preliminary report to the Secretary of the Interior, Prof. Hayden says: "The exploration of the remarkable prehistoric ruins of Southern Colorado, a glimpse of which was obtained in 1874, was continued with great vigor and success. They were traced down all the cañons of the Colorado River into New Mexico, Utah, and Arizona, and their connection traced to the present cliff cities of the Moquis of Arizona. Cave dwellings of curious architecture were found by hundreds in the sides of the gorges, many of which were many miles from water. The ruins of extensive villages were found on the plains, indicating the former existence of a people far more numerous and much more advanced in the art of civilization than their supposed descendants of the present time. Hundreds of ketches, photographs, plans, etc., were made of fine weapons, earthenware, and other remains, which throw a clear light on their ancient history."

Vice President Wilson carried life insurance to the extent of \$35,000.

A GHOSTLY DISCOVERY.

Five Thousand Human Skeletons Found in Peru.

The following account of a sensational discovery made in excavating under the walls of a building in Lima, Peru, appears in the Opinion Nationale of a late date: "We are informed that the day before yesterday an immense quantity of human remains were taken from one of the walls of the old San Andres Hospital. In consequence of repairs now being made it became necessary to throw down one of the walls of the Chinese ward, which adjoins the department named 'Our Lady of Mercy,' and the laborers, to their surprise, found that the wall was hollow and filled with human remains. As was to be expected, work was then pushed on more rapidly, and our informant states that on that day alone several hundred skeletons were removed, and that the dresses of all remained in good condition. On the following days the work of removal has been continued, and we are informed that already between four and five thousand skeletons have been discovered.

"It appears inexplicable to us how the walls of an edifice of this kind could be converted into a cemetery. Less rational does it appear that this mass of bones should be the shocking traces of some horrible human hecatomb, as a well-informed gentleman has suggested.

"It may be well to remember that the San Andres Hospital was built in 1557, under the protection of the Marquis of Cañete, Don Andres Hurtado, and at the instance and by the advice of a Spanish priest named Molina. Since then up to the present time it has been employed for the charitable and humane purpose for which it was constituted, and for this reason the present discovery is the more remarkable. How can one imagine that in an establishment for the preservation of health such a mass of bones could intentionally be accumulated? On the other hand, how can we account for the perpetration of a gigantic crime of which no traces remain?"

"In addition to the above we may add that the impression generally prevails that these bones belong to the victims of the Inquisition. They appear to be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred years old, and from their appearance lead to the belief that the bodies were thrown into the opening between the walls. All the skeletons appear to be clothed, and dresses, boots and shoes are found, mixed with large quantities of women's hair. A portion of a Spanish missal has also been found, but nothing of any value."

Admission to the Centennial.

Says a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press: There is a disposition on the part of some members in Congress when the subject of an appropriation to the Centennial Exposition comes up to urge that the amount be made sufficient to cover all the private subscriptions; in other words, to take up the whole stock and make it a celebration open free to the world. It is said that one and a half millions have been given by the citizens of Philadelphia, which will go into a permanent building; that \$1,000,000 has been donated by the State, which goes into another permanent building, and that \$800,000 were devoted by the nation to a building and the proper representation of the government in all its multiplied details. It is now proposed for the government to step in and do something worthy of itself as one of the great powers of the globe, and worthy of the people who by their intelligence and virtue have built up our free institutions, and maintained them unshaken through the mutations of a century. What strength this proposition may develop remains to be seen. The gentlemen representing the Centennial interests here do not expect such a piece of good fortune. They will be satisfied with the one and one-half millions necessary to finish the buildings and for running expenses. The admission to be charged is for the benefit of the stockholders, and if the government were to take charge of the whole enterprise there would be no stockholders to be reimbursed, and hence no necessity for an admission fee. Judging from the conversation of those favored with an invitation, the Congressional excursion next Friday promises to be a flattering success.

A Remarkable Escape.

[From the Worcester (Mass.) Spy.]

One of the most remarkable escapes on record was that of a passenger on the fast express Monday. Soon after the train passed Charlton he attempted to go from one car to another, and the terrible wind actually blew him clear from the platform. The horrified brakeman, who saw the man go overboard like a leaf in the gale, immediately pulled the signal cord, and running about an eight of a mile. The brakeman sprang from the rear car and ran down the track with a red flag, when, wonderful to tell, he met the man running to overtake the train, and apparently chiefly troubled lest the passengers should be inconvenienced by the detention. He got on the rear of the train and made his way quickly to the seat which he had left, and sat quietly down. His wife turned to him and remarked, 'Why, they say a man was blown from the train just now.' 'Is that so?' said he. Presently a number of interested passengers, who had followed him to his seat, asked so earnestly of him his welfare that the true state of the case dawned upon his wife, and she exclaimed: 'Why, was it for you that the train stopped?' And he had to tell her.

Pacific Coast News.

ORIGON.

Albany has two daily newspapers—the Register and the Democrat.

The epizootic is again prevalent in Jackson county, and a large number of horses have it, though in a mild form.

The Dallas is ahead in musical enthusiasm. A teacher in that city has a class in vocal music numbering one hundred and ten scholars.

A man in Jefferson, last week, pawned his suspenders for whisky, remarking at the time that he would trust in Providence to keep his trousers on.

The Oregon Weekly Tribune the new Dallas paper has appeared—M. H. Abbott, publisher. It makes a very creditable appearance, and is Democratic in politics.

A six-horse mail stage train was derailed Nov. 30th, while trying to ford Cottonwood Creek, on the way from Yreka to Jacksonville, and up to December the fourth there had been no mail connection.

A correspondent of the Independent, writing of the quarterly examinations at Forest Grove, says the Japanese students excelled most of the American boys, showing what close application and studious habits will accomplish.

The Albany Democrat perpetrates the following on a famous bovine, now defunct: "Lost River Ranger," the ox on exhibition at the State Fair, died at Miller's station a few days since. He was one of the largest animals ever in the State. Being poor, he did not sweat, and died.

WESTERN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Vessels on the Sound have trouble on account of a scarcity of sailors.

The Pacific Mail Company have offered to contract with the Talbot Coal Company, of Seattle, for 3,000 tons of coal a month.

The editor of the Transcript expresses a diabolical hope that a certain ship on which some Chinese are said to be coming to Olympia, will sink.

The little steamer Teazer, having complied with the law by putting in a single mast, and carrying a life boat, has again been permitted to carry passengers on the route between Port Townsend and San Juan and other islands.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate by Senator Kelly, of Oregon, to annex Walla Walla and Columbia counties to the State of Oregon.

The editor of the Echo says the trustees have abundance of money at their command to build and equip the Olympia and Tenino Railroad before the first day of June, 1876. One of the trustees says he knows nothing of it.

It is estimated that not over 300,000 feet of logs were lost by the rise in the Snohomish and others. It is also said some of the loggers lost more than they ever put in the waters of the Snohomish; but Falstaff says, "This world is given to lying."

The fisheries at Mukilteo have all closed for the season. They did not prove as profitable as was expected, yet the parties say that they will try it again next season if they get sufficient encouragement. About 100 tons of fish were taken during the past season.

Remarkable Enterprise.

A London letter says that a singular variety of fraud in commercial life has been disclosed there by the failure of Mr. Angusta Ahlborn, a London dry goods dealer. This enterprising tradesman kept two sets of books—one genuine and one fictitious. In the latter appear book debts due him to the amount of \$1,340,000, not one of which is real. They represent goods which never existed at all, or were not sold to the persons to whom they were charged. They seemed to have parted with in the most questionable way to the most questionable characters, and then entered in the books to persons of credited positions, in the highest classes of society, who never bought them. On the strength of these debts, and of the business which they were supposed to represent, it is conjectured that Ahlborn built up his credit and bought largely, and none of the whole sale people with whom he dealt had any suspicion of fraud.

The Decatur House, a fine old mansion in Washington, facing the northwestern corner of Lafayette Square, was built by Commodore Decatur after his brilliant naval exploits, and here, after he had been mortally wounded in his duel with Commodore Barron, he expired. It was subsequently occupied by Mr. Clay when he was Secretary of State, and so confidently expected to be next President. Sir Charles Vaughn, one of the most cultivated, genial, and witty of the diplomatic representatives of Great Britain, surrounded himself at the Decatur House, with the comforts of a British home. It was also occupied by Edward Livingston, and by Martin Van Buren, when they were in turn Secretaries of State to Andrew Jackson; by Speaker Orr, and since then by others of less renown. It is still in a fine state of preservation.

Brooklyn is a good place to steer clear of. It has the small-pox, Moody and Sankey, and the Beecher Scandal all very badly just now. Talmage, too, is exhalting an extraordinary amount of wind, and also threatens to break out.

Playing With

The Wardwill case at Detroit, brings to light a great number of incidents to illustrate the danger of dabbling in ghostology. Mr. Ward was one of the ablest and shrewdest financiers of Michigan. He accumulated an immense fortune by sagacious operations, acute knowledge of men, and a remarkably practical grasp of affairs. His energy and clear-headedness were proverbial, and his hand was felt in politics as well as finance. But in an evil hour he was beguiled into "dealing with the dead" through mediums, and they proved too much for him. The "invisibles" fascinated his fancy, and pictured his judgment, and twisted his life away. They broke up his home, upset his relations with life-long friends, filled his brain with delusions, directed his domestic and business operations, dictated a will which his family naturally contested. The trial reveals a series of transactions and a complication of low-class bordering on criminality which can hardly be believed. It is not strange that the city mourns and good people hang down their heads and blush with shame at the developments of the trial. It shows the folly of playing with mysteries which may make a plaything of whoever begins to toy with them. The world is pretty large and has ample scope for the powers of its present occupants, and on the whole it is far safer and cleaner, and more profitable to make the most of this world and its inhabitants while in it, than indulge in a curiosity respecting another, which may end in a crazy change.

A Thrilling Situation.

A correspondent writes: Some time ago I gave an account of an accident that happened to Mr. Hammer, the tragedian, at our little theatre in New Castle, where he was representing the "Demon of the Hartz," and was engaged in descending through the stage to the infernal regions. A supernumerary flashed a barrelful of red fire through the hole as the demon was going down, and five minutes later an underdone demon was being carried home on a stretcher. Well, Mr. Hammer has met with another disaster. Last week the manager put on another piece, entitled "Wild Bill; or, The Scout of the Rocky Mountains; and in this Mr. Hammer was to be tied upon the back of an unbroken horse and sent hurtling over the edge of a precipice. As nobody in town would lend a horse for the purpose, the manager hired a mule from the Captain of the canal boat, "The Roaring Maria. During the rehearsals the mule did well enough, but on the first night of the play the footlights must have scared it, for as soon as the savages had tied Wild Bill upon its back, instead of charging over that awful lath and canvas precipice, it refused to budge; and when the Indian chieftain prodded it in the side with a tin spear, it not only let out its heels and kicked that unfortunate brave into the wings, where his spear jammed savagely against the stomach of the prompter, but it reached its head around and made an earnest effort to chew Wild Bill's legs. Failing in this, it stood upon three feet and endeavored to reach up to Mr. Hammer and scrape him off with the hoof of its near hind leg. Then the manager came out and tried to start the mule with a whip. But it merely began to wheel round and round, until the tragedian felt sea sick; and then it charged up against the scenery, kicked a brand-new sunset to rags, reduced the entire precipice to splinters, upset two muslin trees, and finally brought up with one leg entangled in the Sea of Galilee, which was pressed into service on this occasion to represent Salt Lake. This frightened the mule so that it jerked the Sea of Galilee clear over on the stage, and then went to a fit, during which it tumbled, and, after rolling over Mr. Hammer three or four times, it plunged into the orchestra, and expired with its haunches in the bass drum and its forelegs tearing the big tulle into kindling wood. When they untied Wild Bill, he rose, wiped the blood from his nose with his sleeve, felt his legs to see that they were unbroken, and then he went to the Alderman's office and registered an oath never to play 'ny thing again but low comedy if he should live nine thousand years. The Scout of the Rocky Mountains has been withdrawn, and the Captain of The Roaring Maria is about to enter suit for damages for that mule.

A Tough Foot.

They tell big stories about the tough feet of the Louisiana darkies, but the Vicksburg negro is always ready to compete for the medal. One of them entered a blacksmith shop the other day to sell a horse-shoe, and he placed his bare foot on a hot piece of iron just cut from a bar. It was a full minute before the heat struck in, and then he gave a leap over the anvil and uttered a terrible yell. The smith asked him to explain, and the darkey responded:

"Why, I 'ze bin standin' on dat piece of red hot iron!"

"And you didn't know it?"

"No, not 'zactly; I smelt sunthin' kinder curus for a while, but I fough' dere was a dead hoss around here somewhar!"

[Vicksburg Herald.]

The Cheyenne Lea'er estimates that 10,000 people have gone to the Black Hills mining region during the last three months; they have come from all directions, from the South, Utah, California, Nevada, Idaho, and Montana.