

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

Volume 5

BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1876.

Number 11

The Avant Courier.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, Editor & Publisher.

Office in the Old M. E. Church Building

Terms of Subscription.
One year.....\$5 00
Six months.....3 50
For shorter period, 50 cents per month.

Rates of Advertising
Furnished on application. Local Notices 15 cents per line for the first insertion and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Federal and Territorial Officers.

Governor—Benj. F. Potts, Helena.
Secretary—J. E. Callaway, Helena.
Auditor—Sol Star, Virginia City.
Treasurer—D. H. Weston, Helena.
Chief Justice—D. S. Wade, Helena.
Associate Justices—H. N. Blake, Virginia City; Hiram Knowles, Deer Lodge.
U. S. Dist. Atty.—M. C. Page, Helena.
Surveyor General—A. J. Smith, Helena.
U. S. Marshal—Wm. F. Wheeler, Helena.
Collector Int. Rev.—T. P. Fuller, Helena.
Collector Customs—T. A. Cummings, Helena.
U. S. Examining Surgeons—Chas. Musgrave, Deer Lodge; Thos. Reece, Helena.
U. S. Com'rs—John Potter, Hamilton.
Bozeman Land District—E. W. Willett.
Register—J. V. Bogert, Register, Bozeman.
Helena Land District—W. C. Child, Register; H. M. Kevser, Receiver, Helena.

County Officers.

J. S. Mendenhall, Chairman Board of C. C.
J. S. Mendenhall, J. S. Mendenhall, Board of Co. Com'rs.
P. G. Duke, Board of Co. Com'rs.
G. W. Wakefield, Probate Judge—A. D. McPherson.
Clerk and Recorder—A. J. Mahan.
Sheriff—Siles Holston.
Treasurer—J. D. McCamman.
Superintendent Pub. In.—F. L. Stone.
Surveyor—S. M. Reed.
Coroner—J. C. Switzer.
Assessor—B. M. Dawes.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Jno. P. Bruce,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Will practice in all the Courts held in Gallatin County. Fees reasonable.

T. R. Edwards,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to A. James & Co's., Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.

J. J. Davis,
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.

John Potter,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Hamilton, Montana. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.

FRANCIS GEISDORFF, M. D.,
Upper Yellowstone,
Opposite HAYDEN POST OFFICE.

G. W. Monroe, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Office next door west of Strasburger & Spending's, Main street, Bozeman, M. T. Tend to his professional services to the citizens Bozeman and Gallatin county.

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

P. B. Clark's

STAGE AND EXPRESS LINE.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL.

Coches leave Bozeman for Helena daily except Sundays at 7 a. m.
Coches leave Bozeman for Virginia Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 a. m.
Passengers and Freight carried at reasonable rates.

OFFICES.
RICH & WILLSON, Helena.
DAVIS & WALLACE, Bozeman.
RAYMOND BROS., Virginia.

\$1,200 Profit on \$100

Made every month by PUTS and CALLS. Invest according to your means \$10, \$50 or \$100, in Stock Privileges, has brought a small fortune to the careful investor. We advise when and how to operate safely. Books with full information sent free. Address orders by mail and telegraph to
BAXTER & CO.,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
17 Wall St., New York.

RAILROADS FOR MONTANA.

[Communicated.]

The people of Montana want railroad communication east and west from their Territory. They do not want merely north and south connection, so far as their present interests are concerned. The proposed narrow gauge, North and South railroad, between the Union Pacific and Montana, will be of no material value to the citizens of Montana, except as affording, however indirect, an outlet, via the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads, east and west. It can be nothing more than a round about way of securing an east and west railroad connection with the world, of which it can be said "it is better than none." If no other road were open to improvement, than this round-about line, it should command the careful attention, if not the approval, of our citizens; but as we all know that there is another route open to improvement, it would obviously be foolish for us to commit our fortunes to the North and South line until we have carefully considered the merits and demerits of both routes. The direct East and West line, as surveyed by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company between Bismarck and Montana, is acknowledged by all to be the natural and best railroad line between Montana and the East. If it can be built. If there could be assurance of its construction, within two or three years so as to relieve our trade and travel from the onerous tariffs encountered through the cost of long teaming and a hard rail road monopoly, no further discussion would probably be necessary; the opinion of the people of Montana in that event would be almost unanimously in its favor. There was a period, a few years ago, when the coming of the Northern Pacific Railroad was regarded as almost a certainty, but circumstances bankrupted that company, but, instead of having abundance of capital which might enable it to prosecute the work vigorously to completion, it now seeks financial aid from the Territory of Montana. Its present most important objective point. At the same time, as we learn persons interested in the Utah Northern Railroad, a narrow gauge line which is now extended about eighty miles from Ogden, seek to obtain a subsidy from our Territory to enable them to build their road to the Montana line, which is about two hundred miles southward from Helena, or perhaps to extend it farther if they can.

Supposing the security for the faithful application of Montana bonds to be equally good in the two cases, we may next consider which of the two is likely to be most advantageous to Montana. If, in either case, we should get an East and West rail road route to the East, and in the same time, no argument is required to prove that the policy of Montana would be to encourage the completion of the Northern Pacific, and allow the North and South line to come along, if need be, hereafter to help it along, when the Territory should require it. The necessity for it, however, in the present condition of Montana affairs, would disappear with the opening of the Northern Pacific line eastward, bringing us, as it would, within about eleven hundred miles of Lake Superior, and within fifteen hundred miles by rail, of Chicago. The North and South line then, if it were completed, although it might be useful, could be no more than a local road for Montana, not the route our people would select either for traveling or for shipping merchandise or the products of the Territory.

Nothing short of the improbability of the coming within a reasonable time of the Northern Pacific road, and the almost certainty of the coming of the Utah Northern narrow gauge road, could warrant the people of Montana in turning the cold shoulder upon their Northern Pacific friends and pledging their fortunes and their energies in behalf of the Utah Northern. Have we this improbability on the one hand and this certainty on the other? These are the very points which it is our duty as well as the interest of our people to study. These are vital considerations, and without a clear understanding of them it might not be difficult for us as a people to make a grievous blunder; in fact, to ruin our future out and out. While a failure on the part of either concern to whom we might extend a helping hand would be disastrous to us as a community, the degree of success which would follow the opening of these rival routes would not by any means be the same. And this is a very important matter, which should not be lost sight of in the discussion.

The success to Montana which could attend the opening of the narrow gauge connection with the Union Pacific at Ogden or the Central Pacific at Corvallis would necessarily be but partial, in consequence of several circumstances which it is our duty to face and not to shrink from. While such an outlet would be better than the present wagon and stage road connection with the great through east and west line, we must reflect upon the connection of monopolies connected with it in order to judge how much better. In the first place, if we had no east and west railroad of our own, which could act as a rival line, it is obvious that so far as Montana interests were involved, the Utah Northern would stand as a monopoly and the Union Pacific and the monopoly would stand just where it now stands, held in partial check during only a part

of the year by the navigation route at our command on the Missouri river. The very best that we would have any grounds for anticipating would be such terms for passengers and freight as might prevent them at times from taking the river route. No restraint whatever upon the charges our citizens would be compelled to pay to the two monopolies, or to both combined into one as the case might be; and, as is now the custom, they would get out of the people of Montana all that they think we could stand, to the very last dollar. We have had a little experience already of how beautifully this Utah Northern narrow gauge railroad is worked in the interests of Montana. Before its stage line route was opened, and the stage line transferred to Franklin, its present terminal—only forty-five miles by air line and over eighty by rail from Ogden—our people, arriving from the East in the early evening at Corvallis, upon an hour's run out of Ogden, were put on board the coaches early next morning and proceeded regularly on their way, without hindrance or extra cost, to Montana. How is it now? Does the opening of these eighty miles of railroad facilitate the transportation of our people between Montana and the States, or reduce the cost? It does neither. It has increased the time of making the trip, and added to the cost.

JOAQUIN MILLER ROMANCES CONCERNING HIS LIFE.

Joaquin Miller has revealed some incidents in his ante-famous life to a correspondent of the Louisville Courier Journal. The poet does not know where he was born, but believes it was in Cincinnati, in 1841. His father was imprudently wandering, and in a fit condition to take the gold fever in 1849. The family went together to California, and thence to Oregon, where the father was killed by Mojaves, who at the same time took Joaquin prisoner. "They were then a grand people," Miller says. "They really loved me, and somehow I loved the red devils in return. Well, I was with them nearly five years. I reckon, and learned their language better than I know the English to-day. Then came the Modoc war—the first one—there wasn't any speech making about that war. It was awful and an incessant hell! They were going to make me a chief or something. They were whipped in '58, I think, and I would have been hung if caught." He escaped in a canoe, reached San Francisco and soon afterward joined Walker's expedition to Nicaragua. After that exploit he studied law in Oregon and was admitted to practice. In 1861 he went gold hunting in Idaho. "I named the Territory," he says: "it is an Indian word—from the language of the North Shoshones—and it means the 'Gem of the mountains.'" When the Government ordered the organization of the Territory in '62 the name clung to it. "Idaho" it was, is and will stand. He made \$10,000, and lost it in a newspaper enterprise. He was elected District Judge and got married. After this last occurrence he "didn't have a pleasant moment for years."

A Highwayman's Career.

William Hill, a patient in a private asylum near Glasgow, Scotland, died a few weeks ago. Many years ago there lived in Ireland county, North Carolina, a respected Presbyterian minister named Curry, the pride of whose life was an only son, Nixon by name, in whose training the good man took peculiar delight. The young man won the affections of a young girl attending the same school, and so ardent was their attachment that no rival was suffered to come between them. When the girl reached the age of 15 her devotion to young Curry became so manifest that her parents, wishing to secure for her what they viewed as a better alliance, forbade further intercourse between the two. As a natural consequence, clandestine meetings were resorted to, and continued for three years. At the expiration of that period, the hand of the young lady was sought by the son of one of our Southern statesmen, and her parents tried to compel her acceptance, whereas she eloped with young Curry. The couple were overtaken. Then the young man turned and shot his rival, who led the pursuit, killing him instantly. The couple then renewed their flight. After a long and heated chase, Curry took refuge with his betrothed in the Allegheny Mountains, near the headwaters of the Catawba, and there, outlawed from society, he became a highwayman, and speedily achieved a dreaded notoriety by the number and character of his daring exploits. The Governor of North Carolina offered \$5,000 for his arrest, and many lured by the tempting offer, tried to hunt him down. Suddenly he was missed from North Carolina. It was supposed that he had died, or that he had changed his base of operations.

One day, at the time of the first settlement of the fertile delta of the St. Francis river, in what is now Arkansas, an immigrant appeared in the district, calling himself John Hill. He was a handsome, amiable man, and though having only moderate means, extended a generous hospitality to all who visited his beautiful little home, rendered doubly attractive by the presence of a lovely wife. In a short time he became one of the most popular men in the settlement. He was repeatedly elected to the Legislature, and there he was distinguished for powerful and impassioned eloquence. He became a leader

in the ranks of his party, was a member of the convention that framed the State Constitution, and represented his district in the Senate of Arkansas.

Hill's most intimate acquaintances were the Strongs, four brothers, men of wealth and ambition. A close intimacy sprang up between them, and Hill, in an unguarded moment, made the eldest confide in him as the notorious Nixon Curry of North Carolina. Strong then requested Hill to resign his seat in the Senate; Hill refused; and the brothers conspired to ruin him. Sending to North Carolina, they procured a requisition for his arrest, and a copy of the reward offered for his capture. The four brothers, powerful and determined as they were, well knowing the character of the man with whom they had to deal, secured the assistance of a dozen men, and surrounding the house, attempted his capture. On approaching the main entrance and demanding his surrender, one of them was shot dead and three others dangerously wounded, and the attack was abandoned.

The Governor of Arkansas published an additional reward for Hill's arrest, and hastily packing a few articles he set out with his wife and children for Upper Arkansas, where he knew of the existence of a band of desperadoes whose members he had reason to believe would protect him. He was overtaken at Conway Court House, and halting his wagon and admonishing his wife and children to keep their places, he stepped forth in the face of his pursuers, and in a few eloquent words told them why he quit North Carolina, at the same time assuring his pursuers that he would not be taken alive. The gallantry of the action operated in his favor, and the pursuit was abandoned. Constant pursuit had already made him morose and quarrelsome, and he began to drink heavily and resort to the gambling table as a means of support. One day in September, 1845, while seated at break-fast, he told his wife that he had a premonition of death, and felt that he should be killed that day before sunset. Calling his son William, a bright boy of 14, he made him swear to kill the man who should kill his father.

The Circuit Court of Pope County being in session, he attended it with a young man named Howard, who was engaged to his eldest daughter. As soon as they reached the village Hill began to drink, and exhibited an unusual disposition to quarrel. He insulted every one he met, and finally threatened to clear out the Court House. He dashed into the court room, to the consternation of judge, jury and lawyers. Young Howard tried to restrain him, but, glaring like a tiger, he turned upon the youth and felled him to the floor, at the same time drawing a pistol, he exclaimed: "Kill me, or I'll kill you!" The man, in a moment of extreme anguish, drew a knife and buried it in the bowels of Hill. He died soon after this.

Howard quit Arkansas, and several years later was heard of in San Antonio, Texas, where he joined the Confederate forces under the command of Colonel Long. At the close of the war he was met by William Hill, who, remembering the oath he had taken at his father's instance, shot the former, and fled to Europe. He joined the French army, and served through the Franco-Prussian war, but was subject to fits of temporary insanity. Finally his case became hopeless, and he was placed by his friends in an asylum near Glasgow, Scotland, where he recently died.

A country clergyman, who had been accustomed to minister to the spiritual needs of a congregation in the backwoods, was called upon to fill the pulpit of an absent metropolitan brother. The day being excessively hot and his sermon exceedingly long, he made his preparations accordingly. If first removed his cravat, and then his collar and cuffs, and then his coat, and was proceeding to get rid of his vest, when there was a stir among the worshippers, and one of them, rising, said, in a deep, deliberate voice: "I don't know what may be the brother's intention, but perhaps it may as well be understood before he goes any further, that this isn't a bath-house." He preached with his vest on.—Brooklyn Argus.

Little Lars.

[From the Swedish.]

One pleasant Summer day little Lars was sitting by the road-side in a puddle of moist earth, which had been well worked by wagon-wheels passing over it. He was engaged in the cleanly & pleasant occupation of building miniature-houses of the soft earth. A minister of the Gospel, who happened that way, seeing the boy, stepped up to him, and said: "You are engaged in a sinful work, my little friend. It would be better for you if you were studying your catechism." "It can't be sinful to build churches," answered Lars. "You preach in the same kind of house I am building. See here are the benches, there the lamps, and here we have the altar." "Yes, but one thing is lacking," said the minister, "and that is the preacher." "If I had some more mud I could soon make a preacher!" answered Lars, triumphantly.

Things are lively at the Wagontown mines, Idaho. A site is selected for the embryo city, and as high as \$300 has been refused for lots there.

THE BRIDE FROM DUCK-PORT.

"Are you happy, darling?" inquired the bridegroom, after the manner of all bridegrooms.

"Very happy," replied the bride, with a sigh of satisfaction, glancing shyly at the world from beneath silky lashes, and claiming universal interest by reason of her modesty. "Let us behave like an old married couple," she added demurely. But the fact that a very recent wedding had taken place in Duckport could no more be concealed from the casual observer than the pink flush in the bride's cheeks or the roses or white ribbons of her bonnet.

Was not the cup of Mrs. John Scudder, nee Blanchard, the deacon's daughter, filled to the brim with sparkling happiness? She had married the man of her choice, handsome Jno. Scudder, with the military bearing which made him the admiration of all the girls. Nay, more, the inheritance of the store where Grandfather Scudder had spent so many years behind a desk, an atmosphere composed of red-flannel, cheese, and herring, had converted John into a match equal to the deacon's ambition for his child. To get married and visit New York on a bridal tour might well limit the aspirations of any young lady, therefore the new Mrs. Scudder sighed with infinite content, only half wishing that John's attire was not successively elegant, and that he did not wear the shiny silk hat with such defiant recklessness of results.

Travel brings discontent in the very increase of knowledge. Our bride had not journeyed six hours before a pang of doubt as to skill of the village dressmaker in her art, for at each station she beheld a different style, until she was wholly robbed of the complacency with which she had set out. Thus did she permit herself to be crushed by that permanent car of fashion, beneath which so many a woman of the land prostrate themselves.

At last New York was reached, and the pair sought the Cosmopolitan Hotel. A marble palace received them, sumptuous drawing-rooms and corridors opened before them; French waiters flew at their bidding to obtain hitherto untasted dishes; and the little bride beheld herself reflected in so many mirrors that she was dazzled by her own image. Her interest in every thing reconciled her to John's departure on business. The young husband, assuming the dignity of authority, said, I may be detained until late, or even all night. You must not go out alone, as you will lose your way.

Kitty pouted, the day was so fine. However she promised. From subsequent information imparted to friends at home it would appear that she spent the morning exploring the hotel, ascending to giddy heights in the elevator, and then taking advantage of a back staircase to penetrate the mysteries of kitchen and laundry. Kitty received two indelible impressions in these regions. The first was produced by a small Greenland of a refrigerator, where blocks of pallid ice formed a grove of delicious coolness. In hot weather Duckport suspended the butter in a tin bucket, down the well. The second was the apparition of a French chef, in cad and apron, intrenched among copper sauce pans, and surrounded by anxious menials, who tattered a gravy, shook his head, and gazed at the ceiling for inspiration. The great man's eye fell on the intruder, and she fled. "The idea of a grown man spending his life cooking!" she said indignantly on the stairs.

Later in the afternoon she decided to find a friend in the suburbs, somewhat as Geneva played the prank of hidalg. Why not? She was not a baby.

A policeman directed her to take the first car on a certain route, and the first car being green instead of red—contrary to the policeman's reckoning—she was carried up town, miles away from the ferry she intended to cross. The car was very dirty, with all-prevailing odor of pestilence. A market basket rattled on her best dress, with the legs of ancient fops protruding, owned by stout Mrs. O'Flaherty, while Mrs. Maloney, opposite, carried home the wash. Both ladies were fully aware of their own rights.

"Are we near Mudflat Ferry?" asked Kitty, doubtfully.

The conductor checked the car, declared his intention of not seeking any ferry, pointed out another route grimly, and left her to make the best of it on the curb-stone.

She went through the street indicated, considerably alarmed by the demonstrations of the inhabitants, who lounged on the door steps and strolled about gutters in search of amusements. This diversion she afforded them, and she was forced to run the gauntlet of frank criticism, especially from upper windows, where lolled untidy foreign ladies. The second car was a shade dirtier than the first. Gas was beginning to flare in the hot streets. How gladly would she return to the hotel! Terror reached a climax with the sudden influx of a crowd of rough, coarse men and tawdry women. If she had only minded John! In their creature she recognized the burglars by daylight of her drama, the desperadoes who revel in bloodshed and mock at justice. She was not in the best company, instinctively she closed her eyes and

prayed for deliverance.

The men evinced jocose familiarity, the woman a hard cruelty and resentment as if they saw a violet growing far above their abyss. Matters were becoming serious. A bottle having circulated with visible effect on the spirits of the company, it was presented insolently to Kitty, who rose to her feet, received a rude push, and was relieved of her persecutors. Ah, port of safety! Mudflat safety loomed through the gathering darkness. To her dismay the noisy persecutors followed fairly driving her from the cabin.

The low shore opposite seemed desolate, only vacant coalyards and shipping with horrible lurking places in shadow, and the group approaching through the gates of the ferry house. The poor little wanderer fled, pursued by derisive laughter, until she reached a low, broad house on the water's edge, which bore on a sign board "Lamb." A brick walk bordered with ancient box led up to the sloping stoop where an old man stood in the door, which was painted green and divided in two halves. He was weather-browned and bent, but his face, having earned the impress of honest good nature for eighty years, did not fall Kitty, who, choosing between two evils, approached timidly. The proprietor of the "Lamb" (now advanced in muttonhood) welcomed her, and summoned a hearty dame in crumpled cap. They could not send her home, but she might remain all night.

Seated on the back porch with his pipe as the evening shadows shrouded the harbor and the great steamers surged past, gazed with red and blue lights, the old man told Kitty of the days when the giant city over yonder was a mere infant. He had kept tavern for forty years since the time when green turf bordered the river and lofty trees had no warning of progress. The stubborn old "Lamb" had not yielded an inch, although the quiet of its youth was disturbed by iron-tongued machinery. The box hedge grew trimly erect; the trumpet vines clung to the time-stained walls; twin Lombardy poplars guarded the gate as in the days when the wind came laden only with the sweetness of clover field.

The boys who used to frequent the "Lamb" of summer evenings to bathe and refresh themselves with spruce beer and "bolivars" (the gingerbread ancestor of the modern "round-heart") had grown to be care-worn men, had even sank into quiet graves, while he sat smoking his pipe. Every eddy in the current, every inlet of the neighboring shores, was familiar to him; and his prime boasted honest yawls instead of modern light cockle-shell craft. Thus the Past, older than his present, recalled the victories of the First Consul, the evacuation of the red-coats, the hero of New Orleans.

In this inn on the water's brink of Mudflat Ferry Kitty was a foreign element. If the Dutch family was a smooth surfer of the rock, solid and curiously, she was the sharp granite edge cut into many angles. Excitedly she had her head of sleep, although she had not fallen upon thieves. After she had retired to a large clean chamber, with a paper fire-board in the wide chimney and a faded portrait of a Flemish cavalier on the wall, she took her lamp to examine the painted tiles of the hearth, and leaned out a window listening to the melancholy plash of the tide, in danger of being claimed by the last peep of that eventful bay—fever and ague.

John hastened back to the hotel, intending to surprise Kitty by his speedy return. The bird had flown. With wonder and alarm he made inquiries. No result. A bell-boy had seen her go out at half-past four. At eight o'clock he telegraphed to the friends in the suburbs. Kitty was not there. At nine he sought the police station, and intelligence of her disappearance flew all over town. At ten the franchise brigade paced the floor. At twelve he sat, with head buried in his hands, the picture of despair. Patient waiting; seemed the only course.

Next morning John, haggard with anxiety, stood in front of the hotel. A beautiful carriage lined with satin drew up. It was like the chariot of fairy tales, and a delicate lady was the occupant.

"She is not half as pretty as my Kitty, groaned John. Just then an ancient gray horse-chaise, drawn by a sorry gray horse, and driven by an old man, appeared. John sprang forward. Kitty sat in the chaise beside a beaming dame, who had made the journey to New York in the family vehicle of the Lamb Tavern. The whole Cosmopolitan hotel might smile superciliously, but John shook hands cordially with the old couple, "put up" the gray horse, and insisted on inviting them to dinner.

Later the bride from Duckport laid her head on his shoulder, and sobbed: "Take me home—where I can't get lost."

A New Story About Thomas Jefferson.

[From the New York Graphic.]

Mr. Jefferson had the habit of driving himself in a gig when he made his visits to his country-seat Monticello, at Charlottesville, Va. He preferred this mode of travel to the stage coach, and of railways there were none then between Washington and his rural residence. On one of his trips he saw a boy poorly clad trudging along the roadside, accosted him, asking him if he would like to ride. The

boy promptly and frankly accepted the invitation, and soon charmed his unknown friend by his ingenuous, boyish conversation. After a time Mr. Jefferson asked his companion if he had ever heard of Tom Jefferson. "Oh, yes," was the quick response. "My dad says he is the rascal ever lived. Nothing daunted by his unexpected eulogy, the president continued the conversation, and when, in reply to allusions purposely made to Tom Jefferson, the lad would exclaim that, 'dad said that he was a traitor to his country,' he would say, in expostulation, 'Oh, perhaps you would not find him such a bad fellow after all.' When he reached the point where his companion must leave him, Mr. Jefferson said, as the boy leaped lightly to the ground, 'You can tell your dad that you had a ride with Tom Jefferson, and he is not such a bad fellow.' 'Darned if I do!' exclaimed the youth. 'Dad would give me the worst licking I ever had if he knew I had been riding with you.' Still amused at the youngster's persistence, Mr. Jefferson said in a kindly tone: 'Now, my young fellow, I want you to come and see me at the White House in Washington, and you'll find that I am not as bad as your dad thinks I am.' The boy, with a bare acknowledgment of the friendly invitation, ran off towards home. He was however sufficiently impressed to tell 'dad' that he was going to see the president at the White House and meant to go. 'Nonsense,' sneered the parent, 'when you get there he will ask you who the dickens you are?' 'No he won't,' persisted the lad, 'and I am a-going.' He was as good as his word. His fall supplies, a homespun suit and a change of underclothing had just been completed; and one morning, donning the new suit and the new shirt, and putting the remainder of his personal effects up in a handkerchief, he twisted a stick through his baggage, slung it over his shoulder, and started briskly off to walk to Washington to see his friend.

In due time the brave youngster reached the capital city, and inquiring his way to the White House soon found himself at the entrance. To the servant who appeared in response to his vigorous blowing on the panel of the door he boldly demanded to see "Tom Jefferson." "He is at dinner, and his company," replied the attendant, not a little astonished at the audacity of the travel-soiled boy with his bundle. "That's nothing," promptly answered the young adventurer, "he told me to come here and see him, and I've come and I am not going away without seeing him, so you had better go tell him I am here." "There was no chance but to obey so the servant went to the dining-room and told his master that there was a boy outside who said that he must see the president, as he had been told to come. Mr. Jefferson at once ordered the intruder to be brought in, and the shabby youth with his bundle on his back, found himself in the midst of a state dinner party. But, nothing daunted by his strange position, when the president in genuine astonishment exclaimed, "Who the devil are you?" the youngster ejaculated, "Darn it, that's just what dad said you'd say if I'd come here. I'm Chas. Morgan, and you axed me to come when I was riding with you, 'tother day.' 'So I did,' replied the president, his recollection of the incident reviving, "and now you are here, sit down with us and have some dinner."

Another plate was ordered to be placed at the table, and Charles Morgan took a seat with undiminished assurance among the fine ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Jefferson directed the dusty bundle, to which his young friend had clung to the last, to be taken to a spare bed-room, and announced his intention of keeping the owner thereof as his guest. After a few days, during which the Mr. Jefferson had greatly enjoyed the outspoken frankness and fearless nature of the acquaintance, he was by the wayside, he inquired of young Morgan what he could do for him. "What would you like to be when you are a man, my fine fellow?" "I want to be a colonel," was the answer, in which Charly persisted in reply to the question whenever put him, until, one day, a play fellow was brought him in the shape of a midshipman. When, after enjoying the society of his new acquaintance for a short time, the president once questioned him as to his wishes in regard to his future, he has made up his customary decision that nothing but the navy would meet his desire. To his great delight Mr. Jefferson told him his wish in that respect could be gratified. The sequel to the story is easily learned. The boy entered the navy and served his country nobly during the remainder of his life. And Commodore Morgan, I am told by those who knew him best, already preserved the honest simplicity of character and the fearlessness which so attracted Tom Jefferson when he met the outspoken Charley Morgan on the Virginia highway.

The N. W. York Tribune give a carefully considered summary of the political situation in the several States of the Union and concludes it at the vote on the next Presidency will stand thus: Republican, 214; Democratic, 112; doubtful, 39—and it regard New York as the key to the situation. Should that State, which it counts among the Republican States (all that party, and Colorado be admitted as a State this winter, the Republican party would lack five votes of success.

Subscribe for your copy; and you will prosper in business.