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Times of Holding the Courts of the Territory for the Year 1876.

The Supreme Court at its late session fixed the time of holding the court for 1876, making some changes, as follows:
SUPREME COURT.
In Helena first Monday in January and second Monday in August.
FIRST DISTRICT—H. N. Blake, Judge.
In Madison county, at Virginia City, third Monday in March; third Monday in September.
In Gallatin county, at Bozeman, first Monday in May, third Monday in October.
SECOND DISTRICT—H. Knowles, Judge.
In Deer Lodge county, at Deer Lodge city, second Monday in April.
First Monday in September, (for all cases that can be tried without a jury, except in cases where the parties consent that a special venire may issue to try the case.)
First Monday in December.
In Missoula county, at Missoula, fourth Monday in June; second Monday in November.
In Beaverhead county, at Bannack, first Monday in June; second Monday in October.
THIRD DISTRICT—D. S. Wade, Judge.
In Lewis and Clarke county, at Helena, first Monday in March; first Monday in November.
In Jefferson county, at Wadersburg, first Tuesday in April; first Tuesday in October.
In Meagher county, at Diamond City, fourth Monday in April; fourth Monday in October.
[Note.—United States Courts are held at Virginia City, Deer Lodge and Helena, at the times the Territorial District Courts are held at those places.]

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

T. R. Edwards,
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Don L. Byam,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN—Office in E. Friday's building, north side Main street. Having located in Bozeman, tender his professional services to the citizens of the town and county.

Dr. James Shaw,
U. S. Army, Fort Ellis, M. T., For near twenty years a regular Physician and Surgeon of the city of Philadelphia, and for some time a resident Physician of the Pennsylvania Hospital, and Consulting Physician in other public medical institutions of that city, with a number of years experience as a Surgeon in the volunteer service and regular army of the United States. Can be consulted on long standing and chronic diseases at that Fort. The diseases of women and children a specialty.
December 10th, 1875.

The Dead Letter.

BY JOHN G. SAKS.

And can it be? Ah, yes, I see,
This thirty years and better
Since Mary Morgan sent to me
This musty, musky letter!

A pretty hand, (she couldn't spell,
As any man must vote it,
But 'twas, as I remember well,
A pretty hand that wrote it.

How calmly now I read it all,
As memory backward range—
The talks, the walks, that I recall,
And then—the postal changes!

How well I loved her, I can guess
(Since cash is Cupid's hostage)
Just one-and-sixpence—nothing less—
This letter cost in postage.

The love that wrote at such a rate,
(By Jove! it was a step on!)
Fry's hundred notes (I calculate)
Was certainly a deep one.

And yet it died—of slow decline—
Perhaps suspicion killed it,
I've quite forgotten if 'twas mine,
Or Mary's flirting killed it.

At last the fatal message came:
"My letters—please return them;
And yours—of course you wish the same—
I'll send them back, or burn them.

Two precious fools, I must allow,
Which ever was the greater;
I wonder if I'm wiser now,
Some seven lusty lusters later?

And this alone reminds! Ah, well!
These words of warm affection,
The faded ink, the pungent smell,
Are food for deep reflection.

They tell of how the heart contrives
To change with fancy's fashion,
And how a drop of mud survives
The strongest human passion.

NORA LONDON

In a gambling saloon in a Western town sat two men. They had been indulging in a game of chance, and, as the game was finished, one was penniless whilst the other was well provided with money.

Joe London was the loser. He was not a "professional" gambler, although he sometimes played as he played to-night, but generally with different results. His opponent, however, was a professed gambler. The men were of different appearance, personally.

Henry Lawson's face was not by any means prepossessing. He had not the appearance of a cunning, scheming man, a reckless character.

Joe London, Lawson's victim, as before hinted, was a very different man. Yet he was a man of many and serious faults. His moral stability and firmness of principles was not remarkable. And this was often the secret of his many sins. His fickleness made it impossible, in many cases, to do right. Yet when he did wrong, his heart did not sanction the deed. He did wrong, therefore, because he had not the moral courage to resist temptation.

His mind was sorely troubled as he sat opposite Lawson, a small table separating them. Staring suddenly from a very deep reverie, he said to Lawson—
"You have won my all. The little homestead (a lovely garden and a cottage in the glen) my horse, cow, all are yours! Luck is against me! Why did I play! To-morrow I am homeless."

"I have not won all, London," replied Lawson, calmly, yet with peculiar emphasis. "There remains the fairest and best portion yet to you. Ah, London, Nora is the best and worthiest treasure you ever possessed."

"True, true; I had forgotten her when I said all was lost. Besides, I was speaking only of the property named. But this thought that I have a dear and worthy daughter at home to share my misfortune and disgrace, only increases my pain and remorse."

"Unfortunate you are, disgraced you are not," said Lawson. "Yet, London, there is said to be redemption for every loss, in one way or another, and there is a means of redeeming your lost fortune. Have you never thought of a way?"

"No—how?" asked the troubled man.

"Listen. I have loved your daughter from the moment I first saw her, but she as you are aware, rejected my suit. Now, if you will aid me in this affair—that is, negotiate for me, and bring about the desired result—I shall not claim what I have won from you. Will you do it?"

"You mean," said London, convulsively "for me to sacrifice my daughter to regain my property? No! I cannot do it. I had rather lose my property than my daughter!"

"Cautely the villain proceeded:—
"You will not sacrifice your daughter, nor will you lose her. I shall make her happy, if tenderness and attention can do it. I am rich, and will quit this dishonest business. I will buy a pretty home, and will live hereafter, an honest life. Your cottage in the glen, will be yours, and

you can live there or with Nora and I. Either acquiesce with me in this affair, or be turned out of home, old and helpless, with no other expedient than to trudge over the hills to the poor house."

Joe hung his head, whilst thoughts, bitter and agonizing, filled his mind. He thought of the gentle girl in the glen cottage. She was the only one who had cared for him since the death of his wife. Ah! it was agonizing to think of it. She was, too, the exact image of her mother when London first saw her; possessing the same little figure, the same oval face, merry eyes, and long, dark hair; the same musical laugh. Could he force her to marry this Lawson?

The old man looked into the cold gray eyes of the gambler, in a pleading, beseeching manner, pitiful to see, but he saw there that the man was relentless—that he meant to carry his threat into execution, and on the morrow would turn him from the cottage, homeless, helpless and with none in the wide world to lend a helping hand—not even to bestow a kind word or pitying glance. His weakness of principle served to bad advantage and he promised to aid Lawson in his villainous schemes.

All right, Lawson, he said; a prospect of ending my days in the poor house is not a pleasant one, and I am too fond of my cottage in the glen to part with it; besides, your promise is all I desire; I hope you will not break it.

Never fear, London.
I will see her to-night or to-morrow, and do all I can, said London, as he left the room.

When, a short time afterward, he entered his home, he found that Will Norton was there. London knew that his daughter was loved by young Norton, and was quite sure that Nora reciprocated his passion. He had thought well of Will, and had approved of the union until this evening. He was now bound to oppose it in order to retain his property. Passing the parlor door, the unhappy man, happening to glance in, he beheld his daughter and Will Norton in pleasant conversation. A sharp pain of anguish pierced him as he saw the happy expression in his daughter's eyes, far he knew that he must, if he retained his property, ruin her happiness, and bid the lovers forget each other, and command Nora to love and respect Henry Lawson the gambler.

Mr. London went to his room and did not leave it until the next morning. Nora noticed that her father had gone in his room. She knew not of the heavy heart he had taken with him—knew not of what was in store for her. She sang awhile, and quite charmed Will. Indeed, in this case, the melody of song proved to be a wand of love, and its influence drew his love, eye, his heart toward the fair singer.

When the hour of experiencing that "sweet sorrow"—to-wit: saying farewell—had passed, Will had quitted Nora's side, happy in the possession of her heart, and had already set the time when he should "consult papa."

"Love, passionate your love, how sweet it is
To have the bosom made a paradise
By thee, life lighted with thy rainbow smile."

The next morning Nora's father told her all about Lawson's winning all he had possessed. He then his "negotiation" in the following manner—
"I know that Lawson loves you dearly. The only objection you have to him is that he is a gambler. Now, it is noble to see a man whose innate nature is honest, and who became degraded through dire necessity. He says that could he win your affections, he would quit his nefarious profession and be henceforth an honest man. He is rich, and will buy a pretty home where you both can live happily. Nor is this all. You save my property if you marry him."

Drawing her petite figure to its full height, with haughty dignity and defiance in every gesture, Nora exclaimed—
"Marry him! Never! I have already given my affections to one whose character and nobility far exceeds the man's whose innate nature is honest, and who became degraded through dire necessity. Oh, sir, you are a noble father to wish to barter your only child's person and happiness for a small estate."

Her derision maddened him, and he determined that she should marry Lawson. The union should be accomplished by force, if in no other way.

It makes little difference, he hotly replied, whether you acquiesce or remain stubborn. Despite all your protestations, you shall marry Lawson. I know of a person who has already forfeited his soul for money, and he will gladly perform the ceremony. Now you may prepare for the nuptials or remain sulky, as it suits you."

Oh! if I could see Will Norton, I know that I should not be compelled to marry a man whom I detest!

Will Norton will know nothing of the affair, so you will do well to submit to the inevitable.

So saying, London left the room and went to his own chamber.

I wonder, said Nora, reflectively, when he proposes to have the marriage consummated? I suppose not immediately. Probably a week hence. Well, Will Norton is to call this evening, and I think their plans will be somewhat upset.

The morning wore away. At about four o'clock in the afternoon, London left

the house and walked rapidly toward the village, having first locked Nora in her chamber. She knew then that it was not proposed to "wait a week before she should marry Lawson, but that it was to be done very soon.

It was fast growing dusk when London returned. He was accompanied by Lawson and the villainous parson. The latter was thoroughly disguised; Lawson was not. As the title near the dwelling, they met young Norton coming from the direction of Glen Cottage.

Where is Miss London this evening? he inquired.

The question, replied London, is impertinent. However, I will answer it. She has gone to spend the day with a friend, and may not return till to-morrow morning.

I mean no insult, sir, when I asked for Miss London. She knew that I intended to call on her this evening, and I thought it rather strange that she was not at home.

It is more than probable she did not wish to be bored, sneered London.

That, said Norton, is the cottage. Now I will return.

I have further use for you. Be kind enough to remain here for a few minutes. With these words the man stepped to the window from whence issued the light, and looked in.

The villain! he ejaculated. Come, my friend, let us enter—our services are sorely needed.

He turned the door knob only to find the door locked. Norton heard the man mutter something about an unwilling bride.

Norton made no reply, and strolled on toward the village. As he reached the principal thoroughfare of the village, he was asked, in an off-hand way by a stranger in a man, if he knew where Lawson could be found. He replied that he did, at the same time telling him that he had seen that individual at Glen Cottage.

I am a stranger here, sir, and would be glad if you would be kind enough to guide me to the cottage.

All right, Norton replied, and soon they were on the way to Nora's home.

It was now quite dark and a flood of light was streaming from the parlor window.

We shall have to burst the door open, Norton muttered, against the door which flew open, unable to resist the weight thrown against it. A strange sight met the gaze of the two men. In the floor in front of the parson, stood Lawson, supporting the drooping form of Nora London. She glanced at the men who entered so unceremoniously, and seeing one of them, broke from the grasp of Henry Lawson, and flew to the embrace of Will Norton.

In the meantime the stranger presented a pistol, placing the muzzle within two inches of Lawson's forehead and cautioned that gentleman not to move if he valued his life.

With the assistance of young Norton, the "bracelets" were clasped round the gambler's wrists with a musical click.

Robert Greene, alias Henry Lawson, I arrest you for forgery committed in New York one year ago, said the detective—a detective he was.

They then thought of the parson, but he had disappeared soon after Will and the officer entered.

Lawson was convicted of forgery, and his term of imprisonment fixed at 10 years; but he died after two years' incarceration. Soon after the occurrence of the incidents just related, Will Norton and Nora London were married. Will, who possessed a snug fortune, bought a home equal as beautiful as Glen Cottage, where he and his bride lived a happy life.

Mr. London was forgiven by the happy pair for his graceless attempt at forcing Nora to marry the gambler, but he could never forgive himself. He generally remained at his home—which was the cottage in the glen.

A TRADE IN RIDDLES.

Nine persons sailed from Balse down the Rhine. A Jew who wished to go to Schalampi, was allowed to come on board and journey with them, on condition that he would conduct himself with propriety, and give the captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

Now, it is true something jingled in the Jew's pocket when he had struck his hand against it, but the only money there was a twelve-kreutzer piece, for the other was a brass button. Notwithstanding this, he accepted the offer with gratitude, for he thought to himself—
"Something may be earned even upon the water. There is many a man who has grown rich on the Rhine."

During the first part of the voyage the passengers were very talkative and merry, but the Jew, with his wallet under his arm, for he did not lay it aside, was an object of much mirth and mockery, as alas! is often the case with those of his nation. But the vessel sailed on, and passed Thurgnau and St. Velt; the passengers, one after another, grew silent, and gaped and gazed listlessly down the river, until one cried—
"Come, Jew, do you know any pastime that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their journey in the wilderness."

Now is the time, thought the Jew, to shear the sheep.

He then proposed that they should sit round in a circle, and he, with their permission, would sit with them. Those who could not answer the questions any one proposed should pay the one who proposed them a twelve-kreutzer piece, and those who answered them pertinently should receive a twelve-kreutzer piece. This proposal pleased the company, and, hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked at random whatever chance to enter his head. Thus for example, the first asked:—
"How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat on an empty stomach?"

All said it would be impossible to answer that question; but the Jew said—
"One; for he who has eaten one egg cannot put a second on an empty stomach, and the other paid him twelve kreutzers."

"Wait, Jew, thought the second. I will think I shall win my piece. Then he said:—
"Why did the Apostle Paul write the Second Epistle to the Corinthians?"

Because he was not in Corinth, said the Jew, otherwise he would have spoken to them.

So he won another twelve kreutzer piece.

When the third saw the Jew was so well versed in the Bible, he tried him in a different way.

Who, said he, prolongs his work to as great length as possible, and completes it in time?

The reprobate, if he is industrious, said the Jew.

In the meantime they drew near a village, and one said to the other. This is Bamblek. Then the fourth said. In what month do the people of Bamblek eat the least?

In February, replied the Jew, for it has only 28 days.

There are two natural brothers, said the fifth, and yet only one of them is my uncle.

The uncle is your father's brother, said the Jew; and your father is not your uncle.

A fish now leaped out of the water, and a sixth asked. What fish have their eyes nearest together?

The smallest, said the Jew.

The seventh asked. How can a man ride from Balse to Bern in the shade in summer-time, when he comes to a place where there is no shade he must dismount and go on foot, said the Jew.

The eighth asked. When a man rides in the winter time from Balse to Bern, and has forgotten his gloves, how shall he manage that his hands shall not freeze? He must make fists out of them, said the Jew.

When the others heard this they opened their eyes, and said that this was according to agreement. But as they could not control their laughter, and were good-natured and wealthy men, and as the Jew had helped them to while away the time from St. Velt to Schalampi, they let it pass.—(Sunday Times.)

MARCHING ON THE INDIANS WYOMING, DAKOTAH, AND MONTANA TO BE THE BATTLE FIELDS.

The Big Horn Expedition Pushing Through the Wilderness.

Denver, Col. March 7.
The Big Horn expedition, which is intended to free the whole of Wyoming and large portions of Montana and Dakota from the presence of the deprecatory red men who now infest the Big Horn, Powder River, and other vast mineral and agricultural regions in that section of the country, is now thoroughly organized and pushing its way into the wilderness of the Northwest. These Indian tribes, together with the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies, are to be located in the vicinity of Fort Sully, St. Pierre and Rice, on the Missouri, much nearer to supply points than they are at present, with the advantages of almost direct rail and water communications, thus reducing the expense of maintaining military posts and agencies at least one-third.

The present expedition is under the command of Col. J. J. Reynolds, and is accompanied by Gen. Crook. It consists of five battalions of cavalry, of two companies each, and one battalion of infantry also composed of two companies. Besides these an excellent corps of twenty-five or thirty scouts, all of whom are thoroughly familiar with Indian campaigns and capable of acting as guides, is under command of Col. T. H. Stratton. Over 1,500 head of stock are required in the various departments, of which 650 are cavalry horses, 480 mules for the wagon transportation, and 400 pack mules. The expedition left Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, last Tuesday, and is at present traversing a region wonderful not so much in the country in minerals and agricultural area. The Indians know to be scattered over this vast extent are said to number from 10,000 to 20,000 of whom at least 5,000 may be considered warriors.

Indian runners have already conveyed the intelligence of the military movement to the north tribes, so that Gen. Crook cannot surprise the Indians, as he had expected to, and in verification of this suspicion, information reached us that the Minneconjouk and other tribes are already overrunning the northern frontier, and that numerous depredations have been committed by them. The entire command is proceeding in one body in a south-westerly course, taking in old Fort Reno and Fort Kearney as resting places. The direction from this point northward is definitely known, save that where Indians are scattered out by the scouts, in the expedition has been thoroughly armed and is expected to do active field duty at any time. Six weeks, it is thought, will bring the expedition to an end, but it is possible operations may be protracted beyond this time.

A Novel Light.

A light has been invented of a curious sort, which is very convenient for occasional use. A three or four-ounce bottle is taken of clear glass, into this is put a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea. The bottle is then filled one third full of boiled sweet oil, and tightly corked. Whenever a light is needed, the cork is drawn for a moment, and fresh air let in, and then replaced tightly. The phosphorus, coming in contact with the fresh air, becomes luminous, and gives out about as much light as a common lamp. If it grows dim, the cork must be drawn again and replaced. In cold weather the oil becomes chilled, and the bottle may be held in a warm hand, or put for a moment or two in a warm place before the cork is removed. It is said that one of these bottles will do service for six months.

Glass.

The discovery of glass was no doubt the first instance accidental. Whether credit is given to the statement of Pliny in regard to its origin or not, it is scarcely conceivable that in the manufacture of pottery, and some other arts known from the earliest periods, the materials of which glass is composed should not have come together, and have been fused so as to become glass. His account is that glass was discovered by mariners, who, compelled to seek the shore as a refuge from a severe tempest, discovered glass in the ashes of a fire with which they had cooked their food. Whether this event ever happened or not, it is quite certain that it might have happened, as the sand of many beaches, with the ashes of some kind of fuel, would, when fused together, inevitably form glass, as will be seen upon a consideration of its composition.

A man who had heard that Eugene B. wrote in white kid gloves, obtained a pair once worn by that distinguished novelist, at great expense, and was much disappointed to find nothing written in them.

A Strange Fascination.

I San Jose, a California town, there lives a young, healthy, handsome, wealthy, and more than usually educated. Her father was an invalid, her mother gold and heartless.

Two years ago a physician was called to attend her father; in this way the young lady saw him. The doctor paid no attention to her—his mind was engrossed with his professional duties. A few weeks ago this doctor was somewhat surprised by being asked by the young lady to give her the favor of a private interview. She took him into a drawing room. "Doctor," she said, "I suppose that gentlemen of your profession are accustomed to receive strange confidences. I have a confession to make to you."

He supposed that the impending confession had something to do with the state of her own health or with that of her father, and he begged her to proceed.

"You will, however, be scarcely prepared for what I am about to say," she continued, "but I wish you to hear it. It is now just two years since I first saw you. You have so rarely ever changed a word with me, but I have learned much about you. I am not mistaken in believing that you are unmarried?"

"No," said he, "I am not married."

"And your affections are not engaged?"

"You scarcely have the right to ask that," said he.

"Well, then," she replied, "I will not ask it; but I will make you my confession. I love you with all my heart. I wish to marry you. I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. I said to myself I will wait for two years, if he then speaks to me I will know what to say. You have not spoken, and I now speak. I say I love you with all my heart, you are necessary for me—will you marry me?"

The doctor, who although not a very old man, was twice the age of the young lady, recovering a little from his surprise tried to turn the matter off as a joke, but the young lady was very serious.

"No," she said, "I am in very sober earnest! I know all that you may say or think as to the imbecility of my proposal, but I cannot help it. I ask you once more, can you love me, and will you marry me?"

"In sober earnest, then," he replied, "I cannot marry you."

The doctor had heard people say before that they should die, and he left the house without attaching very much importance to the prophecy.

A few days after, this young lady was dead in her bed. Two letters lay upon her dressing table. One was addressed to her family solicitor.

Every penny of her property was given to the doctor, and the solicitor was instructed to make the transfer to him, to ask no questions, and to take no receipt. The other letter was to the doctor. "I told you I should die, and when you receive this I shall be dead. For ten days I have taken no food or drink—but that does not kill me and now I have taken poison. I have no reproach to make to you, but I am dead without your love. When I am dead look at my heart. You will see your name there. I have two requests to make of you. Go to my solicitor, take what he has for you and then go off on a holiday to Italy for a few months. The other request is that you never ask where I am buried, and never come to my grave."

There was a post mortem examination made on the young lady's body. On her breast over her heart, deeply imprinted in the flesh, were the initials of the doctor's name. The characters seemed to have been made there two or three years before. They were probably imprinted by her own hand on the day when she first saw him.

Truths and Trifles.

When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.

The extreme height of misery is a small boy with a w-p pair of rubber boots, and no mud or slush to reach.

There is a funny bill pending before the Iowa Legislature which requires that jurors shall be persons of "good judgment."

A young lady of seven summers, when chided by her parent for jumping over a fence, wanted to know if this was not leap year.

It was Talleyrand who said that one must have loved a woman of genius in order to comprehend what happens there is in loving a fool.

A traveling printer says that one of the Omaha editors writes his editorials on brown paper with an old dinner fork dipped in cranberry sauce.

Go to Texas, young man, says a Kentucky paper. The owner you go the sooner you'll get back and settle down contented in your good old native State.

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come on. Good luck is a man of pluck with his sleeves rolled up and working to make it come out right.

Norwich Bulletin: A woman called at the registrar's office yesterday, asking for a marriage license, got it and paid for it. It is felt that this will establish a precedent that will oblige most of our best young men to take to the woods.