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

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The Avant Courier.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, Editor & Publisher

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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 April.

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 causes that can be tried without a jury, except in cases where the parties consent that a special ventre may issue to try the same.)

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 Radersburg, 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,

ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to A. Lamme & 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.

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 & Sperling's, Main street, Bozeman, M. T. Tenders 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, tenders 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 For The diseases of women and children a specialty.

December 10th, 1875.

Drifting.

No bird flew upward in the sky
To break the stillness with his song,
And let its rippling music die.
The very hills of heaven along,
No whisper from the world behind,
No haunting voice of care we heard,
As blown by some dumb, wordless wind
Our boat flew onward like a bird.

We saw the long sweet hours grow old,
As drifting on, but never back,
The rosary of the hour was told,
And sunset followed in our track.
Oh, summer gladness that was mine,
As drifting o'er the enchanted sea,
I saw her love-lit face outshine,
The flower of all the word to me.

The west wind rocked us to and fro,
Like little children, cradle swung;
And drifting, drifting, still and slow,
A little song my dreaming sung.
Her eyes were sweet with thoughts of me
And all the air was sweet with rest.
As throbbed the great heart of the sea,
Beneath the boat upon her breast.

Oh, happiest day of happy days,
When love and her I loved so well,
Sailed with me down the sun lit bays,
And life was in a lotus-spell.
Then we touched the shores of paradise,
And earth was very far away;
Oh, darling with the saucy eyes,
Somewhere you think of me to day.

THE MISER'S REQUEST.

The hour hand of Philip Acre's old fashioned silver watch was pointing to the figure 8—the snug red curtains shut out the rain and darkness of the March night, and the fire snapped and crackled behind the red hot bars of the little grate in a most cozy and comfortable sort of way, casting a rosy shine into the thoughtful brown eyes that were tracing castles and coronets in the brightly burning coals.

For Philip Acre was, for once, indulging himself in the dangerous fascination of a day dream.

If I were only rich, he pondered to himself as he closed the musty old law books; good bye to mended boots and turned coats, and all the ways and means that turn a man's life into a wretched bondage. Wouldn't I revel in new books and delicious paintings, and high stepping horses? Wouldn't I buy a set of jewelry for Edith—not pale pearls or sickly emeralds, but diamonds, to blaze like links of fire upon her royal throat! Wouldn't I—what nonsense I'm talking, though, he cried suddenly to himself. Philip Acre, hold your tongue. I did suppose you were a fellow of some sense. Here you are, neither rich nor distinguished but a simple law student, while Edith Wyllis is as far above your moon-struck aspirations as the Queen of Night herself. She loves me, though—she will wait—and the time may one day come. If only Dr. Wyllis were not so distrustful of a fellow. Hallo! come in there, whoever you are.

It was only the serving maid of the lodging house, carrying a letter in the corner of her apron, between her finger and thumb.

Please, sir, the postman has just left it.

All right, Katy. Now then, he added, as the door closed behind Katy's substantial back, let's see what my unknown correspondent has to say. A black seal, eh? Not having any relations to lose, I am not alarmed at the prognostic.

He broke the seal, and glanced leisurely over the short, business like communication contained within, with a face that varied from incredulous surprise to sudden gladness.

Am I dreaming? he murmured, rubbing his eyes, and shaking himself, as if to insure complete possession of his senses. No, I'm wide awake and in my right mind: it is no delusion—no part of my waking visions. But who would ever suppose that old Thomas Mortimer whom I haven't seen since I was a boy of sixteen, and picked him out of the river half dead between cramp and fright, would die and leave me all his money? Why, I'm not the shadow of a relation; but then I never heard that the old man had any kith or kin, so I can't imagine any harm in taking advantage of his odd freak. Rich—am I really to be rich? Is my Aladdin vision to be an actual fact? Oh, Edith, Edith!

He clasped both hands over his eyes, sick and giddy with the thought that that lovely far-off star of his adoration would be brought near to him at last by the magnet of gold. All those years of patient waiting were to be bridged over by the strange old miser's bequest; he might claim Edith now.

How full of heart sunshine were the weeks that flitted over the head of the accepted lover, brightened by Edith's smile, made beautiful by the soft radiance of Edith's love. There is only one alloying shadow—the almost imperceptible touch of distrust and suspicion with which stern old Dr. Wyllis regarded his future son-in-law. Ah! he feared to trust his only child to the keeping of any man who had not been proved in the fiery furnace of trial.

It was precisely a week before the day appointed for the wedding, as the soft lights, veiled by shades of ground glass were just lighted in Dr. Wyllis' drawing room, where Edith sat among her white roses and heliotrope, working on a bit of cambric ruffling and singing to her sweet family. She was a slender, beautiful girl, with violet eyes, a blue veined forehead, and glossy, abundant curls of that pale gold that old painters love to portray.

I wonder if Mortimer Place is so very lovely, she said to a silver-haired lady who sat opposite. Philip is going to take me there when we return from our wedding tour, aunty; he says it is the sweetest place a poet's fancy can devise, with fountains and shrubberies and dusky copses. Oh, shall we not be happy there?

She started up with a bright, sudden blush, for even while the words were trembling on her lips, Philip Acre came into the room, his handsome face looking a little troubled, yet cheerful withal. Mrs. Wyllis with an arch nod at her niece, disappeared into the perfumed perspective of the conservatory, leaving the lovers to themselves.

You are looking grave, Philip, said Edith, as he bent over and kissed her cheek.

And I am feeling so, darling. I have a very unpleasant disclosure to make to night—our marriage must be postponed indefinitely.

Philip, for what reason?

To enable me, by diligent labor at my profession, to realize sufficient means to support you, dearest, in a manner satisfactory to your father's expectations and my own wishes.

But, Philip, I thought——

You thought me the heir of Thomas Mortimer's wealth? So I was, Edith, a few hours since, but I have relinquished all claim to it now. When I accepted the bequest I was under the impression that no living heir existed. I learned to-day that a distant cousin—a woman—is alive, although my lawyer tells me, in ignorance of her relationship to Thomas Mortimer. Of course I shall transfer the property to her immediately.

But, Philip, the will has made it legally yours

Legally, it has; but, Edith, could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honor, to avail myself of old Mortimer's fanciful freak at this woman's expense? I might take the hoarded wealth, but I should never respect myself again could I dream of I [illegible] the name and wealth, but I would rather die than suffer a single stain on my honor as a Christian gentleman!

You have done right, Philip, said Edith with sparkling eyes. We will wait, and hope on happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she? What is her name?

That's just what I didn't stop to inquire I will write again to my lawyer to ask these questions, and to direct that deed of conveyance be instantly made out; then, darling—

His lips quivered a moment—yet he manfully completed the bitter sentence Then I will begin the battle of life over again.

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his noble self abnegation—a sweet testimonial.

Hem! said Dr. Wyllis, polishing his eyeglasses ministerially, with a silk crimson handkerchief; I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him—a very honorable thing to do Edith, I have never exactly felt about Phil Acre's being worthy of you before—

Papa!

But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?

This evening, faltered Edith, the violet eyes softly drooping.

Tell him, Edith, that he may have you next Wednesday, just the same as ever! And as for the law practicing—why there's gold enough for that afterwards Child, don't strangle me with your kisses, keep them for Phil.

He looked after his daughter with eyes that were strangely dim.

Tried—and not found wanting! he muttered industriously.

The perfume of orange blossoms had died away—the glimmer of pearls and satins were hidden in velvet caskets and traveling trunks, and Mr. and Mrs. Acre, old married people of a month's duration were driving along a country road in the amber glow of a glorious June sunset.

Hallo! which way is Thomas going? said Philip, leaning from the window as the carriage turned out of the main road

I told him the direction to take, Phil? said Edith, with bright, sparkling eyes Let me have my own way, just or once We are going to our new home.

Are we? said Phil, with a comic grimace. It is to be love in a cottage, I suppose?

Wait until you see, sir! said Mrs. Acre pursing her little rosebud of a mouth And Philip waited dutifully.

Where are we? he asked, in astonishment, when the carriage drew up in front of a stately pillared portico, which seemed to be not unfamiliar to him. Surely, this is Mortimer Place!

I shouldn't be surprised if it was, said Dr. Wyllis, emerging from the doorway. Walk in, my boy—come Edith! Well, how do you like your new home?

Our new home! repeated Philip; I do not understand you, sir.

Why, I mean that your little wife yonder is the sole surviving relative of Thomas Mortimer, although she never knew it till this morning. Her mother was old Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. I was aware of the facts all along, but I wasn't sorry to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing what kind of stuff you were made of, Phil Acre! And now, as the deed of conveyance isn't made out yet, I don't suppose your lawyer need trouble himself about it. The heiress won't quarrel with you. I'll be bound

Phil Acre's cheek flushed, and then grew pale with a strong hidden emotion, as he looked at his fair wife, standing beside him, when the sunset turned her bright hair to coils of shining gold, and thought how unerring the hand of Providence had straightened the tangled web of his destiny.

Out of the darkness had come light

Mark Twain on St. Patrick.

The following letter was read at the supper of the Knights of St. Patrick, in Hartford, Connecticut, on Friday night:

HARTFORD March 16.

RICHARD MCCLOUD, ESQ., DEAR SIR: I am very sorry that I cannot be with the Knights of St. Patrick to-morrow evening In his centennial year we ought to all find a peculiar pleasure in doing honor to the memory of a man whose good name has endured during fourteen centuries We ought to find pleasure in it for he was one that at this time we naturally have a fellow-feeling for such a man. He wrought a great work in his day. He found Ireland a prosperous republic, and looked about him to see if he might find some useful thing to turn his hand to. He observed that the president of that republic was in the habit of sheltering his great officials from deserved punishment, so he lifted up his staff and smote him, and he died. He found that the Secretary of War had been so unbecomingly economical as to have laid up $12,000 a year out of a salary of $8,000, and he killed him. He found that the Secretary of the Interior always prayed over every separate and distinct barrel of salt beef that was intended for the unconverted savage, and then kept that beef, so he killed him also. He found that the Secretary of the Navy knew more about building suspicious clams than he did about building clams [illegible] and private Secretary has been engineered through a small trial so he destroyed him. He found that the Congress which pretended to prodigious virtue was very anxious to investigate a Ambassador who had dishonored the country abroad, but was equally anxious to prevent the appointment of any specious man to a similar post; that this Congress had no God but party; no system of morals but party policy; no vision but a boat's vision, and no reason or excuse for existing anyhow. Therefore, he massacred that Congress to the last man.

When he had finished his great work he said, in his figurative way, "Lo, I have destroyed all the reptiles in Ireland."

St. Patrick had no politics; his sympathies lay with the right—that was politic enough When he came across a reptile he forgot to inquire whether he was a Democrat or a Republican, but simply expunged his staff and "let him have it." Honored be his name—I wish we had him here to trim us up for the centennial. But that cannot be His staff, which was the symbol of real, not sham reform, is idle However, we still have with us the symbol of Truth—George Washington's little hatchet—for I know that he's buried it.

Yours truly, S. L. CLEMENS

The editor of the Avalanche, at Silver City, Idaho, has had an unpleasant time of adversity The Empire mine in that neighborhood ceased operations, leaving the employees wages unpaid to the amount of $80,000 The agent went to San Francisco to get some money from the company if possible, and when he arrived to return somebody telegraphed to the editor that the funds were with him The editor gathered the news, hired a band of music, got up a procession of jubilant miners, and marched at its head to meet the agent The horses were unhitched from the stage, the miners dragged the vehicle through the streets with hopes, the band played "See the conquering hero comes," and the jolly company rung down to a building where a mass meeting was to be held There was one speech. The agent made it, and the substance of it was that he had no money. The meeting was adjourned at once, and mission for Washington.

Much of the antagonism between capital and labor is just as absurd as the antagonism between religion and science Accumulations of millions in the savings banks are, to a great extent, the capital of laborers. Thirty-six savings banks are in operation in New York, while in other parts of the States there are one hundred and fifty more The deposits in these banks during 1875 amounted to $319,260,202. Their total resources were shown to be $355,700,361, while the total surplus was $33,725,000 The gain in deposits during the year was fifteen and one-third millions of dollars, and the gain in surplus was two and one half millions. No banks were closed because of insolvency out of the city of New York.

Newch Bulletin: A correspondent of the Woman's Journal, writing from Morocco, asks: "Can there be anything more impressive than this infinity of pathos?" Nothing, we could say, nothing; unless it is to walk four miles throught a snow storm to see your girl and then find another fellow making love to her.

TRUTHS AND TRIFLES.

Who has no inward beauty, none perceives, though all around be beautiful.

Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it; anything but—live for it.

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it will be avenged upon him for it.

During leap year every woman has an unalienable right to make love and the fire in the morning.

Women are not allowed to drive omnibuses in England, the osculatory buss being deemed sufficient for their cap city.

A lady thought it was the essence of rose that made her hair white. Jerrold suggested that it might have been the essence of thyme.

London has a Lady's Debating Club How lucky it is for America that some three thousand miles of tempestuous billows lie between us and London.

Your disposition will be suitable to that which you most frequently think on; for the soul is, as it were, tinctured with the color and complexion of its own thoughts.

The man who can stir a skillet full of potatoes without scattering part of them over the stove is greater than he who taketh a city or he who distilleth crooked whisky without being caught at it.

That is a beautiful Russian proverb "Behind the orphan God himself bears the purse." Here is another of a somewhat different character: "In the other world usurers have to count red-hot coins with bare hands."

Across the walnuts and the wine.—Engaging child: "O Mr. Jenkins, do let me see you drink!" Mr. Jenkins: "See me drink! What for, my dear?" Engaging child: "Oh, mamma says you drink like a fish?"

A bright little three year old in Hartford Conn, having become a little mixed between her religious instruction and her nursery rhymes, gravely recited: "The Lord is the Shepherd, and he lost his sheep [illegible]"

A genius in New Bedford is fitting up a steamer for the purpose of towing icebergs to India, where they sell for six cents a pound Another proposes to run a tubular—to fix a screw in the iceberg to it, and thus avoid the expense of shipwrecking.

A New York genius intrusted a trunk with a hive of bees to it, to the tender mercies of a Syracuse baggage-master, the other day The company will pay for the bees, and the doctor thinks his patient will be around again in a fortnight or so.

New York Graphic: In his little impromptu speech last evening, H. W. B. said the stories were "false, foul, fetid and fiendish." Why didn't he add that they were fabulous, faithless, heretical, famous, tedious, ferocious, fictitious, flagitious flatulent, flimsy, flippant, fratricidal, frenzied, frothy, fulminous, fundamental, flyblown, feculent fiddle-faddle? If he expects to be believed he must pick up the agony,

Don't

Don't insult a poor man. His muscles may be well developed.

Don' fret, The world will move on as usual after you regone.

Don't colorme arms for a living. It is simply dying by inches

Don't say 'I told you so.' Two to one you never said a word about it.

Don't throw dirt into your teachers eyes It will injure the pupil.

Don't worry about the ice crop. Keep cool and you will have enough.

Don't turn up your nose at light things. Think of bread and taxation.

Don' imagine that everything is weakening. Butter is strong in this market.

Don't write long obituaries. Save some of your kind words for those living.

Don't publish your acts of charity. The Lord will keep the account straight.

Don't mourn over financial grievances. Hide your time and real sorrow will come.

Don' put on airs in your new clothes. Remember your tailor is suff ring.

Don't be too sentimental, Aead heart properly cooked, will make a savory meal.

Don't ask your pastor to pray without notice How is can he pay his provision bill.

Don't depend wholly on Spaulding's prepared glue It will not mend broken promises.

Don't ask the Lord to keep your "garments unspotted." He isn't renovating old clothes.

Don't linger where "your love lies roaming. Wake her up and tell her to get the breakfast.

Don't stand and point the way to heaven. Spiritual guide boards cut few sinners.

Don't worry about another man's business, A little self-liness is some times commendable.

Don't attemp to push all your enemies at once. You can't do a large business with a small capital.

Don' imagine that you can correct all the evils in the world. A grain of sand is not prominent in a desert.

Ludicrous Danbury.

A man without arms and with a cold sore on his lip is a dreadful spectacle.

Silver is said to be a drug in California It has always been a drug here, in that it is hard to take.

No stone marks the grave of Charlotte Cushman. We feel grateful to that providence which has permitted us to scoop in this item ahead of all cotemporaries.

A hen-hawk soared in this vicinity yesterday. Thats the bird that snatches up spring chickens before they can be got to market. You never saw a hen-hawk fooling around a city poultry stand.

A fashion note explains that black stockings are worn by ladies in mourning. The man who sees a woman in black stockings can't help feeling glad that her friends are dead.

What if a streak of lightning should tear away the pockets from American breeches, and another streak should come along and destroy the faculty for making more, where would this country be in about an hour and a half from now?

Behind every tree, box, barrel and post in a village is located a boy or a man, and when a wheel comes off a wagon, or a horse breaks a strap, or a pane of glass is broken, or a man takes a crowbar to fix a broken flagging, this vast army is precipitated upon the scene at once.

He was a new boarder. As he helped himself for the fourth time to the steak, the landlady timidly suggested;

"You are fond of steak?"

"I don't know as I'm particularly fond of it," he gruffly explained, "but I eat it if it is on the table."

A little Danbury boy said at the breakfast table the other morning—

"Pa I want some milk."

"Is that the way to ask for anything?" asked the aggrieved parent.

The child hung his head.

"How have you been told to ask?" was the next inquiry.

"Pa," said the young man, in a subdued voice, "it makes my throat sore to say please." [illegible] process again by which every man can become his own ice-house. It is to fill a barrel with water and let it freeze solid, and then set it in the cellar and help yours lf to the contents during the summer There is a Danbury man who set out his barrel for this purpose about two months ago, and to see him go up to his barrel every day and peer into it, and kick it, and ponder over it, is the very best evidence the honest simplicity of early time has not entirely precolated through the shoddy of this age. Perhaps he has not yet got the right kind of water.—[Danbury News.

A Maiden's Love.

Human nature has no essence more pure, the world knows nothing more chaste. Heaven has endowed the human heart with no feeling more holy than the nascent affections of a young virgin's soul The warmest language of the young South is too cold to shadow forth even a faint outline of that enthusiastic sentiment. And Providence has made the richest language poor in the same respect, because the depths of hearts that thrill with love's emotion are too sacred for common contemplation. Yes, the light of a young maiden's first love breaks dimly, but beautifully upon her as the silver lustre of a star glimmers through the hickly woven bower, and the first blush that mantles her cheek as she feels the primeval influence, is faint and pure as that which a rose leaf might cast upon marble. But how rapidly does the light grow stronger, and the flush deeper—until the powerful effulgence of this one irradiates every corner of her heart, and the crimson glow of the other suffuses every feature of the countenance.

To Morrow.

Morrow is a station on the Little Miami road, about forty miles from Cincinnati. A new brakeman on the road, who did not know the name of the stations, was approached by a stranger, the other day, while in charge of his train at the depot, with the inquired:

'Does this train go to Morrow to-day?'

'No' replied the brakeman, who thought the stranger was making game of him; 'it goes to-day, yesterday, 'wees after next.'

'You don't understand me,' persisted the stranger. 'I want to Morrow

'Well, why in the thunder don't you wait until to-morrow, and not come bothering me'r und to-day? You can go to-morrow or any other day you please.'

'Won't you answer a civil question civilly? Will this train go to Morrow?

'Not exactly. It will go to day and come back to morrow.

As the stranger was ted to go to Morrow was about to leave in disgust, another employee, who knew the station allude to, came long and gave the desired information

He was telling her of Belknap's disgrace, and casually remarked that there was a woman at the bottom of it, as there always was in the troubles of men. But after he had crawled out from under the bed and apologized, he gathered the children around him and told them that a woman was a holy and beautiful thing So it is that trifle change our views of life. A flat iron—aye, even an inexpensive rolling-pin—may be humble instrument to teach a man that the hay-loft is a good enough place to sleep in.

Rising in the World

Experience continually contradicts the notion that a poor young man cannot rise. If we look over the list of rich men, we find that nearly all of them began life with little or nothing. To any one familiar with the millionaires of the United States, a score of examples will occur. On the other hand, the sons of rich men, who began life with the capital which so many poor young men covet, frequently die beggars. It would probably not be going too far to say that a large majority of such moneyed individuals either fail outright or gradually eat up the capital with which they commenced their career.

And the reason is plain. Brought up in expensive habits, they spend entirely too much. Educated with high notions of personal importance, they will not succeed, as they are passed in the race of life by others with less capital originally, but more energy, thrift and industry. For these virtues, after all, are worth more than money, in fact, money, after it is made, they enable the possessor to keep it, which rich men pronounce to be more difficult than the making The young man who begins life with a resolution always to lay by part of his income, is sure, even without extraordinary ability, gradually to acquire a sufficiency, especially as habits of economy, which the resolution renders necessary, will make that a competency for him which would be quite insufficient for an extravagant person. It is really what we save, more than what we make, which leads us to fortune. He who enlarges his expenses as fast as his earnings increase, must always be poor, no matter what his abilities. And content may be had on comparatively little. It is not in luxurious living that men find real happiness.

A Perfect Marriage.

Theodore Parker.

A perfect and complete marriage is perhaps as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and the complete marriage is a complete marriage that it needs a very long summer to ripen it, and then a long winter to mellow and season it. But a real happy marriage of love and judgement, between a noble man and woman, is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

A Man Who Never Was in Debt.

A North Carolina exchange tells of a man living in Wilson, that State, fifty-four years of age, who never owed a cent to a living soul in his life, and, as the records will show, was the first man for the past thirty years to pay his taxes to the sheriff. Though a blacksmith and plow maker by trade, he cuts and makes his own clothing, and when engaged at this work if there is a call at the shop his wife goes to the anvil and will shoe a horse, brace a plow, upset an axe, or perform any other jobs in the line with as much skill as her husband.

A Simple Little Flower.

In one of the early comic annuals there are some amusing lines of Hood', describing how a country nurseryman had made a large sum out of the sale of a simple little flower, which he sold under the name of the "Rhodum Sidus." This charming name had proved quite an attraction to the ladies, and the flower had become the rage of the season. At length a pertinacious botanist, who found that the flower was a not uncommon weed, insisted on knowing where the nurseryman had got his name from; he elicited the following reply:

I found this flower in the road beside us,
So christened it the Rhodum Sidus.

Modern Definitions.

Distant Relations. — People who imagine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich, and insult you if you are poor.

Belle— A beautiful but useless insect, without wings, whose colors fade from being removed from the sunshine.

Heart— A rare article, sometimes found in human beings It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

Honor. —Shooting a friend you love through the head, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you dispise and hate.

Comfort That is Real.

The farmer who keeps everything about the premises tidy, all the animals in a comfortable condition, who has plenty for his family's support, is out of debt, (or whose affairs are in a prosperous condition), is at peace with his neighbors, reads the papers, and buys good books, is truly nature's nobleman, and can truthfully say: "I am monarch of all I survey, my rights none dare dispute." Such a one the king on his throne may well envy, and the merchant, or professional man is naught when compared with this.

Cream should not be kept over two days or forty eight hours. If kept longer its flavor will be hurt Three days will show it; and the fourth it will be spoiled. After that good butter cannot be made from the cream, however carefully it may be kept, and however pure the air and the milk from which it is made.