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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 causes that can be tried without a jury, except in cases where the parties consent that a special venire 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, 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 speciality.

December 10th, 1875.

PRESERVING PEACHES.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Kitty Blossom was making peach preserves.

There is a great deal of romance in housekeeping, after all, if only one thoroughly comprehends its ins and outs. At least you would have thought so, if you could have peeped, that golden August morning, into the wide, cool Blossom kitchen, with its casements shadowed by heart-shaped morning glory vines and the silver green tendrils of clustering hops, and seen pretty Kitty, with her white dimity kitchen apron on, and her curls tied coquettishly up in a pocket handkerchief, while Bridget, the "hired help" (they didn't talk about servants or mistresses in that republican locality), was busy, at her right hand, peeling the crimson-coated beauties, whose doom was the preserving kettle.

Kitty Blossom was a brunette—a sparkling, dark eyed girl, with a clear olive skin, where the rosy flush of perfect health hung out its banners on either cheek, and a low forehead, fringed with jetty rings of hair. And there was a deep dimple in each of her pretty bare elbows, and a third signaling to them from her chin. And altogether Miss Kitty Blossom was very pleasant to look upon as she stood by the kitchen range, half balanced on one foot, so as to keep an eye on the bubbling treasures of the kettle, and held a big wooden spoon in her hand.

I think this first lot will have boiled enough in about five minutes. Bridget, said Kitty, with the air of an oracle. If these—— Dear me, Mr. Gordon! how you frightened me!

She had nearly dropped the wooden spoon into the kettle as she saw a handsome, bearded face, framed as it was in hop-leaves and morning glory cups, at the window.

I beg your pardon, Miss Kitty. I'm sure, said Haynes Gordon, apologetically. But I was thinking that, as it is such a delightful morning, perhaps you would like to ride up to Ringwood Falls.

Much obliged to you, said Kitty, diligently skimming the kettle; but we are preserving peaches today, and it's a thing to which I always give my personal supervision.

Hang the peaches! cried Mr. Gordon.

You won't say that when you see them on the table at tea, next winter, said Kitty, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes.

And Mr. Gordon withdrew his face from its fluttering green frame, and went his way, somewhat crestfallen.

The ring of his footsteps had hardly died away along the elm shaded road, when a tap came to the other side of the door, and in walked Mr. Joseph Ryerson.

Good-morning! said Mr. Ryerson, with an air which said, You can't possibly fail of being glad to see me!

Good-morning! said Kitty, with one eye on the clock, that winked sagely at her behind its green mist of asparagus boughs.

The girls have got up a fishing party to Mountain Brook, this morning, said Mr Ryerson, helping himself to a big, velvet sided peach and we shall be delight d if you will accompany us. I've got the buggy at the door, and—

Oh, it's quite impossible! said Kitty. Bridget, come and lift the kettle off the fire, please! You see, I am preserving.

Can't the preserving wait?

With the fruit in the kettle and the sugar measured out? That's all a man knows about housekeeping! said Kitty, with a distracting toss of the pretty head, that was tied up in the pocket-handkerchief. You'll have to go without me this morning.

And so sweetheart number two retreated, in discomfiture, and Miss Blossom went vigorously about the task of measuring the luscious fruit into a battalion of self-sealing jars, singing as she worked

The fishing party to Mountain Brook must have terminated at an unwonted early hour, and it stands to reason that Mr. Haynes Gordon's business at Ringwood Falls was not of a tedious nature, for at half-past seven, upon that self-same evening, they both met in Kitty Blossom's parlor. But Kitty, usually so merry, was disconsolate.

It's my diamond ring, that poor dear papa bought me the last thing before he died, said she, with a sparkle of tears under her jetty eyelashes I've lost it.

Lost it? Impossible! said Mr. Ryerson.

Lost it? How? chimed in Mr. Gordon.

I'm sure I haven't the least idea, faltered poor Kitty. Oh, I would give anything in the world to have it again!

Anything? repeated Mr. Ryerson, markedly.

Yes, anything! So—there—now! said Kitty, with a sudden burst of petulance. It seems almost as if a part of papa's love was gone from me!

And she dissolved into tears.

If that ring is above ground, I'll find it, said Haynes Gordon, valiantly, as he walked away from the Blossom Cottage in the vivid harvest moonlight.

No, you'll not, said Mr. Ryerson, whisking off the top of an ambitious clump of dasies with his cane.

Eh? said Mr. Gordon.

Because I mean to find it myself said Mr. Ryerson, with the complacent air of one who thoroughly believes in himself.

And the next morning he hired four little boys to rake the croquet ground in four different directions, paid Bridget, the maid, to keep a sharp lookout, and posted a "Reward" on the door of the village post office. All this while poor Haynes Gordon was making up his mind what to do.

* * * * * * *

Peaches, mammy—a jar of raal peaches! The five little McGraws gathered around the maternal skirts, as their mother came in with a basket; for Mrs McGraw, who filled the respectable and lucrative position of washerwoman—laundress, we believe, is the fashionable term—to the Blossom family, had brought home, among her other perquisites, at the end of the day's work, a jar of Miss Kitty's freshly-preserved peaches.

Iv coorse they's raal peaches, said Mrs McGraw, wisely putting the jar on the shelf, out of reach of the ten outstretched, grimy little paws. And what did yez suppose they were? Live off your hollerin'! Divil a bit will yez get. Sure they're for company an' sickness.

Master Mike McGraw, the oldest hope of the family, said nothing, but secretly vowed a raid on the forbidden sweets, when opportunity should offer; and that very afternoon, when the four younger ones were safely burrowing in the sand-heap at the back of the house, and Mrs. McGraw was absent in search of soap-fat, he climbed the shelves, safely unscrewed the top of the jar, and pounced on its luscious contents.

Begorra! isn't they good? said Mike, aloud, in the intensity of his delight. O-o-ow—ow-ow! for just then his teeth came violently in contact with something hard—evidently some foreign substance It's a ring, said Master Mike, a goold ring, wid a sparklin' white stone in it! And—

Just then, the opening of a door beyond roused Mike, the buccaneer, to a lively sense of personal peril.

If it's me mammy, she'll give me a most all fired licking! Master McGraw bemoaned himself, and dropping, like a gorged leech, from the shelf, he wisely took to his heels, still holding on, however, to the treasure trove.

And he never stopped, until he ran directly into a tall young man who was coming around the corner.

I—I beg your pardon, sir! stuttered Mike, breathless and panting—I didn't see you.

I should think not, said the gentleman, coolly. Why, it's Mike McGraw—isn't it? Well, to be sure, master Mike, I must give you a wise you to look which way you are going, next time What is that you have in your hand?

Please, sir, it ain't nothing! said sheepish Mike.

In that case, I'll have a look at "nothing," said the gentleman, who was no other than our friend Mr. Haynes Gordon. That—Hello! Where did you get this, you young vagabond?

I—in my mammy's jar of peaches, what Miss Kitty Blossom gived her! whispered Mike, twisting vainly around to escape from his captor's detaining hand.

All right, said Mr Gordon, with a triumphant sparkle coming into his eyes. Miss Blossom lost her ring—probably in the preserving kettle. You have found it Here's fifty cents for you—now clear out.

Thanke kindly, sir, said Mike, in great delight, taking a second look to his heels while Haynes Gordon walked swiftly on to the Blossom Cottage.

No use coming here, young man, superciliously cried out Mr Ryerson. I'm in possession of the garden-walks and the croquet-grounds, and I mean to find that ring!

Do you, indeed? said Haynes Gordon, with an exultant ring to his voice which he could hardly disguise.

And he went straight through the shady hall to the little parlor where Kitty sat crying for her lost gem, and slipped the ring upon her finger.

You said you would give anything for it, Kitty, said he, softly, as he watched the glitter of delighted, half incredulous surprise in her eyes. Will you give me—yourself?

And when Mr. Ryerson came in, half an hour afterward, Kitty started guiltily.

Oh, I forgot all about you, Mr Ryerson! said she. I ought to have told you that the ring was found!

And Mr. Ryerson was penetrating enough to see, with one glance, that with the finding of the ring his chance was lost

Kitty Blossom never again preserved peaches without carefully removing her diamond ring.

For I couldn't afford to pay such a ransom a second time, said she.

A Mighty Enterprise.

The great feat accomplished by the U S. in connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by a railroad across the United States, is stimulating enterprise in Europe; and it is now proposed—indeed, the plan is matured—to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by a railroad through Central Asia. At a conference of the geographers, recently held, Colonel Regdanowitz explained some of the details of the road, which, it is expected, will overcome one of the greatest obstacles to the extension of civilization, namely, the separation of a large part of Asia from Europe by vast deserts, in which no means of transit but railroad could be of avail use. A railroad alone can develop the resources of the many land through which it would pass; and as the mineral wealth of Sibera and the Ural mountains is well known the exploration and mining of these regions would be encouraged, and their resources developed.

The Burdens of Life.

We all have them to bear, and there is no escape. With some the burden is poverty, with others ignorance, or loneliness, or care, or neglect, or ill health, or bereavement, and no two burdens are alike. Some carry a load of unsatisfied longing and quenchless aspiration from the cradle to the grave This is the grandest burden one can bear; as that of conscious guilt is heaviest and most grievous.

Some times we are able to shift the weight from one shoulder to another, but often it is as a yoke on your necks that with all our efforts will stay in just the one place. Due attention to business, careful investment and shrewd foresight enable many to rise from poverty to wealth, but in doing this they by no means get rid of that trouble to which all men are born—panics frighten and ruin them, railroads become insolvent, banks break, flood and fire and whirlwind desolate, insurance companies fail.

"And—when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root
And then he falls——"

The burden of ignorance is another that may be sensibly lightened so long as continued progress up the hights of learning gives one the consciousness of advancement, but the higher we get the more do we see the unknown and unknowable, the further do we remove ourselves from sympathy with the mass of our fellows. Mountain tops are cold and solitary, and, for the most part, untrequented. We change the place and keep the pain, and so we are forced at last to the conclusion that the poet taught us long ago, though we wouldn't learn it, that:

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end of way;
But to ACT that each to-morrow,
Find us farther than to-day.

We children, old and young, are all at school; tasks are given us to perform, and there is a dark closet or a hickory switch, or keeping in after school for those who are idle or insubordinate or stupid. Divine Providence takes us all in hand, and, rewarding the diligent, visits condign punishment sooner or later on all offenders and delinquents. There is no choice at all in the matter; the issue of disobedience, with reward or penalty. Not seldom do we feel the task or lesson is so hard we never can learn it, the task too great for our strength; but we are kept at it, and kept at it, until we conquer, or the master, discouraged with our dullness, gives us over to perpetual stupidity. Now, in such a case, what is the best thing to do? Isn't it to "buckle right down" cheerfully to the task assigned, until it breaks in some way, or the master, seeing our efforts, lends a helping hand. When this lesson is learned rest assured there are more to come, in another branch perhaps, and if we don't wish to be kept down in the primary classes all our lives we must study If what has been said is true, what is the wisest, most politic, most prudent for us to take? Shall we sit down and refuse to carry the burdens laid on our shoulders? Thus doing they will crush us to the earth. The only sensible thing to do is to march on, walking firmly when we can staggering when we must, looking at the blue sky over our heads instead of the rough road beneath our feet catching all the joys we can from bird songs, flowery perfumes, pleasant talk by the way with other burdened souls; and keepin evermore steadfastly in view the day when we expect to hear "well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things" Shall we not then resolve that the coworth life shall not be shirked, life shall not be shunned. life shall not be picked over, as peggish boys pick over puddings for just the plums, but that life, this is one common life, this good and finished life, which God has made good, shall be accepted, seized, held fast, embraced, anchored to, shall be accepted as a good and satisfying inheritance, the whole of it, and without amendment or any approve wish for amendment or change?"

License to Swear, Chew, Smoke or Get Drunk.

Mr. Charles U. Williams of Richmond introduced in the house of delegates a bill proposing to lay a tax of two dollars per annum upon every male inhabitant of the commonwealth, over the age of fifteen years who may drink as a beverage any wine, spirituous or malt liquors, or who may chew or smoke tobacco or take snuff. Also a tax of five dollars for indulging in the habit of profane swearing These takes are to be paid to the collector of State license taxes for the city, county or town, where the party may reside. On the first day of May, every person desiring to be freed from liability for any of these taxes is required to make oath that he has neither sworn, used tobacco, etc., for the twelve months preceding, and does not intend to do so, for the next succeeding twelve months. The eight section imposes a fine of twenty per cent. of the amount of tax upon every person delinquent in paying the tax imposed by the bill, to be collected as other license taxes.

Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many were at the party: "The two Crogans was one, and myself was two, Mike Finn, was three, and—bedad! there was four of us, but I couldn't tell the name of the other. Now it is myself that has it. Mike Finn was one, and the two Crogans was two, myself was three—and—sure, I think there was but three of us after all."

THE FIRST ROBIN.

When a gray haired man living on the Cass farm came down yesterday and reported that he had seen a robin flying among the trees, and added that spring must be near, he told the solemn truth. He wouldn't have lied about it for ten thousand dollars, and yet what was his reward? As he entered a cigar store he said:

Well, I'm ahead of you folks. I saw a robin as I came down.

The four men seated around the stove smiled fiendish smiles, and stuck up their noses and turned their heads away.

Don't you believe it! asked the good man,

You are insane! they shouted in chorus. Do you think we are fools or infants?

But I did see one.

And then they felt his head, and asked him to run out his tongue, tried to count his pulse, and he went away with a heavy heart. He went into a lawyer's office, and the lawyer's greeting was so kind that the honest-hearted citizen said:

Well, I saw a robin this morning.

The lawyer's countenance fell. He tried to occupy all the chair in the office with his feet, and after a long time he inquired:

You have never fully recovered from that fall, have you?

But I really saw a robin, persisted the citizen.

The lawyer sighed, lit his cigar, and as he took up his pen he said to himself:

Sorry for it—used to be a brilliant fellow—probably have a guardian appointed!

The citizen felt discouraged, and was on his way to the postoffice, when he met a merchant, who slapped him on the back and exclaimed:

'Rah for spring!

It's only a few days away, replied the citizen.

Only a few days—coming right along. There was a man perhaps who had seen the same identical bird, and the truthful citizen felt encouraged to say:

Coming down this morning I saw my first robin.

The merchant took him by the arm led him into a doorway, and earnestly said:

See here, John, we've been friends for Yes.

And have lent you money, and always spoken well of you, haven't I?

You have.

Well now, for heaven's sake, don't go into lying for a regular thing! It's well enough to lie once in a while, but don't make a practiced of it!

But I did see a robin! exclaimed the vexed citizen.

Oh, come now!

But I did!

Then farewell, John, sighed the merchant, I've got my family to care for, my store to run, and I can't be seen talking to my such person,

The citizen saw a robin. It was a live bird—an early bird. And he didn't dare tell another soul of it. In fact, when asked if he hadn't seen a robin around he denied it!—Detroit Free Press.

Sucking it Through a Key Hole.

In the palmy days of Bowery theatre, under the management of John Hamblin, some excellent acting was seen on those boards, the manager having spared no pains to make this place of amusement only second to the old Park. He employed some of the very best American and foreign talent. An American tragedian who always drew immensely, and filled the house to overflowing, when he was sober enough to fill engagements, was secured by the management, who agreed to give him a liberal portion of the receipts during a week's performances if he would abstain from drinking. This proposition being agreed to, Hamblin, to make assurance doubly sure, locked him up in the dressing room and put the key in his pocket. Mr. Actor becoming exceedingly dry, summoned the call boy to the outside of his door, and shoved a bank note to him through the key hole, with instructions to get a soda bottle filled with brandy, and also to purchase a clay pipe. He was to deliver the goods as soon as possible, and keep the balance of the change. In good time the boy returned and asked for further instructions. He was then directed to insert the stem of the pipe into the keyhole, and then fill the bowl with the fluid, saying, as he was bound not to drink, that he would smoke and take the consequences. That evening Hamblin was astonished to see the celebrated actor more than half seas over, but as he acted his part so well, he regulated the future smoking so as not to materially interfere with the entertainment.

A Perfect Gentleman.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal says:

Passing down Washington street Thursday, near the Old South, I saw before me an old woman with two bundles on her arm. One of them fell as she was passing the foot of School street, just as a well known gentleman of this city came out of Fairbank's store. He stooped and picked it up, carefully brushed off the slush into which it had fallen, and handing it to the female with a polite bow, passed up School street. I said to her, "Do you know who that polite gentleman was?" "No indade," she replied. "Well, that was the Governor of Massachusetts." "Indade, he's a perfect gintleman, any way," was her reply.

A Mountain of Gold.

Miners from the great San Juan mines, of Northwestern Colorado, say that gold in marvelous quantities has been discovered in the Sangre de Christo range of mountains, which lie on the eastern border of the San Luis Park, and about 75 miles west from Pueblo. The first discovery made on this range was in November, 1874, since which time the Cambria, Hidden Treasure, Little Giant, Jackson, Centennial and Revenue gold lodes have proved themselves of great value. Returns from three of these mines tested in Swansea showed from $40 to $360 in gold per ton, and showing some silver in each. The Jackson lode, since the above test was made, has given ores that assay from $5,000 to $40,000 in gold per ton. A stamp mill of ten ton daily capacity has been erected at this mine and will be in operation by March next. Over 200 tons of this gold quartz ore is now on the dump, from mines on the Sangre de Christo, which will be reduced next season. This gold belt, as far as prospected, extends from Mosca Pass twenty miles north.

South from Del Norte thirty miles, lie the gold districts of Alameda, Summitt, Telluric and Decatur. Perhaps South Mountain, in that vicinity. A correspondent of a Denver paper says that it is one solid mass of gold quartz. Mr. Harry Adsit, one of the returned miners, who has prospected in the San Juan country for the last three years, corroborates his statement. He says that South Mountain is about two miles long; and that there is but one true fissure vein in it, the whole mass, produces gold more or less rich. It is upon this mountain that the famous Little Annie lode is located, one-half of which was recently sold to parties in New York for $300,000. This mine, averaged, will run about $40 per ton.

Silverton is one hundred miles west from Del Norte, in San Juan county, and about fifty or sixty miles south from Silverton are the La Platta gold mines, situated on the La Platta river. There is a gold bar running along the margin of that stream, about five miles of which has been taken up, and last season considerable amount of placer mining was done. A system of ditches has been constructed and next season promises some lively placer mining at this point.

But it is to the quartz veins that we turns, after all, and here we have the Comstock mine, discovered by Captain Moss, an old California miner, which perhaps is the richest mine on the continent. One hundred pounds of gold quartz ore taken from this mine in October last netted $1,000, while ore taken out in the following month netted $120 500 per ton.

About twenty mines are being worked in the San Juan country this season, and their winter product is variously estimated at from $600,000 to $1,000,000.—Kansas City Times.

The Clay-Randolph Duel.

The eccentric duel between Clay and Randolph has had many different versions, but the following are the facts: Randolph appeared bright and early on the ground, dressed in dressing gown and slippers After the distance was measured off and the antagonists had taken their positions, the seconds said, "Are you ready, gentlemen?" Then came the usual "One—two—three," Clay, being an expert marksman, took deadly aim and fired, carrying away a portion of Randolph's garment, in close proximity to his back. At the same times Randolph discharged his pistol in the air, but, finding that he was not wounded, and seeing the rent made in his garment, he ran up to his opponent, at the same time extending his hand, and in his shrill squeaking voice said: "Henry Clay! Henry Clay! you owe me a new coat!" Clay accepted the proffered hand, and, in his elegant and dignified manner, replied, "John Randolph, I thank Almighty God that I am no deeper in your debt." After this event the great statesmen were fast friends until the death of Randolph, which soon after took place at Philadelphia, on which occasion Clay was at his bedside, and one of the chief mourners at the funeral.

The town of Carson City has passed an ordinance abolishing dance houses and the Appeal records the fact as follows: "No longer shall the red flannel arm of the gay and festive bull-whacker entwine the waist of the belle of the hurdy-house; no more may the playful river-driver cut a pigeon wing with the pet of the fiddlers; never again can the hoidenish nymph of the beer glass waltz up to the bar with her emigrant lover and wheedle him into treating her to an oyster supper in a loaf of bread; no more may the benighted and the wanderer and the seeker for midnight invitations to drink find housing and a comforting home by the glare of the dance-house lamps. The day of the hurdy-house is o'er. Its violin, its guitar, its drowsy "caller," all have departed. No more will the night be filled with the music of gratuitous cotillions; no more will the droning gutturals of the base viol pour out of the foul air of overheated dance-houses, never again shall Terpsichore be forced in shame to hide her head for the unseemly things done in her name in Carson—for have not the town trustees passed an ordinance abolishing dance-houses and forever closing the doors where erst hath flourished the hurdy gurdy?"

Leap year beverage for single ladies—Pop!

Humorus.

A prudent mother of wealth and respectability, residing in Chicago, has brought up her accomplished and beautiful daughters to do washing and ironing. When questioned as to the cause of this somewhat unusual proceeding, the matron replied:

'Oh, it is always well to be prepared for any contingency. Perhaps some of the poor children may marry an Italian Count.'

Brown came home late the other night says Hohokus, and Mrs. Brown looking out of the bedroom window, observed: "So you've been tipping the glass again, have you?" "Glass," said Brown, "(hic), 'tis a funny word; take of the 'g' and it's you my dear." "Yes," answered Mrs. B. 'and then take off the 'L' and it is you, you wretch, and she slammed the window down with a bounce.—Commercial Advertiser.

This March frost and fury is hard on the flying wild geese and the too trusty blue birds and robins. A sweet poet of the spring has put the case into these immortal lines:

A robin comes flitting
Clear from the south,
And on a limb sitting
He opens his mouth.

He sees in his roaks,
He sees nary spring,
Catches tuberculosis,
In attempting to sing.

Catarrh and bronchitis,
Rheumatics and chills,
And acute laryngitis,
Bomplete his sad ills.

He hesitates, lingers,
Weeps, shudders and sighs,
Clows his nose on his fingers,
Keels over, and dies.

Beecher's Presence of Mind.

Mr. Beecher enjoys the reputation on this side of the Atlantic of being a man with much of this presence of mind; able where other speakers would be put out not only to preserve his composure, but to send an interruption recoiling with tenfold force upon the man who makes it. I give the following incident just as I heard it told: On one occasion, in the midst of an impassioned speech, some one to whom (to interrupt him (as has been found with others) by suddenly crowing like a cock. The cry was done to perfection, a number of people laughed in spite of themselves, and Beecher's friends felt that in a moment the whole effect of the meeting would collapse. Beecher, however, was fully equal to the occasion. He stopped, listened till the crowing ceased, and with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch, "Morning already!" he said. "My watch is only 10. But there is no mistake about it. The instincts of the lower animals are infallible." There was a roar of laughter, the lower animal in the gallery collapsed, and Beecher was able to resume as if nothing had happened.—[David Macrae, in Christian Union.

Sending Prayers in a Cart.

Mr. Spurgon tells the following story: "A poor man who had a large family gave them a very comfortable support while he was in good health. He broke his leg, and was laid up some weeks. As he would for some time be destitute of the means of grace, it was proposed to hold a prayer meeting at his house. The meeting was led by Deacon Brown. A loud knock at the door interrupted the service. A tall, lank, blue-flocked youngster stood at the door with an ox goad in his hand, and asked to see Deacon Brown. "Father could not attend this meeting," he said, "but he sent his prayers, and they are out here in the cart." They were brought in, in the shape of potatoes, beef, pork and corn. The meeting broke up without the benediction. Nor did the poor fellow suffer during his whole confinement. The substantial prayers of the donors became a means of grace."

Unexpected and Uninvited.

On the evening of March 1st, the neighbors gathered in at Polk Nott's residence, in Buckeye township, and were having a general dance. There were sounds of revelry and mirth. Mrs. Nott was discharging her duties as hostess in the most charming and successful manner when a guest unexpected and uninvited put in an appearance. It was a son, standard weight. He fooled away no time in waiting for the doctor to bring him in his bootlegs but came himself. — Eldora Ledger,

One gentleman observed to another:

"I have a wife and six children in New York, and I never saw one of them."

"Were you ever blind?"

"Oh, no," replied the other.

A further lapse of time, and then the interrogator resumed the subject:

Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and that you had never seen one of them?

"Yes, such is the fact.

Here followed a still longer pause in the conversation.

"How can it be that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the answer, "one of them was born after I left."

"The spirits of unjust men, made imperfectly," is the irreverent way in which the St. Louis Globe Democrat talks of the "crooked" article.