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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.]

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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 at his residence on Church street, Bozeman, M. T., offers his professional services to the citizens of 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.

A Country School.

Pretty and pale and tired
She sits in her stiff-backed chair,
While the blazing summer sun
Shines in on her soft brown hair,
And the tiny brook without,
That she hears through the open door,
Mocks with its murmus cool
Hard bench and dusty floor.

It seems such an endless round—
Grammar and A B C;
The blackboard and the sums,
The stupid geography;
When from teacher to little Jem,
Not one of them cares a straw,
Whether "John" is in any "case,"
Or Kansas in Omaha.

But Jemmy's bare brown feet
Are aching to wade in the stream,
Where the trout to his luring bait
Shall leap with a quick bright gleam;
And his teacher's blue eyes stray
To the flowers on the desk hard by,
Till her thoughts have follow'd her eyes
With a half unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the clock,
As she smells their faint sweet scent;
But when have time and heart
Their measure in unison blent?
For time will haste or lag,
Like your shadow on the the grass
That lingers far behind,
Or flies when you fain would pass.

Have patience, restless Jem,
The stream and the fish will wait,
And patience, tired blue eyes—
Down the winding road by the gate.
Under the willow shade,
Stands some one with fresher flowers,
So turn o your books again,
And keep love for the after hours.

A TRIP TO THE CENTENNIAL.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

Mrs. Skinner insisted upon going to the Centennial and taking me along to carry her handbox and reticule, and, as she was afraid the canary bird might pine for want of care, I had to bring that along, too. I think nothing is more beautifnl than to see a man thus equipped bringing up about three feet in the rear of his wife. It looks as though he was of a domestic turn of mind, and was willing to make things pleasant. But when it comes to chasing a horse car a couple of blocks under these circumstances, with a wife never celebrated for weak lungs bawling for you to hurry up, the question naturally arises whether or not marriage is really a blessing. Mrs. Skinner generally addresses me in a voice as tender as a lamb with mint, but sometimes she gets hysteric y. You have probably noticed that my hair is a little thin on top. Still, I think Mrs. Skinner means well.

Arriving in Philadelphia, the first thing we did was to hunt up Dom and Mrs. Pedro, for the purpose of inviting 'em to come and stop a week with us before they went back to Brazil.

"Is Mr. Pedro in this morning?" says I to a storeke ping-looking chap, who was busily engaged at a desk paring his finger nails.

"Yes," said Mrs. Skinner, "and Mrs. Pedro, too? Martha Jane Pedro and I are old friends," says she, trying to give the clerk an idea that we'd always known the Pedro family.

"You can send up your cards," says the clerk, smiling very pleasantly, "and perhaps they will see you."

'We ain't got any cards,' said Mrs Skinner, very indignantly. 'We don't use the nasty things. I, for one, belong to the Methodist meeting house, and never touched a card in my life.

'Send your names up, then,' says he, 'on an envelope.'

We did so. Mrs. Skinner writes rather a flowing hand. In fact her hand flowed over the envelope to such an extent that there was barely room left for my autograph, which I got the clerk to write for me. Pretty soon the boy came back and said we could go up. Dom Pedro opened the door about an inch, and says he:

'What city are you mayor of?'

'None,' says I; I have never been honored with any public position higher than night watchman in a lumber yard.'

'Are you not then a public official?' says he.

"No, sir,' said I; 'I come of a respectable family.'

At this he shook us by the hand, and invited us in.

'I thought,' said he, 'you were a Governor, or something of that sort, come to bore me with a public reception. I'm glad to see you.'

Mrs. Skinner then unpacked her valise, and showed Mrs. Pedro the dress she wore when she recited the "Ode to Liberty," at our centennial tea party, and the American flag that was wrapped around her chignon. She proposes to present these valuable relics to the Centennial Commission, and I shall make the speech.

Mr. and Mrs. Pedro are very pleasant, sociable, people, beside being intellectual and high-toned. I should be willing to acknowledge them as equals anywhere. Mrs. Pedro is not a handsome woman. She wouldn't do to sit for a photograph of Venus, or Apollo, either, for that matter, but she looks like a sensible woman, and a good housekeeper; and I warrant you she has Dom's dinner ready for him, smoking hot on the table, when he comes in tired and hungry.

We took our departure after a very pleasant call. The Dom said he should be happy to make us a visit before he went home, and he probably will, though he didn't promise to right out. I wish you'd drop into Jackson's second-hand furniture store and tell 'em I'll take that cheapest sofa bedstead I was looking at last week, and to send it up to my house without delay.

We came out on a very wide, pretty street.

'What a pity it is,' said I to a tall, ministerial-looking chap, who was wrestling with a ham sandwich on the corner, 'that this beautiful street should be so full of sailors' boarding houses; and all them underclothes hanging out of the window to dry is really a painful sight.'

'You are under an error, my friend,' said the tall man, 'those are not sailors' boarding houses. This is Market street, and what you profanely call underclothes is the bunting of our beloved country kissing the sweet breezes of heaven in this centennial year.'

Mrs. Skinner told me if I didn't look out, I would be arrested for disloyalty, and confined in Fort Lafayette till the close of the centennial year.

I offered a boy ten cents to show me where Independence Hall was. It was here that Paul Revere hung out the lanterns on the tower, leading to the capture of Major Andre, and the execution of Benedict Arnold.

'This is it,' says the boy.

I gave him the ten cents.

'You are a good boy,' said Mrs. Skinner; 'do you go to Sunday school?'

'Yessum,' said he, 'and to meetin,' and repeat the text all over to my little sister, who is lame and cannot go.'

'Poor thing,' said Mrs. Skinner, 'has she been so long?'

'Born so, mum. So were my three other sisters, and I have four blind brothers We are orphings, mum, and pa he gets drunk and beats us, and we ain't had any thing to eat for four days and seven nights.'

Mrs. Skinner was so overcome that she took the blue cotton stocking in which she carries her money out of her reticule and gave the boy twenty five cents. When we left home she had upwards of seven dollars in that stocking that she saved up selling soap grease, but it's disappeared faster than a cabinet officer's character before an investigating committee.

The first room we went into was a large square room, and I knew at once it was the room the Declaration of Independence was signed in.

'On this spot, Matilda,' says I, impressively, 'stood those noble patriots whose names will be forever linked with American freedom. On this spot——'

'This is not Independence Hall,' said a grave, elderly gentleman, who stood near by. 'This is the court house. Independence Hall is——'

But I didn't wait to hear any more. I strode out in gloomy disgust, and haven't said a word about American freedom since. If I find that boy there will be one more cripple in his family.

We found Independence Hall, however, and saw the famous liberty bell. Mrs. Skinner was disappointed in this. She had heard so much about it, she expected to see a great, handsome, shiny bell.

'It's a reg'lar imposition,' says she. 'The old, rickety, brass thing, and cracked besides. It ain't fit to show to company and wants a good dose of soap-suds and elbow-grease to make it decent.'

I reasoned with her. Said I: 'Mrs. S., this bell has a history. It is not valued for its intrinsic worth, but for the hallowed associations which cluster around it,' etc., etc.

'Hallowed fiddlesticks!' said she. 'You always was an old idiot.'

'I will admit,' said I, 'that at times I've had idiotic spells. 'Twas only a few brief summers ago that I was an artless widower, beloved by all who knew me. My first wife's tombstone was paid for, and I had a good head of hair. In an evil hour you, Matilda Jane Baxter that was, went home with me. Since then——'

But she interrupted me by stopping a horse car, and inserting my ear between her thumb and forefinger, so I shouldn't lose her, we got in together.

An Empress Drinking Lager Beer.

[From the Poughkeepsie Eagle.]

In our report of the visit of Dom Pedro to West Point, we noted the fact that the Empress and her lady friend, Dona Josefina Fonseco, Visconde de Bom Retiro, and Chevalier de Masedo, did not cross the river at Garrison's to inspect the United States military posts, pleading fatigue and needed rest from long journeyings. Hardly had His Majesty, the Emperor reached Gen. Ruger's headquarters when the Empress and Dona Josefina, with their male friends, alighted from the Wagner drawing room car, and made their way leisurely to the nearest grocery. The Empress seated herself upon the steps of the aforesaid grocery, with Dona Josefina by her side, and the male attendants called for lager for four.

"I never could enjoy po try when I'm cookin'," said an old lady, "but when I step out to feed the hogs and h'ist myself onto the fence, and throw my soul into a few lines of 'CAp'n Jinks,' it does seem as if this airth was made to live on after all".

Charlie Ross, the long missing boy, has again come to the surface. Let Quarles rest.

A BLACK HILLS ROMANCE

The Adventure of One of Gen. Crook's Scouts—Rescuing a Prisoner and Finding a Wife.

Old Jimmy Kannon is the hero of a romance. A real, complete, natural romance—one that has never been in print. The old man loves to tell it, and the main details have been fully corroborated by others. His romance is as follows: A few years ago Jimmy was loitering about Fort Laramie, receiving his $5 per day as Government scout and interpreter. One evening the post was startled by the report that an emigrant train had been massacred about two miles and a half from the fort Worse than all a white woman, a Miss Mary Brand had been carried off by the Sioux. Kannon volunteered as guide for a company of cavalry. At dark the cavalry halted for the night in a ravine about ten miles northwest of fort Laramie, on the Rawhide tail. All the white men in the train on the Platte had been massacred and no one had been left to tell the story except an Irishman, who died soon after being found. He had been fishing with Miss Brand some distance from the main camp, when the Indian attack was made. From him Kannon learned enough to satisfy him that the Sioux had gone over to Rawhide River. There he resolved to go alone and ahead of the soldiers, and if possible effect a rescue. He reached the Indian camp about midnight, and secured his pony to a bush in the valley, and soon afterward crawled into the Indian camp. His long residence with the Indians taught him where to look for the captive. He was soon lying flat on his belly in the rear of the lodge containing Miss Brand. He found one old squaw sitting in front of the lodge, humming a doleful dirge, and on rising to the edge of the tepee or lodge he discovered another old hag seated near a small fire feeding a feeble flame with straws. He also saw the captive white woman lying with her head to the outside of the tepee, less than two feet away. He whispered words of caution and cheer to Miss Brand, who started up in alarm. This startled both the squaws, and the one on the outside walked round to the rear of the lodge, where she met a sudden and silent death at the hands of the old scout. The other squaw suspecting something wrong, gave the alarm. Quick as a flash Kannon raised up the edge of the lodge and drew out the captive, and throwing her upon his shoulder made a dash out into the darkness. The camp was soon in an uproar. But Kannon made his escape with his horse, although an arrow had pierced his body through. He took a course eastward down the Rawhide, while the Indians started toward Fort Laramie, which was due southward from their camp. Finding himself getting weak from loss of blood, Kannon drew forth the arrow which had passed his body and projected out in front, and filled his buckskin shirt around the wounds with wet mud, and then continued his flight. At daylight he found himself on the head of Dry Cotton-wood creek, twelve miles from Laramie. But the Indians were between him and the fort. He kept out of sight, and saw them meet and engage the soldiers he had left the night before, and made his way half dead to Fort Laramie without being discovered by the Indians.

THE SEQUEL.

The result is soon told. Kannon was taken into the post hospital and his nurse was Miss Brand, the rescued white woman. She stood by the side of the prisoner until he recovered, and being without friends or home, all having been taken from her in the massacre, she married the old scout. Mrs. Kennon lives in Keytesville, a station on the North Missouri Railroad, where she waits longingly for this cruel war to end. Jimmy Kannon is now with Gen. Crook, and is one of his most trusted scouts. He is the last survivor of the massacre of the Almo, where his parents were killed. His early life, up to the time he reached the age of manhood, was spent with the Comanches, who, with General Santa, massacred Davy Crockett and his brave band at San Antonio.

How he Got a Cake.

A small boy with a very sharp nose halted before a baker's window the other day and took a long look at the cakes. He finally entered, and leaning over the counter remarked: "If you was a boy, you know, do you know what I'd do?" The baker confessed his ignorance. "Well, if you was a boy you know, you'd be hungry, and if you came into my shop, you know, I'd hand you out a cake for nothing, you know, and when you got to be a man you'd buy all you could of me, you know, and you'd get everybody else to trade with me, for you'd remember how I gave you a cake, you know, and you'd want to pay me back." No lawyer could have put the case plainer; and the baker gave the boy a cake, you know.

The seed of sunflowers is the most healthy feed that can be given to horses in Winter and Spring; half a pint a day keeps them in health and spirited, with sleek coat, and more animated than any other feed. It prevents "heaves" and some other diseases.—Maryland Farmer.

Queen Victoria personally conducts a Sunday School for the children connected with Windsor Castle.

One of the Three Hundred.

Far away on the wild frontier
Stands the cot of the pioneer.

Loud he calls to the soldier bands,
"Drive ye the savage from our land!"

The word is given, the charge is led,
[illegible] with the dead;
Dead.

Hark ye! what is the sound that swells?
Crack of rifle and savage yells!

Poisoned arrows and hissing shot
Pour from the ambush thick and hot.

Red blood, flowing from manly veins,
Dyes with crimson the burning plains.

Look! how silent a brave form lies!
The sun glares down from the fearless sky.

No soft hand touches the matted hair,
No lips of woman are resting there.

Only a veteran, stern and dim.
Pauses a while with eyes grown dim.

There's a pictured face on the blood-stained grass,
O'er the smiling eyes no shadows pass.

There are other eyes that are dim with tears,
That will smile no more the coming years.

That turn in pain from the cheerless moon
As the weeks bring round the month of June,

And lips that whisper a simple name
That has never rung on the blast of fame.

[Harper's Weekly.

Friends in Prosperity.

One of the hardest trials of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that the attachment of so many in whom they confided was a pretense, a mask, to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness. Sometimes, doubtless, it is with regret that these frivolous followers of the world would desert those upon whom they have fattened, but they soon forget them. Flies leave the kitchen when the dishes are empty. The parasites that cluster about the favorite of fortune, to gather his gifts and climb by his aid, linger with the sunshine but scatter at the approach of a storm, as leaves cling to a tree in summer weather, but leave it naked to the stinging blast. Like ravens settled down to a banquet, and suddenly scared by a noise, how quickly at the first sound of calamity these superficial earthlings are mere specks on the horizon But a true friend sits in the centre and is for all times. Our need only reveals him more fully, and binds him more closely to us. Prosperity and adversity are both revealers, the difference being that in the former our friends know us, in the latter we know them.

But notwithstanding the incincerity and greediness prevailing among men, there is a vast deal more of esteem and fellow-yearning than is ever outwardly shown. There are more examples of unadulterated affection, more deeds of silent love and magnanimity than is usually supposed. Our misfortunes bring to our side real friends, before unknown. Benovolent impulsed, where we could not expect them, in modest privacy, enact many a scene of beautiful wonder amidst plaudits of angels.

Night.

Night! The pulse of the great city lies still. The echo of hurrying feet has long since died away. The maiden dreams of her lover; the wife of her absent husband; the sick, of health; the captive, of freedom. Softly falls the moonlight on those quiet dwellings; yet under those roofs are hearts that are throbbing and breaking with misery, too hopeless for tears; for bent before their time with crushing sorrow; lips that never smile, save when some mocking dream comes to render the morrow's waking tenfold more bitter. There, on a mother's faithful breast, calm and beautiful, lies the holy brow of infancy. O, could it but pass away thus, ere the bow of promise had ceased to span its future!—ere that serenest sky be darkened with lowering clouds!—ere that loving heart shall feel the death-pang of despair!

"There, too, sits Remorse, clothed in purple and fine linen," "the worm that never dieth," hid in its shining folds. There the weary watcher by the couch of pain, the dull ticking of the clock striking to the heart a nameless terror. With straining eye its hours are counted; with nervous hand the draught that brings on healing is held to the pallid lip.

The measured tread of the watchman as he passes his rounds, the distant rumble of the coach, perchance the disjointed fragment of a song from bacchanalian lips along breaks the solemn stillness. At such an hour, serious thoughts, like unbidden guests rush in. Life appears like the dream it is. Eternity the waking, and involuntarily, the most careless eye looks up appealingly to Him by whom the hairs of our heads are all numbered.

Blessed night! Wrap thy dark mantle round these weary earth pilgrims! Over them all the "Eye that never slumbreth," keepeth its tireless watch. Never a fluttering sigh escapes a human breast unheard by that pitying ear. Never an unspoken prayer for help that finds not its pitying response in the bosom of Infinite mercy.

WHITEWASH.

Tom Sawyer's Discovery in Human Nature.

[From Mark Twain's New Book.]

Tom Sawyer, having offended his sole guardian, Aunt Polly, is by that sternly [illegible] punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden. The world seemed a sort of hollow mockery to Tom, who had planned fun for that day, and who knew he would be the laughing stock of all the boys as they came past and saw him set to work like a "nigger." But a great inspiration burst in upon him, and he went tranquilly to work. What that inspiration was will appear from what follows. One of the boys, Ben Rogers, came by and pouted, eating a particularly fine apple. Tom does not see him. Ben stared a moment and then said:

'Hi-yi! You're up a stump, ain't you?'

No answer. Tim surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

'Hello, old chap. You've got to work, hey!'

'Why, it's you, Ben. I wasn't noticing.'

'Say, I'm going in a-swimming. I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd druther work, wouldn't you? Course you would.'

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

'What do you call work?'

'Why, ain't that work?'

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

'Well, may be it is, and may be it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer.'

'O, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?'

The brush continued to move.

Like it? Well I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?'

This put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth, stepped back to note the effect; added a touch, here and there, criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

'Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little.'

Tom considered; was about to consent, but altered his mind.

'No, no, I reckon it wouldn't do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence. It's got to be done very careful. I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, may be two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done.'

'No—is that so? Oh, come now; let me just try, only just a little. I'd let you if you was me, Tom.'

'Ben, I'd like to, honest Injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it'—

'Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now, lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple.'

'Well, here. No, Ben, now don't! I'm afeard'—

'I'll give you all of it.'

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shed close by, dangling his legs, munching his apple, and planning the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, beside the things I have mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a Jewsharp, a piece of blue bottle glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door knob, a dog collar—but no dog, the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel, and a dilapidated old window sash. He had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it wasn't such a hollow world after all. He had discovered a great law of human action without knowing it, namely, that in order to make a man or boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do, and that play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do. And this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a treadmill is work, while rolling nine-pins or climbing Mount Blanc is only amusement. There are wealthy gentlemen in England who drive four-horse passenger coaches twenty or thirty miles on a daily line in the summer, because the privilege costs considerable money, but if they were offered wages for the service they would resign; into work, and then they would resign.

A Rich Man on Riches.

The following story, says the Wayside, is told of Jacob Ridgeway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars.

'Mr. Ridgeway,' said a young man, with whom the millionaire was conversing, 'you are to be envied more than any man I know.'

'Why so?' responded Mr. Ridgeway, 'I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied.'

'What, sir!' exclaimed the young man, in astonishment. 'Why you are a millionaire! Think of the thousands your income brings you every month.'

'Well, what of that?' replied Mr. R. 'All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I can't eat more than one man's allowance, or wear more than one suit at the same time. Pray can't you do as much?'

'Ah, but think of the hundreds of fine houses you own and the rental they bring you.'

'What better am I off for that?' replied the rich man. 'I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat it or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses for others to live in. They are the beneficiaries, not I.'

'But you can buy costly furniture and costly pictures, and fine carriages, and horses; in fact anything you desire.'

'But after I have bought them?' responded Mr. R., 'what then? I can look at the furniture and pictures—and the poorest man who is not blind can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, with the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to anything I desire, I tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life, and cannot purchase exemption from sickness and pain; it cannot procure me the power to keep off the hour of death; and what will it avail when in a few short years at most I must lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me.'

Custer's Betrayer.

A new version of the Custer fight has just been learned, being the story related by a sergeant of the 6th Infantry. He asserts that Custer was led into a snare by the treachery of a Crow scout named Cross. This scout, with the guides, Gerard and Jackson, were all who escaped from the massacre.

It is said that Cross went out to reconnoitre by Custer the night before the battle, and that he returned in the morning and reported the Indian village a small one, and one that offered an easy victory. Then followed the disastrous charge and wholesale massacre. The Indians were fully informed and aware of Custer's intentions, and had made every preparation to give him a warm reception. Everything was done, and breastworks of willow brush had been thrown up, behind which the Indians could pick off the soldiers without being seen.

Further evidence has been obtained proving that white men were with the Indians. Reno's men say they heard English spoken frequently in the Indian ranks during their fight. One of the Indians shot by Reno's men was found to be a white man with a long beard, wearing an Indian mask. A bugler who was dishonorably discharged from the 2nd Infantry in 1866, is also believed to be with them. During the fight he blew the calls several times.—Cheyenne Leader.

We must not forget that much which the world calls greatness, is only glitter and show. Men call Bonaparte great, but they forget that he whined out the last years of his life in pitiful complainings and restless misery. Ungodly men in business, in office, often seem prosperous, but their prosperity is like the lofty oak that is hollow at the heart. When the tornado comes it is the first to go down. Nor must we forget that that is oftes the truest success, which men set down as a failure. Men would have counted Paul's life a failure, a preacher of a despised sect, driven from place to place, oft hooted and soiled by mobs, and at last beheaded by Nero, yet who would not rather to-day be Paul than Alexander the Great? And if ever an earnest life seemed to the world to go out in failure, it was when Jesus of Nazareth abandoned by his friends, made the laughing-stock of rabble in the streets, ended his life amid mockery and scorn on Calvary.

A little girl was asked what was the meaning of the word happy. She gave a very pretty answer, saying, It is to feel as if you wanted to give up all your things to your little sister."

Somebody with a fondness for statistics has found out that in the New Testament there are 831 quotations from the Old. The books most quoted from are Isaiah, Psalms, 136, and Psalms, 136.