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

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December 10th, 1875.

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Patents
For Agricultural and Mineral Lands.
REFERENCES.

Stephen J. Field, Justice U. S. Supreme Court; J. H. Mitchell, U. S. Senator Oregon; Hon. Sol. Hayden, U. S. Senator California; The Manhattan Silver Mining Co., Austin, Nevada; The Mining Review, Denver, Walker Bros., Bankers, Salt Lake City; Henry Watkeys, Master Mechanic of the New York Central R. R. Co., Syracuse.

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Stair Building and Fine Work a specialty. Cabinet work will receive prompt attention. My work in the past is a guarantee for the present and future, and if you want anything made from a table to the finest musical instrument give me a call. Price reasonable. 6-11

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Is prepared to execute all work in his line in the highest style of the art, and will guarantee satisfaction in every instance. 6-1314

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LEA. F. MARSTON
Manufactures and Repairs Jewellery. Will lay down American Watches at ten to fifteen per cent. lower than they can be purchased of Eastern Advertising firms. If you doubt this, bring along your price list and compare terms before sending. WATCH WORK A SPECIALTY. Shop opposite the Post Office. 6-13

Dress-Making
—BY—
Mrs. B. J. Mills,
[Late of Helena.]
At the residence of Mr. D. F. McMullen, (on the Pease place) Bozeman. 14 1/2

Poetry.

The Church Bell.

Again we hear thy welcome voice,
Again it bids our souls rejoice,
And with the dear familiar sound,
Glad echoes from our hearts rebound.

Ring out, on winter's morning air!
Break hallelujahs rich and rare,
We the salu-tor box will bring—
Praise, thanks and glory to our King.

O mother dear! J. rusa!m!
No brighter gem than thine upper wall,
Thou this fair temple which we build,
No sweeter note thy trumpet calls.

Ring on, old bell, for years to come,
And when our life's full work is done,
Hush thou our waiting slumber by—
With folded wing, thy wail we rest.

"Your Own Canoe."

It is good to be kin to the noble and great,
It is good to be heir to a vast estate,
But 'tis better yet, I think,—don't you?
To be able to "paddle your own canoe."

So smile on the humble as well as the great,
For each man's shoes never were made to wait;
But strive to be useful and brave and true,
And be proud to "paddle your own canoe."

Editor's Miscellany.

Socks and Shirts.
We received a letter from the P. O. the other day asking, "How often should a person take a wash?"

Now, this question of the bath is of no little import, and from observation, smell and the color of the socks some people wear we might think it a matter many of us might wash-up on (so to speak) with profit.

When we first came to the mountain, we had never seen anything but socks and stockings, and the stockings we'd never seen out of a shop window, and we only knew what they were from the labels attached, and we'd be proof to the contrary.

But one day while sitting in some of the stores here a man entered—set down by the store—pulled off his boots and began to unscrew a long, narrow rug from each foot. By the time he had taken material sufficient for a rug he had taken from the right one, and enough for a sheet from the left one, our stomach was beginning to regurgitate a little of its equilibrium and we ventured the question—"How do you hurt your feet?" "I haven't hurt no feet, dog-gone you! Thee's foot rag!"

We've no doubt of their comfort, but if they don't suggest what the old women would call a "fogg," then there's no virtue in signs.

If socks, stockings and foot-rags bear any relation to the question of "the wash," so also do drawers and undershirts, and we propose to look in on them a little. We haven't counted up the pores upon the soles of your foot, but they are thicker than hail, and as we haven't got a physician here to tell us that, we must take our own word for granted. A man's own feet tell him plainly that they are conduits for the most offensive matter his body throws off; and, when the condition of most socks is considered, it's no wonder the statistics show terrible mortality among washerwomen. The fun of it is, most men are ashamed of their dirty socks; and when you see one hurriedly yank off his Blubber and around the corner of a chair and hastily stuff it into his boot you may know, without fail, that man hasn't washed his feet or changed his duds for a month. Not that we'd have him live his pedals in the bread-pan (a la China cook), or begrudgingly cleanse them in the spring that supplies the coffee pot, or placidly soak them in the bowl which has to answer for other people's face—not at all, but we'd have him keep clean in a respectable manner.

It's all very well to claim that man was created perfect—you and I know better. He is, from operation of nature, a filthy beast—the moment he puts on his clothes the dirt begins to come, and the moment he don't take them off, or does take them off, you know he's a man by the smell. And you can't lay it all to the clothes, for while the "air of the atmosphere" carries off some of the impurities of a naked Adam's, white clothes conceal the double-distill them upon the same person, it is as true that we are of the earth, earthy.

If you don't think so, take a look into any clothes-bag. When Key-er wanted to prove his occupation, he exclaimed: "If you don't believe I'm a butcher, buy a smell of my boots;" and we assert there isn't a man upon earth who will doubt his origin will be but once smell of his socks.

Of course this isn't a very sweet subject, but when a person writes to know how to be told. And as with socks so it is with your underclothes. Just think of the confinement to which the angles of the body are subjected—swathed in cotton or fine linen, in woolen or silk, it makes no difference—the exhalations and the pores and the bodily deposits are there; and were it not for an occasional hole in an

undershirt or stray rent in a pair of drawers, half the people of the universe would long since have blown to pie from the mere force of bad air generated from themselves.

But what of it?—well, just this: A man should wash daily from head to foot—and if the doubter will but "go nosing" about soap for a week, he'll come to the conclusion himself, that the Lord made him a stink-pot and that, after all, "cleanliness must be next to Godliness."

One, however, isn't called upon to soak himself to a pulp in a tub, or siver him self to an ice in fresh well-water—a sponge will do, and not so much water is needed that any body will be robbed. Ten minutes at the business will send one out fresh on his ear, and able to legitimately "hold his nose above" his dirty friends who meet him.

But, then, what is the use of the bath tub when a man goes to bed in his daily underclothes? Not much, we guess. After getting wood, or hunting about all day long, one goes to bed to alternate eight hours beneath a mass of bed-clothes, and with the assistance of his filthy furnace accumulates enough foetid matter upon his epidermis and his shirt and drawers to start a fertilizer factory with a run upon it for its product. By the time the week is out those underclothes, worn night and day, would enrich a ten acre lot if hung over the fence in the wind. There are people who think it unbecomingly to change their underclothing, as they say, too often. But, we imagine, they contradict the old adage which declares "The fox smells his own hole first."

Now, do we mean one should go to bed naked? No, sir, he should wear a night shirt or a suit of underclothing retained as specially for bed as boots are retained for his daily walk and life.

Too much trouble, do you say, to wash and scrub, and undress, and fuss and scrounge around getting dry?

If you'd stop to think, you'd conclude that a man, with every pore closed up, and his corporation covered with dirty duds, and every inch of him smelling like a gas factory, and his dirty hair making a day's smirch upon the pillow, and his variegated feet nearly knocking the soles from his boots, would be up and scotered to the four quarters of the known globe from mere force of stink.

One can prove all this by abstaining from the wash tub a few days—and then, if he can stay in the room with himself while he rubs his dirty skin with a brush, it will be about as comfortable as can't smell, can't see dirt, can't see out-lives a sand storm on the Desert of Sahara.

Now, what is the long and short of all this? Ask the dog, which airs itself daily, stretched to distention in the sun, ask the cat, which licks and washes and shakes itself, and dies in a fit if it can't ask the skunk, which delivers its stink, that it may have a respit in the moment—ask one self if the no being of yourself a week don't make it so necessary to comfort and self-respect that the experiment must become a habit.

All these animals, ones self included, will reply that half the filth that flesh is heir to result from dirt—that dirt makes small, and small makes dirt, and that death must attend a dirty man to the regions of thunder and lightning.

We don't believe St. Peter ever turned his back upon a clean man who did in fresh underclothes.

VESEVIUS.
YELLOWSTONE FIELD NOTES.

BY J. V. BOBERT.
No. V.

[Republished from the New North-West.]
THE RO-BEED

is a small creek fifteen feet wide, with muddy banks and soft bottom. The valley is described as usually a half to three quarters of a mile wide, growing good grass and an average amount of cottonwood. It is bordered upon each side by high sandstone bluffs of horizontal strata. The valley increases somewhat in width toward the headwaters of the stream, but the timber lessens in size. Upon this stream the junction was formed with Creek—and notes being compared the immensity of the country marched over was specially spoken of:—"A country," says McLernand, "large enough to support millions of people."

It is but ten miles from this point of junction upon the Rosebud to Tongue River—the trail leading over a high divide which presents a steep ascent each way. The eastern side being particularly precipitous. The summit of this divide is a rolling prairie dotted here and there with small pine groves. In places the sandstone formation has been disturbed by volcanic action and pieces of lava are scattered over the ground. The grass is insignificant, and of the variety known as bunch grass. A smell of sulphur coming from a ravine attracted attention, and proved to come from a burning seam of coal.

TONGUE RIVER
is described as a fine stream, seventy-five yards wide and two feet deep with rocky banks and clear, good water. For fifty miles down it a small bottom exists upon one side or the other, varying in width from half a mile to a mile, and always covered by the most luxuriant buffalo grass. The hills upon each side are bro-

ken and of various colors. Ash and cottonwood are more or less plentiful, while birch the mouth of

PUMPKIN VINE CREEK
there is a great abundance. At this point there is an extensive and fertile valley, bordered by rolling hills.

"The trail," says McLernand, "turns off to Pumpkin Vine creek a short distance above its junction with Tongue river. Following it six to seven miles, through a country alternating with valley and bench land, we cross over to

"POWDER RIVER.
The divide lying west of this river is the roughest I ever saw—composed of bad-land hills, separated by yawning ravines hundreds of feet deep. Descending this divide, we reach a small bottom" on

TURTLE, OR MIZPAH CREEK.
From here to the Powder the distance is small, the latter stream proving one hundred yards wide and two feet deep—the water running over a sandy bottom. "The valley of the Powder river," he continues, "is generally misrepresented—it is not a hilly waste. We passed through several large and fertile valleys growing fine buffalo grass. The bluffs upon each side are very precipitous, often presenting a bad-land face; yet upon top they are generally covered with good grass, while large cottonwoods grow almost everywhere along the banks."

Two and a half miles below its mouth on the Yellowstone are the

WOLF RAPIDS,
which offer considerable opposition to steamer navigation. "But," adds our authority, "the expense of rendering them navigable (at all seasons when the river itself) would be small, either by removing the obstructing rock, or by building a wing dam."

The valley of the Yellowstone at this point, is described as large and fertile, and hemmed in by rolling and grassy hills. The command moved from the Powder obliquely to the Yellowstone over a high country, reaching it just above

O'FALLOON'S CREEK,
a distance of 23 miles. This is a fine grass country and specially suited to pasture. O'Fallon's presented to the command a stream 30 feet wide and three feet deep. Crossing the Yellowstone, six miles below, a march of 27.29 miles brings us to

BAD ROUTE CREEK.
17.33 miles farther and Bush Creek is crossed; 17.50 miles farther and we camp on Deer Creek; 13.25 miles farther and the Yellowstone is reached near the mouth of the Deer.

"I have always heard," says McLernand, "of the country passed over during these marches described as a bad land waste—but such an idea is a very great mistake. It is one of the finest grazing districts in the world. In all the distance traveled (about 70 miles) not more than ten cows or through a poor country, and that is upon the lower end of Deer Creek. Our course was first northward to the head of Bad Route Creek, then northward to Deer Creek and the second creek running southeast to the Yellowstone. The country is a series of long, waving hills, thickly carpeted with meadow grass, and separated by valleys which descend from them in gentle declivities. We had some difficulty in finding water, yet we always had enough; and I doubt not our ignorance of the country caused this trouble. As compared with the granite-mountain country it may not be called a well watered section, yet 1200 men (nearly ignorant of the ground) with 1200 head animals, marched through it and never were without water. It is destined yet to prove a favorite stock country, for certainly it is capable of supporting immense herds of cattle."

Through all the country latterly described game was plentiful—buffalo signs constantly appeared, and elk, deer and antelope were evidently the oldest, as well as the present inhabitants of the vast prairie and plateau.

The cavalry being sent from the point last mentioned across the divide in the direction of the Dry Fork with orders to travel east, returned after the scout with favorable accounts of the country inspected—the report asserts it "is a good country."

GLENDIVE CREEK
has a high, rolling country opposite it across the Yellowstone—upon each side of the creek runs a small bottom. This section presents but little timber, which product is some what scarce below Tongue river. A few miles back of the Yellowstone small, but straight, cottonwood and ash are found, but not in great quantities, though the scene of the disaster I mentioned on a tangent left by one of our Creek scouts, not more than three or four miles up this same ground on the 29th of last April. Taking an abandoned hard-logs box and a piece of charcoal, he covered it with drawings, which he said would tell the Sioux that we mean to "clean them out." Then sticking a handful of green grass in the seams of the box,

he added, "and this will tell them we are going to do it this summer." It is a little strange, considering the hundreds of miles we marched over, that this scout should have left almost upon the very spot where the one desperate fight of the campaign took place."

[SELECTED.]
The Telephone.
The fact that electricity in passing through a magnetic helix, or coil of wire, is productive of sound, was first discovered by Prof. Charles G. Page, of Salem, Mass., as long ago as 1837. His observations were published, and, as he was a man of large attainments, his experiments attracted attention at home and abroad. The fact, therefore, that sound could be conveyed electrically to considerable distances has been known for some time. But it remained for Professor Bell to discover that articulate sounds can be conveyed by the electric current. This he has done during his residence in Salem, and is engaged in teaching in the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Boston, where he employs the ingenious system of "visible speech," of which he is the inventor.

The apparatus by which this astonishing result is secured is wonderfully simple. Only a telegraph wire, a horse shoe magnet, two helices and a vibrating disk at each end. The audience can see a mahogany box upon the table, of the appearance of an ordinary photographer's camera. The tube in the end is used in this case to speak into and to hear out of. Within the box is a horse shoe magnet. Opposite each arm of the magnet is a helix of the usual construction. One end of the wire among the helices is connected with the ground, and the other with Boston of the place in operating connection. Set up as just described, within a sixteenth of an inch, is a sheet of thin polished iron, upon which the voice of the operator impinges when speaking. The magnet induces an electrical current in the telegraph wire. The vibrating disk imparts pulsations to this electrical current corresponding to the sounds, which are conveyed to Boston and reproduce themselves upon the vibrating disk there with exactness of tone and articulation. The little four inches of iron utter the whole gamut of the human voice. This is indeed wonderful—the greatest achievement of modern science.

Grant's Future.
A plan is on foot for providing a place for Grant which promises to secure him a position and to keep him still, in one spot, in the service of the country. It has long been intended when the rest of the National debt come to be refunded, that the syndicate assuming the work should be under American control and it is now proposed that some strong New York bank, either the Bank of America or the Bank of Commerce, be organized as a National bank, with a capital of ten to twenty millions, for the purpose of conducting all further operations for refunding the National debt, with representatives in the board of directors from all members of the present syndicate, and also from the houses of Brown Brothers, Barings, and Von Hoffman. The plan proposes upon the idea that Grant could be chosen and could be in used to accept the presidency of this bank. This would give him an assured income with an occupation sufficiently dignified and agreeable, while it would gratify his family feeling by fixing his future residence so far from his sons. Ulysses Grant, Jr., has been in New York for a day or two consulting with bank officers on the subject, and there is a strong disposition among some of the moneyed men, with whom the matter originated, to carry it through.

Light and Shade.
The following remarks in the London Standard are not at all original, but they serve to throw some light on the blue glass theory. Even colorless glass will prove a blessing if it induces a habit of bathing in the sunlight:

"It is known to every person, pretending to education that an animal or plant deprived for many hours of all access to fresh air would perish by a kind of suffocation. But it is much less generally known that neither animal nor plant can flourish or enjoy health in darkness. Certain blanched flowers and vegetables are obtained by the very process of rearing them in a darkened cellar, but their whiteness is itself a disease, and indicates the destructive effect produced by lack of the vital element of light. Bright, clear, full sunshine for many hours daily is essential to real health."

It is stated on the authority of Sir James Wylie,—"that the cases of disease on the dark side of an extensive barack at St. Petersburg have been uniformly for many years, in the proportion of three to one, to those on the side exposed to strong light."

Typical Trees.
For gouty people, the achroon; for antiquarians, the date; for school boys the birch; for the Irishman, the oak; for conjurers, the palm; for negroes, the cactus; for young ladies, the man rose; for farmers, the plantain; for fashionable women, the set of firs; for dishonors, the spruce; for the doctor, the poplar; for physicians, the yew; for your wife, her will; O, for lovers, the silver pine; for the disconsolate, the pine; for engaged people, the pear; for sewing-machine people, the hemlock; for boarding-house keepers, the bay; always on hand, the pawpaw; who is this written for? yew.

Generalities.

The Maine Legislature has reduced the legal rate of interest to five per cent. The United States government has expended \$500,000,000 in its Indian wars. Arizona is the only state that the Governor has telegraphed to the Secretary of War for arms, and will call out volunteer soldiers against the hostile Apaches.

In some countries common tree frogs are used as barometers. The frog is placed in a tall bottle with a light ladder, and always comes down when a storm is approaching.

The saigns and drug stores of Oregon, Iowa, were raided on the 17th of January at the instance of the Woman's Temperance League, and all liquors of the places seized. Four drug stores and five saloons were cleared of their liquors, valued at \$4,000.

There are apprehensions that Mr. Tilden's mind has been affected by the prolonged anxiety to which he has been subjected in this contest, and some of those acquainted with his condition express the fear that he will be taken in much the same manner as Horace Greeley was.

Brigham Young has withdrawn from Salt Lake City with his favorite wives and his court, and has taken up his abode on the southern confines of Utah, on the border of Arizona, and it is asserted by those who profess to know, that he has left the chief city of his realm permanently, now that it is no longer his own.

A Camden, N. J., man has been figuring upon the apparent daily income of the late Commodore Vanderbilt. He has reduced it down to an exceedingly high point, and concludes that every time the great railroad king drew his breath, his stocks and bonds together realized him the sum of fifty-five cents.

A bill is now pending before the Virginia Legislature which provides that every bar-keeper shall supply himself with sheets of stamps, to be prepared by the Auditor of Public Accounts, and for every drink sold the bar-keeper shall detach a stamp in the presence of the consumer. This, in effect, taxes the retail liquor dealer according to the number of drinks he sells.

The Sea.
There is something, says Hazlitt, in being near the sea like the confines of eternity. It is a new element of pure abstraction. The mind loves to hover on that which is endless and forever the same. People wonder at a steamboat, the invention of man, managed by man, that makes its limpid path like an iron railway through the sea. I wonder at the sea itself, the vast level plain, smiling in its deep, waked into fury, fathomless, boundless, a huge world of water drops. Whence is it? where goes it? Is it of eternity, or of nothing? Strange, ponderous riddle, that we can neither penetrate nor grasp in our comprehension, ebbling and flowing like human life, and following it up in the remorseless womb—what art thou? What is there in common with thy life and ours who gaze at thee? Blind, deaf and old, thou seemest, nearest not, neither do we understand who behold and listen to thee. Great as thou art, unconquered by thy greatness, unwieldy, enormous, preposterous twin-birth of matter! rest in thy dark, unfathomed, cave of mystery, mocking human pride and weakness. Still it is given to the mind to wonder at thee, to confess its ignorance, and to stand in awe of thy stupendous might and majesty, and of its own being, that can question thee.

Fast Walking Horses.
It has been shown that the production of thoroughbred and trotting horses has been largely in excess of the demand, and that as a necessary consequence the stock in the country is increasing from year to year, and that unless a foreign demand is created, prices must inevitably decline. Breeders should therefore turn their attention more to the production of fast walking horses, both for the saddle and general draught. The business would pay handsomely, for the utility and value of such horses would be properly appreciated, thus creating a steady demand, which would not likely be diminished for the next half century at least. On the farm a slow-walking horse does not do half the work that a rapid walker is able to accomplish. In towns and cities where draught horses are used in the truck, cart, dray, &c., it is the same, not half the work is performed by the slow walker, who crawls along at a snail's pace, and when drawing a load, cannot be galvanized into rapid action. As a traveler, both under saddle and in harness, the slow-walker is a nuisance. No matter what work he is engaged in, time and money are lost to his owner every day that he lives.

Corn.
The scientific world is greatly interested in the statement that the United States ship of war, Gettysburg, in a voyage from Fayal to Gibraltar, discovered an immense coral reef, located in latitude 36 deg. 30 min. north, and longitude 11 deg. 23 min. west. Until the discovery of the Gettysburg the existence of the reef had never been suspected. The reef had been thoroughly surveyed, and the dispatches show that the delicate and valuable pink coral, so highly prized by the world of fashion in all ages, will be found in immense quantities. The finer shades of this coral coral in value, by weight, that of pure gold, selling at from \$15 to \$40 per ounce.

Wisdom.

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune. The reputation of a man is not safe until the man is dead and has no further use for it.

A Wisconsin lumberman offers \$30 in cash for a rattling good grower—one who is not too high toned to grow fat on bean soup.

Men who believe, or affect to believe, in nobody and nothing else, are noted for a marked degree of belief in themselves.

I find that successful exertion is a powerful means of exhalation, which discharges itself in good humor upon others. The man that cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; but his own whole life is a treason and a stratagem.

The first step towards making a man of your son is to train him to earn what he spends; the next best step is to teach him how to save his earnings.

This is just the time to go out wolf hunting. Nothing will give you a higher percentage of real satisfaction than chasing the wolf from your poor neighbor's door. Try and see.

Each grave on the broad breast of the whole earth, whether men have marked it or forgotten it, is in God's keeping, bribes and weeds cannot hide it from his eyes, neglect and desolation cannot cover it from his care.

God pity the poor girl or woman whose name becomes the subject of gossip among her sex, and is bawled about from mouth to mouth. An envious or malicious woman is an imp of hell sent to increase the world's misery.

Fun.
If you want to buy a Circassian wife now is your time. The price is down to \$900. Of course Noah took a swarm of bees into the Ark, &c of what use would the archives have been to him? A Chicago man at the point of death was asked if a clergyman should be sent for. "No," said he, "send for a brandy cocktail."

An actioner recently declined to praise some old China he was offering for sale, saying it had already been sufficiently "cracked up."

Knowledge is vouchsafed to all who seek for it. If a young man cannot have an Astor library he may own a patent medicine almanac.

A Watertown sportsman went out shooting the other day. When he returned a friend asked him what he had got. "Got back," said the other.

Some slang reports asserts that paper makers are the greatest magicians of the age, inasmuch as they transform beggar's rags into sheets for editors to lie on.

A man with a long nose has been found in Florida, measuring twelve feet in circumference and weighing nineteen pounds. We know of a few sponges hereabouts, not near so large, that will bring down the scales at from 150 to 200 pounds.

The Boston Times, a Sunday paper, insists that the irreverent Boston boys sing a new version of "Hold the Fort," like this:

Hold the fort, the knives are coming,
The plates are on the way;
Shout the chorus to your neighbor,
Sling the hash this way.

A gentleman who rather suspected that somebody was peeping through the key-hole of his office door made an investigation with a syringe full of pepper sauce, and went home to find that a chip had hit his wife in the eye while cutting wood.

A Philadelphia man says that when his wife gets up in the morning with a jerk, and neglecting to do up her hair, goes flippantly about her work, she is materializing a comical row which before night will shake the house to its foundation.

American Duels.
Jackson, it will be remembered, fought a number of duels, several of them fatal, but not to him, Commodore Barron and Decatur met in 1820; the latter was fatally, and the former severely wounded. John Randolph spoke of the political union of Adams and Clay as "a combination of the Parian and the blackleg." A challenge followed. Clay and Randolph met in 1826, but neither was injured. Clay was the challenger. Randolph's pistol went off before the word; Clay's fire was ineffectual, though seriously intended, and Randolph declined to take a second aim. When Colonel Benton was serving at the head of a regiment under General Jackson, they quarreled; Jackson attempted to strike Benton with a horsewhip in Nashville in 1813, and nearly lost his life by a pistol ball from Benton's brother.

Benton himself was a fighting man, he was called out several times, and one of his competitors, a Mr. Lucas, furnished evidence of the directness of his shot. Governor DeWitt Clinton exchanged his shot with an obscure assistant in 1807; he was made Mayor of New York the following year. The duel in which Senator Broderick lost his life is still freshly remembered. He was very frank in his characterization of the pro-slavery men, one of whom, Judge David S. Terry, challenged him; they met near San Francisco, in September, 1859, and Broderick did not survive. The affair created a tremendous sensation at the time. Judge Terry died recently.