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

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The diseases of women and children a specialty.
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ORNAMENTAL PAINTER!
Is prepared to execute all work in his line in the highest style of the art, and will guarantee satisfaction in every instance.
[6-131F]

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Manufactures and Repairs Jewelry.
Will lay down American Watches at ten to fifteen per cent. lower than they can be purchased of Eastern Advertisers.
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Keeps constantly on hand a full line of Stationery.

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At the Post-Office,
MAIN STREET,
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Metropolitan Hotel.
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Main Street, Bozeman, M. T.

Having taken charge of this elegant Hotel, the finest in the Territory, I am prepared to entertain the traveling public and regular boarders with

First-Class Fare
AND
Accommodations.
The building is constructed of brick, is comparatively new and the rooms are furnished throughout with all modern improvements, affording guests

Comfort and Pleasure.
The kitchen and dining room are under the supervision of

EXPERIENCED COOKS AND ATTENTIVE WAITERS.
The tables are supplied with everything the market affords.
CHARGES REASONABLE.
The coaches stop at the Metropolitan.
LOUIS KRUGER.

Poetry.

A Housekeeper's Tragedy.

One day as I wandered, I heard a complaining,
And saw a poor woman, the picture of gloom;
She glared at the mud on her doorstep
('twas raining—)
And this was her wall, as she wielded the broom:

"Oh! life is a toll, and love is a trouble,
And beauty will fade, and riches will flee,
And pleasures they dwindle, and prices they double,
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

There's too much of worryment goes to a bonnet;
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt;
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it;
There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt.

In March it is mud; it's slush in December;
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust;
In fall, the leaves litter; in muggy September,
The wall-paper rots, and the candle-sticks rust.

There are worms in the cherries, and slugs in the roses,
And ants in the sugar, and mice in the pies;
The rubbish and spiders no mortal suppose,
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

It's sweeping at six and dusting at seven;
It's victuals at eight and dishes at nine,
It's potting and panning from ten to eleven;
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.

With grease and with grime from corner to centre,
Forever at war and forever alert,
No rest for a day, lest the enemy enter—
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

Last night, in my dream, I was stationed forever,
On a little bare isle in the midst of the sea;
My one chance of life, with a ceaseless endeavor,
To sweep off the waves ere they swept over me.

Alas! 'twas no dream—again I behold it!
I yield; I am helpless my fate to avert!
She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded;
Then lay down and died, and was buried in dirt!

Romance of Figures.

If one cent was set out at compound interest in the year 1 at four per cent., the 1st of January, 1866, it would amount to 1 quintillion, 261,550 quadrillions, 338,000 trillions of dollars. If we were to take this sum as a capital and use its yearly interest (four per cent.) then the income tax we would have to pay at the rate of one per cent., would be 480 quadrillions, 888,320 trillions of dollars. If we paid the collector this sum in silver he would need 2,006,345,000,000,000,000 wagons for its transportation. Provided the whole of the earth's surface, both land and water, were peopled as closely as possible we should have but the two-millionth part of the drivers required, and the lines of wagons would have the length of 8 trillions, 442,000 billions of miles. The speed of light is 186,000 miles a second, and it would take 750,000 years to reach the collector, beginning at the further wagon on both sides, stationed himself in the center of the line. Again, a robbery could be committed on the hindmost wagon which would not be discovered until the 24,790th generation of tax collectors. If, on the contrary, instead of using the interest on the capital (the bulk of which, by-the-by, would be equal in gold to forty-four globes) this capital were distributed among the people of the earth, each one of its 1,000,000,000 inhabitants would receive about 1,300 trillion of dollars to live on, and could every second use \$2,000,000 for 38,000,000 years without reaching the bottom of his purse.

The Holy Land.

The Protestants are gaining ground in the Holy Land.—The Methodists have recently dedicated a new church in Calcutta, which cost \$27,000. The money was raised in India.—The only known instance of a golden wedding known among the missionaries of India and China occurred at Rangoon, Burmah, on January 10th. The happy couple were Rev. Cephas Bennett and wife, who on that day celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.—They have been 48 years in Burmah, where he has superintended the American Mission Press. A large number of missionaries and clergymen was present, and a large table was covered with presents from children and grandchildren in England and America.

Ex-Presidents.

Perhaps more interest will attach on this side the Atlantic than the other to the approaching visit of General Grant to Europe. It has been said, and it is to be feared with a certain amount of truth, that the great Republic is apt to forget its chief servants when they have done with their work. It was remarked, we believe by the late Mr. Bagehot, that not long since the news of an ex-President's death appeared among American telegrams, and two statements as to the price of hides and the price of molasses. A President, though he may be re-elected to a second term of office in continuation of his first, must, as it should seem, abandon all political hopes if once he leaves the White House. There is no instance of any President having re-entered it after a period of years, though one or two have tried to do so; and it is gradually getting to be considered as an unwritten part of the American Constitution that ex-Presidents should neither expect to return to their former high estate nor accept a number position. Probably the practice of the great man who is called the founder of the United States has something to do with the popular belief in the fitness of this rule. For Washington is the beau-ideal of statesmen in retirement, as he is, in American eyes, of actual chief magistrates. We read that on the 4th of March, 1797, he was present as a spectator at the installation of his successor, after which he immediately retired to Mount Vernon, there to live a life of dignified and busy leisure as a country gentleman. He did not engage in public business, but in May, 1798, on the prospect of war with France, he was offered and accepted the command of the provincial army—a precedent for General Grant should his country have the misfortune to be again involved in war during his lifetime. Washington, however, survived his presidency less than three years, dying on December 14, 1799, so that his period of retirement is too short to be valuable as a model. John Adams, like his immediate predecessor, laid down the chief magistracy at the age of sixty-five, when still in the full vigor of his faculties, and with more than a quarter of a century of life remaining to him. He retired to his country house in Quincy and declined, although nominated, to stand candidate at the next annual election for the Governorship of Massachusetts. In 1820 he consented to serve in the State Convention for revising the Constitution of Massachusetts, but was engaged on no other public business between the conclusion of his presidency and his death. "For some years before his death," says one of the biographers of John Adams, "his health had become extremely poor, and at last little more remained of the once active and eloquent statesman than the mere breath of life. In this state he was when the morning arrived of the Fourth of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Awakened from sleep by the ringing of bells and other rejoicings of that grand jubilee, the venerable patriot was asked if he knew the meaning of what he heard. "Oh, yes," he replied, "the glow of old times seeming to return to him for a moment, 'It is the glorious Fourth of July!—God bless it!—God bless you all!' Some time after he said, 'It is a great and glorious day,' adding, after a pause, apparently of deep thought, 'Jefferson yet survives.'" These were the last words he was heard to utter. About noon he became alarmingly ill, and at six in the evening expired. But Jefferson, too, was dying while Adams was deriving consolation as to the future of his country from the fact that his illustrious friend and sometimes rival was still living. The same day terminated the careers of the two ex-Presidents.

Jefferson, like Adams, took no part in public affairs between the expiration of his term of office as chief magistrate and his death (1826); but we are assured by American Biographies that the last years of his life, "though spent in retirement, were not wasted in inactivity." The ex-President, it seems, continued to get up as early as before. He had the uncomfortable habit of early rising—and "maintained a very large correspondence with all parts of the world," which, if the account is to be accepted as literally true, must have taken up an exceedingly large amount of his time, even to leaving his scant leisure for repose or any other call of nature. It appears, nevertheless, that he not only managed to keep up his correspondence with all parts of the world, but to receive many visitors, and it is added that he loved to see his table furnished with the evening's news, and it is added that the evening of his life, which might have been so pleasant, was embittered by pecuniary difficulties, owing to it, said chiefly to an obligation which he incurred to pay a friend's debts. On this head one cannot but think that the Americans, since they are determined, as it were, to ostracize their most eminent citizens after they have once filled the highest place in the State, ought to do worse than allow them, say, a respectable pension as the English do their ex-Chancellors.

Madison, next on the list of ex-Presidents, acquired that not very enviable status at the age of sixty-six (1817) when he had sixteen years more to live. In 1829 he was a member of the State Convention of Virginia appointed to revise the local constitution, but he accepted no other political office in his retirement, possibly because, though he enjoyed good health, he never enjoyed good fortune. His physician said he had two or

three diseases, any one of which was commonly sufficient to shorten life. Monroe was seventy-four when his eminently successful term of office as President came to an end (1825). For a short time he settled down in Loudoun county, Virginia, where he accepted the humble post of Justice of the Peace. But it was not long before he removed to New York, where he died in 1831, on the 4th of July, a date singularly fatal to ex-Presidents. Another curiosity of chronology, by the way, for those who take interest in the play of figures, is to be found in the fact that Madison and Monroe, who held the Presidency for sixteen years in succession between them (1819-35), are said to have been born on the same day in the same year, March 16, 1751. They were both Virginians.

John Quincy Adams, who, like his father, was elected once and no more to the Presidency, declined to submit to political annihilation on his withdrawal from the highest office in the State (1829). In 1830 he was elected member of Congress, where he distinguished himself till his death, which occurred in 1848, by his advocacy of the abolition of slavery. Andrew Jackson is heard of no more in history after the 4th of March, 1837. He was succeeded, it will be remembered, by Martin Van Buren, the first President of the United States not born a British subject. In 1840 Van Buren failed to obtain re-election, and in the following spring left the White House for his estate at Kinderhook, in the State of New York. In 1844 he was again a candidate for the Presidency, but the Democratic National Convention of Baltimore, with whom the nomination on his side in party politics rested, selected Mr. Polk as their candidate. From that moment Van Buren's career was practically at an end, though in 1838 he acted with honor and spirit in doing his best to baffle the attempt of the Democratic party to introduce slavery into the territories won from Mexico during the war. He died at Kinderhook July 14, 1862, in the midst of the war between the North and South. Even that national convulsion had failed to bring him to the front.

General Harrison was the first President who died at the White House, having resided there only one month, March 4 to April 4, 1841. Just two other Presidents—General Tyler and Mr. Lincoln—died in office. President Tyler, the first ruler whom the Americans set over themselves without intending it, retired from public life after fulfilling his three years and eleven months of office. He did not even seek re-election. Sixteen years later, however, he came somewhat prominently before the public, having been selected in 1856 as a member of the Border or Neutral Committee, which it was hoped would have healed the breach between the North and South. On the failure of that attempt Mr. Tyler joined the South, and became a member of the Confederate Congress. He died January 17, 1862. James Knox Polk was within about three months of dying President, his term of office ceasing in March 1849, and his death following on June 15, in the same year. Millard Fillmore, the vice-President who was called upon to fill the void occasioned by the death of President Taylor in 1850, after retiring in 1853, became an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency in the autumn of 1856, after which he vanished from the scene. He was visited in his retirement by the Prince of Wales, at the time of his Royal Highness's progress in America. Concerning the career of Franklin Pierce, Millard Fillmore's successor, as ex-President, there is nothing to relate, save that he was appointed a Judge in 1863. General Pierce died in 1869. Mr. Buchanan, the last President before the era of the Civil War, ceased to be a political force after the year 1861, nor did he hold office of any kind during the remainder of his life, which closed on the 1st of June, 1868.

Whether Mr. Lincoln would have suffered political extinction with loss of office may be a question. Of Mr. Johnson, who was very nearly hurried off into premature seclusion, it is unnecessary to speak. General Grant is the only ex-President of the United States now living.

Generalities.

The owner of the American side of Niagara Falls is to be classed either with the great geniuses or great lunatics of the age. He proposes to sell the Falls to drive cotton mills with, and he has written to the Governor General of Canada and Queen Victoria about it.

It is a good thing to know the President's son. Arthur G. Stern, a classmate of Webb Hayes's, was appointed Assistant Treasurer at Cincinnati, within twelve hours after the death of William E. Davis, which event made the office vacant. The position is worth \$5,000 a year.

If you toss a penny fairly, and it comes up heads three times running, the chances for the fourth time are still exactly what they were at first, that is, exactly equal. Gamblers always deny this, but no mathematician will.

Garments that have one rent in them are subject to be torn on every nail, and glasses that are once cracked are soon broken; such is man's good name once insinuated with just reproach.

The Senate of Illinois has passed a game law so stringent in its provisions that the Chicago Tribune says that a human being will be the only thing left safe to kill during certain months.

The Rev. Dr. John Cumming, of London, says that the world, and Europe especially, is at this moment upon the eve of the greatest catastrophe which has ever happened in the history of mankind. Coming from any other source this might be alarming, but Dr. Cumming's prophecies seem never to be fulfilled.

When a man leaves our side and goes to the other side he is a traitor, and we always feel that there is a subtle something wrong about him. But when a man leaves the other side and comes over to us, then he is a man of great moral courage, and we always feel that he has sterling stuff in him.

It is proposed to lay a pipe line from the oil regions to New York City. Should this enterprise be carried out, the present satisfactory position of the metropolis in the oil trade would be materially strengthened. Baltimore has been expecting to get this line, and will fight its construction to this port. Other influences will contest it, but it is believed now that the pipe will be laid. It will cost \$5,000 a mile.

The man who knows how to "drop in" of an evening, draw his chair up to your hearth as if it were his own, and fall into the usual evening routine of the household as if he were a member of it—how welcome he always is! The man who comes to stay under your roof for a season, and who, without being intrusive or familiar makes you feel that he is "at home" with you, and is content in his usual fashion of occupation—how delightful a guest he is! And the house—ah! how few of them!—into which one can go for a day or a week and feel sure that the family routine is in no-wise altered, the family comfort is in no-wise lessened, but on the contrary, increased by his presence—what joy it is to cross their thresholds! What good harbors of refuge they are to weary wanderers.

The turning around of a dog before lying down to sleep is a natural instinctive habit derived from his originally wild condition, and most remarkably retained in a domestic state. A wild dog makes his bed among low grass, and to render it comfortable, he puts down his nose, turns around several times, and so throws down the grass in the space in which he turns, then lies down, and goes comfortably to sleep. There are other analogous instances of habit, through countless generations. Thus, the common sheep in a state of nature seeks safety at night from beasts of prey upon the mountain tops. The domesticated sheep retains the instinctive habit, although the necessity for it no longer exists. All the morning it may be seen feeding with its head down, and as regularly ascending in the afternoon.

Bad Habits.
Understand the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle unless you have broken your resolution once, twice, three—a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolutions just think the matter over and endeavor to understand why you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is a folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which has been gathering long years.

Dried Grub.
In Sunday School of one of our cities, a teacher had taken special pains to explain one Sunday just what was in the Ark of the Covenant and the pot of manna, etc., had been carefully explained, and the teacher felt confident her class could do themselves honor. At the closing exercises that day, the Superintendent asked, "What was in the Ark, children?" "The answer came from many voices, 'The table of stone, Aaron's rod.'" "But, what answer?" asked the Superintendent. No answer for a moment, when all at once a hand raised from one boy in this class, all eager to tell: "What is it, Willie?" "It was dried grub!"

A Prediction.
The New York Tribune puts on record this prediction as to the result of the war: "After a desperate resistance Turkey will be forced to succumb, Russia will content herself with a slice of Armenia, a new harbor on the southern shore of the Black Sea, and her former European boundary, including the mouth of the Danube; that she will lay no hand on Constantinople, stop short of any proceeding which might provoke the armed intervention of other powers, and leave Turkey a phantom existence in Europe for a few years longer."

All who visited the Centennial, will remember the Globe Hotel. It was an immense structure, containing over 1000 rooms, and cost over \$300,000. It was recently sold at auction for \$3,475. Tuttle's Soda Fountain Pavilion, that stood near the Globe, and cost \$12,000, was sold for \$175. It is supposed the stockholders of the Globe will not realize more than 75 per cent. of their capital.

Old and Young.

The death of old Lahrush, the British officer, at New York, reminds us of the undoubted increase in the number of persons who reach a century. Lahrush may or may not have been 111 (his case involves so much record that it might be investigated), but there are undoubtedly numerous instances every year of persons dying whose lives exceed a century. Of old negroes and immigrants, who can present no evidence of record, it is not necessary to take account, but centenarians of better established characters are almost ceasing to become rare. Whether cases are more frequently reported than formerly, or whether it is explained by the better success in modern times in preserving health, we have not yet data enough to determine. We believe it is pretty well established that life is growing longer. The Pall Mall Gazette, by the way, draws a striking contrast between the men at the head of affairs in Europe now, and at the beginning of this century. The leaders of European government and opinion are now nearly all men from sixty to eighty-five years of age, though, by the way, we inadvertently gave Bismarck ten years too much the other day, he being sixty-two instead of seventy-two. Beaconsfield is 72, Gladstone 68, Granville 62, Carlyle 81, Tennyson 67, the English Chief-Justice 75; Longfellow is 71, Emerson 75, Bryant 83, Victor Hugo 75; Gortschakoff is 79, MacMahon 69, Thiers and Emperor William 80, Jules Simon 63, the Pope nearly 85, and his most distinguished prelates long in years. In 1800, Napoleon at 31 was the master of France, and Pitt was in the 16th year of that premiership of England to which he had been elevated at the age of 25. Fox was 55, and Greenville 40, the leading English statesmen of the day. Wellington and Napoleon were only 46 at Waterloo, and at that age Frederick the Great was at the height of his military fame, as well as Washington. But in 1870, 71, Molke was 70. These contrasts are certainly curious. They do not hold this side of the ocean, but they may seventy-five years from now, when we have become more experienced and less ardent liars.

The Tomb of Esther and Mordecai.
The Jewish part of the inhabitants with whom I conversed shook their heads at the history of the Jewish tomb on the mountain, but entered with a solemn interest into the questions I put to them, respecting the sepulchre of Esther and Mordecai; the dome roof of which rises over the low, dun inhabitants of the poor remnant of Israel, still lingering in the land of their captivity. The tomb is regarded by all the Jews who yet exist in the empire as a place of particular sanctity, and pilgrimages are still made to it at certain seasons of the year, in the same spirit of holy penitence with which in former times they turned their eyes to Jerusalem. Being desirous of visiting a place which Christians cannot view without reverence, I sent to request for that favor of the Priest under whose care it is preserved. He came to me immediately on my message, and seemed pleased with the respect manifested toward the ancient people of his nation, in the manner with which I asked to be admitted to their shrine. I accompanied the Priest through the town over many a ruin and rubbish, to an inclosed piece of ground, rather more elevated than any in the immediate vicinity. In the centre was the Jewish tomb, a square building of brick, of a mosque-like form, with a rather elongated dome at the top. The whole seems in a very decaying state, falling fast to the mould, and in former times, had been connected with, and extended the consequence of, the sacred enclosure. The door that admitted us into the tomb is in the ancient sepulchral fashion of the country, very small, consisting of a single stone of great thickness, and turning on its own pivots from one side. Its key is always in possession of the head of the Jews, resident at Hamadan; and doubtless has been so preserved from the time of the holy pair's interment, when the grateful sons of the captivity, whose lives they had rescued from universal massacre, first erected a monument over the remains of their benefactors, and obeyed the ordinance of gratitude in making the anniversary of their preservation a lasting memorial to the faith of Esther and Mordecai.

Dakota Calendar.
Brevet Lieut. Col. Garrick Mallory of the U. S. Infantry and acting signal officer, has issued a pamphlet and accompanying chart, which presents an interesting feature in American ethnology. The chart is a reproduction of what is ascertained to be the calendar of the Dakotas, of Indians extending over a period of 71 years, commencing with the winter of 1799-1800. In strange and fantastic symbols are delineated in chronological system the more notable events occurring in the history of the Dakota nation. The drawings are reproduced in black and red, the colors originally used in the red drawings of the red man, from a copy of original painted upon a buffalo robe belonging to "Lone Dog," an aged Yankton-Dakota Indian. They are similar in appearance to the drawings in clay or chalk found upon most of the wigwags and shields of the Redskins, and illustrate in a grotesque manner the biographies of celebrated chiefs, histories of wars with other nations, the ravages of small-pox among the tribes, famine, horse-stealing expeditions, &c.

Lemons.
It is said that the average lemon tree will produce from 2,500 to 3,000 lemons. What, then, are we to think of that tree in Florida, from which, according to a correspondent of a Petersburg, Va., paper, they recently gathered 10,000 lemons, leaving 20,000 still upon it? They must have estimated the number of lemons on that tree by weight, and have weighed them, as they are said to weigh hogs in some of the rural districts of Iowa—balance a plank across a log, put the hog on one end of the plank and a pile of rocks on the other, and then guess at the weight of the rocks.

Humor.

AFTER TENNYSON.
In the Spring a lovelier iris
Gilds the burnished throat of doves,
In the Spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.
In the spring when folks are bilious,
They the cruel pill must take,
Schenck's or Coccles', Ayer's or Brann-
dret's,
Only for the stomach's sake.

Very unsatisfactory sort of bread.—The roll of fame.
"Are you fond of tongue, sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, and I like it still."

A worn out parent has named his first baby Macbeth, because he has "murdered" sleep.
"When taken to be well shaken," as the man said when he advertised his run-away apprentice.

A San Francisco paper says:—"The small-pox seems to be dying out in the city, and so do the patients."
Why is an old man's farm in Texas like the focus of a sun-glass? Because it is the place where the sons raise meat.

"My dear," said a lady to her husband, "what is cotton duck?" "Oh," said he, nonchalantly, "a kind of canvass-back."
"Liberal discount to the trade," as the bruiser said when he chewed off only one ear from a brother professional with whom he was fighting.

A woman in Oskosh ground nearly half of a shirt through a cloth wringer before discovering that her baby was in the shirt. It was an awful strain on the wringer.
A woman having read in a poem about a simoon that "swept the pains," is urging her husband to get one of them new-fangled things for her to use in the kitchen.

"Now, my boy," said the examiner, "if I had a mince pie, and should give two-twelfths of it to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Henry, and should take half the pie myself, what would be left? Speak out loud, so that all can hear." "The plate," shouted the boy.

All about the eye.—What part of the eye is like a rat-bow?—The iris. What part is like a school-boy?—The pupil. What part is like the globe?—The ball. What part is like the top of a chest?—The lid. What part is like the piece of a whip?—The lash. What part is the summit of the hill?—The brow.

A Detroit widow owns and occupies a cottage under the shadow of a church steeple which is supposed to be in danger of falling when a high wind blows. At midnight a few nights ago when the wind blew fiercely, she got up her family and dressed them, and then folded her arms with the remark, "Now, then, if that steeple falls and kills us, people will know that we were a respectable family, anyhow. George, you brush up your hair a little more, and Sarah, you take your feet off the stove hearth and pin your collar more to the left."

Anecdote of Napoleon I.
One of the most remarkable cases of defeated avarice was that of a cobbler who lived in the time of the elder Napoleon. When the Emperor, in 1811, desired to build a palace for the King of Rome near the Barrier de Passy, in surveying the line of the facade, the shop of a poor cobbler, named Simon Pireot, stood in the way, and quite disconcerted the building engineer. The fact was reported at headquarters, and after consultation with the Emperor it was decided to purchase the little tenement. It was of very small value, but Simon Pireot, having heard of what was going on, had a miser's dream at once, and demanded fifteen thousand francs for his stall. The administrator hesitated at such a sum, but after the lapse of a few days concluded to give the cobbler his price. The latter, gilded by avarice, now asked for forty thousand francs. After considerable haggling, and a futile attempt to change the frontage of the proposed palace, this demand was acceded to. But Pireot now raised his price to sixty thousand francs, and was really offered fifty thousand, which he refused. The Emperor being consulted said he would give no more, even though he should be compelled to seek another location. The cobbler then began to see his foolishness, and offered his property at fifty thousand francs, forty thousand, thirty thousand, coming down at last to even ten thousand francs, but the authorities would not purchase, he had broken up his plans by his avarice, and they would have nothing to do with him. A few months later the cobbler sold his shop for one hundred and fifty francs. One week after the sale he was removed to an insane asylum; disappointed greed for gold had driven him crazy, and thus he died.

Bad Habits.
Understand the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle unless you have broken your resolution once, twice, three—a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolutions just think the matter over and endeavor to understand why you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is a folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which has been gathering long years.

Dried Grub.
In Sunday School of one of our cities, a teacher had taken special pains to explain one Sunday just what was in the Ark of the Covenant and the pot of manna, etc., had been carefully explained, and the teacher felt confident her class could do themselves honor. At the closing exercises that day, the Superintendent asked, "What was in the Ark, children?" "The answer came from many voices, 'The table of stone, Aaron's rod.'" "But, what answer?" asked the Superintendent. No answer for a moment, when all at once a hand raised from one boy in this class, all eager to tell: "What is it, Willie?" "It was dried grub!"

A Prediction.
The New York Tribune puts on record this prediction as to the result of the war: "After a desperate resistance Turkey will be forced to succumb, Russia will content herself with a slice of Armenia, a new harbor on the southern shore of the Black Sea, and her former European boundary, including the mouth of the Danube; that she will lay no hand on Constantinople, stop short of any proceeding which might provoke the armed intervention of other powers, and leave Turkey a phantom existence in Europe for a few years longer."

All who visited the Centennial, will remember the Globe Hotel. It was an immense structure, containing over 1000 rooms, and cost over \$300,000. It was recently sold at auction for \$3,475. Tuttle's Soda Fountain Pavilion, that stood near the Globe, and cost \$12,000, was sold for \$175. It is supposed the stockholders of the Globe will not realize more than 75 per cent. of their capital.

Lemons.
It is said that the average lemon tree will produce from 2,500 to 3,000 lemons. What, then, are we to think of that tree in Florida, from which, according to a correspondent of a Petersburg, Va., paper, they recently gathered 10,000 lemons, leaving 20,000 still upon it? They must have estimated the number of lemons on that tree by weight, and have weighed them, as they are said to weigh hogs in some of the rural districts of Iowa—balance a plank across a log, put the hog on one end of the plank and a pile of rocks on the other, and then guess at the weight of the rocks.

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