

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

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The Avant Courier.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

T. R. Edwards,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to A. Lamme & Co's. Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.

J. J. Davis,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office on Black street, Bozeman, M. T. Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.

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.

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 specialty.
December 10th, 1875.

Henry Hitchins,
MAIN ST., BOZEMAN, M. T.,
House, Sign, Carriage

ORNAMENTAL PAINTER!
I prepared to execute all work in his line in the highest style of the art, and will guarantee satisfaction in every instance.
[6-131f]

Watches and Jewelry.

LEA. F. MARSTON
Manufactures and Repairs Jewelry. 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 lists and compare terms before sending.
WATCH WORK A SPECIALTY.
Shop opposite the Post Office.

J. H. TAYLOR
Keeps constantly on hand a full line of Stationery, at reduced prices, School and Miscellaneous Books, Prang's American Chromo, Picture Frames and Pictures, Picture and Cornice Mouldings, Parlor Brackets, Wall Pockets, Towel Racks, &c., Candles and Nuts, Tobaccos and Cigars, Fancy Goods.
Notions, &c.
PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.
Subscriptions received for all newspapers and periodicals.

At the Post-Office,
MAIN STREET,
Bozeman, M. T., Jan. 1, 1877.

Cosmopolitan Hotel,
Nos. 37 & 39 Main Street,
HELENA, Montana,
SCHWAB & ZIMMERMAN,
Proprietors.

Metropolitan Hotel,
Louis Kruger,
Proprietor,
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.

The Legend of the Ages.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

I had a dream; the Wall of the Ages unto me
Appeared—of live flesh and rough granite built,
An immobility made of restlessness,
An edifice with the sound of multitudes,
Black loop holes starred with fierce, out-peering eyes.
And evolutions of all monstrous groups
In giant frescoes and vast bas reliefs,
Opened the wall at times, and showed the halls,
Vaults where the happy sat, the powerful,
Conquerors by crime imbued, incense drunk,
Interiors of jasper, porphyry, gold;
Or crowned with towers or wheat ears,
Every age
Was there, and sphinx o'er its enigma bent;
Each stage with some vague animation showed,
Far rising into shadow—as an armed host,
Where, with its leader, suddenly petrified,
In act to storm by escalade the Night,
The mass thus floated as a cloud that rolls;
A wall it was, and then a multitude;
The marble held the sceptre and the sword,
The dust lamented and the dull clay bled,
The stones that fell disclosed the human form,
Man, with the unknown spirit leading him,
Eve undulating, Adam floating, one
And diverse, being unverse, best there,
And destiny, black thread the tomb winds off,
Sometimes the lightnings on this livid plane
Flashing, made million faces suddenly gleam,
I saw the Nought there which we call the All—
The kings, the gods, the glory and the law,
And generations down the age stream borne,
And, as I looked, continued without end
The plague, woe, hunger, ignorance,
The superstition, science, history;
As a black colonnade is lost to view,
This wall, composed of all that crumbles down,
Rose gloomy, scarped and formless. Where it was
I knew not; somewhere in the darksome place.

Indian Troops.

Capt. C. E. S. McDonald has made the following proposition to the Secretary of the Interior:
"It is admitted that the cause of these mutual slaughters between the races is the enforced conditions on which the primitive proprietors are required to surrender their lands; and in every instance their retirement into the wilderness before the approach of civilization has been with feelings of reluctance and ill-disguised resentment. The civilized invader, in apparent consideration for their interests, commences by setting apart reservations of land for exclusive Indian uses; but at length the frontier adventurer trenches on their rights—which results in relentless war. I affirm that the red man is still reclaimable, and willing to be made a useful being; and that, too, upon the least showing of consideration to him, and confidence in his integrity. A mental at present he cannot become, being naturally of a haughty nature; but for the army, here he would find his sphere and home. He is apt and invaluable when properly trained. The native Algerines form a most important element of the French army, commanded by French officers. The Turco is not the physique of the Pawnee, Sioux, or Comanche. The Arab is a better horseman, and the Sepoy is his inferior. The measure of intelligence is equal, and in tractability of character, before the military training they received, no preference is conceded for the English or French native corps, over our American Indian. I have invariably found them, under the influence of kind treatment, tractable and obedient. To come at once to the proposition which I now make to the Government: Upon receipt of official authorization, I will go to the reservation where are concentrated any particular tribe (either Pawnees, Sioux, Comanches, or others), and at once commence the task of training them, where they are, selecting a sufficient number to form a regiment; asking only that I shall be under no control, and not subject to interference until such time as I shall have perfected them up to the point of full military requirement. From the experiment, carried out as I propose, an example would be set which would bring even all the Indians into perfect organization, were it deemed necessary for the benefit of the nation. The Indians, in so far as military matters are concerned, would be very valuable. Their natural warlike disposition is at once the expansion of this. The different tribes would be eagerly seeking to be organized and set in motion. And, from this point of view, other branches of civilization would follow, and emulation be carried into the arts of husbandry—naturally following that of arms—into mechanical and educational pursuits; and then to other localities, where their services might be required, order would spring from chaos, and friendship grow up with esprit du corps, marking a glittering page in the solid history of advancement. First commencing with their natural instinct, and the rest will follow. I see no reason why a corps of 20,000 native troops could not be added to our army without additional expense. I shall require the services of a few officers only, as assistants. These to be, of course, of my own selection. These conditions being complied with, I guarantee that at the end of six months after the commencement of training, I will march these Indians, by permission of the Government, into the city of Washington, and encamp them before the representatives of the whole country, and fully convince them that I have made the Indians and their allies, and that they are the friends of the nation, and ready to compete successfully with any military organization in the world. This to be done without additional expense to the Government, further than they incur upon their regular, hitherto demoralized reservations."

THE CAMPAIGN.

[Specials to COURIER.]

The following delayed dispatches were received at the COURIER office after we had gone to press last week, and are here given as part of the history of the campaign:

GENERAL MILES' REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS YELLOWSTONE COMMAND, Cantonment on Tongue River, May 16th, 1877.
Assistant Adjutant General, Department of Dakota, St. Paul, Minnesota:
SIR—I was respectfully to report, that with a portion of this command, consisting of a Battalion of the 21 Cav. (4 co's) under Captain Ball, companies B and H, 5th Infantry, and companies E, F, G and H, 22d Infantry, I moved up Tongue River against a body of Indians, led by Lame Deer, who had refused to come in and surrender or to return to their Agency. I learned on the 5th that they had crossed the Tongue and Rosebud, moving west. Leaving my train on the Tongue River with three Infantry companies, I moved at 2:30 p. m. on the 5th directly across the broken country, crossing the Rosebud near the junction of the two commands in 1876, these westward to a high divide that separates the waters of Rosebud and Tullock's Fork, called by the Indians "Big Hill." The command reached that point at 3 a. m. and resumed the march soon after day light on the 6th inst. By the aid of Indian scouts the camp was discovered some twenty-five miles distant to the south and east. With the Cavalry I pushed rapidly forward, leaving the Infantry companies to follow as speedily as possible.
After passing over a difficult and circuitous route, resting at 8 o'clock, the march was resumed at 2:30 o'clock; the camp was surprised and captured at 4:30 a. m. on the 7th inst.

I am pleased to mention as deserving of much praise the Battalion of the 2d Cavalry commanded by Capt. Ball, and consisting of Capt. Tyler, Wheeler and Norwood, and Lieut. Jerome's companies for their courage and endurance.
Lieut. Jerome and Casey, and the troops under their command, I deem worthy of special mention for the zeal and skill with which they performed the dangerous and important duty assigned them.
Very Respectfully,
Your Obedient Servant,
NELSON A. MILES.
Col. 5th Inf., Batt. Maj.-Gen. U. S. A.
Rosebud, May 25th.

Generalities.

A Russian Commissary has been shot for adulterating army flour.
A Texas paper says that grass 30 feet in height grows on the San Marcos River.
The Princess of Wales has gone to her father, as a result of the Prince's infidelity.

THE POWDER RIVER PLAN.

Two Indian couriers came to us to-day from Gen. Miles at Cantonment. Tomorrow we move across to Tongue river and will then move down the river to our supplies, now en route to us, after which we move up Tongue river to Otter Creek, about 70 miles from mouth of Tongue river, and from there send out scouts to the Little Powder river to see if any Indians are camped there. About 300 lodges have been reported in that vicinity. If a camp is discovered, Gen. Miles will move up and join us with the 7th Cavalry, which will be at Cantonment in a few days, and we will go after said Indians.
If no large band of hostiles is found, we will march back to Cantonment, and probably go north after Sitting Bull and others. This is the present plan; circumstances may alter it. Doane is ordered to join us as soon as possible—don't know where he is now.
CAVALRY.

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THE VENUS OF MILO.

The report that the arms of the Venus of Milo have been discovered is confirmed by a letter received at the State Department from General Meredith Read, our Charge d'Affaires at Athens. He writes that they were found on the Island of Milo, at a distance of less than 30 feet from the place where the statue itself was found in 1820. He says: "The arms are exquisitely modeled; one holds a kind of disk or shield. The workmanship and the locality compel even the skeptical to acknowledge the authenticity of these wonderful relics." General Read adds: "It is not a little singular that the news of the death of the finder of the famous Venus of Milo, now in the Louvre, has just reached Greece the moment when the other portions of that great work of art are being brought to light."
—Secretary Schurz has appointed a board to investigate the general motives of the Indian Bureau, the money and property accounts of Indian Agents. The last accounts of all Agents are to be examined and the law applied where irregularities exist.
—Senator Jones will submit an amendment to the Constitution, providing for paper money only as a legal tender the issue to be at the rate of \$30 per capita of the population as per each annual census.

The Historical Harbor.

Today the pilgrims were again taken in hand by the people of Charleston, and "carried" out into the harbor. This time it was to see the defenses of the harbor, and particularly the historic points of Fort Moultrie, Fort Sumpter, Castle Pinckney, Wagner's Island, Charleston Bar, and, perhaps, one or two other places of less note in the last conflict. We were taken on board the steamship, Charleston, of the New York and Charleston line, a fine, large sidewheel steamer of 1400 to 2000 tons burden. The Charleston was a Government vessel during the war, she being one of the merchant vessels bought by old Gideon Wells for the purpose of chasing (they scarcely ever caught one) the Confederate blockade runners. Her name at that time was T. E. Gigg, and she had the name of being very fast. She was fast; though, like some horses, she was always just fast enough to lose the race. She never caught up with a private steamer in her life. And we steamed out to the bar in this historical craft to look at the historical points.
Fort Sumpter is now a mass of ruins with a light-house at one of the angles. Originally it had three tiers of casemates, from which the guns looked out on the bay and over the city. Two or three big cannon lie idly on the top of the ruins, and half a dozen U. S. soldiers are quartered there to look after the Government property. The light-house keeper has now become the ranking officer on that grim citadel in the sea, and the lighting of his lamps to guide the shipping into harbor is the most exciting event that occurs from day to day. I thought of the old picture of peace, where a bird has built her nest; and reared her young in the mouth of a cannon, when I looked at the light-house keeper, solitary perched on the grim escarpment of Fort Sumpter.
Fort Moultrie is situated off to the left of Sumpter as you go down the bay, and has more of the appearance of war about it. There are one or two companies of soldiers quartered there, and the morning drill and evening dress-parade are gone through with military punctiliousness. It is connected with the land, and is by no means difficult to reach in that way, though to a heavy-draught vessel like ours it is impossible to come near the walls.
Castle Pinckney is a small fortification built well in the harbor, that has something of a military appearance about it. It was not used much during the war, being protected by the outer fortifications. It had a history, however, earlier in the Republic, having been one of the coast fortifications during the revolutionary war, and also a formidable defense of Charleston in the war of 1812.
Fort Wagner was (it can scarcely be said to have an existence now) situated on the low neck of land that runs out to the north and east from the very mouth of the harbor. A continuation of it, winging still further to the north and covered by the water, forms the bar. Beyond that roll the waves of the broad Atlantic. The battery is a piece of face-wall, which is but a continuation of the docks, looking out on the water, with a promenade on top extending about half a mile on its two sides. It belongs to the General Government, and, being thus barred to commerce presents a fine view to the occupants of the "toney" houses that line the street back of it.

A Story With a Moral.

Dr. J. C. Ayer's condition preaches its warning sermon to the great North American do-or-die business man. Dr. Ayer went into business for himself before coming of age. He left even Benjamin Franklin's sage business maxims far behind. He discarded the precept, "Early to bed and early to rise." It was not enough for him. He went to bed late and rose early. He worked twenty hours out of every twenty-four. He lived to make money. His devotions were unceasing at the altar of business. He thought business, talked business, breathed business, ate business and dreamt business. Business prospered. He moved from a small store to a larger one, and from that to one larger. He was one of the representative successful men. He was pointed out as a model of what could be accomplished by industry, patience and perseverance. He lived in the shop, and could never get out of the shop. The great globe, with all its beauty and grandeur, with all it had to give of thought, association and sentiment, was for Dr. Ayer but a huge pill and a place whereon to make and sell pills. "Other worlds than ours," if reached, would be for Dr. Ayer only have meant other pills and big planetary pills and homes for sick Mercantiles, Jupitarians and Saturnarians, who should cure all diseases with Ayer's Pills. That was all the universe implied to Dr. Ayer. Mind thus shrouded, forced, pressed and crammed into one idea, at last that idea dominates and masters the man. Too much pressure for years of pills and business. No other thought or occupation to serve as a balance. The regulator gives way. Now he wanders about the grounds of a private asylum, and the man of fifteen millions is overjoyed if he can drive an imaginary bargain with his keepers for an old window-seat and realize ten cents by it. The "guardians" of his \$15,000,000 receive \$15,000 or \$20,000 a year for taking care of it, and the man of over seven millions begs and whines in vain for the loss of forty dollars.

Scientific Notes.

Bunsenite is the name proposed for a pure telluride of gold discovered a month or so ago at Dagavaz, in Hungary.
An invention has been patented which may produce almost as marked an effect as the cotton gin. It is a wagon-like machine called the picker, and when driven through the ripened fields, picks clean every scrap of cotton, and saves the labor of one hundred hands.
Even in the best qualities of glass, the jagged continued action of sun-light produces irritation. When the glass is examined at right angles to the surface, nothing appears to impair the purity of its transparency; but when it is looked at obliquely, minute and regular striae are easily discovered.
Bunker Hill Monument, resting upon hard sand and gravel, with a pressure of five and one-half tons per square foot, has not settled, while the first spire of Trinity Church, New York, resting upon coarse sand with a slight admixture of clay, with a pressure of five tons, settled so much that it had to be taken down and rebuilt.
An area of land, about six hundred acres in extent, situated in the Mississippi about 50 miles below Memphis, Tennessee, was found strewn with particles resembling fish scales after a heavy rain storm, the other day. The people are converting the hard and shiny pieces into shirt buttons.
Prof. Kewall, the Russian naturalist, has found included in a specimen of quartz taken from Ufalet, Siberia, fragments of a complete remains of a paleo-green caterpillar, which, he thinks, is the larva of the Tiaid moth. In another crystal he discovered flatulent inclosures, which he takes to be confervae.
Captain Burton, who has returned to Oiro from his Red Sea explorations, announces in his report to the Khedive the discovery of great treasures, and of remains of the seven ancient cities, which were built on the sites of the gold mines once worked by the Copts, the Persians and the Romans. Capt. Burton intends to begin the work of mining at these places in November.
The first reaping machine in history was used in Gaul, A. D. 70. Pliny says: "The mode of getting in the harvest varies considerably. In the vast domains of the provinces of Gaul, a large plow, frame, armed with teeth, and supported on two wheels, is driven through the standing grain, the beasts being yoked behind it; the result being that the ears are torn off and fall within the frame." We do not hear that it was patented.
In the mill of a codfish, or in water in which certain vegetables have been infused, the microscope discovers animalcules, of which many thousand together do not equal in bulk a grain of sand, and yet many of these are supplied with organs as complex as those of a whale or an elephant. In a single pound of such matter there are more living creatures than human beings on the face of the entire globe.
Preserved peas are, far more commonly than people think, colored with salts of copper, to counterfeit the fresh, natural tint. If they are put up without being artificially colored they have a yellowish hue, and this suggests an easy test of their purity by simple inspection. Pastur has found that out of 14 cases of peas which he analyzed, 10 had been treated with copper, to such an amount in some instances that this poisonous adulterant was equal to one-tenth-thousandth of the entire mass, minus the water.
M. Richet's experiments have determined several very interesting facts regarding digestion. Although the stomach usually is empty four hours after a meal is taken, the sensation of hunger is not felt until after the lapse of six hours. Ordinary food, such as meat and fatty or starchy substances, require to be acted upon in the stomach for three or four hours, and then the entire mass disappears in about 15 minutes into the pylorus. Milk is taken up after the lapse of from an hour and a half to two hours; and the absorption of water and alcohol is very rapid.

A Love Affair.

After Miss Cushman had achieved fame in England she made a tour of this country. She was then a woman of middle age, with a remarkably ugly face, but a tall and well-moulded frame. She played an engagement at the National Theatre, Cincinnati. Conrad B. Clarke was the leading man, many years her junior. He had been brought up as a gentleman, being the son of a Quaker in Philadelphia. Miss Cushman was struck with his polish and wit, his talent and cultured tones. On the conversations on acting in the theatre, Clarke soon began to call at her hotel to receive particular instruction in the parts he was to play with her; then he escorted her home from the theatre at nights, and it was plainly to be seen that she looked with marked favor on the young actor. One evening she was at the wing, ready to go on as "Meg Merriles." I was standing by her side, and Mr. Clarke was a few steps off, flirting desperately with a lovely young actress, who had been christened "The Poodle Dog," from the way she dressed her hair, which was just thought a wild, crazy style.
The star had been giving me a few stages

Humor.

How to take life easy—Be careless with coal-oil.
Song of the saw-log—"I'm saw-dust when I sing."
A good friend that is always round—A silver dollar.
The latest invention is artificial teeth that will not chew tobacco.
Hogg was a good writer, but he could not be considered a side of Bacon.
Little fish have a proper idea of business. Not being able to do better, they start on a small scale.
It is reported that a real Count sells milk in Geneva, N. Y. He is probably a nobleman of the first water.
We are waiting now for the obituary of the youthful idiot who gives tobacco to the early circus elephant.
"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor. "Right over there?" said the boy. "Tain't nowhere else."
The Philadelphia Bulletin supposes the Russian soldiers, while on the march, "cook their meals on the mountain ranges."
By appointing Ohio men to consulates in sickly localities, the President hopes to supply the demand of his fellow citizens for office.
It would be enough to make any millionaire's head grow bald by anticipation, if he could only look ahead and see how his heirs are bound to fall out after his death.
The long-sighted merchant who had wasted no money in advertising, now has plenty of time to wander in the cow pastures looking for greens.
General Spinner writes about a sixty pound Florida bass, but the Rochester Democrat suggests that, as the old gentleman is near-sighted and fond of sensations, it was probably an alligator.
An Iowa paper speaks of a man having been recently lynched "for burning the barn and contents of his son-in-law." Any man who will burn the contents of his son-in-law ought to be lynched.
An old soldier, who was discharged from the Treasury a day or two ago, because both he and his son were employed in the same department, said: "When we stepped up to be sworn as soldiers in defense of the Union, sixteen years ago, no objection was made because we belonged to the same family."
"There's nothing," said Mrs. McKernel, who keeps the boarding house up on North Hill, "that puts all the boarders in such a good humor as nice, tender roast goose." "Ah, yes," replied the scholarly book agent, waiting for an invitation to stay to dinner, "a soft anser turneth away wrath."
There is a good old California epitaph that has excited a good deal of interest, both from the character it describes and the question it asks. The epitaph is as follows:
"Here lies old Thirty-five per cent! The more he had, the more he lent; The more he got, the more he craved; The more he made, the more he shamed.— Good God! can such a soul be saved!"
The microscopist who attempted the robbery of President Lincoln's remains have been sentenced to the penitentiary.
—At an interview with a Louisiana colored delegation the President promised recognition of the negro's claims, agreeing that Lewis (colored) shall be made Naval officer at New Orleans, and Postmaster Parker (white) retained.

Bozeman can support

directions, and impelled by I know not what impulse, I suddenly asked:
"What of all things in this world, Miss Cushman, would you rather be?"
She replied, as impulsively glancing at Clarke, and sighing:
"I would rather be a pretty woman than anything else in this wide, wide world," and on the stage she rushed to shriek through "Meg Merriles." After this he assumed a bolder front, flirted no more about the scenes, and became obsequiously attentive to her. He traveled with her a short time to support her; it became a recognized fact that he was the great star's protege, and next it transpired that she had engaged him to go to England with her.
One evening Miss Cushman was going to the theatre alone, when a weak, haggard-looking woman approached her, with a baby in her arms. She was a small, red-handed, fragile creature. Laying her hand on Miss Cushman's arm, she said:
"Miss Cushman, I think a woman of your genius and position might have plenty of admirers without taking up with the husband of a poor woman like me."
The tragedienne paused in blank amazement.
"Are you talking to me?" she asked.
"I am."
"And you say I have taken your husband from you?"
"Yes—you—Charlotte Cushman."
"I don't know you; and may I ask the name of this precious husband of yours?"
"Conrad Clarke," she was the reply.
The great actress hurried away. She had received a blow, but she met it with as brave a front as she had many others in her not altogether smooth path of life. All smiles, bows and honeyed words, Clarke greeted her that night. She gave a death blow to all his hopes, not tenderly, as many a woman so situated might have done, but with characteristic decision.

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It would be enough to make any millionaire's head grow bald by anticipation, if he could only look ahead and see how his heirs are bound to fall out after his death.
The long-sighted merchant who had wasted no money in advertising, now has plenty of time to wander in the cow pastures looking for greens.
General Spinner writes about a sixty pound Florida bass, but the Rochester Democrat suggests that, as the old gentleman is near-sighted and fond of sensations, it was probably an alligator.
An Iowa paper speaks of a man having been recently lynched "for burning the barn and contents of his son-in-law." Any man who will burn the contents of his son-in-law ought to be lynched.
An old soldier, who was discharged from the Treasury a day or two ago, because both he and his son were employed in the same department, said: "When we stepped up to be sworn as soldiers in defense of the Union, sixteen years ago, no objection was made because we belonged to the same family."
"There's nothing," said Mrs. McKernel, who keeps the boarding house up on North Hill, "that puts all the boarders in such a good humor as nice, tender roast goose." "Ah, yes," replied the scholarly book agent, waiting for an invitation to stay to dinner, "a soft anser turneth away wrath."
There is a good old California epitaph that has excited a good deal of interest, both from the character it describes and the question it asks. The epitaph is as follows:
"Here lies old Thirty-five per cent! The more he had, the more he lent; The more he got, the more he craved; The more he made, the more he shamed.— Good God! can such a soul be saved!"
The microscopist who attempted the robbery of President Lincoln's remains have been sentenced to the penitentiary.
—At an interview with a Louisiana colored delegation the President promised recognition of the negro's claims, agreeing that Lewis (colored) shall be made Naval officer at New Orleans, and Postmaster Parker (white) retained.