

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

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

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

T. R. Edwards,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to A. Lamm & 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.

Geo. A. Baker,
Commission
AND
Brokerage,
219, Olive St.,
SLYTT LOUIS, MO.

Goods bought and sold on commission, advances also made. With a large acquaintance with dealers and merchants, can make the largest list of Montana merchants in filling their orders.
[34 6m]

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

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]

Watches and Jewelry.
LEA F. MARSTON
Manufactures and Repairs Jewelry. Will lay down American Watches at ten to 15 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.

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.

What Makes a Man.

Not numerous years, nor lengthened life,
Nor pretty children and a wife,
Nor pins and chains and fancy rings,
Nor any such like trumpery things;
Nor pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,
Nor liberty with Kings to dine,
Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat,
Nor dandy vest, nor trim cravat,
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store;
Nor Mister, Rev'rend, Sir, nor Squire,
With titles that the memory tire;
Nor ancestry traced back to Will,
Who went from Normandy to kill;
Nor Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore,
Nor thousand volumes rambled o'er;
Not Judge's robe, nor Mayor's mace,
Nor crowns that deck the royal race—
These, all united, never can
Avail to make a single man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for his kind;
A helper of the human race,
A son of beauty and of grace;
A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends the knee;
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chains, for small or great;
That truly speaks of God within,
And never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despo a make,
And loves the truth for his own sake;
That worships God, and him alone;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod—
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse and ban;
That is the soul that makes the man.

A Feather.

"Drop me a feather out of the blue,
Bird flying up to the sun;"
Higher and higher the skylark flew,
But dropped her never a one.
"Only a feather I ask of thee,
Fris from the purer air;"
Upward the lark flew, bold and free,
To heaven, and vanished there.
Only the sound of a repletuous song
Throbbet in the tremulous light;
Only a voice could linger long
At such a wondrous height,
"Drop me a feather!" but while I cry,
Lo! I see a vision fair,
The bird from the heart of the glowing
Sinks thro' the joyous air.

Downward sinking and singing alone,
But the song which was glad above,
Takes ever a deeper and dearer tone,
For it trembles with earthly love.
And the feather, saked from the bound-
less heaven
Were a gift of little worth,
For oh! what a boon by the lark is giv'n
When he brings all heaven to earth!

John S. C. Abbott.

Rev. John S. C. Abbott, the celebrated historical and biographical writer, died at New Haven, on Sunday, at seventy-two years of age. He was born at Brunswick, Maine, and was a brother of Rev. Jacob Abbott, also a writer of world-wide reputation. He was educated at Bowdoin college, and graduated in 1825. He was at the Andover Theological Seminary, and after the completion of his theological studies, was stationed at Worester, at Roxbury and Nantucket. In 1844 he devoted himself entirely to authorship. Among his works were six volumes of biographical sketches of Marie Antoinette, Josephine, etc., a history of Napoleon I. in two volumes, a very fulsome eulogy, a history of the French revolution, Austria, the American civil war, a history of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, beside a large number of children's books.

Tail Cutting.

The China papers say that the "tail cutting epidemic" has broken out at Pekin, and has caused great consternation. The mandarins have put up a notice offering 50 taels for the apprehension of a tail cutter; but this will hardly have much influence, for the people are persuaded that the agency is supernatural. Death is said to follow the loss of the tail within three days. Several cases of death are reported, and there is so much concurrent testimony that it is difficult to believe. It is common now in the streets to see men with their tails wound around their heads, or hanging over one another in front. Two of the eunuchs of the palace in Pekin have been mysteriously deprived of their tails, and such an occurrence taking place within the sacred precincts of the Forbidden City, naturally increases the prevailing alarm. The druggists' shops are thronged with eager purchasers of canabur, which is an unfailing item in the prescription for charms to be worn about the person, and many Chinese are afraid to venture out.

"Don't Know the Family."

When Senator Blaine was told by a friend, the other day, that a great many people attributed the inspiration of the Gall Hamilton letters in the Tribune to him, he said that reminded him of a little story. A woman in one of the back counties of Pennsylvania went before a notary public to acknowledge a deed, and was asked the usual question if she signed the deed without compulsion or fear of her husband. Stepping back one or two paces, she put her hands on her hips, and her head on one side, and, after looking at the man for a moment, exclaimed: "I guess, Judge, you don't know the family."

Mr. Alderson's Letter.

ST. PAUL, June 9, 1877.

Almost too late for regrets even, I feel that I have sadly neglected the COURIER during the last several weeks' sojourn in the States. I should have written from St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha, but the pressure of business, or—nearer the truth perhaps—the pressure of the atmosphere, prevented. But really, the weather during the past week has been excessively hot and debilitating, especially to a person who has resided more than a decade in a high altitude and at 46° north latitude.

THE "STATE OF ST. LOUIS"

is truly a great city, but a Montanian should have very urgent business, indeed, to justify a sojourn there of more than three or four days during the hot season. St. Louis is hotter than New Orleans, as dirty and smoky as Pittsburgh, almost as noisy and crowded as New York, with less "grit," but more local wealth, than Chicago, which latter city she is destined to rival and probably outstrip in population, business and commercial importance during the present century. Whatever there is of St. Louis appears to be solid and substantial. Her growth has been slow, gradual and natural, yielding, almost reluctantly, to her favorable natural position, which with the urgent demands of a legitimately increasing business, make her, perhaps, one of the most independent, self-reliant cities of the great west.

And while she cannot at present boast of as many railroads as Chicago, her natural advantages are unquestionably greater. Her situation, as she is, in the very heart of the richest agricultural States in the Union. Her magnificent iron bridge, spanning the world and mingling waters of two majestic streams which are navigable for thousands of miles, south and north, and which drain the richest valleys of the continent, is a small but significant tribute and monument to the greatness, wealth, and commercial importance of the city's great natural highways—the majestic Mississippi and the mighty Missouri.

One touch of Nature makes all the world akin; (we give the idea if not the exact language), and perhaps it was this slight "brush" of nature, as we bent over the huge iron structure and looked into the abyss below, and faintly imagined that we recognized the waters as a part of the same as those passing through our own quiet little town in the far-off Rocky Mountains, that brought us in sympathy with St. Louis. True, from their color and general appearance they were hardly recognizable, but as with Falstaff, in strict case to our relief, and we could no longer doubt. Then, it appears so easy and natural—I had almost said inevitable—for Montanians to "drift" down to St. Louis, for business, pleasure, and even permanent settlement, that there must be a bond of sympathy between "the State of Saint Louis" and "the Territory of Helena." Our stay in St. Louis was at the PLANTER'S HOUSE,

kept in good style by an old Montanian, Benjamin Stickey, Esq., for many years a resident of Helena. Montanians invariably go there and the only regrets they have upon leaving is that their business arrangements will not allow of their remaining longer. "Ben" was never known to lack an elegantly furnished room and a "square meal" when a Montanian dropped in to see him.

Geo. A. Baker.

Geo. A. Baker, a prominent merchant of Fort Benton, is permanently located in St. Louis, Mo., conducting the business of Banker and Commission Merchant at 219 Olive street. His brother, L. G. Baker, head of the firm of I. G. Baker & Co., Fort Benton, also resides in St. Louis, and has his office with his brother, George. Both are gentlemen of high social qualities, as well as of undoubted business qualifications, means, integrity and honor. They are always pleased to have Montanians call, and are ready to serve them in any and every possible manner.

THE U. P. AND MONTANA.

There is no doubt that the Union Pacific Company will build a branch road this summer from Sidney, toward, if not to the Black Hills; and it is quite probable that the Deaver road will be extended in the same direction early next spring, if not sooner.

Considering that Montana has always contained such a small population, it is astonishing how many Montanians and ex-Montanians one will meet in going East and returning. We are more than ever convinced that they are a live, energetic and go ahead sort of people, and that eventually they are destined to make themselves known and felt. To a greater or less extent, they are all representative men, and will eventually do something towards directing the attention of Eastern people and capitalists to the inexhaustible wealth of the valleys and mountains of Montana.

W. W. A.
Have a pail partly filled with tepid water, throw in a teaspoonful of powdered borax, have one small chamiso dipped into the borax water, to wash the windows, then with a dry chamiso rub the window dry and polish. In this way windows may be cleaned in a very few moments, and not wet the carpets or tire the person.

Generalities.

General Henningsen, who went with Walker to capture Nicaragua, is dead. Mrs. Caroline Norton, the author of "Bingen on the Rhine" and many other poems and sketches, is dead. She has been paralyzed for several years.

Oatmeal contains as much sugar as new milk, fifty per cent more than rye meal and wheaten bread, and nearly fourteen times as much as Indian meal and rice.

A Mr. Ross, of Fayette county, fell from his buggy a few days ago, dislocating his neck. Strange to say, he lived for some hours, and rode some distance after the accident, before he died.

Oregon has a new expedient for keeping her citizens sober. Every man who drinks is obliged to take out a license costing five dollars. It is a penal offense for any liquor dealer to sell a drink to an unlicensed man.

On the farm of R. Pybus, near Leelanaw, Michigan, a piece of ground several rods in circumference sank this spring so that the tops of two large trees on the tract are even with the former level of the ground. The cause of the phenomenon is unknown.

The Connecticut farmers are not planting as much tobacco this year as usual; owing to the falling off in price and to a light demand for the quality grown there, which is of a lighter color than that grown south of the Ohio river. A dark color is the fashion.

It is not generally known, but should be, that a handful of flour thrown on burning oil will quench the flame immediately. The next time you have a lamp explosion, try the experiment, and see how like a charm it will act. It is well worth remembering.

The bottom has dropped out of the Black Hills pretty effectually. A great deal of poverty and suffering are reported among the adventurers who have flocked thither, and disappointed and disgusted men are leaving in such numbers that Deaver city will soon deserve its name more than ever.

The march of improvement in Albany last week destroyed the most venerable resident of that city, an old man, one hundred and fifty years old and more. which was removed to make room for widening the street. According to the Journal, which is much increased since the vandalism, there is a story well vouched for that Philip Livingston, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, once, as he was born in 1716, took occasion when a young man, to stay the hand of a sailor who was preparing to cut down the elm with his pocket knife.

An idea of the age which orange trees may attain is furnished by the history of the magnificent one in the orangery of the Palace of Versailles, known by the name of the Grand Connétable, or Grand Bourgeois, which is now 450 years old. It grew from some bits of a bitter orange planted in a pot at the commencement of the fifteenth century, by Eleanor of Castille, wife of Charles III. King of Navarre.

The young plants which sprang from the seeds were kept in the same tub at Pamplona until 1499. In 1684, more than two centuries after, they were removed to Versailles. The Grand Connétable, which may be regarded as the senior of living orange trees, is still perfectly vigorous, and does not exhibit any signs of decay.

The San Francisco Alta says that this is how Samuel L. Clemens obtained the name which he has made famous, the explanation being given in a letter to Mr. J. A. McPherson, of that city:

DEAR SIR: "Mark Twain" was the nom de plume of one Capt. Isaiah Sellers, who used to write river news over it for the New Orleans Picayune. He died in 1863, and as he could no longer need that signature, I laid violent hands upon it, without asking permission of the proprietor's remains. That is the history of the nom de plume I bear.

Grant's Casket.

The gold casket containing the freedom of London has on the obverse central panel a view of the Capitol at Washington, and on the right and left are the monogram and arms of the Lord Mayor. On the reverse side is a view of the entrance to Guild Hall and an appropriate inscription. At the ends are two figures, representing the city of London and the United States, and bearing their respective shields; the latter executed in rich enamel. At the corners are double columns of laurel wreathed with corn and cotton, and on the cover a cornucopia, emblematical of the fertility and prosperity of the United States. Rose, shamrock and thistle are introduced. The cover is surmounted by the arms of the city of London. The casket is supported by American eagles modelled and chased in gold; the whole standing on a velvet plinth decorated with stars and stripes.

Instinct.

Pliny Jewell, of Hartford, takes great pride in his tame gold fishes, which swarm in the pond on his grounds. Every evening he goes down to the bank and throws a quantity of cracker crumbs into the water near the edge. But the fish will not touch these, as they understand that they are for the birds, which swoop down in flocks to get their evening meal. Mr. Jewell then goes to the other end of the pond and rings a small bell, and immediately the fish come together with a rush, making the water bubble and boil in their eagerness to seize the crumbe thrown in to them.

The Hundredth Anniversary of the Stars and Stripes.

Thursday, June 14th, was the centennial of the adoption of the American flag. On the 14th day of June, 1777, when for more than two years the colonists had been struggling upon the battlefield with varying fortunes and the immortal Declaration of Independence had been issued and before the people for nearly one year, the Colonial Congress, feeling that it was time a national emblem was instituted and that the new nation should have a worthy ensign, passed an act providing that the flag of the thirteen United States should be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white, with a union of thirteen stars, white in a blue field representing a new constellation. Some changes were subsequently made, until by Act of Congress, April 4, 1818, the flag was permanently established by the provision that the stripes were to be thirteen and the stars to represent the number of the States, the addition for each new State to be made on the next 4th of July succeeding its admission to the Union.

The royal crosses were done away with after the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and on the 14th of June, 1777, Congress resolved "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." That resolution is the first recorded legislation concerning the flag. Paul Jones was the first person to unfurl the flag, which he did on a gun boat on the day Congress passed the resolution. At this time the stars were put in a circle. This flag was unchanged until 1794, when Vermont and Kentucky having been admitted to the Union, S. M. Bradley, of the former State, introduced a resolution that on and after May 1, 1793, the flag consist of 15 stars, white and red, and the Union of 15 stripes. The war of 1812 was fought under this flag, and it was not changed until 1818, although several States had meanwhile been admitted.

In 1818 the present flag was authorized by Congress and as the act, by its terms, went into effect only on July 4, 1818, the legal existence of the flag of to-day dates from that time. It is in consequence of the absence of all legislation regarding the form of the constellation in the American flag that the flag of our War Department has its union in the form of a star, while that of the Navy Department has its stars in a parallel form.

Much discussion, especially from 1816 to 1818, was had upon what should be the design for the flag of the Republic. The best of taste and judgment at length prevailed and the "present gorgeous ensign of the Republic" was quite unanimously agreed upon.

The first one hundred years of the American flag have tested the material of the Republic of which it is the proud insignia, but the old flag has, in every trial, proved itself triumphant. This country has passed through all the vicissitudes—foreign wars—grave political crises and a stupendous civil war—that ever befel any new nation and the stars and stripes—when thus severely tried, in each and every instance, have been victorious and to day stand forth, inviolate, "not a stripe erased, nor a star polluted." Its insignificance, in point of domain, has strikingly increased during the past century. At first it was the flag of only 13 feeble, struggling States—with an area of 800,000 square miles and with three millions of people—today it is the flag of 38 Sovereign States—and is the symbol over a territory of 3,629,000 square miles and protects forty-five millions of people. Also, it is now the flag of freedom. Not a slave breathes beneath its folds and it is yearly seeking to provide ample redress for every public grievance and every public wrong. Verily the "old flag" has become and will continue, as it waves over the land and over the sea, to symbolize in fact as well as in name—"Union and Liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The Pope.

In his great palace Pius IX. occupies only a plain bed-chamber, with a baron's floor, and a working-cabinet with little furniture except a table and two chairs. He rises, summer and winter, at 5.30. He says mass, and hears a second mass of thanksgiving; or if sickness prevent him from celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, he does not fail to receive communion. His hours of work are long and regular. His fare is plain, even to meagreness. Every day he takes exercise in the Vatican gardens, and one of his favorite resorts is a beautiful alley of orange-trees, where the pigeons come to feed from his hand. One day he was discovered, with three Cardinals, playing "hide and seek" in the gardens with a little boy. Yet with all his gentleness he has a keen and caustic wit. The author of a pious biography sent his book to the Pope for approval. The Pontiff read till he came to these words: "Our saint triumphed over all temptations, but there was one snare which he could not escape—he married;" and then he threw the book from him. "What!" said he, "shall it be written that the Church has six sacraments and one snare?" Of a Catholic diplomat's whose conduct and professions were at variance he said: "I do not like these accommodating consciences. If that man's master should order him to put me in jail, he would come on his knees to tell me I must go, and his wife would work me a pair of slippers." During the French

The Big Trees.

The "Father of the Forest," in the Calaveras grove, is undoubtedly the largest tree the world has ever produced, or ever will produce. It is also the oldest. Unless we except the African baobabs, which, by its concentric rings, is proven to be 6000 years old. Mr. Badde, author of the Undeveloped West, measured this tree, and in his book he says it is 37 feet in diameter, 200 feet to the first branch, and 420 feet in height. This tree evidently died of old age, and fell perhaps hundreds of years ago; for when A. T. Dowd, the hunter, discovered it in 1852, it bore marks of having been dead for more than a century.

A few hundred years have made some change in it, but even now enough remains to calculate its age to be 5000 years. When Rome was founded this tree was a vigorous sapling, larger than the oak on Boston Common, and when Solomon reared his curious woods from Tyre, this tree would have made a pillar of the temple. The "Father of the Forest" saw the Deluge; saw the crucifixion, saw the first Pope; saw Luther, and was here to receive Columbus. When Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean the Methuselah of the forest had gone to rest. A sapling when Aham was a stripling, and only half grown when Methuselah died of old age.

What causes this gigantic vegetable growth? Climate and soil may do something, for even the pines and balsams and cedars around the big trees are six and eight feet in diameter, but I believe they have come down from the age when all vegetation was gigantic and when great animals inhabited the earth. They grew during that luxurious period of the earth's history which the geologists tell of—when the earth was cooling, and when amid vapors and warm air all vegetation grew to mammoth proportions. I believe that on the high, snow-capped Sierras, 5000 feet above the sea, the last of a giant race are left, and that when they fall there will be no more big trees. I believe the little ones now growing will be like shrubs compared to the great ones going before.

Touching Incident.

A touching incident has just occurred in connection with the death of Lieutenant William Van W. Reilly, who fell with Custer in that terrible fight on the Little Big Horn last year. At the time of the battle he wore a seal ring, with his crest cut upon it, and this, together with his clothing, his sword, his pistols, and all his belongings, was torn from his dead body and carried away by some one of the foe who helped to kill him. His mother, unable to secure his remains, and longing for something that had been with him to the last, tried in every way to recover it. She offered immense rewards. She had fac-similes of the die made, and sent to the different agencies along the frontier, and she wrote to all the commanding officers in the Sioux country, describing it; and a few days since she received official notice from the War Department that the ring had been found. It was taken from the finger of one of the fifteen hundred Cheyennes who came in the other day for their annual supply of forgiveness and ammunition.

A Coincidence.

At New Britain, Connecticut, a few days ago a young lady of Hartford, in getting out of a carriage in an alley way at the Humphrey House, caught her dress and fell to the ground, cutting her hip badly, and considerably bruising the whole of the lower part of her face. She was picked up insensible and carried into the hotel, where her wound was cared for by a surgeon. A curious coincidence connected with the affair is that a number of years ago, when she was a small child, the same young lady fell out of an upper window of the hotel, landing in the same alley way, and was picked up by the same gentleman who did her the same service this time.

Humor.

Retiring early at night will surely shorten a man's days.
The thermometer these days should be hung in the refrigerator.
A man in Allentown, Pennsylvania, swallowed his spectacles, and is in such a dilemma that he can't see his way out.
"Have you any limberhorn bonnets?" inquired a very modest man of a shop-keeper. "You don't mean leghorn?" The young lady was brought to by the proper restoratives.
"Marie, what's that strange noise at the front gate?" "Cats, sir." "Cats! Well, when I was young, cats didn't wear stove-pipe hats and smoke cigars." "Things are changed, sir."
Girls have their sorrows and their troubles, but nothing is more humiliating to the average young lady than to be beaten at a game of croquet by the girl who still wears her last year's dress.
A merchant asked his Sabbath-school class the other Sunday, "What is solitude?" and was answered by a boy who reads the papers, "The store that don't advertise."
The poet who wanted to be a granger, and wrote, "Beneath the tall tomato tree I'd swing the glittering hoe," was not so badly informed as he seemed. Mr. Scott, of Los Angeles, Cal., has a tomato vine 25 feet high.
"Why, blast it, you know," said the haughty Briton, surveying the ex-President, "Why, blast it, 'e ain't at all American, you know. 'E don't whittle anything, 'e don't spit tobacco juice around, 'e don't talk through 'is nose. 'E's has much of a gentleman has I ham."
A German lost his wife, and then next week married again, and his new wife asked him to take her out riding. He felt indignant that she should have no more respect than that for his deceased wife, and said: "You did I ride out mit another woman so soon after the death of mine frau?"
A Cheshire auctioneer, while engaged in his vocation the other day, cried the merits of a carpet—"Ladies and gentlemen, some folks sell carpets for Brussels which is not Brussels; but I can most positively assure you that this elegant article was made by Mr. Brussels himself."
An old farmer traveling on a railroad happened to look out of the window just as they were passing a river, when his hat was blown over the bridge and carried away by the stream. "Is it not very singular," said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that my hat took that direction?" "Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a beaver should take to the water."
Percives was once abused all day while discharging his duties as one of the judges of Athens. His enemy spared no form of abuse, and followed him up closely, and finally walked home with him, still railing against him. Percives never replied. At last, as it was dark when they reached the home of the old judge, he ordered a servant to take a torch and light the man home. That spirit would not hurt our Christian characters.

Donkey Riding.

Our party had now stood or set still in order to eat lunch an hour or more. We all began to grow stiff-jointed, for we were all unused to horseback riding, and the trail up the mountain was rough, rugged, and slippery. Indeed, when Horace Greeley visited the big trees years ago on a mule they say he swore a blue streak till he got back to the Yosemite Hotel. Then he laid flat on his back and refused to look at rock or waterfall till the stage jounced him back to Stockton.
"But you ought to have seen Ann Dickinson," said the guide.
"How did she ride?" I asked.
"Why, Anna got on like a man—rode astride, sir!"
"Now, honestly, guide," I said, "did Anna really ride astride, or is that a California lie?"
"Yes, sir, she did ride up and down these mountains like a man. I lent her my saddle. O, I tell you, Anna can do anything. I believe, if she wanted to, she could drink cocktails, train in the Militia, work on the road, drive stage, or in fact anything but ride a mule sideways. But Elizabeth Cady Stanton—"
"How did Elizabeth ride?" I asked.
"Well, when Elizabeth Cady was here, Brightman saddled seven different mules and donkeys for her, and every time she couldn't fit herself to the saddle, till finally the donkeys began to hang their ears discouraged like."
"Are you sure there is no danger?" she kept asking Brightman. "I haven't been in a saddle, you know, for 30 years."
"No, madame, not the slightest. I've piloted 5,000 people up these mountains."
"Now, isn't there the slightest danger, guide, that this donkey will turn a corner set with me over some steep declivity?" she pleaded.
"Oh, no, madam," replied Brightman, solemnly; "I know he is bitterly opposed to it."
"But Elizabeth Cady," said the guide, "finally backed down, and walked all the way up the mountain, when, if she'd got on astride, like Anna, she'd a good long all right."
Headed, picture to yourself the dignified, silver-haired Elizabeth Cady Stanton, coming heroically and grandly down a sublime mountain side—astride a mule!