

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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1/4 Col.	\$2.00	\$6.00	\$15.00	\$28.00	\$50.00

Local notices 15 cents per line first insertion and 10 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
Marriage and Death notices inserted free of charge; Obituary notices 5 cents per line.

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.,
SAINT LOUIS, MO.
Goods bought and sold on commission, advances also made. With a large acquaintance with dealers and manufacturers, can make it to the interest of Montana merchants in filling their orders.
[34 6m]

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

ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.
In prepared to execute all work in his line in the highest style of the art, and will guarantee satisfaction in every instance.
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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.

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.

"I Go A-Fishing."

A mountain brook, a shady nook,
A tinkle,
A rod and fly—"He's very sly,"
"Be careful!"

A sudden dash, a little splash—
"Don't lose him!"
A turn, a bout, a splendid trout—
"Now, land him!"

Three hungry men, a frying-pan
Capacious;
A crispy brown, no such in town—
Delicious!

Strawberries are Ripe.

In the shady woodlands straying,
O'er the pleasant meadow lands,
Little children, in their playing,
Fill with fruit their dimpled hands;
And in all the thick green bushes
Cunning blackbirds tell the thrushes—
"Strawberries are ripe!"

Gardens flushed with scented glory,
Blushing rose, and lily sweet,
Hold the same delicious story
Of the fragrant crimson treat;
Eager hands the vines uncover;
Old and young with joy discover
Strawberries are ripe!

But the fruit is fairest, sweetest,
In the thousand-streets town;
Then will I pause the footsteps fleetest,
Head be raised that were bowed down,
Said hearts smile amid their sighing
As they hear the pleasant crying,
"Fresh ripe strawberries!"

For the fruit is but a berry,
Just a berry, nothing more—
Tis a poem both sad and merry,
Holding memory's sweetest store;
With past joys our hearts beguiling,
As we tell each other, smiling,
"Strawberries are ripe!"

The Secrets of Masonry.

The story is told of a Mason's wife,
Who played him almost out of his life
To learn the secret—whatever it be—
The mystic word of Masonry.

Said he, "Now, Mary, if I should tell
The awful words, I know very well,
When you get mad, my darling dear,
You'll rip them out, that all may hear."
Said she, "Oh, Edward! never! never!
They'll rest in my heart's recess forever;
Till me, Edward, and never more
Shall I scold, or fret, or slam the door;
And I'll try to be quiet with all my might
No matter what hour you come at night."
No man, unless he were made of wood,
Could resist an offer so fair and good;
So he said, "Now, Mary, my woe or weal
Depend on the words I'm about to reveal."
"Oh, Ned," she answered, "you may depend
I'll keep the secret till life shall end."
Said he, "The secret that Masonry screens—
The awful words are—Pork and Beans!"
Said she, "A week had passed away,
When Mary got mad, and what did she say?
She shouted out, that all might hear,
"Pork and Beans! I've got you there!"

Selfishness of a Crowd.

Mr. Hadley, in his letters from Italy, some years ago, told of a singular incident which illustrates the selfishness fostered by a luxurious indulgence in art. He was present at one of the theatres, where a famous prima donna was singing in a new opera. Just as she began singing a man in the pit was seized with convulsions. The prima donna, seeing his livid, death-stamped face, suddenly stopped with a look of horror and a start that was for once natural. But the audience, determined not to lose their enjoyment, shouted to her to go on, and a person sitting directly behind the dying man, who had now risen bolt upright, forced him into his seat, and held him there by pressing on his shoulder. The singer went on, while foam, streaked with blood, oozed from the mouth of the sufferer. As she finished in one of her fine strains, the house rang with applause, and the ruffian, whose hands from the shoulder of the dying man, clapped them with enthusiasm as he shouted "Bravo." Then the gens d'armes entered, carried away the corpse, and the opera went on as if nothing had happened to disturb the harmony.

The Origin of the Word "Canada."

The origin of the word "Canada" is curious enough. The Spaniards visited this country previous to the French, and made particular search for gold and silver, and finding none, they often sang among themselves, "Aca nada"—there is nothing here. The Indians, who watched closely, learned this sentence and its meaning. The French arrived, and the Indians who wanted none of their company, and supposed they were also Spaniards on the same errand) were anxious to inform them in the Spanish sentence, "Aca nada." The French, who knew as little of Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name of "Canada," which it has borne ever since.

What we Remember.

In the following paragraph from an article in Chambers' Journal, on "Memory," the reader will find some very sensible hints as to the use of an essential faculty:

Every one has a memory, but every one has not the same natural affinities, and therefore every one does not retain with equal facility the same sort of thing. One man, from taking a glance at an object, will sketch it correctly; another could not give a correct representation were he to labor for a month. The mind of another is more for living objects, and like Cuvier or Knox, he carries in his memory the names and forms of hundreds of plants and animals. A third has a propensity for the faces of his fellow creatures, and like Themistocles, he can name each of the twenty thousand of his fellow-citizens; or like Cyrus, he could remember the name of every soldier in his army; the like being related of L. Scipio and the Romans.

The day following the arrival of Cincas, ambassador of King Pyrrhus, in Rome, he saluted by name all the senate and the gentlemen of the city. Our own George III. had an extraordinary power of recollecting faces. The taste of a fourth is for languages, and like Mazzofanti or Alexander Murray, every word he hears or reads in foreign tongue becomes a lifelong heritage. Another retains mathematics, the symbols of which require a peculiar cast of memory.

Such a mind is generally destitute of love of color, music, &c.; it wrestles with the artificial symbols that express the most extensively important truths of the world. The natural history memory has to do with the artificial symbols, but with these it mixes the consideration of actual appearances to the senses. The taste of another is for choice, emphatic, and sublime diction; like Wakefield, he can repeat the whole of Virgil and Horace, Homer and Pindar.

The faculty of recollecting places is very large in some of the inferior animals; pigeons and some sorts of dogs have it very prominently. The falcon of Iceland returns to its native spot from a distance of several thousands of miles. And it seems likely that this has at least something to do with reference to those birds which migrate from one country to another. It seems indispensable to a successful traveller. Columbus, Cook, Park, and Livingstone must have been largely endowed with this faculty. These diversities have not been sufficiently kept in view in the important business of education, and the principle of cramming the same things into every sort of memory still too extensively prevails.

Bail.

It is a maxim of the common law that an accused person is to be held innocent until he is proven to be guilty. Such a maxim, carried out to its fullest extent, supposes that no punishment, not even personal restraint, is to be inflicted before trial. But, as society is constituted, we cannot suppose a state in which all accused persons would voluntarily appear when called upon to abide the result of a judicial investigation; for such a perfection of honest simplicity is inconsistent with the existence of crime. Our ancestors, however, endeavored to reconcile the maxim of the law with its practice; hence the origin of "bail." The word, like bailiff, which has the same origin, comes from the French, and expresses the idea of a keeper, a superintendent, a charge taker; a sheriff is, in legal phraseology, the king's bailiff, and his county is his bailiwick. One of the titles of the chief magistrate of London, before that of mayor was finally adopted, was bailiff of the city.

Anciently, no matter what crime a person might be accused of, he enjoyed the privilege of bail. He was delivered into the hands of his sureties, who were pledged to produce him at the proper time. But the many alterations were made by the statutes in the conditions of the privilege. Murder was excepted, then treason, and other felonies, until it became the practice to take bail only for the more venial offences. The Court of Queen's Bench alone having the power to admit to bail for serious crimes. An act of Parliament in the time of George IV. returned something to the ancient practice, by enlarging the positive and discretionary power of magistrates in the matter of admitting to bail.

Lieut. Catesby Jones.

Harral, the slayer of Lieut. Catesby Jones, has been admitted to bail in the insignificant sum of \$15,000, and the friends of the murdered man are very indignant. He has engaged two of the best lawyers in Selma, Ala., and sets up the customary plea of self-defence. Their children had quarreled and had a pitched battle in the streets, and young Jones, who was in the wrong, had been sent to his playmate's house with a basket of fruit and an apology, but his overtures were received with such bad grace that another boy's fight was precipitated. Then Lieutenant Jones went over to the neighbor's house to retrace against such vindictive behavior, and was shot down at the door. Harral says that the Lieutenant carried with him a huge stick and attempted to use it. Lieut. Jones asserted in his ante-mortem statement that he had not the least thought of striking or stinging. It was certainly a strange feat that the gallant sailor who commanded the Merrimac in his second day's fight should be shot down like a dog for "paying the part of peacemaker in a child's quarrel."

Here and There.

Ivory white barge is in favor for evening dresses.
Bonnets are smaller than at the beginning of the season.
Canvas slippers are cheap and fashionable, and are trimmed to match the dress.
It is rumored that Rev. Dr. Chapin of New York has resigned his pastorate because of the proposed reduction of his salary.

Ex Queen Isabella is quarrelling with her son, King Alfonso, because he proposes to marry a princess who is not a Catholic.
The English people talk plinly about the aviciousness and pecuniary meanness of the Queen, especially in all domestic matters.

Rev. A. J. Munday, who is now preaching in Nashville, Tennessee, was once a clown in a circus, a tight-rope walker and a clog-dancer.
Chung Stang Bong, a Chinese, is lecturing in New York city, and they are taking of erecting a Buddhist temple in that bright city.

It is fashionable for young ladies to wear the watch hanging with a chain at the waist. The fan is also hung dangling in the same way.
A "child wife" is among the latest arrivals at Castle Garden. She is 13 years of age, and her husband is a Mennonite, 22 years old.

Petroleum oils are coming into use for dressing leather, and are claimed to be much better and cheaper than animal oils for that purpose.
There may not be gold, but there's no question about the quantity of lead in the Black Hills. Every Indian has a gun full of it, and isn't a bit stingy.

The College of Romish Cardinals has ordered the Romish clergy in France to actively support MacMahon's candidates in the coming elections.
It is a little remarkable that only one of our first seven Presidents had a son, Adams, and he succeeded his father in the occupancy of the White House.

Departures for rural resorts are increasing. The street-preacher, the carstone musician and the champion destroyer of corns are fast joining the unnumbered caravan.
Maud Oswald tried last week at Chicago to ride 300 miles in twenty-six hours, but was withdrawn after going 165 miles, through her doctor's orders and against her will.

Somebody has taken the trouble to keep a record of the number of kittens born to a New England cat. The number has reached 103, and the prospects are encouraging.
The exportation of American beef to Europe has almost ceased. The matter was rushed so that the price of the article rose too high here, and exportation was nipped in the bud.

So soon as a soil becomes hard and infamed, plant it with radish. The radish will not be scattered, but absorbed by it. Another authority says: "Do nothing for boils, but bathe them in tepid water."
Many women of the Russian wealthy class have enrolled themselves as hospital nurses for the army. Their uniform is a gray dress, on the breast of which is a red cross; a white hood, and a short black cloak.

Nothing is plainer than that under our present mode of farming wheat growing will cease to be profitable within a few years. Already Michigan what has lost its once popular standing in the Eastern market.
The Bey of Tunis has decorated Thaddeus Fairbanks, inventor of Fairbanks' scales, with the order of commander. Thus man scales the rugged heights and finds the weight to glory.

The Danube at Widdin is so wide that one side can scarcely be seen from the other. At Rutschuk, Turtukai and Sibiria it is 750 metres wide, or something less than half a mile.
It looks now very much as though the appointment of 1880 will augment the political power both of the West and Northwest. This will necessarily increase the strength and names of the Democratic party in the great struggle of 1880.

Many will be surprised to learn that the number of employes in the Departments at Washington has been reduced over 1000 since the inauguration of President Hayes. The amount saved thereby is \$400,000 per day. That is something for Hayes' three months of office.
A statue of Moses, to be placed on a fountain in Fairmount, has arrived in Philadelphia. It is seventeen feet high, weighs about fifteen tons, and is so large that it could not be accommodated in the hold of the vessel, and it was put on the main deck.

Lieutenant Flipper, the colored cadet who graduated from West Point in the class of the present year, and who, notwithstanding his social ostracism by the whole Academy, maintained his standing with great honor to himself, has been appointed to the 10th Cavalry, a colored regiment now staided in Texas.
At the dedication of a drinking fountain in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Senator Dawes made an address, accepting it, saying that he "had found it easier not to drink liquor at all than to drink moderately, however harmless and innocent that might be to others." He thought the

Scientific Notes.

The salt lake of Utah is saltier than the ocean.
There are 240,000 species of living animals.
They have caught and tamed a white buffalo at Fort Concho in Texas.
It is a very simple fact, but rather curious, that the albumen of egg white is identical with that of the white of an egg.
The public clocks in the city of Vienna are at present driven by a pneumatic system, actuated at the Imperial Observatory.
Pea pods will yield alcohol as abundantly as the best root or pumpkins. In the rural districts of some parts of England, a domestic beer is made from them by adding hops.
There are scientists who actually declare that musical sounds, or notes, are conducive to the development of flowers, and that the singing of birds is a promoter of vegetable life.
Starch, bean, flour, sand, gum, mucilage and gelatine, are used as adulterants of honey. They are readily recognized, as they all thicken on heating, while the pure honey becomes thinner under those conditions.
There has recently been formed in Paris a society of gentlemen who advocate the promotion of science, all whom agree that their wills shall bequeath their bodies to surgeons or physiologists, to be dissected for scientific instruction.
Professor Tyndall says that, as the result of eight months' incessant labor, he has come to the conclusion that there is not a shadow of evidence in proof of the doctrine of spontaneous generation, and that in the lowest, as in the highest of organized creatures, the method of nature as that life shall be the issue of antecedent life.
It is a fact that a man is taller on rising in the morning than at night, for the cartilages between the vertebrae of the backbone, twenty-four in number, yield considerably to the pressure of the body in an erect position in the day, and expand during the repose of the night.
Gen'l Pleasanton keeps pitching into Isaac Newton. "The movements of animals in the performance of their varied functions have no reference to gravitation," he says. "So also in the vegetable world. The sap of plants rises from the roots, is distributed through the branches and enlarges their size irrespective of gravitation. The trunk of the tree ascends into the atmosphere, and extends its huge limbs laterally, as if gravitation had no existence. The smoke from combustion, the exhalations from the earth and the evaporation of water, all of them material substances, are in opposition to gravitation."
A paper in Gainesville, Georgia, has a curious advertisement, evidently of Yankee conception. The author offers to filter the water used by the citizens at the small cost of ten cents per gallon, and with the sediment, which he proposes to use as a substitute for Venetian red and Spanish brown, he will contract to paint every fence and out-building in the city at about one-fourth the cost of usual paint.
Let a person handle the flour of sulphur for a few moments with the naked hands, so subtle is the article that it will penetrate his system sufficiently, provided he have silver in his pocket, to tarnish it. What is there more subtle or wonderful in mesmeric action than this simple fact? Herein the system receives a gentle influence, which, though entirely unfeeling, is very potent in its effects.

Chatham Island.
Chatham Island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the South Pacific Ocean, is peculiarly situated, as it is one of the few inhabitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just on the line of demarcation between dates. Their high twelve on Sunday or Sunday noon ceases, and instantly Monday meridian begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side, and becomes Monday by the time it passes out the western door. A man sits down to his noonday dinner on Sunday, and it is Monday noon before he finishes it. There Saturday is Sunday, and Sunday is Monday, and Monday becomes suddenly transferred into Tuesday.

Crater of Vesuvius.
Most of the travelers who have described this crater, agree in saying that it is from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet deep; and many of them speak of the possibility of approaching to the bottom. All this, to a visitor of the mountain in its present form, would seem utterly at variance with the truth. You go down perhaps for half a mile, a pretty rapid descent, over cliffs and yawning chasms, and through smoke and heated gas. Here you arrive at the inner crater; at the hole, for such it seems, which has been made through the bottom of the gigantic vase, and into which is inserted the cylindrical tube, that seems to extend quite down to the lambent flames and fiery pool of Tartarus. Of the depth of this you have a very imperfect means of judging; and whenever, by a favorable action of the wind or a temporary suspension of the smoke, you approach a little nearer, and attempt a more satisfactory examination, a heated puff of sulphurous gas and smoke drives you back all but suffocated, to get a breath of pure air.

Perils From Water.
The Cincinnati Commercial prints a column and a third editorial on the "perils of ice-water," in the course of which it is remarked that no woman would think of cooling a cooking stove when it is red hot by throwing ice-water upon it. Yet what people know would ruin a stove, they pour by the pint into their stomachs when it is in a state of intense activity and at the highest point of chemical combustion. The cook who pours water upon her fire while she is getting dinner, knows that the potatoes in the pot will stop boiling, and the meat in the oven will not be fit for food. The same results from the deluging the stomach with ice-water. The process of digestion will be arrested, and will not be resumed until the water is raised to the temperature required to carry it on again.

Humor.

What holds all the sauff in the world? No one nose.
Oftentimes the most costly thing we get is that which is given us.
A sign of indigestion—"Gone to dinner. Be back in five minutes."
Not many women are blacksmiths, but most of them can "shoo" a hen.
What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.
Men who travel barefooted around a newly carpeted bedroom often find themselves on the wrong track.
A Newark man set a hen on blue glass eggs. The next day she came off the nest with forty eight chickens, and every one of them a rooster.

A prominent journalist in New York, who is perfectly bald, has offered a reward of one thousand dollars for a tale that will make his hair stand on end.
One of Sir Royle Roche's invitations to an Irish nobleman was rather equivocal: "I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house, you will stay there all night."
Mr. John T. Raymond, while passing the Treasury Department in Washington, observed: "There's millions in it!" and then, in a quiet manner, "there's millions after it."
On hearing a clergyman remark "the world was full of change," Mrs. Partington said she could hardly bring her mind to believe it, so little found its way into her pocket.
"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy in George Coleman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a sty in them when I saw her last."
The man who invents some way by which a fellow can take his liver out in the spring, and hang it up in the backyard and whip it as they do carpets, will confer a boon on his fellows.
"Ah, Jenny," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough."
"Yes, I did," said Jenny, "I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."
A dear old lady presented her son, on his departure for sea, with a Bible. On opening it during a gale, it fell from his hands, and out dropped a fine tooth comb and the almonitory book mark, "Search daily."
An Alabama man refused to accept certain bank bills tendered him, because the mules engaged upon them were not properly geared. He said that the engraver had put the breeching upon the lead mules instead of those at the wheels, which made a very grave state of affairs in going down grade.
Beneath this stone my wife and I,
Back to back together lie,
More blest than when in life's short space,
We lied like others (see to face),
Now free from trouble, free from fear,
If she should scold, I could not hear,
When the last trump the air shall fill
If she gets up, then I'll lie still.
In the Quaker cemetery at Lebanon, N. Y., the graves are arranged at least twenty feet apart. This is a wise precaution. It would be a great scandal if a wife could rise up at the sound of Gabriel's trumpet, and find herself near enough to her husband to reach out for him in the old earthly fashion.
At the close of the sittings in the Illinois House of Representatives, the clerk read the following: "I am requested to announce that the Rev. Dr. McFarland will deliver a lecture this evening in the hall on the 'Education of Idiots.' Members of the Legislature invited to attend."
One evening in Boston, just as Washington Alston, the painter, was approaching the door of a dwelling, where a splendid party had assembled, he suddenly stopped short and said to his friend, "I cannot go in."
"I have a hole in one of my stockings."
"Fellow, man, nobody knows it."
"But I do," said the celebrated artist.
"Massa, you know de big glass shades what am aribe last night?" "Well!" said his master. "Well, I was peelin' de apples, when Mr. Johnson told me to bring one ob dem out, and—" "Well!" said his master impatiently. "Well, just as I was gwine to do—" "You let it fall and broke it, you careless scoundrel!" anticipated the master. "No, I didn't nudder," said the negro, sulkingly. "Well, what then?" said his master, recovering. "Why I struck him agin de corner ob de shelf, and he brake hisself all to pieces."
The Moon's Speed Increasing.
It may not be known to the world in general that the moon's speed is increasing. Astronomers call the phenomenon secular acceleration, and the fact has been considered an established one ever since astronomy took rank as a science. Ancient observers, like Ptolemy, fixed the acceleration at ten seconds in a century, and the estimate was considered accurate by succeeding observers. Modern astronomers have found reason for doubting the accepted estimate, and Prof. Newcomb has made elaborate researches into the matter. He communicated the result of his labors at the recent meeting of the Academy of Science, and proves by his data that the rate of increase is only six seconds a century. As this is but six one-hundredths of a second in a year, we need not borrow uneasiness through fear of any disastrous result during the lifetime of the present inhabitants of this globe.

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"Massa, you know de big glass shades what am aribe last night?" "Well!" said his master. "Well, I was peelin' de apples, when Mr. Johnson told me to bring one ob dem out, and—" "Well!" said his master impatiently. "Well, just as I was gwine to do—" "You let it fall and broke it, you careless scoundrel!" anticipated the master. "No, I didn't nudder," said the negro, sulkingly. "Well, what then?" said his master, recovering. "Why I struck him agin de corner ob de shelf, and he brake hisself all to pieces."
The Moon's Speed Increasing.
It may not be known to the world in general that the moon's speed is increasing. Astronomers call the phenomenon secular acceleration, and the fact has been considered an established one ever since astronomy took rank as a science. Ancient observers, like Ptolemy, fixed the acceleration at ten seconds in a century, and the estimate was considered accurate by succeeding observers. Modern astronomers have found reason for doubting the accepted estimate, and Prof. Newcomb has made elaborate researches into the matter. He communicated the result of his labors at the recent meeting of the Academy of Science, and proves by his data that the rate of increase is only six seconds a century. As this is but six one-hundredths of a second in a year, we need not borrow uneasiness through fear of any disastrous result during the lifetime of the present inhabitants of this globe.