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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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Is on file at the office of
L. T. BOOTH, General Eastern Agent
Chicago and Northwestern Railway,
415 Broadway, New York—and
our friends in Montana are
Invited to call there.

I. O. O. F.

Western Star Lodge, No. 4.

N. G.—J. Basiuski. | Tr.—J. F. Spieth.
V. G.—L. Sperling. | W.—F. A. Major.
R. S.—A. D. McPherson. | C.—Ben. F. Bisel
| G.—Louis Accola.

Meets at Odd Fellows Hall every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend. [18 tf

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,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
FORT ELLIS. Montana.

Bozeman office at S. W. Langhorne's Drug Store daily from 10 until 4.

Geo. A. Baker,
Commission
AND
Brokerage,
319, 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
—AND—
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. [6-13tf

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.

Fame and Duty.

What shall I do, lest life in silence pass?
"And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember, aye, the ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean—fame is but the brute
Along the shore."

What shall I do to be forever known?
"Thy duty ever.
Thus did full many who yet slept unknown.
O, never, never!
Thinks't thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown—
Divine their lot."

What shall I do, an heir of endless life?
"Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife.
Yes, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled;
While he, who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, tho' dead."

—From the German of Schiller.

National Emigration Bureau.

The COURIER lately referred to this Bureau, established at Philadelphia, Pa. Since then the following circular has been issued by Lee Grandall, its manager:

"The Fairmount Park Commissioners, who represent the city of Philadelphia, have given me the use of Machinery Hall, Fairmount Park—a building which covers 14 acres—for the establishment of a national immigration bureau. In this building there will be exhibited, free of charge, all contributions the different States and Territories may see fit to make. These are expected to embrace specimens of minerals, vegetable products, manufactures, works of art; the laws, statistics and rates of taxation of the different States; maps, charts, and full descriptions of land for sale; together with an abstract of titles and specimens of all kinds, that will represent the resources of each State and Territory, so as to enable the manager of the Bureau to answer any question immigrants may want to ask. Everything contributed will be thoroughly exhibited, free of charge, and without partiality or favoritism. The object of this Bureau is to foster and encourage immigration in all the States and Territories that desire it. Hence, they should all be represented. Specimens of their resources should be on exhibition for the enlightenment of emigrants who are selecting new homes. Every route, by sea and by land, to and from all the States, individually and collectively, will here be presented to view as fast as received, and the rates of fare and other particulars given when required. Parties having inducements to offer immigrants, should be full and explicit in their descriptions, so as to be readily comprehended. Those who have lands to offer cannot be too particular in giving locations, descriptions, titles, prices, character of soil, &c. The authorities in all the States and Territories will readily see the importance of being represented in this Bureau, and of placing on exhibition specimens of their resources. There is abundant room for all exhibits, and all will be shown to the best advantage.

Conundrums.

What is the difference between a spider and a sea-gull?—One has his feet on a web and the other has a web on his feet.

Why is a Hansom cab a dangerous carriage to drive in?—Because the coachman always drives over your head.

Why are lawyers and doctors safe people by whom to take example?—Because they practice their professions.

What is the difference between a sailor and a soldier?—The one tars his ropes; the other pitches his tents.

Why is chloroform like Mendelssohn?—Because it is one of the great composers of modern times.

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton?—One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

When were there only two vowels?—In the days of Noah (no a), before you (u) and I (i) were born.

Why is a good resolution like a fainting lady at a ball?—Because it ought to be carried out.

Why is the strap of an omnibus like conscience?—It is an inward check on the outer man.

When is butter like Irish children?—When it is made into little Pats.

Why is a handsome girl like a mirror?—Because she is a good-looking lass.

Why is a pretty lady like an oat cake?—Because she is often toasted.

What is the greatest hardship in the world?—An iron steamer.

What is the best thing to do in a hurry?—Nothing.

Which is the ugliest hood ever worn?—Falsehood.

What grows bigger as you contract it?—Debt.

Disgusting Brutality.

St. Louis has a dog pound the same as New York, but the way in which the wretched animals are disposed of has brought forth a unanimous protest from the St. Louis press. The scenes at the tri-weekly "killing" are thus described in the Globe-Democrat:

"It was after 2 o'clock when the pound-master ordered the slaughter to commence. A short, athletic young man, with high cheek bones and a close-set jaw, with short black hair, combed villainously down over his forehead, at the word came forward. He divested himself of his loose clothing, and then said, "Where's my club?" They brought him a hickory club shaped like a base ball bat. He took it in his hands and walked into the presence of 42 dogs with the nonchalance of a man entering a bakery for the purpose of buying pies. Had a stranger walked into that pen the chances are that he would have been jumped upon by the dogs and mangled. Not so with this grim executioner. They seemed to know instinctively his dread mission. Powerful dogs that had risen to their feet, and with fangs exposed and tail erect awaited the intruder, slunk into corners. More than half of the dogs fled to the corner farthest from the door and the man who stood leaning grimly upon his bludgeon. That bludgeon was itself a horrible looking instrument. It was chipped and rough from use, and dark blood stains, with here and there a few hairs embedded in the dried and congealed blood, which spoke of other days like this. A beautiful pointer dog came toward the butcher, as if to make friends. It made an attempt at a joyous bark, and made two or three playful skips. The club was raised in air, and the powerful arms brought it down with terrible force. The poor pointer made no sound, but fell upon its side. A wail went up from the other dogs. A little motion was perceived in the prostrate pointer. Crash, crash, and the bludgeon came down again upon its head. Each time the crunch of the bones of the skull, giving way beneath the blows, was heard with sickening distinctness. A monster bull-dog came slowly forward from the pile, as if it courted death. Its thick skull was crushed with a single blow. Still it was not dead. Again and again the brute struck the brute. It died hard, very hard. The last act of the poor creature's life was a convulsive leap three feet in the air. A dingy Spitz dog, of very light weight, was killed by a single blow. The bludgeon was aimed at a ferocious Newfoundland dog. It was a powerful brute, and weighed no less than 130 pounds. The creature dodged, and with its open mouth snapped savagely at the club. The club struck between the massive jaws, and they were torn asunder by the terrible blow. The wounded dog gave a yell, and bounded to the centre of the bloody arena. It lay there and struggled. The man rained blows upon it. Some of them missed the head and struck the spine. At last the Newfoundland lay upon its side and was still. The bludgeon was now applied with rapidity. Each crushing blow brought down a dog. The unfortunates in the next pen, hearing and knowing what was going on, filled the air with their shrieks and howls. The dogs in the pen where the butchery was in progress began to run wildly about. They were greatly reduced in number. One little house dog, recognized as one taken from a doorstep last Monday, on Market street, at whose loss a little child cried broken-heartedly, sought protection between the legs of the man who wielded the death-dealing club. One little dog played 'possum and lay among the dead, with them, but not of them. A movement of the legs exposed him, and he went to his fate. At the end there were only three or four very small dogs left. They were too slight to offer resistence to the club, and some of them were knocked across the pen again and again before death relieved them. The last dog lay still. The man wiped the sweat from his low forehead and leaned upon his instrument of death. The second pen was opened, and another man entered in. The dogs, seeing death in his presence, slunk from him. He was a more fearful man than the other. He struck quicker, too. But he was not so sure. He possessed, if possible, less heart than the other man. Twenty dogs were piled upon each other in a terrified pyramid in one corner. They acted like rats in a pit in the presence of a terrier. This man, with his awful club, attacked this pyramid indiscriminately. He struck into their midst like a man who might be trying to pulverize rocks, or something of that kind. Sometimes he hit them in the back, sometimes they were struck in the mouth, like the Newfoundland dog. Once an eye was knocked out of a little black-and-tan, and, thrown against the wall, it stuck there. One man, who was looking on to gratify a morbid curiosity, reeled on his perch, and seeking the open air he vomited. Some dogs laid still and awaited the blow. One dog, a little sleek-limbed black-and-tan, with the rat tail and breast marks of a thorough-bred, stretched himself before the executioner and closed his eyes. His little skull was shattered with a single blow. The remaining dogs began to swarm about the door. They scratched upon the boards and whined piteously. With a steady swash the club came down, and all in that pen were killed. The third pen entered but presented a repetition of the former scenes. The floor was covered with blood and filth. The dogs died in agony. The suspense undergone by those reserved to the last was worse than death. The whole scene was awful. It defies description. It was sickening. When the dogs for the three days had been killed, the dog-killers procured knives and stuck each carcass just above the right shoulder.

One Irish setter, an intelligent-looking animal, which was knocked in the first pen, only lay still after receiving five blows on the head. The skull was surely broken. As the butcher plunged his knife to the heart of the poor thing, she seemed to be restored to vitality. She gave a bound through the open door of the pen, and running with the unsteady step of a drunken man, ran down the hall to its limit. She reeled from side to side and then fell exhausted. But she showed her teeth, and none there dared come near her. She sat panting and growling for a few minutes. Then she struggled to her feet, ran a few feet and fell to the floor dead. The carcasses of the slain were put into wheelbarrows and taken to the wagon of the rendering company, which stood in waiting. There were 103 of them.

Mob Doctrine.

The San Francisco "Labor Meeting" was called by the low, vicious, idle roughs who desired to take advantage of the occasion to get enough of their kind together for the purpose of creating a great disturbance, and had it not been for the wise and courageous action of the Police Department, San Francisco might have been the scene of one of the greatest horrors of modern times. During the meeting we mixed among the great throng and listened to the plans of the villains. One of them said that "this meeting was only a starter, and that they intended to burn up Chinatown and turn this damned city upside down before they got through." Others were of opinion that the time had come for "working men" to step to the front and put capital under their feet, and one noisy old fellow held forth to a small assembly on the outskirts, after this fashion: "Them big bugs think they have got things their own way now, but the workingmen can put 'em down if they come together. We oughter stand up for our rights, and burn down every Chinaman's house in this city, and we must do it or starve. Now is the best time the workingmen ever had for gittin their rights, for the Government ain't got no solgers and couldn't keep us from settin' fire to the old Mail Company's b'ildens and ships and burnin' of 'em up. An' that's that railroad of Stanford's. He bilds all his roads with Chinamen, and if he don't quit it, we oughter burn up everything he's got, and then he would know better than to hire Chinamen when so many white men can't find work."

This and much more, was delivered in a loud and excited voice, and received the hearty endorsement of the gaping crowd around the speaker, and in less than an hour from that time some of those who were thus inspired were, no doubt, among the mobs which were setting fire to buildings, and demolishing Chinese wash houses; and if we have a renewal of these outrages the daily press will be mainly responsible for it, as their editorials seem to justify the calling of such meetings.

An Impecunious Army.

In an imprudent moment Mr. Wetherbee, the urbane manager of the Occidental Hotel, announced publicly that no bills would be presented to army officers staying at his house until Congress make the usual army appropriations. The sad effect of his rashness will be at once appreciated when it is known that since the publication of the notice over 480 "sol disant" Generals, Captains, Majors and Lieutenants have registered themselves, and applied for suites of apartments and unlimited champagne. Even Emperor Norton tried it on. There is not a pawnbroker in the city who has a single cast-off uniform for sale, and gold buttons have gone up in value nearly ninety per cent. The day clerk has instructions to hide the register whenever a man in uniform opens the door, and the night clerk is ordered to brain any one who commences to write U. S. A. after his name. As the matter stands, things are bad enough, three ex-faro dealers and dry goods clerk out of work having got accommodations as members of the General's staff, and beat the hotel out of $87. An entire train of Major-Generals is reported to be on its way here, and Wetherbee has contracted with some reliable highbinders to throw the said train off the Oakland bridge or assassinate the passengers on the ferry.

An Indian Iconoclast.

A Scripture prediction says, the heathen shall "cast their idols to the moles and the bats." An Indian Prince has recently shattered his gods so completely that there is scarcely a piece of them left to cast at anything.

Rum Bathadar's Queen became frightfully disfigured with small-pox, in spite of the skill of the doctors and frequent sacrifices to the deities. After cutting off the ears and noses of the doctors, the disgusted Prince ranged heavy artillery before the images in the temple at Nepaul, and so thoroughly demolished them that all the king's horses and all the king's men, could not put those false gods in their places again. He cursed them, as well as the physicians and treated them to a six hours cannonade. He had lavished upon them twelve thousand goats, about a ton of sweetmeats and two thousand gallons of milk. And yet they had not responded to his simple request that his queen should be saved from disfigurement.

Industrial Notes.

Vermonters have begun to ship butter to England by way of Canada.

At Los Angeles, Cal., a mill for reducing the "desert palm," or cactus plant, to proper shape for paper manufacture is fully established.

A grocer in the suburbs, when complained to about selling bad eggs, said: "At this time of the year the hens are not well, and often lay bad eggs."

A German correspondent states that Herr Ehrbar, the well known piano-maker at Vienna, has invented a mechanism rendering it possible to prolong the sound of each note at the will of the player.

The United States occupy the third place in the list of hop-growing countries, Germany taking the lead and England ranking second.

In spite of the incredulity of those who have smiled at the idea of a Massachusetts silver mine, the Merrimac lode, at Newburyport, has paid out $70,000 in dividends. Its payments are one per cent a month.

Russia is beginning to buy cotton direct from America. Over 5000 bales have been exported to that country since the European war began.

There is some excitement in the South over the proposed wholesale emigration of the negro laboring class to Liberia. Over 30,000 able-bodied persons have signified their desire to go to Africa, having lost all faith in the desire or ability of the General Government to protect them or their property.

Minnesota is represented as the only State that has ventured upon publishing her own school books, but so far she has not made a success of it.

There is a growing belief that the wholesale destruction of forests in this country is the cause of the great increase in tornadoes and violent gales. There is good reason for thinking that extensive forests break the force of the wind, and thus save life and property.

Hemlock timber is gradually growing scarce in New York, especially in Warren county. A barrel of tannin extract is produced from a cord of the bark, the value of which is $20. A cord of alder, it is now found, will yield the same amount, while a ton of sweet fern gives $22 worth of the best tannin, and $7.50 of an inferior kind. In Maine the industry of extracting tannin from ferns has already attained considerable dimensions.

The cultivation of flax in the West is increasing, as it should. The Northwestern Flax Society report the average value of the crop per acre to be $27.08. The United States import annually $50,000,000 worth of flax, hemp and jute. Improved processes are steadily diminishing the cost of harvesting, preparing and manufacturing. Jute may be grown in the Southern States, hemp in Kentucky, Missouri, Illinois and Indiana; farther North flax is at home. The two latter are extensively grown already.

Hopeful Signs.

The cotton factories of New England show healthy signs of the gradual improvement in business. Forty-nine of the largest of those mills, which turn out thirty per cent. of the whole Northern product, have for the first six months of 1877 used about three per cent. more raw material than in the same period in 1876. Their average annual consumption is about 385,000 bales. During the first half of last year they worked up 86,730,805 pounds of cotton. For the corresponding time this year, they used 89,288,942 lbs. But as the quality of the cotton used this year was superior to that of last year, the actual amount of manufactured goods exceeds that of the first half of 1876 by fully five per cent. And, though the manufacture has been so much larger, the goods have all found ready markets, there being no considerable accumulation on hand, while the demand is still perceptibly improving. If prices continue at the present low figures it is expected that all the New England mills will be kept running at their highest capacity during the fall and winter to meet the demand. At present throughout the United States there are annually used 1,100,000 bales of raw cotton, while from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 bales are exported.

A Horrible Punishment.

The Persian Government inflicts a terrible punishment upon robbers who are captured by the authorities. Barbarous expedients are resorted to in order to frighten them from their illegitimate calling. Of fifty who were recently captured, twenty-three had their throats cut; others were crucified, being nailed to the wall of the town by their hands and feet, and then left to perish slowly of exhaustion and starvation; others again were buried alive in pits of brickwork, in which they were placed erect, with their heads just above ground. Pinioned and naked, the robbers were placed in these short, open columns of brickwork; and a white plaster, not unlike plaster of paris, was then poured, neck deep, over their bodies, around which it set into the hardness of stone. In their dying hours the miserable men were barbarously ill-treated, on their exposed and defenceless heads, by the rabble and soldiery of Shiraz. Despite the adoption of these frightful measures for the punishment of highway robbery, the crime is of constant occurrence, especially in Southern Persia, and, except in the most bitter weather in the winter, the persons and effects of travelers are in constant peril.

Other People.

Tom Scott played fair with the campaign funds on both sides last election; he subscribed $20,000 to each.

William M. Evarts the other day began to tell a man that his coat tail was on fire. Before he got through the first half of the sentence three barns, twenty tons of hay, and nine billy goats were burned up, not counting the coat tail.

R. N. Baskin sets forth in his document contesting Geo. Q. Cannon's seat in Congress, that Cannon has married two concubines in the last two years, in violation of the act of Congress, and that he is an unnaturalized Englishman. The notice of contest was served June 5th, and Cannon had 30 days, under the law, in which to file his answer, but he has failed to do so.

Col. Bob Ingersoll, in a speech full of ribaldry and blasphemy, made in San Francisco, recently said:

"I will give $1,000 in gold coin to any clergyman who can substantiate that the death of Voltaire was not as peaceful as the dawn; and of Tom Paine, whom they assert died in fear and agony, frightened by the clanking chains of devils—in fact, frightened to death by God. I will give $1,000 likewise to any one who can substantiate this absurd story, a story without a word of truth in it."

Jennie June says the English women always wear a dress entirely out before getting a new suit, and hence are rarely dressed in the prevailing fashion.

Dr. Mary Walker swears by yonder pale moon that she will never marry and risk the humility of having her husband come in and request the loan of her black pants, so that he may join a fireman's parade.

Frock coats of enormous length are now fashionable in London. "The other day," says a writer in the London World, "I saw a faultlessly dressed young man nearly dislocate his backbone trying to reach his coat-tail pocket."

Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman, in a recent sermon on the Jews, spoke very kindly of them, and a Washington paper suggests that the reason was that Mr. Newman's church was deeply in debt, and the Jews hold the mortgage.

Rev. H. W. Beecher says: "Men are all the time praying for grace, and acting like the devil."

Rev. Dr. Rambler, in the Christian-at Work, says, there are some religious people "who deal in violent philipics against dress, luxury and pleasure, who think the world is fast going to the bad, yet who do not allure it to a better life by any special beauty or sweetness of their own."

Says an exchange: "'I promise to pay' is the great financial bane of the American people to-day, and their only hope for prosperity is in exchanging it for the more potent maxim: 'I pay now.'"

The Bridgeport, Connecticut, Standard says a young man shot at a lady friend, and he set up in defence that he was "possessed of a devil," whereupon the judge sentenced him to be confined in the State prison, "devil and all; so there will be one devil less loose in the community for those few years, which is an improvement so far as it goes."

"Have circus people any religious feeling?" rather impertinently asked a Tribune reporter of Miss Mollie Brown, the young lady who does the feats of horsemanship in Forepaugh's circus. "Certainly," said the queen of the arena; "why not? You don't suppose that riding on a horse or jumping through a hoop prevents any one from fearing God and wishing to do good? I am, as my mother was, a member of the Church."

Mr. F. X. Bliley, of Atlanta, is constructing a sort of machine-horse, built upon the velocipede plan, and operated by a combination of motive power. The power consists in the multiplied weight of the rider, who moves in the saddle exactly as though he was riding a horse. The driving-wheel is three feet in diameter, and Mr. Bliley asserts that the machine will carry a man faster than any horse.

Madame Rumor, that irrepressible old lady, whose tongue knows no rest and is ever on the wag, announces that Secretary Sherman will be sent as our next plenipotentiary to Great Britian, and that Gov. McCormick is to be promoted, pursuant to the civil service rules, to the position of Secretary of the Treasury. Madame also reports that Hon. Edward McPherson, the present chief of the bureau of engraving and printing, is to be advanced to the post of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. If this be true, the Treasury Department will be controlled by two of the most brilliant executive officers in the country.

"Pull, Adam, Pull."

There was a lad in Ireland who was put to work in a linen factory; and, while he was at work there, a piece of cloth was wanted to be sent out which was short of the quantity required; but the master thought it might be made the length by a little stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and the boy at the other. He then said:

"Pull, Adam, pull."

"I can not, sir."

"Why?" asked the master.

"Because it is wrong, sir," said Adam; and he refused to pull.

Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer, and sent him home. But the boy became the learned Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke.

Humor.

—"Lightning never strikes twice in the same place, it generally happening that there is nothing there the second time to hit."

—A boy having been told "that a reptile was an animal that creept," on being asked to name one, on examination day, promptly replied, "A baby."

—A ridiculous exchange asks: "Were you ever bitten by a bed tick?" And a chap who has traveled, replies:

"No, but we have been bitten by the next thing to it."

—Men are frequently like tea—the strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water.

—Spicer surprised his cook the other morning by remarking that he didn't want his gravy "executed" in that manner; he added that it was burned at the steak.

—A Judge, joking a young lawyer, said: "If you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?"

"The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer. "I've heard of an ass being made a judge; but a horse, never."

—A German editor remarks that in America thieves are so scarce that rewards are offered for them. He might have added, though, that it's not until the reward is offered that they make themselves scarce.

—It was the member from Ballygrass, county Mayo, who remarked, "I have always observed that if I live through the month of March, I am alive at the end of the year."

—"I never complained of my condition but once," said an old man, "when my feet were bare and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented."

—A dandy of twenty-six having been termed an "old bachelor," appealed to an elderly gentleman to decide whether he should be called old or not, giving his age at "twenty-six." Said the elderly gentleman:

"It is owing to how you take it. Now, for a man, it is young enough; but for a goose, it is rather old."

—When an Ohio man reads a head-line in his paper, "The situation at Washington," he telegraphs Hayes for it immediately."

—Serenader: "Home Sweet Home, dah am no place like home."

Colored lady at the window: "Well, you jes better git along home or I'll frow somtin."

—The difficulty, boys, is to get the first hundred dollars in the savings bank.—Exchange. And the next great difficulty is to get it out—of New York savings banks.

—The colored people held a meeting a few days ago in Caldwell county, North Carolina, to pray for rain. One brother was called on, who prayed after this manner:

"O Lord! us poor niggers is perishing dis year, an' ef you don't gib us rain we will perish next year, too. So, good Lord, gib us rain. Don't gib us one of dese little slippy slabbies, but do, good Lord, gib us one of dem gully-washers an' trash-movers."

—This is the malicious way in which a Chicago paper relates a St. Louis romance:

"A love affair which has been going on for nineteen years at St. Louis has at last been brought to a happy termination by the tardy swain falling at a portion of the feet of the Dulcinea and confessing his flame. The beautiful girl reddened with delight part of the way up her ears, and accepted him."

—Lessing, the German author, who, in his old age, subject to extraordinary fits of abstraction. On his return home, one evening, after he had knocked at his door, the servant looked out of the window to see who was there. Not recognizing his master in the dark, and mistaking him for a stranger, he called out, "The professor is not at home."

"Oh, very well," replied Lessing, "I'll call another time!"

—Jefferson's idea of a lawyer: "A man whose trade it is to contest everything, concede nothing, and talk by the hour."

—Something scorched a space a hundred yards wide and six times as long in Western Texas, in a recent storm. The residents generally think a remarkably broad flash of lightning may have done it, but there are superstitious persons who are sure that the devil did it with his hot feet.

—It doesn't do a bit of good to go to a picnic and stand on the river bank and admire the gorgeous sunset and talk about the tender beauties of nature to a man who has just sat down on a custard pie.

—On motion it was agreed that the company wear a uniform consisting of black pantaloons with a yellow stripe running parallel with the outside seam, a black hat with a yellow cord, and a saddle blanket made of blue material.

—In winding up an article on the last corn crop, an Alabama editor remarked: "We have on exhibition in our sanctum a magnificent pair of ears."

They say Dr. Mary Walker is so bandy, as to her walking things, that she has to have her trousers cut with a circular saw."