Historical Soc,

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The Avant Courier.

Wm. W. Alderson. Matt. W. Alderson.
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L. T. BOOTH, General Eastern Agent
Chicago and Northwestern Railway,
415 Broadway, New York; and
our friends in Montana are
invited to call there.

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Western Star Lodge, No. 4.
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Will practice in all the courts held in Bozeman. Particular attention given to collections. Fees reasonable.
Office at Marston's jewelry store, Main street.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to Courier office, Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all courts of the Territory.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
FORT ELLIS. MONTANA.
Bozeman office at S. W. Langhorne's Drug Store daily from 10 a. m. until 4 p. m.

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. [31-6m]

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. [6-15-tf

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LEA. F. MARSTON
Manufactures and Repairs Jewelry. Will lay down American Watches at 10 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 East.
WATCH WORK A SPECIALTY.

First National Bank
OF HELENA.
Designated Depository of
the United States.
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Authorized Capital $500,000
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Permanent surplus fund 50,000
Will transact a general Banking business and pay the highest rates.
GOLD DUST, COIN,
Gold and Silver Bullion
SILVER and COPPER ORES.
Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers
And Local Securities; and sell

Poetry.

Better Late Than Never.

Life is a race, where some succeed,
While other are beginning;
'Tis luck at times, at others speed,
That gives an early winning.
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor,
But keep this wholesome truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel,
By honest, patient labor.
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never.

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another;
But while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother.
Whate'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to beat the rest,
'Tis better late than never.

Choose well the path in which you run—
Succeed by noble daring;
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing;
Then never fret, if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor;
But ever keep this truth in mind,
'Tis better late than never.

Our Selected Story.

A GOOD INDIAN STORY.

[*Sacramento Record-Union.*]

A party of five amateur huntsmen left the city yesterday for the mountains, to be gone about a month, and another party of four returned home day before yesterday. The latter had intended to stay out longer, but the Indians in their vicinity began to grow exceedingly saucy, and to make demands for small things in a tone which, it was thought, indicated that they might, if provoked, help themselves, and the hunters therefore broke camp, intending to stop a while at a point nearer home, but after they got on the back track they came through without much delay.

Speaking of the Indians, the party tell a funny story of their main camp. One hot day one of them went to a creek not far distant to have a bath, taking with him his rifle. He had removed his garments down to his red flannel underclothing on the bank of the stream, when he heard the brush cracking, and, thinking perhaps the noise was made by a deer or other large animal, he deployed himself as a skirmisher and cautiously began investigating.

He had not long to wait, for a moment later he observed a figure dodging from tree to tree, rifle in hand, and evidently watching him. It flashed through his mind that he was being followed by an Indian bent on mischief, and his heart rose to his throat so that he could almost taste it, as thoughts of home forced themselves upon him. He determined that he would fight to the last, however, and, braced by the determination, advanced upon the enemy. The latter was evidently not prepared for such tactics, for he retreated, faster and faster, and finally threw down his gun and ran. The Sacramentan, fearing that this was only a piece of strategy to lead him into an ambush, returned to the creek, donned his garments, and hurried to camp.

There he found a member of the party who had just come in from hunting, relating to the other two members how he also had experienced trouble with Indians, one of whom he said had followed him for two or three miles, and he had only escaped from him by striking him over the head with his gun. This, he went on to say, broke the stock in two pieces. The barrel flew into the chapparal, and he did not deem it worth while to wait and search for it, when the Indians might attack the camp at any moment.

The man who had been to the creek began to feel a suspicion that two members of that hunting party had been making fools of themselves, and he quietly inquired:

"What did he look like?"

"Look like! You've heard of them being called red devils; well, this fellow was one of them. He was stripped right to the skin, was bareheaded, and had painted himself just as red as blood. You needn't laugh—'twasn't anything to laugh at, I can tell you."

It was almost too cruel to say anything about the red flannel underclothes and the throwing of the gun away, but it had to be told.

HOW BEEF IS CANNED.

Description of one of the Most Remarkable Institutions of the Age.

[From the St. Louis *Dispatch.*]

America has long been the great stock-breeding nation of the world. Her almost boundless prairies, with their rich abundance of succulent grasses, are the natural home of thrifty cattle, myriads of which are raised and fattened with no further cost than the meager stipend of the herd boy. Americans are bred to fresh beef in consequence of the cheap productiveness of cattle, while in Europe it is used very much like dessert, and is such an expensive luxury that the poor people of that country can rarely afford the indulgence.

For hundreds of years the ocean commerce has had one very serious obstacle to contend with, viz: The ships' crews having to subsist on an exclusive salt meat, which, in addition to the diseases it causes, is more or less enervating, and finally it becomes unpalatable and even nauseating.

Thousands of persons have spent much time and money in their endeavors to invent a means by which beef may be kept fresh, and in that condition transported from one country to another. When the refrigerator car was perfected the whole country rejoiced, because beeves could be killed in the West and the meat shipped to the Eastern cities without losing any of its freshness, whereas, in shipping by the head in stock cars, the cattle became thin and feverish. But how much more will the country and world at large rejoice when learning that the great desideratum of the age has been accomplished; that a method has been found for preserving beef indefinitely as fresh as the moment when the hide was taken from the bullock, and St. Louisans will give praise for the honor of having the largest of the three factories in the world for canning and preserving fresh beef, a brief description of which is appended as follows:

On the 1st of January last the St. Louis Beef Canning Company leased the large building which stands on the north-east corner of Poplar and Fourteenth streets, and at once began fitting it up for their business. On the 1st of March steam was turned on and the canning of beef commenced. The building has been greatly enlarged since March, and the main building and additions now cover one-half a block, running from Fourteenth through to Thirteenth street, and is four stories in height.

The slaughtering is done by the company at the National stock yards, and two hundred and fifty beeves are killed and canned daily. None but the fattest young cattle are used, and after they are slaughtered the meat is packed in refrigerator cars and brought directly to the doors of the canning establishment, where it receives immediate attention, being unloaded and repacked in the immense packing rooms, which are cooled by the frigid atmosphere emitted from an ice-house, in which is stored 1000 tons of ice.

It is impossible for a reporter to describe all the means employed at the factory in preparing the meats for the cans, for the reason that much of the process is a secret known only to the proprietors, but the first room on the ground floor is occupied by about twenty-five operatives, dexterious in the use of cleavers and butcher knives, who are separating the meat from the bones. The meat is then carried to the cooking rooms in the top of the building by large elevators, while the bones are sent out by wagons and sold to the bone refineries.

After being thoroughly cooked the meat is shot down through the numerous chutes to the floor below, where it falls upon tables running the entire length of the room, 157 feet, and is there eagerly seized by the hundred operatives and packed into cans of various sizes, holding two, four, six and fourteen pounds. The cans are of a conical shape, into which the meat is packed so hard that one pound of this meat is equivalent to two pounds of that bought from butchers—including the amount of bone which accompanies every cut. When the top of the can is cut off only a few gentle taps on the bottom of the inverted can is required to cause the meat to drop out into a solid body, from which slices of any desired thickness may be cut, and, with a little seasoning, is ready for immediate use.

One of the most interesting departments of the factory is that in which the tin cans are made. The proprietors at first gave the contract for making the packing vessels to J. H. Pocock, who did the work at his factory on Cherry street, but the demand for the meat soon became so great that it was utterly impossible for Mr. Pocock to make the cans at his old establishment fast enough. He therefore ordered special machinery to be made by a foundry in Brooklyn, N. Y., and in one month after the order was given the machinery was received and placed in the factory under his direction. This room is about 55 feet in width and 160 in length. It is well filled with active workmen and machines. Every part of the cans is stamped, and the facilities are so complete that 10,000 cans are completed daily, and yet this department has to be run constantly to its full capacity in order to keep a sufficient supply on hand.

In another very large room on the second floor is an army of sprightly girls working with great activity, affixing illuminated labels to the cans. The inability of the proprietors to get labels printed rapidly enough has been a source of great annoyance to them, and in a short time, doubtless, a printing department will be added to the institution.

The ramifications of the buildings are almost as numerous and confusing as the passages in a labarynth, and it would be next to impossible for one unacquainted, without a guide, to go through the entire building. The last department connected with the canning directly, is the shipping room, which is on the second floor. It is here that the cans are packed into wooden boxes, which are labeled in colors, and the boxes are then sent shooting down an incline into the wagons waiting for a load, and are then taken to the freight depots from whence they are distributed to the ports of the world.

There is a retail department connected with the establishment, where delicious tenderloins, succulent roasts, and the fresh, juicy and lucious canned corn beef, canned ham and canned beef tongues are sold. The tenderloins and roasts are not packed, but sold as they are in the butcher shops, tenderloins being retailed at fifteen cents, and roasts at seven cents per pound.

The reader would doubt this assertion did we not accompany it with the following explanation:

The Beef Canning Company have a contract by which they get their beeves slaughtered and brought to the door of their establishment for twenty-seven cents per head; there is no part of the beef wasted, not even the blood, as all the refuse is sold to various rendering companies, the blood being used for making oilcloths. The saving of what is a wastage to the butchers; amounts to an immense fortune yearly in the number of cattle used by the Canning Company. Another very great advantage the company has is in having the best buyers in the country constantly in attendance at the National Stock Yards, who buy from one hundred to one thousand cattle daily.

One of the most noticeable results to the St. Louis stock market, by the operation of the Beef Canning Company., is the doubly increased receipts of cattle. By the new railroad pool discriminating in favor of Chicago against St. Louis, the former city would take the bulk of the stock shipments from the West but for the demand for cattle made by the company, which greatly tends to stiffen the prices of good beeves in this city.

The beef put up by the process partially described above is really supetior to the beef bought in the butcher shops, while it is nearly one-third cheaper. It is a remarkable fact that while every other article of consumption has depreciated since the war twenty-five per cent., beef has been kept at a uniform price, and that too notwithstanding the immense crops raised and the reduction in the price of labor. Two important considerations entering into the cost of raising and slaughtering cattle. The only cause assigned for keeping up the price of beef is that of a combination which has until now been able to control the market. Aside then of the fact that the beef canned by the St. Louis establishment is superior to ordinary beef in flavor and juciness, the company is entitled to the praise and patronage of the community for having broken the monopoly of high-priced beef, and thus brought that necessary article within easy reach of the poorest classes.

Letters have been received by the proprietors from the Russian commissariat preliminary to negotiating for canned beef for the Russian army, and doubtless before the defenders of the cross penetrate further into the bowels of the Turkish Empire, they will be feeding on St. Louis beef. Orders have already been received for furnishing the U. S. army on the plains, and when the supply goes forward, the Indian warfare will assume a more favorable phase.

The officers of the St. Louis Beef Canning Company are, R. D. Hunter, president; A. G. Evans, vice president; H. B. Merrell, secretary; H. L. Newman, treasurer and general manager. All these gentlemen are well-known St. Louisans, and are men of capital and brains. They have invested several hundred thousand dollars in the establishment, and are convinced that the investment will prove entirely satisfactory. They deserve a patronage which will insure them each a handsome income, and will receive the blessings of the world for their enterprise and invaluable invention.

Mothers of Great Men.

BY HELEN MAR.

Throughout the pages of history we are struck with the fact that our remarkable men possessed mothers of uncommon talents for good or bad, and great energy of character. It would almost seem, from this circumstance, that the impress of the mother is more frequently stamped on the boy, and that of the father upon the girl—we mean the mental, intellectual impress, in distinction from the physical one.

It is said of Sir Walter Scott's mother, that she was a small, plain, well-educated woman, of excellent sense, very charitable, and a great lover of poetry and painting, and on the whole a superior woman. 'Tis evident, from the writings of Sir Walter that he had an uncommon gift in word-painting.

It is said of Byron's mother, that she was a proud woman, hasty, violent, and unreasonable, with not principle enough to restrain her temper. Unhappily, Byron inherited his mother's inflammable temper, and instead of being subdued and softened by the harshness with which she often treated him, he was rendered more passionate by it. Thus we see that this infirmity, which by gentleness and kind treatment might have been checked, if not cured, was suffered to enslave one of the most talented, brilliant, poetical minds that ever shone among men, entailing a life of misery upon its possessor, and an early termination to his career.

The mother of Bonaparte was a woman of great beauty and *energy* of character. This last trait was strikingly exemplified throughout his whole life.

The mother of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, was a woman of moderate personal attractions, but in every other respect she was a remarkable woman. She was blessed with great equanimity of temper, and her religious feelings were constant and deep. She used to give wings to the weary hours of her checkered life by chanting song or ballads, of which she had a large store. Her perceptions of character were very quick and keen, and she lived to a good old age, rejoicing in the fame of her poet son, and partaking of the fruits of his genius.

Lord Bacon's mother is said to have been a woman of superior mind, of great learning, and deep piety.

Little is said of the mother of Nero, except that she murdered her second husband, the Emperor Claudius, about forty years after marriage. Do we wonder that Nero was a cruel Emperor, if his mother was a murderess? How strangely does the mother of Nero, an ancient tyrant, contrast with the mothers of some of our modern philanthropists and statesmen!—the mother of Washington, whose name is familiar to every reader of history; the mother of John Jay, who deserves a place by the side of Washington. Mrs. Jay is said to have had a cultivated mind, a fine imagination, and an affectionate temper.

The mother of Patrick Henry was a woman of great excellence of character, and marked by superior conversational powers. Hence, doubtless, the oratorial gift of her son. With the mother of the Adamses all are acquainted. Where will you find more real practical sense, and true energy of character, than John Quincy's mother possessed?

The late John Randolph, some years before his death, wrote to a friend as follows: "I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics; and though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for *one recollection*, and that was that my departed mother used to take my little hands in her's, and cause me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father, which art in Heaven.'"

Mothers will do well to remember that their impress is often indelibly stamped upon their sons.

—All men are not homeless, but some are home less than others.

Educational---Religious

—There are eight hundred Baptist Churches in Mississippi.

—It was a common saying among the Puritans, "Brown bread and the gospel is good fare."

—Of the Chinese children in San Francisco, 100 go to private schools. There are none in the public schools.

—If you have religion you need not tell people about it; they will find it out after trading with you for a little while.

—The project has been broached of a "World Missionary Convention," to be held in London in the autumn of 1878.

—Plants look up to Heaven from whence all their nourishment comes. It would be well for mankind to take the hint.

—"My friends," said a Spiritualist lecturer, "if we stop giving each other hell we shall find very little hell anywhere else."

I fully believe in predestination; if a man will drink whiskey, and won't work, he is predestined to become ragged and go to the devil.—*Josh Billings.*

I do not hesitate to maintain, that education must fail, as long as we continue to think that children are born alike, and may receive with equal advantage, every kind of education.—*Spurzheim.*

Ex-Governor Letcher, of Virginia, returning from a church fair, was asked by a friend what he had been doing. "I have been eating oysters for the Lord at a dollar a dozen," he replied.

Dr. Domer, of Berlin, wrote to the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Edinburg: "The Presbyterian Churches represent the Muscular system in the great body of Evangelical Christianity—the principle of powerful motive and initiative."

—A lawyer and minister, both impecunious, boarded with a certain widow lady at South End, Boston. Neither could pay his board. The lawyer married the lone woman, and the minister performed the ceremony, thus squaring accounts.

—In Washington it costs from $1 to $5 to swear on the street. When a man slips up on a piece of orange peel, he is careful to go into the nearest hotel to relieve his mind. Any hasty expression of opinion outside would be followed by an arrest and fine.

—A man should neither be a hermit nor a buffoon; human nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world; nor at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

—When circus bills are posted, they are examined sharply by church members, to see if there is a menagerie connected with it, that will permit their attending for the benefit of the children.

—There is a natural order and progression in the development of the faculties: "First the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full corn in the ear." And in the mind as in the grain, the blade may be so treated that the full corn may never appear.—*Horace Mann.*

—England has spent, since 1870, $40,000, on her Board Schools, or on schools answering to our common school. In 1870 there were accommodations for 1,878,584 children; now there are accommodations for 3,426,748. The report on education for 1875–77 shows that over 600 schools—most of them denominational—were during the year transferred to the School Boards.

—Ministers should remember that the weather is growing very cold, and the same congregation which sits delighted through two and one-half hours of a five act comedy can't possibly endure more than twenty-five minutes of sermon and a three-minute prayer. There is a limit even to human endurance.

—The son of the editor of the Chicago *Religio-Philosophical Journal* (Spiritualist organ), has succeeded to his father's position as the editor of that periodical. In the last number he avers that his father has become a celestial correspondent of the *Journal*, and to prove it prints the following letter received by the courtesy of a medium: "My Dear Francis: I have not been able to meet many beside my own dear ones yet. I have been called upon by Theodore Parker, John Pierpont, Joshua Giddings and Robert Owen, but above a passing salute nothing was said. I was too weak to talk with any one."

—Reading, writing and ciphering are the fundamental arts, which every person can learn and ought to be taught in our primary schools. But for forty years past the schools have been neglecting these arts more and more, and substituting in their place studies which properly belong to the High School. Namely, orthography, orthoepy, calligraphy, analysis and theory of numbers. Instead of learning to read, write and cipher, the child learns to jabber bad metaphysics about rhetoric and numbers. What is needed in the common schools now is a reformation so complete that it might almost be deemed a revolution. The school authorities need to see that logical drill belongs only to the later period of school life; that the attempt to teach children in the primary school to understand the reason of every step is terribly injurious every way. It is grasping at shadow and losing the substance. It is this false method of teaching which has made our modern school so inefficient for practical ends, making a premature and ineffectual logical gymnastic take the place of a familiarity with the processes of arithmetic.

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

Success must be conquered. The man who is fit for a place is seldom neglected. He who ceases to strive, in order that he may sit down and complain that he is slighted, overlooked, forgotten, may rest assured that his case will grow more and more desperate the longer he complains. Whining does not overcome neglect, but courts it. Courage, diligence, cheerfulness, faith—these are the traits which mark the successful man.

Wisdom.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

True men make more opportunities than they find.

An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.

It is always well to be charitable in your judgement.

No honest work, however humble, can disgrace an honest man.

Never apologize for a long letter; you only add to its length.

Retiring early at night will surely shorten a man's days.

He speaks in his drink what he thought in his drought.

You may find your best friend or your worst enemy in yourself.

The man who minds his own business has a good steady employment.

If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will not hurt us.

You can preach a better sermon with your life than with your lips.

If a man has a great many debts, are they very much to his credit?

Zealously keep down little expenses and you will not incur large ones.

Do all the good you can in this world, and make as little noise about it as possible.

Don't eat or talk much this hot weather. Now is a good time to let your mouth take a vacation.

A flower cannot blossom without sunshine, and man cannot live without love.

The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

There are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but none so useful as discretion.

There are many who know their own wisdom, but there are few that know their own folly.

If you would pass for more than your value, say little. It is easier to look wise than talk wise.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry; the water of life, faith.

Take things as they are, and make the best of them. That is the only true and practical philosophy.

If you can afford but one sign, put it in the newspaper—more people will read it there than over your door.

There is nothing in the world so much admired as a man who knows how to bear unhappiness with courage.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

The greater the difficulty the more glory in surmounting it. Skillful pilots gain their reputations from storms and tempests.

In all differances consider that you and your opponent are dropping off, and that ere long your very memories will be extinguished.

Life is a book of which we can have but one edition. Let each day's actions, as they add their pages to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have an assembled world read.

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck, with his sleeves rolled up and working to make it come out all right.

A Russian Baby.

Russian babies are always swaddled and rolled up in bandages, so that they may be conveniently put away without risk of getting themselves into trouble or mischief. On entering one of their homes, an enthusiastic traveler thinks he has come upon some pagan tribe, having their idols and penetates, with the heads well carved out and the rest of the body left in the block. He looks curiously at one laid upon a shelf, another hung on the wall on a peg, a third slung over one of the main beams of the roof, and rocked by the mother, who has the cord looped over her foot.

"Why, is that a child?" cries the traveler, with a feeling similar to that experienced on treading upon a toad, which was supposed to be a stone.

"Why, what else should it be?" quietly answers the mother.

Having learned so much in so short a time, the inquisitive traveler wishes to inform himself about the habits of the creature: but his curiosity being somewhat dampened by the extreme dirt of the little figure, he mildly inquires of the parent when it was washed:

"Washed!" shrieks the horrified mother; "washed! What, wash a child! You'd kill it."

Change of Work.

That was a wise father who, on hearing his little daughter request her brother to drive a few nails in the woodhouse for her, said he would teach her how to do it herself. She was apt, and drove in all the nails successfully. So pleased was she with her success, that she would have set a double row around the shed if her father had not concluded that these would answer for the present.

"There, that little lesson helps to make you independent, my girl," he said. "Now I will teach you some day to catch and harness up a horse. You have already learned to drive a gentle one. Learn to sharpen a knife, and whittle, too, without cutting your fingers. Don't let the doors creak for the want of an oiled feather, or the little children's boots get hard in the winter for the want of a little grease."

Take a lesson from this, girls. You don't know where you will be cast away some time during your life. The most helpless people I have ever met are those who can only do one kind of work. Learn to help yourselves, even if, sometimes, you trench upon "boys' work."

Man's Better-Half.

—"Worth makes the woman."

—France has three women to one man.

—Flowers on bonnets are used in great profusion, so that a man may go home at night and sit right down on a beautiful garden.

—There's one good trait in California widows. When they marry their second husband, they have plenty of money to support him.

—Why is a young lady who has just left boarding school like a building committee? —Because she is ready to receive proposals.

—The young lady who said kissing was like a sewing-machine because it seemed so good, evidently alluded to a sewing-machine with a feller.

—The first step toward wealth used to be considered the choice of a good wife; but now-a-days wealth is the first step toward the choice of a wife.

—An exchange says: "Don't tell a married man any joke on the boys, for he will tell his wife, his wife will tell her sister, and the sister will tell all the rest of the girls."

—LADY—And put just a tint of carmine on the cheeks, but not too much, you know. PHOTOGRAPHER—Exactly, madam, I perfectly understand; about as much as you have on now!

—Worth declares that the next change in woman's attire shall be in the direction of short petticoats, colored clocked stockings visible to the swell of the calf of the leg, and low-cut buckled shoes.

—They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for desert except oranges.

—A facetious physician, an old bachelor, said the other day to a single lady: "How can you with a clear conscience answer St. Peter when you shall reach heaven's gate for your heartlessness in refusing so many marriage offers?" The lady archly replied: "I shall tell the Apostle that Dr. —— did not ask me."

—He waltzed out of the front door, followed by a wash-board and two bars of soap; and, as he straightened himself and walked firmly down the street, he remarked: "A man must draw the line somewhere, or he can't be boss of the house; and I'll be hanged if I'll pump more than one tub of water for no washing, and there ain't a woman can make me do it, unless she looks me in:

One Man Satisfied.

[*Phrenological Journal.*]

One bright and beautiful morning in July last, we met with a strange phenomenon—a man who says he is thoroughly satisfied with life in all its phases. And to emphasize this opinion of his, he enthusiastically declares that if he could enter the spirit world as if he never had been born, yet knew precisely what he knows now of earth, having lived upon it fifty-seven years, and were consulted by the Creator on the subject, and if it were proposed to him to be born into life on earth to live sixty years, and the question were left to his choice in all respects, he would say, "I will be born in the nineteenth century, in 1820." If questioned as to what part of the world he would be born in, he would say, "In the United States of America." If asked in what part of the United States, he would instantly reply, "Connecticut." If asked what part of the State, his reply would be, "In New London County."

"No other time since the world began has there been such a time in which to be born and live as the nineteenth century. The civilization of past ages has been working out results to make possible the steamboat, the magnetic telegraph, photography, the power loom, the sewing-machine, shorthand writing, railroads, the lightning printing press, and all the wonderful achievements which have culminated in the United States since this century began. I would not have come into life earlier than I did, because the highest and best conditions of the country had not been attained. Our fathers had subdued the wilderness of the continent, and made it to be a desirable abode for men; they had established a free government with few blemishes; they had fought the battle against the despotism of the old world and won the victory; they had achieved for themselves and their children an inheritance which made the civilization and the liberty of the day possible; and during this present century and in this precious country, under these blessed auspices, men have the highest and best opportunities for individual development and culture, for the enjoyment of the largest freedom for the largest number, and the general morality which makes life desirable.

"Whoever is living a hundred years hence will find this country so greatly changed that one might almost as well live in China. The rich will have become richer and the poor poorer; population will have increased so as to make the country crowded. I am entirely satisfied with my life. I have had one aim in it, namely, always to do the best I possibly could; to aim at the right under all circumstances; and, though I occasionally miss it, my aim is honest and my conscience approves my efforts. I hope there is a life to come; I expect it; and if the future life is half as good as this life has been to me, I shall be satisfied. I am satisfied with this; I hope to be satisfied with the future. I would not change, if I had my life to live over again, one phase of it. I might use more wisely some of my opportunities, but the surroundings which I have had have been the best, and I would be willing to go over it, and I would not ask to have any phase of it altered to accommodate me. If my experience would enable me to make better use of my opportunities than I have done in the past, that would enhance my happiness so much the more. Here I am, thanking God for what I have had the opportunity for knowing, and doing, and being; rejoicing in the good which life has yielded to me, and, as I have said, I shall be satisfied if the world to come is half as good as this."

Wit and Humor.

—Thanks to a hotel—Inn-gratitude.

—The Germans are great hands to malt treat each other.

—Better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.

—An old tin pan doesn't "point a moral" as often as it "adorns a tail."

—You can detect counterfeit coin by putting it in water. If it swims it is bad.

—Marriage is an altar on which man lays his wallet and woman her affections.

—The most melancholy season of the year is when we have dog days and cat nights.

—Science is discussing the question, "What will become of the last man?" We know. He'll get left.

—A barber in Chelsea has a sign in his window which reads: "Hair-cutting on Phrenological and Physiognomical principles."

—Claw-hammer coats are cut so short in the tail this season that they will hardly draw a ten-penny nail out of a garden or lawn seat.

—A Chicago youth went back on his engagement because he overheard his sweetheart say that she had been folded in the arms of Morpheus.

—"You're a smart fellow," sneered a lawyer to a witness the other day in a Brooklyn court. "I'd return the compliment if I wasn't under oath," replied the witness.

—A politician who was a great stickler for equality in all things, perceiving two crows flying side by side, exclaimed, "Ah! that is just as it should be; I hate to see one crow over another."

—The manufacture of cigars in New York city pays the Government an annual revenue of $1,000,000. And yet there are people who pretend that they don't know where all the cabbages go to.

—A Frenchman thinks the English language is very tough. "Dere is look out," he says, "which is to put out your head to see; and look out, which is to haul in your head and not for to see—just contrairie."

—"Got all kinds of ties here?" said a would-be wit, entering a well-known furnishing store. "Yes, sir," replied the shopman. "Well, I'd like a pig's sty," replied the customer. "All right, sir; just bend down your hogshead, and we'll take your measure," said the ready shopkeeper.

—It is said that "the moon has gained about an inch in rapidity of motion" within the last hundred years. This is no doubt true, for young men will tell you that when talking at the gate with their sweethearts the moon goes down much quicker now than it did when they were boys waiting to rob a watermelon patch in the dark.

Mr. William Cullen Bryant has just given his first temperance address at Cummington, Mass. He referred to the State of New England fifty or sixty years ago, when liquor was used almost universally, and spoke of the danger which threatened its destruction. He mentioned the fine orchards which were in those days growing in Berkshire, and bearing great quantities of apples devoted to cider-making, which was distilled into brandy, and used commonly as a beverage. But the death of several young men by delirium tremens aroused fathers to the danger of their sons, and they took steps to prevent their going to drunkard's graves. He referred to the opposition which met the temperance movement in its early days, and the success which attended the efforts then put forth, and also spoke of the danger of parents making drunkards of their children by giving them narcotics and soothing syrups, urging his hearers to prevent, as far as they were able, the use of stimulants, as there would always be a desire for something stronger. Mr. Bryant ended by saying that he had never before made a temperance address, and did not know that he ever should again.

The Value of a Dollar.

A silver dollar represents a day's work for the laborer. It is given to a boy; he has no idea of what it has cost or what it is worth. He would be as likely to give a dollar as a dime for a top or any other toy. But if the boy has learned to earn the dimes and dollars by the sweat of his face he knows the difference. Hard work is to him a measure of values that can never be rubbed out of his mind. Let him learn by experience that a hundred dollars represents a hundred weary days' labor, and it seems a great sum of money; a thousand dollars is a fortune, and ten thousand is almost inconceivable, for it is far more than he ever expects to get. When he has earned a dollar, he thinks twice before he spends it. He wants to invest it so as to get the full value of the day's work for it. It is a great wrong to society and to the boy to bring him up to man's estate without this knowledge. A fortune at twenty-one without it is almost inevitably thrown away. With it and a little capital to start on, he will make his own fortune better than any one can make it for him.

Rough and Smooth.

There are some people who are always scratching you by their short answers and impatient ways if things go at all wrong with them. They are like a rough, unplaned board, if you don't handle it with the grain, you are very likely to be annoyed with the splinters.

A gentleman at an eating house asked the person next to him if he would please pass the mustard.

"Sir," said the man, "do you take me for a waiter?"

"No," was the reply, "I mistook you for a gentleman."

That man, the moment you touched his pride, threw out his sharp words as the porcupine does his quills. Kind words cost nothing, and they save a world of worry and fretful feeling. They have a wonderful knack of smoothing over the rough places in