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Wm. W. Alderson. Matt. W. Alderson.
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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. Basinski. Tr—J. F. Spieth.
V. G—L. Sperling. W—F. A. Major.
R. S—A. D. McPherson. C—Ben. F. Bisel.
G—Louis Arcola.

Meets at Odd Fellows Hall every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend. [6-18tf]

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BOZEMAN, : MONTANA.

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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ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office on Black St., Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all courts of the Territory.

FRANCIS GEISDORFF, M. D.,

Upper Yellowstone,

OPPOSITE HAYDEN POST OFFICE.

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

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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]

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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. [6-13-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.

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S. T. HAUSER.....President.
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E. W. KNIGHT.....Cashier.
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Authorized Capital..... $500,000
Paid up Capital..... 100,000
Permanent surplus fund..... 50,000

We transact a general Banking business and buy at the highest rates.

GOLD DUST, COIN,
Gold and Silver Bullion
SILVER and COPPER ORES.
And Local Securities; and sell
Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers

Poetry.

Win and Wear.

There is no royal road to greatness:
Men must ever climb to fame;
All the wealth in miser's coffers
Would not buy a deathless name.
Is a noble goal before you?
Would you great achievements bear?
On the way you should not falter—
Brothers, you must "Win and Wear."

Toil and labor, never stopping
Till you make the prize your own;
For you know 'tis constant dropping
Wears away the hardest stone.
Never slack sublime endeavor,
Nor 'mid cheerless toil despair;
If you'd rise above your fellows,
Brothers, you must "Win and Wear."

'Tis the lesson Nature teaches
All through her wide domain;
And the text from which she preaches
Is that "Labor leads to Gain."
Moral worth and honest merit—
Better crowns than monarchs bear—
These you never can inherit—
Brothers, you must "Win and Wear."

Only.

Only a woman's face,
Young and so fair,
Crowned by a royal wreath
Of golden hair;
Eyes—brow—teeth—lips,
Fashioned with grace,
Checks as the roses red—
Only a woman's face.

—Popular Song.

Only a woman's breath,
Whirled in the hail,
By the Adonis who
Pays a short call;
Onions, cachous, peppermint drops,
Lemon, taffy, peaches, cloves,
Sozodont, cabbage, coffee,
Likewise fried tripe, jelly cake,
Orange peel, radishes, cheese,
Chocolate, calomels, garlic,
Not to mention floating island,
Ham sandwich, marshmellows,
Spruce chewing gum, as well as
Wax, soda water, grapes, watermelons, wine drops, blue mass,
Cantelopes, seidlitz powders, sponge cake,
Bologuass, limburger, sweitzer—
Only a woman's breath.

St. Louis Journal.

Only the breath of a man
Odorous airs,
Wafted about one a. m.
At the foot of the stairs.
Lemonade, seltzer, beer,
Bass's pale ale,
Whisky and soda; plain pop,
Whisky cocktail,
Eye openers, old tamarack,
Cloves and Rhine wine, gin,
Cigars, pretzels, tobacco,
Brandy, rum, oysters, kraut,
Plantation bitters, whisky sour,
Kimmel, peach brandy, apple-jack,
Hard cider, hot-scotch,
Only the breath of a man.

—Exchange.

Our Selected Story.

THE WRONG MASK.

BY HANNAH BLOMGREN.

The sheen of silks, the flashing of jewelry, silvery laughter, and strains of sweet music, all serve to produce that intoxication of excitement which takes possession of one in a brilliantly-lighted, well-filled ball-room; and no one felt more the influence of such a scene than did charming little Mollie Remsen, on the night of the French ball, in 187—.

Dressed as a flower girl, in a dainty costume that served to make her look more piquant than usual, if such a thing were possible, she threaded her way in and out among the crowd, with a grace that was bewitching, and a vivacity that rose as much from the great love that had just blossomed in her heart, as from her surroundings.

But one week previous to this ball, Charlie Richmond had whispered the old, old story to her, and she felt herself blessed among women.

She had come to the ball in his company, but enveloped as she was in a long, dark cloak, it was impossible for him to discover what her costume was; and although he had pleaded very earnestly, she had positively refused to enlighten him on the subject.

She knew of his disguise, because she had helped him to select the costume—a court dress of the time of Louis XIV—so she promised herself much amusement and felt that she could extract much sweetness from the evening's pleasure.

Several times did Mollie pass her lover, who, all ignorant of her proximity, was searching for her everywhere.

Then she lost sight of the court dress—it seemed to disappear among the dancers at the farther end of the hall; she turned about, and was considerably startled to find herself face to face with it.

"How did he come here so quickly?" she thought to herself. "I wonder if he has recognized me?"

Her question was immediately answered, as he approached her, took her hand and placed it on his arm, and said:

"I have found you at last. I have hunted everywhere for you, and had just concluded that farther search was useless."

"How did you know me?" she asked, with a laugh, as they joined the promenaders.

"Intuition, I suppose, as I had no clue to help me. The moment I saw you I knew it was the little girl I love so dearly."

Mollie pressed his arm gently, as if to thank him for those words; and then, with the perversity that seizes all womankind at times, she said, archly:

"So you intend to devote yourself to poor little me; I have not dared to expect that."

"Fortunately I have succeeded in ridding myself of my gushing *fiancee*; I lost myself in a crowd, and I shall take pretty good care that I am not found."

Mollie's heart seemed to stand still. What was the meaning of his words?

"Shall we dance, Jessie?" he asked, pressing the white-gloved hand that rested upon his arm.

Mollie could not speak; she simply shook her head.

She understood it all now. Charlie had supposed her to be some one else—some Jessie with whom he had made an appointment.

It was with almost superhuman effort that she controlled herself. At first, she felt as if she would faint; then anger took the place of pain, and that gave her strength, and she resolved that she would drink the bitter cup to the dregs, learn all of this hateful story, and then, after showing him how she despised him, she would bury herself in some secluded spot away from all the world. She had not quite made up her mind whether she would die, or live to haunt him, when he asked:

"What is the matter, darling? You are strangely quiet to-night. Are you ill?"

She was strong enough to speak now, and she said, in a voice that no one would have recognized as Mollie Remsen's:

"No, not ill, but afraid. *She* might see us—the one you came with, I mean."

Mollie could not trust herself to mention her own name, for she felt that her voice would waver if she did.

"I have no fears, Jessie. I am keeping the whole width of the hall between us. I wish we might never be nearer."

"Then why have you asked her to marry you?" and her voice trembled, spite of all she could do.

"Why do you ask me that troublesome question, darling? But I will tell you now: Her father is rich—I am poor, and I marry her to better my fortune."

"Then you do not love her?"

This time her voice was so mournful, and so full of pleading, that but for the crash of the music, it must have betrayed her.

"Love her! Why, how foolish you are to-night, Jessie. Have I not told you again and again that I love only you? You know, darling, that I value one smile from you more, much more, than all the love she has for me."

Gone now was all the brightness and joy of the evening. There had been very little amusement, very little sweetness; all that was left was the dry, hard ashes of love turned to hate.

Yes, she said to herself, that she fairly hated him now; and had her hand been one of iron, she could have crushed his arm in her grasp, and enjoy the pain she caused.

Mollie tried to speak several times after that, but the words refused to come from her dry, parched lips.

"I scarcely know you to-night, Jessie," he said. "What has occurred to change you so?"

"Nothing," she replied, faintly.

"Are you not going to dance?"

"No; not now, at any rate. I think I will leave you for a moment," she added, hurriedly.

"You will return soon?"

"In half an hour."

"I will meet you here, then, Jessie."

Mollie felt than she must be alone for a while, to regain her failing strength of will, ere she said that to him she had determined upon—words that would separate them forever.

She went to the cloak-room, and there resolved upon what she would do, and that it must be done at once.

She hurried back to the ball-room. She saw her faithless lover standing near the door, and going up to him she said in a low voice:

"Come out into the lobby. I must speak with you at once."

The gentleman seemed a little unwilling to accompany her, but after a moment's hesitation, he offered her his arm, and the two walked along the almost deserted lobby.

They reached a spot where they were alone, and Mollie, withdrawing her hand from his arm, as though the contact was degrading, faced him resolutely and said, in an angry tone, from which all love and sweetness had departed:

"Now, Mr. Richmond, you may know that you were talking to *me*, not to Jessie," and lifting her mask, she disclosed her pretty face, now flushed and darkened with anger.

"Why, Mollie," cried Charlie, "I've been looking for you all the evening. Where have you been? And what a becoming costume you have."

"All this is useless," said Mollie, scornfully. "You know very well that you have been talking to me, calling me Jessie, and telling me about your distasteful engagement."

"Talking to you, Jessie. Why, what do you mean, Mollie?"

"You know what I mean, Mr. Richmond; you see that you have made a mistake. We will be strangers henceforth," and she passed to him the ring that he had placed on her forefinger only the week before.

"But, Mollie—"

She turned abruptly away, and hastened down the lobby, her heart throbbing with pain, and an uncomfortable lump rising in her throat.

He must not know how she was suffering; above all he must not see her cry; she had discarded him with the scorn he deserved, and he must never know what pain it had cost her; so she hurried on to the cloak-room, hoping to reach its friendly shelter ere the threatened flood of tears came.

She was startled by hearing a voice say:

"Where are you going, Jessie? You said you would be back in half an hour, and now I find you rushing along as if you were mad. What is the meaning of this?"

Mollie looked up and saw a court costume before her, exactly like the one worn by Charlie.

Instead of repiying, she turned quickly, hastened back to the lobby, where Charlie was still standing, looking downcast and sad; she half ran to him, and throwing herself in his arms, burst into tears, not of sorrow, but of joy.

Before she had time to say a word, the gentleman who had taken her for Jessie, came up to them; but when he got one glimpse of the tear-stained face, from which Charlie had taken the mask, he quickly retraced his way, with words not exactly complimentary to himself, on his lips.

Mollie explained, and Charlie understood, and all was well again.

They are now man and wife; but never since that night in the winter of 187—, have either of them been heard to express a desire to attend a masked ball.

Wit and Humor.

—"John, you said Sally kissed you; did you kiss her back?"

"No; I kissed her face."

—An exchange speaks of the "genesis of Mark Twain." Thought he was booked as a levity-cuss.

—"Duty before pleasure," as the man said who kissed his wife before going out to take her unmarried sister to the concert.

—What is the difference between charity and a tailor? The first covers a multitude of sins; the latter a multitude of sinners.

—Josh Billings says he knows people who are so fond of argument that they will stop and "dispute with a guide-board about the distance to the next town."

—When a man is working for his board, and the employer cuts his salary down 50 per cent, then thus are indeed what you might call hard.

—You can get "a dinner, with a bathing suit thrown in," for sixty cents at Atlantic City. But who wants a bathing suit thrown into his dinner?

—Sailor, smoking and soliloquizing—"If I only had been born a steamboat! I could have smoked like that steamer without buying tobacco."

—An orator declaring that Fortune knocked at every man's door, once, an old Irishman said, "When she knocked at mine I must have been out."

—A scientific authority states that "a single female house-fly will produce in one season 20,000,320 eggs." Great guns! What must the married ones do.

—"Madam," said an impertinent boarder to his landlady, "your butter is too aristocratic for my democratic taste. It is one of the cases in which sweetness is preferable to rank."

—An old rail-splitter in Indiana put the quietus upon the young man who chaffed him upon his bald head, in these words: "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours I can raise hair to sell."

—Enterprising photographer on an Oriental battle-field seeks out the spot where the dead lie most thickly, adjusts his camera, removes the cap, and—such is the force of habit—breaks out with the sacramental exhortation: "Fix your eyes on me and don't stir."

—It is a pleasing and refreshing sight to see a man, in the spring of the year, with a pair of new lavender pants, spotless vest, and cut-away coat, gracefully go down in the slush and ice on a street crossing. He springs to save himself; but he only ruptures his wardrobe, and merely breaks the suddenness of his fall. Again he jumps to regain his footing, but the treacherous ice hillocks only trip him up the more, till at last he goes down demoralized and floundering in the mud, from which he crawls, without a single smile on his face, and madness in every part of his body, while a boy, who had been standing and watching the exploit in open-mouthed wonder, asks:

"I say, you cork-screw, how do you do that?"

Self Improvement.

Progression marks everything in nature. It is a law that governs the faculties of the human mind to a pre-eminent degree. Infancy is marked with mental imbecility and feebleness; and as life advances and the mind expands, its faculties increase in power and strength until we behold the matured mind, the giant intellect, the towering genius.

There is connected with this subject an important idea which should be kept in view, and that is, that mental progression and moral improvement must be the result of effort. Such a thing as a well-developed mind, an expanded and comprehensive intellect, without toil, effort and persevering industry, has never yet been met with.

In the varied relations which we are called upon to sustain in the great drama of life, high and important duties often devolve upon us, and unless our minds are properly cultivated, we shall often find ourselves inadequate to the task before us, and disqualified to properly act our part in life's great theatre.

Many seek to excuse themselves on the ground that they have not been furnished with the requisite advantages. This we consider, to make the best of it, but a poor excuse. "Where there is a will there's a way," is emphatically true in reference to the matter of mental cultivation.

The history of the world is replete with examples of those who have been unfortunately situated in reference to advantages for mental improvement, but who, nevertheless, have plodded their way up the rugged hill of science, and have been able to look from the giddy heights down upon those who, favored with less facilities, have used less perseverence, and have been content to allow the weeds of time to carry them onward without an effort to overcome the difficulties with which they have been surrounded, or even to improve the advantages vouchsafed to them. The classic hall and the celebrated seminary of learning have not furnished more specimens of thoroughly cultivated minds than have the firesides of the humble homes where the ambitious youth has devoted his leisure hours to mental toil, and pored over the midnight lamp, eager to find the hidden wealth in the mine of science.

No country on the globe has furnished a greater number of self-made men, who, by dint of their own active energy and idomitable perseverance, have overcome the apparently irreparable obstacles that have surrounded them, and from poverty, indigence and obscurity, have risen to honorable distinction, than our own native land, the cradle of liberty.

One of our ex-Presidents when a youth, worked at daily labor to purchase books, and read them at night by the light of pine knots; and by preservance he reached the highest position in the gift of the people, and while history lasts his name will live, while many who were contemporary with him, and were surrounded with every advantage that heart could wish, have sunk into oblivion.—*J. B. Hoag, M. D.*

Advice to Young Writers.

To a young writer William Cullen Bryant once gave this good advice:

"I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it quite capable of expressing all the ideas you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance when I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I found a better one in my own language."

A Maine School Mistress.

One Maine school-mistress is thus described: "She is an imposing structure, not far from seven feet in height, and weighing not less, I think, than 300 pounds. Her voice is fitted to her size, and her strength equal to either. She is pleasing to behold—very handsome, the Anakim would probably call her." She was sent for once to reduce a disorderly school to submission. The boys, almost men in stature, had ejected a teacher by force, and smashed their desks. The account continues: "She walked the floor, making her exordium- Her ruler was like a weaver's beam. She told the told the school why she was there, and serenely invited those who desired to make trouble to begin it at once. Not a creature stirred. After some weeks one young fellow of 21 years, who considered himself a beau, began to air his pretensions rather obnoxiously. One stride and she was alonside the dandy; one grab, and the dandy was across her knee—kicks, howls and scrabbles were efforts thrown away; and, amid the struggles of the boys, not to rend the air with laughter, and the hysteical shrieks of the girls, Adolphus was disciplined in a style and to a degree that he will remember to his departing day."

Lost in the Woods.

I had been engaged for hours working my way up a brook on which I had been told was a capital fishing place, and, finding an end to navigation, took to the land. In making the circuit of a maze of alders impenetrable even to a bear, I lost the water course, and in looking for it crossed a low ridge and fell on another which ran the other side, and in the opposite direction from that which I had left. The reversal of the current was the instantaneous cause of a complete upset of all my ideas of material things. There was no reason in the thing, no reasoning against it. The points of the compass had been as clear in my head as if I saw the needle, but the moment I found this ominous stream running the wrong way, everything was unsettled. The sun was shining out of the clear heavens, but it stared out of the north. One minute before I could have taken a bee-line back to my boat, but the minute after I had lost faith in every land-mark. I was not a novice in woods matters. I could follow a trail readily, and find my way in the dark, and know the points of the compass as well as any trapper in the country, but now north had become south, and the labor of my reason would not persuade my senses that the sun was not sinking north by east. I *dared* not travel by the sun, so firmly was my fallacy rooted. I knew the thing at once, and comprehended the danger. I knew that in ten minutes I should be as mad as any man ever was with delirium tremens; that I should be beyond self-control or human help. Not once in three months would a human foot pass within reach of my voice from where I was, but that wolves were nearer I knew by their abundant footprints in the wet sand where I had passed. I knew as well that if I lost my wits in that moment nothing lay between me and eternity but a nameless horror. In all my life I can recall no moment of terror like that which I felt gathering on me in that silent forest. I sat down on a rotting log, and, covering my face with my hands, waited until I felt calm and self-possessed again. I have no idea how long it was, but when I rose the sun had got back into the southwest, and I made up my mind as I walked back to my boat never to trust myself in a strange wood again without blazing my path as I went along. I might point the moral of my experience by more than one case not so fortunate. The most impressive one that I remember is that of an Englishman who settled in one of the towns bordering on the Adirondack country, and who, having been fishing one day in the Autumn with a neighbor, proposed to go back the next day and try it alone. He never returned, and after a day's absence an expedition set out to hunt him up. A light snow had fallen in the night, and his footprints were found in one case crossing the road near the village, but plunging into thickets, and deviating in the most aimless and frenzied manner, with long strides like those of a man running, and these even were lost. The second day after his departure from home a man answering to his description came to the door of a house in an adjoining town, and asked the way to his village. His face was haggard, and he looked wild, the woman said who answered his call at the door, and before she could reply he started away, and raced frantically across the road into the woods again, and disappeared. No trace of him was ever after found.

A friend who surveyed the county lines of Franklin County, New York, told me another more singular case in his experience. His party were running a line in the thick woods, and had taken with them a young man from the city who fancied camping out and joined the gang as a volunteer. In returning from their work to camp they missed the blazed line and proceeded to find their way by the compass, when it was found that the compass itself had been lost. None of the gang were disturbed with worse fears than having to sleep out that night, save the novice, who was so fearfully panic-stricken that he became raving mad in five minutes, and they were obliged to bind him and finally carry him to camp, the way to which they shortly rediscovered.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Try the COURIER for 3 months.

Girls' Attitude to Young Men.

There is a thing of which I want to speak, and that is of the behavior of young girls toward young men who are not lovers but simply friends. Let me tell you plainly that our sex were not meant to be wooers. The custom prevalent among a certain class of young ladies of asking, directly or indirectly, the attentions of young gentlemen, is not an admirable custom. "My son," said a lady to me not long since, "is much prejudiced against a young girl, whom I admire, because she is constantly sending him notes, inviting him to be her escort here and there, and planning to have him with her." A modest and dignified reserve, which is neither prudery nor affectation, should distinguish your manner to gentlemen. Too great familiarity and too evident pleasure in the society of young men are errors into which no delicate and pure-minded girl should fall.

Roots to Soak.

Men who love rum will resort to almost any expedient to obtain it under adverse circumstances. The town of Dedham is under prohibition law, apothecaries alone being permitted to sell alcholic stimulants. The other day a son of Erin entered a drug-store there, and, taking a bottle from his pocket, asked for a quart of whiskey. The salesman asked to what use it was to be put, and the reply was, "To soak roots in." The order was filled, and the clerk, after handing over the bottle and its contents, inquired, in a conversational manner:

"What kind of roots are you going to soak?"

Carafully pocketing the bottle, the customer said:

"The roots of me tongue, be jabbers."

Mind Your Business.

Probably a disposition to offer masked advice is shown nowhere so prominent as in the workshop. If a workman has a difficult job to perform, plenty of advice is offered, mainly by those who, having had no similar experience, can use conjectures instead of facts for a guide. The objects for this gratuitous advice are usually singled from green apprentices, or journeymen new to the ways of the shop. They are considered fair game—proper subjects for experiment—and are tormented, annoyed and bothered by repeated, antagonistic, and foolish counsel. In mechanics, and in any trade or vocation, it is a matter of pride to the workman to compass his deliverance from an annoying position by his own exertions. A proper pride impels him to prefer his own unaided exertions to the assistance of voluntary teachers. When he needs counsel the riper experience of his seniors, if he is not foolishly independent and self-willed, he will ask it. When desired is the time when it is valuable to him. But every man knows that he achieves a greater triumph and more solid and enduring knowledge by "working out his own salvation" than by depending upon others for assistance.

Undoubtedly the proffers of assistance are often incited by a pure desire to aid; but aid is not appreciated if the recipient does not see his need of it; yet it is always welcome when wanted, and then it will be asked for. If every one attended strictly to his own business, not only would there be more harmony among workers, but greater progress would be made in all the improvements designed to aid the human race.

Emotional Cures.

Every one has read of the bed-ridden lady, who, finding her bed on fire, and no assistance within call, sprang frantically from the flames, and ran with surprising agility from the room and house, thus recovering in a minute the use of limbs which had been powerless for years. A stronger instance of the power of mind over body can scarcely be cited; but less remarkable emotional cures are by no means rare. Indeed, the emotions of every living person are unquestionably of more importance to his health, happiness and well-being than most physicians suppose. Agreeable emotions are curative in their influence, when coming to the relief of suffering invalids. Disagreeable emotions produce disease in individuals who, uninfluenced by them, would be in sound health. A dyspeptic who, at his own table, under the influence of depressing emotions, is unable to partake of an ounce of food without subsequent distress and pain, is able, at the table of a friend, under different circumstances, to eat a hearty meal without discomfort. Many diseases result solely from a disorganized mind, and cannot be cured by drugs alone. Wise is the physician who understands this fact, and exercises a good moral influence over his patient. In illustration of this idea comes a story from Pittsburg: A short time since two individuals were lying in one room, very sick, one with brain fever, and the other with an equally distressing disease. They were so low that watchers were needed every night, and it was considered doubtful if the one with the fever would recover. A gentleman was engaged to watch over night, his duty being to wake the nurse whenever it became necessary to administer medicine. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The other invalid lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his portion. He was unable to speak aloud, or to move any portion of his body except his arms, but seizing a pillow, he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it. Thus suddenly awakened, the watcher sprang from his seat, falling to the floor, and awakened both the nurse and the fever patient. The incident struck the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed heartily at it for some fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning he found his patients vastly improved; said he never knew so sudden a turn for the better. Both patients were soon up and well.

Be something—be somebody. Set your mark high in the world then move toward it. Don't wait for somebody to lift you up to the place you aspire—lift yourself.

What an Army of Toad-Stools Did.

Did you ever think how strong the growing plants must be to force their way up through the earth? Even the green daisy tips and the tiny blades of grass, that bow before a breath, have to exert a force in coming through, that, in proportion to their size, is greater than you would exert in rising from under a mound of cobble stones. And think of toad-stools—what soft, tender things they are, breaking at a touch. Yet, I can tell you, they're quite mighty in their way.

Charles Kingsley, the celebrated English priest and novelist, was a very close observer of nature. One evening he noticed particularly a square, flat stone, that was about as long, and as broad as, the length of three big burdock leaves. He thought it would require quite a strong man to lift a stone like that. In the morning he looked again, and lo! the stone was raised so that he could see the light under it. What was his surprise to find, on closer examination, that a crop of toad-stools had sprung up under the stone in the night and raised it up on their little round shoulders as they came!

I'm told that Canon Kingsley gives an account of this in his book called, "Christmas in the West Indies," but it was in England he saw this.

Knowing that he was so close an observer, I shouldn't be surprised if he went still farther and found out that one secret of the toad-stools being able to lift the stone was that they didn't waste time and strength in urging each other to the work, but each one did his very best without quarreling about whose turn it was, or whether Pink Shoulder or Brown Button was shirking his share. But, then, the toad-stools must have been strong, too.—*St. Nicholas.*

A Puzzled Father.

Mr. Jasper Throckmorton, who lives out on Summer street, is the father of ten children. The other morning Mr. Throckmorton was just on the point of putting on his hat to start for the office, when Mrs. Throckmorton called after him from the kitchen.

"Stop at Sodder's and tell him to come up and fix the water-pipe, and get a big tin dipper and bring it with you this noon. Don't tell them to send it; they'll forget it."

Mr. Throckmorton said he would, and then he put on his hat and started. As he reached the front door his eldest daughter shouted from up stairs:

"Pa! pa!! pa!!! go to Greenbaum & Schroder's and ask Mr. Scott to give you two yards and a half of brown satin, cut on the bias, to match the dress I got last week; he'll know the kind. Bring it with you. I don't want to wait for it."

And Mr. Throckmorton, pausing with his hand on the door, said he would get it, and then sighed and opened the door. Just then his oldest son shouted from the sitting room:

"Father! The man was up here twice yesterday for the money for my new boat, and I just gave him a note to you and he'll call at the office to-day for the money, and will give you a pair of patent oarlocks and a dip net. Bring them with you when you come to dinner."

Mr. Throckmorton kind of stifled a groan like, and saying he would attend to it, went out. As he passed down the porch steps his second daughter leaned out of a window and cried:

"Oh, pa; do stop at Parson's as you come to dinner and tell them to send a man to lay the new hall carpet when they send it up, and you get ten yards of cotton batting and bring it up with you, for we want it right away, and can't wait."

The parent paused with his hand on the gate-latch, and with a visible effort promised to remember the errand and bring up the cotton batting, and opened the gate. But the voice of his younger son from the side yard caught his earand held him for a moment:

"Pap! oh, pap! Want ten cents to pay for a winder I broke in the school house, and I can't go to Sunday school till I get a new hat and some shoes, and please can't I have a quarter to go to the picnic?"

Mr. Throckmorton silently registered a flogging for the broken window glass, a negative for the picnic, and said he would get the boots and hat. Then he turned to go, but as he passed down the street his six younger children came running after him.

"Oh, pa! don't forget to stop and see if the old umbrella is fixed, ma says."

"Stop at the dentist's and see when he can fill my teeth."

"Bring my shoe home from the shoemakers."

"Ma says be sure and tell the doctor to come up to-day and vaccinate the baby."

"Pap! Kin I go swimmin' to Hawkeye crick to-night?"

"Pa, oh, pa! gimme five cents to ride on the street cars."

And Mr. Throckmorton went down town and amazed Fred. Scott by telling him to cut off about thirteen feet of water pipe on the bias, and he asked Mr. Parsons to let him have eleven dozen skeins of cotton batting, and send him up a man with a tin dipper; he told Dr. Cochrun, the dentist, to come right up and fill the baby's teeth, and begged the doctor to hurry right away and put a half-sole on the school house window, and then he ran to the shoemaker's and asked him if he had vaccinated his little girl's shoe, and amazed the street car driver by asking him for a bath-ticket, and when the man came around with the oarlocks and dip-net he told him to take them up and lay them in the front hall, the girls would show him where. And by three o'clock in the afternoon it had got all around town that old Mr. Throckmorton was drinking as bad as ever again, and hadn't drawn a sober breath all day.

Lord Chesterfield was dining at an inn where the plates and dishes were dirty. Lord C., complaining, was informed by the writer that "every one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies." "That may be true," said Chesterfield, "but no one is obliged to eat it all at one meal."

Man's Better-Half.

—Not many women are blacksmiths, but most of them can shoo a hen.

—The experience of many a life?—"What a fool I have been." The experience of many a wife—"What a tool I've got."

—Away down in the corner of many a woman's heart lies the sentiment: "Old bonnet, no church."

—Young ladies, you are beautiful, you are angelic, but you lace too tight, and you are slowly waist-ing away.

A husband can readily foot the bills of a wife who is not afraid to be seen footing her husband's stockings.

A Vassar girl is about twenty years old when she graduates, but then she begins to grow younger after four or five years.

—A man in Ohio, who attempted to hang himself recently, was cut down by his mother-in-law. She wasn't through with him yet.

—A swell who stuttered horribly paid court to a very pretty actress. "Ah, sir," she said, "life is too short. I haven't time to listen to you."

—At the cattle show: Gentleman, with solemnity—"Miss Florence, do you love beasts?" Lady, with vivacity—"Am I to consider that as a proposal?"

—An envious paragrapher remarks: "It has been observed that the lady with the diamond ring will scratch her nose, in a given period, four times as often as any other woman."

—"At what age were you married?" she asked, inquisitively. But the other lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded: "At the parsonage."

—"Yes," she said, "a dish of ice cream relaxes the muscles of my heart, but two dishes—oh, two dishes! make me feel as though I could love on and on forever." So he ordered the waiter to bring on another dish, and counted not on the cost.

—A man who married a particularly large specimen of womankind, being a bit of a wag, told her one day that she filled the measure of his matrimonial joy full, for she was beauti-ful, duti-ful, and an armful.

—If there are any dogs about when a fashionable woman dives for her trail just before crossing a gutter, they are certain to fly around the corner in the most abject terror. The curs evidently think that the woman is reaching for a cobble-stone.

—The other night a Burlington woman found the long-expected "man under the bed." It was her husband. The bed was rather high, and so was he, and missed connection when he tried to get in.

—When a man is at a pic-nic, and a spider climbs up his leg, he'll just reach down and squeeze it to death, and let it drop out; but if a grasshopper jumps up a young lady's sleeve she'll scream worse than a steam whistle on a gang saw, knock over a basket of pies, and scare half the folks out of their appetites.

Stick to Your Business.

There is nothing which should be more frequently impressed upon the minds of young men than the importance of steadily pursuing some one business. The frequent changing from one employment to another is one of the most common errors committed, and to it may be traced more than half the failures of men in business, and much of the discontent and disappointment which render life uncomfortable. It is a very common thing for a man to be dissatisfied with his business, and to desire to change it to some other, which, it seems to him, will prove a more lucrative employment; but, in nine cases out of ten, it is a mistake. Look around you, and you will find among your acquaintances abundant verifications of our assertion. There is an honest farmer who has toiled a few years, got his farm paid for, but does not grow rich very rapidly, as much for lack of contentment mingled with industry as any thing, though he is not aware of it. He hears the wonderful stories of California, and how fortunes may be had for the trouble of picking them up. He mortgages his farm to raise money, goes away to the land of gold, and after many months of hard toil, comes home to commence again at the bottom of the hill, for a more weary and less successful climbing-up again. Mark the men in every community who are notorious for ability and equally notorious for never getting ahead, and you will usually find them to be those who never stick to any one business long, but are always forsaking their occupation just when it begins to be profitable.—*Scientific American.*

Write for Your Paper.

We quote from the Massachusetts *Ploughman:*

The communications of farmers are al always the most valuable matter in any paper; they deal with practical details, familiar to the man who comes face to face with difficulties and overcomes them. The editor can select such items of news or general interest as he thinks will be interesting and useful, but to build up a truly useful and practical paper he must rely very largely upon the assistance of practical men.

We say amen to all of this and hope the readers of the AVANT COURIER will take hint. Soon the working season will be over; let a spare hour of an evening be devoted to writing up the section of country you are in, giving us the facts, the figures, the experience, the suggestions, that are so valuable when coming from practical men. No communications will be declined because they do not happen to be "in shape;" we will see to it that they are put in shape. Only keep to facts, briefly stated and let our readers abroad know just what we have to offer those who are looking hitherward for future homes.

When Sir Walter Scott was urged not to prop the fallen credit of one of his acquaintances, he replied: "The man was my friend when my friends were few, and I will be his now that his enemies are many."