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## Poetry.

### Katie's Answer.

Och Katie's a roger, it is true;  
But her eyes, like the skies, are so blue,  
And her dimples so sweet,  
And her ankles so neat,  
She'd make any boy's heart melt,  
Till one morning we went for a walk,  
When she came as a bride by my side,  
The dearest, she said,  
With the wickedest hat  
'Neath party girl's chin tied.

And me heart, arrah, thin like it late—  
For me Katie looked so temptin' and sweet,  
Wid cheeks like the roses,  
An' all the red posies  
That grew in her garden so neat.  
But I sat just as mute as a dead,  
Till she said, wid a toss in her head,  
'If I'd known that to-day  
Ye'd have nothing to say,  
I'd have gone wid me cousin instate.'

Then I fell myself grow very bold,  
For I knew she'd not scold if I told,  
Ye love the me heart,  
Thought I'd never depart,  
Though I lived to be wrinkled an' old.

An' I said: 'If I dare do so  
I'd let go of this haste, an' I'd throw  
Both arms round yer waist,  
An' be stealin' a taste  
O' yer lips that are coxin' me so.'

Then she blushed a more lilac red,  
And she said widout raisin' her head  
'An' her eyes lookin' down,  
'Neath her lashes so brown,  
'Would yer like me to drive, Misher Tedi?'

**The Ass.**  
Poor little fool of an oppressed race!  
I love the laund lady give the face:  
And off with gentle hand I give the bread,  
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.  
—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.'  
—Byron.

## Our Selected Story.

### "Little Jinks"

BY A LONDON DETECTIVE.

I never could be harsh with any one having a real love for his mother; more, the moment I saw that his case was a deplorable one, I was ready to exert myself to the utmost to help him out of the mire. My own mother had a hard struggle to keep her harum-scarum boy in order; but sooner than cause a tear to gather in her eye, I would have chopped off my right hand. She was my idol whom I used to worship in secret; and many a time when she thought me fast asleep, I have been peeping out from under the blankets, watching her sewing, and wishing I was strong enough and big enough to work for her myself. But let me explain. I received the following note one morning as I entered the office:

"I missed my purse when I reached home, so my pockets must have been picked somewhere between the Mansion House and Finsbury Square."

This brief communication was signed by a well-known banker, a jolly old bachelor living in Finsbury Square. He was a little man and inclined to be fat, but he had a large, warm heart—as I had discovered long before—and seemed to live in a kind of genial atmosphere, liked by everybody, and envied by none. I even felt a momentary surprise that a thief had found it in his heart to victimize such a man.

Calling at his house, the following conversation ensued:

"It is not so much the money that concerned me as the fact that you had it in your pocket. I had stowed away some papers and an old memorandum which I shall miss very much. If you just keep me them you can let the poor wretch get the money."

This proposal was against all law and order, and he must have known it; but I had to remind him of the fact.

"Ah, yes, I know," he said in his quiet way, with a merry smile. "It's against the law, of course, but you detectives can easily stretch a point when you have a mind to; and, besides, I only throw out the hint. Get the contents of the inner pocket—the rest also, if you can."

"You did not feel yourself tugged or jostled anywhere on your way home, did you?"

"No, I felt nothing, and did not miss the purse till I came here."

After eliciting all the facts I could in connection with the matter, I returned to the office, determined to work with a will to trace his purse and its contents. But I did not even hear of it. No one among numerous acquaintances seemed particularly flush of money. The empty purse was not picked up anywhere, or brought in; and I began to fear I had left London and the thief with it.

handcuffs, or grasped him by the collar to hustle him off to the cell. He was so small—so forlorn and pitiful looking. I touched him gently on the shoulder.

"What's your name?" I asked. But I was not prepared for the change which this question produced. His face flushed up, and every tear burst out of his eyes, as he said:

"My name is Willie Bell, but they call me 'Little Jinks' now. That's why I ran away from the 'Home.' But I pitched in to them before I left—not for that, but for something else." And the recollection seemed to afford the little man a kind of fierce pleasure.

"Oh, so you ran away from the 'Home.' I suppose you mother was pretty poor, Willie—'not well off'—eh?"

"That's it, sir," he cried, with a sudden intelligence flashing out of his fearful eyes.

"That's how she died—I'm sure of it—because she hadn't enough to eat. I tried to save her by stealing the purse after I ran away from the 'Home,' but when I got home, she couldn't eat, and she died without knowing what I had done. Do you think they'll tell her in heaven that I stole it?"

He appeared so anxious for a negative that I was forced to say:

"I don't think they will, Willie, because that would be sure to make her unhappy—wouldn't it?"

This brought a fresh burst of sobbing, and then he said:

"I hope I'll be hanged, I want to die now. It's no use living without mother, and everybody else is cruel. There's nobody to put their arms around me when I'm hungry. I'm trying not to cry—I made it up before I came that I wouldn't cry—but, somehow, I can't help it."

"I don't know how God should take me away, for I loved her so, and I'm such a small boy."

I could not get an answer, and nobody else seemed ready to speak. I picked up the purse and motioned him to follow me into another room, and there poor Willie told me his mother's history, and a sad, sad history it was.

It was the old story—a garret, pinching want, and a hard struggle for bare life, which finally drove the mother to delicate health, and the boy to one of the 'Homes' of London.

"How poor Willie's troubles increased. The boys of the 'Home' crowded around the strange little arrival, and dubbed him 'Little Jinks.' No rudeness or unkindness was meant; it was their custom, and he had to give up asking them to call him Willie, for 'Little Jinks' they would have him, and nothing else."

The first day passed off well enough. He made one or two acquaintances, and at night, when all were asleep, and the cold moonlight stole into the dormitory, he had a good cry, keeping his head muffled up in the bedclothes to stifle the sound.

But fresh griefs were in store for him. In an evil hour he had confided to some of his new acquaintances some particulars of his own life and history; and the next day, when he found them torturing one of their number, a mute named Johnnie, he horrified them by firing up, knocking down one of them, releasing the sufferer, and daring them to touch him again.

An excited circle instantly formed about him.

"What is it?" cried one, elbowing his way through.

"It's Jinks, the beggar, the starved brat," spitefully answered the furred boy, gathering himself up and wiping the blood from his nose. "Why couldn't he stay in his hole, and not come among gentlemen?"

"What's he done?"

"Stuck up for Johnnie?"

"Oh, my! Ha! ha!" and the jeering laugh ran round all.

"I don't care what you say," chokingly returned Jinks, blushing in the ears, and then turning dangerously white. "You're a pack of cruel brats."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the boys. "What a pity his mother isn't here."

"Don't speak of my mother. I warn you don't!" said Jinks, with his eyes flashing.

"Ho! ho! Do you hear him! His mother's a beggar, too."

The unexpected words went straight to Little Jinks' heart. If the man had kicked him, he would have been stone; but the kind words drew from him a convulsive sob, and must have set his brain reeling. For the next thing he was conscious of was the policeman putting a sort of fiery stuff into his mouth out of a flask and telling him to keep up a good heart, for he would not let anybody touch him.

They were friends in a moment. It ended, however, by the kind policeman carrying him to his mother; and the poor woman, when she heard the account, received him with open arms, and there he remained with her until the day of her death, and the day, indeed, on which he stole the purse to keep her from starving.

When he brought the stolen purse in, he found his mother dying. But in the following conversation took place between them:

"Who gave it to you?" she managed to ask, and then a guilty, fearful remorse began to gnaw at Little Jinks' heart.

"A woman down there," he managed to say. "But could you not get up and walk about, mother? You would look better than, and perhaps you could eat something."

"Willie, dear, I am afraid—"

Little Jinks seemed to see the words that were coming, and a great wail burst from him, as he placed his little hand on her mouth.

"Oh, mother, do not say that, or I will die!" he wildly exclaimed. "I will run for a doctor—oh, how fast I will go—and you will be well to-morrow, will you not, mother?"

But she only strained him to her breast. "Pray after me, Willie," she faintly whispered. Then, choking with grief and burning with a sense of shame, he repeated after her a little prayer that God would look after a poor little boy who would soon have no mother to look after him, and make him grow up to be a great and good man.

After growing up the prayer, Little Jinks had but one thought—how could he let his mother die without confessing his crime. Every moment it was at the tip of his tongue, but then he thought the awful news would strike her dead in his arms. He let her sleep on while he watched her breathing.

Toward morning she stirred slightly and opened her eyes.

"Kiss me, Willie," she said.

It was only a whisper, but he heard every word.

"Now put your arms around me—tighter, tighter."

These were her last words. Her breathing became slower and slower; and then her eyelids drooped.

Willie's screams brought in some of the neighbors.

They took him gently from the room, and were kind and good to him, poor though they were; but when they told him that his mother was away somewhere and would not be back for a while, he had such a wild burst of grief that they were afraid of his slender life. But he became calm at last, and then he insisted on going out—no, he would not let wher, but he would go.

He slipped out when they were in the next room and found his way to Scotland Yard.

This ended his story.

I didn't take him away and look him in a cell. No, I took him home to my wife, and then paid a visit to the banker. After giving him the purse and its contents and the unbroken, I told him Little Jinks' story pretty much as I have now put it before the reader. As I have already indicated he was of that decided class called soft-hearted, and long before I was finished he was blowing and wiping his eyes, and finally crying and sobbing like a child.

He then stopped and asked him if he wished to press the case, he started right back in his chair, and looked perfectly fierce.

"Mr. Reynolds," he said, "do you take me for a monster? No," he added, after a minute. "I will not press it—nor will I let you press it. Do you hear me? I am determined I will see Willie—you'll let me see him, won't you? I think I shall like Willie, and perhaps Willie might like me."

This is a big house, too; he wouldn't fill up much space in it; and, besides, he'd be somebody to talk to. Mr. Reynolds, he'd be somebody to stop—if you say another word about pressing the case, as you call it, I'll kill you on the spot!"

There is an age of shams; all men strive to appear other than they are. The small tradesman carrying on business in some by-lane calls himself a merchant; his shop is an emporium, his back kitchen a warehouse, and his cellar a depot; the bricklayer or carpenter is a contractor; the hair-dresser is a professor; the wine-maker is an artist in hair; and the milk-man a purveyor; while the dress-maker presides over the mysteries of her art in a *magasin des modes*. The same spirit shows itself here and there among all classes. In answer to an advertisement for a postal matron, a "lady superior" offers herself; and if a servant girl is wanted, a flashy young man presents himself as the "lady who desires the situation," whose dress is horrifying to behold. She wears an imitation fur jacket, imitation gold ear-rings, and an imitation chain, or plait, made of cotton or hemp by some new patent process of this imitating age.

The small boy and himself gave the true version of the story; the other boys, one and all, gave quite a different one, and the majority carried the day.

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled:

THE ADJOURNMENT of the last Congress without making any appropriations for the support of the army for the present fiscal year has rendered necessary the suspension of the military and naval forces, and the men of arms for their services rendered after the 30th of June last. The army exists by virtue of statutes which prescribe its numbers, regulate its organization and employment and which fixes the pay of its officers and men, and declare their right to receive the same at stated periods. The statutes, however, do not authorize the payment of the troops in the absence of specific appropriations therefor. The Constitution has wisely provided that no money shall be drawn from the Treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and it has also been declared by statute that no department of the Government shall spend in any one year any sum in excess of the appropriations made by Congress for that fiscal year. We have therefore an army in service authorized by the law and entitled to be paid, but no funds are available for the purpose. It may also be said, as an additional incentive to prompt action by Congress, that since the commencement of the fiscal year the army, though without pay, has been constantly and actively employed in arduous and dangerous service, in the performance of which both officers and men have discharged their duty with fidelity and courage, and without complaint. These circumstances, in my deliberate judgment, constitute an extraordinary case requiring Congress to be assembled in advance of the time prescribed by law for your meeting in regular session. The importance of speedy action upon this subject on the part of Congress is so manifest that I venture to suggest the propriety of making the necessary appropriations for the support of the army for the present current year at the present maximum numerical strength of 25,000 men, leaving for future consideration all questions relating to an increase or decrease of the number of enlisted men. In the event of the reduction of the army by subsequent legislation during the fiscal year, the excess of the appropriation could not be expended, and in the event of its enlargement the additional sum required for the payment of the extra force could be provided in due time. It would be unjust to the troops now in the service, and whose pay is now largely in arrears, if payment to them should be further postponed until after Congress shall have considered all the questions likely to arise in the effort to fix the proper limit to the strength. As my estimate of appropriations for the support of the military establishment for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878, were transmitted to Congress by the former Secretary of the Treasury at the opening of its session in December last, these estimates, modified by the present Secretary so as to conform to the present requirements, are now renewed, amounting to \$32,436,764.98, and having been transmitted to both Houses of Congress, are submitted for your consideration.

THE NAVY.

The estimate required by the Navy Department \$2,003,961.27. This sum is made up of \$1,446,888.16 due to officers and enlisted men for the quarter of the last fiscal year, and \$1,173,333.33 due to advances made by the fiscal agent of the Government in London for the support of the foreign service; \$500,000 due to the Naval Hospital fund; \$150,000 due for arrears of pay to officers; \$45,219.88 for the support of the marine corps.

There will also be needed an appropriation of \$282,535.22 to defray the unsettled expenses of the United States Courts for the fiscal year ending June 30th last, now due to attorneys, clerks, commissioners, and marshals, and for rent for court rooms, the support of prisoners and other deficiencies. Part of the building of the Interior Department was destroyed by fire on the 24th of last month, and some immediate repairs and temporary structures have in consequence become necessary, the estimate for which will be sent to Congress immediately, and an appropriation of the requisite funds is respectfully recommended. The Secretary of the Treasury will communicate to Congress, in connection with the estimates for the appropriations for the support of the army for the current fiscal year, estimates for such other deficiencies in the different branches of the public service as may require immediate action, and cannot, without inconvenience, be postponed until the regular session.

PUBLIC EXHIBITION.

I take this opportunity to invite your attention to the propriety of adopting at your present session the necessary legislation to enable the people of the United States to participate in the advantages of the International Exhibition of the agricultural and industrial arts which is to be held at Paris in 1878, and in which this Government has been invited by the Government of France to take part. This invitation was communicated to this Government in May, 1876, by the Minister of France at this Capital, and a copy thereof was submitted to the proper committees of Congress at its last session, but no action was taken upon the subject. The Department of State has received many letters from various parts of the country expressing a desire to participate in the exhibition, and numerous applications of a similar nature have also been made at the U. S. Legation at Paris. The Department of State has also received official advice of the strong desire on the part of the French Government that the United States should participate in this enterprise, and space has been allotted and is still reserved in the exhibition buildings for the use of exhibitors from the United States, to the exclusion of other parties who have applied therefor. In order that our industries may be properly represented at the exhibition, an appropriation will be needed for the payment of the salaries and expenses of Commissioners, for the transportation of

goods, and for other purposes in connection with the object in view, and as May next is the time fixed for the opening of the exhibition, if our citizens are to share the advantages of this international competition for the trade of other nations, the necessity for immediate action is apparent. To enable the United States to co-operate in the international exhibition, which was held at Vienna in 1874, Congress then passed a joint resolution making an appropriation of \$300,000, and authorizing the President to appoint a certain number of practical artisans and scientific men who should attend the exhibition and report their proceedings and observations to him. Provision was also made for the appointment of a number of honorary commissioners. I have felt that prompt action by Congress in accepting the invitation of the Government of France is of so much interest to the people of this country, and so suitable to the cordial relations between the Government of the two countries, that the subject might properly be presented for attention at your present session.

PRISON CONGRESS.

The Government of Sweden and Norway has addressed an official invitation to this Government to take part in the International Prison Congress to be held next year. The problem which the Congress proposes to study is how to diminish crime. It is one in which all civilized nations have an interest in common, and the Congress of Stockholm seems likely to prove the most important convention ever held for the study of this grave question. Under authority of a joint resolution of Congress, approved February 10, 1875, a commissioner was appointed by my predecessor to represent the United States upon that occasion, and the Prison Congress having been at the earnest desire of the Swedish Government—postponed to 1878, his commission was renewed by me. An appropriation of \$8,000 was made in the sundry Civil Service Act of 1875 to meet the expenses of the commissioner. I recommend the re-appropriation of that sum for the same purpose, the former appropriation having been covered into the Treasury, and is no longer available for that purpose without further action by Congress. The subject is brought to your attention at this time in view of circumstances which render it highly desirable that the commissioner should proceed to discharge his important duties immediately.

OTHER MATTERS.

As the several acts of Congress providing for detailed reports from the different departments of the Government require their submission at the beginning of the regular annual session, I defer until that time any further reference to subjects of public interest.

R. B. HAYES,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 15, 1877.

**Odds and Ends.**

The population of the globe for the last two centuries was estimated to be over one thousand million.

The gross productions of this country are \$6,000,000,000 annually. To handle this sum would require \$7,000,000,000 in currency.

There are sixty-eight different sewing machines, and a hundred and sixty-eight different ways of lying about them.

Two thousand American firms are said to have already made arrangements to be represented in the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

Utah surpasses any of the States in the production of lead—having produced about three-fourths of the entire supply last year.

Let a grown person cry with half the strength, volume and frequency of a babe and he would kill himself in twenty-four hours. Who can explain this appalling mystery?

The latest fashion for gents at watering places hops is a neat pin-cushion on the lappel stick full of pins—to repair damages to pin-backs. And next day they go calling for pins, you know.

The United States army is being rapidly put upon a war footing. Two more soldiers have reported for duty, and a man in the hospital with a sore leg will be ready for business in less than a fortnight.

Frank Leslie has drawn \$75,000 a year from his business, which was more than he ever made. His creditors now propose to give him 20 per cent. of the profits for supervising the business.

Few men have a strictly mathematical talent, but we never knew one who could not calculate within a sixteenth part of an inch where his neighbor's property began, when he was shoveling snow off his own sidewalk.

The State debt of Wisconsin, as compiled by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, is \$2,352,657. The heaviest State debt in the Union is that of Massachusetts which has reached the astonishing sum of over \$33,000,000.

A Pauling farmer, having cattle trespassing upon his grain fields, posted up the following: "Notif—if any man's or woman's cows or oxen gets in these here oats his or her tale will be cut off as these here may be. I am a Christian an pay mi taxes, but darn a man who lets his critters run loose, say I."

An exchange says: "The Northern Pacific Railroad Company is doing an immense land office business. The land sales by this company for the month of August last were 76,978 acres, for which was received \$330,717. The total sales of this company in Minnesota and Dakota amount to 1,025,400 acres, for \$4,754,400."

It required an extra car to bring the baggage of the Sioux Chiefs from New York to Council Bluffs. They have been making extensive purchases of fall and winter styles from the fashion emporiums of the metropolis and have enough to keep their squaws busy all winter cutting the seats out of their pantaloons.

In a Philadelphia court, the other day, a man named Moisten was defended by a lawyer named Goforth. It is no unusual thing to see a lawyer and his client Goforth and Moisten.

## Temperance.

—Sixty millions of dollars are annually spent for liquor in New York city.

—Why are heavy showers like heavy drinkers? Because they usually begin with little drops.

—"Yes," said the old reprobate, "I always recognize water when I see it—it looks just like gin."

—New York City has 83,000 drinking saloons, which absorb from the people an estimated sum of about \$90,000,000 annually.

—John B. Gough, the great temperance lecturer, is said to be getting old and rather feeble. During the summer he spends his time on his wonderful farm near Worcester, Mass.

—It is neither right nor politic for the State to afford a legal protection and sanction to any traffic or system that tends to increase crime, to waste national resources, to corrupt social habits and to destroy the health and lives of the people.

—The Rev. Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College, tells a story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from their "uncertain sins." "Brother," said one of his friends, at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got the hang of that 'ar word. It's besettin', not usettin'." "Brother," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin ob 'toxication, an' ef dat ain't an usettin' sin, I dunno what an."

—Parents should read and anxiously ponder the following testimony from one who has suffered. He gives the "beginning of drunkenness" in himself as follows: "Tell me," said a gentleman to a poor drunkard, when urging him to give up the cup, "where it was you took your first steps in this intemperate course." "At my father's table," replied the unhappy man. "Before I left home to become a clerk, I had learned to love the drink that has