BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

Devoted to the Development of Eastern Montana and the Encouragement of all Industrial Pursuits.

Vol. 7. No. 5. BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1877. Whole No., 317.

The Avant Courier.

Wm. W. Alderson, Matt. W. Alderson.
ALDERSON & SON, Publishers.

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our friends in Montana are
invited to call there.

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Poetry.

On Hand.

He packed his valise in his bed room,
Then carefully raised the sash,
And attached to the well worn handle
The end of a long whip lash.

Softly he lowered the treasure,
And thought how the landlord would swear
When he rose in the morning,
And found that his man wasn't there.

Slowly the valise descended
Into the darkness of night,
When the voice of the landlord shouted,
"Let go; I've got it all right!"

Uncommon Common Sense.

The highest sense is common sense;
It minds the matter held in hand
While fancy, plumed in gay pretense,
Is making ready to commence,
Its plow has furrowed half the land.
Toil that no tasks defer,
Gives life and light to sense.
Genius is thought astir,
At work with force intense.

It rises with the rising sun,
And broadcast sows the golden seeds;
And much of its hard work is done
Before the dreamer has begun
To put his fine thoughts into deeds.
The blossom on the thorn
Delights it with its snow,
The frescoed sky of morn
Inspires it with its glow.

With sunbrowned hands it reaps the grain
That ripened in the summer light,
And loaded high the creaking wain,
While folly loitered in the lane
And toiled not when the fields were white.
The happy harvest home
Is labor's jubilee;
So fling the flag from dome
And spire and old roof tree.

It shirks not from life's toil and care,
Can sleep in peace on couch of straw;
It finds no fault with common fare.
If it has wealth, it stoops to share
The cup which has no wasting flaw.
With care it stows away,
In bin and box and crate,
Goods for the rainy day,
Should fortune yield to fate.
—*George W. Bungay, in N. Y. Ledger.*

PAINE VINDICATED.

Ingersoll's Reply to the "Observer's" Last Article.

PEORIA, Nov. 2, 1877.

To Editor of the N. Y. Observer:

You ought to have honesty enough to admit that you did, in your paper of July 19th, offer to prove that the absurd story that Thomas Paine died in terror and agony on account of the religious opinions he had expressed, was true. You ought to have fairness enough to admit that you called upon me to deposit one thousand dollars with an honest man, that you might, by proving that Thomas Paine did die in terror, obtain the money.

You ought to have honor enough to admit that you challenged me and that you commenced the controversy concerning Thomas Paine.

You ought to have goodness enough to admit that you were mistaken in the charges you made.

You ought to have manhood enough to do what you falsely asserted that Thomas Paine did:—you ought to recant. You ought to admit publicly that you slandered the dead; that you falsified history; that you defamed the defenseless; that you deliberately denied what you had published in your own paper. There is an old saying to the effect that open confession is good for the soul. To you is presented a splendid opportunity of testing the truth of this saying.

Nothing has asthonished me more than your lack of common honesty exhibited in this controversy. In your last, you quote from Dr. J. W. Francis. Why did you leave out that portion in which Dr. Francis says *that Cheetham with settled malignity wrote the life of Paine?* Why did you leave out that part in which Dr. Francis says that Cheetham in the same way slandered Alexander Hamilton and DeWitt Clinton? Is it your business to suppress the truth? Why did you not publish the entire letter of Bishop Fenwick? Was it because it proved beyond all cavil that Thomas Paine did not recant? Was it because in the light of that letter Mary Roscoe, Mary Hinsdale and Grant Thorburn appeared unworthy of belief? Dr. J. W. Francis says in the same article from which you quoted: "Paine clung to his Infidelity until the last moment of his life." Why did you not publish that? It was the first line immediately above what you did quote. You must have seen it. Why did you suppress it? A lawyer, doing a thing of this character, is denominated a shyster. I do not know the appropriate word to designate a theologian guilty of such an act.

You brought forward three witnesses, pretending to have personal knowledge about the life and death of Thomas Paine: Grant Thorburn, Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale. In my reply I took the ground that Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale must have been the same person. I thought it impossible that Paine should have had a conversation with Mary Roscoe, and then one *precisely* like it with Mary Hinsdale. Acting upon this conviction, I proceeded to show that the conversation never could have happened, that it was absurdly false to say that Paine asked the opinion of a girl as to his works who had read but little of them. I then showed by the testimony of William Cobbett, that he visited Mary Hinsdale in 1819, taking with him a statement concerning the recantation of Paine, given him by Mr. Collins, and that upon being shown this statement she said that, "it was so long ago that she could not speak positive to any part of the matter—that she would not say any part of the paper was true." At that time she knew nothing and remembered nothing. I also showed that she was a kind of standing witness to prove that others recanted. Willet Hicks denounced her as unworthy of belief.

To-day the following from the New York *World* was received, showing that I was right in my conjecture:

TOM PAINE'S DEATH-BED.

To Editor of the World:

SIR: I see by your paper that Bob Ingersoll discredits Mary Hinsdale's story of the scenes which occurred at the death-bed of Thomas Paine. No one who knew that good lady would for one moment doubt her veracity or question her testimony. Both she and her husband were Quaker preachers, and well known and respected inhabitants of New York City. Ingersoll is right in his conjecture that Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale were the same person. Her maiden name was Roscoe, and she married Henry Hinsdale. My mother was a Roscoe, a niece of Mary Roscoe, and lived with her for some time. I have heard her relate the story of Tom Paine's dying remorse, as told her by her aunt, who was a witness. She says (in a letter I have just received from her), "he (Tom Paine) suffered fearfully from remorse, and renounced his Infidel principles, calling on God to forgive him, and wishing his pamphlets and books to be burned, saying he could not die in peace until it was done."

(REV.) A. W. CORNELL.

Harpersville, New York.

You will notice that the testimony of Mary Hinsdale has been drawing interest since 1809, and has materially increased. It Paine "suffered fearfully from remorse, renounced his Infidel opinions and called on God to forgive him," it is hardly generous for the Christian world to fasten the fangs of malice in the flesh of his reputation.

So Mary Roscoe was Mary Hinsdale, and as Mary Hinsdale has been shown by her own admission to Mr. Cobbett to have known nothing of the matter; and as Mary Hinsdale was not, according to Willet Hicks, worthy of belief—as she told a falsehood of the same kind about Mary Lockwood, and was, according to Mr. Collins, addicted to the use of opium—this disposes of her and her testimony.

There remains upon the stand Grant Thorburn. Concerning this witness, I received yesterday from the eminent biographer and essayist, James Parton, the following epistle:

NEWBURYPORT, Mass.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll:

Touching Grant Thorburn, I personally know him to have been a dishonest man. At the age of ninety-two he copied, with trembling hand, a piece from a newspaper and brought it to the office of the *Home Journal, as his own.* It was I who received it and detected the deliberate forgery. If you are ever going to continue this subject I will give you the exact facts.

Fervently yours,

JAMES PARTON.

After this, you are welcome to what remains of Grant Thorburn.

There is one thing that I have noticed during this controversy regarding Thomas Paine. In no instance that I have seen has any Christian writer spoken respectfully of Mr. Paine. All have taken particular pains to call him "Tom" Paine. Is it not a little strange that religion should make men so coarse and ill-mannered?

I have often wondered what these same gentlemen would say if I should speak of the men eminent in the annals of Christianity in the same way. What would they say if I should write about "Tim" Dwight, old "Ad" Clark, "Tom" Scott, "Jim" McKnight, "Bill" Hamilton, "Dick" Whately, "Bill" Paley, and "Jack" Calvin? They would *say* of me then just what I *think* of them now.

Even if we have religion, do not let us try to get along without good manners. Rudeness is exceedingly unbecoming, even in a saint. Persons who forgive their enemies ought, to say the least, to treat with politeness those who have never injured them.

It is exceedingly gratifying to me that I have compelled you to say that "Paine died a blaspheming Infidel." Hereafter it is to be hoped nothing will be heard about his having recanted. As an answer to such a slander, his friends can confidently quote the following from the New York *Observer* of November 1st, 1877: "We have never stated in any form, nor have we ever supposed that Paine actually renounced his Infidelity. The accounts agree in stating that he died a blaspheming Infidel."

This for all coming time will refute the slanders of the churches yet to be.

Right here allow me to ask: If you never supposed that Paine renounced his Infidelity, why did you try to prove by Mary Hinsdale that which you believed to be untrue?

From the bottom of my heart I thank myself for having compelled you to admit that Thomas Paine did not recant.

For the purpose of verifying your own admission concerning the death of Mr. Paine, permit me to call your attention to the following affidavit:

WABASH, Ind., October 27, 1877.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll:

DEAR SIR: The following statement of facts is at your disposal. In the year 1833 Willet Hicks made a visit to Indiana, and stayed over night at my father's house, four miles east of Richmond. In the morning at breakfast my mother asked Willet Hicks the following questions:

"Was thee with Thomas Paine during his last sickness?"

Mr. Hicks said: "I was with him every day during the latter part of his last sickness."

"Did he express any regret in regard to writing the 'Age of Reason,' as the published accounts say he did—those accounts that have the credit of emanating from his Catholic housekeeper?"

Mr. Hicks replied: "He did not in any way by word or action."

"Did he call on God or Jesus Christ, asking either of them to forgive his sins, or did he curse them or either of them?"

Mr. Hicks answered: "He did not. He died as easy as any one I ever saw die, and I have seen many die in my time.

WM. B. BARNES.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, Oct. 27, 1877. WARREN BIGLER, Notary Public.

You say in your last that "Thomas Paine was abandoned of God." So far as this controversy is concerned, it seems to me that in that sentence you have most graphically described your own condition.

Wishing you success in all honest undertakings, I remain,

Yours truly,

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Odds and Ends.

—An article you can always borrow—trouble.

—The back of summer has been broken by the fall.

—The cheapest of lawyers—keeping one's own counsel.

—Courage is often the fear of being thought a coward.

—There are two hundred and forty deserted farm houses in Windham county, Vermont.

—Out of the thirty-three millions of people in Great Britain, fifteen millions live upon imported food.

—Americans travel all over Europe without luggage, and this is another thing that surprises foreigners.

—The national debt of Turkey amounts to $1,000,000,000, exclusive of arrears of interest since Oct., 1875.

—He who shows kindness towards animals will display the same characteristics towards his fellow-men.

—"Work, but don't worry," the old saw says; but some people don't work, so they take it out in worrying.

—We do not know of how much a man is capable, if he has the will, and to what point he will rise if he feels free.

—If you want to make half the men in the street stop and turn around, whistle to a stray dog on the opposite sidewalk.

—Statistics show that, while the Hebrews form ten per cent of the population of New York, they contribute less than one per cent to the criminal classes.

—A third Chinese theatre, much larger and finer than the other two, is being built in San Francisco. Ninety-two actors are to be brought from China to perform in it.

—A Texas dog which was taken to Missouri traveled all the way back, and through his wonderful sagacity found his master's home, having traveled 800 miles.

—It is estimated that 1,033,000 acres of the finest land in India is devoted to the cultivation of the poppy. No wonder the nation is sleepy and starving.

—It is estimated that turbine water wheels have, since their invention, saved the country over $300,000,000 in the one single item of fuel.

—The ghost of Noah Webster came to a spiritual medium in Alabama, not long since, and wrote on a slip of paper: "It is tite tiers s." Noah was right, but we are sorry to see he has gone back on his dictionary.

—"If I could only get to be elected cashier of a savings bank," soliloquized an experienced thief, a day or two ago, "blame it I wouldn't reform and be a better man, and go to Europe in a month or two with $50,000 in my pocket."

—Pittsburg has seventy-three glass factories, thirty-three iron rolling mills, eight steel rolling mills, seven whitelead factories, and twenty-nine oil refineries, and the coal mines tributary to this market number 158.

—An Englishman who has made a bet of £50,000 that he will in six years walk through France, Germany, North Russia and Siberia to China, has started from Calais on his journeying. His bet obliges him to return through India, Persia and Southern Russia, and from there over Greece and Italy to France. He must be in Liverpool by the 1st of July, 1883.

—There are some seven hundred carpet-making establishments in the United States which, in prosperous times, furnish employment to between 150,000 and 200,000 operatives, men, women and children. Thirteen million dollars is invested in the business, which includes buildings and machinery, while $4,700,000 is expended yearly for wages. The annual production is valued at between $22,000,000 and $24,000,000.

—A little girl, sent out to hunt eggs, came back unsuccessfully complaining that, "lots of hens were standing around doing nothing."

That is exactly the difficulty. It is the general trouble all over the world that hens are "standing around doing nothing." Oh, the eggs that are never laid and might be! So many hopes and plans and schemes of improvement! So many inventions! So many good works! Such reformations and movements! So much to be done, and yet so many "hens standing around doing nothing."

—It so happened that during the session of the Congregational Association, held in Denver, that the Rev. Dr. Bliss, who made himself so notorious as an opponent of Woman's suffrage during the late campaign, was present when an intelligent and cultivated christian lady, a Mrs. Lawson, arose to read an address she had prepared on woman's work in the church. He immediately got up and left the room. We suppose if Dr. Bliss ever gets to Heaven and should there find a woman rising to address the Throne, he will immediately lay aside his angel wings, present his pass to St. Peter at the gate and go forth to ——, but we pause; will he find bliss in that other place?

The Pittsburg Riot.

A Pittsburg grand jury has for several weeks had under consideration the riots which occurred in that city last July, with the avowed intention of fixing the responsibility where it belonged. It has made its report, and after deploring the fact that its sources of information were restricted by the State officers refusing to appear and testify. It attempts to throw a large amount of the blame on the Penn. R. R. Co., on the State authorities, and on the military, which was present without competent authority, and who fired on the mob without orders; and speaking of the question of liability, reject the coctrine that the city or county should pay for the damage inflicted by a mob which was excited to violence by the unlawful act of the State military. This grand jury has returned indictments against nearly one hundred persons, accused of participation in the riots, and the undivided disposition is to see them speedily tried.

Man's Better-Half.

—The proper study of mankind is—woman.

—When Jacob asked Rachel to wed, she took Jake-up.

—A tune that young ladies like to catch—a million air.

—Round lace collars with a bit of ribbon at the throat are neat and pretty.

—Miss Susan E. Dickinson, sister of Anna, is to enter the lecture field this Winter.

—The nights are getting too cold to encourage hanging on the gate. It is to be hoped hereafter she will invite him in.

—A Spanish lady of rank is collecting the photographs of Spanish beauties to be sent to the Paris Exhibition.

—Bustles are so far out of fashion in New York that they sell for ten cents apiece. They make picturesque flower screens.

—The Chinese women don't chew gum in public, but it is fashionable for them to eat pieces of dried codfish. Woman must keep her jaws at work.

—Since her visit to Richmond it is said Mrs. Hayes thinks it would be an excellent idea to hitch a bell punch upon every member of the Cabinet.

—Clara (bathing against medical orders)—"O, dear, there's the doctor on the cliff! What shall I do?" Laura—"Bob your head under water. He'll have passed in *ten* minutes!"

—The latest thing in wedding dresses is a dress of brocaded satin, with high, square neck and very long train; the flowers form a chatelaine on the side and a chaplet for the hair.

—Thompson is not going to do anything more in conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hogshead, and she said there was none. He says its not the right answer.

—Amateur sportsman returns in triumph from a day's shooting, with a splendid rabbit, and says to his wife: "There, you said I couldn't shoot. You didn't expect to see me bring this home?" "Yes, I did; the servant next door saw you baying it around the corner."

"Why, Nellie, don't you know it is unkind to catch hold of your sister and pull her hair?" "Well, auntie, I saw you holding cousin Frank around the neck quite tightly yesterday, when mamma was out, and pulling his hair, and he didn't say anything."

—A Massachusetts young lady lately went to visit her brother, and falling in love with her brother's wife's father, married the lady, becoming her brother's mother-in-law, and exasperating beyond measure.

—A Rochester milkman has lost two lady customers because a newspaper charged him with putting *aqua pura* in his milk. They said they had all they could do to stand the water he put in, but now that he was caught adding that nasty drug, they wanted no more of his milk in theirs.

—A sensible young lady admits that the kiss by telephone may be a great scientific achievement, but so long as the hug of the fond arm and the tickle of the adorable mustache are left out it will never be popular with the girls who appreciate the good things of life in their natural state.

—A Louisville girl threw a bottle containing her name and address into the Ohio river. It was found by a youth, and a marriage has resulted. The Paducah *News* is alarmed lest, upon the fact becoming generally known, the navigation of the river will be permanently impeded.

—The daughter of a carriage painter attended a ball next door to her father's shop. As she danced it was seen by envious women that she wore what seemed to be light blue stockings. An hour afterward she showed pink, and again yellow-striped with red. The next time she retired a spy followed her to a shop, and saw her father deftly painting her legs light salmon.

—The following paragraph, from a New York paper, seems to settle the matter how fashions originate, at least so far as bonnets are concerned. We stepped into a miliner's shop the other day on business, and accidentally sat down on a bonnet that some one had laid on the chair. We remained there until no one was looking in our direction and then we quietly got up and stepped on one side. There was a lady at that time looking for a bonnet shaped to suit her. She finally found the one we had put in shape, and it just took her fancy; it was just what she wanted, so she said."

—Buffalo *Commercial:* A woman out in Polk county becoming converted to the doctrines of Dr. Mary Walker, took advantage of her husband's absence to array herself in his clothes. She put on the coat first, and ignoring the buttons, pinned it up from chin down. Then she put on the vest, back in front, and toilsomely buttoned it up behind. That was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At about half past six her husband found her seated on the side of the bed in a disorded room weeping, her hair down, face red, eyes inflamed, and her whole mental being convulsed with fretful excitement. Impatience and anger. She held his Sunday pantaloons in her hands, and all those three mortal hours she had been trying to put them on over her head.

How to Succeed.

If your seat is hard to sit upon, stand up. If a rock rises before you, roll it away or climb over it. If you want money, earn it. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something. If you want confidence, prove yourself worthy of it. Do not be content with doing what another has done—surpass it. Deserve success and it will come. The boy was not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; slowly and surely it makes its round and never tires. It is as easy to be a leader as a wheel horse. If the job be long the pay will be greater; if the task be hard the more competent you will be to hold it. Follow these instructions, and all will be well.

Temperance.

—The man who said he was out on a lark was really out on a swallow.

—A fellow in Portland, Oregon, pawned his artificial teeth for whisky.

—Thirst teaches all animals to drink, but drunkenness belongs only to man.

—California is ahead on the smoking and drinking list. During the past ten months the Internal Revenue receipts for the San Francisco district, for cigars, tobacco and beer, reached the sum of $1,800,000.

—When a man grabs a lamp-post and yells for somebody to hold the pavement down till he gets home, he is not to be considered drunk any more. He has only been having a pleasant-'un with the blue glass theory.

—It is computed that the grain used for liquors in a year in the United States reaches 70,000,000 bushels, which would make 1,050,000,000 four pound loaves of bread. Great Britain uses 80,000,000 bushels of grain yearly for the same purpose, and annually imports food to the value of nearly $400,000,000.

—The vigorous enforcement of the law forbidding the sale of liquors to minors in Washington Territory, and the conviction of the saloon keepers of a whole county for its violation, caused an attempt to be made by the Legislature now in session for its repeal, but the resolution was defeated and the law continued by a vote of eleven in favor to seventeen against.

—At Dartmouth Park, England, a boy 3 years of age, was given an old wooden pipe by his father, with which to blow soap bubbles. The father washed out the pipe before letting the child have it. After using it the boy was taken ill, and three days later he died, his death, according to the medical evidence, being undoubtedly caused by the nicotine contained in the old pipe, which he had sucked while blowing out the soap bubbles.

—An Irishman had a dream which taught him the danger of delay. "I dreamed," said he, "I was wid the Pope, who was as great a jintleman as any one in the district; an' he axed me wad I drink? Thinks I, wad a duck swim? and seein' the Innishowen, and lemons, and sugar on the sideboard, I told him I didn't care if I tuk a wee dhrap of punch. 'Hot or could?' said the Pope. 'Hot, yer Holiness,' I replied; and be that he stepped down to the kitchen for the b'lin' water; but before he got back I woke straight up. And now its distressing me I didn't take it could."

Favors.

In the following advice, which we find in an exchange, we think the writer considerably strains his point, and yet contains suggestions which few can ponder without profit:

"If you want to be happy, never ask a favor. Give as many as you can, and if any are freely offered, it is not necessary to be too proud to take them; but never ask for or stand waiting for any. Who ever asked a favor at the right time? To be refused is a woeful stab to one's pride. It is even worse than to have a favor granted hesitatingly. We suppose that out of a hundred who petition for the least thing—it be an hour of time—ninety-nine wish, with burning cheeks and aching hearts, they had not done so. Don't ask favors of your nearest friend. Do everything for yourself until you drop, and then if anyone picks you up, let it be of his own free choice, not from any groan you utter.

But while you can stand, be a soldier. Eat your own crust, rather than feast on another's dainty meals; drink cold water rather than another's wine. The world is full of people asking favors, and people tire of granting them. Love or tenderness should never be put aside, when it is full hands are stretched towards you; but as few love, so few are tender; a favor asked is apt to be a millstone around your neck, even if you gain the thing you want by the asking. As you cast your bread upon the water, and it returns, so will the favors you ask, if unwillingly granted, come back to you when you least expect or desire. Favors conceded upon solicitation are never repaid. They are more costly in the end than overdue usurers' bills."

Men Without Occupation.

The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. No matter how much wealth a man possesses, he can be neither contented nor happy without occupation. We were born to labor, and the world is our vineyard. We can find a field of usefulness almost anywhere. In occupations we forget our cares, our worldly trials, and our sorrows. It keeps us from constantly worrying and brooding over what is inevitable. If we have enough for ourselves, we can labor for the good of others; and such a task is one of the most delightful duties a worthy and good man can possibly engage in.

Facts Worth Knowing.

One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather will cover over one hundred square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.

One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered, because of the lap in the siding and matching in the floor.

One thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of lath nails will nail them on.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand, and one bushel of hair will make enough mortar to plaster one hundred square yards.

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay one hundred cubic feet of wall.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney. Nine brick in a course will lay one foot in height on a chimney. Nine brick in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and twenty inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

—Work as though you would live forever; live as though you would die to-day.

Wisdom.

—Where there is shame there may yet be virtue.

—There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.

—Keep busy. The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings.

—Towers are measured by their shadow, and great men by those who are envious of them.

—People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.

—Truth itself is of no value, only as it conduces to an upright, holy and benevolent practice.

—Young men often fail to get on in the world because they neglect small opportunities.

—He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it, may be a saint; that boasts of it, is a devil.

—The man whose sole ambition is to win applause of the world, is sure to be disappointed, whether he wins or loses.

—An excellent quartette—A good temper, a good library, a good wife and a good friend are four of the choicest blessings of human life.

—A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

—Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure; the vanity will end in shame and the pleasure in regret.

—The blessing of a house is piety. The honor of a house is hospitality. The ornament of a house is cleanliness. The happiness of a house is contentment.

—Children must have love inside the house and fresh air, and good play and some good companionship outside; otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering or growing stunted, or at best, prematurely old and turned inward on itself.

—When Daniel Webster was once asked, "What is the most important thought that ever entered your mind?" after a moment's reflection, he seriously replied, "The most important thought I ever had was that of *my personal responsibility to God.*"

A good character is in all cases the fruit of personal exertion. It is not created by external advantages; it is no necessary appendage to birth, wealth, talents or station; but it is the result of one's own endeavors, the fruit and reward of good principles manifested in a course of virtuous and honorable actions.

the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calm in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns; and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and in God, is most unfaltering.

How to be Handsome.

Most people would like to be handsome. Nobody denies the great power which any person may have who has a handsome face and attracts you by good looks, even before a word has been spoken. And we see all sorts of devices in men and women to improve their looks.

Now, all cannot have good features—they are as God made them—but almost anyone can look well, especially with good health. It is hard to give rules in a very short space, but in brief these will do:

Keep clean—wash freely. All the skin wants is leave to act freely, and it takes care of itself. Its thousands of air-holes must not be closed.

Eat regularly, and sleep enough—not too much. The stomach can no more work all the time, night and day, than a horse. It must have regular work and rest.

Good teeth are a help to good looks. Brush them with a soft brush, especially at night. Go to bed with cleansed teeth. Of course, to have white teeth it is needful to let tobacco alone. All women know that. Washes for the teeth should be very simple. Acid may whiten the teeth, but it takes off the enamel and injures them.

Sleep in a cool room, in pure air. No one can have a cleanly skin who breathes bad air. But more than all, in order to look well, wake up mind and soul.

When the mind is awake, the dull, sleepy look passes away from the eyes. I do not know that the brain expands, but it seems so. Think, and read, not thrashy novels, but books and papers that have something in them.

Men say they cannot afford books, and sometimes do not even pay for a newspaper. In that case it does them little good, they feel so mean while reading them. But men can afford what they really choose. If all the money spent in self-indulgence, in hurtful indulgence, was spent in books or papers for self-improvement, we should see a change. Men would grow handsome, and women too. The soul would shine out through the eyes. We were not meant to be mere animals. Let us have books and read them, and sermons and heed them.

The Big Horn Region.

[Black Hills Times Nov. 10th.]

John Wustum, who captained a party to the Big Horn, in August, returned in company with four others, last night, thoroughly convinced that as a gold region, the Big Horn range is a monstrous fraud. His company visited every stream and locality where the precious metal could reasonably be supposed to exist, and prospected in the most thorough manner, but without receiving any encouragement whatever. They had a pretty severe time of it, following up many a wild goose chase, the principal one being to Rotten Grass creek under the guidance of one Charles Lyon, who claimed to have big diggings in that locality but which proved barren of gold. The party separated, some proceeding on to the Montana mines, some to the new Posts on the Yellowstone, others across the Wind river country, while others still returned to the railroad at Cheyenne.

Wit and Humor.

—The usual "dog show"—teeth.

—The horse for hard times—Pay, sir.

—A two-foot rule—keep your feet dry.

—Good suits for bald-headed men—Mohair.

—This is a good time for driving. If you do not own and cannot hire a horse, you can drive a nail.

—It was Brigham Young's o'dest son who wrote the line: "What is home without a mother?"

—There isn't much difference between a grasshopper and a widow, after all. Either will jump at the first chance.

—Brown says he's been so often deceived by the chicken at his boarding-house that he now calls it the mocking bird.

—A Detroit restaurant keeper hangs out a sign of "free chops," and when the old loafers come around he shows them an axe and a woodpile.

—There are beautiful warm soda springs in Colorado, and people who go bathing in them at once exclaim: "Oh, but this is soda-licious!"

—A magistrate, censuring some boys for loitering in the streets, asks: "If everybody were to stand in the streets, how could anybody get by."

—A girl worked up the motto, "I need thee every hour," and presented it to her chap. He says he can't help it; it takes him two hours to milk, and feed the pigs, morning and night, and business has got to be attended to.

—The law makes a witness swear that he will tell the whole truth, so help him, and then it imposes rules of evidence by which he is not permitted to tell it.

—Bald-headed gentleman in the parquet, to young lady in the dress circle, during an affecting passage in the play: "I respect your emotion madam, but you are shedding tears on my head."

—A Portsmouth undertaker, being dunned by a man who had a very sick wife, said: "Oh, let the account stand. You'll be wanting something in my line pretty soon if you have good luck."

—It is when the mercury in the thermometer is among the nineties that it is a common sight to see men coming from behind sample room screens wiping the perspiration from their mouths.

—A clergyman says that while visiting a colored school in the South, he asked a tiny darkey what he studied for, and what was his object in attending school. Hesitating for a moment or two, the little fellow answered: "To get offis."

—Never chastise a boy by striking him over the head. Nature has indicated to So, enforce the rule of Solomon that the lad shall go forth feeling as if he had a base burner in the basement of his pantaloons.

—An old citizen in a country village, on having a subscription-list handed him toward purchasing a new hearse for the place, thus excused himself: "I paid $5 for a new hearse forty years ago, and me and my folks hain't had the benefit of it yet."

—The city editor of the Dubuque *Times* was asked to beg of people not to spit on the post-office floor, and he said: "It won't do any good. A thoroughbred, confirmed tobacco chewer will go fifteen rods any time to find a nice clean spot to spit on."

Sitting Bull.

Sitting Bull has taken up his permanent residence on Deer river, in Canadian territory. He is to be watched by the Government police. A few days ago he was told by Col. McLeod that he was to hold himself in readiness to move to his quarters, and that the Queen had, through her servant at Ottowa, provided a good home for him, where he could live in peace. Sitting Bull made an eloquent reply, saying: "I came to you in the first place because I was being hard-driven by the Americans. They broke their treaties with my people, and when I rose up and fought against them, but for our rights, as the first people on this part of the earth, they pursued me like a dog, and would have hung me to a tree. They are not just. They drive us into war, and then punish us for fighting. That is not honest. The Queen would not do that." After thanking the Queen, he said: "Tell her I will be a good man, and that my people will be good. I will take my people to the Red Deer country, and now I declare before you that I will not make any trouble or annoy you, or give pain to the Queen. I will be quiet. I will never fight on your soil unless you ask me to help you; then I will fight. Place me where you like. I will be at peace in Canada; but you, who are brave soldiers, and not treaty breakers, thieves and murderers, would think me a coward if I did not die fighting the Americans. Therefore, while I go to Red Deer now to live at peace"—here the speaker almost shrieked—"I will come back when my braves are strong, or if they will not come with me, I will come alone and fight the Americans until death. You, I love and respect; them I hate, and you Queen's soldiers, would despise me if I did not hate them. That is all right. I am ready to go with you to Red Deer."

On leaving the Fort Sitting Bull wept. The Blackfeet Indians say they won't stand any nonsense from the Sioux. The Nez Perces Indians who fled here before Joseph's surrender have nearly all returned. They attempted to squat between this post and the Buttes, but were warned off. Some of them crossed the mountains into British Columbia, probably with the intention of joining their old allies, the Okanagans.

It is told of Joaquin Miller that he was too modest and bashful to be present on the first night of his play, but after success was assured he went to see it, and to avoid notice he went into the top gallery among a bevy of colored people. It was hot there, and he took off his coat. The play delighted the people about him, and he shared the merriment so heartily that the policeman poked him in the ribs three times with his pole for being too noisy.