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

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The Avant Courier.

Wm. W. Alderson. Matt. W. Alderson.
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THIS PAPER

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. Bazinski. Tr—J. F. Smith.
V. G—L. Sperling. W—F. A. Major.
R. S—A. D. McPherson. C—Ben. F. Bisel.
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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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ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to COURIER office, Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all courts of the Territory.

J. J. Davis,

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,
BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

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

W. H. BAILEY,

BOZEMAN, MONTANA,

Makes a specialty of repairing Watches and manufacturing Jewelry from Native Gold and Silver.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired

At Rates That Defy Competition.

Geo. A. Baker,

Commission AND Brokerage,

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Henry Hitchins,

MAIN ST., BOZEMAN, M. T.,

House, Sign, Carriage

—AND—

ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.

Is prepared to execute all work in his line in the highest style of the art, and will guarantee satisfaction in every instance. [6-15-tf]

Watches & Jewelry.

LEA. F. MARSTON

Manufactures and Repairs Jewelry. Will lay down American Watches at 10 to 15 per cent. lower than they can be purchased of Eastern Advertising firms. If you doubt this, bring along your price lists and compare terms before Sending East.

WATCH WORK A SPECIALTY.

First National Bank

OF HELENA.

Designated Depository of the United States.

S. T. HAUSER .... President.
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Authorized Capital $500,000
Paid up Capital 100,000
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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.

Work and Wait.

A husbandman, who many years
Had plowed his field and sowed in tears,
Grew weary with his doubts and fears.

"I toiled in vain! These rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands;
The best seeds rot in barren lands.

"My drooping vine is withering;
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds upon its branches sing.

"My flock is dying on the plain;
The heavens are brass, they yield no rain;
The earth is iron—I toil in vain."

While yet he spake, a breath had stirred
His drooping vine like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice he heard:

"A mightier hand, more skilled than thine,
Must hang the clusters on the vine,
And make the fields with harvest shine.

"Man can but work; God can create;
But they who work and watch and wait
Have their reward, though it come late.

"Look up to heaven! behold and hear
The clouds and thunderings in thine ear;
And answer to thy doubts and fear."

He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flame afar,
Was rushing from a distant star.

And every thirsty flock and plain
Was rising up to meet the rain
That came to clothe the fields with grain;

And on the clouds he saw again
The covenant of God with men,
Re-written with his rainbow pen:

"Seed time and harvest shall not fail,
And though the gates of hell assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail."

Our Selected Story.

"OUR FOOL."

[M Quad, in Detroit Free Press.]

When the "Medina Party," as we were called, were mining in Nevada in 1858-9, the redskins made it their business not only to hunt for scalps, but to find them. There were twenty-four of us in the party, and in August we were in a camp called "Old Tom Jones." The diggings were good, and we had the camp so secured as to insure the Indians a warm reception whenever they took a notion to visit us. A sentinel was posted during the day to watch for the enemy, and at night we all retired under a shelving rock in the face of the cliff fifty feet high. This cave, as it might be called, could only be approached by one path, as we thought, and as there were three dogs in camp, none of the miners were asked to stand watch. Running parallel with this path to a point within thirty feet of the cave was a gulch, down which ran a stream of water in the spring and fall. It was dry at this time, and the bed of gravel was a foot thick. Anyone sneaking down this gulch could come within thirty feet of the cave, but would be separated from it by a wall of rock about twenty feet high. This wall could easily be scaled from the gulch, and a party gaining the crest of it could look down into the cave, almost—could at least shoot down all who attempted to leave it.

Such was the general situation on the 5th day of August, when "Our Fool" made his appearance. He was a man about thirty years of age, poorly dressed, even for that country, and his face wore the silly look of a born idiot. As he came into the diggings he carried his hat in his hand and grinned like a baboon over a big stick of candy.

"Who ar' ye, and what do ye want?" growled one of the men, as the stranger halted before him.

"Te-he! Te-he!" laughed the fool, in his silly way.

"Boys, here's a regular born fool!" shouted the miner, and as the men gathered around, the fellow swung his hat by a string, and called out:

"The cow jumped over the moon—te-he! te-he!"

It was plain that he was a fool. Where he came from and how he had reached us no one could guess, but after a talk among themselves, the miners decided to let him stay around until he got ready to go.

Our Fool was soon at home. He had the appetite of a wolf, and we couldn't get a stroke of work out of him. The very first night of his arrival, however, he armed himself with a club and paced up and down the path like a sentinel, and we heard him muttering:

"I see Injuns—they can't see me!"

He paced up and down all night long, and next night he took the post again without a word being said. No one thought him any protection to the camp, and yet I think we all felt a little safer in knowing that some one was moving about and keeping the dogs active and vigilant. After Our Fool had been in the camp a week the Indians became unusually numerous. The day sentinel reported seeing them on the hills around us, and one night they certainly came close enough to our cave to give the alarm to the dogs. Up to this time Our Fool, as everybody called him, had slept most of the day, and had been very quiet. Next day after the alarm he was noticed on the ridge dividing the gulch from the path, and he was up there and in the gulch so much of the time during the next three or four days that one of the men remarked:

"I guess our fool has discovered a rich thing up there."

One morning it was discovered that our keg of powder was missing. We all had fire-arms and a personal supply of powder in our horns, but this twenty-five pound keg, which had been bought with company funds to fall back on in case of necessity, had been taken from the cave by some one, and there was a deep mystery about it. None of the men could be charged with the theft, as no one wanted to leave, or could carry it down the mountain and sell it. The dogs couldn't take it, it couldn't carry itself off, and the only thing left was to declare that Our Fool had stolen it. He was cuffed and shaken around, and some of the men wanted him whipped, but all he could or would say was:

"Injuns coming—Injuns blow way up high!"

We searched all around for two hours, but the keg was not to be found, and the incident created much ill-feeling among the men. It was agreed that one man should keep watch of Our Fool for two or three days, and see if he would not betray himself. Both remained in the cave, but in some way the idiot crept out unnoticed and was absent for three or four hours. When he returned he was more silly than usual, and as he moved around he kept calling out:

"Got all fixed—got all fixed."

That night he went on duty as usual. Having a slight fever I was nervous and restless, and at eleven o'clock I awoke and heard him talking to the dogs. At one o'clock I awoke again and he was missing. I got up and walked down the path a hundred feet, and though the dogs came to me, nothing could be seen of Our Fool. I thought that he had been seized with some new fancy and had perhaps absconded altogether, and going back to the cave soon fell into a sound sleep.

Half an hour before daybreak, several things occurred to arouse every man in the party in an instant. The walls and floors of the cave trembled, dirt rattled down into our faces, fierce screams rent the air, and then came a blinding flash and report which made "old Tom Jones" tremble in every nook and crevice. We leaped up and ran out in the wildest alarm, and no one could yet say what had aroused us, when Our Fool came down from the wall between path and gulch as nimbly as a squirrel.

"Big noise—great fire—hurt 'em awful bad!" he shouted, as he danced around us, and that's all the satisfaction we could get.

The miners soon came to the conclusion that our keg of powder had been exploded near by, and as soon as daylight crept into the hills, we climbed the wall. It was an awful sight we saw in the gulch below. The dry bed of the stream was torn full of great holes, and great spots of blood stained the walls almost to our feet. On the gravel were blackened and burned bodies, arms, legs, heads, and parts of trunks—enough to account for at least fifteen Indians. Had a shell exploded down there in the midst of a crowd of soldiers, the havoc could not have been worse. There were bows and arrows, shattered rifles, scalping-knives bent and broken, and the horrible odor of burning flesh filled the whole gulch.

Our Fool was down there, grinning and rubbing his hands, but no explanations were needed from him. That gulch had been overlooked by us. The Indians had discovered it, and they had planned to creep down it, scale the wall, and from thence get a plunging fire on the mouth of the cave. They would have been safe from return shots, and could have killed every miner who showed his head. Our Fool had seen this. He had stolen the keg of powder, and laid a mine in the gravelly bed of the gulch right where the Indians would scale the wall. How he knew that they would appear on that particular night we could not surmise, but it seemed that he did know it, for he deserted his post to scale the wall and be ready. He probably fired the powder with a slow-match, but we could never find out how it was arranged. The explosion took place just as the savages had collected in a body over the keg, and nearly a score of them had literally been blown to fragments. If there were others, they lost no time in limping away, probably so badly frightened that they did not hunt for scalps for the next three months.

Well, that was Our Fool, and that was the trap he laid, and before climbing out of the gulch we all shook hands with him and—

"*Resolved*, That we've got the cutest, smartest and wisest fool in America."

He seemed to feel that he ought to reply, and swinging his hat around he yelled out:

"Woke boys all up in a hurry—te-he! te-he!"

How Long Will the Forests Last?

Under such a tremendous yearly drain, the question naturally comes up, how long will our forests hold out at the present rate of manufacture? It is really an important question, upon which follows the inquiry as to what we are to do for building material when this magnificent wood—pine—is exhausted. One authority after another has entered formally upon its solution, with satisfactory results in local instances, but very vague ones as to the field at large. At the rate we are cutting it to-day, from thirty to fifty years seem to be agreed upon as the limit. Twenty years ago there was apparently no limit, for the consumption was not only less, but the means for its manufacture were primitive, and accomplished much smaller results than now. It seems as if it were impossible to further improve the machinery of saw-mills, but the near future may, for all that, see sawing machinery in comparison to which that of the present will be contemptible. So, although twenty years ago there was no foreseeing the end of the timber, now, with the modern mills and myriads of them, we are beginning to calculate with dire certainty as to the time when the "Wooden Age" will be a thing of the past.—*Charles D. Robinson; Scribner for December.*

A Brave Officer

In one of the recent skirmishes near Plevna, a young Russian officer was seen standing just behind one of the batteries waving his sword and boldly encouraging his men to stand their ground. Over and over again he rallied the troops who were pouring out of the trench, but it was of no use; the fire was too heavy for any human being to stay and live, and at last he stood for more than a minute absolutely alone, save for the dying and dead piled in heaps around him. It could only end in one way amid the storm of bullets which were raining around him thick as hail; one at least found its way to that noble heart, and he fell dead. As the Turks swept over the parapet and dashed past the spot where he lay, the Colonel, struck by the boy's extraordinary courage and devotion, gave orders that he should be decently buried. In the evening he reported to the Commander-in-chief that the body was that of a girl.

Educational & Religious

—A prayer meeting was struck by lightning in Pennsylvania the other day. This looks like a mistake.

—If a Christian woman could change her sex would it change her religion? Certainly; she'd be he', then.

—New Orleans *Picayune*: "The old Ten Commandments were so personal that modern reformers have been obliged to set up new rules on a different alley."

—It is a bad plan to divide a sermon into too many heads, for this reason: that there may be considerable difficulty on the part of the congregation in finding ears for all of them.

—Said one man to another, "If it wasn't Sunday how would you take for that lumber?" "If it wasn't Sunday, I'd tell you," was the proper reply.

—Col. Ingersoll has been challenged by Rev. Dr. Gregg, of Dublin, to a discussion of the questions involved in the Ingersoll book entitled "The Gods."

—There are 373 churches in Rome, of which 355 are Catholic, 14 Protestant and 4 Jewish. There is one Protestant church to every 20,000 of the population.

—A clergyman, who did not believe in going outside of his own denomination to distribute his charities, was solicited by a beggar for alms. "My brother," said he, "are you High-Church?" "Never was high in my life," returned the beggar, reproachfully; "never drinks nuthin at all, sir."

—A head equal to the greatest events, and a heart superior to the strongest temptations, are qualities which may be possessed so secretly that a man's next door neighbor shall not discover them, until some unforseen occasion calls them forth.

—An Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed his congregation: "My dear brethren, let me tell you that I am just half through my sermon; but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

—Baker's "Syria and Egypt under the last Five Sultans" says: "A schoolmaster's testimony is not valid in a Mohamden court of law, because it is believed that he must have been mad before he undertook to teach children; or the children must have driven him crazy by the noise they made repeating their lessons aloud all at the same time.

—David Hume observed that all the devout persons he had ever met with were melancholy. On this Bishop Horne remarked, this might probably be; for, in the first place it is most likely that he saw very few, his friends and acquaintances being of another sort; and secondly, the sight of him would make a devout man look melancholy at any time.

—The Rev. Dr. Talmage told some remarkable stories at the late Sunday-school convention in New York. Among them: "Some men never learn how to phrase a prayer. A horse was running away with a man. He grabbed hold of the sides of the wagon, and he said: 'O, Lord make us thankful for the mercies we are about to receive.'"

—It is too bad, but we suppose it cannot be helped. Christopher Columbus is not to be a saint, at least not in this world. The Roman Catholic congregation at Rome has pronounced against his canonization as such. But we suppose if he is a saint where he now is, he is satisfied.

—Horace Clark once told Commodore Vanderbilt, his father-in-law, that it was a pity he did not have a college education. "Did you have a college education, Horace?" asked Vanderbilt. "Yes, sir." "Well, Horace, I don't think I could afford to swap with you," the old man replied, with a roguish twinkle in his twinkle in his eye.

—The Buddhist religion is the one most extensively accepted in the world, having, in round numbers, 340,000,000 adherents. There are not more Roman Catholics in the world than people of all other religious classes. The total number of Roman Catholics is about 200,000,000, against 80,000,000 of the Greek Church, 100,000,000 Protestants, and 6,500,000 of other Oriental Churches than the Greek. Of the 1,400,000,000 people in the world, about 1,000,000,000 are not Christians, but, with the exception of the 6,000,000 Jews, are what are called heathens. It will be observed from this that there is still a great field left for the spread of Christianity.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson addressed, 20 years ago, a literary society, during Commencement, at Middlebury, Vermont, and when he ended the President called upon a clergyman to conclude the service with prayer. Then arose a Massachusetts minister, who stepped into the pulpit Mr. Emerson had just left and uttered a remarkable prayer, of which this was one sentence: "We beseech thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from this sacred desk." After the benediction, Mr. Emerson asked his next neighbor the name of the officiating clergyman, and, when falteringly answered, with gentle simplicity remarked, "He seemed a very conscientious, plain-spoken man."

How to Become Unpopular.

Dr. Sherman remarked in his address at the matriculation of the class in the Theological School, that in the circle of his observation, more ministers had failed in preserving their acceptableness and usefulness among the people on account of offensive little habits, or readily curable deficiencies of character and culture, than for other reasons. An unfortunate pitch of voice, a habit of using slang phrases, a lack of the marked graces of a gentleman, the using of one's hand in place of handkerchief, the prominent relief of an irritation in the head or throat in an offensive and disgusting way, the ill-concealed quid of tobacco or its poisonous stain down the sides of the mouth or upon the quite prominent teeth—such occasions as these, small enough in themselves, indeed, but serious enough in their certain consequences, have cost many a minister of no considerable ability and scholarship his place in the pulpit and his efficiency as a preacher of the Gospel.

Odds and Ends.

—Gentlemen's dress handkerchiefs are of plain white silk, with wide hem-stitched borders.

—They are complaining in Boston because a committee of the City Government drank $8 worth of lemonade at one sitting.

—A Dubuque mother broke her little girl's arm by giving it a sudden wrench to compel the child to come in the house when she was called.

—Governor Van Zandt, of Rhode Island, weighs over 300. His State is the smallest in the Union, but it can afford to have the biggest governor.

—California's wood growth is becoming the source of one of her greatest industries. The export last year was worth $8,000,000.

—An old woman who peddled newspapers at Fulton Ferry, in New York City, for thirty years, died the other day, leaving an estate of $50,000.

—Two young men of Rutland, of good character, recently spent one night in jail and paid nine dollars apiece, for participating in a horn serenade tendered to a young married couple.

—A father of three sons and five daughters was asked what family he had. The answer was: "I have three sons, and they have each five sisters." "Mercy," replied the interrogator, "such a family!"

—The late Senator Morton is to have a noble monument erected to his memory. An association has been thoroughly organized to collect the means, and they have gone to work with considerable spirit and energy.

—A writer in the *Medical World* asserts that nervous diseases are on the decrease, because of a higher and better mode of living, a more bountiful use of nutritious food and indulgence in recreation.

—A man in Salem, Oregon, cleared his premises of rats by catching one and pouring carbolic acid over it, and then turning it loose. The odor of their unfortunate friend appears to have convinced the other rats of the propriety of going elsewhere.

—James English is still at work on the redwood tree he felled at Russian River Station, California, some few months ago. He has already made from it 250,000 shingles, 1,000 fence posts, 6,000 stakes, lumber for a dwelling house and out-buildings, and has timber left for 300,000 shingles. The tree was fourteen feet in diameter.—*Petaluma Argus.*

—A factory is in operation at Davenport, Iowa, for the making of sugar from corn, the first in this country. This sugar is the same as maple sugar, or is chemically known as glucose, pure maple sugar, grape sugar and glucose being one and the same thing. The demand for the article by confectioners alone in the United States is immense. The sources of supply heretofore have been France and Germany, where glucose is made from potatoes. Here it is the product of corn wholly. It is as pleasing to the taste as honey. The production of grape sugar and glucose opens a new department for Iowa corn. The capacity of the works at Davenport is 500 bushels per day. This branch of manufacture bids fair to become of immense importance.

A VERY NARROW GAUGE.

Passenger Cars Running Safely on a Ten Inch Track.

[Boston Letter to the N. Y. Express.]

There is "something new under the sun" in railroads. At least, I have seen no description in any New York paper of what has just been experimentally completed in Massachusetts. A perfectly working, safe—yes, much safer than the ordinary—road has been produced, and which will revolutionize traffic in both passengers and freight. The cost and the price of both will come down one-half, and yet the companies coin money where now they cannot pay expenses.

The young gentleman who conceived this new plan is a practical wood and iron machinist, and also an engineer. To show how narrow a track may be, and be practical and safe, with his own hands he constructed a railroad, having but ten inches width of track, from the elevated village of Hyde Park down to the depot. He also, with his own hands, constructed the cars to run on the track. In these he carried in six weeks over 3,000 passengers from the village down to the depot, without the slightest injury to any one. There were several short curves on the way and the track crossed the highway twice. The people of Ballerica, wishing a road across through their town from North Billerica, on the Boston & Lowell railroad, to Bedford, a distance of eight and a half miles, requested the projector, Mr. George E. Mansfield, to come and give the people a lecture on narrow track railroads. Some said, "It is a chimerical notion;" but others said, "This is of God and must prevail;" and they gave a helping hand and secured a movement so far as to get a petition for a charter from the Legislature. The charter was allowed. Then the right of way was secured gratis the whole distance. Two very able men gave the way only because, as they said, it was only a visionary, crazy-headed scheme, and would never be accomplished. Ben. Butler went in for one-fiftieth of the whole stock, which was $50,000. Then came the building of the road, which was completed by the first of September, so that cars passed with passengers over the entire route. There are eleven bridges on the route, one over 100 feet long. The rail weighs twenty-five pounds to the yard, which is quite strong enough—twenty pounds would do. The road is well-built and equipped. One grade is 155 feet.

The cars and engines of the road will at once attract and fix the attention. They are very well proportioned, and make a handsome appearance. The engine is behind the tender, and next the cars, so that when the train moves, the car next the engine draws down upon and increases the adhesion of the engine to the track. Both engine and cars are constructed so as to be very near the ground, giving great advantages in regard to safety, and also very little oscillation. The cars have an aisle, with one seat on each side, in the same manner as ordinary cars have two seats. The length of cars allows thirty seats, each person having a seat to himself.

The cars are warmed with steam, are well ventilated, have closets, water tanks, all the modern improvements, Westinghouse brakes, etc. They weigh but four tons and a half, ordinary cars weighing, on an average, eighteen tons. Hence, Mansfield will carry sixty persons with cars weighing nine tons, while ordinary roads must draw eighteen tons to carry fifty-six persons. The engines are equally light and less costly than on ordinary roads. It is quite evident that a road eight and a half miles long, which cost equipped $1,500 less than $50,000, and which can be run for half the expense upon ordinary roads, must be a great and notable achievement. The road cost $4,530 per mile. The trains run about twenty miles an hour. Engines weigh about eight tons, and draw two passenger and two freight cars twice per day each way, at a cost of coal only one-fourth that of ordinary engines.

A Woman's Experience as Superintendent.

Miss Agnes Hosford is superintendent of schools of Eau Claire county. She read a paper at the teachers' convention this summer, on her experience in the work, and it was good enough to deserve being read in full by everybody in the State who can read. One extract which is true to life, is all the space we can afford this week. The first examination of teachers over, the result of the work and what followed is then told:

"Forty-eight of the candidates failed to receive certificates. The majority of the disappointed ones were young and inexperienced. A few, however, had taught several terms and felt keenly the mortification of failure. To notify such of the result of their examination was the first hard thing in connection with my work. So far as I know nearly all of these accepted the decision as just. Only one relieved her mind by sending me a long, badly written and badly spelled letter charging me with partiality for others and a particular dislike for herself, and almost annihilating me with the very pertinent remark, 'This is woman's generosity to her *sect*.' if teachers themselves submitted without complaint their friends were not always so passive. One young woman came in behalf of her sister, and closed her unsuccessful mission with the serious threat, 'It will be a long time before she will be examined before you again!' I did not anticipate any serious loss to the schools should she never appear, but in six months she was again among the applicants and no more successful than before.

"One aggrieved parent attempted to prove my injustice and his daughter's ability to teach by writing that 'she had passed examination by as good or better scholars than this county would average, and he would prove that she was better qualified to teach than some others to whom I had given certificates, that she had a school engaged and they had not. He had always been a staunch Republican and had done a good deal of talking to get me elected, but he would never vote for a woman again, if he lived to be a hundred years old.' He was no doubt a man of unbounded influence, as he impressed his greatness upon me by subscribing himself 'Preacher and chairman of the board.' I was sorry to endanger the success of the woman of the future, but I was convinced by his logic, unawed by his high social and official position I did not reverse my decision.

"Some asserted that I was reducing the supply of teachers that I might insure high wages to my successful friends; some that I was more lenient to non-residents than to those whose homes were in the county; others said 'No one not belonging in the county need hope for a certificate;' while others still accounted for the failure of their friends by accusing me of denominational favor or prejudice. It was not pleasant to have such motives ascribed to me, but I did not expect to refuse certificates to more than one-third the candidates without opposition and misrepresentation. This was much easier to meet than appeals to my sympathy. There were some who seemed to think that their poverty and inability to do anything else were sufficient reasons why they should teach. Sometimes their circumstances were such as to demand my sympathy, and if it had been a personal matter I should have yielded. This, however, was a matter of judgment and not of feeling. I could not yield without giving up all that I desired to accomplish. I believe there could be no greater wrong inflicted on our schools than to license these young, inexperienced, incompetent teachers. If allowed to enter on the work of teaching, their errors, vague conceptions and imperfect knowledge would be repeated and perpetuated in every school which came under their care. I had no choice but to consider the good of the many rather than the wishes of the few."—*Wisconsin Ex.*

Forests in the United States.

Within ten years, no less than 12,000,000 acres of forest have been cut down or burned over in the United States. Much of the timber is used for fuel, twenty-five cities being on record as consuming 5,000 to 10,000 acres each. Fences use up much timber, and railway sleepers require the product of 150,000 acres per annum. The amount of pine and lumber timber yet standing in the United States is no longer large. The sum of $141,000,000 is estimated to be invested in the whole timber industry, employing 200,000 men.

—Who ever heard an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man complain of bad luck? There is a great deal of nonsense written and believed about luck? Its devotees are ever waiting for something to turn up, while honest labor, with keen eyes and strong will, turns up something. Undoubtedly "Fortune brings in some ships that are not steered," but still we do not believe in the Arabian proverb, that if you pitch a lucky man into the Nile, he will come up with a fish in his mouth. There is always cause and effect.

Wisdom.

—Friendship is love without its flowers or veil.

—The mother's heart is the child's school room.

—To make pastime of time is to trifle with eternity.

—If the staff is crooked the shadow cannot be straight.

—A man cannot escape what is written on his forehead.

—We open the hearts of others when we open our own.

—The power of honesty is so great that we like it in an enemy.

—If you buy a bit of wisdom at any price, it is a good bargain.

—Conscience warns us as a friend before it punishes us as a judge.

—Courage and modesty are virtues which cannot be counterfeited.

—He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

—The spoken words cannot be taken back. Their impression will remain.

—Persons will refrain from evil speaking when persons refrain from evil hearing.

—Upright simplicity is the deepest wisdom, and preverse craft the merest shallowness.

—Never listen to calumnies, because if they are untrue you run the risk of being deceived, and if they be true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.

—Next to being married to the right person, there is nothing so important in one's life as to live under one's own roof.

—A definition is given of politeness in which it is likened to an air cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases the jolts of the world wonderfully.

—Say little helpful words whenever you can. They are better than pearls or diamonds to strew along the roadside of life. They will yield a far more valuable harvest as you will find, after many days.

—Make home a pleasant place for your boys. Do not be afraid of your best parlor that they may not use it. Let the home be a place to live and breathe in, not merely a roof under which they may eat and sleep.

—Cultivate consideration for the feelings of others if you would not have your own injured. Those who complain most of ill-usage are those who abuse themselves and others the oftenest.

—A beautiful story is told of Sir Philip Sydney, while he was borne away dying from the battlefield. He had just placed a cup of cold water to his lips, when there was carried past him a wounded soldier, who looked with longing eyes on the draught of the more favored Sydney. He withdrew his lips, and instead of drinking himself, gave the cup to the poor maimed soldier, with the simple utterance, "thy necessity is yet greater than mine." That was an illustrious instance of unselfishness and does honor to his character in the sphere of heroic deeds more than the most brilliant passage of arms.

—Nothing hurts a man more than to seem small and ignoble in his own eyes. It is the slavish feeling that degrades the slave. A base ambition makes the man that cherishes it base. No one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your feelings the target of their wit or cruelty—never be alarmed, never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot by all their efforts take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character and the generosity of your nature. While those are left, you are, in point of fact, unharmed.

Business Laws.

The following maxims of the common law should be posted up in the room of every business man, or, better still, committed to memory:

1. Ignorance of law excuses no one.
2. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.
3. The law compels no one to do impossibilities.
4. An agreement without consideration is void.
5. Signatures made with lead pencils are good in law.
6. A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.
7. The acts of one party bind all the others interested.
8. Contracts made on Sunday can not be enforced.
7. A contract made with a minor is void.
10. A contract made with a lunatic is void.
11. A contract made for advertisements in a Sunday newspaper is invalid.
12. Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.
13. Agents are responsible to their principals for their errors.
14. Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.
15. A minor can not make a legal obligation.
16. Notes bear interest only when so stated.
17. It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received."
18. A note drawn on Sunday is void.
19. A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, can not be collected by law.
20. If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker of it. He must pay it.

—"Can you change this William for me?" said a young man who presented a $50 dollar bill at the counter of the Gloucester National Bank, recently.

"Yes," said the cashier, "but why do you call it William?"

"Oh, I'm not familiar enough with that kind of a thing to call it Bill," was the quick reply.

Wit and Humor.

—A householder advertises rooms to let to gentlemen furnished with gas.

—When does a man remind you of a funeral? When he's a coughin'.

—A standing engagement—Popping the question over the front gate.

—A man born to command is different from one made to order.

—What is the difference between a paper dollar and a paper collar? Just one letter, C it?

—A needy tramp was so destitute of raiment that he tried to steal the close of the day.

—Beware, reader, how you live, or when you die you may go to that burn whence no traveler returneth.

—What the nation needs is a patent savings bank and a patent lamp chimney, neither of which can be broken.

—Boarding-house butter thinks over all the bad jokes made about it, and says: "If I was not strong I would never be able to stand it."

—Norwich, Conn., is determined to do its share toward retarding the growth of small boys. It has made 250,000 toy pistols this year.

—Six miles in five minutes on the Canada Southern Railroad. Sick smiles on the faces of the passengers when the ride was safely over.

—When a man comes home at night and kisses his wife with more than ordinary tenderness, she may be pretty certain that he has been in mischief.

—While growling at her husband last summer, a New York woman was struck by lightning and instantly killed. If you wish your wife to see this paragraph, cut it out and paste it on the looking-glass.

—A purchaser on being served with ground coffee at a store, asked:

"Are there beans in this coffee?"

"No, sir!" answered the clerk.

"How do you know?" sneered the purchaser.

"Because we ran out of beans Thursday and had to put peas in instead."

—At an Indiana wedding lately, the choir sang, "come ye disconsolate." The officiating clergyman, feeling awkward about it, attempted to mend matters by giving out a hymn, but unluckily struck into the one beginning, "Mistaken souls, that dream of bliss."

—It is thought that B. Young ought to have recovered from his cholera morbus, but when it came to fighting with twenty-seven women, each one with a different kind of mustard plaster for her dear husband, and a new kind of ... too much for him. Every woman laid her plaster where there was room, and the prophet went down to his grave like a sandwich.

Let Every Young Man Take Heed to Himself.

In these days of strikes and difficulties between employers and employed, it may be very useful to the young men of the land to be reminded of some elementary principles of business which never change. Most of the young men in this country start out in life poor. They must remain poor to the day of their death, unless they improve their condition by their own exertions.

If a man is poor, at the start, certain conditions are requisite to the bettering of his situation, and all the societies and associations in Christendom can never change them. The first is industry. There can be no such thing as prosperity resulting from idleness. Work, and hard work should be welcome to every young man who has his own future to make. As to wages, let him get the highest he can; at the same time working for whatever he can get, for the time being, cultivating his mind in his leisure hours, and resting assured that with increased intelligence and skill he may safely calculate on an increase of compensation. We began by working for $25 a year; and that is the only way we built ourself up.

The next thing for a young man to practice, who wants ever to get ahead in the world, is the most rigid economy, however small his wages may be, always spending less than he makes.

Here are two very simple rules, but they are imperative. Every young man who practices them will succeed. He who does not, has an unhappy prospect before him.

It is a prevailing moral disease of the times, that too much dependence is placed upon mere association, and correspondingly too little on independent individual conduct.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The Man of Honor.

What a glorious title that is! Who would not rather have it than anything kings can bestow? It is worth all the gold and silver in the earth. He who merits it wears a jewel in his soul, and needs none upon his bosom. His word is good and if there was no law in the land, he might be just as safely dealt with. To take unfair advantage is not in him; to quibble and guard his speech so that he means something that he does not mean, even while they can never prove that it is so, would be impossible to his frank nature. His speeches are never riddles. He looks you straight in the eye and says straight out what he has to say without mental reservation, and he does unto others what he would have others do unto him.

It is not only in business that he may show his right to a glorious title. Who ever heard him betray the faults and follies of his friends, or speak slightly of his near kindred? The man of honor is always a good brother, and when the time comes, makes an excellent husband, making the vow to love, cherish and protect with a perfect comprehension of its holiness, and never breaks it. What woman need fear a promise to obey a man of honor? Heaven be thanked, that, amid the villians and tricksters of this world, there are many such men left, loved and respected by all who know them.