BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

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

Vol. 7. No. 8. BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1878. Whole No., 320

The Avant Courier.

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

ADVERTISING RATES

	1 Inch.	2 Inches.	3 Inches.	Quar Col	Half Col.	One Col.
1 week	$3	5	6	9	15	20
2 "	4	7	8	12	18	25
3 "	5	9	10	15	21	32
4 "	6	10	12	18	24	36
5 "	8	14	18	24	36	66
1 month	10	18	24	36	66	110
2 "	16	24	36	66	110	200

Local notices 15 cents per line first insertion and 10 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Legal advertisements payable monthly or quarterly as due.

Transient advertisements payable on delivery.

Marriages and death notices inserted free of charge. Obituary notices 5 cents per line.

Terms of Subscription.

Weekly.....$5 00.
Tri-Weekly.....3 00.

Weekly, per period, 50 cents per month.

Tri-Weekly by carrier, 50 cents per month, payable at the office of each month.

Postage 15 cents.

THIS PAPER

Is on file at the office of

L. P. BOOTH, General Eastern Agent

for the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, 41 Park Row, Broadway, New York; and our friends in Montana are invited to call there.

I. O. O. F.

Western Star Lodge, No. 4.

Meets at Masonic Hall, Bozemanski. | Tr—I. F. Spieth.
Visiting brothers are cordially welcomed. | W—F. A. Major.
Jas. McPherson. | C—Ben. F. Bisel.
G—Louis Accola.

Odd Fellows Hall every Monday evening. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend. [6-18tf

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. R. Edwards,

ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to Post 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 the Territory.

FRANCIS GEISDORFF, M. D.,

Upper Yellowstone,

OPPOSITE HAYDEN POST OFFICE.

A. W. Monroe,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office at S. W. Langhorne's Drug Store 10 a. m. until 4 p. m.

W. H. BAILEY,

BOZEMAN, MONTANA,

Specially of repairing Watches Manufacturing Jewelry from Native Gold and Silver.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired

WORK THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Geo. A. Baker,

COMMISSION AND Brokerage,

Olive St.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Bought and sold on commission, advances made. With a large acquaintance among jobbers and manufacturers, can make it to the interest of Montana merchants in filling their bills. [34-6m]

Henry Hitchins,

MAIN ST., BOZEMAN, M. T.,

House, Sign, Carriage

—AND—

ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.

Prepared to execute all work in his line in the best style of the art, and will guarantee satisfaction in every instance. [6-13-tf

Watches & Jewelry.

LEA. F. MARSTON

Repairs and Repairs Jewelry. Will lay 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.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

CORNELIUS & CO., Successors to Chipman, Co., Solicitors. Patents procured in U. S. No Fees in advance. No charge unless patent is granted. No Fees for making preliminary examinations. No additional fees for obtaining and conducting a rehearing. Reversal decision of the Commissioner all rejected applications may be revived. Special attention given to infringement cases before the Patent Office. Extensions before Congress. Interference suits in different States, and all litigation appertaining to Inventions or Patents. Reissues, Arrears of Pay and Bounty and all other business promptly attended to. We depend for our success by deserving it. Send stamp for pamphlet of sixty pages.

GILMORE & CO.,
627, F Street Washington, D. C.

First National Bank

OF BOZEMAN!

Designated Depository and Financial Agents of the United States.

Capital.....$50,000
Bonds to Secure Circulation
and Deposits.....$100,000.

W. W. FOX.....PRESIDENT,
J. G. DOW.....CASHIER.

DIRECTORS.

J. Story, W. W. Alderson,
J. Martin, T. Brent,
and Geo. W. Fox.

Poetry.

[From the *Evening Star*, Dunedin, New Zealand.]

God's Soldiers.

BY CHARLES BRIGHT.

"Considering the extremely dangerous nature of the work, the percentage of deaths was very small, four men being accidentally killed."—*Newspaper report of the piercing of the Deborah Bay Tunnel.*

Only four navvies slain!
No need to name them!
Not on the battle-plain
Death overcame them.
No lives were lost of them—
None but their own;
Little the cost of them—
Only a groan
From a child, or a widowed one,
Moaning alone.

Had they been fighting there,
Slaying their brothers,
Officers, writing there
Home to the others,
Had mentioned the names of them—
Published the claims of them.
Thoughtfully grateful,
Spite of the hateful
Traffic of murder
In which they engaged,
Each prompt recorder
Their death would have paged,
Telling how bravely
Their warfare was waged.

When will the time come, God?
When will the day break,
Soul, in this earthly clod,
Mind, in this clay-cake,
So far shall rise
In the pathway to heaven
To glean from the skies,
In the light Thou hast given,
How rightly to estimate
Honor and worth;
What man's predestinate
Mission on earth?
Learning that labor
Is prayer unto Thee;
That cannon and sabre,
If devil then be,
Are the grim working tools,
The compass and rules,
Of his industry;
That noble and true
Are Thy warriors, who
Earth's forces subdue,
As humbly they stand,
And by sheer strength of hand,
With no banner, or band,
Or posthumous vanity,
Metamorphose the land
To the needs of humanity.

In a Newspaper Office.

A little tin box shot up and down a wooden shaft in the middle of the room, into which rolls of manuscript were put by an office-boy, who rushed from desk to desk and gathered the sheets as they came from the writers' hands. From time to time a very nervous, sharp-voiced, imperative gentleman, in a very much soiled linen duster, called to one or the other of the workers, and gave orders which would have been quite unintelligible to a layman, who might have mistaken the establishment for a slaughter-house when he heard a pale-faced little gentleman requested to "make a paragraph of the Pope," "cut down Anna Dickinson," double-lead General Grant," "put a minion cap head on Peter Cooper," and "boil down the Evangelical Alliance." But making a paragraph of the Pope simply applied to the compression of some news concerning him into that space; "the minion cap head" intended for the venerable philanthropist meant the kind of type to be used in the title of a speech or lecture of his; and "boiling down" and cutting down" were two technicalities expressing condensation. The gentleman in the linen duster was the night editor in charge, the despot of the hour, and the intermediary between the writers and printers, the latter being on the floor above, and the little tin box in the shaft communicating with them.

By 3 o'clock the last line of "copy" must be in the printers' hands, and from midnight until that time a newspaper office in the editorial department is in a state of nervous intensity and activity for which I can imagine no parallel.

The smoke from cigars and pipes rolled up to the ceiling, and the pens sped over pages of manuscript paper. The writers bent to their work with tremendous earnestness and concentration; there was not one of them who had written less than a column of matter that night, and some were closing two and three column articles which contained nearly as many words as five pages of *Harper's Magazine*. They were pale and careworn. One of them was heading and sub-heading cable dispatches from the seat of war, another was writing editorial paragraphs on the important telegraphic news that came in, another was damning a new play in virulent prose, another was revising a thrilling account of a murder, another was transcribing his stenographic notes of a speech on the inflation of the currency, another was putting the finishing touches upon a well-considered article criticising a debate in the French Assembly and another was absorbed in the description of a yacht race. The little tin box in the shaft bounced up and down more frequently, and the night editor became more nervous and imperative than ever, as the fingers of the big clock on the wall went beyond 2. The pages of manuscript were sent up one by one, and long, moist proof-sheets came down from the composing room. Then "cutting down" began, and some of the writers saw articles that had cost them hours of research annihilated by the stroke of a pen, or reduced from columns to paragraphs—not on account of unimportance, but simply because there is always a superfluity of matter, contrary to the erroneous notion that the editor's great difficulty is to fill his space—and in some instances even the paragraphs were omitted to make room for unexpected news that arrived later. Telegrams were still coming in at 2:30, but soon after that hour one dispatch brought the words "good night," and that meant the closing. The night editor and his assistant now disappeared into the composing rooms, where they remained to superintend the making up of forms, and the men at the desks prepared to leave, or threw themselves back in their chairs for a chat and some more smoke.—*William H. Rideing, in Harper's Magazine for Dec.*

—A negro kissed a white girl in Columbia, S. C., and she shot him instantly thro' the heart.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Congress—Hon. Alex. Stevens—Doctor Mary Walker; Description of Her Dress and Incidents in Her Life—Improvements at the Capitol—Old George Washington House—Ben Butler's Residence—Weather—Etc., Etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 18, 1877.

To the Editor of the Avant Courier:

Congress has adjourned till after the holidays. A fortnight will give the members a good rest after so many weeks of continuous labor. Though, to tell the truth, it is hard to see how they have busied themselves all these weeks, so few of the measures that have been introduced have become laws. I am impressed with this. No member of our Legislature has been so honored, so petted, so favored, as is Alex. H. Stephens, of Georgia. Whether it is because of the feeble state of his health or political qualities or partly both, I cannot say, but he is treated with very exceptional deference. Before the last drawing for seats was begun, the best one in the House was reserved for him. Then the great Speaker's room, quite a *fete* room in its way, and hung all around with portraits of ex-Speakers, was given up to him. Then a chair on wheels was provided, so that he may set in any part of the room he chooses and that without making an effort. Well, this man was Jefferson Davis' Vice President and he is undeniably a great man. But it is most pitiful to see and hear him and most wonderful to know how clear and strong and quick his mind still remains. His frame is reduced to what would appear to be the last stage of attenuation and his weak voice is correspondingly thin.

Dr. Mary Walker is again before the public. This woman is one of Washington's "characters." She is one of the extremest reformers, carrying out her ideas by wearing a costume half manlike—perhaps rather more than half, her boots, pantaloons, and hat being similar to those worn by gentlemen, while in lieu of either coat or gown she wears a sort of half fitting garment reaching to the knee. Of course she is conspicuous wherever and whenever she appears and she is very often subjected to sneers and insults. Boys hoot at her as she passes, men smile and women flout.—During the war she acted very efficiently as hospital surgeon and nurse, in which capacity she was highly esteemed and appreciated. After the war closed she applied for a position in the Treasury Department here, was examined and appointed but never assigned to her post which she now maintains she has ever since held herself in readiness to fill, and claims damages from the Government to the amount of $900 which would have been the yearly salary of the clerkship to which she was appointed. She has to fight her way through life. Last year she was ejected from the Treasury by main force, because she wasn't dressed like other women, and a few years ago, after numerous visits to the White House, for the purpose of obtaining an interview with President Grant, she sent her card to him with the inquiry why she was not admitted. The card was at once returned to her with these words written upon its reverse side: "When Dr. Mary Walker makes her appearance in apparel becoming a woman she will be admitted."

To see the improvements that have been accomplished in and about the Capitol since the present year came in one would be lead to suppose that it was before in scandalous repair, and that all the sick and ailing war horses of Congressional repute were out of health mainly because of the want of proper airing and ventilation. In the latter case there can be no further cause for complaint, as the best possible apparatus has been adopted for rapid and effectual ventilation, four new boilers having been put in to drive it. New gauging and heating apparatus have also been arranged and a sort of register beneath the desks by means of which each member is able to regulate the temperature of the air directly beneath his seat. Painting, gilding, varnishing and whitewashing has been done to a considerable extent and many of the committee rooms thoroughly renovated. New carpets have been put down and a general brightening up effected. Until last year American carpeting has not been used in the Capitol, English manufactures being patronized entirely. Three years ago Crossby, one member of the so styled "Great carpet firm of the world," chancing to be here, declared that American carpets were fully equal to any on the globe in every respect except in the coloring. This last ditch is now said to be overcome and the Bigelow company, of New England, has furnished the first American carpet ever trodden upon in the House of Representatives. It took fourteen hundred yards and is in shades of green with orange and white figures. The room of the Committee on Appropriations is newly carpeted with crimson, and the room of the Committee on Commerce with brown. The Senate gallery carpet was done by special contract as it had to be of a particular width. All the work was under the personal supervision of the Sergeant-at-Arms and was only completed in time for the opening of the extra session of Congress. All the desks in the House have been recovered and re-varnished. The Supreme Court rooms (the old Senate Chamber) has been more thoroughly renovated, perhaps, than any other single apartment, and it was time for it was very shabby. The roof leaked, the paint was off, the upholstry faded and soiled and the carpet threadbare, being the same that was in use there sixteen years ago. The new one is very fine, in crimson orange and white. The grounds all about the Capitol have been greatly improved in the last few months, also. Indeed, it would seem as if nearly all the labor and money and attention of the public works the past summer had been expended in and about the Capitol. The broad driveways are all concreted, smooth and hard, the parks are leveled and sown with grass seed, and grand walls of carved stone are in process of building, trees and flowering shrubbery have been set out and the entire premises are fast assuming a finished appearance that they have always lacked. It was but a few years ago that the whole East park was filled with closely built tenement houses, which have been removed and replaced by trimly kept ornamental lots, smoothe walks, rustic seats and driveways.

Near by the Capitol, on the north, stands the old George Washington House—now a hotel—a great brick, three story building, occupied by the Father of his country before the erection of the Executive Mansion.

The nearest building to the Capitol on the south is the residence of Gen. Butler, built by himself and a dwelling after his own heart. I think the mansion looks like "Bluff Ben," rough and square-edged, gray and hard. It is of solid granite with a corner tower, many angles, bay windows, niches and corners, said to be the most substantial dwelling house in Washington.

The west front of the Capitol looks over the lawn, over the great, new Naval monument, over the long stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue, to the Treasury and White House.

I cannot express the loveliness of the weather these last two weeks. It seems like golden Indian Summer. We set with open windows, and go out without wraps.

We are beginning to think and plan work for Christmas. The stores and shop windows are fairly ablaze with holiday things, too tempting to be passed by. New toy-shops are opening on all the business streets and every evening the side walks are crowded, and will be so till after New Years.

ADAMS.

Tricking a Magician.

In the car with Mr. Heller and a friend, in Boston, the other day, were some half-dozen people, among them an estimable old lady who had evidently been doing her marketing, for she carried a basket on her lap, containing groceries, vegetables, and in particular a large quantity of eggs. Mr. Heller sat down beside the old lady, and for a few moments nothing of interest happened. Mr. Heller then stooped down and picked up two eggs from the floor, and, handing them to the old lady, remarked that she was losing them. The old lady, a little surprised, thanked the polite gentleman, and everything again relapsed into silence. In a few moments a repetition of the scene. The old lady wondered how it was she hadn't noticed the eggs fall, and still more when Mr. Heller a third time picked up several eggs, which he insisted had dropped from the basket. This so puzzled the old lady that she got up, and, taking the eggs out of the basket, she disposed of them on the seat, and, taking the vegetables out in the same manner, put the eggs back and the other articles on top of them, and then sat down again. Mr. Heller then leaned over to a gentleman who was on the other side of the old lady, and remarked audibly:

"I saw you do that. It's wrong."

"What do you mean, sir—what's wrong?" said the gentleman addressed, rather indignant at being spoken to in this way.

"You shouldn't have taken those eggs."

The old lady turned toward the gentleman, and looked at him very suspiciously, while he answered with great gravity:

"Are you mad? I took no eggs."

"But I saw you," said Heller.

By this time the attention of the other passengers in the car was directed to the conversation.

"It is false!" exclaimed the one accused, evidently feeling very uncomfortable.

"That is too much, sir, when I say I saw you," said Heller, and with that he rose, and passing before the old lady, who looked half frightened and half angry, and stood before the gentleman accused.

"What do you say to that?" said Heller taking from the man's overcoat two eggs and handing them to the old lady, "and that?" taking two more from the other pocket.

"Mercy me, who would a' thought it?" said the old lady.

The gentleman from whose pockets the eggs had been taken, rose from his seat and stood opposite Heller, saying:

"I don't understand this; perhaps we can find some more."

"No doubt I can," said Heller, putting his hand in a side pocket and taking out three eggs, two more from his hat, and a couple from his trousers. This occupied some minutes, as Heller proceeded very deliberately and slowly, to the evident surprise and indignation of the other occupants of the car. "And here, look here," continued Heller, taking a box of spices from the man's hind pocket.

"Put that man off the car," said somebody.

The car was stopped and the man on whom all this had been played waited for no further developments, but bolted through the car as fast as his legs would carry him.

The old lady confounded herself in thanks to Mr. Heller, and said she would never have suspected—he was such a nice-looking gentleman, etc. Mr. Heller's friend whispered to somebody next him, however, and pretty soon everybody in the car was laughing, the old lady being the only one who remained in ignorance that this was one of Mr. Heller's jokes.

By and by the car reached Cambridge and Mr. Heller and his friend got off. As they were walking along the friend said he thought he had noticed that Mr. Heller had had a pin in his scarf.

"So I have," said Mr. Heller, as he felt for the pin, but no pin was there. "Could I have put it in my pocket?" and he searched in his vest. "Halloo," he exclaimed, "where's the money?" and he nervously sought through all his pockets. "Sold, by Jove!"

Mr. Heller was minus a cameo scarf-pin, $28 in bills, and a gold match-box. He had for once struck the wrong man, who, while Heller was extracting eggs from his pockets, had been quietly going through Heller. Strange to say, when Mr. Heller got back to Boston, he mentioned the incident to nobody, and enjoined strict secrecy on his friend. All of which shows that it takes two to play a joke, and the biters are sometimes bitten.—*N. Y. Dramatic News.*

Bob Ingersoll's Reminiscences of an Early Larruping.

"My father," said he, "was as kind-hearted a man as ever lived. I do not think I got half the whippings that other boys of my acquaintance and age did. And yet, I know that I never was whipped in my life that I wasn't whipped unjustly. I know now that I never did anything to deserve the whippings I got. But in those days they whipped children more than they do now. My father whipped me because he loved me—whipped his children to keep them out of hell. Every real or supposed intraction of a divine law must, to accord with his views, he visited with severe and immediate punishment.

"I remember a circumstance which happened when I was about 10 years of age. Near our house was a wagon-maker's shop. It was a favorite resort for all the small boys of the neighborhood. Four or five of us were congregated there one morning, when something happened which incensed the wagon-maker. One or two days afterward my father called me up and wanted to know what I had said or done at the wagon-shop on the occasion referred to. I tried to remember, but could not recall anything in particular. The fact was, I had been busy making something or other for myself at the time, and had not paid any attention to what was going on. However, I repeated as near as I could all that had taken place."

"'Is that all?' asked my father.

"'All that I can remember.'

"'Didn't you say so and so?' (I have forgotten what the particular charge was.)

"'No, sir, I did not.'

"'Don't tell me a lie, or I shall have to punish you for that.'

"I stuck to it that I had not used the language attributed to me, that I had taken no part in the conversation and knew nothing whatever about it. My father believed I was lying to him, and came at me with a gad. After whipping me severely, he asked if I would now acknowledge my guilt. I maintained that I was not guilty, and he whipped me again. This was repeated two or three times, and each time I protested my innocence. At length, when he asked me again if I would admit that I had lied to him, I said:

"'Yes, I'll admit it.'

"Greatly relieved, he exclaimed, 'Well, why didn't you admit it before?'

"'Because it wasn't true,' I said.

"'What! do you still deny?'

"And he came at me again.

"I took this beating, which was severer than the others, when he asked me again if would now acknowledge my wickedness, I again replied:

"'Yes, I'll acknowledge anything you want me to, I'll admit that I lied, that I used the language you say I did; anything.'

"'Well, why didn't you admit it before? why did you persist in denying it, and have me whip you in this way?'

"'Because it wasn't true!'

"'Because it wasn't true?' he repeated. 'Haven't you just admitted that it was true? What do you mean by this insane conduct?'

"I said, 'I told you the truth in the first place. I don't know a thing about the matter you charge me with. I didn't do what you say I did, but I confessed it because I thought you would never quit beating me until I did confess. I confessed to a lie to save myself any more beating.'

"Fully convinced of my guilt, angered at my obstinacy, and taking this as another and a most appalling evidence of moral turpitude on my part, he seized me by the collar and began on me again with the gad.

"At first I had cried and screamed with pain. I had begged and entreated for mercy in vain. Then I got stubborn and desperate. I felt that my punishment was unjust, that I was being outraged; and I made up my mind that I would die right there before I would utter another groan or answer another question. I would neither speak nor plead. When my father paused the next time in his flagellations and asked me if I would admit my fault and my sorrow for it, I said:

"'Yes, I'll admit anything you please, but it isn't so. I told you the truth in the first place, and I won't contradict you again if you kill me.'

"This conduct seemed to my father so utterly depraved that he continued whipping me until he was forced to stop from sheer exhaustion.

"Cruelly bruised in body and spirit, I shrunk away out of sight and got over it as best I could.

"It must have been two years after that in a conversation with my father concerning this matter, one of the boys, a little sneak by the name of Horter confessed that he had used the language attributed to me, and that, in point of fact, I had taken no part in the conversation, and had been busy with some affair of my own at the time and in his opinion had not even heard a word of it.

"My father felt very badly about it, and tried to speak of the matter with me. But I would not hear anything about it—I never could bear to—never did. And though I loved my father dearly, and never consciously did a thing in the world to hurt his feelings—though, on the contrary, I did everything in my power to prove my affection for him—I do not think I ever fully forgave him for that whipping, or that I ever loved him quite as well as I might have loved him, if it had never occured. And yet I know that he sincerely believed that he was whipping me for my own good."

—Good old Uncle Jabez said one cold morning, as he was hunting for the matches, "When I die I hope I'll go where I won't have to make the fire every morning." "You needn't have said that," snapped his wife from under the blankets. "You'll find the fire all ready for you, never you fear!"

—"Why," asked Pat, one day, "why was Balaam a first-class astronomer?" The other man gave it up, of course. "Shure," said Pat, "twas because he had no trouble in finding an ass to-roid."

Man's Better-Half.

—Kissing the bride in church has gone out of fashion.

Lovers' wreath is the favorite garniture for ball dresses.

—Cincinnati has a female wood-sawyer, who earns her $1.50 every day.

—Long, black kid gloves are popular for both day and evening wear.

Men become editors after long labor, but women by her-editory right.

—The fashionable tie is of black or white silk, not embroidered in colors.

—The latest styles of shoes have matelasse tops and foxings of patent leather.

—The long circular cloak, with the Russian collar, is the popular fur-lined wrap.

—"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." This is addressed to those people who are peeling onions for pickling.

—A book publisher's advertisement reads: "In press—Against Her Will." Some women do object to being squeezed—sometimes.

—Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearing of children tends towards the formation of the character.

—There is a shop kept by an old maid in New York, in the window of which appear these words: "No reasonable offer refused."

—It is said the age of superstition is past, but there yet survive many so-called intelligent women who would not have a new dress cut out on Friday for the world.

—Miss Susan B. Anthony was elected a constable in one of the Colorado counties at the last election. Her claim to the office, however, will be disputed on the ground that she is a resident of Rochester, N. Y.

—An old author quaintly remarks: "Avoid arguments with ladies. In 'spinning yarns' among silks and satins a man is sure to become twisted and worsted; and when a man is worsted and twisted he may consider himself wound up."

—It is a singular fact that many ladies, who know how to preserve everything else, can't preserve their tempers. Yet it may easily be done on the self-sealing principle. It is only to keep the mouth of the vessel tightly closed.

—Edward W. Fisher went to a picnic in Harrisburg, Pa., with a girl, and during the day fell gradually but surely in love with her. In the evening he wished to call on her, but she told him she had an engagement with another fellow, who was to spend the evening with her. Fisher went under the window and took laudanum, but the dose was not sufficient to kill. Then he shot himself, but the bullet missed his heart, making a wound from which he will recover. He is now being nursed by the girl, and she may learn to love him, after the story book fashion, although as yet she says, "He's too big an idiot to live, but I don't want him to die on my account."

Useful Knowledge.

A man walks 3 miles an hour.
A horse trots 7.
Steamboats run 18.
Sailing vessels make 10.
Slow rivers flow 4.
Rapid rivers 7.
Storms move 36.
Hurricanes 80.
A rifle-ball moves 1,000 miles a minute.
Sound 1,143.
Light, 190,000.
Electricity, 380,006.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
A barrel of pork, 200.
A barrel of powder, 25.
A firkin of butter, 56.
A barrel of rice, 600.
A tub of butter, 84.
Wheat, beans and clover seed, 60 pounds to the bushel.
Corn, rye and flax seed, 56.
Buckwheat, 52.
A bushel of rice, 60.
Barley, 48.
Oats, 35.
Coarse salt, 85.
Sixty drops make a teaspoonful.
Three teaspoonfuls — one-third of an ounce.
Four thousand, eight hundred and forty square yards make an acre.
A square mile, 640 acres.
To measure an acre: 209 feet on each side, making a square acre within an inch.
There are 2,750 languages.
One person dies at each pulsation of the heart.
A generation is 15 years.
Average life, 31 years.

Keep Straight Ahead.

Pay no attention to slanderers or gossipmongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let your backbiting die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake nights, brooding over the remark of some false friend that ran through your brain like forked lightning. What's the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody who has more time than character? These things cannot permanently injure you, unless you take notice of them, and in combatting them, give them character and standing.

If what is said about you is true, get yourself right at once; if false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee stings you, would you go into the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come on to you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all the backbitings and gossippings we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, and by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."—*Central Record.*

Dressing the Baby.

When a woman goes to work to dress a two-year old baby she does it in a systematic, business-like manner, and without any noise or fuss; and before you know it, the youngster is slid out of her hands, with his face washed and hair combed, and a $10 chromo under his arm. This all comes from knowing how. With a man it is different. He makes elaborate preparations, and puts on the air of a man who is getting an eighty-four gun ship ready for a two years' cruise. He collects the youngster's duds together in a heap, gathering them up from pretty much all over the house, and after a great deal of bawling for this, and short, snapping inquiries for that, and an unlimited amount of getting down on his knees and looking around under the furniture for the other (all of which comes from his having undressed the child the night before), he at length sits resignedly down in a chair and, with a feeble attempt at good nature, says:

"Come, Freddie, come to papa and have your coses on."

The child, who is just then traveling around in his night dress, and playing with a damp towel and a stove wrench, makes a bee line for the door, full of a desire to escape into the next room.

"Come, Freddie, come to papa, like a good boy," says the father, with a brave effort at patience.

The child keeps on his course.

"Fred!"

This sounds so much like business that the youngster stops, turns, and tacking slowly up to the now stern-browed parent, gradually gets within reach, when a sudden grab of his arm brings him into position where the damp towel slaps around on the father's clean shirt front, and the stove wrench plumps solidly down upon the very top of his boot.

"Immortal Julius!" he screams in agony, nursing his foot with one hand, and shaking the poor innocent with the other; whereupon the innocent sets up an accompanying yell.

A voice from below, where the wife and mother is busy getting breakfast, joins in the chorus:

"Olmstead Molleson, what on earth are you doing with that child?"

"Oh, you be d——d!" goes back the quick reply, in a short, ugly, desperate growl, that silences all further inquiry.

Then the father, after rubbing his foot and groaning awhile, squares the child around, and begins the process of dressing him, which is mostly made up of dreadful struggles between clumsy fingers and smooth porcelain buttons, a general misplacing of garments, hindside before and up-side down, searches after the missing articles, and talk like the following:

"Turn around!"

"Stand still!"

"Hold your arm up."

"Thunder and lightning! can't you let things be?"

"Stop reaching!"

"Hold your head up."

"Up, I say!"

"Can't you keep still?"

"Where's that other skirt?"

"Shut up!"

"Let go!"

"Blast that button!"

"Now, where in blazes is that pin?"

"Stand up!"

"There, by thunder!"

"Why don't you fall down, and be done with it?"

"Stop that howling!"

"Stop!"

"Let that be!"

"Behave!"

"Great scat!"

"Say, why don't you have four or five thousand more buttons on your clothes?"

"Now, where's that stocking?"

"Keep your foot still!"

"Say, keep—your—foot—still!"

"Dry up!"

"By jove in Jerusalem?"

"Gimme the other foot!"

"No, the other!"

"Can't you see?"

"Sanctified Solomon! what do you want to spread your toes all out for? How do you suppose I'm going to put your stocking on with your feet in that shape?"

"Stop it!"

"Stop, I say!"

"Prow, wow! e-e-o-u! Who stuck that pin in that way?"

"You, of course," says a cold, thin, cutting voice; and he glances up and sees his wife looking down on him in a taunting, exasperating sort of way. "I'd be ashamed of myself," she continued, "and get so out of patience with a little bit of a baby. You've been making noise enough to wake the dead, and his clothes look as if they'd been thrown on him with a pitchfork. Gimme him!"

And he gets up sheepishly and sullenly, and after slamming the doors and stamping around the house after the linament bottle, and making as big a noise as he can, he works himself up into such a state of meanness and mortification, that, to spite himself, he goes off down town without his breakfast.—*Philadelphia World.*

Open Confession.

An old attorney said a little before his death that he had been reckoned a very great rascal, and believed he was so, for he had done many roguish and infamous things in his profession; "but," added he, "by what I can observe of the rising generation, the time may come, and you may live to see it, when I shall be accounted a very honest man in comparison with those attorneys who are to succeed me."

—A reporter being called to account for statement that a certain meeting "was large and respectable," when only one other person besides himself was present, insisted that his report was literally true; "for," said he, "I was large and the other man respectable."

—"Do those bells sound an alarm of fire?" said a stranger the other Sunday, as the church-bells were calling together the worshipers. "Yes," was the reply, "but the fire is in the next world."

Wit and Humor.

—A smart thing—a mustard plaster.

—A great hardship—an iron steamer.

—The first thing in a boot is the last.

—Noah's clock went on the first Ark-tic expedition.

—To rid yourself of your wife's female friends—make love to them.

—An old bachelor in Salem wants to adopt a girl baby eighteen years old.

—"Nothing can be well done which is done in a hurry," says the old proverb. How about killing mosquitos.

—"Thank the Lord there'll be no ice to pay for in the next world," said Mr. Thomas Wright to his loving wife. "You'll be sorry you said so when you go there and have to drink hot water and eat fire-crackers," said the loving wife of Thomas Wright.

—A Henry county farmer's son has fallen so madly in love with one of the seminary girls that he won't work, and spends all his time in talking about his idol. The old man is watchful, and says that the boy's wits have gone wool gathering ever since he devoted himself to she praising.

—An Irishman employed with a gentleman was in the habit of licking the cream. So the gentleman rose one morning to watch him. He caught Pat in the act. "I don't like this at all," says the master angrily. "Then by jabbers," says Pat, "you don't know what's good for you."

"Boys," said a South-side school-teacher, "knowledge never comes without seeking. Stick a pin there." And then, as he shot up from his seat like a jack in the box, he offered a reward of $5 for the boy who had stuck a pin there, and one of the boys held up his hand and said the teacher was wrong. He had no knowledge of that pin in his chair, had not sought it, and yet it came.

—A timid young man called upon a young lady one evening. She said: "I want to propose to you—" "You are very kind," gasped the alarmed visitor, "but I am not worthy of such happiness; in fact, none of our family are marrying people, besides, my income is limited, and I have to meet a friend and I'm afraid I'll be late." He was making his exit, without waiting to put on his overcoat, through the door of a cupboard. "Why," said the young woman, "I wanted to propose to you to accompany me as far as Main street—that was all." "Oh, in that case," answered the relieved gentlman, "I shall be only too happy."

Why Men Drink.

A writer in the New York *Sun* has been watching and counting the men who drink at saloons. In half an hour, at one bar, they sold to all sorts and conditions of men two hundred beers, thirty-two whiskies, ten lemonades, two plain seltzers, and three gin cocktails. At another place, a company of six young men drank six times in less than fifteen minutes, and each took his whisky straight. In half an hour that bar sold ninety whiskies, four ginger ales, three ciders, and fourteen gin-cocktails. As I went out I said to one of the six young men who drank six times, "What are you drinking so much for to-day?" "Oh, nothing," he replied, "I did n't intend to. Charley and I went in for an oyster when those four fellows from Albany came along. Charley asked them to drink, and one followed the other." That's the history of many a spree. The spreer doesn't intend to go off, but, meeting a friend, the one tempts the other.

Returning to the saloon I visited first, I ordered a lunch, and was soon joined—I always am—by an acquaintance, who of course, said: "What'll you take?" Being in a taking mood, I said I would try a glass of rye. He took the same. Having said, "How," and emptied our glasses, I said: "Rufe, what did you drink that whisky for? Do you like it?"

"No, I don't like it. I'm drinking too much, too. Guess I'll pull up."

"Well, tell me what did you order it for?"

"Why, for sociability's sake, I suppose. What did you drink it for?"

"Because I wanted to ask just this question. I've been looking at the fellows drink there, and I believe that eight out of ten drink just because they don't like to say 'no!'"

"Does it make your head ache to drink whisky?"

"Yes."

"So it does mine. I swore off whisky, and took to beer, but beer makes me bilious."

"Why drink anything?"

"Hanged if I know, but we all do drink."

We were joined by an actor. Being an actor, and in the company of a newspaper man, there was, he thought, but one thing to do.

Said he: "What'll you take?"

We took whisky. So did he.

We each said "How;" and then said I, "Dan, do you like whisky?"

"I hate it."

"Why do you drink it?"

"I don't often. I generally take gin; but they born upset me—give me a fearful headache. But what are you going to do? Must drink something."

In that way I have spoken to not less than twenty men this very day. Of the twenty, fifteen said that drink always gave them a headache; one owned that he "loved the taste;" one said he drank because he was "blue;" and one confessed he was "on a tare," and he didn't care who knew. It stands to reason that this sort of thing must produce some impression on the human form divine. The doctors say it induces paralysis, indigestion, headache, rheumatism, and weakness of many kinds. Not being a doctor, I don't attempt to endorse their opinion, but this I will say, that among all the hundreds—regular topers, not drunkards—to be found in the first-class saloons of New York to-day, it would be impossible to find a dozen men who will say that they drink because they are fond of liquor. They drink it because it seems to be the thing to do.