

# BOZEMAN GAZETTE

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

Vol. 7. No. 15.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1878.

Whole No., 327.

## The Avant Courier.

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1 Week	10	8	6	5	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1 Month	30	25	20	15	10	8	6	5	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
3 Months	80	70	60	50	40	30	25	20	15	10	8	6	5	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
6 Months	150	135	120	105	90	75	60	50	40	30	25	20	15	10	8	6	5	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
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Western Star Lodge, No. 4,  
G. S. H. Osborn, R. S. A. D. McPherson,  
J. F. Spiehl, H. J. Boyard,  
S. A. Oldfield, H. H. Every Monday evening.  
Solely invited to attend.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**T. R. Edwards,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to  
COURT HOUSE, 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. till 10 p. m.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

**JOHN CRAIG,**  
[SEE THE BIG BOOT.]  
East Main Street, Bozeman

**BOOTS AND SHOES**  
MADE TO ORDER AND NEATLY REPAIRED.

**W. H. BAILEY,**  
BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Makes a specialty of repairing Watches  
and manufacturing them in  
Native Gold and Silver.

**Watches and Jewelry Repaired**  
AT RATES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

**Geo. A. Baker,**  
Commission  
AND  
Brokerage,  
219, Olive St.,  
SAINT LOUIS, MO.

Goods American and on commission, ad-  
vances also made. With a large acquaintance  
with dealers and manufacturers, can make it to  
the interest of Montana merchants in filling their  
orders. [14-6m]

**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. [13-11]

**Watches & Jewelry.**

**LEA. F. MARSTON**

Manufactures and repairs Jewelry. Will buy  
down American Watches at 10 to 15 per cent  
lower than they can be purchased of Eastern  
Advertising Terms: If you do not  
bring along your price lists  
and compare terms before  
sending East.

**WATCH WORK A SPECIALTY.**

### AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

GILMORE & CO., Successors to Chipman,  
Beamer & Co., Solicitors. Patents procured in  
all countries. No fees in advance. No charge  
for preliminary examination. No additional  
fees for obtaining and defending. All the  
best facilities of the Commissioner all re-  
spected given to infringing cases. Special  
attention given to different countries. All the  
most important cases in different countries. In-  
vention pertaining to Inventions on Patents.  
Patents procured promptly and cheaply. We do  
not win success by deceiving. Send us  
your name and address.

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

## Poetry.

### The New Church Doctrine.

BY WILL CARLTON.

There's come a singular doctrine, Sue,  
That's new and no-day;  
These are thy words and that the new  
Young preacher, had to say:  
That'll never overtake thee  
Thy mortal eye;  
The slumbers dead, if they desire,  
Can't see another;  
He doubted if a warmer clime  
Than this world could be proved;  
The little out of fear some time  
He'll get his doubts removed.

I've watched my duty, straight an' true,  
An' tried to do it well;  
Part of the time kept heaven in view,  
An' part secured care of hell;  
An' now, half of this work is naught,  
If I must lose the land,  
An' this 'ere devil I have fought  
Was only just a whim;  
Vain are the dangers I have braved,  
For what is life to be saved  
If no one else is lost?

Just think! Suppose, when once I view  
The heaven I've toiled to win,  
A lot of unweaned sinners, too,  
Comes walking grandly in,  
I've always felt some that to blame,  
In several different ways,  
An' looks at me, as if to say,  
"We're glad to see you here!"  
An' I've felt some that to blame,  
So fast as the man,  
We waited till, 'rained, an' then  
Got tickets for the ark!"

Yet there would be some in that crowd  
I'd rather like to see;  
My boy Jack—'t must be allowed,  
I've always felt some that to blame,  
In several different ways,  
An' looks at me, as if to say,  
"We're glad to see you here!"  
An' I've felt some that to blame,  
So fast as the man,  
We waited till, 'rained, an' then  
Got tickets for the ark!"

Old Captain Barnes was evil's son—  
With heterodoxy crammed;  
I used to think he'd be the one  
To lead the way to heaven,  
Still, when I saw a lot of 'em,  
That had clothed and fed,  
Cry desolately round his door,  
As he went to the mill,

There came a thought I couldn't control,  
That in some neutral land,  
I'd like to meet that scorched-up soul  
An' shake it by the hand.

Poor Jennie Willis, with a cry  
Of hopeless, sad distress,  
Stalks under downy clouds, to die  
All in her last, long breath;  
She had a precious little while  
To pack up an' away;  
She had a precious little while  
To pack up an' away;

But tears can never quench my creed,  
Nor smother God's righteous frown,  
They wash all sins away from bread,  
They wash all sins away from bread,

"When I was traveling round town on  
the loose, I was afraid of my own shadow,"  
we heard a young man remark the other  
day, "but since I've been on the square,  
and trying to do my very best, I don't  
know what fear is." He was a poorly-  
developed youth, and his language was not  
overlaid, but what he said contained  
the germ of a great truth. "Nothing has  
a greater tendency to make a man a coward  
than wrong-doing, while nothing creates  
bravery so quickly as leading a conscientious  
life. Shakespeare, who sounded the depth  
of human nature, has said, "Thrice  
he is armed who hath his quarrel just, and  
he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."  
And the same great master has said,  
"Thus conscience doth make cowards of us  
all." The man who lives a life devoid  
of offense, and studies honestly to do his  
entire duty, may face danger without  
tremor, while he who opposes or defends  
his fellow-man is never entirely at ease,  
but is constantly subjected to the upbraiding  
of a still small "voice," which, like Ban-  
quo's ghost, "will not down." How true  
it is that "the wicked fear when no man  
pursueth." A burglar ventures into the  
street after the commission of a felony. He  
sees his hand and looks furtively around.  
He sees policeman looking at him, and his  
once takes to his heels. The officer knows  
nothing of his crime, but as once pursued  
and captures him, and he is brought to jus-  
tice, the victim of a guilty conscience. Let  
the young man who is tempted to wrong-  
doing consider this matter seriously. Pause  
at once, and listen to the voice of the stern.  
Keep your conscience clear, and you will  
fear nothing. Give way to crime, and you  
will be the veriest coward that slinks  
about the earth. Moral courage is far  
greater than physical, for we are told that  
by an officer that cannot see, that "the  
who can govern himself is greater than he  
who takes a city."—N. F. Weedy.

Act towards others as you would they  
should act towards yourself. It is the  
same in life as in the midst of the waves;  
the every navigator there is the sea,  
the same tempests, the same dangers to be  
ware of. As long as you are borne on a  
tranquil surface, help those who have suf-  
fered shipwreck. Who can say that you  
will not be overtaken by a storm? You  
are not yet in port; the same conduct that  
you have shown to the unfortunate will be  
shown to you by your worst foes.

## Washington Letter.

### Hewitt's "Corn Kitchen"—Our Ernorn- ous Corn Crop—Pertinent Ex- planation of Secretary Evans—Mrs. Hayes Receptions—Reception Rooms—Ladies and Toilettes, Etc., Etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 6, 1878.

To the Editor of the Avant Courier:  
The "Corn Kitchen" for the Paris Ex-  
position proposed by Mr. Hewitt, after be-  
ing ridiculed and caricatured for awhile,  
appeared to sink from the public mind al-  
together. It is being renewed, however,  
and the following, relative to it, we clip  
from a leading New York Journal:

"There is a good deal of merit in Hewitt's proposition. For many years our ex-  
port of Indian corn and meal has been in-  
creasing, but it ought to be ten times as  
great as it is, and it probably would be if  
the poor and hungry millions of Europe  
really knew how cheap and nourishing it  
is. Our Indian corn crop, in this country,  
is two or three times our wheat crop and  
much greater than our cotton crop. Corn  
is King. In 1870 we grew no less than  
700,000,000 bushels and received for it  
\$22,704,584. We ought to export at least  
one-fourth of our enormous corn crop.  
Europe is comparatively ignorant of the  
virtues of Indian meal as a superior article  
of diet. It is not only wholesome and  
satisfying, but under skillful hands can be  
brought into scores of appetizing and de-  
licious forms that will astonish the Euro-  
pean palate. Mr. Hewitt's missionary  
project is a wise one. It can easily be de-  
veloped, but if efficiently supported at home  
and ably managed by its promoters, it  
ought to be worth good many millions of  
dollars in this land of maize."

Somebody told Mr. Evans the other day  
that he was doing no more than did Daniel  
Webster before him in practicing his pro-  
fession while filling the office of Secretary  
of State, as Webster received a fee of \$15-  
000 for professional services in his private  
capacity when he was in the Cabinet.

"Certainly," said Mr. Evans, "there is  
a precedent, but I think my best ap-  
proach is my 11 children, and it is surely hard if  
the court can't support my family that I  
should not be allowed to do so myself!"

A week ago Mrs. Hayes instituted a new  
department at her weekly afternoon recep-  
tion. The crowd in attendance was so  
great that instead of receiving in the Blue  
parlor, as has always been the custom, she  
and her friends stood in the great East  
Room where everybody could not only go  
blissfully. Mrs. Hayes' Saturday afternoon  
receptions keep occurring as the weeks go  
by, and are the scenes of very much beauty  
and pleasure and pleasantness in general.  
What some one has called "Mrs. Hayes'  
Genteelness" has brought about a good  
change in these receptions. From time  
immemorial the custom has been for the  
receiving party to stand in the Blue Room  
(a small central parlor) and the crowd had  
to pass straight through to make way for  
the crowd; but the last two Saturdays the  
great East Room has been used instead,  
and the different way is most agreeable, for  
people don't have to be hustled along, to  
get out of the way; somebody has for-  
ever telling you to keep "movin' on" there.  
I don't know why the Blue Room has al-  
ways been used as a reception room unless  
it is because it is perhaps the handsomest  
room in the White House, at least it is the  
most delicate—finished in gold and white  
and furnished in rich blue damask curtains,  
carpet and all. A circular davenport occupies  
the centre of the room, the top of which  
usually supports a huge bouquet, potted  
travelling plant or some flower production.

Last Saturday Mrs. Senator Davies as-  
sisted Mrs. Hayes, and only those two  
stood in their places and shook hands with  
the people for the allotted three hours, the  
young lady guests at the White House  
moving about the room among the assem-  
bled. Mrs. Hayes was dressed in maroon  
colored silk and velvet, cut square in the  
neck, with half sleeves, long white gloves,  
lace finishings and a knot of rosbuck at  
the throat. Mrs. Davies wore dark silk,  
cut without sleeves and with trim two  
inch wing. Her arms were covered with  
black lace. Mrs. Flinn and Miss Foose  
were dressed in dark rich suits which were  
neither showy nor handsome. The East  
Room was well filled, and when you re-  
member the size of this apartment, 80x40  
feet, you will have an idea of the number  
of people there.

The weather is getting colder, but remains  
bright and clear for the most part. One day  
last week we had an old-fashioned snow  
storm, which ended up with sleet and rain.  
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**Chinese Legislature Against Opium.**  
The Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal  
prints the following editorial comment on  
this important question:

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ernment, in view of the evils resulting  
from the use of opium, has prohibited its  
importation, and the Chinese supply in  
view of foreign supply is India, from  
which country the annual importation has  
cost the Chinese forty millions of dollars.  
As India is under Christian rule and China  
is a pagan, it may be doubted whether the  
latter nation will be able to protect itself  
from that peculiar style of Christianity  
which controls the commercial policy of  
Christian nations. Past experiences on the  
opium question increases the doubt. Should  
England, being a representative Christian  
commonwealth, resist the defensive legis-  
lation of the disciples of Confucius and  
force on them the noxious traffic, there  
will still be one way left for China to gain  
her purpose—viz, to organize a regular  
mission enterprise and send missionaries  
into the Christian world, and convert the  
followers of Jesus to the pagan idea of  
international rights, international justice,  
and the moral obligation of governments  
to their subjects."

**A Few Freedoms From Confucius.**  
"Be severe to yourself, and indulgent to  
others; you thus avoid all resentment."  
"The wise man makes equity and justice  
the basis of all his conduct; the right forms  
the rule of his behavior; deference and  
modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and  
fidelity serve him for accomplishments."  
"Love virtue, and the people will be virtu-  
ous; the virtue of a great man is like the  
wind; the virtue of the humble is like the  
grass; when the wind passes over it, the  
grass inclines its head."  
"Children should practice filial piety at  
home, and fraternal deference abroad; they  
should be attentive in their actions, sincere  
and true in their words, loving all with the  
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"Without the virtue of humanity, one  
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"Real virtue consists in integrity of  
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"Think not of faults committed in the  
past, when one has returned his mis-  
deeds to good, and good to good."  
—Confucius.

## A Farm Boy.

### Charles Dudley Warner, in his inimitable style—"Being a Boy," just published, says: "There are many bright spots in the life of a farm boy that I sometimes think I should like to live life over again; I would almost be willing to be a girl if I were not for the chores. There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is sometimes astonishing how slow he can go on an er- rand—he who leads the school in a race. The world is new and interesting to him, and there is so much to take his attention off when he is sent to do anything. Per- haps he couldn't explain, himself, why, when he is sent to the store for a quart of yeast, he stops to stone the frogs; he is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit 'em. No other living thing can go so low as a boy sent on an errand. His legs seem to be lead, unless he happens to carry a woodchuck in an adjoining lot, when he gives a slip like a deer; and it is a curious fact about boys, that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one, and that the more you have to help on a piece of work the less is accomplish- ed. Boys have a great power of help- ing one another to do nothing; and they are innocent about it, so unconscious. "I went as quick as ever I could," says the boy; his father asks him why he didn't stay all night, when he had been absent three hours on a ten-minute errand. The sarcasm has no effect on the boy. Going after the cows was a serious thing in my day. I had to climb a hill that was covered with wild strawberries in the season. Could my boy pose by those ripe berries? And then, in the fragrant hill pasture there were beds of wintergreen with red berries, turfs of columbine, roots of saffron to be dug, and dozens of things good to eat or smell, that I could not resist. It some- times even lay in my way to climb a tree to look for a crow's nest, or to swing in the top, or to try if I could see the steeple of the village church. It became very im- portant sometimes for me to see that people, and in the midst of my own investi- gation, the tin horn would blow a great blast from the farmhouse, which would send a cold chill down my back in the hot- test days. I knew what it meant. It had a frightful impatient quaver in it, not at all like the sweet note that called us to din- ner from the field. It said, "Why on earth don't that boy come home; it is almost dark, and the cows ain't milked?" And that was the time the cows had to start in to a brisk pace and make up for lost time. I wonder if any boy ever drove the cows home late who did not say that the cows were at the farther end of the pasture, and that "Old Brindle" was hidden in the woods and that he couldn't find her for ever so long! The brindle cow is the boy's scrap-goat many a time.

No other boy knows how to appreciate  
a holiday as the farm boy does, and his  
best ones are of a peculiar kind. Going  
fishing is, of course, one sort. The ex-  
citement of rigging up the tackle, digging  
the bait and the anticipation of good luck  
people don't have to be hustled along, to  
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## Wit and Humor.

### A short story—the tale of the Colorado stone man.

Affection which is never reciprocated—  
neuragic affection.

An old-school philosopher remarks that  
if bread is the staff of life, pound cake must  
be a gold-headed cane.

"My lord," said the foreman of a Welsh  
jury, when giving in the verdict, "we find  
the man who stole the mare, not guilty."

Mr. Hayes congratulates the Indians on  
their adopting white men's clothes. Now  
let them get a good mousetrap, and stand  
on some hotel steps and stare at the ladies,  
and they will be nearly perfect.

A young man in Maine writes to ask us  
if we want to engage a "puzzle editor." No,  
thank you. We have a puzzled editor, and  
that is sufficient. He is puzzled to  
find out why in Turner people don't pay  
for their papers.—Turner's Falls Reporter.

He had brought her the very things she  
wanted from the supper table to her safe  
retreat on the stairs, and she was moved  
to say, half laughing, "You are a man  
after my own heart, Mr. B." "Just  
what I am after," he answered, quick as a  
flash, covering her with confusion.

C. A. Dana's income as editor and stock-  
holder of the Sun is said to be over \$50-  
000, but he earns every cent of it.—Ez.  
You're right he does. If the champion lion  
of a glorious country like this ain't an orth  
that, what is he worth?—Canaan Post.

It will soon be time for another band of  
eleven or fifteen Indians to take the war  
path and chase five or six regiments of  
United States infantry up and down the  
buffalo country until the Indians die off or  
are cornered in some gorge and starved to  
death.

We are not exactly sure that the joke is  
new, but we may as well remark that the  
strike of the New York cigar makers is ex-  
pected to end in smoke. One of the female  
strikers is said to be, "The best way to  
quell a leader, his strike is likely to  
fail, as she has no one to back her."

Cleopatra wore such few clothes that it  
is not easy to see what she wanted of two  
such big needles. When she went to see  
Caesar, wrapped up in a bag of carpet, she  
hadn't any clothes on at all, and her going  
down to the river with Mark Antony ex-  
hibited much the same disregard of need-  
work.—Cincinnati Times.

The Indiana papers are making a great  
fuss about a man in Valparaiso who recent-  
ly picked up a horse and carried it across  
the street. It is easy enough to pick up a  
horse if you know how. The best way is  
to let the lines get under his tail, and then  
lift. And it will surprise you to see how  
easily you can lift the horse clear over the  
dash-board and into your lap.—Burlington  
Hawkeye.

Bob Ingersoll says that it takes more  
sense to make a good cook than a tolerable  
lawyer. Anybody who has eaten beef  
steak that resembled a strip of slippery  
elm bark, with the slippery left out, and  
has listened to a lawyer talking for four  
hours to prove that asking the witness  
whether his name is John Smith is a lead-  
ing question, will be willing to walk up to  
Robert and say, "Put it there, you hor-  
rible-headed old pagan."—Brooklyn In-  
fernalist.

The Bishop of Hereford was examining  
a school class the other day, and among  
other things, asked what an average was.  
Several boys pleaded ignorance, but one at  
last replied: "It is what a hen lays on."  
This answer puzzled the Bishop not a little,  
but the boy persisted in it, stating that  
he had read it in his little book of facts. He  
was then told to bring his little book, and  
on doing so he pointed triumphantly to a  
page of contents, saying: "The domestic  
hen lays on an average fifty eggs each  
year."

Jim Brown, a worthy German, died in  
Franklin recently, and his next friend,  
a worthy German, was appointed adminis-  
trator. So he called at a printing office the  
other day to have posters printed, announc-  
ing that the goods of the late Brown  
would be sold at public auction. "I want  
you to write up those bills in some kind of  
style," said the administrator. "I want  
something that will attract the public eye,  
and put it in large letters." The printer  
asked for a suggestion or two. "Mrs. Brown  
and myself had dined it up," continued the  
business man, "and we want you to lead  
deceitful bills something like this way"—  
and he marked on the wall with his  
case to show that he wanted big letters:  
"Hoor-raw! hoor-raw! Jim Brown is  
dead!"

Dr. Wilkes, in his recent work on Physi-  
ology, remarks that "it is estimated that  
the bones of every adult person require to  
be fed with lime enough to make a marble  
column every eight months." It will be  
perceived, therefore, that in the course of  
about ten years each of us eats three or  
four hundred pounds and a few sets of front  
door steps. And in a long life I suppose it  
is fair to estimate that a healthy American  
could devour the Capitol at Washington,  
and perhaps two or three medium-sized  
marble quarries besides. It is awful to  
think of the consequences if a man should  
be shut off from his supply of lime for a  
while, and then should get none in a conse-  
quence. An ordinary tombstone would hardly  
be enough for a lunch for him.—Max  
Adler.

**Home-Sending Extraordinary.**  
Dakota City, Nebraska, has had a sen-  
tation. Last December, L. Hardin, a butcher,  
reared a valuable horse, and offered  
\$100 reward for his recovery. Nothing  
was seen of the animal until Monday, when  
it was found in the possession of a young  
man named James Campbell, who former-  
ly taught school in Covington and other  
places in Dakota county. Campbell lives  
near Hardin's shop and residence, so  
that the owner passed his horse almost ev-  
ery day, but he was unable to recognize  
him because his fetlocks had been cropped  
and painted, and a star in his forehead had  
been colored. The fraud was after awhile  
discovered, however, and Campbell arrested,  
and upon trial before Judge Cole he was  
bound over in the sum of \$100 for the  
same