Historical Society

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

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

Vol. 7. No. 22. BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1878. Whole No., 334.

The Avant Courier.

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

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Poetry.

William and Susan.

As William drew his Susy near
He whispered to his bride:
"Though queer it sounds, I love, my dear,
To live by *Susy's side.*"

—*Exchange.*

When years have passed and Sue his head
Has clutched, as wives oft do,
Poor Will will wish that he had wed
Some other sort of Sioux.

—*Boston Globe.*

The Reply.

The following beautiful poem was one of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's early effusions, on receiving a proposition from a wealthy gentleman to become his wife.

Do you know you have asked for the holiest thing
Ever made by the hand above?
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love.

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding, what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty—
Manlike, have you questioned me?
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts be whole.
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a greater thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and for shirts,
I look for a man—a king.

A king for that beautiful realm called *home*,
And a man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did on the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheeks one day—
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did in the bloom of may?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you'd give all this I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook
You can hire, find a little to pay,
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

Our Selected Story.

That Ten Dollars.

It was odd, very odd; reckon it up this way or that way, or in whatever way I might, the result was just the same—I had ten dollars more than I could account for. I went over the whole quarter's receipts again, to see if something had not been omitted; but everything was quite right. Ha! what's this? It looks like a scratching out, and yet it can't be, for I never use a pen-knife. So I held the leaf up to the light, and scanned it closely, and then turning it over, scrutinized it again. "It certainly does look very much like an erasure; but no, 'tis only a little roughness on the surface of the paper." I was completely puzzled. It was quite possible for me to have too little; but to have ten dollars too much—I could not understand that at all.

"Well," said I to myself, "it's better, at any rate, than having ten dollars too little." Still the idea of there being a mistake somewhere made me feel uncomfortable.

I had been busy preparing my accounts in order to present them to my employers in the morning, for the morrow was a quarter day, and I knew that in nothing could a clerk offend so much as by being wrong in his balance. So I thought a little, and then determined to consult Jackson, our managing clerk. I was young at that time—not more than twenty—and having been in the establishment only a few months, I knew but little of his character. He was exceedingly attentive to business; but there were some vague floating rumors going the rounds of the place, which accredited him with anything but a steady life. But he had always been very civil, and even kind to me; and so, in my dilemma, I sought his advice. He went over my accounts with me, but could detect nothing wrong.

"Well, Watson," he said, "you are on the right side now, and it you take my advice, you will keep there. Just pocket the money, and say nothing about it.

Seeing that I demurred, he continued:

"Of course, you can do as you please; but I know this much, if you were that ten dollars short, you would have to make it up in quick time."

I was again about to make my objection to this mode of proceedure, when I was cut short by a salesman, who came to say that Mr. Jackson was wanted in the saleroom. As he strode away, Jackson turned around and said:

"I'll see you about that again, Watson. In the meantime, do not mention it to any one."

I saw him no more till my labors were done for the day, and I was taking my hat down from its peg, when he tapped me on the shoulder.

"One word, Watson, before you go; if ever it should be found out where the mistake lies, I will make it all right for you. Good-night."

That night the ten dollars were ever before me. The last thing I remember, before falling asleep, was thinking of the ten dollars; I slept and dreamed of ten dollars.

In the morning, whilst at breakfast, I laid the whole affair before my mother and asked her counsel:

"Give up the money, of course," she said.

"But, you see, mother, I am afraid it would offend Jackson; he seems so much to wish me to hush it up."

"Never mind Jackson; do what is right, and I am sure it will be better for you in the end. Tell Mr. Elliott" — the head partner—"how it is, and I am certain he won't be angry."

I ate the remainder of my meal in silence, for, whilst I did not wish to make an enemy of Jackson, who could, if he pleased, make my situation very unpleasant, I had strong compunctions about keeping the money.

Breakfast was over, and my mother took hold of my hand and said:

"Promise me, Henry, before you go, that you will give up the money."

I hesitated.

"Surely, Henry, you would not steal?"

"Steal? Never!" And I promised at once.

Jackson found no time to speak to me that morning, being engaged with Mr. Elliott; but when, in turn, I entered the private office, I saw him cast an enquiring glance toward me:

"This seems all right," said Mr. Elliott, after looking at my account. "Have you anything else?"

"Yes, sir; I still have ten dollars, for which I am liliable to give any account."

"Strange! Are you sure that you have missed nothing?"

"Quite, sir; I have been over everything several times, and last night Mr. Jackson was kind enough to assist me."

"It's strange; but you can put the money back into the safe—I dare say it will be found out before the next quarter is up. And, by-the-way, Watson, I intend to raise your salary. Holloway is going to leave, and I wish you to take his place."

I thanked him, and heartily, too; for a hundred dollars a year more was no small income at our house.

"Let me see. I think, Jackson, he had better begin to-morrow."

"Yes, sir, it will be most convenient."

"You hear, Watson. I believe there is nothing more. Good-morning."

There was joy in our house that night, and on the morrow I went forth with a light heart to take possession of Holloway's stool.

And now, dear reader, just take a jump over the next three years. Jackson was still in his place; but I had risen, step by step, until I occupied a post inferior only to that held by himself. The mystery of my ten dollars had never been unraveled, and they still reposed peacefully in my safe. Jackson and I got on very well together, but there was one thing which I could not understand. For a few nights before quarter-day, Jackson always, under some pretence or other, took the books home with him; but as I did not consider it my place to interfere, I said nothing.

It was the quarter-day at the end of the three years of which I have spoken, and I was assisting Mr. Elliott in examining the account of one of the junior clerks, whose ledger exhibited a glaring deficiency of one hundred and fifty dollars. The youth was not the brightest in the world, and for a time he seemed stunned. But he was sure it must be some mistake of mine; his cash was all right three days ago; and he took the book to see for himself. The result was the same—deficit, one hundred and fifty dollars. Again he went over it, and I could see the big drops of sweat roll down his face as he again came to the same horrible conclusion—deficit, one hundred and fifty dollars. A third time he essayed to reconcile the difference, but, suddenly stopping short, he turned to Mr. Elliott, and cried:

"These are not my figures, sir!"

"Then whose are they?"

"I don't know, sir; they are not mine. Look, sir, something has been scratched out here!"

"Umph! so there has. Has the ledger ever been out of your care?"

"No, sir—that is, yes—twice."

"When?"

"Last night and the night before."

"Who had it?"

"Mr. Jackson."

"Then call Mr. Jackson up here." He came.

"Mr. Jackson," said Mr. Elliott, "there is an error in Brown's account; something appears to have been scratched out; and as I understand you have had his ledger the last two nights, I though perhaps you could explain it."

Jackson turned deadly pale, and bending down to hide the ghastly hue of his countenance, he pretended so examine the figures.

"Yes, there had been an erasure;" but he could not explain it. He had a private memorandum in his desk; he would fetch it.

Ten minutes went by, but Jackson did not return.

"Watson," said Mr. Elliott, "will you go and say that I shall be pleased if Mr. Jackson will come here immediately?"

I went, but could not find him.

"Osborn," I asked of a porter, "have you seen Mr. Jackson?"

"Yes, sir; he went out about ten minutes ago."

"Went out?"

"Yes, sir; he came down stairs looking very white, and, taking his hat, he said he felt rather unwell, and would get a little air."

I went back and told Mr. Elliott.

"Oh!" was all he uttered; and then turning on his heel, he motioned for us to follow. He first went to Osborn: who repeated his story over again; and then he went to Jackson's desk, which was locked. A smith was sent for, and the lock was forced.

"Mr. Watson," said Mr. Elliott, taking out Jackson's books—he had never called me Mr. Watson before—"will you come with me to my private room! I shall want you for a few minutes."

Those few minutes expanded into hours, and the discovery of embezzlemnnts by Jackson, to the extent of several thousand dollars, was the result of our labor. These frauds extended over several years; and by a curious coincidence, the very first of them was connected with my ten dollars—the last, of course, with Brown's hundred and fifty.

Need I say that Jackson was never heard of again?

That night I walked home the managing clerk of the firm of Elliott & Co.; and never since have I forgotten the lesson taught me by my ten dollars.—*Monroe's Parlor Reading.*

Washington Letter.

The Paris Exposition—What the United States will Send to it—Home Scenes at the White House—Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 27, 1878.

To the Editor of the Avant Courier:

As the time for the opening of the Paris Exposition draws near and people begin to make preparations for crossing the ocean, as so many will do, the thing is getting to be talked of more than it has since our own Centennial. Then everybody was planning to go to Paris in 1878, but the great fair in Philadelphia satiated the public appetite for exhibitions so that the subject was dropped for a time. But now it forms the priciple topic for conversation in social as well as in many political circles. Tickets are being secured and days set for sailing.

Although an extensive representation of our Government was dispaired of on account of the failure of necessary appropriations on the part of Congress, yet so expeditious has been the committee that from present appearances we shall make a very creditable showing of American produce and enterprise. If we are unable to put our best foot forward it will be only because the space given us as exhibitors was not earlier assigned and appropriations made.

Of natural products Iowa sends specimens of timber; Tennessee samples of cotton; New York, North Carolina and Minnesota send flour and wheat; Louisiana, rice and salt; Long Island, starch; New Orleans, sugar; California, Missouri, New Jersey and Virginia, varieties of wine; Kentucky and several other States, tobacco; Pennsylvania, old rye whisky and beer; and canned goods go from all parts of the Union.

Machinery of all kinds will be represented. Engines, hand and machine tools and agricultural implements of every variety. The Pullman Company will send a model sleeping car, and New York and Philadelphia some street cars, while different kinds of railroad machinery will appear among our exhibits. Fighting implements that the United States has produced—especially models of torpedoes; furniture, silverware, watches, pottery and painted China, are being sent; and, all things considered, we may not, after all, have so much cause for mortification as has been feared.

Among many other specimens of American industry and invention to be exhibited at Paris are fighting implements, and, especially, models of torpedoes. Although our destructive agencies are many and cruel, the latest invention and the most wicked, must be credited to Lieut. Palmer, of the British Navy, who proposes to inaugurate a new method of wholesale killing by deluging a hostile vessel with petroleum by means of powerful ejectors, and then set fire to them by the use of rockets.

Full length and life-size pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are on exhibition here which are to go to the Paris Exposition.

Sunday evening at the White House reminds one of "home and mother." Usually Vice-President Wheeler, Gen'l Sherman, and one or two other personal friends of the Hayes' drop in for an hour and the family sit in the cosy library—which is the most cheerful and home-like room in the house—and sing good old-fashioned hymns in the good old-fashioned way. Mr. Wheeler is particularly fond of this simple, domestic hymn-singing. He has a clear, sweet voice and so has Mrs. Hayes, though neither are much cultivated—at least after the modern style of cultivation. This year the Moody and Sankey gospel hymns are sung and discussed by this pleasant group in high life just the same as they are in the humblest cottage in America.

Also. Mr. Hayes is standing, gloves in hand, hat and coat in a chair near by. The light in the picture seems to culminate in the upper part of the face, and makes our President a very handsome man—which he is not by any means. And still, the likeness is a good one. Mrs. Hayes is sitting, dressed in black silk and lace scarf. Her face is noticeable and recognizable anywhere, but this painting scarcely does it justice. Indeed, it is one of those whose coloring and mobile expressiveness give it variety and constitute its charm, and these are things that cannot be put upon canvas.

ADAMS.

Webster on Politics.

Mr. Webster, in one of his conversations with his biographer, made this extraordinary statement: "I am not aware," said he, "and it would be affectation in me to deny it, that I have a public reputation to leave to posterity, but it has been earned with difficulty. If I were to live my life over again with my present experience, I would, *under no circumstances, from no considerations, allow myself to enter public life.* The public are ungrateful. The man who serves the public most faithfully receives no adequate reward. In my own history those acts which have been, before God, the most disinterested and the least stained by selfish considerations have been most roundly abused. No! no! have nothing to do with politics. Sell your iron, eat the bread of independence, support your family with the rewards of honest toil, do your duty as a private citizen to your country, but let politics alone. It is a hard, a thankless life."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Long Words.

The use of long words which we get from other tongues not only makes our thoughts and our speech dim and hazy, but it has done somewhat to harm the morals of our people, remarks Horatio Seymour. Crime sometimes does not look like crime when it is set before us in the many folds of a long word. When a man steals and we call it "defalcation," we are at a loss to know if it is a blunder or crime. If he does not tell the truth and we are told that it is a case of prevarication it takes us sometime to know just what we think of it. No man will ever cheat himself into wrong-doing, nor will he be at a loss to judge of others if he thinks and speaks of acts in clear, crisp English terms.

Spiritual Candy.

[From the New York Times.]

Among recent ghosts, a new and useful variety of spectre which has just appeared in Council Bluffs deserves to be noticed. Spiritualists desiring a quiet useful family ghost, warranted to be popular with the children and without any objectionable habits, had better order a Council Bluffs ghost without delay. The noisy table-tipping and crockery-breaking spirits that were so popular a few years ago have been almost entirely superceded by improved ghosts, which are noiseless, easily managed and capable of affording innocent amusement to children and weak-minded adults. The Council Bluffs ghost is in all respects the best which has been offered to the public, and had it only been exhibited at Philadelphia, it would doubtless have received a medal and a certificate showing its superiority to all competitors as plainly as do the certificates which all the piano makers have received.

The ghost in question is that of a little girl of excellent judgment in the selection of candy. The members of a family with whom the girl had been acquainted during her lifetime were lately holding a domestic seance for the reception of visiting ghosts, when this nice little girl announced that she was present, and intended to present one of the circle with a stick of candy. The ghost was not visible, but the candy was almost immediately placed in the hand of an astonished gentleman, who, when the lamp was lighted, found himself the happy possessor of an undoubted stick of striped candy.

An irreverent person, on being thus provided with gratuitous spiritual candy, would probably have eaten it and demanded more. The recipient of the gift was, however, an earnest spiritualist, and he knew better than to rashly eat things made in another world. To all appearances the candy was an ordinary stick of white peppermint candy, ornamented with spiral stripes of red paint, but as it is impossible to say to what extent the adulteration of articles of food is carried in the other world, it was only prudent for the earnest spiritualist to employ a small boy to test the candy before eating it himself. But before a small boy could be procured, the curiously indigestible nature of that candy was unexpectedly demonstrated. Instead of becoming sticky when held in the hand, it merely grew somewhat warmer, and then suddenly transformed itself into a rose of remarkable beauty and delicious perfume. It was at once recognized that candy capable of such a sudden and extraordinary change was not meant to be eaten by any person of value. Had it bloomed into a rose when half way down a rash and irreverent throat, strangulation would have inevitably resulted. When it became cool, the ghostly rose again resumed its saccharine form, and it has since been changed from a stick of candy to a rose, and back again to its original shape, as often as anyone has tried the experiment of warming and cooling it.

The superiority of this variety of candy for domestic purposes will at once be perceived. Ordinary earthly candy is useful in persuading noisy infants to silence, but its effect is merely temporary, and is followed by an abnominal reaction, which intensifies the very evil which it was designed to cure. A kind-hearted man may be boarding in a house infested with infants to such an extent that peace of mind by day or sleep at night are utterly impossible. He may go to a confectioner's and buy a dozen pounds of the most deadly candy, and present it to the destroyer of his peace. What is the result? The infant become preternaturally quiet for the space of say half an hour, while it devours the candy, and render the whole interior of the house a sticky conglomerate of mutually adhesive infants and furniture. At the end of this time they announce with startling unanimity their intention to indulge in colic, and before their distracted mothers have soaked them loose from the furniture, and filled them with paregoric, the house vibrates from the garret to basement with their yells. Thus the kind-hearted man find that he has thrown away his money and made his condition even worse than it was before. He cannot even recover damages against the confectioner, for the latter will always take the ground that the candy would have proved fatal had it been administered in proper doses. The truth is, that whatever confectioners and physicians may say, candy is rarely immediately fatal. It will undoubtedly produce good results if administered daily for a sufficiently long time; but few men have the patience to wait for weeks until the candy accomplishes its perfect work.

Now, the good little ghost of Council Bluffs has made us acquainted with a variety of spiritual candy, from which we can confidently anticipate the very best results. Suppose that a good man who wishes to regard his neighbor's small boy for persistent practice on the drum, gives him a stick of this excellent candy. The small boy instantly places what is scientifically called a "hunk" of candy in his mouth, and tries to swallow it. The warmth of his interior transforms it into a rose while it is in the very act of entering the œsophagus. There is a smothered cry, and the small boy sinks to the ground, where he quietly chokes, while the good man goes cheerfully on his way, rejoicing that the ghost of Council Bluffs has convinced him that the soul is immortal, and that there is another world. Meanwhile, as the small boy gradually grows cold the rose assumes the shape of candy, and the Coroner's jury find the unsuspecting verdict, "Choked with peppermint candy." Thus the benevolent heart of the good man is made happy, and the small boy ceases from drumming; and for these two important results we have to thank the good little ghost of Council Bluffs. It can safely be predicted that her candy will speedily become immensely popular. It will drive earthly candy out of the market, and supercede soothing syrup; and will convince a skeptical world that at least one really meritorious ghost has at last made her appearance.

A good place for a chiropodist—among the Cornish-men.

Postal Savings Banks.

To show how the postal system has operated in Great Britain and elsewhere, we clip the following, in relation thereto, from an exchange:

The act creating the postal saving system in the British Islands went into effect in 1861. The government proposed to pay only 2 1-2 per cent interest on deposits, which was considerably less than offered by the banks, but it held out other inducements, some of which the banks could not offer. The government commenced operations by opening 300 post offices for the receipt of deposits, and on the same day 435 depositors presented themselves. The new venture was widely advertised, and at the end of the year 1861, the whole number of offices at work was 2,535, and a fund of £1,098,821, including interest, had accumulated. At the end of 1869, during which year 188 new offices were opened, the whole number of places of deposit was 5,488; the total number of separate accounts was 3,166,316; the total amounts of deposits was £8,982,350, and the average sum of each deposit was £2 16s 9d.

These figures sufficiently prove that the postal savings system quickly gained popularity in the country where it was first tried, and we believe that any attempt to abolish it now would be hooted down. The proportion of depositors to population is about one to nineteen in the United Kingdom. Large as this proportion is, it would be still greater but that the old savings banks are still in existence, and paying interest at the rate of three and one-quarter per cent., an excess over the government rate, which induces many persons to give them the preference. There is now a very general demand that the government shall increase its rate to three per cent, and it is not unlikely that it may do so. But even at the lower rate, the depositors at the postal offices are better off in the long run. In thirteen years the total loss from defalcations in the savings banks was £179,280, nearly all of which was borne by the people who had entrusted money to them. In fourteen years the total loss by the postal system was but £4,387, and not a penny of it fell on depositors, as the government was bound to make it all good to them. This is at the average of three farthings per £100 of deposits, and the belief is that the losses will rarely exceed that fraction.

The profits upon postal savings business from 1861 to 1877 amounted to the immense sum of £1,104,531.

The smallest sum that is accepted on deposit is one shilling. The largest amount that may be deposited in any one year is 30 pounds. The largest total deposit permitted to any one is 150 pounds. An effort is being made to enlarge the total permissable deposit to 500 pounds. A depositor is allowed to pay his money at any office and draw it at any other. He has the choice of 5,448 offices at which to conduct his transactions, and if he happens to be away from home at any time, and in want of money, he can obtain it from the nearest office if he has his book with him. The method of deposit is this:

The depositor makes a written declaration that he has no account in any other savings institution. He then hands in his amount and it is entered into a pass-book, which is marked with the office-stamp and returned to him. In two or three days a receipt for the deposit is returned to him from the central office at London. When money is to be withdrawn, he obtains from any post office a form of notice. This he fills up, signs and drops in the nearest letter box. It is sent to London, and promptly the money or a money order is forwarded to the office designated. A warrant for the amount is then written and signed at the central office, one-half the warrant being for the postmaster and the other half for the depositor; and in a day or two after the requisition is mailed, the latter goes to the post office and presents his half of the warrant. It is compared with the other half, and if it is correct, the amount is paid out to him.

This system, of which we have given only an outline, has been adopted in nearly all its features by the government of Italy and Austria. It has been introduced also in the Dominion of Canada and in New Zealand. In France, Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands, an approach to the system has been made by the governments authorizing the post offices to receive deposits for the regular savings banks, so as to give larger facilities to the people to place their savings. It is more than probable that in all these countries the British method will sooner or later come into use in its principal features. The projected system for this country differs widely from that of Great Britain, mainly, however, in turning all deposits into our national securities. It is equally excellent, so far as allowing a depositor to realize upon his investment when he is away from home and short of cash is concerned, as the money orders given out to depositors are expressly made trasferable, and accordingly may be sold or hypothecated by their actual owners. If the depositor wants to become a bondholder he can do so as soon as he has saved up $10, as the denominations of the 3 65 bonds to be issued in exchange for postal orders run down as low as that figure, and do not ascend higher than $100. Or, if he desires to become a bloated bondholder, he can keep on accumulating his 3 65s until he has $500 worth of them in face value, and then exchange them at par for a $500 4 per cent bond, thus gaining the increased interest.

We are inclined to think that the idea of a postal savings system will take well with the American people. It is handy, convenient and safe. All the debt created would be held at home, and the interest paid would circulate through domestic channels. The people would have absolute security, prompt payment, a most convenient method of obtaining money in an emergency or when traveling, an inducement to thrift, a ready means of access to government securities, which are now often beyond their reach, and a money interest in the business of the government and sound financial legislation. This last consideration is, indeed, very important. A popular loan in the hands of our own people would be something with which demagogues would not presume to trifle as they do with obligations held abroad, and it might exercise a potent influence with citizens in the selection of proper men to fill Congressional seats.

No Show for Ben. Wade.

The late Ben. Wade is reported to have once said to a friend: "I have studied the Scriptures of divine truth prayerfully and carefully for my own salvation, in order to find the dividing line between the rich and the poor. You know it is said to be almost impossible for a rich man to inherit the kingdom of heaven, and I have arrived at the conclusion that if in a period of forty years a man accumulates over $20,000 he gets it dishonestly, and there is no salvation for him. To live a perfectly honest life, and deal justly in that time, he cannot, at the age of forty, get beyond that sum; so I have agreed on that amount." But he left an estate which is estimated at $65,000.

An Interesting Young Man.

[San Juan (Col.) Times.]

A physician well-known hereabouts was recently called to see a lady who was reported to be suffering with terrible pain. The physician hastened to the residence of the lady and found her in bed. He felt her pulse, looked at her tongue and commenced writing a prescription.

She said to him: "Doctor, I don't think you understand my case."

"Oh, yes, I do," said he, "I understand it very well."

After a little while the lady remarked to him again:

"Doctor, I don't think you know what's the matter with me; I don't think you understand my condition."

The doctor replied:

"Oh, yes, I do, madam; I have a patient up town, a young man just in your fix, suffering with the same disease."

An hour afterwards the lady gave birth to a ten-pound boy. How the young man got along our informant did not say.

COL. ROBERT INGERSOLL.

His Characteristics and Success as a Lecturer.

Colonel Ingersoll will be able to give only a week in New England this season, as his law business detains him most of the time in Washington. He only lectures when he can spare a few days—seldom more than a week between law suits. Ingersoll has made from $35,000 to $40,000 a year in his law practice for the last ten years. He is the most successful jury lawyer in the West, and has been the attorney for years of several of the leading railroads. He lives in Peoria, Ill., but also keeps house in Washington, and spends about equal time at Peoria, Chicago, and Washington. Nearly all his lecturing has been done between these places when he could stop a night en route. He has refused higher offers than were ever made for a long series of nights to any lecturer in the field, as he cannot afford to neglect his law business.

Lecturing with him is simply a pastime. By his contract with Mr. James Redpath, he receives, besides a guarantee, between $300 and $500 a night, and sometimes more. He draws large houses everywhere in the West, where his name is a household word. Mr. Redpath takes him to England this summer.

He has received 3,000 invitations to lecture this winter from every State in the Union, except five or six Southern States. He is 44 years of age. The largest fee ever paid for one lecture was received by him on his farewell lecture at San Francisco. He spoke on "shares," and his money amounted to nearly $2,300.

Blackmailing Editors.

[Sioux City Journal.]

There is a class of blackmailers, villainous libelers, unconscionable scoundrels, engaged in printing what by courtesy are called newspapers. We refer specifically now to a class of men utterly worthless at law and so entirely devoid of character as to be without shame. The class is becoming sufficiently numerous to merit attention at the hands of our law-makers. If the men thus nefariously engaged were not execution-proof, outraged communities would speedily find a way to stop their smut-mills. As it is there is no power to reach them save the power of the mob. No man's name, no woman's reputation, is safe in their hands. They make their terms and you are invited to take into consideration the consequences. It is nonsense to bring suit against them in the courts, for their is no law to reach them, and the attention thus bestowed upon them but inflates their self-importance and enlarges the scope of their opportunities for malicious evil. In cases of this sort, what can be done? The remedy, it strikes us, need not be sought very far. Let the wholly irresponsible blackguards be disqualified in law, upon conviction in the courts, from continuing their vile sheets until the fines against them are paid or secured.

A Home of Your Own.

An aged pastor was wont to say that he considered it an insult for a man to take his young wife to live in his father's house. He had known, he said, a dozen cases in as many years, in a community of farmers, all of which ended unhappily. Aside from the wretched tempers bequeathed many of the children born in these unnatural surroundings, there were desertions, divorces and insanity. "You might have been saved all this had you gone to housekeeping when you married her," said a plain-spoken neighbor to the husband of an insane woman. When she began to improve, she went to house-keeping; and now the happy, well wife prescribes "a home of her own" for a crazy woman, who was circumstanced as she had been. Young husband, no matter how good or honored your parents are, heed Joshua Billings' homely advice: "Never go to live with the old folks; but, it wust comes to wust, take the old folks home to live with you."

Wit and Humor.

A press of business—the printing press.

A jury of twelve—the months, they all try us.

One of nature's no-bill-men—he who pays cash.

How to make a catfish—leave her alone in a room with an aquarium.

Asparagus is like most sermons. It is the end of it that people enjoy most.

The "first tramp" referred to in history, is where the crushing of the serpent's head is spoken of.

To hit a sleepy worshipper on the head with a contribution box is merely a bump of benevolence.

Oysters are sold for twelve and one-half cents apiece in Austin, Nev. We suppose that means they are ate for a dollar.

Some men are born great, some have greatness thrust upon them, and some are natives of Ohio.—*Courier-Journal.*

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked a Dutch justice. "Not guilty." "Den vhat you want here? Go about your business."

"Business before pleasure," as the man said who kissed his wife before going to see his sweetheart.

When he gets through with the church debts Kinball is going to try to raise the eight cents discount on the silver dollar.

A paper speaks of a horse that eats meat. Harry says he has never seen a horse actually eat meat, but he has seen one running for a stake.

A hopeful minister says that he has no doubt that the time will come when the members of a church choir will behave just as well as other folks.

Senator Jones has gone into the ice business, having, it is said, a manufactory in New Orleans that turns out over fifty tons of artificial ice a day. Fears are expressed that he may attempt to make ice a legal-tender.

A traveler, going to bed, was surprised to see a ghost, which—or who—in a sepulchral tone, began, "I am the spirit of one who was foully murdered here." "That's no business of mine," said the traveler, turning round on his pillow. "Apply to the proper quarter. Good night."

A girl named McWilliams has recently died in Iowa. She measured seven feet around the waist. The cause of her death was that she knew that the only man who could get his arm around her waist was Rev. Talmage, and that his was mortgaged for two years to raffle with the planets.

A Boston paper says: "A butterfly was caught at the South End yesterday." It may be safe enough to catch a butterfly at the south end, but when you go to grab a wasp, you want to catch it at the north-easterly end, shifting westerly toward the head.—*Norristown Herald.*

A tall Western girl, Short, *long* loved a certain big Mr. Little; while Little, *little* thinking of Short, loved a little lass named Long. To make a *long* story *short*, Little proposed to Long, and Short *longed* to be even with Little's *short*-comings. So Short, meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before *long*, which caused Little in *short* to marry Long. Query: Did *tall* Short love big Little less, because Little loved Long?

Man's Better-Half.

There are seventy-two female Postmasters in the United States.

Young women are advised to set good examples, because young men are always following them.

Those young ladies at fairs who sell five-cent pin-cushions for three dollars ought to be arrested for robbing the males.

A Miss Tanner, who recently married a widower named Hyde, with eleven children, says she has given up tanning and is now dressing Hydes.

A young lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings will go on his little finger, would be the strongest kind of a hint.

A girl's opinion about Mars. "Dear me! is it possible?—two moons? What a nice place to meet one by two moonslight alone!"

"Beg pardon for stepping on your train," said a fop at a ball; then added, "You ought to have a cowcatcher on it." "And I would have caught a calf," said the lady.

"Emily, how do you do?" "I'm very well, Julia; celebrated my wooden wedding last week." "You? Why, I didn't know you were married. How did you celebrate?" "By harrying a blockhead."

Ladies must not read this: "Hug" parties have succeeded "mum" socials in Maine, as valuable auxiliaries to the church. Ten cents a hug, or three for twenty-five cents. Economy suggests three.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

"Well, may I hope then, dear, that at some future time I may have the happiness of making you my wife?" "Yes, I hope so, I'm sure," she replied, "for I'm getting tired of suing fellows for breach of promise."

The mirror-like properties of heavy plate glass windows are known unto all ladies. They don't go up to a big window to get a glimpse of the pretty things inside, but of the pretty things without—to see themselves as others see them.

A couple were married in Portland last week who had to borrow clothes for the bridegroom for the occasion. The girl has plenty of clothes—while they last—but, now that she has engaged herself as a life-long servant to the groom, without wages, where the next are to come from is a conundrum.—*Oregon Ex.*

Peculiar People.

Old bachelors who never smoke.
Old maids who do not love cats.
Women who do not love babies.
People who believe their progenitors were apes.
Christians quarreling with each other on their way to heaven.
The most peculiar of all are the people who read these paragraphs and fail to profit by them.