

# THE AVANT COURIER

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

Vol. 7. No. 23.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1878.

Whole No., 335.

## The Avant Courier.

The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

ESTABLISHED IN 1871.

Published Every Thursday Morning.

Terms of Subscription.  
One year, \$5.00  
Six months, \$3.00  
Three months, \$1.50  
Single copies, 50 cents

W. Alderson & Son, Publishers.  
No. 100, Courthouse Building, Main Street.

## Poetry.

The King's Astrologer.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

(A Historical Incident)

My heart, however true it may appear,  
Wholly free from superstitions fears;  
I'm at table, or at the salt heap;  
Broken looking-glasses have served to fret  
My anxious feelings, and my mind too proud  
To accept terms to confess a doubt  
A veteran soldier has been known to quail  
At the white phantoms in a nursery-cave;  
The king's astrologer, who, in his evening fire,  
By the torch-light, and the flickering light,  
Of Science sought his quaking nerves to rattle,  
And calm-eyed Reason called the trembler "fool";  
He, many a monarch, has called his power,  
And proud to make his slavish minions cower,  
Search his royal frowns, has been himself,  
The humblest slave of some imagined elf;  
He, too, has been a victim of the night,  
Whom wicked gnomes, or diabolic sprites,  
Saucy fairies, or vindictive "wraths,"  
Who, seeking to avenge man's broken faith  
By laughing scorn, ate all his plans away,  
Or blasted his harvest with an "evil eye."  
When Louis (the Eleventh) ruled in France,  
His favorite Astrologer, by chance,  
By the king's command, was to be taking  
Governance state-affairs, displeased the king  
At such, the angry monarch (Bourbon said)  
Decided to put the hand to death;  
By the king's command, with this intent,  
The astrologer, who, in his evening fire,  
By the torch-light, and the flickering light,  
Of Science sought his quaking nerves to rattle,  
And calm-eyed Reason called the trembler "fool";  
He, many a monarch, has called his power,  
And proud to make his slavish minions cower,  
Search his royal frowns, has been himself,  
The humblest slave of some imagined elf;  
He, too, has been a victim of the night,  
Whom wicked gnomes, or diabolic sprites,  
Saucy fairies, or vindictive "wraths,"  
Who, seeking to avenge man's broken faith  
By laughing scorn, ate all his plans away,  
Or blasted his harvest with an "evil eye."  
When Louis (the Eleventh) ruled in France,  
His favorite Astrologer, by chance,  
By the king's command, was to be taking  
Governance state-affairs, displeased the king  
At such, the angry monarch (Bourbon said)  
Decided to put the hand to death;

## UP THE MISSOURI.

Departure of the Gallant Little Steamer, "Helena," Bound Northwest, 2,700 Miles, with a \$10,000 Trip.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat, April 3.]

A light-built, narrow, rubber steamboat, with a hull of the foot of Washington avenue for several days past, and as been the centre of an animated scene, the graceful little vessel is called the "Helena," after the new capital of Montana. Last night she let her moorings and started on a wearisome trip of 2,700 miles to the tortuous Missouri river, her destination being Fort Benton, the northernmost military post in the United States.

A glance at a map of the United States will give an idea of the magnitude of the trip, which will not be less than 2,700 miles, and possibly eight, weeks in the making. Lying snugly at the wharf yesterday and labeled "For Rocky Mountains," Fort Benton and the Rocky Mountains," without more display of letters or verbiage than attended the momentary hanging from neighboring boats bound for Alton, Grand Tower, Gallatin, or other Western cities occupying positions in the civilization of the age, she was possessed of a peculiar interest to a Globe-Democrat reporter, who, grasping the real extent of the undertaking outlined in the announcement of her destination, looked upon her as a Paul de Chailou or Stanley of steamboats.

Walking aboard of the little craft whose career must be an eventful one, everything about her was found to be constructed in the light of the vagaries and eccentricities of the muddy and turbulent Missouri, the real and only Father of Waters.

## Wit and Humor.

The money that passes current in ball rooms—Ladies change.

To keep warm on a cold day women double the Cape, and men double the Horn.

Why should a spider be a good base ball player?

The mule is a musical animal. His voice has remarkable volume, and his hind legs are full of shoe fly.

He who eats mince-pie in a restaurant at five cents and touching evidence of child-like faith in his fellow-man.

Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

A tailor, in skating, fell through the ice; he was afterward heard to declare that he would never again leave his "hot goose" for a "cold duck."

Josh Billings says: "The mow is a larger bird than a goose or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, and two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its head."

A dispatch from the famine region in China says: "Children daily sold for food." This is one of the cases where the child is fatter than the man.

The old maxim, "Be chaste, and you'll be happy" is contradicted point blank by a Black Hills man, who was recently chased ten miles by a party of redskins.

What's the difference between a typo who sets type without rolling up his sleeves and a base ball player? One uses his cuffs and the other cusses his mitts.

A witness in a Western court was asked if the party to the suit was a truthful man. "No," he answered, "he'd sooner lie at sixty days than tell the truth for cash."

The Egyptian mummies who settled themselves in their little beds three thousand years ago, with packages of wheat in their hands, must have had wonderful faith in "this wheat by and by."

A New York Journalist has composed an "Editor's Waltz." An editor's waltz is usually danced to the tune of "More Cops," and the music is generally furnished by the devil.

A subscriber asks us: "What is good for warts on horses?" We don't know. We never owned but one pair of horses, and they were never "all a clothes-horse" and they were never "all a clothes-horse."

Instructions to a Jury.

Speaking of courts reminds us of a funny instruction said to have been given by a judge to a jury in—well, we won't say in what State. It runs this way:

"If the jury believe, from the evidence, that the plaintiff and defendant were a partner in a grocery, and that the plaintiff had the defendant and gave his note for the interest, and the defendant paid the note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which was warranted 'not brachy,' and the warranty was broken by the reason of the brachyness of the cow, and the plaintiff drove the cow back and tendered her to the defendant, but the defendant refused to receive her, and the plaintiff took her home again, and put a heavy yoke or pole upon her, to prevent her from jumping the fence, by reason of the yoke or pole, broke her neck and died, and if the jury further believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery was not worth anything, the plaintiff's note was worthless, and the cow good for nothing, either for milk or for beef, or for 'green hide,' then the jury must find out for themselves how they will decide the case—for the court, if she understands herself, and she thinks she does, don't know how such a cursed case should be decided."

A Boy's Composition on Girls.

Girls is the only folks that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand other girls if she wants to do anything. Girls is alike one way, they are all like cats. If you rub 'em the right way of the belt they'll purr and look sweet at you, but if you rub 'em the wrong way or step on their tails, they'll claw you. So long as you let a girl have her own way she's nice and sweet; but just cross her and she'll spit at you worse than a cat. Girls is also like mules, if a girl don't want to believe anything you can't make her. If she knows it's so she won't say so. Brother George says he doesn't like big girls, but he does like little ones, and when I saw him kissing Jennie last Sunday, and told him of what he'd said, he said he was a biting her, "cause he don't like her. I think he hurt her, for she hollowed and ran, and there was a big red spot all over both of her two cheeks. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about them the better off I am."

Be Economical.

Look carefully to your expenditures. No more what you wear in, it more green than you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it, little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, means get bald; straw by straw, the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop, the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save begin with your mouth; many a tilver pass down the red line. The ale jug is a gr. i waste. In all other things keep your compass. Never stretch your legs farther than the blankets will reach, or you will run on ice cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind looks. A fool may make money, but it takes a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard when you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

Advice to a Lover.

Arlent lover: We do not think you should remit your attentions to the girl simply because her father kicked you out. Go to the old man and say frankly that if he repeats the action you shall regard it as an insult. It was so rarely unkindly for the young lady to hop upon a chair and shout, "Go, I, dad! give him a hister!" He's been loafing around here long enough. But probably it was merely an excess of feeling. An oyster stew and two spoons will make it all right again.

## Man's Better-Half.

It is said that more fashionable ladies have dyed young this year than ever before.

Ribon-watered on one side and satisfied on the other will be much worn this summer.

The difference between a model wetman and a woman model is: One is a bare possibility, and the other is a naked fact.

Women are proverbially severe in their criticisms of each other's attire. It makes all the difference in the world whose dress is gored.

The married ladies of Chicago have formed a come-home husband club. It is about four feet long, and has a brush on the end.

A Laporte, Ind., lady, who had ten teeth extracted the other day, fainted twenty-five times in the same evening; and came very near bleeding to death.

Kate Field remarks, in a note to the Graphic, "I am not in the habit of minding anybody's business but my own." It's high time you were, my dear.

He was a kind husband and offered to take his wife sleigh-riding, but when she got in she went through the bottom of the sleigh, and he lay awake half the night to hear her opinion about it.

A widow once said to her daughter "When you are my age it will be time enough to dream of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless beauty, "for a second time."

"Ma!" screamed young Matilda Spilkins, the other morning, when she got the paper, "Ma, Silver Bill has just passed the House." "Has he, my dear?" replied Mrs. S., "on up-stairs, 'why didn't you ask him?"

"Kissing bees," for the benefit of Sabbath schools, are on the wing in some places. But who wants to kiss a bee? Let the Sabbath schools get up "kissing girls" and they will make more money.

The bachelor mind finds harder things to comprehend than baby talk sometimes, not the least of which is why the hairpin factories are compelled to run night and day, while every other branch of business is as quiet as a sleeping deacon.

"Madam, did you ever lift a dog by the tail?" "Why, no, you cruel thing, you." "I didn't know, because I just saw you carry your little child across the gutter by the top of her head."

Maria is a very popular name in Illinois. When a cat climbs a back fence in a well-populated neighborhood and plinks calls out, "Ma-a-a-a-a!" twenty or thirty windows are thrown up, from which hastily protrudes as many female heads, wildly answering, "What?"

Keep busy.

Man is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits, than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind than in preserving the purity of the affections and the heart.

Mark the Prediction.

[Council Bluffs Nonpareil.]

A correspondent writes us in a private note: "Mark the prediction. The jolly system will eventually utilize the old Missouri river as high up as the Yellowstone." The writer is a man who generally knows what he is talking about, and whose reputation as a prophet is very dear to him. We await confidently the fulfillment of the prophecy.

Female Society.

All men who avoid female society have had perceptions, and are stupid, and have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club-swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard-balls all night, call female society inept. Polity is uninspiring to a yoked; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please; a poor beast does not know one tune from another; but as a true epicure larly ever taster of water, sauce, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman, about her daughter, Fanny or her boy Frank, and make the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from a woman's society, is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your morals, men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world, and the greatest benefit that comes to man from woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

A Frank Confession.

We find in an exchange the following from a recent sermon by a distinguished orthodox clergyman:

"We are afraid of Bob Ingersoll and his infidelity, and well we may be. We are in no condition to meet the enemy. He is sapping the foundations of our faith, and I say boldly with a sense of the weight of responsibility resting on me, if Christianity does not influence the lives of Christians more than it now does in this country, there is little to choose between them. While leaders of the church are bankrupts, while honest men by the thousands have their hard earnings taken from them either by recklessness, extravagance, or profligate dissipation, while widows and orphans are robbed of their little all, and are suffering for the bare necessities of life and crying to God in their distress for help and the men who do these things are not only to be forgiven, but are to be praised."

Small Means.

We think that the power of money is, on the whole, overestimated. The greatest things which were done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. The greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors, and artists have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances, and it will always be so. Riches are often an impediment to a stimulus of action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and so grows sated with it because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time too heavy or, his hands remain mentally and morally inactive; and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polytropher which the tide does—True Views.

## Wit and Humor.

The money that passes current in ball rooms—Ladies change.

To keep warm on a cold day women double the Cape, and men double the Horn.

Why should a spider be a good base ball player?

The mule is a musical animal. His voice has remarkable volume, and his hind legs are full of shoe fly.

He who eats mince-pie in a restaurant at five cents and touching evidence of child-like faith in his fellow-man.

Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

A tailor, in skating, fell through the ice; he was afterward heard to declare that he would never again leave his "hot goose" for a "cold duck."

Josh Billings says: "The mow is a larger bird than a goose or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, and two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its head."

A dispatch from the famine region in China says: "Children daily sold for food." This is one of the cases where the child is fatter than the man.

The old maxim, "Be chaste, and you'll be happy" is contradicted point blank by a Black Hills man, who was recently chased ten miles by a party of redskins.

What's the difference between a typo who sets type without rolling up his sleeves and a base ball player? One uses his cuffs and the other cusses his mitts.

A witness in a Western court was asked if the party to the suit was a truthful man. "No," he answered, "he'd sooner lie at sixty days than tell the truth for cash."

The Egyptian mummies who settled themselves in their little beds three thousand years ago, with packages of wheat in their hands, must have had wonderful faith in "this wheat by and by."

A New York Journalist has composed an "Editor's Waltz." An editor's waltz is usually danced to the tune of "More Cops," and the music is generally furnished by the devil.

A subscriber asks us: "What is good for warts on horses?" We don't know. We never owned but one pair of horses, and they were never "all a clothes-horse" and they were never "all a clothes-horse."

Instructions to a Jury.

Speaking of courts reminds us of a funny instruction said to have been given by a judge to a jury in—well, we won't say in what State. It runs this way:

"If the jury believe, from the evidence, that the plaintiff and defendant were a partner in a grocery, and that the plaintiff had the defendant and gave his note for the interest, and the defendant paid the note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which was warranted 'not brachy,' and the warranty was broken by the reason of the brachyness of the cow, and the plaintiff drove the cow back and tendered her to the defendant, but the defendant refused to receive her, and the plaintiff took her home again, and put a heavy yoke or pole upon her, to prevent her from jumping the fence, by reason of the yoke or pole, broke her neck and died, and if the jury further believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery was not worth anything, the plaintiff's note was worthless, and the cow good for nothing, either for milk or for beef, or for 'green hide,' then the jury must find out for themselves how they will decide the case—for the court, if she understands herself, and she thinks she does, don't know how such a cursed case should be decided."

A Boy's Composition on Girls.

Girls is the only folks that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand other girls if she wants to do anything. Girls is alike one way, they are all like cats. If you rub 'em the right way of the belt they'll purr and look sweet at you, but if you rub 'em the wrong way or step on their tails, they'll claw you. So long as you let a girl have her own way she's nice and sweet; but just cross her and she'll spit at you worse than a cat. Girls is also like mules, if a girl don't want to believe anything you can't make her. If she knows it's so she won't say so. Brother George says he doesn't like big girls, but he does like little ones, and when I saw him kissing Jennie last Sunday, and told him of what he'd said, he said he was a biting her, "cause he don't like her. I think he hurt her, for she hollowed and ran, and there was a big red spot all over both of her two cheeks. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about them the better off I am."

Be Economical.

Look carefully to your expenditures. No more what you wear in, it more green than you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it, little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, means get bald; straw by straw, the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop, the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save begin with your mouth; many a tilver pass down the red line. The ale jug is a gr. i waste. In all other things keep your compass. Never stretch your legs farther than the blankets will reach, or you will run on ice cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind looks. A fool may make money, but it takes a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard when you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

Advice to a Lover.

Arlent lover: We do not think you should remit your attentions to the girl simply because her father kicked you out. Go to the old man and say frankly that if he repeats the action you shall regard it as an insult. It was so rarely unkindly for the young lady to hop upon a chair and shout, "Go, I, dad! give him a hister!" He's been loafing around here long enough. But probably it was merely an excess of feeling. An oyster stew and two spoons will make it all right again.

## Man's Better-Half.

It is said that more fashionable ladies have dyed young this year than ever before.

Ribon-watered on one side and satisfied on the other will be much worn this summer.

The difference between a model wetman and a woman model is: One is a bare possibility, and the other is a naked fact.

Women are proverbially severe in their criticisms of each other's attire. It makes all the difference in the world whose dress is gored.

The married ladies of Chicago have formed a come-home husband club. It is about four feet long, and has a brush on the end.

A Laporte, Ind., lady, who had ten teeth extracted the other day, fainted twenty-five times in the same evening; and came very near bleeding to death.

Kate Field remarks, in a note to the Graphic, "I am not in the habit of minding anybody's business but my own." It's high time you were, my dear.

He was a kind husband and offered to take his wife sleigh-riding, but when she got in she went through the bottom of the sleigh, and he lay awake half the night to hear her opinion about it.

A widow once said to her daughter "When you are my age it will be time enough to dream of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless beauty, "for a second time."

"Ma!" screamed young Matilda Spilkins, the other morning, when she got the paper, "Ma, Silver Bill has just passed the House." "Has he, my dear?" replied Mrs. S., "on up-stairs, 'why didn't you ask him?"

"Kissing bees," for the benefit of Sabbath schools, are on the wing in some places. But who wants to kiss a bee? Let the Sabbath schools get up "kissing girls" and they will make more money.

The bachelor mind finds harder things to comprehend than baby talk sometimes, not the least of which is why the hairpin factories are compelled to run night and day, while every other branch of business is as quiet as a sleeping deacon.

"Madam, did you ever lift a dog by the tail?" "Why, no, you cruel thing, you." "I didn't know, because I just saw you carry your little child across the gutter by the top of her head."

Maria is a very popular name in Illinois. When a cat climbs a back fence in a well-populated neighborhood and plinks calls out, "Ma-a-a-a-a!" twenty or thirty windows are thrown up, from which hastily protrudes as many female heads, wildly answering, "What?"

Keep busy.

Man is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits, than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind than in preserving the purity of the affections and the heart.

Mark the Prediction.

[Council Bluffs Nonpareil.]

A correspondent writes us in a private note: "Mark the prediction. The jolly system will eventually utilize the old Missouri river as high up as the Yellowstone." The writer is a man who generally knows what he is talking about, and whose reputation as a prophet is very dear to him. We await confidently the fulfillment of the prophecy.

Female Society.

All men who avoid female society have had perceptions, and are stupid, and have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club-swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard-balls all night, call female society inept. Polity is uninspiring to a yoked; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please; a poor beast does not know one tune from another; but as a true epicure larly ever taster of water, sauce, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman, about her daughter, Fanny or her boy Frank, and make the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from a woman's society, is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your morals, men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world, and the greatest benefit that comes to man from woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

A Frank Confession.

We find in an exchange the following from a recent sermon by a distinguished orthodox clergyman:

"We are afraid of Bob Ingersoll and his infidelity, and well we may be. We are in no condition to meet the enemy. He is sapping the foundations of our faith, and I say boldly with a sense of the weight of responsibility resting on me, if Christianity does not influence the lives of Christians more than it now does in this country, there is little to choose between them. While leaders of the church are bankrupts, while honest men by the thousands have their hard earnings taken from them either by recklessness, extravagance, or profligate dissipation, while widows and orphans are robbed of their little all, and are suffering for the bare necessities of life and crying to God in their distress for help and the men who do these things are not only to be forgiven, but are to be praised."

Small Means.

We think that the power of money is, on the whole, overestimated. The greatest things which were done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. The greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors, and artists have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances, and it will always be so. Riches are often an impediment to a stimulus of action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and so grows sated with it because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time too heavy or, his hands remain mentally and morally inactive; and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polytropher which the tide does—True Views.

## Wit and Humor.

The money that passes current in ball rooms—Ladies change.

To keep warm on a cold day women double the Cape, and men double the Horn.

Why should a spider be a good base ball player?

The mule is a musical animal. His voice has remarkable volume, and his hind legs are full of shoe fly.

He who eats mince-pie in a restaurant at five cents and touching evidence of child-like faith in his fellow-man.

Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

A tailor, in skating, fell through the ice; he was afterward heard to declare that he would never again leave his "hot goose" for a "cold duck."

Josh Billings says: "The mow is a larger bird than a goose or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, and two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its head."

A dispatch from the famine region in China says: "Children daily sold for food." This is one of the cases where the child is fatter than the man.

The old maxim, "Be chaste, and you'll be happy" is contradicted point blank by a Black Hills man, who was recently chased ten miles by a party of redskins.

What's the difference between a typo who sets type without rolling up his sleeves and a base ball player? One uses his cuffs and the other cusses his mitts.

A witness in a Western court was asked if the party to the suit was a truthful man. "No," he answered, "he'd sooner lie at sixty days than tell the truth for cash."

The Egyptian mummies who settled themselves in their little beds three thousand years ago, with packages of wheat in their hands, must have had wonderful faith in "this wheat by and by."

A New York Journalist has composed an "Editor's Waltz." An editor's waltz is usually danced to the tune of "More Cops," and the music is generally furnished by the devil.

A subscriber asks us: "What is good for warts on horses?" We don't know. We never owned but one pair of horses, and they were never "all a clothes-horse" and they were never "all a clothes-horse."

Instructions to a Jury.

Speaking of courts reminds us of a funny instruction said to have been given by a judge to a jury in—well, we won't say in what State. It runs this way:

"If the jury believe, from the evidence, that the plaintiff and defendant were a partner in a grocery, and that the plaintiff had the defendant and gave his note for the interest, and the defendant paid the note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which was warranted 'not brachy,' and the warranty was broken by the reason of the brachyness of the cow, and the plaintiff drove the cow back and tendered her to the defendant, but the defendant refused to receive her, and the plaintiff took her home again, and put a heavy yoke or pole upon her, to prevent her from jumping the fence, by reason of the yoke or pole, broke her neck and died, and if the jury further believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery was not worth anything, the plaintiff's note was worthless, and the cow good for nothing, either for milk or for beef, or for 'green hide,' then the jury must find out for themselves how they will decide the case—for the court, if she understands herself, and she thinks she does, don't know how such a cursed case should be decided."

A Boy's Composition on Girls.

Girls is the only folks that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand other girls if she wants to do anything. Girls is alike one way, they are all like cats. If you rub 'em the right way of the belt they'll purr and look sweet at you, but if you rub 'em the wrong way or step on their tails, they'll claw you. So long as you let a girl have her own way she's nice and sweet; but just cross her and she'll spit at you worse than a cat. Girls is also like mules, if a girl don't want to believe anything you can't make her. If she knows it's so she won't say so. Brother George says he doesn't like big girls, but he does like little ones, and when I saw him kissing Jennie last Sunday, and told him of what he'd said, he said he was a biting her, "cause he don't like her. I think he hurt her, for she hollowed and ran, and there was a big red spot all over both of her two cheeks. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about them the better off I am."

Be Economical.

Look carefully to your expenditures. No more what you wear in, it more