Historical Society

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Poetry.

Small Beginnings.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land."

Little nips of whisky,
Little korns of beer,
Make the high old bender,
And the drunk severe.

WOMAN.

"Grieve not for me, my husband dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
With patience wait, prepare to die,
And in short time you'll come to I."

MAN.

"I am not grieved, my dearest life,
Sleep on—I've got another wife;
Therefore, I cannot come to thee,
For I must go and live with she."

He Leads Us On.

He leads us on
By paths we did not know,
Upward He leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
Through storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone,
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts and fears,
Guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
Of sorrow, and o'ercloaded days,
We know His will is done:
And still He leads us on.

And He at last,
After the weary strife,
From the restless fever we call life—
From the dreariness, the aching pain—
Wayward struggles, which have proved in vain—
After our toils are past—
Will give us rest at last.

The Two.

ONE TO BE WON.

Fond, would you know fair Cynthia's charms?
Years no lap-dog in her arms;
Vulgar pride or show she feels,
Has no low dresses, nor high heels,
Corset in the fashion laced,
Nuse deformity of waist.
Voice is ever sweet and low;
Ne'er talks slang, nor votes men slow.
Dances with exceeding grace;
Dyes her hair nor daubs her face.
Music she can sing and play,
Practice her six hours a day;
Make a *ficku*, catch a fish,
Lay a rubber, if you wish;
Dine, if need be, on cold mutton;
Sew a carpet and sew a button;
Don her bonnet in a minute;
Pass a mirror, nor look in it;
Swim, and sketch, and row, and ride,
Do a hundred things beside.
Breakfast she is never late;
Calls ne'er bids the carriage wait,
Merri-e ne'er fears to walk;
Scandal's tongue ne'er loves to talk:
Her singers, sulks, nor slams the door,
Sighs because the season's o'er—
Were I tired of single life,
Too sweet Cynthia for my wife!

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

THE ONE TO WIN HER.

An honest work he earns his daily bread;
Modest hat sits level on his head,
Does not, as he walks the streets, appear
Hang suspended on his manly ear.
No vulgar pride," no "tony style" he shows,
Pants no lean pants, no boots with pinching toes;
Sturdy shoulders, broad enough, despise
Stiffening buckram, to increase their size;
Collar does not hide his head and ears,
Slang than grammar in his talk appears.
Does not woo the noisy, midnight hour
With smashes, straights, and drinks of whisky sour;
Has not trained his mental powers to play
Billiards twenty-seven hours a day;
Never swears, nor smokes, nor lies, nor drinks,
Sometimes, in his better moods, he thinks
Of life's ways himself he ought to carry,
Not one-tenth as good as the girl he wants to marry!

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Trust a Boy.

During the session of the Episcopal convention in Boston, the Bishop of Louisiana, in crossing the common met a boy whose face he fancied, and, calling to him, asked him if he had anything to do just then, to which he said no. "Are you a good boy?" The little fellow scratched his head and replied, "I am not a very good boy, I guess a little sometimes." That candid answer inspired the Bishop with confidence, and he then said, after giving his name and address: "I want you to go to a certain place and get a bundle for me, and bring it to my hotel. There will be a charge of $8; here is the money to pay it, and a half dollar which you will keep for doing the errand." On his return to the house the Bishop's friends laughed at him for his credulity, telling him that he would never see the boy or his bundle, or money from him; but in half an hour the young chap arrived, bringing the bundle and a receipted bill for $8 50, the Bishop having made a slight mistake as to the amount change was due. "How did you manage to get the extra half dollar?" he inquired. "I took the money you gave me for the job. I knew that you would make it all right." And "all right" it was made, and I have no doubt that the confidence that was reposed in that boy, because of his truthfulness, will do him good as long as he lives.

—*Bishop Clarke, in N. Y. Ledger.*

—Written for the AVANT COURIER.—

THE YELLOWSTONE STRUGGLE.

A Pioneer Story.

By J. V. BOGERT.

Westward moves the "Star of Empire," and with each convulsive throe of the Eastern industrial world the tide of emigration receives an impetus, the victims of financial disasters, the ambitious without capital, the dissatisfied who find comparison odious, joining fate with the restless and the "rolling stones" who "go West" for better or for worse. And thus the Indian and the border are pushed Westward year by year—and tho' the former grudgingly disputes the right of way, he loses ground with each stand he makes; and the latter is even now almost without a place upon the map.

The history of the struggle to secure possession of the Yellowstone country is one suggestive and full of interest. For many years it occupied to the mind's-eye the position of a fabled land—a land of gold and rolling in milk and honey. "Nuggets" presented themselves to the imagination of every man who, given the often-fatal ability of "putting this and that together," scented gold in its name, and expedition followed expedition, only to be driven out by the savage, and to return reporting every creek bottomed with auriferous sands and every mountain presenting ledges of gold formation. These tales, re-inforced by wondrous stories of trapper and hunter, who told of well of regions suffocated with buffalo and alive with elk and deer and antelope, served to fan the flame; and, desire tathering expectation, the determination to explore the recesses of the Yellowstone country led many a man to death among its mountains at the hands of its Indians, or to starvation in the midst of the unknown regions stretching into the far distance and extending indefinitely from either bank of its long-famous river. Even the abandonment of military occupation of the country by the Government—and the consequent outlawry of its white occupation upon its recession to the savage Sioux—could not cool the ardor of the determined "prospector," and its streams continued to receive the stealthy visits of the pioneer, who with his gold pan and his rocker searched for the fountain of wealth, holding his gun in one hand as he worked in the gravel with the other.

And now what a change! Witness the revolution in the Black Hills—the re-establishment of military posts—the settlement of the valley of the Yellowstone—the opening of a continuous line of travel from Montana along almost the entire line of the river so long, and until so lately, the gold-fabled stream of the prospector. And what has effected all this? Nothing but the determined enterprise of the American frontiersman—a class composed not so much of worthless vagabonds as of sturdy men of business; men of all professions; of education; the trained of school and college and counting house, who, emigrating to "pastures new," chafed over the fact that an empire lay in savage hands, and useless and unknown, between them and their homes of auld lang syne.

It was this feeling that urged the people of Montana to many attempts to "open up" the Yellowstone. Many of them had marched across the plains dogged by Indians at every step—the famous Big Horn Expedition had found more Indians than nuggets, and, breaking up and scattering, had left nothing to perpetuate its effort except its idea and its iron gun—flat boats had made the voyage of the river, and left cargo and men whirling amid its rapids—yet still remained the settled intention to locate towns, to explore its mountains, and put the plow into its virgin soil. And this, notwithstanding the diction of the Government and the bloody defiance of its ever-present savages.

The present status of this region stands a monument to the will and enterprise of the American pioneer. Five years ago it was a terra incognita—two years ago troops were rescuing a beleaguered handful of settlers at the mouth of the Big Horn—to-day the Government has possession of the country—settlements are made and making from Bozeman to Tongue river—farms are located and locating upon every bottom not claimed by the Crow Reserve, and the scene of the rescue upon the Big Horn supports a population, while where the stockade stood, now stand—two "saloons!" Two years ago the tourist and the hunter camped upon the prairie in their blankets, and cooked their hasty meal over a scant fire, which, scant as it was, not seldom discovered them to the ever watchful Sioux—to-day a "hotel" stocked with canned fruit, beds, oats and a cook-stove welcomes him each night, while the "trail" has surrendered to a beaten wagon road, which leads from Corinne, on the Union Pacific road, in an unbroken line to Miles city, on Tongue river, and thence to Bismarck.

Among the now famous attempts to discover and utilize the resources of the Yellowstone country may be mentioned the

EXPEDITION OF EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE.

Yielding to the desire of years and encouraged by constantly received reports, a party of prominent and venturesome men, persuaded that gold would be found, determined to explore it. But the history of the bold attempt is one of resistance to Indians, of sanguinary conflicts, and heroic persistence to the bitter end. It located Big Horn city, prospected the country, and fought Indians during a march of 1600 miles (the latter 1200 of which were traveled without tents or change of clothes), the country was mapped; streams were sounded and measured and prospected; the mountain ledges examined for metals, and such general data collected that, notwithstanding the suffering of the party and its almost constant struggle with Indians, its diary has sufficed with many a later party as a guide over the, until now, "unknown country."

On the 13th of May the Crows attacked the camp at night, killing at the first volley four horses, wounding five and disabling seven men—one being shot in five places and another in two, while one ball made six holes in one unfortunate, it passing first through his arms, then through his breasts, grazing the bones. One of the victims soon died. Bostwick seeing he must succumb to his five fearful wounds, insisted upon the escape of his companions, and, that they might not sacrifice themselves by remaining with him, said "Good-bye," and blew out his brains. After attempting to cajole the cowardly Crows into a fair and open fight, it was decided to move cautiously forward, but not until all but six days' rations had been destroyed, and a compact made which shows how desperate was the strait to which the little band was reduced. It was agreed that any one mortally wounded should reserve his last shot for himself—thus preventing sacrifice in his rescue and the torture sure to follow capture. The captain was to decide the necessity of self-sacrifice, and the little party was to stand by a wounded man so long as hope of recovery remained. Could any thing be nobler and more heroic than such a compact? But the annals of the frontier are burdened with such instances of self-sacrificing devotion.

Next day the agreement received its first test. Geery, one of the best men the East ever sent to the West, accidentally shot himself, the result being a mortal wound. The report sounded just as Indians appeared in the distance. All flew to arms, but Geery, with death upon his face, exclaimed, "I have destroyed by life!" Placed upon the ground and his wound examined, he gasped, "My time is short—I can live but an hour or two; but you must go—the Indians will have the better of you here. Captain, tell the boys my wound is fatal." But he couldn't do it, and begged poor Geery to release him from the compact. "No," said the brave fellow; "tell them the truth, Jim, and give me the word." Entreaty availed nothing; and reminding them that he was not committing suicide, farewell was said, and as they turned in tears away, he pulled the trigger. The cap only exploded. Again the entreaties were renewed, but in an instant another trial sent poor Geery to his God. A hasty burial—an escape from the gorge, and the march again begun.

At last the weary, ragged remnant of the expedition succeeded in reaching Bannack—it had returned; gold had been found, the town site located, but the problem remained unsolved, and the Yellowstone was yet a riddle.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

For Husbands.

Don't think when you have won a wife that you have won a slave.

Don't think that you wife has less feeling than your sweetheart. Her relationship to you simply is changed, not her nature.

Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities of life towards her you marry. She appreciates these things quite as much as other women.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of a fellow before marriage, the probabilites are you would be sewing on your own buttons still.

Don't make your wife think she is an incumbrance on you by giving grudgingly. What she needs give cheerfully, as if it were a pleasure so to do. She will feel better, and so will you.

Don't meddle with affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employees.

Don't find faults with her extravagance in ribbons, etc., until you have shut down on cigars, tobacco, whisky, etc.

Don't leave your wife at home to nurse the children, on the score of economy, while you bolt down at night to see the show or spend a dollar on billiards.

Don't bolt your supper and hurry off to spend your evenings lounging around away from your wife. Before marriage you couldn't spend evenings enough with her.

Don't prowl in the loafing resorts until midnight, wasting your time in culpable idleness, leaving your wife lonely at home to brood over your neglect and her disappointment.

Don't think the woman you promised to "love, cherish and protect" becomes your servant as her part of the contract.

Don't think that board and clothes is a sufficient return for all a wife does for you.

Don't expect a wife to love and honor you if you prove a brute unworthy of love and honor.

Don't caress your wife in public and snarl and growl at her in private. This proves you both a hypocrite and a dog.

Don't wonder that your wife is not as cheerful as she used to be, when she labors from early morn till late at night to pander to the comfort and caprice of a selfish pig who has not soul enough to appreciate her.

Don't, if your wife has faults, be constantly reminding her of them, while you have never a word of commendation for her virtues.

An Anecdote of Lincoln.

[Noah Brooks, in Scribner.]

While the ceremonies of the second inauguration were in progress, just as Lincoln stepped forward to take the oath of office, the sun, which had been obscured by raineloud, burst forth in splendor. In conversation next day the President asked, "Did you notice that sunburst? It made my heart jump" Later in the month, Miss Anna Dickinson, in a lecture delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives, eloquently alluded to the sunburst as a happy omen. The President sat directly in front of the speaker, and from the reporter's gallery, behind her, I had caught his eye, soon after he sat down. When Miss Dickinson referred to the sunbeam, he looked up to me, involuntarily, and I thought his eyes were suffused with moisture. Perhaps they were, but next day he said, "I wonder if Miss Dickinson saw me wink at you?"

Washington Letter.

General Sherman and His Daughter, Miss Ellie—The Doorkeeper—Spring Weather—Strawberries—Spring Vegetables—Washington Streets, Etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 10, 1878.

To the Editor of the Avant Courier:

General Sherman boards at the Ebbitt House. That hotel is, in fact, the headquarters of army and navy officers here. The General's wife has gone to her home in St. Louis, and he is at liberty to enjoy the theatre, round dances, and so on, to his heart's content. He is the gayest and most frivolous of men, socially. One could not believe it to see him at his business. He is wizzened and wiry, a little man and wrinkled. The other night at the minstrel performance of Cameross and Dixey's troupe, Lotta—who had just finished an engagement here—sat with him in his private box. His daughter Ellenor, "Miss Ellie," as she is called, is the only member of his family now in Washington. Her associates constitute such society as the General is fond of. Miss Ellie graduated from the Convent of the Visitation, in Georgetown, a year ago. She is quite pretty—has soft brown hair which she wears very plainly arranged, bright eyes and clear complexion. She is bright and gay and, like her father in her fondness of amusements, but although she frequents balls and joins in the dancing, she has never gone contrary to her mother's commands in the matter of round dances. Her father has frequently urged her to do so, but all their children appear to look upon Mrs. Sherman as a sort of female Pope.

The Doorkeeper business occupied Congress the latter part of the past week and will come up again to-day. Polk has lost his political head and the prospect is now that General Field, of Georgia, will occupy his position. Butler wants Gen'l Shields for the office, but as the House has a Democratic majority their candidate has the best prospects.

We are having most delightful spring weather, a novelty for Washington. We are usually plunged from the raw, wet, windy season that constitutes our winter, into intensely warm summer. But real spring has been here for three weeks. We have had balmy days, soft zephyrs, budding leaves blossoms and all. Strawberries have been in the markets for two or three weeks selling at $1.50 per basket. The baskets pretend to hold a quart but scarcely exceed a pint. By and by we can buy six quarts for 25 cents, with which prospective we are quite content to "bide a wee" for our strawberries.

The markets abound now also in other green stuffs, many of which, however, are so forced in hot-houses as to have little flavor or substance. The radishes are watery, the cucumbers woody and other salads flimsy. There is, in reality, but little satisfaction to be gotten from fruit out of season.

As for the city, it is delightful at this season. Washington is not what it was a dozen years ago. Then it was low, ill-paved, muddy, and dismal; now it is in very truth a city of magnificent distances, which distances mean wide streets smoothly paved, numerous and well-kept parks, plenty of room for everybody and everything. To one who a decade ago waded in the evening through New York Avenue at its confluence with its rectangular streets, and saw the adjacent houses and lamp posts reflected in the standing pools of mud and water, the condition to-day of the Capital thoroughfares is something marvelous. No city in the land is so well paved. All the principal streets are graded high and laid with asphaltum as smooth as a ball room floor. It may rain hard for two hours every night and the next morning a lady in slippers can cross the streets anywhere dryshod.

ADAMS.

The Lesson of a Life.

In December, 1845, in the Department of the Voges, Xavier Thiriat, a boy of ten, accompanied four young girls about the same age to church. They had to cross a brook, over which was placed a single loose plank. The boy crossed safely, the first girl who attempted it, fell in. The boy jumped in, pulled her out, and then, walking in the water, guided each of the girls across. Some time was lost in this, and the party reached church late. Xavier, ashamed of being late, did not go up to the stove, but kept behind. He reached home chilled; a dangerous disease followed, by which he was left a complete cripple for life, his only mode of moving about was on his hands and knees, so completely were his legs paralyzed and distorted. Coming of very poor people, there was every prospect that Thiriat would be a heavy charge to his family and a wretched burden to himself. Instead of this, he reached manhood bright, cheerful and intelligent. Reading all the books he could lay hold of, he was soon the best educated man in his district, and rapidly acquired extensive influence, which was always used for good. He induced young people to read and to study. Some contributions to the local newspaper, the *Echo des Vosges*, attracted attention and made him known, the result of which was that further intellectual opportunities were extended to him. He made himself a good botanist, meteorologist, instructed others in these branches, and procured the foundation of several local libraries. He could not, however, be satisfied without achieving his complete independence and earning his support. He obtained the position of manager of the telegraph at a neighboring town, was made Secretary to the Mayor, became a favorite correspondent of several agricultural papers and received the highest reward of the French "Franklin Society"—its gold medal.

All this was accomplished by native force of character and strong religious feeling, under circumstances not merely adverse, but at first absolutely hopeless. A horrible deformity, intense suffering, absence of instruction, crushing poverty—all these disabilities were overcome unaided, and this ignorant and crippled lad made himself the light, intellectual and moral, of his whole district.—*Public Ledger.*

Wit and Humor.

The wickedest city—Sinsinnati.

If money is tight, avoid it—it ought to know better.

Will complications in the (y)east affect the rising of the sun?

A barber is always ready to scrape an acquaintance, and often cuts him too.

Why is a balky horse like the capital of Turkey? Because he is constant in no pull.

When you see a lame cat, you should always address it as "Old-limp-puss."

Jonah was the first victim of highwaymen. He was whale-laid on the shore.

Don't go to law. If you feel that way, go sit on a bramble bush or crawl through a sewer.

A communication to this paper begins, "I had no idea," etc. The rest of the communication proves it.

When a man sees his wife shedding a cataract of tears, it wel-Niagara-vates him beyond endurance.

"Oleomargarine" is the name they give to a goat up among the shanties, because it is such a bad butter.

The sun has some very odd habits, for when it goes earliest to bed it gets up latest, and when it goes latest to bed it gets up earliest.

Greenland has no cats. How full of wisdom are the ways of Providence! Imagine cats in a country where the nights are six months long.

A lazy boy, near Stanwix, has conquered the kindling wood question. He just backs his father's best mule against the woodpile, and throws the milking stool at at.

A man who is bald is able to show much more polish than any one else, even in the simple act of removing his hat on meeting a lady.

Wendell Phillips says that "God does not let brains and wealth remain together." We understand now why we have always been poor.

The Bible says: "Of all things, wisdom is profitable to a man." That's so. A man never calls his wife a bald-headed old woman but once.

A New Jersey Dutchman refused to take a dollar bill the other day, for fear it had been altered from a *ten*. We shouldn't have thought of that. Smart men, those Jersey men.

The avant-couriers of spring are already floating by us on the gentle breeze of March, and their course is marked by upspringing buds and blossoms, and the mangled corpses of young an injudicious poets.

"Yer go'n spend every cent what I bring yer home for striped stockins', an' ther ain't nuthin' to eat in ter house," is what a drunken man was telling a barber's pole when a policeman arrested him the other day.

If you pass through the hen-roost with careful eye, just now, you will notice a sadness creeping over the countenance of the old hens. It is not simply the knowledge that they must die, but the thought that they must be sold for spring chickens after they're "laid" out.

In a certain depot is a placard announcing, "No smoking," pasted over an oil lamp. Two Irishmen appear, one smoking. "Pat," says the other, "ye're transgressin' the rules of the establishment, ye are." "How's that?" says the smoker. "Don't you see there 'No smoking?'" "Yes; but can't ye see, ye spalpeen, the remark is addressed to the lamp!"

The other night an old West Hiller got up and went to a certain closet to feel for a certain bottle, but in the darkness he got hold of a flask containing kerosene oil, and after taking a healthy old gulp of the same, went to bed. He didn't rest very well, and spat a great deal, and finally said, they couldn't make the same whisky now that they did forty years ago.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

An old darkey who was asked if in his experience prayer was ever answered, replied: "Well, sar, some pra'rs is ansud an' some isn't—'pens on what you axes for. Jest arter de wah, when is was mighty hard scratchin' foh de cullud breddren, I 'bsarved dat wenebber I pra'd de Lo'd to sen' one ob Marsy Peyton's fat turkeys foh de old man, dar was no notice took ob de partishin', but when I pra' dat he would sen' de ole man for de turkey, de matter was tended to beto' sun up nex' mornin', dead sartin."

How to Get Along.

Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business be found there when wanted.

No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons.

Never fool in business matters.

Have order, system, regulation and also promptness.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

Do not kick everything in your path.

More miles can be made in one day by going steady than by stopping.

Pay as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford because it is fashionable.

Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Use your own brains rather than those of others.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

In every community there are men whose sole object and aim it is to make money for themselves, without regard to the means of acquiring it. Their motto is get money, honestly if you can, but get money. This class of men are never known to do an act or spend a dollar for any enterprise which may benefit their town, but more frequently they play dog in the manger, and try to hinder others from engaging in such works.

Wisdom.

One true friend is better than a hundred relations.

There are lessons behind us, but the work is before us.

Make the efficiency of the public schools the first consideration.

While we are deliberating on the time when we are to begin, the time for action is lost.

Josh Billings says, very truly, "You'd better not know so much, than to know so many things that ain't so."

Ignorance should no more be countenanced than vice or crime. The one leads almost inevitably to the other.

The books that collect valuable knowledge into small compass, and do this wisely and thoroughly, are the best books in the world. The same may be said of a newspaper.

Never despond. Despondency is the midnight through whose darkness the soul cannot grope its way, and it consequently lies down in fretful slumber. Hope is the sunshine that warms life into greater activity.

It is shameful for a man to rest in ignorance of the structure of his own body, especially when the knowledge of it mainly conduces to his welfare, and directs his application of his own powers.

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.

Over-tenderness in parents towards their children is a mistake that amounts almost to a crime, as children who are not taught to rely upon themselves from an early age generally grow up to be shiftless, good-for-nothing men and women, who depend upon their relatives for even the necessaries of life.

The elevation of man is to be sought, or rather consists, first in force of thought exerted for the acquisition of truth. Thought is the fundamental distinction of mind, and the great work of life. All that a man does outwardly is but the expression and completion of his inward thought. To work effectually he must think clearly; to act nobly, he must think nobly. Intellectual force is a principle element of the soul's life, and should be proposed by every man as the principle end of his being.—*Dr. Channing.*

Some one writes that "it is the cause of greatness to be its own destruction." Yet even more sententious, because the more to be appreciated, are the words of Horace Greeley: "Fame is a vapor; popularity, an accident; riches take wings. The only earthly certainty is oblivion. No man can foresee what the day may bring forth; while those who cheer to-day will often curse to-morrow." And, as though his cup was full, Young puts a whole "Anatomy of Melancholy" into a single line when he asks. "Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?" but which Shakspeare had already answered—"What fate imposes, that men must needs abide."

Boils—A Boy's "Composition."

A boil is generally very small at first, and a fellow hardly notices it; but in a few days it gets to be the biggest of the two, and the chap that has it is of very little account in comparison with his boil, which then "has him." Boils appear mysteriously on various portions of the human body, coming when and where "they darn please," and often in very inconvenient places. Sometimes a solitary boil is the sum total of the affliction, but frequently there is a "rubbishin' lot of 'em" to help the first one. If a boil comes anywhere on a person, that person always wishes that it had come somewhere else, although it would puzzle him to say just where.

Some persons call them "Dam-boils," but such persons are addicted to profanity—the proper name is boil. If a chap has a boil, he gets a good deal of sympathy from others—"in a horn." Whoever asks him what ails him, laughs at him for his pains to answer, while many unfeeling persons make game of him, or his misfortune, or boil. It is very wicked to make sport of persons with boils; they cannot help it, and often feel very bad about it. Physicians don't give boil patients much satisfaction as a general thing, although young physicians who are just beginning to practice are fond of trying their lancets on them. Boils are said to be "healthy," and judging from the way they take hold, and hang on, and ache, and burn, and grow, and raise Cain generally, there is no doubt they are healthy, and have good constitutions. They are generally very lively and playful at night, and it is very funny to see a chap with a good large one, prospecting around the couch for a place where his boil will fit in "without hurting." Boils tend to "purify the blood," strengthen the system, calm the nerves, restrain profanity, tranquilize the restless spirit, improve the temper, and beautify the appearance. They are good things for married men who spend their evenings away from home, as they give them an opportunity to rest their night-keys, and get acquainted with their families. It is said that boils save the patient "a fit of sickness," but if the sickness is not the best to have, it must be an all-fired mean thing. It is also said that a person is better after having got rid of them. Many distinguished persons have enjoyed these harbingers of health. Job took the first premium at the county fair for having more achers under cultivation than any other person. Shakspeare had them, and meant boils when he said, "One woe doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow."

There are a great many remedies for boils, most of which are well worth trying, because, if they don't do any good, they don't hurt the boil. Every man he meets will tell him of a "good thing for it," among which are—shoemakers' wax, Mrs. Winslow's syrup, Spaulding's glue, Charlotte russe, gum drops, water-proof blacking, night-blooming cereus, chloroform, kissengen, etc.

Man's Better-Half.

Cremation is now one of the rites of women.

"The evil that men do lives after them"—but how about the evil that women do?

Many of the Kentucky belles, it is said, are known by the number of mules and barrels of whisky they own.

A girl may read about heaven all her life, but she never has anything like a correct idea of it, till she gets her first beau.

It is estimated that the number of ladies who cannot pass a mirror without glancing into it averages about twelve to every dozen.

It does not seem to us just the correct thing for a glee club to sing under a lady's window, as a serenade, "Darling you are growing old!"

A coquette, according to Snodgrass, is a rosebud from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband.

HE—"By Jove, you know—upon my word—if I were to see a ghost, you know, I would be a chattering idiot for the rest of my life." SHE—"Haven't you seen a ghost?"

In England the women always purchase the groceries and provisions for the family; if a man should attempt such a thing some housewife would pin a dish-cloth to his coat tail.

A returned missionary was recently invited to a party, when all the ladies appeared in low-cut dresses. Said he to his host: "I don't mind it at all; I've spent ten years among the savages."

A young woman in Newburg, Wisconsin, severely thrashed her father because he would not raise five hundred dollars to give her as a dowry, in order to marry a man who wanted his wife to have that sum.

A lady on the West Side was joked the other day about her hose, which has an inclination to turn up. "Ah, do not say anything about my nose. I had nothing to do in shaping it. It was a birthday present."

A person leaving a crowded stage-coach the other day, steadied himself by resting his hands on the knees of the passengers. "What a savage!" exclaimed one lady. "Yes," replied her companion. "He's a Paw-nee."

Since the introduction of "female postmasters," a girl goes up to the window, and asks: "Is there a letter for Miss Mary Robinson?" "Yes," says the "female postmaster," "there is one from John McJones."

"Now just watch me slide off on my ear," cried a fair Appleton damsel, when her escort had securely fastened on her skates. She was as good as her word. The first move she made she slid on her rear about twenty feet.

Cats.

It is not often that we hear any credit rendered to the cat for either intelligence or affection; and it is, therefore, pleasing to be able to record two instances in which one, if not both of these qualities, is shown in a remarkable manner in this animal. A gentleman writing from India to a friend in England, a few mails ago, says of a pet Persian cat: "I was lolling on the sofa, drowsily perusing the newspaper a few mornings ago, when Tom came and stood near me, mewing in a plaintive way, as if to attract attention. Not wishing to be disturbed, I waved him off. He, however, returned in a minute or so, and this time jumped on to the sofa, and looking me in the face, renewed his noise more vigorously. Losing patience, I roughly drove him away. He then went to the door of an adjoining room, and stood there mewing most piteously. Fully aroused, I got up and went toward him. As I approached he made for the further corner of the room, and began to show fight, bristling up and flourishing his tail. It at once struck me that there was an unwelcome visitor in the room which Tom wished to get rid of; and, sure enough, in looking towards the corner, I discovered a cobra coiled up behind a boot-shelf under a dressing-table. Noise made by my approach aroused the snake, and he attempted to make off, but I dispatched him with my gun, which was ready loaded close by. You should have seen Tom's satisfaction. He ran between my legs, rubbed himself against them caressingly, as if to say 'Well done, master!' The snake measured five feet seven inches in length."

The friend to whom this incident is related, after reading it to me, went on to say that some years ago, when in India with her father, the family were gathered after tea, one rainy evening, listening to one of their number who was reading an interesting story. When thus engaged, a cat of which her father was very fond jumped on to his knee, and, moving about in a restless manner, began to mew in a louder key than usual. The old gentleman, as was his wont, commenced to caress the cat, expecting thereby to quiet it; but to no purpose. It showed signs of impatience by jumping down and up again, mewing vigorously the whole time. Not wishing to be interrupted in what was going on, he called for a servant to put the cat out of the room; but Puss would not tamely submit to an indignant turn out, and commenced clawing at the old man's feet. This he thought was going too far; he arose to chastise the cat, but ere he had time to do so, he discovered that it was nothing less than a timely warning which Puss had given him; for not far from where he sat there was, under the table, a small venomous snake, which probably would have bitten him had he molested or trampled on it. The reptile was immediately killed, and Puss ceased her mewing.—*Chambers' Journal.*

While ten men watch for chances, one man makes them. While ten men wait for something to turn up, one man turns something up. While ten men fail, one man succeeds, and is called a man of luck and a favorite of fortune, when it is simply pluck and energy that made him so.

Our Boys and Girls.

A little boy being asked, "What is the chief end of man?" replied "The end what's got the head on."

"You never saw my hands so dirty as that," said a petulant mother to her little girl. "No, but your ma did, I'll bet," was the reply.

"Have I not, my son, given you every advantage?" "O yes; but I couldn't think of taking the advantage of you, father."

A little boy doesn't object to having his hair shingled. It is a very delicate portion of his anatomy to which he demurs to having the shingling done.

Kansas Teacher—"Where does all our grain produce go to?" Boy—"It goes into the hopper." Teacher—"Hopper? What hopper?" Boy (triumphantly)—"Grasshopper!"

Teacher With Reading Class.—Boy (reading)—"And as she sailed down the river—" Teacher—"Why are ships called she?" Boy (precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex)—"Because they need men to manage them."

Aunt E—— was trying to persuade little Eddie to retire at sundown. "You see, my dear, how the little chickens go to roost at that time." "Yes, aunty," replied Eddie, "but the old hen always goes with them."

A certain little damsel, being aggravated beyond endurance by her big brother, fell down upon her knees, and cried: "O Lord! bless my brother. Tom. He lies, he steals; he swears. All boys do; us girls don't. Amen."

What Some Poor Boys Have Done.

Cornelius Vanderbilt began life with an old pirogue, running between Staten Island and New York, and carrying garden stuff to market. With two or three thousand dollars raised from that source, he entered upon steadily increasing enterprise until he amassed the enormous sum of $95,000,000.

Alexander T. Stewart first bought a few laces at auction, and opened his way to success in a dingy little shop in Broadway near the site of his wholesale establishment.

Daniel Drew, in his early life, was a cattle-driver at the munificent rate of seventy-five cents a day, and he drove himself into an estate valued at from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000.

Robert L. and Alexander Stuart, the noted sugar-refiners, in their boyhood sold molasses candy, which their widowed mother had made, at a cent a stick, and to-day are worth probably $5,000,000 apiece.

George Law, forty-five years ago, was a common day-laborer on the docks, and now counts his fortune at something like $10,000,000.

Horace B. Claflin, the eminent dry goods merchant, worth, it is estimated, from $1,000,000 to $15,000,000, commenced the world with nothing but energy, determination and hope.

Odds and Ends.

A word to the wise is sufficient. But nobody is wise.

Gravity is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a shirt.

They have ripe tomatoes already in Los Angeles. Who wouldn't live in L. (A.)?

If there was an equal distribution of wealth in the United States, each person would have $27.50 in money, and $762.50 worth of property.

Bayard Taylor says that the newspaper man who works French and Latin into his articles is a fool, and is seeking to hide the fact.

When a tramp arrives in Dallas, Texas, he is taken in charge and put to work on a farm which the city has bought for the purpose.

A young man of Logansport, Indiana, was married on Monday. He was a father Tuesday and his wife eloped with another man Wednesday.

It was a Midway (Ky.) druggist who looked through his vocabulary of oils, but failed to find any oil of silk, as he understood his lady customer to say. She wanted oiled silk.

Graves county, (Ky.) claims a woman who has given birth to five children in thirteen months. The distracted husband has not been heard from since the official count.

A cautious Chicago lover wrote letters to his sweetheart in ink that would speedily fade out, so that when she desired to use them in a breach of promise suit they would be only blank paper.

"What is the best remedy," asked a preacher of a shrewd observer, "for an inattentive audience?" "Give them something to attend to," was the significant reply. "Hungry sheep will look up to the rack if there is hay in it."

One morning after the fall of Plevna, one of the London papers is authoritively said to have issued the enormous edition of 296,000 copies. Lord Beaconsfield has conferred the Order of the Star of India upon the editor, Mr. Edwin Arnold.

The Rev. David Keppel writes for the *Northern Christian Advocate*, one of the official organs of the Methodist denomination, an article entitled, "The Morals of Hell," in which he argues that hell is "a well-regulated prison, in morality second only to heaven." He says that no sin can be committed beyond the grave, and that therefore hell is necessarily free from it.

The True Secret.

How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their energies and destroy their nervous system in endeavoring to accumulate wealth, without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away. It is not wealth or high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both; but it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials and enjoy comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident in life.