Historical Society


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## The Avant Courier.

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## *Poetry.*

### Nobody.

If nobody's noticed you, you must be small;
If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low;
If nobody's kissed you, you're ugly, we know.

If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody's flattered you—flatter yourself;
If nobody's cheated you, you are a knave;
If nobody hates you, you are a slave.

If nobody's called you a fool to your face,
If nobody's wished for your back in its place;
If nobody's called you a "tyrant" or "scold,"
Somebody thinks you of spiritless mold.

If nobody knows of your faults but a friend,
Nobody will miss them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone.

If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you a miserly bore;
If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen,
Sign yourself "Nobody," quick as you can.

### Our Cash Subscriber.

A cash subscriber (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
An angel writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace made the subscriber bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" the vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" The angel said, "Not so,"
The cash subscriber, speaking then more low,
But cheerily still, replied, "I pray you, then,
Write me as one who pays the printer men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
Came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had bless'd.
Lo! the subscriber's name led all the rest.

## *Our Selected Story.*

### Mr. Baringer's House-Cleaning.

You see, Mr. Baringer has only been keeping house about a year, and they took the carpets up this spring for their first general house-cleaning. Mrs. Baringer's mother was there, because she said Olivia was a mere child at such things, and she didn't believe that Aristarchus was much better, and it was better to have some one around who could manage. The young people, however, felt very confident that they had, by numerous consultations and many well-laid plans, reduced house-cleaning to a perfect science, a system that had never yet been attained by any other housekeepers, and they were all impatient to get to work and clean the whole house, from garret to cellar, and have all the pictures tacked on the walls and carpets nailed down again before dark. They were disgusted at the way other people cleaned house, and Olivia thought it was perfectly wonderful how Aristarchus could have such beautifully lucid and systematic ideas on matters of which most men, and she would say most women as well, were so deplorably stupid and ignorant.

The stirring notes of the alarm clock dragged Mr. Baringer out of bed at 3.15 a. m., and he thought he felt intolerably sleepy for five o'clock, but he didn't look at the clock until he was dressed, and then he was too mad to swear. He merely woke Mrs. Baringer up to tell her that he'd bet a thousand dollars some stupid had changed the alarm after he set it, and then he flopped down on a lounge to sleep till daylight. He awoke at half-past seven o'clock, the hour at which, by their prearranged system and calculation, the two upstairs bed-room carpets were to have been beaten and ready to put down as soon as the floors were dry. Then the kitchen fire went out twice, and they finally sat down to breakfast at half-past eight o'clock, Mrs. Baringer's mother beguiling the time during that matin meal by asking Olivia if she minded how she used to be half through her house-cleaning by nine o'clock in the morning. But Mr. Baringer bore up very well under it, and immediately after breakfast he took up the bed-room carpets. It was slow work, jerking the tacks out one at a time. Sometimes they flew up into his face; sometimes he pulled the head off and left the tack in the floor; and when they got to be rather thickly scattered around the room, he put his knee down on one occasionally and talked in a fragmentary manner about certain mill privileges in connection with housekeeping which Mrs. Baringer couldn't understand. At last he noticed that by lifting up the edge of the carpet, a gentle pull would bring up half a dozen tacks in rapid succession. Happy thought! He rose to his feet, grasped the bound edge of the carpet in both hands, gave a mighty lift and a tremendous pull—k-r-r-r-r-r-t! and when the dust settled a little, Mrs. Baringer and her mother were discovered standing in the door, looking in speechless horror at Mr. Baringer, who stood like an image of despair, holding a carpet with a fringe on one hand, and a long line of carpet binding in the other.

"How *did* you do it?" shrieked Mrs. Baringer.

"How *ever* did you do it?" echoed Mrs. Baringer's mother.

Then they both said something about the general incapacity of a man, and Mr. Baringer endeavored to explain that in going across the room for the tack hammer, he had caught his foot in the edge of the carpet, with the result as above. And at the conclusion of his explanation, Mrs. Baringer's mother gave a sniff that blew dust out of the carpet, and there was a general expression of incredulity on the faces of the congregation.

It was a long time before they got the carpets down in the yard and on the line. Then Mr. Baringer approached and smote the first carpet with a long stick, and the next instant he was feeling his way out of a dense cloud of dust, coughing, sneezing and snorting, and wildly gasping for air. He went around on the other side, and as he aimed a terrific swipe at the carpet, he struck the clothes prop, and his nerveless arm stung and tingled to his neck, while his wail was heard down to the city building. Then he got at it again, and found that his stick was too light, and he took another one. A few strokes sufficed to convince him that it was too heavy, and he took a lath. That broke in two at the first blow, and he tried an apple switch, but that was too limber. He finally gave up the idea of beating any more, and called to Mrs. Baringer that the carpet was ready to be shaken. Mrs. Baringer, with her head in an apron, came out. They gathered the carpet, and Mr. Baringer got the start of her and shook a roll clear down to her hands, exploding in a loud snap and a volcano of dust in her face. Then she dropped the carpet and sneezed and protested.

"You shook too quick, deary," she said.

"But you said you were ready, sweety," replied Mr. Baringer.

"But you shouldn't be so rough, lovey," she protested.

"Well, I have to shake hard to get the dust out, ducky," he insisted.

"Well, you needn't be so cross about it, deary," she said.

"Oh, well," he said, "you must expect hard work house-cleaning days, and you mustn't lose your temper, sweety."

"It isn't me that gets cross and jerks people around, lovey," she said, "it's you."

"I never jerked you around," he retorted.

"Why, Aristarchus Baringer!" exclaimed his wife, making very large eyes at him and speaking in tones of the greatest amazement, "and maybe you didn't tear the carpet upstairs, either."

"I wish your old carpet was in Halifax," he said, savagely. "Pick up that end; let's get through with it. This is sweet work for a dry goods salesman, anyhow! Ready?"

"No," she snapped, "I ain't ready. Now wait. There. Hold on now; don't be in such a hurry. Now!"

And the next instant the carpet was snapped out of her hands, and it did seem as though her fingers had gone with it, while Mr. Baringer, pretending not to know that it had fallen from her fingers, kept on shaking violently at his end, filling the air with dust and grit. At this juncture Mrs. Bringer's mother, who had been a quiet spectator of the carpet shaking scene, approached and called him to desist. Then she gathered up the vacant end of the carpet.

"Aristarchus," she said, kindly but firmly, "Olivia is not strong enough for such work."

Then she added:

"Have you got a good hold, Aristarchus?"

And Mr. Baringer said he had.

"Don't let go then, Aristarchus. Ready."

They lifted their arms high in the air, and Mr. Baringer is undecided yet which part of him started first. He walked up the entire length of that carpet on his hands and then he fell over the edge and banged along the walk on his hands and knees until he reached the front fence, through which he plunged his head, and would have gone on through but for his shoulder catching against the gate post. The carpets did not go down that day, and a big Irishman was engaged to come and welt the fuzz off them, Mr. Baringer having privately and with some asperity informed his wife that he would rather live, sleep and eat in dirt up to his eyes, than ever again sweep, beat or shake the lightest carpet ever trodden by the foot of man.

### A Badly Scared Editor.

An editor was sitting in his easy chair, buoyant in mind and heart, with the calm serenity and blissful tranquility that none but editors know. A shuffling sound at the door brought him back to earth, and, facing nervously about, he beheld a man of deep, determined look, closing the door behind him. With a sickly feeling of foreboding, the editor motioned toward a chair, and gazed upon the intruder, helpless and breathless, resigned to meet the worst.

The hand of the man wandered toward his breast pocket. The editor's cheeks blanched and his lips turned blue. Alas! alas! he had guessed aright the mission of the stranger.

The man pulled out a bundle of letters and papers. The head of the editor fell forward upon his breast and his hands dropped listlessly from the arms of his chair.

"My errand is not a pleasant one," said the visitor, speaking slowly.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the editor, plucking up courage. "Out with it—suspense is worse than fate."

"I have an execution on your home," continued the man, with professional sadness. "The mortgage on it has been foreclosed."

"Hoora! ha! ha! ha!" roared the editor, springing up, and nearly shaking the man's arm off. "Heaven be praised! But, Lord, what a scare you gave me! Blister my corns, if I didn't think you had a chunk of spring poetry. Drive on—sell the old shanty—it's a rat-eaten barrack, anyway, and rents are cheap. Ha! ha! what a load you've taken off my mind! Let's have your name—and down it goes for two years' free subscription. You're an angel in breeches, but you don't look like it—darned if you do. Ha! ha! Cut your hair, man; cut your hair, and wear a stand-up collar. It'll save your children sorrow."—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

—Written for the AVANT COURIER.—

## THE YELLOWSTONE STRUGGLE.

### A Pioneer Story.

BY J. V. BOGERT.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

In January, 1874, Bozeman, the extreme Eastern town of Montana, determined to organize a large expedition, to be known as

"THE YELLOWSTONE WAGON ROAD AND PROSPECTING EXPEDITION."

Its objects were the location of a wagon road along the river to what might seem its head of steamboat navigation; the prospecting of the country for gold and silver; the procural of data regarding its valleys, soil, climate, streams and natural and preb able productions—in fact, the collection of such general information as would place the resources of the region sought in proper light. The results hoped for were the settlement of the country; the opening of direct Eastern communication; the encouragement of the Northern Pacific railroad and the enticement of steamers; the demoralization of the Hazen theories, and the general good of the Territory.

Its organization was effected under the Presidency of Hon. John P. Bruce, the Secretary and Treasurer being J. V. Bogert, the labor of organization being placed with them and an executive committee, consisting of H. N. Maguire, D. H. Carpenter, C. L. Clark, W. L. Perkins, Walter Cooper, Charles Rich, L. S. Willson, Nelson Story, S. B. Bowen, T. C. Burns, and S. W. Langhorne, representing every section of the Union.

And on the 13th of February 150 men began the march, their outfit having been contributed generally by the people of Bozeman and the Gallatin Valley. Public meetings had been held all over the country, and so high was the interest raised that men of all classes abandoned their spring work and prepared to venture toward "Goose Creek and Tongue River." The party was officered by four picked men, provided with two secretaries and a council, drove 213 head of horses and mules and 56 of oxen in its wagon train, was armed with 230 guns and 60,000 rounds of ammunition—and moving out with the Big Horn Gun and a brass piece, provided with 400 rounds of ball, grape and canister, and provisioned and supplied for four months, it represented the hopes of Eastern Montana.

As the expedition moved, the country was prospected and diaried until the mouth of the Big Horn was reached. Here stakes were set and the city again located, and breastworks built, but as the now famous Rosebud country was reached the Sioux appeared. And, as usual, with blood in his eye, prepared to dispute occupation of this his peculiar inheritance. The advance guard of the expeditionary party espied fifteen savages—the latter stop and begin the pursuit, yelling and firing as they dash over the prairie. But suddenly the guard turns—the game changes, and without blood upon either side, the Indian camp is captured, and the plans for future action are argued that night in the deserted hunting camp of Sitting Bull's cohorts.

The first act had been played, and the country was not yet to be occupied. For this skirmish, but the prelude to a continued opposition, opened the ball and introduced the tactics fated to again drive the white man back to his settlements.

Emerging from a Bad Land section, Indians worry the command by day—and by regular nightly attacks render sleep impossible, and grazing of the herd dangerous. The pickets are continually driven in, and at last one is severely wounded. The Indians motion for a parley, but ambushing the party sent forward, expose their game, and firing ensues all alone the line. Several Sioux are killed and wounded, when, discouraged, they suddenly retreat. But at daylight the attack is renewed. Again driven off, the expedition resumes its march; but day after day and night after night attack follows attack, until at last, while passing a piece of heavy timber, a concerted sortie is made, and the command, put to its best effort, runs out its artillery, and shells the half-concealed foe. As the grape and canister rattles through the ambush, and shells burst screeching among the startled braves, they rush demoralized to the surrounding bluffs, where, re-organized by their chiefs, they again turn, and open a galling fire upon the train. The artillery had sent several braves to happier hunting grounds; but the determination to rout the little party seemed so desperate that offensive operations were decided upon, and a body of 25 picked men, under cover of the guns and a terrible fire of rifles and muskets, made for the hills, and, routing the enemy, retired with but one man wounded, and leaving the field strewn with Lo's killed and wounded, and capturing fifteen ponies and an outfit of robes and camp supplies. However, such work had begun to tell upon the animals—a count of the losses showing twelve dead horses, two oxen, and four wounded horses. Yet, the Indian force was not discouraged—it numbered 600 to 800 warriors well mounted, and the heart of the Sioux country was evidenced by the number of camp-grounds and burial places scattered everywhere along the line of march. So, watching as they move, the adventurers reach the rifle-pits dug by Lord Gore in 1856. Indian signs and fresh trails exhibit in all directions; but the diarying of the country proceeds, and notwithstanding the menacing danger, the road survey continues, and every stream is panned. Still the attacks were to be repeated, and one night while all but the sentries slept a terrific charge was made by 200 Indians, who, shrieking and yelling, rushed upon the herd. No calamity could equal that of being "set afoot" in the heart of the Sioux reserves, and in a moment the camp is awake. The herd is surrounded—the artillery opens—half the men drive in the frightened animals, while the others, dropping upon their knees, open a galling fire upon the charging savages, at last turning them with heavy loss. Here Yates, one of the bravest of the party, was killed, and, fescuing his body, the flying foe was pursued. The hills were mounted in hot haste; and, fired with desperation, the pale-faces scattered in all directions, and, each man singling out his victim, the slaughter proved great. During the *melee* a band of 200 painted Sioux reinforced the original camp, but its chief being killed and many of its braves following, it could not change the result, and the trespassers remained masters of the field.

But the elements and the epizootic now combine with the savage—storm follows storm and disease attacks the animals, already weak from insufficient grazing, and many fall upon the trail, or are found unable to move at daylight. The men, too, begin to feel the effects of constant watching and fighting. Some had gone more for gold than wagon roads, and these the few discoveries and the daily soaking discouraged. Presently the heavier wagons were abandoned and burned, and before again moving onward a shrm grave is made concealing a twelve-pound shell attached to a lanyard. And soon the continuous skirmishing renders prospecting and grazing almost impossible—every patch of brush hides armed Indians, but strange to say, no casualties follow, except to the resisting Indians. Yet without a scalp, and seeing no evidence of white retreat, they grow desperate, dashing into the very camp at noon and at night—but only to add to their losses, as from the breastwork of wagons the brave band secures safety and a fort from which to repel the savage onslaughts. But soon the last battle is fought, and against at least 900 warriors. Yet even here the deadly luck of the white men did not desert them; and, repulsing charge after charge, the enemy at last retired, but only to hover night and day upon the flank, and to worry the herd every time it was turned out to graze.

Then the retreat began—slowly and carefully it felt its way—Indians to the front, to the rear, to the right and left, until at last it re-entered the Crow country.

THE RESULT.

The party traveled 613 miles in 77 days, built 49 breastworks, crossed 57 streams, and labored against 43 days of bad weather. It fought four really great battles, lost but one man, and must have killed 100 In- Even its buried shell did its duty, for when the savages burst into the deserted camp and began to open the grave, and all crowded about it in a quabble for the coveted scalp, the shell exploded and tore no one knows how many to tatters. However, the results were considerable. The stock and agricultural resources of the numberless valleys had been noticed; their superior climate had attracted attention; and the expedition returned only to excite anew the desire and determination to occupy the coveted region.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

### Love, Marriage, and Then a Singular Elopement.

Greensburg (Ind.) Special to Cincinnati Commercial.

Quite a sensation was created here this morning by the arrival of two letters from Iowa, announcing the marriage of John M. Stevens, the clerk of our circuit court, to Miss Flora Lathrop, of this city. Miss Lathrop, daughter of Erastus Lathrop, one of our most prominent merchants, left several weeks ago to visit her sister, living in Iowa, and two weeks later our clerk left for the "Far West," but no one knowing, and no one having a suspicion that he had gone West with matrimonial intentions. But now comes the sensational part. The letters reveal the fact that Mr. Stevens and Miss Lathrop were married at Indianapolis on the 28th of last November. Since that time both have been living here in Greensburg, the young lady with her father and Mr. Stevens at his home, and no one, not even her parents or most intimate friends, had any knowledge of the secret marriage. Both mingled in society as usual, and, according to Madam Rumor, both were supposed to be engaged to others. On account of the prominence of the parties the news created quite a breeze in society circles, and every person in general, and some in particular, think that an immense joke has been perpetrated. They will return home in a short time, and receive the forgiveness of the old folks, who say that "they can't see why they acted thusly."

### Horace Greeley and the Would-be Journalist.

Mr. Greeley was in an awful humor one day, writes an attache of the *Tribune*, when a young fellow, with all the blush of budding genius on his brow, and an official envelope in his hand, came in.

"Please give that to Mr. Greeley," he said, with a lofty air, thrusting his letter into my hand.

I complied with the request, and was told to "show the young whelp up, and be d——d quick about it."

The "young whelp" had scarcely entered the room when Greeley opened on him. The following dialogue ensued:

Greeley—"I see you want a place on my paper. What are your qualifications? How much newspaper work have you ever done?"

Stranger (taken aback and hesitating)—"I—that is—you see by my letter of introduction that I am a graduate of Cornell univers—"

Greeley—"That's no recommendation here. What can you do? What do you know about journalism?"

Stranger—"I come from L., where I have done some work on the local weekly. And, by the way, I am well—I may say very well—acquainted with your brothers-in-law, the Messrs. ——."

Greeley—"Is that so? Well, if you want to know what I think of that, I must say you know a couple of mighty mean men! Good morning, sir."

The young man left, I believe, with a distinct impression that his mission was not the revolutionizing of journalism.

A Texas man got mad because a waiter handed him a napkin the other day. He said he "reckoned he know'd when to use a han'kercher without havin' no hints thrown out."

### MARK TWAIN:

#### Humorous Speech at the Bayard Taylor Dinner in New York.

New York Tribune.

Mark Twain delivered the following speech at the dinner given Bayard Taylor in New York:

MR. CHAIRMAN: I had intended to make an address of some length here to-night, and in fun wrote out an impromptu speech [laughter], but have had no time to memorize it. I cannot make a speech on the moment; and therefore being unprepared I am silent and undone. However, I will say this much for the speech I had written out—that it was a very good one, and I gave it away, as I had no further use for it, and saw that I could not deliver it. Therefore I will ask the indulgence of the company here to let me retire without speaking. I will make my compliments to our honored friend, but I will make them on board ship, where I shall be a fellow-passenger.

[Here follows the speech which Mr. Clemens wrote out.]

I have been warned—as no doubt have all among you that are inexperienced—that a dinner to our ambassador is an occasion that demands, and even requires, a peculiar caution and delicacy in the handling of the dangerous weapon of speech. I have been warned to avoid all mention of international politics, and all criticisms, however mild, of countries with which we are at peace, lest such utterances embarass our minister and our government in their dealings with foreign states. In a word, I have been cautioned to talk, but be careful not to say anything. I do not consider this a difficult task.

Now, it has often occurred to me that the conditions under which we live at the present day, with the revelations of geology all about us, viewing upon the one hand the majestic configurations of the silurian, oolitic, old red sandstone periods, and, upon the other, the affiliations and stratifications and ramifications of the prehistoric, postpliocene, ante-penultimate epochs, we are stricken dumb with amazed surprise, and can only lift up our hands and say with that wise but odious Frenchman: "It was a slip of the tongue, sir, and wholly unintentional—entirely unintentional." It would ill become me, upon an occasion like this, purposely to speak slightingly of a citizen of a country with which we are at peace, and especially great and gracious France, whom God preserve! The subject, however, is a delicate one, and I will not pursue it.

But I was about to remark—cast your eye abroad, sir, for one pregnant moment over the mighty domain of intellectual progression and contemplate the awe-compelling theory of the descent of man! Development, sir! Development! Natural selection! Correlation of the sexes! Spontaneous combustion!—what gulfs and whirlwinds of intellectual stimulus these magic words fling upon the burning canvas of the material universe of the soul! Across the chasm of the ages we take the oyster by the hand and call him brother; and back, and still further back, we go, and breathe the germ we cannot see, and know in him our truer Adam! And, as we stand dazed, transfixed, exalted, and gaze down the long procession of life, marking how steadily, how symmetrically we have ascended, step by step, to our sublime estate and dignity of humanity—out of one lowly form into a little higher and a little higher form—adding grace after grace, and function after function, with each and every change—developing from tadpoles into frogs, frogs into fishes, fishes into birds, birds into reptiles, reptiles into Russians—I beg a million pardons, sir, and gentlemen—it was a wholly innocent slip of the tongue, and due only to the excitement of debate—for, far be it from me, upon such an occasion as this, to cast a seeming slur upon a great nation with whom we are at peace—a great and noble Christian nation—whom God expand!

But, as I was about to remark, I maintain, and nothing can drive me from that position—that the contributions of the nineteenth century to science and the industrial arts are—are—but, of course, they are. There is no need to dwell upon that. You look at it yourself. Look at steam! Look at the steamboat! look at the railway! look at the steamship! Look at the telegraph, which enables you to flash your thoughts from world to world, ignoring intervening seas. Look at the telephone, which enables you to speak into affliction's ear the word that cheers, and into the ear of the foe the opinion which you ought not to risk at shorter range. Look at the sewing-machine, look at the fog-horn, look at the bell-punch, look at the book-agent. And, more than all a thousand times, look at the last and greatest, the aerophone, which will enable Moody and Sankey to stand on the tallest summit of the Rocky Mountains and deliver their message to listening America!—and necessarily it will annul and do away with the pernicious custom of taking up a collection. Look at all these, sir, and say if it is not a far prouder and more precious boon to have been born in the nineteenth century than in any century that went before it. Ah, sir, clothed with the all-sufficient grandeur of citizenship in the nineteenth century, even the wild and and New Jersyman might—a mistake, sir, a mistake, and entirely unintentional. Of all the kingdoms, principalities and countries with which it is our privilege to hold peaceful relations, I regard New Jersey as nearest to our admiration, nearest to our heart, the wisest and the purest among the nations. I retire the undiplomatic language, and beg your sympathy and indulgence.

But, as I was about to remark, it has always seemed to me—that is, of course, since I reached a reasoning age—that this much-agitated question of future rewards and punishments was one upon which honest and sincere differences of opinion might exist; one individual, with more or less justice, leaning to the radical side of it, whilst another individual, with apparently equal justice, but with infinitely more common sense, more intelligence, more justification, leans to a bitter and remorseless detestation of the pitiless prince of perdition—a slip of the tongue, I do sincerely assure you—I beg you to let me withdraw that unintentional slur upon the character of that great and excellent personage with whom and whose country we are upon the closest and warmest terms, and who—it is no use, sir, I will sit down; I don't seem to have any knack at diplomatic speech. I have probably compromised the country enough for the present.

Nonsense aside, sir, I am most extremely glad to assist at this public expression of appreciation of Mr. Taylor's character, scholarship, and distinguished literary service. I am sure he was not merely one of the fittest men we had for the place, but the fittest. In so honoring him, our country has conspicuously honored herself.

Until farmers, as a rule, learn what their product's cost, we cannot know how to economize, either in capital or in labor. All is confusion and doubt. As well might a country trader receive his goods from the wholesale dealer without bargain or invoice, and sell the same for the most he could get, as for the farmer to produce milk, meat and grain for sale without any knowledge of its cost. An account book and pencil with a determination to use them intelligently, would soon determine which part of the business supported the establishment.

## *Wit and Humor.*

The only proper way to eat ice cream is spoon fashion.

Silver does well enough until it gets into a man's hair. Then he dies.

What routes should cooks take when they come West? The Pan Handle route.

It will soon be time to take your carpets into the back yard and beat what Bob Ingersoll says does not exist out of 'em.

A young lady rebukingly asks us: "Which is worse, to lace tight, or to get tight?" We give it up—we never laced.—*Elmira Gazette.*

A St. Louis girl stepped in the mud last fall, and when it froze over the owner of the land put up some fences and advertised a skating rink.

A female gatekeeper on the National pike has been removed for dead-heading her sweet-heart. She never toll'd her love.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

An Iowa [illegible] was charged because, for the amusement of the children during recess, she stood on her head. One of the trustees chanced to see the feat.

"Here it is ten o'clock," exclaimed Mrs. Mic, "and Ann is not in yet. She promised faithfully to return at eight." "Have you forgotten," said her husband, "that *an* is an indefinite article?"

She was quoting, "There is more joy in ——" "Yes," interrupted Filkins, "more jaw in this house than in the combined show cases of the Bowery dentists." An ominous silence has hung up its footfall on the door mat.

An exchange speaks of a man who recently bit another man's thumb off in a quarrel. The paper does not say where the man came from, but the Kennebec *Journal* thinks he must have been from Gnawthumberland.

A young lawyer, who had been "admitted" about a year, was asked by a friend, "How do you like your new profession?" The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion: "My *profession* is much better than my *practice*."

A Californian was once taking a fifteen-cent dinner at the Miners' Restaurant in San Francisco, when he called loudly to the waiter, "Do you consider this good beef?" "Certainly; cattle came all the way from Texas. If they hadn't been good beef, they couldn't have stood the trip."

An old, rough clergyman once took for his text that passage of the Psalms, "I said in my haste, all men are liars." Looking, apparently, as if he saw the Psalmist standing before him, he said, "You said it in your haste, David! If you had been here, you might have said it after mature deliberation."

A school inspector, in talking to the infant class, used the word "abridgement," and immediately explained that, as some of them might not know the meaning of the word, he would say that it was a synonym of the word "epitome."

The following epigram was written on a Mr. Wellwood, who was much given to exaggeration:

"You double each story you tell,
You double each sight you see;
Your name's a double u e double l,
Double u double o d."

"Now, then, state your case," said a Detroit lawyer, the other day, as he put a $5 bill away in his vest pocket. "Well," began his client, "suppose the man living next door wants to put a barn right up against my line, coming within two feet of my house?" "He can't do it, sir—can't do anything of the kind," replied the lawyer. "But I want to put my barn right up against his line," remarked the client. "Oh—ah—yes, I see. Well, sir, go right ahead and put your barn there. All the law in the case is on your side."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Why don't you work?" an irate citizen demanded of a seedy, wretched looking tramp. "Can't get any work; nobody will employ me." "Then why don't you sell something? Get a peddler's pack and start out around the country." "I have no money." "Stock up your pack on time, then." "But I have no credit." "Well, then, get some of your friends to back you, and open a little peanut stand or store in town here." "But I have no friends." "No work, no credit, no friends. H'm, that's bad," mused the citizen; "but," brightening up, "start a newspaper then; you can do that." The tramp rested the full weight of his body upon one foot, took from his pocket a small piece of faded linen, and said, as he wiped the swift-falling tears from his eyes: "He takes me for a fool!" In a few moments the tramp moved off, but it was with a downcast and perfectly subdued appearance, and sorrow was depicted upon every line of his face.

### Washington Letter.

#### Hard Workers Worn Out and After Rest—"Gath's" Pen-Picture of Hayes—Republican Caucus—Newsy Gossip About the Hayes and Sherman Families.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 17, 1878.

*To the Editor of the Avant Courier:*

People are getting worn out with fun and work and are beginning to talk of leaving the city. Secretary Evarts has gone to Omaha, but not for pleasure. His eldest son is very ill there. Secretaries Thompson and Schurz have also gone west. They are called the champion workers of the Cabinet, and both are now haggard and sick with overwork. Thompson is suffering from neuralgia and will spend a time at his old Indiana home where his son now lives. His youngest daughter accompanied him. One of his sons is here, another on the "Wyoming" en route to France, and another in Texas. The President is the only important public man who seems as good as new. He pursues the even tenor of his ways so regularly and so easily that nothing wears upon him.

Here is the best pen-picture of his personal appearance I have ever seen. It is from George Alfred Townsend, better known as "Gath:" "Hayes gave us a good view of his back hair, cerebellum and animal nature, of which there is plenty. His sandy-gray hair, long and turned under at the bottom of the locks with the regularity of a country choir leaders', is set upon a reddish neck of the kind called bull's. This neck expresses weather, food, appetite and gratification. The physique underlying it is heavy, but on a medium frame. The expression of the face is at variance with this physique, as if gentle manners, persisted in, had modified the bull. No politician can look into that face and live; it seems to say 'I'm not of your kind and it bothered will call on the bull part of me.' None of his Cabinet has such a neck. Senator Sargent, of California, resembles Hayes. Except that the color of Hayes' neck, which does not embrace his face, has got into Sargent's frontispiece. Hayes' seems to be a civilized neck, a purified bull. He has ceased to roar, but there is the quadruped still."

Postmaster-General Key's party left for Havana a week ago.

The most important Republican movement of the present Congress occurred the other evening in the form of a caucus; and its most notable feature was a resolution to ask the President to rescind his order forbidding participation of officers in the executive branch of the civil service in caucuses, conventions and meetings of a political character. The meeting did not exhibit much friendliness towards Mr. Hayes and in its course it was declared that he had thus far benefitted his party not a whit. Conkling, Blaine, Christiancy, Hamlin, and Butler were unaccountably and conspicuously absent from the caucus. But the President appears in no way distubed by these proceedings, and his friends assert that they will not influence him or his actions at all.

Mrs. Hayes returned from Ohio last Saturday week and received company on the Monday evening following.

The Presidential family intend spending the summer at Soldiers' Home, in the same mansion-cottage they occupied last summer, to which additions are now being made in the way of a piazza, billiard room and library. Four of her cousins and an uncle accompanied Mrs. Hayes from Ohio and are now her guests, as are also the young bride and groom whose wedding Mrs. Hayes attended two weeks ago in Cleveland.

General Sherman is going West, but his young daughter, Ellie, will remain here till next month. She is to be one of her cousin Lizzie's bridesmaids when she is married to Don Cameron on the 10th of May. Miss Ellie is only a year out of school and is yet fresh and unspoiled. She rides horseback—20 miles a day sometimes—entertains company and performs lental devotions with equal zest and enjoyment. Like her mother, she is a faithful Catholic, and during the season of lent attendance at 7 o'clock morning service is a regular practice with her.

ADAMS.

### She Didn't Scare.

A Detroit boy who was disappointed in making a sale of tinware to a woman, muttered something which excited her indignation, and she gave him a great big piece of her mind. In "jawing back" he said:

"Your husband ought to be arrested for working on Sunday!"

"Working on Sunday—come here, bub! Now, bub, if you'll prove that my husband ever worked on Sunday, or any other day in the week, I'll give you a dollar! I've lived with him for twenty years, and have always had to buy even his whisky and tobacco, and now if he's gone to work I want to know it!"

The boy backed off without another word.

### What Would You Have?

Would you have wealth? Go to work, then, like a man, and get it; go to work bravely, and you will succeed. Would you have fame? Go to work and win it. With a stout heart and untiring perseverance you cannot fail to win the prize. Don't say "I can't;" if you do, you will certainly fail. Remember that true courage never stops to talk with fear. Would you be wise? Begin to-day and get wisdom. Don't put off till to-morrow; it never has existed and never will exist; it is but a phantom—an imaginary pleasure that will still be a day ahead of you if you follow it till you die. If you would be truly great, learn to be truly good; begin now. Remember that time is our master if we sleep; our servant if awake, and at our post, faithful and true. If thou hast aught to do; if thou wouldst win thyself a name—be great, or good, or wise, or powerful—then seize the golden moments as they pass. The living moments of to-day are thine, nor thou nor angels know what lies beyond.

### Farmers to the Front.

No Connecticut Legislature in late years has had so large a proportion of farmers and so very small a proportion of lawyers as the present; yet it seems the nearly unanimous opinion throughout the State that it has accomplished more work of a practical, needed kind than any of its predecessors in recent days. There has been less "chin-chin," less useless verbiage, less discussion of fine points of no practical importance, and less prophecies about possible contingencies than usual, but more of the work for which legislators are elected and paid. This is a thoroughly utilitarian country, and what the vast bulk of its inhabitants want is plain, practical common sense, in word and deed, not fine-spun theories or elegant verbosity.

### Laughter as a Medicine.

A gentleman was suffering from an ulcerated sore throat, which finally became so swolen that his life was despaired of, when his household came to his bedside to bid him farewell. Each person grasped his hand for a moment and then passed out weeping. A pet ape which had modestly waited until the last, then advanced, and grasped his master's hand for an instant, also turned and went away with his hands to his eyes. This assumption of deep grief, which it is hardly possible the animal could have felt, since it could scarcely have comprehended the problem of morality there so powerfully presented to the human mind, was so ludicrous in its perfection, that the patient himself was seized with such an uncontrollable fit of laughter as to break the ulcer in his throat, whereby his life was saved.

### Was St. Patrick Jeremiah?

New York Herald

Those who have lightly objected to St. Patrick being called a Frenchman must buckle on their armor anew, for a Wild doctor, or rather a Rev. Dr. Wild, asserts that St. Patrick was an Israelite, and that his name was Jeremiah. We cannot go into the ingenious Doctor's argument, but we must admit that he deals very handsomely with the Irish people in giving them a full grown prophet from the Old Testament instead of a mere "Mossoo." The Doctor's arguments must be dealt with on their merits; but if it should turn of Israel, the standing of the Jews in the world will be greatly bettered. The ten tribes must have taken the great fighting men with them; the rollicking dare-devil fellows who brought their carpet-bags out of the wilderness and were all the time "spoiling for a fight." They were the boys that carried the rams' horns, and no doubt put them to more convivial purposes than blowing down the walls of Jericho. When the ten tribes went to Ireland they left behind them in Judea the solid business men, and that would explain how it has come to pass that the people known as the Jews in modern history have been making all the money and the Jews in Ireland have been doing all the fighting. If they were united now what a team they would make! The Doctor, we observe, relies greatly on the well known tradition about Jacob's stone pillow, which now rests in Westminster Abbey in front of the English coronation chair. But this is not the only evidence. Take the name of Jeremiah itself. Why, there are as many Irishmen who delight in the name of Jerry as in that of Patsy. Now, the Irish people must have some occult reason for picking that name out for such continued reverence. They do not christen their children Solomon or Hezekiah or Isaiah or Nehemiah, but the line of Jeremiahs goes back, we are afraid to say how far. The Doctor also says that the Jews when they first came to Ireland were called the children of Dan. Dan is also a peculiarly Irish name as everybody knows who has heard of Dan O'Connell, and to-day the tribe of Dan is one of the largest in the country. It is well also to remember that St. Patrick's fame rests strongly on the way "he gave the snakes and toads a twist" and drove them out of Ireland. It is a bad rule that won't work both ways. When Moses did his great rod and snake act before Pharaoh the latter hardened his heart, which induced the holy Hebrew to order up an army of frogs and toads that flopped and croaked all over Egypt. St. Patrick Jeremiah was only reversing the Egyptian snake act. He found the "varmint" in Ireland, and when he twigled his rod as Aaron did we have no doubt, as history records, "the beasts committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter." The question will arise, How are you going to get round the Hebrew nose? This is puerile. Take a *retrousse* Celtic nasal organ and a noble Hebrew proboscis and they will make a pair of Greek or straight noses between them. They have been separated for twenty-six hundred years. The ordinary Hebrew nose has been developing a hill and the Irish Hebrew nose a hollow, as the Darwinians would argue, during seventy odd generations, but each is still the complement of the other. These two remarkable branches of a common people are to be congratulated on this discovery. It is truly touching. "Sherentiah, mein long lost bradder, by Cruckshus!" "Shweet mother o' Moses, is that yourself, Abraham?"

### Advice to Students.

Sit up to the table when you read; easy chairs abolish memory. Do not read the same book too long at one sitting. If you are really weary of one subject, change it for another. Read steadily for three hours a day for five days in the week; the use of wet towels and strong coffee betrays ignorance of how to read. Test the accuracy of your work as soon as you have finished it. Put you facts in order as soon as you have learnt them. Never read after mid night. Do not go to bed straight from your books. Never let your reading interfere with exercise of digestion. Keep a clear head, a good appetite, and a cheerful heart.—*Medical Examiner.*

Many a man who, a few months ago thought he had a great bargain in silks, now finds that he got worsted.