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

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Poetry.

Never Grow Old.

I looked in the tell-tale mirror
And saw the marks of care,
The crow's feet and the wrinkles,
And the gray in the dark brown hair,
My wife looked over my shoulder—
Most beautiful was she,
"Thou wilt never grow old my love," she said,
"Never grow old to me.

"For age is the chilling of heart,
And thine, as mine can tell,
Is as young and warm as when first we heard
The sound of our bridal bell!"
I turned and kissed her ripe red lips:
"Let time do its worst on me,
If in my Soul, my Love, my Faith,
I never seem old to thee!"

—*Tennyson*

Why Should We Worry.

Why should we worry? This life is not long
enough,
Here to be wasted in sighing and tears;
Silly and childish is he who's not strong enough
Wisely with reason to fight away fears.
Care's but a coward, with courage not half enough
Fairly to face if we show no fear;
Say, if it pester you, you've but to laugh enough;
Presto, begone! lo, the bore is not here.

Mem'ry too often will bring us old sorrows;
When they were here did we wish them to last?
Why not forget them? The fool alone borrows
Present regrets from the griefs of the past.
Can we now change it by weeping and whining?
What's done is done, and is done past recall;
He who the present forgets, in repining,
Useless and vain, is the worst fool of all.

Fancy, the jade, will too often be peering,
Curious and scared, through the Future's dark
night;
Why should we tremble at what she is fearing?
Why should her dreaming fill us with affright?
Wait till they're real things, and present before
us;
If they are worth it, we'll care for them then:
Now they're but shadows, too flimsy to bore us:
Far too unreal to shake those who are men.

Time, with the Present's real griefs to be dealing,
That's not so easy, we sadly must own;
Who can deny flesh and blood will have feelings
Care, grief and anguish will make themselves
known;
Own it, but add, life is too short for worry;
Darkness brings sunshine, or all men are
wrong;
Off with despairing—don't be in a hurry
To know grief is pressing—it will not stay long

Notices of Contest in Land Cases.

On the 25th the Senate passed without amendment the House bill requiring that all notices of contest under the Homestead, Pre-emption and Tree Culture laws shall hereafter be printed in some newspaper hereafter be printed in the county where the land in contest lies, and if no newspaper be printed in such county, then in a newspaper printed nearest to such land. The purpose of this bill, says a Washington dispatch, is to stop the practice in which land officers are occasionally detected of coniving with land sharks, by publishing notices of contest in remote newspapers which the settlers marked out for spoliation, are not likely ever to see.

The New Gold Fields.

The stampede to the new gold fields beyond the Bear Lodge Mountains bids fair to parallel the Wolf Mountain rush of last year. A number of small expeditions have already left and many of our old miners who have failed to strike it rich in the Hills, and many others who think this country too civilized for a white man, are making preparations to stampede to this new Eldorado. All the reports that have come from the new region are favorable. The principal camp in these new diggings is located about one hundred miles beyond the Bear Lodge, in the vicinity of the Little Missouri. The prospectors who were run out of that country last season say that the placers yield far richer than any one has any idea of and are much greater in extent than was at first supposed. The inevitable results of these reports and the frequent skipping out of small parties of miners, will be to open up during the summer that new auriferous region which will be tributary to Deadwood, and which heretofore has been jealously guarded by the Indians.—*Deadwood Times.*

A Mean Trick.

Low skeptical fellows are always "exposing" spirits. The mediums scarcely get hold of a good thing, when somebody comes a grab game of some sort and breaks up the seance. It is not very long since even Daniel Webster was treated with signal discourtesy. A base-minded, scheming man obtained entrance to a seance where Daniel Webster habitually materialized, walking from the cabinet across the room, looking as he had looked in life, but making not the slightest sound of a footstep. This base-minded man tossed a number of trunk tacks, which have very large heads and always fall point upward, upon the floor where Daniel Webster always walked. The consequence was that when the expounder of the Constitution came out of the cabinet and began to walk across the room he suddenly paused, and lifting one foot applied his hand to the sole thereof. Upon taking another step he paused again, and in a low voice remarked "Ouch!" Shortly after this he lost his balance and sat down on the floor, and immediately became very profane, and retreated into the cabinet greatly disgusted. —*Every Saturday.*

MONTANIANS DEFENDED.

Gail Hamilton Gives a Lively Account of the Late Timber Controversy, and Hauls Secretary Shurz and his Christian Defender Over the Coals.

Gail Hamilton in N. Y. Tribune.

The portrait of the prophets who phophesy falsely is correctly drawn by Simon Peter, a servant and an apostle of our Lord: "Them that.....despise government. Presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities. Whereas angels, which are greater in power and might [but Simon Peter had never been in Boston] bring not railing accusations against them before the Lord. But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not."

I propose to take and destroy, not by any power of my own, but by bringing in the light of simple truth. And to do my false prophet exact and equal justice, I quote the whole of the railing accusation which he brought against dignities, before the Lord:

"The attacks of Senators on the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Shurz, indicate very strikingly the false and unpatriotic attitude of leading Republican Senators. Mr. Shurz has devoted himself with untiring industry and great ability to the duties of his office. Among them, he found that of freeing the forests of the United States from plunderers who were laying them waste. For doing this, he has been bitterly abused by Republican Senators, and that on the most trivial grounds. We claim for him the credit of saving the United States property from plunder, and we are told that he is a Prussian by birth. We ask whether he has not done his duty faithfully, and we are informed that Germany is not as large as these Western Territories. It is made a crime in the Secretary to resist robbers, because he is of foreign extraction. He is to have no credit for his loyal services because the geography of his native land differs from that of the country which he benefits and honers by his noble character and eminent talents."

And the reverend gentleman, having thus jaunty branded as theives some thousands of his fellow countrymen, and as their aiders and abettors nearly all the Legislative Department of the Government, skips lightly over to the Executive and pronounces absolution, and promises immortality like a true Vicegerent of Heaven. More pliant than the stalwart prophet of old, he would have been a man after Balak's own heart, for he will come curse me Jacob, come defy me Israel, come bless me Balak, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

I do not suppose there exists generally an ignorance so crass and malignant as that displayed in this paragraph by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke—an ignorance which partakes of the nature of criminality and approaches the confines of sacrilege. I must therefore crave the forbearance of most of the readers of the *Tribune* for occupying so much of their space with matters on which they are already informed—praying them to remember that he which converteth a clergyman from the error of his way shall not only save a soul from death, but shall hide a multitude of the sins that would be committed under his sanction.

What Mr. Clarke refers to is the crude and discredited experiments of Secretary Shurz, in regard to the suppression of timber depredations. I will not follow Mr. Clarke's example and make sweeping general statements against ministers. I directly, definitely, by name, charge that James Freeman Clarke wantonly, wilfully, and with malice aforethought, misstated all the facts in the case, falsely accused of crime the inhabitants of a whole Territory, condemned Senators where they were demonstrably right, and eulogized Mr. Shurz where he was palpably and pitiably wrong. Mr. Clarke's misstatements I shall prove from the public records. His malice I infer because these records were open to him as to me, and information was as easy as misinformation if he had not chosen falsehood rather than truth.

For many years past, Congress has annually made an appropriation of money to enable the Secretary of the Interior to prevent depredations on the public lands. When Mr. Shurz came into office he found the money ready to his hand for legitimate and proper use. He found also that his careful and intelligent predecessor, Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, had in full operation a complete system of investigation that would lead to the exposure and punishment of depredators, and was certain to secure large sums to the Treasury of the United States in the way of fines and penalties. But Mr. Chandler was a politician and Mr. Shurz was a Reformer, and the first principle of Reform appears to be that you must stand in the synagogues and on the corners of the streets and be seen of men to Reform, or you might as well be a machine politician. Accordingly, the attention of the people was vociferously called to the great Reform which Mr. Shurz was about to inaugurate. He took good clerks from the Interior Department—the evidence indicates that he unhappily took also bad men from outside the Department—men of notoriously bad reputation—and sent them off as agents to distant Territories to see who was committing depredations there. In the fastnesses of Montana he created wild dismay and fright by seizing the firewood of the inhabitants, cut on the harsh mountainsides and hauled twelve miles to their homes. He directed that all the firewood cut for the town of Helena on the public lands should be seized, no previous notice having been given that the custom of the country, or the former usage of the Department was to be changed. All the fuel piled up for the use of citizens, and even for soldiers in garrison, cut under contract with the War Department, was seized. He took possession of it as though it were stolen goods, purloined in the night time and just found on the person of the apprehended thief. This is the testimony of Mr. Maginnis, the delegate from Montana, read before the Senate. The Montana newspapers declared that the raid of the Nez Perce Indians was not so disastrous as Mr. Shurz's order. Mr. James Freeland Clarke, in his comfortable Boston church, on a smiling April morning, thinks it all as trivial as possible. The deluded inhabitants of Montana did not think so. The consternation that ensued amounted almost to a panic. It was on the eve of winter in a climate where winter means all the rigor of a far north. A violent snow storm was prevailing at the time the order was received. Mass meetings were called. It was represented to Secretary Shurz that great suffering would result unless the fuel were released, that the people could not live without it, nor could they make an exodus in winter time. Mr. Shurz telegraphed back to release the wood and have a tribunal constituted to determine what stumpage the settlers should pay, and 15 cents per cord was the verdict. Secretary Shurz then peremptorily set aside the award of his own tribunal and demanded $1 per cord stumpage. The people protested that this was ruinous. The Secretary was inexorable. The people, confronted by an Arctic winter, paid the tax, protesting that they paid it "not as a matter of right, but as a man would give up his purse to a highwayman who had a pistol at his head." Then, being intelligent as well as law-abiding citizens, they laid their grievances before Congress, and petitioned for redress. Thus, as the lawyers say, "the case came up regularly." No Senator or Representative lugged it in for the purpose of attacking Mr. Shurz. The case was there, and every Senator and Representative was compelled to determine whether he would side with the oppressed settler or with the oppressing Secretary.

And here let it be remembered that the wood then seized was cut on public land that was unsurveyed and not offered for sale. Had the United States offered these timber lands for purchase at reasonable rates—and the land rates of sale have always been reasonable—the settlers could and would gladly have bought their own timber tracts. But the tracts were so wild and far off that the Government has never yet considered that it would pay to survey and offer them for sale, but has left them open to all who might in good faith settle on them, as has been the invariable practice in the early settlement of our Territories. Let it also be remembered—what the Delegate from Montana testifies before Congress — that "the Territory by wise laws kept fire out of the mountains, and expended money and labor, so that the aggregate amount of timber to-day is much greater than when the Territory was first settled." In confirmation of this testimony, printed in *The Congressional Record* of March 1st, the *Washington Post* this morning (May 10), in a general article on "The Great Arid Belt," says: "Vast quantities (of timber) are every year destroyed by fire. We recollect three such fires in Utah within a year or two, each one of which destroyed more timber than all the settlers have used for all purposes since we owned the country. These fires were in every instance originated by lazy, shiftless, vagabond Indians for the purpose of taking game. These dirty wards of the Nation and pets of the Interior Department annually destroy, in savage mischief, more timber than all the timber thieves of America have stolen since the discoveries by Columbus."

As soon as attention was called in Congress by the Delegate from Montana to these outrages upon the settlers, and the fact had been brought out conspicuously in the Senate debate, Mr. Schurz sought opportunity to defend himself. To afford him that just privilege, Senator Stanley Matthews procured the passage of a resolution calling on the Secretary "to report what proceedings have been taken by the Department of the Interior for the suppression of timber depredations in Montana." The Secretary took a week to reply, and then transmitted to the Senate a voluminous defence of his actions, claiming among other things that the stumpage demanded by him was considered "very reasonable" in Montana. Sec'y Schurz's entire letter was remarkable: remarkable first, because the resolution was passed at his request—though it ought not, perhaps, to be considered remarkable that when he was stung so severely he should wish to sting back again—remarkable, also, in the fact that for the first time, I believe, in the history of Department communications, the Secretary deliberately and personally replied to what had been said in debate, even quoting the precise language of Senators, for criticism and comment. The Rev. James Freeman Clarke apparently considers that the legislative branch of our Government has no etiquette which the Executive is bound to respect. But all well-informed persons, all who are at all familiar with the ordinary rules of parliamentary decorum, know that this is a gross breach of the practices, precedent, and proprieties between the two departments of the Government. If a Cabinet Minister is attacked in Congress, the whole theory of a republican Government, with all parties represented in Congress, is that the Minister has supporters as well as opponents in both Senate and House, and they are to speak for him. If the Minister has no friends competent or willing to defend his cause—as Secretary Schurz practically assumed in his own case—the one suggestion of dignity and propriety would seem to be that he retire from the position! This is certainly in harmony with English custom, and it might add to the efficiency of our Government if the practices were domesticated in the United States.

But Mr. Schurz, oppressing the inhabitants of Montana by his works, and then misrepresenting them by his words, was effectively answered by the inhabitants themselves. For as soon as Mr. Schurz's letter had been read to the Senate, the memorial of the citizens of Montana was read also. When resistance to English aggression began in these Colonies, the admiration of the world—even of aggressive England—was excited by the dignity, the eloquence, and the manly spirit that marked all the protests, petitions, memorials and declarations from the Colonists. A like admiration is due these pioneers in Montana for the manliness and moderation with which they laid their grievances before Congress. Secretary Schurz's admirers pride themselves—I do not say unjustly—on his great power of expression, on his finished style of speech. I think I have an equal right to plume myself on the intelligence and vigor and virtue imparted by American citizenship, when the mountaineers from the mining camps of Montana, the "plunderers" and "robbers" of Rev. James Freeman Clarke send to Congress a protest and petition like this—a protest which in every element of force and feeling has to my ears a truer ring than the virulent missive in which Secretary Schurz sought to defame them. I quote their memorial, signed by 5,000 adult male citizens in a Territory containing 25,000 inhabitants—5,000 men without regard to party—men whom the action and report of Secretary Schurz, adopted, echoed, and emphasized with the sanction of religion by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, stigmatizes as 5,000 thieves:

[Here is inserted the memorial from Montana, which we omit, our readers being familiar with it.]—ED. COURIER.

Let no one fail to notice how pointedly this memorial contradicts Mr. Schurz's assertion—made on the authority of his agents—that the people of Montana were satisfied with his proceedings. I beg to call attention also to another little incident of the testimony which Mr. Schurz produced in evidence of this satisfaction. Subsequent to the Secretary's communication to the Senate, Senator Matthews read from his desk a letter from one, William Nowlan, writing as a citizen of Montana, to the Secretary of the Interior, eulogizing his course with respect to the alleged timber depredations, and declaring that it "must and will call forth warm expressions of good will and approbation." This extraordinary letter was so entirely at variance with the whole current of testimony from citizens of the Territory that it apparently excited not only the surprise, but the suspicions of the Senate. Mr. Teller, of Colorado, openly declared his belief that Nowlan must be one of the Secretary's agents. Senator Matthews, in reply, described Mr. Nowlan "as one of the oldest citizens of Montana; in business a banker, and not connected as agent or otherwise with the Interior Department."

The next day Senator Matthews, with great frankness and dignity, stated to the Senate that "Mr. Nowlan was the agent of the Secretary of the Interior in reference to these depredation," and thus, of course, the whole value of this impartial testimony of Mr. Nowlan fell to the ground: but not till it had added another link—the link of deceit—to the chain of outrages which Secretary Schurz has attempted against American citizens who are fighting the battle of civilization on its very outposts. For this letter from Mr. Nowlan was addressed to the Secretary of the Interior, and it was furnished to Senator Matthews by the Secretary of the Interior to be read in evidence in the Senate, while the Secretary entirely suppressed the fact that it was from one of his own agents, and Senator Matthews supposed it to be the unbiased opinion of an influential private citizen. The watchful Delegate from the Territory of Montana at once advised Mr. Matthews of the real status of Nowlan, and Mr. Matthews, as I have said, immediately made the amende honorable in the Senate.

Mr. Schurz has not yet been heard from on the subject by the public. Whether he has been able to make it agreeable to Senator Matthers to be led into what was not only a *suppressio veri*, but a *suggestio falsi*, I have never learned. Senator Matthews treated him very tenderly in the Senate, giving the assurance that though "the letter came from Mr. Schurz, he did not give the information which I had in respect to Mr. Nowlan." Most assuredly not; and, by not giving Mr. Matthews proper information, placed him in an attitude that would have been humiliating but for his honorable correction. But the Secretary has not relieved himself from the humiliation in which the Senator's explanation left his "noble character and eminent talents."

But the combined nobility and talents of the Secretary and the clergyman overcrowd my paper, and I must leave them to a devout contemplation of each other's lofty attributes for another week!

True Words.

Parson Talmage says: "The world will have to learn that the newspaper is an institution, and that it requires infinite brains and also infinite capital. It is folly for any one who cannot succeed in anything else to try newspaperdom. To publish a newspaper requires the skill, precision, boldness, vigilance and strategy of a commander-in-chief. To edit it requires that one to be a statesman, an essayist, a geographer, in fact, an encyclopedia. And to govern and propel it till it is an established fact, demand more qualities than any business on earth."

Did he Swear?

An Ithaca (N. Y.) clergyman is accused of swearing by the *Journal* of that city, which states that on a recent night a hitherto respected minister of that place attempted to make his way in the dark thro' the sitting room to the pantry, to deposit a bunch of rhubarb presented him by a parishioner, forgetting that house-cleaning had commenced. The hired girl had left a pail of soft soap near the door over which he accidentally stumbled. Making a herculean effort to save himself he grabbed for something with both hands, and as he alighted firmly on his stomach he pulled down on top of him a table full of crockery. Rising promptly to his feet he made a push for the match-safe, but happening to plant his foot in a puddle of the soft soap, he promptly sat down in a tub of preserved fruits. His poor, tired wife, who had retired early, was roused from slumbers, and thinking that burglars were abroad shrieked for help, to which the hired girl responded, rushing into the room and tumbling headlong over the man in the washtub. Under the circumstances he might be excused for considering all bets off.

Wit and Humor.

A bank of deposit—A mud bank.

Rejected manuscript—Notes at protest.

Pars-nips don't make the old man a vegetarian.

For the list of firms who haven't failed please see our advertising columns.

We suspect that war is going to be inevitable for several years yet.—*Buffalo Express.*

Never strike a man when he is down—unless you can't lick him any other way.

"The older the tree the thicker the bark;" but the older the dog the thinner the bark.

There is no danger of any person starving as long as they can make both ends meat.

Do not insult the under man in a fight by telling him there is plenty of room on top.

It appears that Jonah would have left the whale several days before he did but that he had no umbrella.

The difference between a dull preacher and a man drilling a rock is that one is a clerical bore and the other is a bar-biter.

Our ancestors, the monkeys, couldn't have been so ignorant, after all. They were all educated in the high branches.

The average man doesn't want an elephant on his hands.—*Springfield Republican.* No; nor on his his toes, either.—*Boston Post.*

There is one class of men who don't want Congress to adjourn. It is the fellows who keep liquor saloons in Washington.

The latest definition of an endorser: "He is a man who signs a commercial philopena with his friend and gets caught."

A bachelor advised a friend of his who was looking for a female partner, to "get hold of apiece of calico that would wash."

"You can't make twice three seven, not by a good deal." "Yes, you can. You can come within one of it." The arguing stopped there.

No wonder a ship is called "she." She has shifts, stays, an apron, hooks and eyes, pins, caps and ribbons, heads poppets, and a husband.

The phonograph is like the small brother of a young lady. It will repeat everything said in its presence without regard to blushes.

Most any one would rather be shot with a rifle than be talked to death by a smooth bore. If you can't see the perfume of that "mild witicism," why jest musket.

A Deadwood paper mentions the shooting of Chris. Hoffman, a saloon keeper of that city. It says "he was shot twice in the abdomen and once in the barber shop adjacent."

"Hug me tight" is the latest article of feminine wardrobe. Painful and shocking as it may be to our nervous system, we will do our entire duty in the premises, ladies.

England to Russia—"My mother can lick your father!" Russia—"Yes, but 1856 is no Crimerian to go by. Come over and see me now.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The phonograph may bottle up the voice and pass it down to future ages; but the smile that twists the face of a man as he seeks solitude and gazes upon his name in print for the first time will always have to be guessed at.

At the end of the first year comes the "cotton wedding," explains an exchange. And that is not the only thing that comes at the end of the first year. Sometimes poverty comes, sometimes the mother-in-law, and sometimes twins.

A leading health journal says: "Never go to bed with cold feet." If your feet are cold, you'd better leave them down stairs alongside of the kitchen fire when you go to bed. The advice given in the health journals should be heeded.

Several years ago a young man in New Orleans put a sum of money in a savings bank and forgot all about it until recently, when, after reckoning up the interest, it was found that—the bank had failed.

Norrisiown *Herald*: "Mark Twain told a newspaper reporter that he was going abroad in order to find a quiet place to write, where he would not be disturbed once a day. It is singular that it never occurred to him to remain at his home and secure a desk in a store that doesn't advertise."

The Nevada man who had seven homely daughters, for a box of cigars got the local editor to publish a rumor that he was a desperate old miser who had seven barrels of gold buried in his cellar, and all his daughters were married off in four months from that date.

An Indian Tradition.

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were fair-complexioned, and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed and came out purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time the water, agitated by the first, had become muddled, and when he bathed he came up copper-colored; the third did not leap in until the water became black with mud, and he came out dark in color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and, having felt the weight, chose the heatiest; the copper-colored man chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper, the engine of the mind, the means of mutual mental improvement, the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man's superiority.

The Tree Culture.

Pioneer Press.

Our Washington correspondent furnishes the readers of the *Pioneer Press* with the full text of the tree culture act which passed the House a few days ago as a substitute for the Senate bill. It is neither Dunnell's bill, nor Strait's bill, nor Stewart's bill, but a bill framed by the committee which adopted what seemed to them the best features of all the bills referred to them. The committee adopted that feature of Stewart's bill reducing the number of acres in a 160 acre lot, required to be planted in eight years, to ten acres, and the distance of the trees apart to four feet; but this provision was amended in the House by requiring 27,200 trees to be planted on the ten acres, leaving to the occupant to plant them in such a way and at such distances apart as he may choose. When he makes the proof at the land office required to get a patent, he is required to show that there is then growing and in a thrifty condition 900 trees on each acre. An effort is to be made to amend this provision in the Senate by reducing the number of trees required on each acre at the time of making proof to 300, which is said to be the average number of trees per acre in natural forests. Of course if anybody wishes to make a tree claim of only 80 or 40 acres, the number of trees he is required to plant and keep in thrifty condition is correspondingly reduced. All the provisions of the bill are well adapted to the encouragement and promotion of timber growing on our wide prairies, the economical importance of which, to say nothing of its asthetic aspects, the *Pioneer Press* has so often dwelt upon.

If a man wants to make a claim for the purpose of cultivating trees, all he has to do is to go to the land office, make the affidavit, the form of which is given in the bill, pay his little ten dollars to the Receiver, and enter the desired quarter section—or subdivision thereof. He must break or plow five acres the first year and five acres the second. He must cultivate to crop or otherwise the second year the five acres broken the first year, and in the third year must cultivate to crop or otherwise the five acres broken the second year and must plant in timber, seeds or cuttings the five acres first broken, and the fourth year must plant in timber, seeds or cuttings the second five acres. On each acre he must plant 2,700 trees, cuttings or seeds, and have 900 living and thrifty trees to each acre at the end of eight years, and perhaps the Senate will reduce this to 300 trees. In case trees are destroyed by extreme or unusual drought or by grasshoppers for any year or term of years the time of planting will be extended one year for every such year that they are destroyed—provided he makes an affidavit to these facts before the Register in the manner prescribed by the bill. All parties who have made entries under previous timber-culture acts are permitted to complete them by compliance with this act. This bill, which will no doubt pass the Senate in the regular course of business, will without doubt do much to stimulate the cultivation of groves of trees all over the broad plains in the western part of Minnesota and throughout Dakota.

The donation by the Government of one hundred and sixty acres of land on these naked plains as a bounty to all who will plant ten acres of it in trees, ought to set thousands of new settlers to work to raise young forests, which will at once clothe with beauty these now too naked and monotonous landscapes, and furnish the farmers in a few years with abundance of fuel and fencing, besides performing those salutary offices of wind-breaks, and shades for cattle in the hot summer, which are among those minor but useful advantages of a contiguous growth of timber, which are only valued where they are wanting. As to the general climatic effects of the wide-spread cultivation of trees on our western prairies, it is not necessary to discuss the prevailing theories on that subject, since the economical value and advantages of a general diffusion of tree culture are so great and so definite that they abundantly justify the bountiful encouragement which Congress is about to give it, and all the efforts of private individuals and of the public press to stimulate a general concert of action for its promotion.

"He's a Brick."

If it is slang, it is really classical slang. And yet, of the thousands who use the term, how few—how very few—know its origin or its primitive significance. Truly it is a heroic thing to say of a man to call him a brick. The word, so used, it not twisted from its original intent, implies all that is brave, patriotic and loyal.

Plutarch, in his life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, gives us the origin of the quaint and familiar expression.

On a certain occasion an ambassador from Eprius, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the King over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that, though only nominially King of Sparta, he was yet ruler of Greece—and had looked to see the massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defense of the town; but he found nothing of the kind. He marveled much at this, and spoke of it to the King.

"Sire," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for defense. Why is this?"

"Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Agesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning, and I will show thee the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly, on the following morning, the King led his guest out upon the plains, where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and pointing proudly to the seried hosts, he said:

"There, thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men—and every man a brick!"

A scapegrace was reminded that his aunt had paid his debts, and that he should be more submissive to the wishes of that relative. "Yes, yes," he allowed, coolly, "my aunt paid my creditors; but what has she done for me?"

OFFICE HOLDERS.

The Number Uncle Sam Feeds at His Public Crib.

An item is going the rounds of the press to the effect that the office register of 1877, just published, contains the names of 85,880 persons who are now drawing sustenance from the public crib—or about one in 450 of the total population, or one for every ninety voters. The list includes the name of every army and navy officer, of every employe at an Indian agency, and of the thousands of postmasters whose salaries are less than $100 per annum, so that the real number of places in the Government service which will afford a man or woman a decent livelihood, outside of the positions in the military and naval forces, will not amount to over 30,000, if as many as that. It would therefore be nearer the truth to say that there is one Federal officer to 500 voters who derives a salary from his office sufficiently liberal to afford him a support. A great many men are led to take a personal interest in political matters by the statement that the number of Federal officers is three times as great as that of the army—a statement which encourages a multitude that they can make themselves so useful to their party as to merit one of the many thousand positions that afford "sustenance." No man can take too much interest in political affairs as a citizen, but when such an interest is prompted by a desire to get a living out of politics, he takes the best chance there is in the country of being sorely and thoroughly disappointed. — *Boston Journal.*

Mark Twain on the Origin of Illustrious Men.

John Smith was the son of his father. He formerly lived in New York, but he has removed to San Francisco now. William Smith was the son of his mother. This party's grandmother is deceased. She was a brick. John Brown was the son of old Brown. The body of the latter lies mouldering in the grave. Henry Jones was the son of a sea cook. Edward Jones was the son of a gun. John Jones was the son of temperance. In early life Gabriel Jones was actually a shoemaker. He is a shoemaker yet. Previous to the age of eighty-five, Caleb Jones had never given evidence of extraordinary ability. He has never given any since. Patrick Murphy is said to have been of Irish extraction. James Patterson was the son of a common weaver, who was so miraculously poor that in case the Scriptures were carried out he would "inherit the earth." He never got his property. John Davis' father was the son of a soap boiler, and not a very good soap boiler at that. John never arrived at maturity—died in childbirth, he and his mother. John Johnson was a blacksmith, and he died. It was published in the papers with a head over it, "Deaths." It was therefore thought he gained notoriety. He has got an aunt living somewhere. Up to the sweet age of thirty-four Ebenezer Wilkinson never had any home but "Home, sweet home," and even then he had to sing it himself. At one time it was believed he would have been famous if he had become celebrated. He was greatly esteemed for his many virtues. There was not a dry eye in the crowd when they planted him.

Employer and Employed.

Whenever either employer or employed forgets that there is a community of interests between the two, both are sufferers. This is true of all kinds of business in which the two classes come in contact. The employer who has no other interest in his help than to get out of them all that their strength will permit them to do, will soon find that his employes will become equally selfish, and that not only the least possible amount of labor that will prevent their discharge will be done, but that what is done will be imperfectly performed; and the employe who has no other interest than to get his money, is a detriment to any man who employs him. In some establishments, and on some farms, a stranger would be unable to tell from the language and actions of the help that they were employes. Whenever they speak of the affairs of their employer, they don't speak of them as if he were wholly responsible, and that they had no responsibility whatever, but their language conveys the idea that they feel their own responsibility, and that the success or failure of the business is a matter of anxiety to them; and their actions accord with their words. Nine out of ten employers greatly appreciate such manifestation of interest, and it really seems to lighten the burden which always necessarily rests upon a business man. If an employe has such an interest in the affairs of his employer, there is no mistaking it. It will show itself on every conceivable occasion; and if he has been so unfortunate as to find a man who does not appreciate his merits, he will not long go unrewarded, for others will see them, and will be glad to avail themselves of them.

It is, no doubt, the case with human nature, that it is selfish in all of its relations of life, and perhaps the great majority of men are too apt to slight their duties, instead of doing everything upon honor, and performing services for others as they would perform the same service for themselves; but there are men, and a great many of them, who are strictly conscientious in the performance of their duties as employes, and it is such men who will always win.—*Western Rural.*

A Colorado Springs man bought a phonograph. It stood on a table in the dining-room. The little joker runs by clock-work, and his wife started it going the other day, and then went up stairs for a few minutes, leaving her husband below. When she returned she saw some indications on the cylinder, and she ran it through, to see who had been talking in her absence. The little truth-teller blurted out: "Jane, come here, you sweet little gum-drop! Now, give me a kiss before the old woman comes down stairs!" "Jane" was the hired girl. She is looking for a situation. The man wears a wig.

Business Proverbs, New and Old.

Never sacrifice safety to large expected returns.

Never make a loan on importunity.

Never loan a borrowing friend more than you are willing to lose if he can't pay.

Never speculate deeper than you are able to lose if you lose it all.

Never borrow money to speculate with.

Owe no man anything.

Be satisfied with a moderate rent to a good tenant.

Keep well insured, and watch your policy.

Never consult a man on business who does not manage well his own.

Avoid a second mortgage for a fresh loan.

He that maketh haste to be rich is not wise.

Poverty is no bar to marriage if both parties will work and save.

The gods help those who help themseves—men or women.

God promises nothing to idleness.

A man must ask his wife if he may be rich.

Little coins, like little drops of water, will fill a bucket.

As we sow in temporal affairs we shall reap.

Short settlements make long friendships.

Fortunes are made by earnings and savings.

Money easily gotten is soon spent.

Money earned is money valued.

It is easier to loosen up good property than to re-establish it.

In discussing business agreements keep cool.

Less wisdom is required to make money than to keep it securely when made.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Chicago Religious Squabble.

The Methodist preachers of Chicago resolved not to countenance such wicked institutions as Sunday papers and so handed in their church notices a day earlier than usual with the request that they be published on Saturday. But the wicked papers held the notices over a day and they appeared as usual on the Sabbath. This gave rise to the following resolutions by the preachers:

Resolved, That we request the managers of the *Times* and the *Tribune* to publish our pulpit notices in their Saturday issues instead of Sunday. These being news items to which the people are entitled, and which the papers are expected to furnish, we will send in our notices on Friday and request that they be not published on the Sabbath day.

Thereupon the Chicago *Times* sent to the solicitous pastors this counter resolution:

Resolved, That the Methodist clergymen be requested not to read any religious or other announcements from their pulpits on the Sabbath day, but that all such notices, being news items to which the people are entitled, be posted in a conspicuous place at or near the front door of the church, between the hours of 6 a. m. and 6 p. m. on Saturday, to the end that the Lord's day may not be desecrated.

A Flattering Tribute to the Yellowstone Country.

If Sitting Bull and his warriors were to return to the great valley of the Yellowstone, from which they were expelled a short year ago, says the *N. Y. Herald*, they would scarcely know their old hunting grounds. Immigration has poured in from all sections. The wigwam of the Indian has given place to churches, schools, stores and newspaper offices. At Tongue river, where Gen. Miles was encamped in 1876-7, there is a town with a population of nearly 1,000 inhabitants. The battle-fields of the heroic Custer are farms, and cattle graze on the plains and hillsides where the saddest, bloodiest of our Indian tragedies were so recently enacted. This generation is familiar with the rapid growth of towns and cities in what we like to call the Great West, but this settlement of the Yellowstone in so short a time is a marvel. It was only yesterday, as it were, that we printed the details of the battle and massacre that plunged a whole country in mourning, and to-day our correspondent tells us of the opening of banks, the erection of theatres, of courts, judges, and police. The Yellowstone valley is forever lost to the Indian. The blood of Custer and his heroes was a terrible price to pay for it; but after all, they died in a noble cause. Our western country is a great monument of the heroes of our army, and their names will be forever cherished as the martyrs of our civilization.

A Mother's Love.

Years ago Senator Morton, in a New Year's letter to his children, used the following beautiful language:

"You can never know the depths of a mother's love—how constantly you are in her thoughts, her anxiety about you from day to day, and what sacrifices she would make for you. We have been talking about you, and wondering what you are doing; and hoping you will make great progress in your studies during the year which has just come in. One year is a great portion of one's lifetime. Much may be done in one year in getting an education and fitting yourself for the duties of life. Lost time can never be recalled, and cannot be made up. Each year should show a great deal learned, and great improvement in the manners and characters of my dear children. My great anxiety and desire are about my little boys. I am constantly wondering what they will be when they grow up to be men. Will they be learned, talented, good, prosperous and an honor to their parents and country? Such is my daily prayer. We hope you think of us and love us, and think of your dear absent brother, who is so far away on a lonely island in the Northern Sea. You must constantly remember him in your prayers, that he may be preserved in health, and be prosperous and be safely returned to us during the year."