

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

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

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1878.

Whole No., 349.

WHY SHOULD I

Buy My

CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

CROCKERY,

GLASSWARE, LAMPS AND CHANDELIERS,

OF

LESTER S. WILLSON?

Because, having gone out of the general merchandise trade, and taken up the above "SPECIALS," I can meet styles and prices of any house in Montana, either at

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock of Clothing is complete, for Men, Boys and Youths, is perfectly new and fresh, made to order, and in my best lines, being fully up to

CUSTOM MADE GOODS.

My stock of Hats and Gents' Furnishing Goods is immense, and must be seen to be appreciated. The best of

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC GOODS

Always on hand. Boots, Shoes and Leather Findings at prices that will astonish Eastern Montana. Boots and Shoes for Gents, Boys, Youths, Ladies, Misses and Children, just manufactured by the best manufacturers in the United States, and purchased for cash and consequently at

"BOTTOM PRICES."

JOHN CRAIG, or as more familiarly known, "Scotty," will preside at the "bench" and will make or repair anything in the shape of a boot or shoe, and at prices to suit. Call and examine. No trouble to show goods. Prices will be one and the same to all. Goods will be plainly marked, and

NO VARIATION IN PRICES.

Being satisfied that the CASH SYSTEM is the only true one, I shall adhere strictly to it, or to terms that make sales equivalent to cash, thereby asking no man to pay for another's goods.

LESTER S. WILLSON.

Poetry.

Lines in an Album.

Following in the more deftly done than the following, written in November last in the album of a lady who has the felicity of having for her husband one of the brightest writers of poetry and prose in the country—a man of the very first faculty class. His author is a writer of "lectures" on one of the leading New York journals.

In calm and trustful confidence the missionary sat,
While the energetic sexton was a-passing round the hat.
The services were over, and now had come the pause
To give an opportunity to help along the cause;
But vainly went the sexton treading up and down the aisle—
In all that congregation no one recognized the file;
The missionary's face had returned as empty as it were;
He'd been presenting to an audience that wouldn't pay a cent.
Over the person's face there flitted a disappointed look
As from the solemn sexton his eye had hit the book;
Then smiling on the audience, he returned it to the rack,
With the words, "I'm very thankful that I've got my heavier back."

I'm satisfied that when this book comes back into your hands,
With this very feeble answer to your moderate demands,
You'll compare me with the missionary's crowd that didn't pay.
And perhaps discuss the matter with your husband, Col. ———?
You'll doubtless see, as you peruse this page you give an anxious look,
"At least he has done better than return an empty book."
Then I think I hear the Colonel thus doggerel re-hear:
And say, "Like Silas Wegg, my dear, he's done a little work."
—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for March.

Her Choice.

By CLARA A. DENTON.

"You say 'the past is dead'; oh, well,
How soon this love, more deep than tongue can tell,
From you receives its funeral knell."
"You say 'forget'; yes, you may turn
Aside from memory's waking touch and
spurn
This heart where flames immortal burn."
"Well, this is woman's portion, 'er
Before a shrine where once was rapture rare,
To bow in low unnumbered prayer."
"Yet it were better thus to lie
Prostrate, subdued by the loved one's eye,
Than bear a falsehood's endless dye."
"And, therefore, could you give to me
Your lot for mine, it surely should come to be,
I'd choose my truth and purity."

I Would Not, if I Could.

I would not did my part
Up from the grave of weakness and regret;
Up from his love—whom I had loved so true—
His dreams, that could not last!
Yet I can look before me,
And profit by the lessons all ye learn;
As children, playing with the fire, are burned,
And tempt his glow no more.

I would not, if I could,
Live o'er again this dire, uncertain life—
This slipping backward in the daily strife
Of reaching after good.

Yet I can know how weak
Are all below, and so sweet clarity
Will cling and grow about each form I see,
And thus to me will speak.

I would not open out
The half-forgotten wounds of other years, long dead,
"I were better that I were numbered with the dead,
Better than fear or doubt."

Yet I can truly say,
Let the dead past bury its dead. We go
So swiftly onward to life's sunset glow—
And then, there is no day!

Life is too short to waste
In vain regrets or in weak rears;
The springs of heart endure and never frets
"Er joys it may not taste.

And he who can go on
Bravely and firmly in the allotted way,
Gaining new strength with every darkened ray,
Shall surely reach the dawn.

And so I would not lift
Up from the grave the shadow of my past;
The clouds that at my sky once overcast
Into the night may drift.

For there's enough to do
Each hour and moment of the days to come;
Then wherefore woo the shadows to our home?
The valleys to our hill!

Progress.

Fifty years ago, it would have shocked the community if a woman had been elected on the school committee, had spoken on a platform, had assembled a party, or had pursued medical studies. I am not overstating. Yet no one supposes that the advances already made will ever be recalled. Unless the advances have injured the womanly character, no public service or duty will do so. Fifty years ago it would have shocked the public mind that Boston University should be open to women. People then saw no need of that. A hundred years ago the wisest and profoundest educators would have said, and said truly: "This is folly, unless you intend to make the openings for usefulness as wide for woman as for man." All this is a mockery, unless you admit her to enlarged activities. Either turn back to the dark ages, or else go forward.—Hon. Albert Palmer, of the Massachusetts Senate.

The Avant Courier.

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Our Selected Story.

A 12,000 POUND CHECK.

The hour grew late, and Mr. Brand passed his chamber in lonely silence. The train had come in, but his messenger had not returned, and the merchant was troubled—troubled by a vague sort of doubt, which haunted him in spite of his faith in Lake. A merry, sober old trader of long experience had said that Lake was too young to fill the important position which he held, but Mr. Brand had never found his trust in Tom misplaced.

Having heard rumors concerning a house with which he had extensive dealings, the merchant had dispatched Lake to London, telling him to make inquiries, and in any case to get the partners of the firm in question to settle their account.

So Lake had gone from Liverpool to London. The time appointed for his return passed, and still he did not come. A lady entered, and stole to the merchant's side. Her own sweet face was anxious, and there was a tremor in the music of her voice as she said:

"Do you think he will be here to-night, dear papa?"
"I hope so, Mary; but it is very late."
"Is there no other train?"
"Only the night express, and that does not stop except at the central stations."
"Perhaps he will come, papa; he would not mind coming ten miles, even if he had to walk."

He should not have missed the train," said Mr. Brand, sternly; "spontaneously I am imperative duty with men of business."
"Come and drink a glass of wine with me," "Nothing should detain a man who has given his word."

The fair pleader was silenced; her father was angry, and knowing his strictness of principle, and how inoperative was his dislike to any breach of discipline or duty, she did not venture to speak again.

The time dragged slowly on; Mr. Brand continued his restless walk, and Mary sat subdued and quiet, watching him. She saw that he was listening as the night express went whirling by, and from the depths of her heart there went up a prayer for his every thought.

The girl loved him, though she staked her life on his truth, and knew that he was not beyond his time through any weakness or wrong. Two slow, weary hours passed. Mr. Brand was reading the commercial news; but for the first time in his life it did not interest him; he was thinking of the young clerk, and the heavy sum of money that would be in his possession should the London firm have paid him.

And Mary, reading her father's countenance, felt chilled and pained by his sus-pecting her lover's honesty by his sus-pecting her every thought was a denial of a horse's feet ran; out, she ran to the window.

"Look!" she said, dashing the curtains aside with eager hands; "look, papa, I said he would come—I knew he would."
The merchant's stern face relaxed with a smile of pleasure; he was not emotional or demonstrative, but his daughter's gladness pleased him.

There were a few moments of expectancy, and then Tom Lake came in. He went straight to Mr. Brand, only nodding with a bow, the lovely face whose glance thrilled his soul.

"They have paid," he said, quietly, as he placed that thick pocket-book in the merchant's hand; "but I think we were only just in time."
"Indeed!"
"There was a consultation at the banker's before I could get cash for the check."

"Do you think they will break?"
"Hopefully. They have given me an immense order, but it would not be wise to forward the goods."
"You do not think that we had the slightest fear?"
"No, but I was glad to get the money; £12,000 would have been a heavy loss."
"It would have done me serious injury just now."

"And yet," said Tom, gravely, "this morning the odds were considerably against it ever reaching you."
"How?"
Tom took two chairs, placed them side by side near the fire, led Mary to one, and seated himself in the other. He had, as his duty as the merchant's clerk, and was now Mr. Brand's prospective son-in-law and partner.

"I had an adventure," he said; "it was the hero of a strange story in a side by express."
Mary bent forward to listen—Tom clasped her hand in his own. Mr. Brand sat opposite them, interested by the speaker's manner, as he began:

"When I got the check I had an idea that all might not be well, so to make sure, I presented it at the banker's. There was, as I told you, a consultation before they going forward, and while the consultation was taking place, I noticed a stranger looking at me intently. I knew the man in my younger and wilder days. I had met him often at the race course, in billiard rooms and in other places more or less respectable. Now, he was changing a check for

some petty amount, and was evidently astonished by the immensity of the order I had presented. I left the bank with my pocket-book full of notes, and found that the man I had just seen was just as safe with a fortune in his pocket as if he were penniless, so that he is wise enough to hold his tongue. There was some clever play going on, and I stood watching the players till some one challenged me to have a game. It was a special vanity, it is my science with the cue. I accepted, and as I did so a strange feeling, which had been growing upon me, took a sudden turn which startled me.

"The challenger was the man whom I had noticed at the banker's. There was nothing strange in the fact of his being in the room, one of his favorite resorts, but I was possessed by the vague shadow of a single idea. I had read somewhere of a man being followed and plundered in a train, and somehow I associated the story with the man before me. It was the first time I had ever paid him any particular attention, but I gave him full observation now. The more I looked at him the less I liked him. He was handsome, gentlemanly, with a fair form and elegant figure, full of suppleness and strength. His manner was singularly unassuming, his face frank and genial, but by looking closely at him you could see something sinister-looking in the depth and softness of his eyes.

"I never liked a stranger to be affable and prepossessing, and my friend was the very pink of affability and grace. He smiled at me for an hour, with alternating success; he was an amusing companion, well-informed, and had traveled; but I was shy of conversation. I left him, and still having some time to spare, went to the Temple.

"When, at the expiration of some thirty or forty minutes, I emerged upon Fleet street, almost the first person upon whom my gaze fell was my late antagonist at billiards."

"I thought there was something more than a mere coincidence in this second meeting since we stood together at the banker's. He was in a cigar-shop opposite; but with a companion.

"Not a hundred yards from the Temple gate stood a man whom I recognized with a very welcome feeling. It was George Vixen, the detective."

"He was fashionably dressed and looked an aristocrat of the first water. I went up, and, greeting him as I should an old familiar friend, held out my hand and said: 'Come and drink a glass of wine with me.' He shook hands in the most natural way possible. I took his arm, and we entered the public bar of an adjacent hotel."

"I told him of my suspicion, told him of the sum in my possession, and of the journey I had to perform by rail."

"I saw that, watching through the glass of the door, he was taking a mental photograph of the two men."

"They mean business," said Vixen, quietly, but I shall be with you. We must part at the door, or they will see that we have sent the game."

"And you, I said, 'how will you act?' 'I will travel to Liverpool by the night express.' 'He left me, I had no fear now, knowing him to be a clever and determined fellow."

"Taking a casual glance across the road, I saw my man with his companion. It was quite evident that they were tracking me, though I lost sight of them before reaching St. Paul's."

"I strode along the churchyard, wandering nearly to Islington, then went through the city again before I made for the station; my acquaintance of the billiard room did not come in sight, though I kept well on the alert."

"I took my ticket, lingering almost to the moment of starting before I entered the carriage, but my man did not appear. Two men were in the compartment with me, the other was a stranger."

"The bell rang. The guard had just time to put a bewildered old gentleman by my side, and we were off."

"The man whose face I had not seen turned toward me."

"I could hardly repress an exclamation. There was no mistaking that frank, genial countenance, nor the lurking devil in those eyes, whose softness was so sinister."

"He had, I said, 'I have had a very bad day, but I was glad to get the money; £12,000 would have been a heavy loss.' 'It would have done me serious injury just now.'"

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not last a minute, it seemed an eternity to me. I felt the ruffian's hands searching for the pocket-book, and I strained desperately for a chance of resistance.

"Their work was nearly done. Cramped in that small space, I was powerless, and the veins in my throat and head were swelling like sinuous bars, when the old gentleman at the corner woke and came to my assistance. I heard a low whirr of some weapon in its descent, and my first assailant recoiled from me, stunned. Then the old gentleman, with a strength and rapidity of action wonderful to see in a person of his age, seized the scoundrel, flung him away and dashed him down on a seat."

"There was a brief struggle, and then I heard a sharp click—sounded the second had a pair of handcuffs on his wrists."

"They were more prompt than I had expected," said the old gentleman, removing his wooden comforter, with which he fastened my first assailant's hands behind him, and a railway carriage does not afford much scope for a struggle."

"The pocket-book was safe. The ruffian was securely bound, and the old gentleman who, without his spectacles and moustache stood out in bold and pleasant relief as the detective, kept guard over them."

"At the station they were handed over to the custody of the police. I was all right by that time. Vixen rode with me as far as the hotel nearest here, and to-morrow he will call to see if I am any the worse for my ride by express."

"The contents of the pocket-book were Mary's bridal dowry."

"The detective speaks of the senior partner of the firm of Brand & Lake as the most hospitable and generous man he ever met in the course of his professional career."

"Lake was quite cured of his love for billiard playing. He had too narrow an escape, and he did not forget the lesson."

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

A Thrilling Story.

CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful evening in the dawn of summer. The two forms were sitting in close proximity to one another by the window of \$12,000 home—heavily mortgaged—in the upper part of the city. The hand of one rested lovingly on that of the other, and the arm of one described a semicircle around the other's waist. It is hardly necessary to say that they were lovers, and this was as far as the young man could go, but there was no occasion for any, with her taper waist, and sparkling eyes and flaming cois. This is a sample of their small talk:

"Dearest Flora, tell me, what can I do to make myself more worthy of your love. Bid me undertake any mission you please, and I will obey. Ay, even though it be to cut my hair short—sacrifice my mistake—wear large boots, or work for a living! Speak—anything you may command me."

"Oh, Charles! calm yourself. Do not speak in this terrible strain; you make me shudder. No, Charles, I love you for yourself alone. Then, placing her hand gently upon his brow, she murmured, 'Soft, my love, speak soft, my own, and tell me do you love as much as ever, and will I ever be the same to you as I am now?'"

"Hear me swear!" cried the ardent youth, dropping upon his knees for the first time in his life, but suddenly arising with a troubled expression of countenance, as something put him in mind of the tightness of his rather apparel.

"Oh, Flora, there is not a coat that adorns Wilson's establishment that has so high a place in my affections as yourself. You are to me what slander and gossip are to young church members or funerals are to married women—my life; my ambition; my hope, my all! A few days more and we shall be united forever. I can scarcely realize my happiness. The fair one blushed and nestled closer to the vest pattern of the happy youth. So we leave them.

CHAPTER II.

It was a dark, gloomy night, two days before the time appointed for the nuptial ceremonies of the young pair. Charles bent his way—full of joy, hope and supper to the mansion of his beloved. He rang the bell and was ushered into the parlor. Flora was not there, and, after waiting a few moments, he resolved to descend the stairs to the dining-room, ostensibly to seek for her, but most probably with his eyes of spoons dancing through his vision-teeming brain. With stealthy steps he approached the door and suddenly opened it, when there burst upon his astonished gaze a sight which froze the blood within his veins.

Upon the dining-room table lay many dishes and other articles of crockery. Before it, with disheveled hair and tucked-up gown, stood Flora, a huge carving-knife in her hand, which she was in the act of plunging into—a pan of water.

She had been caught in the act of doing house-work! With one loud shriek she fell to the floor, while her distracted and bewildered lover rushed from the house.

It is needless to add that the engagement and several brittle cups, was broken on the spot. Thus were two fond and aching hearts irrevocably separated.

If my story, dear reader, will be the means of persuading one young woman never, under any circumstances, to do any work about the house, but let her mother and other servants do it, my object is more than accomplished. Farewell.

It has been discovered that a book agent can be won by kindness. One day last week a West Hill man tried it on one of them. He beat him with a bludgeon and broke his arm, poured kerosene over his clothes and set fire to it, shot him through the lungs, and finally locked him up in a room with a mad dog, and the agent, deeply affected, whispered through the key-hole that as soon as the dog got through with him, he'd let him have a copy of "Moody's Anecdotes" for sixty-five cents, which was thirty per cent off.—Burlington Hawkeye.

OUR NATIONAL PARK.

Copy of the Act Dedicating to the American People the Great Yellowstone National Park—Appointment of the Present Superintendent, with his Instructions, Rules and Regulations for the Management Thereof—Also Appointment of an Assistant by Col. Norris, and his Joint Appeal to the Officers and the Tourists in the Park.

By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled, That the tract of land in the Territories of Montana and Wyoming, lying near the head-waters of the Yellowstone River, and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the junction of Gardiner's River with the Yellowstone River, and running East to the meridian passing ten miles to the eastward of the most eastern point of the Yellowstone Lake; thence South along said meridian to the parallel of latitude passing ten miles South of the most southern point of Yellowstone Lake; thence West along said parallel to the meridian passing fifteen miles West of the most western point of Madison Lake; thence North along said meridian to the latitude of the junction of the Yellowstone and Gardiner's Rivers; thence East to the place of beginning, is hereby reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or sale under the laws of the United States, and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people; and all persons who shall locate or settle upon, or occupy the same or any part thereof, except as hereinafter provided, shall be considered trespassers and removed therefrom.

Sec. 2.—That said public park shall be under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, whose duty it shall be, as soon as practicable, to make and publish such rules and regulations as he may deem necessary and proper for the care and management of the same. Such regulations shall provide for the preservation, from injury or spoliation, of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities, or wonders within said park, and their retention in their natural condition. The Secretary may, in his discretion, grant leases for building purposes for terms not exceeding ten years, of small parcels of ground, at such places in said park as shall require the erection of buildings for the accommodation of visitors; and the proceeds of such leases, even though they may be expended in the direction in the management of the same, and the construction of roads and trails, shall be used for the purpose of the preservation of the park, and against their capture or destruction for the purposes of agriculture or profit. He shall also cause all persons trespassing upon the same after the passage of this act to be removed therefrom, and generally shall be authorized to take all such measures as shall be necessary or proper to fully carry out the objects and purposes of this act.

Approved March 1, 1872.

Rules and Regulations. In the limits of the park, except for purposes of recreation, or to supply food for visitors or actual residents, it is strictly prohibited, and no sales of fish or game taken within the park shall be made outside of its boundaries.

Persons residing within the Park, or visiting it for any purpose whatever, are required, under severe penalties, to extinguish all fires which it may be necessary to make, before leaving them. No fires must be made within the Park except for necessary purposes.

No timber must be cut in the Park without a written permit from the Superintendent.

Breaking the silences or carcassous borders or deposits surrounding or in the vicinity of the springs or geysers for any purpose, and all removal, carrying away, or sale of specimens found within the Park without the consent of the Superintendent, is strictly prohibited.

No person will be permitted to reside permanently within the limit of the Park without permission from the Department of the Interior, and any person now residing in the Park shall create the premises occupied by him within thirty days after having been served with a written notice to do so by the Superintendent or his deputy, said notice to be served upon him in person or left at his place of residence.

Under the above laws, rules, and regulations, and his peculiar circumstances of health, long acquaintance and business interests in these regions, I, April 18th, 1877, accepted the position of Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park.

The outburst of national enthusiasm at the discovery of the matchless wonders of the Firehole and Geyser basins amid the Rocky Mountains, secured their prompt dedication as a National Park for the weary and worn business man, the tourist, and the scientist forever.

Also provision for the appointment of a Superintendent, under proper rules and instructions, but not the necessary appropriations to reward the one for the enforcement of the other.

During the season of 1877 I ascended the Yellowstone river, and, after visiting the Park and adjacent regions, descended it and returned to Washington, where my report and recommendations were promptly endorsed and published by the Hon. Secretary of the Interior. Upon his recommendation, backed by those of numerous scientists and explorers, and months of ceaseless personal effort, the determined opposition in Congress of those who honestly opposed appropriations of public funds, in these times of financial embarrassment, in aid of what they deemed but a distant, isolated pleasure park, was overcome, and an appropriation of ten thousand dollars was secured

for its protection and improvement during this fiscal year.

Under a re-appointment as its Superintendent, I have returned, hoping by prudent effort to somewhat improve the wagon route into the Park by the Mammoth Hot Springs; there fit up a plain but necessary headquarters; open a bridge-path thence direct to the other wagon route entrance from Virginia City, at the lower Geyser Basin, and such other explorations of geologic routes, and improvements of the Park, as the remainder of this season's limited time and means will allow.

Meanwhile I hope, by the aid of my capable assistant, B. F. Bush, Esq., of Michigan, to report observations of the eclipse of the sun in the Park on the 28th inst; record of rain fall; indications of the thermometer and barometer; winter explorations; sketching; and report of the appearance of the main wonders of the Park, now wholly unknown at that season of the year.

It is hoped that these efforts, and Prof. Hayden's this season's projected thorough scientific review of the Park and its Snake river approaches, and his usual, doubtless, interesting and valuable report thereof, will revive the flagging interest in the Park; and with the rapidly approaching routes of access up the Yellowstone and Snake rivers, and attendant communities of white men, protected and assisted in all possible ways by our gentlemanly military officers and soldiers, will ensure a constant stream of summer tourists, and secure the annual appropriations necessary to protect and improve our national heritage of wonders, until it can be less-looked sites for hotels, yachts, and all persons who shall locate or settle upon, or occupy the same or any part thereof, except as hereinafter provided, shall be considered trespassers and removed therefrom.

One great obstacle to obtaining appropriations in aid of the Park has been the notorious constant wanton slaughter of its rare and valuable animals and ruthless vandalism of its matchless wonders, many prominent men in Congress claiming that nothing short of a standing army of soldiers can possibly prevent it. In this opinion it is well known I have never concurred, but in all my letters and reports advocated, as I now do, its care and improvement by judicious agents of the Government, cordially appealing to the interest, the manhood, and the honor of the tourist and the mountaineer for the prompt and full observance of the above necessary rules and regulations for its protection and management.

The boundaries of the Park have never been surveyed, but they are mainly crests of snow-capped basaltic mountains enclosing the Wonder Land of catarrhs, geysers, fire-holes, and other wonders. The entire area from 50 to 75 miles in diameter.

The spirit in which I write and act in this matter will meet the hearty cooperation of the press and the people of those mountain regions and the tourists who visit them, is the earnest desire of

P. W. NORRIS, Supt. Nat. Yellowstone Park. BOZEMAN, M. T., July 25, 1878.

Concerning Marriage.

Girls talk all alike about marriage, as though it were a jubilee, a gladness thing, a rose without a thorn; and so it is, if all is right, if they go about it as rational beings, instead of merry-making children. It is a serious thing to marry. It is a life business. Therefore never do it in haste; never run away to get married; never marry for wealth, or standing, or fine person and manners, nor for both; but for the qualities of the mind and heart that make honorable man. Take time, think long and well before you accept any proposal; consult your parents, then some judicious friend, then your own judgment. Learn all that is possible for you to learn of your proposed husband. When all doubts have been removed from your mind, and not till then, accept him.

A Deep Mine—Working on a Six Hundred Foot Level.

Independent.

Mr. Wm. D. Flowers, the owner of the Last Chance mine at the Mountain City, Deer Lodge county, informed us a few days ago that he was now stopping on the six hundred foot level, and that the main incline is down fifty-two feet lower than this level. Sinking has been suspended in consequence of the great depth, and will not be resumed until he procures steam hoisting works. He now uses a whim driven by horse power, and it is too slow to make it profitable to hoist from that great depth. This is the deepest working that has been reached in Montana, and the hole is almost perpendicular. The mine at the lowest depth attained is very wide, yet the same high grade of ore is found. He crushes the ore with four small arrastras, and the yield is about \$800 per week. He employs six men; these include miners, teamsters and amalgamators. It will be seen by this that he has a good mine, and is making a fortune slowly but surely.

Rules to be Observed on the Street.

Rome Sentinel.

The custom is now everywhere prevalent for pedestrians to take the right side of the walk. The practice avoids much confusion, particularly on much frequented walks. The rule has been so thoroughly established that any person found violating it is set down as an ignoramus. People now take the right side as regularly in walking as they do when driving on the right side of the road.

This being so, common sense suggests that ladies should always walk on the right side of gentlemen when going in couples. If they do that, ladies will never be jostled when meeting other persons—the gentleman being thus always on the side of contact with people coming from the opposite direction.

Gentlemen should abandon the habit, when promenade with ladies, of walking half around them at every turn of the corner. The old custom of giving the ladies the inside of the walk, when walking with them, is almost reprehensible. The lady's comfort and protection is best secured by her walking at the right side of the gentleman at all times.

BRYANT'S MODE OF LIFE.

The Poet's Daily Habits as Described by Himself.

Following is a letter written by Mr. Bryant to a friend in 1871, which gives a clear and interesting idea of the course of life which he pursued and by which he was doubtless enabled to attain a serene and well-preserved old age:

My Dear Sir: I promised some time since to give you some account of my habits of life, so far as they relate to exercise and occupation. I am not sure that it will be of any use to you, although the system which I have for many years observed seems to answer my purpose very well. I have reached a pretty advanced period of life without the usual infirmities of old age, and with my strength, activity, and bodily faculties generally in pretty good preservation. How far this may be the effect of my way of life, I do not know, but I have steadily adher