Historical Society

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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.

Sympathy.

You were made for something, brother,
Don't despair;
We have each our weary burdens,
Hard to bear;
We have each our share of sorrow;
But the hand
That allots it, gives no more than
We can stand.

Yes, the night seems drear and dreadful,
But the day
Will, ere long the murky darkness
Chase away.
Then, in the thrilling gladness
Of the light,
You'll forget that you were fain to
Quit the fight.

Keep your courage up, my brother;
Trust in God;
You will ne'er regret the straight path
You have trod.
Only clasp the faith that wears
Unto the end,
And you'll reach the mountain's top in
Time, my friend.

Confidence and Credit.

[These lines appeared in print in the "hard times" of 1857.]

The day was dark, the markets dull,
The 'Change was thin, gazettes were full,
And half the town was breaking;
The countersign of cash was "Stop,"
Bankers and bankrupts shut up shop,
And honest hearts were aching.

When near the 'Change my fancy sped
A faded form with hasty stride,
Beneath grief's burden stooping;
Her name was Credit, and she said
Her father, Trade, was lately dead,
Her mother, Commerce, drooping.

The smile that she was wont to wear,
Was withered by the hand of Care,
Her eyes had lost their lustre,
Her character was gone, she said,
For basely she had been betrayed,
And nobody would trust her.

That honest Industry had tried
To gain fair Credit for his bride,
And found the lady willing;
But ah! a fortune-hunter came,
And Speculation was his name—
A rake not worth a shilling.

The villain was on mischief bent,
He gained both dad's and mam's consent,
And then poor Credit smarted.
He filched her fortune and her fame,
He fixed a blot upon her name,
And left her broken-hearted.

While thus poor Credit seemed to sigh,
Her cousin, Confidence, came by,
(Methinks he must be clever);
For when he whispered in her ear,
She checked the sigh, she dried the tear,
And smiled as sweet as ever.

The Good Old Way.

The following is old but good:

One night as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of heaven ajar,
When through, a little angel crept,
And came down with a falling star.

One summer as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awoke from sweet and pleasing dreams,
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
That when he leaves this world of sin,
He'll wing his way to that bright shore,
And find that door of heaven again.

Some fellow of a practical turn, not possessed of the "divine afflatus," gets off the following in reply:

ST. PETER'S REPLY.

Full eighteen hundred years or more,
I've kept my door securely tiled,
There has no little angel strayed,
Nor one been missing all the while.

I did not sleep, as you suppose,
Nor leave the door of heaven ajar,
Nor has a little angel left,
And gone down with a falling star.

Go ask the "blushing bride" and see
If she don't frankly own and say
That when she found that angel babe
She found it in the good old way.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
That should your number still enlarge,
That you will not do as before,
And lay it to St. Peter's charge.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

It is Determined to Crowd the Completion of the Road to the Yellowstone Right Along.

Pioneer-Press.

President Wright, of the Northern Pacific Railroad, was found at the Metropolitan Hotel yesterday by a representative of the *Pioneer-Press*, who immediately set about seeking information pertaining to that road. President Wright was found to be very averse to talking upon the subject, but finally gave the following brief statement of what was expected to be done:

A proposition is in preparation which he expects to lay before the stockholders at the annual meeting of the company, on the 25th of September, in New York, with reference to the immediate commencement of work west of the Missouri river, at Bismarck, with the intent that the road for the entire distance to the Yellowstone, 205 miles, shall be completed and ready for operation in one year from next spring. The company will soon advertise for bids for supplying the ties and timber, which will be got out the coming winter.

The Avant Courier.

The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

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Our Selected Story.

JENNIE'S FALSITY.

"Yes, it is true—I am going to marry Jeanette Baldwin. And that settles it as far as you or anybody else besides Jennie and I are concerned."

Mr. Amory Avington brought his substantial fist emphatically down on the desk, at the end of which his nephew and namesake sat, and with whom Mr. Avington had been discussing the rather sudden and surprising announcement he had made of his engagement to Miss Jenny Baldwin.

"Certainly, Uncle Amory; your own and the lady's decision settle it, and no one—and assuredly not I—has any desire to dispute your happiness. Only as a matter of mere opinion, I should have thought that you would have chosen for your wife a lady at least younger!"

Mr. Avington, junior, spoke very quietly, not a little sarcastically, and Mr. Avington, senior, frowned wrathfully.

"Young? What do boys of your age and experience in women know of the time of a woman's life when 'young' is to be applied to her? Jennie is what I and any other sensible man calls in the very flush and hey-day time. She's just twenty-eight—rich, rare, ripe, juicy, fruity—anything you please to apply to mature, mellow perfection!"

Young Avington shrugged his shoulders.

"As I said, it is a mere matter of opinion, my dear uncle. If Miss Baldwin suits you, and you are pleased, all right. Nevertheless, I hope you will not find her wanting in those attentions you so much admire, when you come to weigh her in the balance."

Mr. Amory Avington scowled under his heavy, handsome brows.

"What do you mean?"

Young Avington lighted his cigar coolly enough, as he rose to go.

"I don't know that there is any truth in it, you know, but then people say curious things about her rosy cheeks and handsome eyebrows, and—"

The elderly gentleman waved his hand dignifiedly.

"There, that'll do! you won't gain anything by trying to run Jennie down. It's perfectly natural you should feel disconsolate at the prospect of the estate you hoped to inherit going to my future wife—and—ahem!—family; but it will pay even worse to go around trying to traduce Miss Baldwin."

And young Mr. Avington went away, disgustedly thinking what a precious, bewitched old fool his uncle was, while Mr. Avington, senior, lighted another cigar and settled himself comfortably among the cushions of his Turkish chair, chuckling to himself:

"If that monkey-headed young nephew of mine don't beat all! If I ever heard such a silly opinion as he dares express—to my very face, too! Why, God bless my soul! don't I know Jennie is all right? Don't we board at the same hotel, and don't I see her at all times and under various circumstances? Stuff and nonsense! The idea of Jennie's fresh color and jetty eyebrows being the work of art! Don't I know she's a glorious flesh-and-blood reality? and what's more, don't I know she thinks all the world of me, and not my money, as some people have tried to make me believe?"

A very self-satisfied smile was on his face, as he rose to leave the office.

"Four o'clock! and I promised Jennie I'd be there at five, sharp, to give her a drive to the Park. I shall have to hurry to be on time. Confound that young nephew of mine for coming in and bothering me!"

And as he bustled around, gathered together overcoat, hat, gloves, and cane, while he gave several orders to his clerks, and then took a Broadway stage for his hotel, where Miss Jeannette Baldwin also boarded, and who, all unknown to Mr. Avington, and all unconscious to herself, had, in changing her room that day, been placed immediately next the one her betrothed occupied.

So that, when Mr. Avington had gone into his pleasant, warm room, and was hurriedly making a few alterations in his toilet, he was suddenly almost petrified to hear distinctly Jennie Baldwin's voice coming through the defective, yawning crack around the transom over a connecting door between the two apartments—a door that had long been unused, and against which a large heavy wardrobe stood on both sides, so that occupants of either room seldom ever knew of its existence—Jennie Baldwin's voice, unmistakable in its clear, positive utterance.

"Love him? love him? How can you ask such a silly question, Ada? It's no question of love, but money. The idea of anybody loving him—horrid old curmudgeon!"

And a sudden sensation came over Mr. Avington as if some one had let an ice cold shower-bath on him. He stopped in the important act of tying his cravat, the horrid conviction stupefying him of whom she was talking.

A second voice he never heard before answered:

"You are going out driving this afternoon, aren't you? Oh, how exquisitely you are touching that right cheek, Jennie! I declare no one would believe it was the work of a carmine pencil!"

"That right cheek!" Mr. Avington grew white with horror.

"Flatterer, you could do it just as artistically, if you only thought so! There, Ada! I do deserve credit for my eyebrows, don't I? Everybody praises them, I know."

And eyebrows, too, just as that scamp of a nephew had said! Mr. Avington grew cold and wild eyed.

"Oh, there goes five o'clock! I had no idea I was so late, Ada. There's a good girl! do get out my black silk and sealskin, won't you? Mr. Avington likes that suit best of any I wear, he says. Lay them on the bed, Ada. I just want to round this limb out a trifle more before I dress."

Good Lord! Mr. Avington's horrified ears were fairly deafened. He sank into a chair with a groan.

"Cheeks painted! eyebrows penciled! Good Lord, and I thought she was one of the sweetest, most modest of women! Marry her—never! And to think she only has been thinking of my money, 'old curmudgeon' that I am! Thank heaven, I have been saved from a terrible fate."

He heard a rustle of silken skirts in her room, low, musical laughter, some commonplace, uninteresting remarks, and then Jennie's voice again:

"There, I am all ready for my beloved. Don't you envy my ride?"

And then Mr. Avington got off his chair, his face full of determination and defiance.

"I wonder if she has any idea how long it will be before her charming friend envies her her ride with such a horrid old curmudgeon as I? Instead of the ride, Miss Baldwin will see me and hear from my lips my opinion of her."

And so, a few minutes later, he rapped on Miss Baldwin's door, and Jennie herself, fair, blooming and smiling, opened it—a tall, elegant woman, symmetrical in figure as a Venus, with exquisitely melting blue eyes, and magnificent, heavy arching brows over them, and a complexion of rose-and-cream—just what Mr. Avington himself had said of her—"rich, rare, ripe, juicy, fruity," with the mellow sweetness of perfect womanhood.

"Come in, I am all ready and waiting, Amory. This is my friend, Miss Deland, who is giving me instructions in water colors. Only see what I have accomplished this afternoon! Oh, Amory, how did you find out I had changed my room!—at the office?"

A curious, unsettled feeling was creeping over the gentleman. "Painting in water colors!"

Then he remembered the question Jennie had asked him.

"No—yes—that is, they told me at the office. So you are an amateur artist, are you?"

Miss Deland smiled.

"She is too modest to call herself so; but I can assure her that not one of my pupils, nor even myself, cannot excel her in her exquisite skill of painting faces, especially the delicate, peachy contour of the cheeks, and the difficult moulding of the eyebrows."

Mr. Avington felt stranger still as he stood there.

"Ah, indeed!"

It was all he was capable of saying.

"Show Mr. Avington that sketch of Faust and Margareite you are finishing Jennie. Let him judge for himself of your ability."

Jennie laughed.

"My especial pet aversion! I never tire of berating that horrid, distrusting old curmudgeon of a Mephistopheles, who comes in, in the background! He reminds me of old Mr. Runyon, who is going to marry little Bessie King, when it is nothing in the world but his money that wins him a wife. As if any one could love him! Bah, the idea!"

Mr. Avington looked at the really creditable picture, but his head was all awhirl, his heart beating furiously.

"I like the strength and vigor of the outlines, and especially the lovely curve of Margareite's outstretched arms—don't you, Mr. Avington? Jennie finished the limbs the last thing this afternoon. Tell me, ought we not both be proud of our pupil?"

And then Mr. Avington felt like dancing the wildest dance he had ever heard of. He could hardly refrain from snatching Jennie up in his arms, and instead, figuratively hugged himself, at the same time recording a malediction on his asinine head.

And that afternoon's drive was the most enjoyable one he ever took; for Jennie named the early day when she need no longer live on the other side of the door in Mr. Avington's room, but queen it at will in the splendid mansion he bought for her. And even young Avington declares she is the finest looking woman he ever saw in his life.

Occasionally his uncle pokes him facetiously in the ribs.

"How about the paint, and powder, and pencils, and the rest of the extras, eh? Didn't I tell you? Didn't I know?"

But he never yet has told a living soul another episode in his courtship; nor does Jennie ever dream of how, for a few minutes, once upon a time, he believed her false in every sense.

A cotemporary says: "We hail with joy the advent of the ladies' slipper." It is safe to say that the small boy welcomes its appearance with entirely different feelings.

Odds and Ends.

Banning, the great army reducer, has been ingloriously slaughtered in the house of his friends. The Democratic Congressional Convention, which convened at Cincinnati Saturday, put Banning is his little bed by beating him for renomination. Another striking illustration of the ingratitude of republics.

The *Nursery* publishes a charming little story of an army mule at Fort Ripley which, hitched to a cart, was used every day by fatigue parties to haul off rubbish. The mule learned the bugle calls so that whenever the recall sounded, no matter what he was doing or where he was, whether at work or play, hitched to his cart or not, he would make a break for the stable at a full gallop. He knew that his work was then ended and it was time to rest.

Our readers will act wisely and sensibly by patronizing only such establishments as advertise and make known to the world what they have. The men who decline to sustain a local paper, that strives earnestly to bring the resources of its section to the favorable notice of capitalists and others, are wholly undeserving of patronage from any source.

It costs something for the settlement of a large bankrupt estate. Since Jay Cook & Co., of Philadelphia, assigned the lawyers have made havoc of the estate. Before the creditors can draw their honest dues the following reductions are made: Counsel fees to the amount of about $41,311.37; extra counsel fees about $39,235.10; incidental expenses about $16,654.55; salaries about $54,646.49; compensation of committee about $34,480. Amounting in the aggregate to $4,187,327.51.

The Rev. A. C. Roe remarks, in *The Christian Union*, that though it shakes faith in the biologists, he can make nothing out of Nature's free fight in forest or garden, but "the survival of the *unfittest*." The principle of selection of work there is mere strength and robustness, without regard to fragrance or beauty, or usefulness to man or beast. This is a hard fact, but intrenched behind cold frames and hot beds, and armed with rake and spade, biology cannot dislodge him. If good things gain the upper hand, though but slowly, or even hold their own, depend upon it, there's a gardener somewhere at work. May it not also be true of the great world-garden about us?

Are all the fools dead? No, but they are trying to get out of existence as fast as possible. The record says that a Troy woman took strychnine because her husband wouldn't run in debt to get her a velvet cloak; a Chicago youth swallowed an overdose of morphine because a bad woman locked him out of her miserable heart and house; a sixteen year old Kentucky girl took rat's-bane because an old married man told her he had no business to love her; an Arcola, Ill., man hung himself in the smoke-house because he possessed only ten thousand dollars, and feared he might come to want. These are little bits of samples of what is going on in the busy world, and every day brings a fresh item.

OUR WIVES.

The Changes that Occur in the First Ten Years of Married Life.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

A young woman during the first week of her married life entertains vague suspicions that the statements of older wives, that the way to a man's heart is through his mouth, are true. Her Charles, who is almost, if not quite, exempt from human failings, has already manifested a profound admiration for veal pies, and has openly expressed his detestion to overdone mutton. She accordingly builds up within her a fortress of resolution, in which to guard that sacred treasure of a husband's affection. In her girlhood this young woman had spent much time in cultivating her musical taste, in reading Emerson and Carlyle; she had been fond of pretty landscapes, and could use her pencil with effect, and she had been heard to declare with pride that when she married she would give up none of these things.

Let us visit her now, at the end of ten years of matrimony, and we will find that she has broken her vow and thrown it to the winds. We find a tiresome sort of person, whose whole intellect is absorbed in attending to the cares of housekeeping, and in getting stylish dresses for her children. Her conversation rises seldom above the level of infant gossip and servants, and the only ideas developed by time and experience are expressed in her conviction that men are the most unreasonable and selfish creatures, and women the most abused and self-sacrificing. There is a great evil somewhere, but what is it? The husband acknowledges to himself that he is disappointed in the wife he has chosen, and yet he finds a difficulty in pointing out his mistake, and hardly finds cause to blame her, for is she not a faithful wife, a devoted mother, and a frugal manager? The mistake is a national characteristic. So passionate and intense is the American mind in pursuit of its temporary interests, the men will suffer the chains of business to bind them down and throttle them, while their wives bend beneath a similar yoke of duty at home.

"What is lacking is the power to rise above the petty annoyances of daily life; we need to learn to distinguish trifles from affairs of moment, to know that every mole-hill is not a mountain. We need not forsake the upper strata of sentiment, thought and ideality—the atmosphere of the soul—because we know there is a lower one of routine and vexations, in which our feet are told to tread. To breath in the one is to receive strength and refreshment for exertion in the other. It is a good plan to pick up needles and pins from the floor, but picking up pins ought not to be made the chief object of existence; for if we move along with our heads constantly downward we most assuredly will see nothing better than pins and needles to the end of our days.

New Regulations in Regard to "Proving Up" on Homesteads.

The following article from the Duluth *Tribune*, whose editor is a United States land officer, will be of interest to many persons in this Territory:

It is of course well known to all who have been familiar with the instructions and rulings of the General Land Office, that multitudes of persons who have ever taken homesteads have not strictly complied with the law in regard to establishing their residence thereon. Heretofore homesteaders have, of course, solemnly sworn that they have resided on their homesteads as provided by law, but, as a matter of fact, such residences have been technical, rather than bona fide. It seems, however, the General Land Office Commissioner has decided to put a stop to this loose way of doing business, as new blanks have been issued to the various offices, prescribing a new sort of emphatic and specific questions both for the homesteader himself and for his witnesses. For the information of the public, and especially for the information of homesteaders who have not yet "proved up," we publish below the questions which, under the new regulations, the homesteaders must answer, and the questions for his witnesses are equally searching and pointed:

QUESTIONS FOR THE HOMESTEADER.

Ques. 1. What is your name? (Be careful to give it in full, correctly spelled, in order that it may be here written exactly as you wish it written in the patent which you desire to obtain.)

Ques. 2. What is your age?

Ques. 3. Are you the head of a family, or a single person; and, if the head of a family, of whom does your family consist?

Ques. 4. Are you a native-born citizen of the United States? If not, have you declared your intention to become a citizen, and have you obtained a certificate of naturalization?

Ques. 5. Are there any indications of coal, or other minerals of any kind on the lands embraced in your homestead entry above described? (If so, state what they are, and whether the springs or mineral deposits are valuable.)

Ques. 6. Is the land more valuable for agricultural than mineral purposes?

Ques. 7. What is your post-office address?

Ques. 8. Have you ever made a homestead entry except for this land, No.....? (If you have, give, as nearly as you can, the date thereof and description of the land, and state whether the entry still subsists; or, if it has been cancelled, state the cause of the cancellation.)

Ques. 9. Have you sold the land or conveyed to any one your right and interest in the same? And if so, to whom and for what purpose?

Ques. 10. Does any one except yourself claim the land under the homestead or pre-emption laws?

Ques. 11. When did you first make settlement on the said land?

Ques. 12. When did you first establish a residence upon the land?

Ques. 13 At the date you have given as being the date that you first established your residence upon the land, did you move thereon in person?

Ques. 14. Up to what time have you resided upon the land?

Ques. 15. Was your residence upon the land continuous during the period named?

Ques. 26. If you had a family during said period of residence on the homestead, did your family reside thereon?

Ques. 17, What improvements have you made or do you possess on the land? (Describe them.)

Ques. 18. When was your house built?

Ques. 19. What is the total value of said improvements?

Ques. 20. For what purpose have you used the land?

Ques. 21. How much of the land have you broken and cultivated, and what crops, if any, have you raised?

Another affidavit which the homesteader must take contains the following clause:

And I do further swear that I have not heretofore perfected or abandoned an entry made under the homestead laws of the United States.

The new instructions also contain the following note:

NOTE.—The officer before whom the testimony is taken should call the attention of the witness to the following section of the Revised Statutes, and state to him that it is the purpose of the Government, if it be ascertained that he testifies falsely, to prosecute him to the full extent of the law:

TITLE LXX—CRIMES—CHAPTER 4.

Section 5,392. Every person who, having taken an oath before a competent tribunal, officer or person, in any case in which a law of the United States authorizes an oath to be administered, that he will testify, declare, depose, or certify truly, or that any written testimony, declaration, deposition, or certificate by him subscribed is true, willfully and contrary to such oath states or subscribes any material matter which he does not believe to be true, is guilty of perjury, and shall be punished by a fine of not more than two thousand dollars, and by imprisonment at hard labor not more than five years, and shall, moreover, thereafter be incapable of giving testimony in any court of the United States until such time as the judgment against him is reversed. [See Sec. 1,750.]

The effect of these new and more rigid rulings will probably be to prevent some homesteaders from securing their patents, who could have done so under the old rulings, and the Government undoubtedly means to put a stop to the loose way in which some persons have heretofore gone through the farce of proving up; but it may be that the Government will look with some degree of allowance upon those homesteaders who have lived up to the homestead law as closely as they have supposed that they were required to do. Be this as it may, we would recommend all persons, who have had homesteads, for the requisite length of time, and who intend to prove up, to do so as soon as practicable. Considerable inquiry is now being made for homesteads, and several contests have recently been instituted; and parties who delay proving up and who perhaps have acted in good faith and done the very best they could to comply with the law, but who in some respects have been unable to do so strictly, will be liable to be put to the trouble and expense of a long contest, should they delay the matter for any great length of time. Especially is it to be to the interest of all persons who, under the new rulings, may be in doubt as to whether they can hold their homesteads or not, to be satisfied on that point as soon as possible. They should as soon as practicable come forward and [illegible] proofs and state the facts just as they exist and rely upon the generosity of the Government, in view of its past dealings with homesteaders, to allow them to squeeze through.

Typographical Errors.

St. Louis Post.

There is one species of mortification and chagrin, deeper, perhaps, and more poignant than any that can be suffered over the smaller disappointments of life, which is known only to writers for the press, and more especially to editors. It is that caused by the typographical error. The peculiar twinge which is felt when the writer sees in type, marring and perhaps ruining a thought or paragraph which he had taken pains to express clearly and to round out harmoniously, some blunder of the printer, must be felt to be appreciated. One element of its sharpness is its irremediableness. It is done; it has gone forth; a correction can no more overtake it than can a retraction overtake a scandal. There is no help for it, and as Flora McFlimsey said about her clothes: "This kind of grief cannot find in religion the slightest relief."

Nor can any satisfaction be gained by laying the blame on somebody. Sometimes, indeed, writers, especially for the newspapers, are the victims of printers or proof-readers who undertake to interpret what the writer means to say, and to make it clearer by the change or substitution of a word. No direction needs be more sternly enforced in a well regulated printing office than that of "follow copy." But often among experienced printers may be found those whose interest in the success of the writer apparently causes them to want to give the article the benefit of all the literary knowledge they possess. They will cut out or slip in a capital letter, or change the spelling of a word, or reduce a compound word, to simple ones, evidently with the best of intentions, but often with the most disastrous result to the peace of mind and literary exactness of the writer.

It is sometimes offered in consolation to the unfortunate victim of types that readers will know there is a blunder, and attribute it to the types, or that they will be able to supply the proper words. In very rare instances is this any satisfaction, that it is a curious fact that sometimes even the writer cannot imagine what word he did originally use instead of the one wrongly substituted. It is often indeed that the types so horribly misrepresent one, as in the case of the young poet who wrote:

"He kissed her under the silent stars,"

and read instead:

"He kicked her under the cellar stairs,"

but when one writes of a political friend that he is "the main stay of his party," and the types change it into "the meanest of his party," the temptation to take vengeance on somebody or something is extreme. Nor is it less intolerable when the change in one or two letters simply makes one ridiculous. "Man did not make and cannot mar," quoted a writer from Emerson, but neither Emerson nor the writer recognized the quotation when it read, "Man did not make and cannot wear."

But no one who has not had experience can have any idea of the care and labor required to send forth from the press an article or a work strictly free from typographical errors. In book work it would seem as if this might be accomplished, where time and opportunity for correction are abundant; yet there are few books published even by the best firms that are wholly free from such errors. A London book firm which greatly prides itself for its excellence in this direction, once offered a reward of five hundred pounds for the discovery of an error in proof-sheets of an edition of the New Testament. This offer was a standing one until the whole edition was printed, when three errors were discovered on the very first page, one of them in the very first line.

Hold the Park.

Omaha Bee.

The officer who was detailed by General Brisbin to make another survey of the Yellowstone Park has finished the work and made his report to the War Department. It differs very little from the many other reports that have previously been made by civilians. The geysers continue to play with their ordinary activity, and the mud volcano is bubbling away as usual. The paint wells have not been stolen as yet, and the brimstone mountain is growing right along, and will some day, if it is not spirited away by some enterprising Yankee, become a source of great wealth to the Government, especially if we should get into a war with Mexico. The great complaint is, however, that the visitors to the Park insist on filling their pockets with rare specimens, thereby retarding the growth of the calcerous incrustations as well as defacing the curiosities of nature. The attention of the Government is also called to the fact that wild game is disappearing from the Park, and that it can only be restored by the most stringent measures. As the ground was not set apart for the better preservation of the bears and panthers to be found therein, but as a National Park for the benefit of the people, and to prevent each particular geyser and paint well from being preempted and fenced up by enterprising speculators, the Secretary of War will hardly put in a standing army to protect game, especially as that game is wild, and could not well be induced to obey army regulations. The spoliation of the curiosities, to which the Government's attention is called every time a man is seen coming out of the Park with his jacket packed full of specimens, is made a good deal more by scientists and Government surveyors than anybody else. They have already secured cabinets of the finest specimens that could be carried away, and now, since they have got all they want, they do not want anybody else to have even a little souvenir of their visit to the Park. When the Park was set apart for public resort, to which no entrance fee could be charged, it was promised that it should entail no expense upon the Government. In a short time stolen, and that an appropriation was necessary to prevent it. It was granted and men appointed to guard it. But such a large section of country—70 by 60 miles—could not be watched closely, and the visitors continued to go out with their little specimens. Now soldiers are asked to be stationed, and if that should be granted, then a fort and finally an appropriation will be asked to build a wall around that country.

There is a great deal of unnecessary fuss about this National Park business, and as that country, owing to early and late snows, can only be visited in safety about five months in the year, it can hardly be stolen in that time. Gen. Sherman hits the nail on the head when he says: "Congress has appointed a keeper for the Park. Troops have enough to do without guarding it. The public cannot carry away the geysers, the only great objects of natural curiosity. New incrustations form each year, and they are of no real value."

An Old Man's Melancholy.

We were impressed not long since with a brief experience of a good old man who was slightly intoxicated, for one night only, as related by himself:

"I went home angry and ashamed," he said, "and half gone with horror, in anticipation of what my wife, Sarah, would say about it. I took off my shoes and hung them on the gate post in the excess of my timidity. I got into the house with remarkable dexterity, and into the bedroom without making the slightest noise. Sarah always slept in front. The footboard was unusually high, and I never was much of a gymnast; but my success thus far had impressed me so that I felt equal to almost anything."

His sadness was such that his hearers were sad, too, and one young person was so much agitated at his long pause and deep sighs that he burst forth:

"I see how it is; you probably fell and broke your neck."

"No, my young friend," replied the old man, "it wasn't that. I climbed that footboard slowly, painfully, and with the utmost caution and secrecy. You have heard, perhaps, how excessively large and threatening every noise is in the stillness of a dark night, when you are trying to keep still yourself and occasionally straining your ears in fear of some sound that is nevertheless expected and pretty sure to come. That was what ailed me. My heart beat like a drum, and the clock in the room ticked as if it would like to arouse the whole neighborhood. I got safely down into that bed and under the clothes. I laughed to myself until the bed shook. My fear had given place to an unnatural hilarity. I grinned and chuckled and was exceedingly absurd. I can never think of that time without shuddering and wishing that somebody would hand me a sponge wherewith to wipe it out. It struck me suddenly that Sarah was unnaturally still. I put my hand over to her side of the bed, and, merciful heavens!——"

"Was she dead?" enquired the young person, his jaw falling and his eyes standing out with intense anxiety.

"No, young fellow," replied the good old man, "she was not there. She had gone to a neighbors to spend the night; and, insufferable idiot that I was, I had forgotten all about it." He bowed his head on his trembling hands, and the tears trickled through his fingers and ran down his long, gray beard.

Wonderland.

The Geysers of the Yellowstone are the most remarkable in the world. There are more than 10,000 vents. The Grand Geyser throws a column of water six feet in diameter 200 feet high, while the steam ascends 1,000 feet. Its eruptions occur every twenty-two hours, and continue twenty minutes. The Giantess sends a stream twenty feet in diameter, sixty feet high and through this five or six smaller jets 250 feet. It plays twenty minutes once in eleven hours. The Giant throws a five-foot column 140 feet high for three hours. The Bee Hive projects a column three feet in diameter to the enormous height of 219 feet for about fifteen minutes. Old Faithful, very regular for fifteen minutes, once an hour sends up its massive column six feet in diameter 100 to 150 feet high.

A Massachusetts Methodist preacher took for his text at a saloon keeper's funeral: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken also." His remarks caused half the congregation to leave.

We are permitted to relate the following conversation between a ten year old girl and her father. Daughter—"Papa, is John Dash older than Henry Dash?" Father—"No." Daughter—"Is Henry the oldest?" Father, impatiently—"Well, now, if John Dash is not older than Henry, of course Henry is the oldest?" Daughter—"Now don't be too smart; they might be twins."—*Norristown Herald.*

Cannibalism has existed among all savage nations. St. Jerome says some British tribes ate human flesh, and the Scots from Galloway killed and ate the English in the reign of Henry I. The Scythians were drinkers of human blood. Columbus found cannibals in America. The aborigines of the Caribee Islands were cannibals and some South American tribes and many of the nat'ves of the South Sea Islands make it an open practice to eat human flesh.