Col W. F. Sander

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

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

Vol. 7. No. 44. BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1878. Whole No., 356.

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.

Man's Better-Half.

A good name for a female gossip—Lize.

Why are young ladies like misery—Because they love company.

This must be looked into—said the young lady to the mirror.

A delicate parcel—a young lady wrapt up in herself.—*New Haven Register.*

A woman of Brookfield, Massachusetts, aged eighty, the other day descended the well on her place and cleaned out the debris.

A Bozeman lawyer's soliloquy:
Fee simple and simple fee,
And all the fees in tail.
Are nothing when compared with thee,
Thou best of fees—female.

A San Francisco woman having no faith in banks, carried around $2,400 in her bustle. Thus her income was always in arrears.

A woman has to settle a man's coffee with the white of an egg, but she can settle his hash with a look.—*Henpecked Editor of the Glasgow Times.*

The English postoffice department wanted a few women clerks and advertised for them—applicants to call between 10 a. m. and noon. Three thousand women put in an appearance and the streets were blockaded for two hours.

"What is a junction, nurse?" asked a seven-year-old fairy the other day of an elderly lady who stood by her side on a railway platform. "A junction, my dear," answered the nurse, with the air of a superior person indeed, "why, it's a place where two roads separate."

That highly intellectual game of croquet, sometimes called "Presbyterian billiards," continues to be played by gallant young men and fair maidens, notwithstanding the croakings of certain old "fogy" doctors that the game is unhealthy, and causes round shoulders and narrow chests. Some of the aforesaid maidens retort that playing on a wash-board has the same unhappy effect. Perhaps it does.

A Fact.

An editor is a man who lives on what other men owe him, until he starves to death. A subscriber is a person who takes a paper and says he is very much pleased with it, and tells everybody else that they ought to "subscribe." After he has "subscribed" about seven years, the editor writes to him and asks him to let him have $3 50 (three dollars and fifty cents), and then the subscriber writes back to the editor and tells him not to send his old paper any more, for there is nothing in it, and then the poor editor goes and starves some more.

An Eloquent Passage.

The following is from the gifted pen of the late Geo. D. Prentice:

"It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast by eternity to float a moment on its waves and then sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it the stars that hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever."

A Silver Mine in a Tree.

A treasure up a tree was seen in the watches of the night by a pedler who was sleeping in a farm house in the Shenandoah Valley. He told his dream to the farmer the next morning, and on three successive night he had the same vision. Then he prevailed upon the farmer to accompany him to the forest, where he pointed out a large oak tree as the one he had seen in his dream. It was apparently sound at the butt, but about twenty feet up a limb had been broken off. The farmer did not feel like humoring what he supposed to be a superstitious whim, but the old fellow seemed to have confidence in his vision, and offered him one-half of the spoils if he would help him cut down the tree. When the tree fell there was a rattle of coin near where the limb had broken off, and a small hollow was found there. By a little chopping a larger cavity was found, and within was a mass of silver. Both seemed wild with delight, and on counting up found that the pile amounted to $5,000. The pedler expressed his unwillingness to carry around so much silver in his pocket and inquired where he would be likely to get greenbacks for his share. The farmer having considerable money in his house, immediately transferred to the pedler $2,500 in paper money and took charge of the entire bulk of silver. The pedler disappeared, and when his partner attempted to pass some of the silver, lo! it was counterfeit. He was the victim of a gang of coiners.

The Avant Courier.

The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

ESTABLISHED IN 1871.

Published Every Thursday Morning.

Terms of Subscription.

CASH IN ADVANCE.

One year	$3 50.
Six months	2 00.
Three Months	1 00.
One Year, delivered by carrier	5 00.
Single copies	10 cents.

All subscriptions will be discontinued at the end of the time paid for.

Some of our patrons being in arrears on their subscription accounts, we will continue the old terms for their accommodation, or until the amounts due us are paid in full. The following are our

Credit Rates of Subscription:

One Year	$5 00
Six Months	3 00
For a shorter period, per month	50 cents.

Delivered by carrier, 50 cents per month, payable at expiration of each month.

Wm. W. Alderson } ALDERSON & SON.
Matt. W. Alderson. }
PUBLISHERS.

Office, Courier Building, Main Street.

Poetry.

Love Within the Lover's Breast.

Love within the lover's breast
Burns like Hesper in the West,
O'er the ashes of the sun,
Till the day and night are done;
Then, when dawn drives up his car—
Lo! it is the morning star.

Love! thy love pours down on mine
As the sunlight on the vine,
As the snow rill on the vale,
As the salt breeze on the sail,
As the song unto the bird,
On my lips thy name is heard.

As a dewdrop on the rose,
In thy heart my passion glows;
As a skylark to the sky,
Up into thy breast I fly;
As a sea-shell of the sea,
Ever shall I sing of thee.

—*George Meredith.*

No Death.

There is no death; the common end
Of life and growth we comprehend
Is not of forms that cease, but mend;
It is not death, but change.

When wastes the seed, the sower sows,
Beneath the clog of Winter snows,
The Autumn harvest plainly shows
It was not death, but change.

When Science weighs and counts the strands
In economic Nature's bands,
She re-collects them in her hands,
To show no loss from change.

They do not die, our darling ones;
From falling leaves to burning suns,
Through worlds on worlds the legend runs—
That death is not, but change.

When stills the heart, and dims the eye,
And round our couch friends wonder why
The signs have ceased they know us by—
It is not death, but change.

—*George Wentz.*

Shall I Love Her Less?

What though her cheek be faded now,
And care be written on her brow,
Oh, shall I love her less?
What though her eye be dimmed in light,
Where once there beamed a lustre bright—
Say, shall I love her less?

What though her smile be not so gay—
Her dimples now forget to play,
Oh, shall I love her less?
What though her step be not so free
As when it seemed so proud to me—
Say, shall I love her less?

What though her voice be sadder grown,
And milder be each thoughtful tone,
Oh, shall I love her less?
What though the bloom of youth may fade
Where once the rose in blushes strayed—
Say, shall I love her less?

Her cheek may lose its rosy hue,
Her lip forget its early dew—
I'll love her none the less,
The charms of youth may fade away
Like sunbeams at the close of day—
I'll love her none the less.

She came to me when morning fair
Played with her wavy silken hair,
Came then my soul to bless;
She gave to me her pure young life,
I loved her then—my virgin wife—
Now I'll not love her less.

She came to me a budding flower,
Unfolding graces every hour
In virtuous loveliness;
She came with sweet inspiring air,
Filled my young soul with pleasure rare,
And taught me happiness.

Then every day she brought fresh charms
And laid them down within my arms,
And sought love's pure caress;
And though her cheek be faded now,
And care be written on her brow,
I'll love her none the less.

For though the life she gave to me
Seemed one of angel purity,
Lost to all selfishness—
The life she proves from day to day,
Is brighter than the morning ray—
How can I love her less?

—*Hartford Post.*

A button is a small event which is always coming off.

Major McKenzie Bates, of Camp Bare Butte, tells of a new phenomenon experienced by that military camp. Every evening shortly before sunset, a strong wind from the hills envelops the camp and valley with a heated, oppressive and relaxing atmosphere, as if borne upon the wings of a sirocco from the Libyan deserts. This state of affairs usually lasts about thirty minutes, and "lays out" every bit of humanity in the tented field in a somnipathy approaching mesmerism. These torrid gusts seem to blow fittully from each canyon's mouth overlooking the camp, as it formed by the days' accumulation of heated air in the deep gorges and heavy timber, and succeeded in every instance by a delightfully refreshing breeze of cool air. Lieut. Edmunds, a gentleman acquainted with the science pertaining to like phenomena, is now investigating the matter, and will shortly give his opinion of the causes which produce this uncomfortable state of affairs.

—Written for the AVANT COURIER.—

The Yellowstone, as Seen.

BY J. V. BOGERT.

During the past four years the writer has written much (such as it was) regarding the capabilities of the Yellowstone region—a region, it is true, which he had not visited and which was known to him merely through the reports of others. In common with others, he has claimed for it great natural advantages of pasture, soil and climate, and predicted for it a great future—but he is constrained to confess that of late he has, so to speak, "weakened" over it, and, after a fashion, confessed to himself, not only that he had been mislead, but had perhaps mislead others. And this because of the gloomy stories told by some who had visited the Yellowstone in a stage-coach, or had made a flying trip, with special business or marauding Indians in mind. These discouraging tales told of alkali and sage-brush; of rattle-snakes and wire-grass; of bad water and no water; of winds and dust and gravel and general worthlessness, and added to these romances came the repeated disappointments over navigation of the river and the seemingly eternal delay of the Northern Pacific Railway. Is it to be wondered, then, that many of us who had lived and hoped and hoped and hardly lived, so long should have almost abandoned expectation when our own people returned to tell us the Yellowstone is a slough and its land a desert?

But, the writer has been down the river, and has seen. On the 14th of August he left Bozeman, the guest of a company of cavalry, and traversing the route from there to Fort Custer by regulation daily marches and returning alone in the saddle, time and opportunity offered in the close examination of the country.

From Bozeman to the mouth of the Big Horn (the extremes covered by this trip) the country is, for Montana, unusually diversified. It presents one succession of plateau and bottom, valley and foot-hill, while beyond the ranges, which obstruct the vision in the distance, the table-lands stretch in long distance far away. Grass covers the luxuriant surface, the river is lined and hemmed-in by groves of cottonwood, and almost everywhere the soil has every appearance of extreme fertility. As one moves down the river the climate so appreciably modifies, that it becomes evident to the most prejudiced that he is entering a country not only of superior resources, but of capabilities new to the denizen of average Montana. It rapidly becomes a region of corn, and, consequently, a pork country—the presence of the hop and the grape vine and the plum tree proves it a fruit zone—while the melons and the finer vegetables abounding upon each, yet rudely cultured, farm show that its capabilities and natural resources as an agricultural section have not been overestimated by the most sanguine—of us so often dubbed "The Yellowstone maniacs."

Nor have its rich grasses been exaggerated—truly, the "cattle of a thousand hills" must here some day find their home, and the limitless ranges providing exhaustless feed must yet make Montana the cattle king of the West.

The writer published at one time in the *New North-West* a series of "Field Notes of the Yellowstone," based chiefly upon Lieut. McClernand's exhaustive report. These "Notes" were afterwards repeated in this paper; and though the "Report" (notwithstanding the ability and evident disinterestedness of that officer were acknowledged) was criticised by some as the production of an enthusiast, it gives pleasure now to the writer of the "Notes" to be able to say that, using the "Report" as his guide, he found the descriptions faithfully correct and McClernand's opinion of the Yellowstone based upon facts.

Striking the Yellowstone at Benson's Landing, after passing the valuable cultivated ranches of Hopper, Billman, Gomer and others, where large improvement-expenditures have been made, the "Desert Land" entry of Elias Sperling was visited. The land at this point has always been regarded as a gravel and alkali bed, and when Mr. Sperling secured the tract as "land which, without systematic artificial irrigation, cannot be successfully cultivated "agriculturally," he was ridiculed as a mad man. But a ditch has conducted water to a soil almost grassless, and fencing now protects a flourishing result, perhaps almost as surprising to him as to those who predicted he would be "casting seed upon stony ground." No more pertinent illustration of the capabilities of the country could have arisen.

In passing, it may be asserted that Benson's Landing must, in the natural order of things, become a point of importance. Already it is a postal station—J. A. Bailey Postmaster and merchant. P. W. McAdow has in operation a steel-wire-rope ferry over the Yellowstone, affording a means of travel which sooner or later must give way to a bridge.

Moving down the road a distance of some five miles the station of D. H. Carpenter is reached, at Shields' river. Here Mr. Carpenter has erected a series of fine log buildings and an extensive corrall, and has thrown over the stream as substantial a bridge as can be found in Montana. But the work of greatest interest is the grade over the mountain, constructed by this energetic and public-spirited gentleman, the result of large expenditure of time, labor and money, and which so excited the admiration of Gen. Sherman, that an official order asserts "that such enterprise on the part of a settler upon the confines of civilization should receive Government recognition."

This section is a fine grazing country, and large herds of cattle are now quartered upon the Shields' river bottoms and the surrounding region. It was the intention of the writer to accept the invitation of Messrs. J. M. Lindley and Walter Granniss to visit their locations up the river, and to accept Mr. Granniss' offer to guide him to the stock ranches of others in the vicinity; but time did not permit, and examination in that direction must be left to another time. Agriculturally, another surprise was here met with. Within a year this section was reported to the writer as practically worthless except for stock, but the table of Mr. Carpenter shows the statement to be as baseless as the potatoes and other vegetables are large and excellent.

The grand view of the Yellowstone secured from the summit of the range discovers such a vast extent of rolling and flat country, grassed almost to suffocation and watered to repletion, that the exclamation of McClernand leaps to the lips of the astonished observer, "Here is room for a million of people!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fort Custer Letter.

Military Movements and Local Matters of Interest.

FORT CUSTER, Montana,
Sept. 5, 1878.

To Editor of Courier:

We are all in a state of excitement here, in consequence of Bannack Indians being discovered near the National Park. Lieut. Doane predicted as far back as May last (when they were troublesome in Idaho), that they might be expected to take their course through Montana about August.

Under orders of the district commander, Gen. Buell and staff left this post at 6:30 a. m., August 31st, for Clark's Fork, to scout towards Stinkingwater river. When Gen. Miles issued the above order he was at Benson's Landing, August 29th, and the Indians were evidently in and around the National Park, for which place the General was en route with a large party of officers and their ladies, on a pleasure trip; and although he had one hundred men with him, was powerless till the ladies should be in safe quarters. The order referred to reached this post on Aug. 30th, at 3 p. m., and it was 9 p. m. on that day before it was really known what men would be sent from here, they being so scattered on various duties, in, and within ten miles of the post. However, there was an early reveille, 3 a. m., the next day, and the command moved by 6:30, crossed the Big Horn river, and started by 7 o'clock. ("Always ready" is the motto here.) This quick movement speaks well for the effective system of the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments, of which Lieut. Fowler, A. Q. M., 2d Cavalry, has control. The transportation was in excellent condition, and as a consequence of the late visit of the Chief Quartermaster of the Department, was properly manned.

It seems that General Buell was on the *qui vive* for these Indians, for Mr. Campbell, post guide and scout, left this place on the 26th ult. for the trail, taking Crow scouts with him. The trail was found near Clark's Fork. Mr. Campbell was attacked, and after a good skirmish, by nighttall the party killed one Bannack; then, with all speed, made for the post, a distance of 150 miles, which he reached by 9 p. m., Sept. 3d, in 32 hours, having only two horses; but, alas! General Buell was miles away. Mr. Campbell, however, left again at 3 a. m. yesterday, with important information for the General, taking three of the best horses to be had in the post. If the General ever gets sight of the Bannacks, it is my opinion they will have no time to hide in any *Big Hole*, as did the Nez Perces.

Three companies of cavalry and one of infantry, also 225 Cheyenne and Sioux scouts, left Fort Keogh to join in the chase.

We hear that Capt. Egan's company, from Fort Ellis, had a brush with these Indians. It is stated that some of his men are wounded.

Thirty-one recruits arrived for the 11th Infantry from Fort Columbus, Ohio, via Fort Snelling, Minn, the day before the command left, and, although they had marched from Fort Keogh, nearly all went on the scout. Under these trying circumstances they were in excellent spirits.

This bears me out in what I have stated before, "that recruits should be at least six months in the States and be thoroughly instructed that they may be so many privates actually fit for active service on arrival with their respective companies." These recruits were sent out on the frontier as far as Fort Buford, unarmed and without escort, and were fired at by Indians while on the steamer Josephine near Fort Berthold, a little before they reached Buford. One recruit, I regret to say, was killed by a Sioux. The Infantry left Custer on this occasion, dismounted. They can therefore fight better and do more in a supply camp without their horses. This camp, it is likely, will be at Clark's Fork.

Lieut-Col. Brackett leaves here for Fort Keogh shortly on a general court martial order. I understand Col. Woods, 11th Infantry, is the President thereof. It is stated that officers of this Post will be brought before this court for trial, and as matters now stand Capt. Wheelan is next to command the Post.

There are barely sufficient men here to do the proper guard duties.

Monsieur Sangier, our restaurant keeper, was hurried away by stage to Helena by the U. S. Marshal, John X. Beidler. It is stated Mr. Sangier has evaded the revenue law in some way, and may come to grief. It is not generally known that Mr. Sangier presented a gun at a soldier in the Post the day before he left, in some domestic matter. Perhaps he will be more careful when (if ever) he returns. Mrs. Sangier, I believe, carries on the business as heretofore. I hardly think Mr. Beidler has power to take a citizen from a military post without informing the commanding officer. I hear there is a point raised in this case.

Lieut. Rubien, 17th Infantry, late A. A. Q. M., &c., at this Post, has been appointed to the responsible and arduous duties of A. C. S. at Fort Lincoln, D. T.

It rained continuously for 24 hours from 3d inst., and has looked gloomy ever since, and another storm is expected.

I have seen some fine quality placer gold brought here by miners to exchange for greenbacks. This gold came from Hart mountains and principally from a point southwest of this Post, near Stinkingwater river.

There about 30 men whose term of service will expire this year. They were to be discharged on the 15th inst. Many were taken on the scout.

It is rumored that the Crow squaws and papoosees will come here to be rationed, while one does not know what to believe. I take in about one-half of what I hear.

There is nothing heard of the command since they left—that is, nothing of interest.

Capt. Mix has just arrived from Fort Keogh. A forage master, Mr. Byrne, who holds his warrant under the Quartermaster General, arrived a few days ago from the same place.

A general rain has again set in.

The troops of the command mustered for two months' pay on August 31st, due that day. The Paymaster is expected about the 25th of October.

Assistant Surgeon Terry accompanied the troops into the field.

Mr. Myers, of Bozeman, has entered into a beef contract, and we get a good supply of the same. This gentleman, I believe, has also the contract to supply the post with wood.

Capt. Mix while at Keogh received a new buggy from Chicago, which cost $275, and on the way up hitched four mules to it, which ran off, smashing the buggy to pieces.

Three companies of cavalry and two of infantry have left Fort Keogh for Terry's Landing to await orders there.

Very respectfully,
HAWKSHAW.

Our Selected Story.

A PROPER YOUNG MAN.

The New York *Mail* relates the following capital little story:

Two years ago John L. Garthman, of Lewiston, Maine, graduated with honors at Yale. As during his years at college he had, in addition to his regular studies, read law with an attorney of New Haven, it only required a year in a law office in Kokomo, Ind., to fit him for admission to the bar, after which he immediately came to New York, and tried very hard to get into practice.

Unfortunately for Mr. Garthman, he discovered that there were already six thousand lawyers in this city, all trying to get into practice, and there was about as much chance for him as for being elected to the Presidency. Office rent and board bills soon consumed the little means he had, and he was at the end of his string. As he was a month in arrears, his landlady commenced to regard him with looks not altogether pleasant, and the brutal bondholder who owned the office he occupied notified him to pay or get out.

Mr. Garthman discovered that while there was plenty of room on the upper shelves, it would require a great many years of climbing, and that he would probably starve to death a great many times before he could reach even the lowest of the said upper shelves. So he determined to quit law and try something else. He was a sensible young man, and so he did not write for the newspapers, ask for the management of a manufacturing corporation, apply for position of actuary in a life insurance company, ask for the presidency of the board of education, ask for the managing editorship of a daily paper, apply for the cashiership of a bank, or anything of the kind.

But he did find something he was fit for. Down in one of the streets close by Wall, in the under-the-sidewalk of a popular restaurant, he noticed a light, clean, open space that was unoccupied. He went to the proprietor of the restaurant and took that space at a nominal rent, and promptly pawning his ulster to procure stock, opened business there as a boot-black!

As a matter of course, he did not desire to be known as a polisher of boots up town, for he was living in a rather exclusive boarding house, to which only the most respectable were admitted. It was no trouble to conceal his identity. Some old clothes, a smutch of black artistically placed on his face, his pantaloons in his boots, and no human being could recognize in Garthman, boot-black, the fashionable and elegant Mr. Garthman of Twenty-first street.

His venture was entirely successful. He was something of a wit in his way, and entertained his patrons judiciously, while he polished their boots. And then there was something about him which attracted the young brokers who frequented the restaurant, and he entered upon a career of prosperity that was delightful. His earnings frequently ran up as high as six dollars a day, and his business in two weeks increased so that he had to employ an assistant.

His changed condition attracted attention at his boarding house. It had become well known that he had been impecunious, and now the fact that he had better clothes and was again carrying his watch, and paid all his bills promptly, led to much comment.

Had he abandoned law? Yes, and gone into business. What business? Polishing calf-skin. And he was congratulated at his success, and became a very popular young man, and was received into the very best boarding house society.

Was it possible that a young man like John L. Garthman should go through life without love? Never! In the same house resided an old gentleman, a merchant who knew just when to quit, who with his daughter, occupied the best apartments in the house. Lillie Pickham, the daughter, was a delightful girl, and Garthman and she became very much attached to each other, and there was a decent prospect that in time they would make up their minds to go through life together. But Garthman had (as who has not?) a hated rival. A broker named Bathurst, who lived at the same house, had cast his eyes on the girl, and, inflamed by her excellencies as well as the comfortable fortune she was sure to possess, determined to possess her. Lillie favored Garthman, and the father favored Bathurst, and consequently it was about an even race between them.

Bathurst did not believe in Mr. Garthman's business, for there was something queer about it. Garthman, when asked where his place of business was, had always replied vaguely, "down town," with a sweep of the hand that took in all the lower part of the city. Mr. Bathurst had searched all the directories for information in vain. No such name appeared, and no such business, either. And so he plied the old gentleman with suspicions, intimating that probably the young man was a dealer in a faro bank, a smuggler, a policy dealer, and all that, till both he and Lillie were nearly crazy

Finally, the following conversation ensued:

"Mr. Garthman, I insist, before you are seen with my daughter any more, upon knowing who you are, and what you are doing, and where you are doing it?"

"Mr. Pickham, I am John L. Garthman. I earn money enough to support your daughter properly, and for the rest, must decline to answer."

"You decline to answer—do you? No man who has anything to conceal shall have anything to do with a daughter of mine."

And in consequence, a strict injunction was laid upon the girl to see him no more, which she violated just as often as she could get out of the house.

One day Mr. Bathurst entered the restaurant in which Mr. Grathman plied his brush, and sat down in the chair to have his boots cleaned. Mr. Garthman kept his face averted as much as possible, but Mr. Bathurst observed him intently. He was shined, paid his ten cents, and went out. In an hour he came back, and, though his boots were yet clean, he sat down again.

At the conclusion of the operation, he remarked:

"Ha! ha! Mr. Garthman; this is the polishing of calt-skin you do, is it?—Ha! ha!"

And, taking a coupe, he hastened up town, full of the discovery. He had his rival in his power. Now Miss Lillie would throw Garthman over; now the elder Pickham would insist that all connection between them should cease, for, of course, he would never permit his daughter to marry a boot-black. And he lost no time in getting at the old man and telling his discovery.

"Do you pretend to say that John Garthman is blacking boots in a basement?"

"Certainly I do. He has an old suit of clothes, which he wears during the day, and then when his work is done he puts on his good clothes and comes up here, imposing himself upon us as a gentleman. He's an impostor."

"He was a lawyer, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"And when he didn't succeed he took this up."

"Yes."

"Lillie!" yelled the old gentleman, somewhat red in the face, "come here. You may take John Garthman, as soon as you please. I like the fellow. Bathurst, if you had been as he was, you would have borrowed of your friends, and thence glided gently into dead-beating, and ended finally as a dealer of faro. John didn't do anything of the kind. He set about earning a living honestly, and has succeeded. That young fellow will get on. Good-bye, Bathurst, you have done us a favor.—Garthman won't black your boots a great while."

And so the troubled John was pleasantly received, and all restrictions were taken off the meetings of the two young ones, and Mr. Bathurst quit the house in disgust, and the twain are to be made one very soon. Garthman has resumed the practice of the law, and as Pickham has influence, it is probable that he will get on very well.

This little romance ended properly. We would not, however, advise all young lawyers to go to boot-blacking, for then the profession would be overdone, and besides all old gentlemen might not be as sensible as Mr. Pickham. However, a few of them might try it to the advantage not only of themselves, but the world.

The Two Apprentices.

Two boys were apprentices in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman, the other didn't care. One of them read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand his trade. He spent his evenings at home, reading. The other liked fun the best. He often went with other boys to have "a good time." "Come," he often said to his shop-mate, "leave your old books; go with us. What's the use of all this reading?"

"If I waste these golden moments," was the boy's reply, "I shall lose what I can never make up."

While the boys were still apprentices, an offer of two thousand dollars appeared in the newspapers for the best plan for a State house, to be built in one of the Eastern States.

The studious boy saw the advertisement and determined to try for it. After careful study he drew out his plans, and sent them to the committee. We suppose he did not really expect to gain the prize; but he thought there is "nothing like trying." In about a week afterwards a gentleman arrived in the carpenter's shop and asked if an architect by the name of Washington Wilberforce lived there.

"No," said the carpenter, "no architect, but I have an apprentice by that name."

"Let's see him."

The young man was summoned, and informed that his plan was accepted, and that the two thousand dollars were his. The gentleman then said that the boy must put up the building; and his employer was so proud of his success that he willingly gave him his time and let him go.

This studious young carpenter became one of the first architects of our country. He made a fortune, and now stands high in the esteem of everybody; while his fellow apprentice can hardly earn food for himself and family by his daily labor.—*American Artisan.*

Capital punishment—making the bad boys sit with the good girls.

Wit and Humor.

There are more p's than anything else in pepper.

An intemperate printer is a typographical error.

Let the ice cream.—*Rochester Democrat.* Let the lemon ade it.—*Whitehall Times.*

The kind of dentists this country wants is those that extract teeth without payin'.

One tramp near Knoxville shot another. That's a new departure that ought to be encouraged.

Ingersoll has hobbed off to Europe, but hell is too well established in the old country for Robert to shake it.

"I was mistaken in that house," said a tramp. "I thought I'd be able to get a warm meal there, but I only got a cold shoulder."

The question has been asked: "Can a Christian go to the circus?" Yes, until he is married, and then in most cases the circus comes to him.

We have just been thinking how language came into the world. It was during Adam and Eve's first quarrel, when one word brought on another.

Somebody has discovered that whenever the grain is cut and hauled in, the tramp makes his appearance on the stubble and demands work or bread.

An Illinois lawyer who charged a widow $25 for making out a bill of sale, reduced his bill to $3 after the widow's brother had taken off his coat.

A St. Louis couple were recently married while the thermometer was 99 in the shade. It will be of interest to scientists to watch this couple and see if their first child is well or rare done.

At Amherst College, some students fastened a live goose on the president's chair. Upon observing it, he said: "Gentlemen, I perceive you have a competent instructor, and I will therefore leave you to your studies."

A young man objected to the young girl that his rich old uncle wanted him to marry. "You mustn't be so particular," said the exasperated uncle. "I tell you she's well enough." "So she is, uncle," responded the nephew, "and you know you always taught me to leave well enough alone."

Don't tell a man you sweat. It is vulgar. Inform him that you are being deprived of the saline and oleaginous fluids of your material substance through the excretories of your pellucid cuticle, with a sensible condensation of moisture upon the superficial exterior.

An Austin (Tex.) bachelor being twitted by some ladies with his single state, and asked how it was that he had never married, said: "I don't know exactly how it is, but I have always felt an indisposition to marriage, and I can't see why it should be, either. I surely don't inherit it, for my father and mother were both married."

An Irish soldier who prided himself upon his bravery said he had fought at the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made good his escape as others did on that famous occasion, he replied: "Be jabers, those that didn't run are there yit."

Olive Logan writes from Paris that the next sensation is to be about ladies' stockings. Our proposed visit to Paris is postponed until the sensation dies out. We never did care to get too near a sensation—especially a "sensation" that is open work from over the knee, and so transparent that ladies will have to wear a silk stocking over it.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Baptist and Methodist were discussing the relative differences of their respective church governments, when the hardshell gentleman remarked: "I don't like your Methodist church government one bit. There is too much machinery about it." "Well, that's so. There is a great deal of machinery about us," replied the M. E., "but then it don't take near as much water to run it as yours does."

It is stated for a fact that an Irishman and his wife, in a Massachusetts town, were discovered at a secluded pool busily engaged washing the half-dozen dirty youngsters of their household, and, on being asked the reason for such unusual scrubbing, they replied: "It's poolin' our shines we are at, as Dinnis directs, and there is sorra nade of it, shure."

Butler (Benjamin F.) has left the Republican party, and this reminds us of the individual who was very sick, sending for a minister. The minister interrogated the sick man, and finally said: "My friend, you seem to be very near death's door, and likely to be called away at any moment. Are you willing to go?" "Yes," replied the sick man, "perfectly willing." "Thank God," replied the minister, "all the neighbors are willing too."—*Boonton Weekly Bulletin.*

To Clean Steel or Iron.

Make a paste of two ounces of soft soap and four of emery powder—that is, two ounces of coarse emery powder and two of fine. Put this paste on fine iron, fenders, etc., and afterwards rub off with dry wash leather. Some people use crocus powder moistened with sweet oil. This is best for polished steel.

Confessions of a Baltimore Tramp.

"At Perryville I went to a house with a brick in my hand, and asked the lady if she would please be so kind as to put some butter on it. The request excited her curiosity, and she asked: "Why do you want to put butter on a brick?" I told her I was going to eat it. 'Surely,' she said, 'you are not so hungry as to eat a buttered brick? Come into the house and I will give you food.' I bagged a square meal, for which I had set so slick a trap. In the western section of the State I asked for something to eat at a house and was refused. I then begged for a looking-glass, which aroused curiosity to know what I would do with the mirror. I replied, I wanted to see myself starving to death.' They then gave me what I wanted."