

# BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

Vol. 7. No. 52.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1878.

Whole No., 364.

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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 sense equivalent to it, thereby asking no man to pay for another's goods.

LESTER S. WILLSON.

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The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

ESTABLISHED IN 1871.

Published Every Thursday Morning.

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Wm. W. Alderson, PUBLISHERS.  
Alderson & Son.

Office, Courier Building, Main Street.

## Poetry.

Carried by "A Large Majority."

He pressed her to his manly breast,  
She smiled the sweetest smile;  
His lips to her he fondly pressed,  
There was a slight commotion.

I'll put the question now, said he,  
That you and he be married;  
He voted "aye," and "aye" said she,  
Decided—vote was carried.

The Lightning-Bolt Man.

A melancholy farmer sat,  
With his old gun crammed full of shot,  
Was sitting by his window.

Three weeks he had his vigil kept,  
Tailed no food, or even sleep,  
Yet all the while the bad boys crept

Among his melons, where they ate  
Enough to kill ten men, but this  
Decrease that small boys stuffed did hate.

This madman farmer, high in state,  
Thus watched and prayed, but all in vain,  
The boys preyed too—and none were slain.

Just at this awful time there tread  
Up to the farmer, with a rod,  
An agent for a lightning-rod.

"Good morning, sir!" he sweetly spoke,  
"My lightning-rod you'd better take—  
They are the best; let me make—"

"O, spare your rods," the farmer said,  
"I have the gun straight at his head  
He shot the agent—not quite dead!"

The bullets flattened at his feet;  
He picked one up, and smiling sweet,  
Presented it; he never meant.

"Now, 'gentle!' said he, oh, so weak,  
"Just buy a rod; they are so sleek,  
Your vengeance on the other cheek!"

—Old City Derrick.

## A BABY AND A HALF.

Prof. William H. Pancoast Examines the Canadian Twins in a Hospital Clinic.

Philadelphia Times, October 14

Quite a furore, not only in medical and surgical circles but even in the untechnical world, was created upon the death of those monstrous twins, the Simese twins, about two years ago. The sensation may be said to have centered in this city, although the extraordinary couple died in the far South.

This was caused by the fact that Professor William H. Pancoast, the well known surgeon and professor in the Jefferson College here, was smart enough to see the advantage to the medical schools of this city which would follow upon having the autopsies made before the College of Physicians in Philadelphia. He and one or two other physicians obtained possession of the bodies, brought them here, examined them, and, as a consequence, quite a learned set of papers passed in the medical journals of the day. Professor Pancoast had previously examined the Carolina twins, and therefore by this time he may be called an "expert" in "teratology," as the science of this kind of monstrosity is called.

It is therefore accorded with the general fitness of thing for Professor Pancoast (Wm. H.), to send away up to Saint Bonavent, Canada, and fetch the last anomalous births in the human family before one of his clinics.

The St. Benoit twins arrived late on Saturday from Canada, via Boston, and at once were taken by their father and mother, escorted by Dr. J. V. Shoemaker, of this city, to the surgical clinic at the Philadelphia Hospital. Here Professor Pancoast was operating in the presence of some five hundred students and a crowd of doctors, who had gotten wind of the intended examination of the twins.

THE TWIN ON THE TABLE.  
Professor Pancoast put the twin baby on the table. It appears to be two babies, joined together at the base of the trunk, with, however, but two legs, two heads, two separate sets of arms, and four arms. The Professor made very introductory remarks on teratology, and referred briefly to the formation of the Simese and the Carolina twins. The parents are French Canadian, speaking no English, and the mother appeared quite frightened by the large audience. Professor Pancoast, then went on, called her anxiety, and then he went on. He called attention to the fact that though the children were called a monstrosity they were really two pretty female infants, united at the hips, and that there was nothing repulsive in their appearance. He took the ground that they were two entities, two separate brains or intelligences.

The one on the left of the observer, Rose, was heavy and strong, while that on the right, Marie, was not quite so robust. She was useful from teaching. Rose was bright, but Marie was happy.

THE PROFESSOR TALKS ABOUT THEM.  
Rose and Marie are the names of this wonderfully close-jointed pair of sisters

that can never know separation. Rose-Mary would be the name for them taken as one. A toy was handed Mary; she smiled, took it and played with it. Rose reached out her baby hand, got the toy, and also smiled and chuckled. Professor Pancoast then proceeded to show that the children are separate down to the edge of the ribs, with separate heads, separate arms, two to each, and separate hearts, at the breast—the bodies are fairly united, but the rest of the organs are common to both. There is but one navel, and the buttocks are united, terminating on each side with a well formed leg, one for each of the joined twins. Rose's leg is very little larger than the one belonging to Marie, but both are of equal length and perfectly formed. The Professor continued to explain to the highly interested class that, while the head, arms and thorax, with its contents, were separate, it was probable that the intestinal canal was joined together, as there was but one anus, and that in all probability the bladder and womb were more or less united, as they had been common genitalia. In the science of teratology, the St. Benoit twins would come under the first order of terata—conjoined twins, which means a subject with more or less separation of the brain and spinal cord. The genius is that in which they are united at the abdomen and pelvis—technically, *Lichynus Symeantus*, and the species the three-footed, or *Trypus*; and as the body had a union apparently of the ends of the sternum it should also be called an *Xyphoidium*.

OTHER CASES KNOWN.  
Having fully explained the peculiar formation the lecturer said that he possessed the skeleton of a similar specimen, which he now has in the anatomical museum of Jefferson Medical College. It is very complete and perfect. Another specimen, reported by Prof. Horner, is in the museum of the Pennsylvania University, but that the pair then before him were the only ones that ever came into the world alive, and that their chances of living were quite as good as those of other children of the same age.

Having concluded, the speaker proceeded to take measures for the relief of Marie's part of Rose-Mary, which was suffering from cutting teeth. As he believes in having, so as to the away the tension of the inflamed and swollen gums, which so often by resistance and irritation of the inflamed nerves, throw children into convulsions, with other serious consequences following, he would proceed to operate if the mother would allow him. The parent hesitated, but ultimately consented, and while Dr. part the Professor used the lance and exposed the baby-teeth trying to push their way to exposure. Rose was not affected in the least, but continued to play with her father, and directly Marie's head was released she ceased fretting and showed a disposition to take a hand in the game with her other half.

A Youthful Exhorter.

Thomas Harrison, a boy exhorter, is conducting a remarkable revival in the Foundry Methodist Church, Washington.

His entrance to a meeting is thus described:—"Crack! snap! crack!" sound upon the walking air with the thrilling sounds of pistol shots, in rapid succession. The explanation appears when the evangelist comes in, slapping his white hands from excess of nervousness. He is dressed in a tight-fitting black coat, the skirts of which are so long as to give it the appearance of a pinstriped one. A white tiger is not more restless. He is never still. His feverish unrest infects his audience. His never-failing wonder of what he will do next, and the failure to anticipate correctly, keep up an unflagging interest. He uses simple language and expresses his ideas clearly, but has none of the style of a trained speaker. But his energy is tremendous and his power over an audience wonderful. His descriptions of a sulphurous hell for sinners are terrifying to most of his hearers, and the excitement is always great by the time the sermon ends with an appeal to sinners to get forward for prayer. Our reporter gives the following account:—"He stepped down from the platform and stood on the front seat. He was pale with excitement. He outstretched his hands downward and the heads went down in front of him as if impelled by a weight. Then he said in a low voice: 'The spirit of God is present with more remarkable power than I have ever felt in all my experience.' Ferocious exhortation followed. Persons began to quit their seats and rush forward. In a minute the front seat was full. Old and young struggled with each other to be first. The leaders met each newcomer with a hand-shake and a shout. One fashionably dressed young woman fainted, but a friend near her caught her and she fell prostrate over the channel rails." Harrison is from Boston. He has been remarkably successful in exciting religious fervor wherever he has worked, and in great request by Methodist churches. He is said to be so engrossed with his mission that he often breaks into exhortation at hotel-tables, in street cars, and anywhere else that the impulse seizes him.

Yellow Fever Romance.

Memphis Special to Chicago Tribune.

I heard of a romantic case to-day, of the class one hears of but rarely in the walks of real life. During the early days of the epidemic, a gentleman named Wood fell sick at Fort Pickering, a suburb of the city. While prostrate and helpless, his case being considered very critical, he was faithfully nursed by Miss Quackenbush, a young lady of the neighborhood, celebrated alike for her beauty and sweet disposition. So untiring were her efforts in his behalf, and so skillfully did she discharge the trust undertaken, that after a protracted wrestle with the monster, Mr. Wood prevailed, and recovered rapidly, and was completely restored to health. Yesterday a det wedding occurred in this disease-ridden city, the parties to which were Miss Quackenbush and her patient Wood.

## Odds and Ends.

The cash value of the farms in the United States is \$9,262,803,801.

"This is tight work for the body," as the man said when the bear was lugging him.

If Mr. Edison will only invent a process for making confectionery out of sugar, and five cent cigars out of tobacco, he will be entitled to niche 1, section A, Temple of Fame.

The nation that produces the most marriages is fascination; and the nation that produces the most divorces is alienation.

All the theology in the world has never succeeded in answering the child's question, "Why doesn't God kill the devil?"

The *Gophus* relates the assertion that it is only the female honey-bee that carries a stinger, but are men to respect sex when half a dozen bees are trying to squeeze down behind a No. 15 collar?

Going in debt has wrecked more fortunes and hopes, made more mortgages, and brought more wrinkles to the brow than any other mistake farmers are chargeable with.

"We shall put Uncle Sammy through," telegraphed Manton Marble from Tallahassee. Mr. Marble failed, but "let him not be despondent. We shall put Uncle Sammy through."—N. Y. Tribune.

As soon in the fall as bulbs can be obtained they should be planted—though this will not generally be the case till October but it is as well to bear in mind that the earlier they are planted the finer they will grow.

The bridge between New York and Brooklyn, now about completed at a cost of \$8,000,000, is likely to be abandoned, as it is claimed that it will be unsafe and almost useless, as not more than ten thousand persons an hour pass over it.

At a trial of agricultural implements undertaken at the Paris Exposition, curiosity centered around a steam reaping-machine, which, managed by one man, moved through the waving grain like a thing of life, with a sweep of swath nearly twelve feet wide.

In the evening it was worked again, an electric light supplying the needed illumination.

The Universalists of New Hampshire, at their recent convention, unanimously resolved that "this convention disapproves and condemns the use of tobacco by any of our ministers as a habit inconsistent with the purity and temperance of the Gospel, which every minister is called upon to proclaim and practice, and that no one should purify and temperance, who is addicted to this habit."

The sheep bites closer than the ox. He was designed to live where the other would starve; he was designed in many places to crowd the other, and to gather sufficient nourishment where the ox would be unable to crop a single blade. The purposes are answered by this: All the nutriment that the land produces is gathered from it, while the pasture is made to produce more herbage than by any other means it could be forced to do; the sheep, by his close bite, not only loosens the roots of the grass and stimulates their spreading, but by cutting off the short stalks, causes the plants to grow up again, and thus the pasture is kept in a constant state of renewal. The ewe, by her close grazing, keeps the pasture in a constant state of renewal, and thus the pasture is kept in a constant state of renewal.

A writer in *Land and Water*, an English scientific magazine, says: "A friend of mine took lodgings the other day in a farm house; he complained bitterly of many things. The crowing of the fowls in the early morning was bad enough, but a far greater nuisance existed than that. The worst of it was that the fowls were so noisy that he could not sleep. This animal was a champion as for bawling; morning, noon and night he was at it. The fact was that unless the children were petting him he was untidy. A friend to whom he applied knew of a cure. In the dusk of evening he slipped into the donkey's stable armed with a heavy weight; this he affixed to Neddy's tail. Neddy never brayed that night, nor as long as it was done. It appears that to bray, a donkey must extend the tail. I cannot say why, but I know that in this instance it had the desired effect."

Terminology or Masculine?

Fallos (N. Y.) Times.

Nine years ago there came to Falley Seminary, in this village, a gentleman by the name of Bryant, and with him was his daughter, Frances Earl, aged nine years, whom he wished to leave in charge of the principal, Professor Gilmour, for education. She was boyish in a great many of her actions, he said, preferring to wear her hair short and parted on the side, and an untrimmed hat; she would invariably cross her feet when she sat down, and had like peculiarities which, he said, were her birth before his wife had borne a boy, which she had, and it had died. So great was her love for the child that she prayed night and day for her counterpart, at times her pleadings verging almost on insanity. Another child was born, but it was a girl, yet it seemed in features and actions like her daughter. This was the child he had brought—a motherless child—to educate and care for.

She at once became a favorite in her new home. Mrs. Riggins, a matron in the establishment, being to her a mother in word and deed. Her father, who was a conductor on the Erie road, came several times to visit her, and after a year or more removed her to a school near New York and nearer to where he was located. It was hard for those who knew her to part from her, and it was long before the tears in "Auntie Riggins" eyes were dried.

To Frances there brought his change, but true to her love for Auntie Riggins, her course was marked with letters telling of her life and taking advice. The latter part of last March came a letter, saying that her father had met with reverses, and thinking him unable to support her she

had resolved to do something for herself and was coming here in search of work. Frances quickly followed the letter, and after about two weeks secured employment in the Oswego Falls factory, where she has been employed until last Friday.

The nine years had not robbed her of her boyish characteristics, but age had given her developed them, and now and then when she met a girl she would jauntily touch her natty felt hat. She proved a very companion, and the "boy-girl" has hosts of friends.

Last Friday, while she was at her dinner, officer Slatery, of Oswego, called at her boarding house, and arrested her on the charge of being a masculine in feminine attire, and for general improper conduct.

"Who made out this warrant?" she asked, as it was extended. "I made it out myself," said Slatery. "What authority had you?"

He was averse to answering this, and left her to be satisfied with the assurance that he had been looking for her for two days. The officer and his prisoner took the first train for Oswego, where the girl was given by Slatery (no judge or justice being present) the alternative of being examined, that her sex might be determined, or going to jail. Rather than suffer the disgrace of imprisonment, she submitted to an examination, which was made by Drs. Milne and Mattoon, who announced that she was what she represented to be—a girl, and she was therefore discharged and given the privilege of returning home, if in the strange city she could find the means.

She was "at home" to a *Times* man who called on her at the apartments of Mrs. Riggins an evening after her arrival home, and promptly reiterated the statements—Gilmour and the authority of Professor Gilmour and the authority of Professor Gilmour—concerning her early life here. She also gave the particulars of her arrest, and her tears so that she choked her utterance, but too well of the humiliating ordeal she had passed through. She is of medium height, rather slender, smooth-faced, and fair-complexioned, and dark lashes shade her bright, black, expressive eyes. Her features are largely and clearly outlined, though not prominently so; her feet are perfect, a trifle large, but her hands are fine and her fingers are long and tapering. Her hair is black and short—never having been allowed to grow longer than a boy's—but once—and is parted on the left side. Her breast and shoulders somewhat resemble those of a man, there is no attempt to disguise, but they would probably compare favorably with the same of some other, under similar restrictions, and in all respects she appears a girl of ordinary mold—intelligent, quiet, and retiring.

Registering Third-Class Matter.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Postmaster Palmer has just issued a circular giving complete information regarding the postage and registration of third-class mail matter. No package of such matter can be registered until a proper examination can show it to be entitled to transmission as such matter. Great care must be exercised to prevent the registration and admission into the mails of matter that is unmailable, and also to prevent the admission at third-class rates of matter upon which postage is properly chargeable at first-class rates under existing laws and regulations. Postmasters should require to be put up securely, so as to safely bear up to prevent an examination of their contents, either at the mailing office or at the office of delivery. Matter offered for registration in violation of these requirements will be treated as now provided by law and the postal regulations. Both postage and registry fee must be fully prepaid, with postage stamps affixed to the packages. Registered packages of third-class matter will, as far as practicable, be treated in the same manner as registered letters.

The name and addresses of the sender must be indorsed, either in writing or in print, upon each package of third-class matter offered for registration; and there may be added to this a brief description, in writing or in print, of the number and names of the articles inclosed. No additional written matter except the address, is permitted by law. A request to return any article would be subject to the package at first-class (letter) rates. Unclaimed registered packages of third-class matter will be treated the same as unclaimed registered letters.

Third-class matter is divided into two divisions, as follows: The first division includes pamphlets, occasional publications, transient newspapers, books, periodicals, handbills, posters, sheet music (printed), prospectuses, maps, proof-sheets, and regular publications designed primarily for advertising purposes or free circulation at nominal rates. The second division includes printed cards and blanks, lithographs, prints, chromo-lithographs, engravings, photographs, and stereoscopic views, book manuscripts, unsealed circulars, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, and acorns, flexible patterns, samples of ores, metals, minerals, and merchandise, sample cards, plain and ornamental paper, photographic paper, letter envelopes, postal envelopes and wrappers, unprinted cards, cardboard, or other flexible material, and all other mailable matter of third-class, not herein enumerated.

The rate of postage for articles of the first division, is one cent for every two ounces, or fractional part thereof. The rate of postage for articles in the second division is one cent for each ounce, or fractional part thereof. The fee for registration is ten cents for each package; the weight of each package not to exceed four pounds.

The Eastern press is almost a unit in wishing for the appearance of a district attorney who can draw up an indictment that will convict a shrewing bank officer. It is no trouble to make one stick against a poor devil who has stolen a pair of shoes or a loaf of bread.

## Wit and Humor.

Who ever heard a bed tick? Deception one cannot see through—A glass eye.

Young men and green corn always "pop" better when they get over being green.

Lives of great men all remind us that the average Captain never feels insulted by being called Colonel.

Some beetles have as many as twenty-five thousand eyes. The "boss" never gets a chance to catch them loafing.

"Cooking parties are all the rage in Paris," says a fashion exchange. "Typographical error, evidently. Means 'typographical parties.'"

Cyrus Carl was married the other day, and on his wedding notice were the words "no curls." But then he doesn't know what might happen.

"I have a great ear, a wonderful ear," said a conceited musician, in the course of conversation. "So has Jackass," replied a bystander.

There is a fortune awaiting the man who invents a hoarse-sounding book which you can throw at a cat and have it fall back to the window if it misses the mark.

Hoed, in describing the meeting of a man and a lion, said: "The man ten of with all his might, and the lion with all his mane."

Some people maintain that a high hat isn't become all men, but it seems to us that a "stove pipe" ought to suit every body.

Now is the time that the wife lies to the seashore, and the husband remains at home to look after the hired girl and things.

The grand and awful difference between a tree and a bore is—hurray now!—the tree leaves in the spring, and the bore why, he never leaves.

A Frenchman, boasting of the invention of his own countrymen, said they invented the law-makings. "Ah, ah," said John Bull, "and we added shins to them."

"Marah! Marah! please let me in," said a man to his wife, who was looking out of the window watching him trying to open the door with a toothpick. "I read on my key, and it's all flattened out."

A Miss Steers, of Virginia, eloped recently. She exhibited great anxiety to be yoked to a mate. The funny man will now have a chance to ask her she likes it as far as she's got.

An agricultural paper tells "How to dress a hog." But what's the use to dress a hog without a pig?"

In China parents do not call their children by given names, but by numbers, 1, 2, 3, and so on. In that country a young man doesn't always look out for "No. 1," with out his good-looking.

A poem commences, "Under the willows he's lying." He must be a tramp. They lie under all sorts of trees. One was discovered lying under an axe-tree the other morning. The owner of the wagon made him wheel-wright around and leave.

Unhappy Victim—"You humbug! thought you told me you could extract teeth without any pain." Bland Operator—"So I did, my dear sir; and I can assure you I did not suffer in the slightest."

A colored preacher in Norwich a short time ago gave out the following announcement: "Brothers and sisters, next Sunday, the Lord willing, there will be baptizing at this place, the candidates being four adults and three addressless."

There are people in this world to whom the prosperity of others is wornwood and gall. They cannot see a man go into bankruptcy and fix up to live comfortably without saying to himself, "I wish I had my feelings by telling him about what he owes them and trying to prevent his discharge."

Candidates are plenty about Reno. "Johnson, my boy," cried Hinderpud, slinking his friend warily by the hand. "Mrs. H. tells me that you will soon be a father."

"Yes," replied Johnson, absently, "subject, of course, to the decision of the Reno delegation to the Republican county convention."

Housekeeping Money.

Country Gentleman.

If every man would pay his weekly week by sum for housekeeping, clothing, etc., he would find that in nine cases out of ten he would manage of the fund would increase not only his comfort, but that of the whole house. If she is equal to the task of being a wife and a mother, she is also equal to the task of supplying and paying for the daily necessities of the home. If she is head manager, she will take pride and pleasure in making 100 cents go a great way—much further than a man can make the expenditure of the weekly sum, will be by a certain amount toward buying such and such supplies in quantities, will learn that there is no economy in buying by the bar, starch or sugar by the pound. She will systematize her affairs, keep books—a day-book and a ledger—and exhibit her well-kept accounts with pride and delight. The very fact that the expenditure of the money belongs to her will sweeten her life, give new zest to her occupations, and make her a happier and more contented wife. To most women the idea of asking for money is abhorrent. They put it off from day to day, the dread of it is so great. They will wear expensive clothes in the kitchen rather than ask for the money needed for the purchase of a plain calico dress.

Shrug your shoulders if you choose, you unbelieving husband, and say: "I never knew such a woman." I beg your pardon, but I must contradict you. The woman you call wife, I do believe, would rather suffer with the toothache than ask you for money. This is no false statement; most women do shrink from asking the head of the family for money needed for boots, clothing and the common necessaries of life; it is neither agreeable or pleasant to them, and they should not be forced to do

it if they do their appointed work, the money to carry it on should be freely offered, monthly or weekly, as may be desired. Some husbands have seen how much their mothers suffered for the want of money, even when their fathers were rich, and they profit by the fact and give their wives a generous supply, never forcing them to become applicants for a dollar by doing they greatly increase the domestic happiness. Place confidence in a woman's ability to do it, and she will fully repay by doing her executive powers—her sense, respectability, and good-will.

The subject of money supplies in the home opens a whole field of thought to the husband. Will he continue to let the wives of the middle class have been accustomed to earn out support, to purchase their own wardrobe before they were married. But after marriage it is considered they must ask for what they require rather than have it paid to them quarterly. As first their wants are few, or if supplied out one or two years, thus their outfit, and it becomes very cheap. On the husband's mind, "My wife has all she needs," never demanding how many days it requires to sustain her outfit to ask for what she needs. May I ask you to inquire of your own wife how she feels on such occasions? Unless she is afraid to speak the truth, your eyes may be opened somewhat.

Col. Hob. Egbert, on the Poets.

"Dante," he said, "was a wonderful poet. I was told so. I read his book. He was exceedingly subtle; but I could find nothing in them but those vicious twines, solemnity and stupidity, born of supercilious struggling for the mastery. So I also heard a good deal of the sonnets of Petrarch. They are polished and grammatical, but I found they were written about another man's wife who had twice or thrice been legally declared that he was all perfect in fact, and that he had a form resembling from his face. Milton's sublime