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The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

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Poetry.

A Maiden's "Panis of Life."

Tell me not in idle jingle
"Marriage is an empty dream,"
For the girl that dies that single,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
Single blessedness a flimsy;
"Man thou art, to man returneth,"
Has been spoken of the rim.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
And one year seems though light and gay,
Still like pleasant dreams are being
Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, how'er pleasant;
Let the dead pass bury their dead;
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within, and God ahead.

Lives of married folks rejoice at
We can give our lives as well,
Such examples as shall "tell,"
Such examples that another,
"Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and count.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart and hand to spare;
Still contriving, still pursuing,
And each one a husband get.

Grandmother's Way.
BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"A change of work is as good as play,"
My aged grandmother used to say;
And she was no trifle in her day.

While I, as an indolent as a Turk,
"Tis true, was rather inclined to shirk
Whatever happened to look like work.

For grandmother didn't want us to run,
Would stop us in the midst of our fun,
And give a scolding to every one.

And when by her knee I sat to sew,
(Never a martyr like me, I know,
For at sight of a needle the tears would flow.)

Oh, many a time has her thimble brought
My neck back, with each wandering thought,
To pick out the stitches so poorly wrought.

I tried her patience, as children will,
Who have a horror of sitting still,
And of frolic and fun can't get their fill.

My grandmother loved to work, I'm told,
(Never a martyr like me, I know,
For at sight of a needle the tears would flow.)

But I was foolish, and couldn't see
What help a grandmother was to me
In teaching me lessons of industry.

And now, when over my tasks I bend,
The garments I have to make and mend,
I can but think of my childhood's friend,

Who taught me the useful things she knew,
To patch and darn, and embroider, too,
And never to slight what I had to do.

But grandmother had no fun in her day,
"I'm sure, as I'm not prepared to say
That "a change of work is as good as play."

What We Like?
To hear a man try to borrow his neighbor's paper.

And the neighbor to have courage enough to reply: "I would as soon loan you my tooth brush."

To have a party imagine that he can do as much business without advertising as he can with it.

To look at the blank astonishment that settles down on his face when, after trying it a month, he finds that it cannot be done.

To see a man refuse to take his local paper, and all the time sponge on his neighbor for the use of his.

To hear a man complain when we ask him to subscribe for his home paper, that he takes more papers now than he can read, and then go around and borrow his neighbor's, or loaf about him until he gets the news from it.

To see a man run down his home paper as not worth taking, and every now and then beg the editor for a favor in the editorial line.

To see a man refuse to advertise in a home paper, and then try and get a share of trade that the paper is mainly instrumental in bringing to his door.

To see a man who is able to pay for his local paper, always manage to be around in time to read it at the expense of a friend not worth the tenth part of what he himself is, it looks so economical, thrifty and progressive, you know.

THE YELLOWSTONE.

Graphic Description of That Picturesque Valley.

The Former Hunting Grounds of the Sioux Undergoing Rapid and Wonderful Changes.

W. H. B., in St. Louis Sunday Times.

The Yellowstone river, flowing through the great Territory of Montana, has not for many years received that attention from the world that its surroundings and resources demand. But the recent evacuation of its valleys by the Sioux Indians, and the still more recent proof of the possibility of its navigation for 500 miles, has opened this country to all, and a description of this mountain stream, its valleys, with its future outlook, cannot be out of place.

The Yellowstone is the largest and longest tributary of the Missouri. It rises in the vicinity of Sublette's Lake and is about 1,000 miles in length. It at first flows northeast, then east, then again northeast, and finally nearly north, when it empties into the Missouri. It now discharges, at its confluence with the Missouri, a far greater amount of water than the latter stream. The main channel of the river is at the widest places about 700 yards in width and at the narrowest about fifty yards. In general it is a shallow stream, and in low water is fordable at many places. In high water it varies in depth, on the shoals, from four to seven feet. For the first 100 miles it flows through the National Park, the "Wonderland" of the world. The falls of the Yellowstone are said to be the most magnificent in existence, and the scenery is unsurpassed. An appropriation of \$10,000 has this year been made, and will probably secure good roads and accommodations for the tourists of the park.

The Yellowstone valley, abounding with all kinds of game, was for years the hunting ground of the Sioux Indians. No steambot dared to enter this region, and more than one life was lost in the attempt. In 1837 a steamer ascended the Missouri to the mouth of the Yellowstone, but it was not until 1862 that Fort Benton, the head of navigation on the Missouri, was reached, and still later, not until 1875 did a steamer reach the head of navigation on the Yellowstone. The Missouri was navigated for thirteen years while the Yellowstone, really the larger stream, was not disturbed by a steamer's wheels. Truly, vague stories were sometimes told of its myriad islands, its unlimited valleys, its productive soil, its giant forests, its untold herds of game, and its rich mineral and vegetable. But not until the hostile Indians were driven from the country at the cost of the gallant Custer's life was any reliable description of the country obtained. In many places, however, can be seen the remains of old forts and trading posts, but no history of the adventures or their fate has been left us.

About twenty miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone, on the right hand shore, we find a wide prairie dotted with clumps of cottonwood trees and covered with high waving grass which makes the best hay in the world. So highly are these "hay fields" valued that the Government has of late been getting its winter supply of hay hauled from here to Fort Buford, Keogh and Custer. The river crosses from bluff to bluff through this valley, which is very level and covered with high grass and dense cottonwood. The soil is a rich alluvial deposit and is no doubt highly productive.

Above this we enter the country of islands. At times we find four or five chutes ahead of us, and innumerable smaller ones. The pilot is often puzzled where to find the deepest channel. The islands vary in size from tiny parks, no larger than the steamer herself, to great forests, containing many hundred acres. Without exception they are well timbered, and, when cleared, will be highly valuable for agriculture. But when the river cuts up into many chutes so much water is drawn from the main channel as to make it very shallow, and sometimes narrow and crooked, a great detriment to navigation. For the first hundred miles the country is chiefly of the character described above. After that, the valleys become narrower, islands fewer, and timber light and scarce. Numerous gravel bars are seen, and a layer of gravel underlies the narrow prairies.

After passing Red Bluff and until we reach Big Hole Rapids, a distance of about one hundred miles, the country is the very picture of desolation. The river is from 400 to 800 miles in width, very few islands and these small and poorly timbered. On one side are seen high desolate bluffs, which bear the appellation of *Les Mauvaises Terres*, and now and then we find a few cedars in the coolies. At the mouth of Powder river there is a slack and wood yard, but this is all that breaks the monotony for a hundred miles. After leaving Buffalo Rapids the valley widens, islands again become numerous, the timber increases in size and quantity, and as we near the valley of the Tongue river there is an entire change of scene. Rich rolling valleys, dotted with stately cottonwoods, spread out on either side. Some of the ground is even now under cultivation, and many extensive ranches have been enclosed. From here to Camp Bertie, now the head of successful navigation, the country increases in beauty at every step. On the bluffs pine is found in abundance and is now used chiefly for fuel. The valley is from two to four miles wide, covered with luxuriant grass and cottonwood timber, which deepens at times into dense forests. The islands are large, well timbered, and are perfect parks. Antelope, mountain sheep, deer, elk, buffalo, and all kinds of game are plentiful, but will not long remain so.

Of the many streams which empty into the Yellowstone, but one or two come in from the north. The largest streams are Powder, Tongue, and Big Horn rivers. Powder is a wide, shallow, sluggish stream, said to be very long. It empties into the Yellowstone 235 miles above the mouth, from between the southern hills to a barren stretch of country where timber

is scarce. Tongue river, 272 miles above the mouth, is a narrow, swift stream flowing from the south through the beautiful, well timbered valley which extends some distance up the river. Its water has a reddish tinge. The Big Horn, 423 miles above the mouth, is a wide, swift stream, about the size of our Snake river. At its mouth it is larger than the Yellowstone itself, though not so swift or deep. It reaches that river through a narrow valley, and is navigable to Fort Custer, fifty miles south. Among the principal small streams are Cottonwood, Cabin, O'Fallon, Cedar, Sunday, Rosebud, Ash, Big Porcupine, and Snyder's Run Creeks.

The Yellowstone Valley is bordered on each side by the "Bad Lands." At the worst places these present a most wild, unpromising picture of loneliness and desolation. Far as the eye can reach, nothing but parched clay meets the sight; no grass, no trees, no water, no habitation, no life. In some places, however, we find it covered with a wild, hardy grass, excellent for hay and grazing. Were it not for the scarcity of water and timber, this land could, in time, be utilized. Sometimes between the river and bluff are found stretches of rolling prairie, covered with sagebrush and prickly pear.

Underlying the bluffs which at times border the river, we found thick veins of coal. One mile above Morgan's Ranch, in the south bank, there is a vein from three to six feet in thickness, seemingly of good quality. Eight miles above O'Fallon Creek, in the south bank, there is a Government claim, six to eight feet in thickness. This coal has been used by steamers. For other purposes, and is said to be known to be present in the immediate vicinity of the Yellowstone, although many beautiful specimens of moss agate were found.

On the lower part of the Yellowstone, the bluffs which border the river are not of unusual height. Mountain Sheep Bluff, on the north shore, 200 miles above the mouth, is a high, rough, ridge of the Bad Land species. Smoke and steam was seen issuing from between the rocks on a bluff near Jacob's Rapids. We did not stop to investigate the phenomenon, and the "Cone" cannot explain it. Sheridan's Butte is a high, conical mountain of curious shape, just below Powder river. Devil's Bastions, a high ridge of barren, broken hills, border the river on the north for several miles. "This spindly column of his Satanic Majesty" is visible many miles away. Above Tongue river the bluffs are thickly covered with pine, growing at times right at the water's edge. Bessie Butte, two miles north of Tongue, is a prominent landmark. The Palisades are a broken ridge of rocks immediately fringing the river on the north, for three or four miles. They are from fifty to seventy-five feet in height, and present many curious formations. Just below the Big Horn, the bluffs on the south increase in altitude, presenting a very mountainous appearance. Above Big Horn they become still higher, of a rougher character, and rocks are plentiful in the river. In the hazy distance on the north, can be seen a lone peak of the Bull Mountains. From Snyder's Run we can see, far to the west, the tops of the Crazy Mountains, so white with the "eternal snow" as they are hardly distinguishable from the snowy clouds beyond. Glistening in the rays of the morning sun, they seem a veritable fairy-land.

Scattered along the Yellowstone there are bits of scenery which would charm the most unaltered. A walk of 100 yards will, at any time, secure a most beautiful bouquet. Bright, hardy flowers, seldom found in the garden or hot house, here "waste their sweetness on the desert air." There are roses of a most beautiful species, in prolific abundance. Hundreds of floral beauties, dazzling the eye with their varied tints, show forth all the colors of the rainbow, and fill the air with delicious fragrance. In this wide wilderness, scorched by incessant heat, neglected by the rain drops, visited only by the grazing antelope, the fleeing deer, the wild elk, the wandering buffalo, and the pursuing red man, blossom and flourish flowers of the sweetest fragrance and unrivaled beauty. In June the prairie is a charming iridescent with these specimens of the Creator's handiwork.

Perhaps the most beautiful views are the many picturesque islands. Level as the smooth prairie, they are covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, and no weeds or undergrowth whatever are visible. Over this richly carpeted lawn bend the heavy limbs of aged cottonwoods, rich with foliage. To add to the beauty of the scene, clumps of most beautiful flowers are placed here and there. This forest primeval is arranged with charming irregularity by Nature's own hand, yet one can look down the "Avenue" and imagine himself in some English forest. So beautiful are they in their every aspect that they appear like the dainty, well-kept parks of our handsomest cities, rather than natural islands.

Above the Big Horn the scenery changes from the beautiful to the sublime. Quaint figures are eroded in the sandstone by the flowing waters; the swift rolling river rushes onward; bluffs, points and peaks rise hundreds of feet above the water's edge; deep ravines separate the snow-covered hills, and in the distance the snow-capped mountains mingle with the clouds beyond.

The rapidity with which the Yellowstone valley has been settled is one of the wonders of modern times. But when we remember the great value of this country, the unprecedented influx of settlers causes to be remarkable. Captain Joe La Barge, the veteran navigator, speaks of this region as "God's own country—the garden spot of the Northwest." Three years ago the Yellowstone valley was sitting Bull's favorite hunting ground. So long had the Sioux had possession of this enchanted wilderness that they deemed it solely their own. The result we all know. Sitting Bull, driven out at the cost of Custer's life, fled to Manitoba. To-day he wanders over barren hills, longing for the plentiful

game of his old hunting grounds. But alas! how changed! If he were now to return to the Yellowstone he would find its surroundings sadly altered. He would find, where he had formerly chased the buffalo, hundreds of wood-choppers, ranchmen, farmers, busy towns and thriving villages.

Below Tongue river the settlements are comparatively scarce, consisting chiefly of wood-choppers. The steamers plying the river must have fuel, and pay a good price for it. The recent opening of navigation in that river, caused many choppers to locate and place wood on the banks. They subsist chiefly on wild game, and spend their money as soon as it is made.

At several places ranches have been established in addition to the wood-yards, as at Burns, Morgan's and Smith's, below Glendive. This place, situated on a narrow prairie on the north, was one of the earliest settlements. It consists of eight or ten log cabins, used as quarters for the troops stationed there in winter. There are a few shacks and some soldiers at Ferry Point, seventy miles above Glendive, where the mail route crosses the river. A large flatboat and two yaws are kept here, and agriculture is being experimented upon.

As we approach Tongue river signs of civilization increase. Many shacks and large enclosed tracts, dotted with stock, are seen. Ranches, farms and people increase in number, until, turning a bend in the river, we come to eight miles City, the chief settlement on the Yellowstone. It is on the south bank, 270 miles above the mouth. It is a representative frontier town of about seventy-five rude buildings, but is well laid out. There were about 300 people there, many of them, seemingly, idle, although business men were prospering. Saloons and gambling dens are the most abundant, while trading stores are next in number. Miles City is at present a supply point for miners, ranchmen and soldiers from Fort Keogh, five miles distant. The town has lately been moved to the east bank of Tongue river, about three miles farther west.

Fort Keogh is situated in a valley on the south bank, about one mile in width, and of the best soil. It is two miles above the mouth of Tongue river and is the best and most substantial of all the Western forts. It consists of forty or fifty large, nicely painted, two-story buildings. These are arranged in the form of a square, each used as officers' quarters and storehouses. Within the square are the men's quarters. A large number of troops are stationed here under General Miles, continuing up the country. The soldiers near the river, and will no doubt be well repaid. General Miles has taken great pains to improve and beautify this wilderness, having laid out walks, planted shade trees, and made several splendid drives. The settlers on the Yellowstone are petitioning for its retention at Fort Keogh.

[CONCLUDED ON 2ND PAGE.]

Afraid She'd be Kissed.

A man was once walking along one road and a woman along another. The roads finally united, and the man and woman, reaching the junction at the same time, walked on from there together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back, and he had held by the legs a live chicken and in the other a can, and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a deep, dark ravine, the woman said to the man: "I am afraid to go through that ravine with you; it's a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force."

"If you are afraid of that," said the man, "you should have walked with me all the way; I possibly overpowered you and kiss you by force when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a can in one hand and a live chicken in the other, and am leading this goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot?"

"Yes," replied the woman; "but if you should stick your cane into the ground and tie the goat to it, and then turn the kettle bottom side up and put the chicken into it, the goat might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance."

"Success to thy ingenuity, O woman!" exclaimed the rejoicing man to himself; "I should never have thought of that expedient."

And when they came to the ravine he stuck his cane in the ground and tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying: "Hold it while I eat some grass for the goat," and then lowering the kettle from his shoulders, impudently kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

Behold! They are Blessed.
Blessed is the man who shall subscribe for his home paper, and pay therefor. His feet shall not stand on slippery places; he shall not be persecuted by his enemies, nor shall his children be caught begging.
Blessed is he that walketh to the house of the printer, eye even goeth into the sanctum and payeth for twelve months' subscription in advance. Selah!
He shall learn wisdom day by day and be exalted among his fellows.
He shall talk knowingly upon all subjects, and his neighbors shall be astonished at the meekness of his learning.
He shall not contract bad debts nor lose good bargains.
He shall not pay an additional per cent. on his taxes, for his eyes shall behold the notice of the collector, and will take warning thereby.
Verily, he shall bring his product to the market when the price is an exceedingly good, and withhold them when the prices descend.
He shall not be hold of red-hot poker, for his knowledge of metallurgy will teach him that red-hot iron burns.
His children shall not vex him, nor his wife get the Grecian bend.
He shall live to a good old age, and when his dying hour is at hand, he need not fear the "devil."

MR. EDISON'S SPACIOPHON.

How the "Hawkeye" Man Assisted in an Important, but Unfortunate Experiment.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

We remember meeting Mr. Edison, some years ago, when he was most deeply absorbed in his experiments relating to the conductivity of sound through various mediums, and had a long and interesting conversation with him upon that subject. We conversed upon the well-known fact that the same medium of transmission has different properties at different times. We both cited instances in which a man 43 years old, though using his utmost strength of lungs and voice, could not shout loud enough, at 6:30 in the morning, to awaken a boy 9 years old just on the other side of a brick and plaster partition, while at 11 o'clock that night the same boy would hear a low whistle on the sidewalk, through three doors and two flights of stairs, and would spring instantly out of a sound sleep in response to it. It was a belief of Mr. Edison's at that time, that sound could be made to travel as rapidly as feeling, and to test the matter he had invented a delicate machine called the spaciphon, which he was just about trying when we met him. We were greatly interested in the machine, and readily agreed to assist in the experiment. By the aid of Mr. Edison and a street-car nickel, we entered into the laboratory at Fort Snelling, Minn., on the 10th of July, 1878.

After many times reassuring him and promising him solemnly that he would not be hurt, we got the machine attached to him, and the great inventor laid the apparatus across his knees in the most approved, fashionable Solonoiac method. On a disc of the machine delicate indices were to record, on the exact time of the sound of the spunk, the other the exact second the boy howled. The boy was a little suspicious at this point of the experiment, and with his head partly turned, was glaring fearfully at the inventor. Mr. Edison raised his hand. A piercing howl rent the air, followed by a sharp convulsion like the snapping of a musket cap, and when we examined the dial plate of the machine, inflexible science promptly demonstrated that the boy howled sixty-eight seconds before he was slapped. The boy went down stairs in three strides, with an injured look upon his fearful face. Mr. Edison threw the machine out of the window after the machine, and we felt that it was no time to intrude upon the sorrows of a great soul, writhing under a humiliating sense of failure. We have never met Mr. Edison since, but we have always thought he did not know much about boys, or, he would then this would be for a scientific experiment.

Deciphering the Ciphers.

Interview with Whiteleaf in Indianapolis Journal.

"How did you hit on the keys?"

"Merely by experiment and guesswork. The first key was discovered simultaneously by two men working separately."

"Then you had copies taken of the original?"

"O, yes; we kept the original under lock and key, and had them carefully copied and printed in slips. Then we all tried a hand. When the boys went off for their vacation they took proofs of the ciphers and worked on them."

"And some got one key and some another?"

"Yes; we studied the cipher system and bought all sorts of dictionaries, and the circle of investigation widened, and at last those in the van tread the game."

"Have you seen any of the parties implicated?"

"No, I think not, recently. I met Tilton, by the way, in August, up at Saratoga, and I told him that we had all the cipher dispatches that went between his house and Florida, and asked him, laughing, for the key. I told him we couldn't make head nor tail of them, and wanted him to help us. He smiled and blushed innocent as a baby, and passed on; but the next morning he came around and told me, seriously, that he knew nothing about any such dispatches."

"Do you know of any other dispatches incriminating Republicans?"

"No, I don't believe there are any. There are Republican cipher dispatches, but Chandler, who sent or received them, offered to translate them for Potter's committee, and the offer was declined. I believe every one is creditable to Republicans."

HOW TO MAKE A FARMER.

The Kind of a Boy to Take and How to Train Him.

Robert Mansfield, of Wellesley, Massachusetts, contributes the following article on the above subject, to the *German Town Telegraph*, which we reproduce for the benefit of our readers:

As the preacher says, we will first treat it negatively. Don't take a boy that has stood at the shoebench from fourteen years of age to eighteen, because he has had experience in such days as he had no work, and these parts of days toward night when the time was worse than unoccupied, learning things that are adverse to cultivating land. Don't take a merchant's son who has well learned his father's trade, and shows a partial fondness for it, for, like some chemicals, more than two ingredients must be used to make a perfect compound. Do not take a minister's or a doctor's son, unless you get him soon after he is weaned, for there has not been much inducement to lead him to seek such employment, much more to engage in it if a living can be obtained otherwise. 'Tis in all these cases there may be exceptions, they are rare and unsafe to depend upon.

The doctor's son will find the solitude of the country opposed to the excited feeling he has acquired. The sailor boy will care much more for climbing to birds' nests and practicing gymnastic feats than he will to watch the germination of tiny seeds, and ten to one he will be off with the first circus company that comes to town. The boy that has spent a few terms at an agricultural college, being flush with

spending money, will be more likely to come out a second- or third-rate lawyer than a farmer. Boys that have swept offices in the cities or gone on errands will exchange for the drudgery, as they would call it, of the stable, and the every day travels over the farm. The boy that sells newspapers and blacks boots would not be the boy to put on the farm and confine to the house circle. These may be sufficient to illustrate the negative side of the question, and open the attractive, namely, what boys, and where shall we find them?

Going into the country, if scores of miles away from the great cities, none the worse, you will find farmers doing a profitable business, as well as a pleasant one. The boys—and girls, too—rising with the sun, find an abundance of chores as the small matters are called, to be attended to before the hour arrives to commence the day's work under the fancy farming rule. Then the routine of regular work on a farm gives a healthy variety to crown the labors of the day. The proprietor of a farm is supposed to labor himself on it. The boys at times feel that they are kept rather close, but with privileges given them, such as cultivating a portion of land for themselves, or growing an animal now and then, they will become more in love with farming, though for the time being they are scarcely sensible of it. I will add the thought just here: Let the farmer's table be well supplied with books and papers; papers that discuss matters which are the most profitable.

In these days boys leave the paternal home too soon. From seventeen to twenty-one are the years most suited for the development of a true agricultural character. The father wishes to give his boys their time to earn money for themselves. This is right, but let him retain his legal hold upon them, and then, at the same time, give them the privilege of earning for themselves the same amount they reasonably are supposed to save, if for themselves. It is a fact that boys begin to feel homesick on a farm when the buds of business faculties begin to open. This is in the first years of their teens. Now if a homesick person stays at the exact spot where it commences until he gets over it, he will never be troubled again in like manner. If you look for a good, contented farmer it will be he who has attained his maturity on the farm under the eye of parent or guardian. Sons and daughters, if you wish to be useful in your calling, to be contented, honor your parents by preferring their company and supervision before any other.

A Richmond (Va.) dispatch says: "Several months ago Mrs. Marion Hiltz, a highly respectable and wealthy German lady, was taken ill, and in order to receive