

# BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

Vol. 8. No. 24.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1879.

Whole No., 388.

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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

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IN 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 carry goods. Prices will be one and the same to all. Goods will be plainly marked, and

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Carry in Stock Large and Full Assortments in Each of the Following Lines—

### Ladies' Goods, Fancy Goods, STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES

Goods, Carpets, Queensware, Cutlery, and all kinds of Hardware,

### HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

—AND—

### Agricultural Implements!

We have, in fact, everything needed by the

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AND EXAMINE OUR IMMENSE STOCK, AND IF YOU DO NOT SEE EXPOSED TO VIEW, THE ARTICLE YOU WANT,

### ASK FOR IT!

WE HUNDREDS OF ARTICLES IN STOCK THAT WE CANNOT ENUMERATE IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT, OR MAKE ROOM FOR ON OUR SHELVES.

enormously large business we are enabled to purchase goods and sell the same at lower prices than it is possible for others to do.

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### Poetry.

#### LONGFELLOW TO THE CHILDREN.

#### His Response to the Gift of a Chair From the Village Blacksmith's Chestnut Tree.

Am I a king, that I should call my own This splendid chair thy gift?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song It may to me belong;

Well I remember it in all its prime, When in the summer-time, The affluent foliage of its branches made Aavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street, Its blossoms white and sweet Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive, And nurtured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout, Tossed its great arms about, The shining chestnuts bursting from the sheath, Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches here, Shaped as a stately chair, Have by my hearthstone found a home at last, And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride Repel the ocean tide, But seated in his chair, I can in rhyme Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees, The blossoms and the bees, And hear the children's voices shout and call, And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the sunlight with its fires aglow, I hear the bellows blow, And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me This day a jubilee, And to my more than threescore years and ten Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind, And in it are enshrined The precious keepsakes, into which are wrought The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could Give life to this dead wood, And make these branches, leafless now so long, Blossom again in song.

How to Rise.

BY JOSEPH ALDEN.

Some persons are content to be mere hewers of stone and drawers of water. They simply seek for what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, and wherewith they shall be clothed. There are others who desire above all things to become rich. They desire knowledge, intelligence, manly power. They see persons distinguished and influential in consequence of mental culture. They desire a similar distinction and influence.

### Wit and Humor.

It behooves a Boise City to offset the town of Oregilla in Dakota Territory.

The difference between a duck and a girl is that one is killed to dress and the other is dressed to kill.

A clergyman of Albany suggests that the wages of sin be cut down and the salaries of ministers raised a peg or two.

The latest wording of the proverb is, "People who live in 21st houses, and who want to throw their arms around the girl, should fill their pockets with cents."

A Western editor thus kindly alludes to a contemporary: "He is young yet, but he is the ceiling with his ears."

There are some men in the world so mean that they skin the milk at the top, and then sigh because they can't turn it over and skin it at the bottom.

Meeting a commercial traveler who was pretty drunk, Grubbin remarked to his wife: "That is a drum, ain't he?" She replied: "Worse than that—he's as tight as a drummer."

Of course no woman ever did such a thing, but supposing now, for the sake of argument, as it were, that a woman was to be charged for the purpose of showing off her new saque, would it be sacrelegious, so to speak?

"What do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a Police Court, the other day. "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unblameable, your Honor," he replied, with much emphasis.

There was a tide in the affairs of Noah, taken at the flood, which did not lead on to glorious fortunes, though the patriarch managed to keep his head above water, and save the only complete collection of wild and trained animals in the world."

This was a story around that he and his wife had separated, and it grew out of a remark that the doctor made about some disagreeable boils they both had at the same time. He said they would have to supparture before they got well.

The Hackensack (N.J.) Republican says: "You might as well try to pick a quarrel with a graven image, or play the accordion with a pair of milliners' dows, as to publish a paper that will suit everybody. It can't be done, unless you print it in the Sandwich Islands."

An Irishman accosted a gentleman on the street, late at night, with a request for the time. The gentleman, suspecting that he wished to snatch his watch, gave him a shoving rip on the nose, with the result, "It has been struck each." "Be jabbers," returned Pat, "I'm glad I didn't as yet as hour ago."

A gentleman met a citizen of Somerville recently, and said to him, "You're home in Somerville, I believe?" "No," replied the Somerville man, "My home is in Heaven." "Let me give you a little advice," said the gentleman, "You hurry and get a postcard and write your folks that you are never coming home." — Boston Herald.

### For Better or Worse!

Detroit Free Press.

The old man Bendigo keeps a pretty sharp eye on his daughter Mary, and many a would-be lover has taken a walk after a few minutes conversation with the hard-hearted parent. The old chap is stuck this time, however, and cards are out for a wedding. After the lucky young man had been speaking Mary for six months, the old gentleman stepped in as usual, requested a private confab, and led off with, "You seem like a nice young man, and perhaps you are in love with Mary?" "Yes, I am," was the honest reply. "Haven't said anything to her yet, have you?" "Well, no; but I think she reciprocates my affection."

"Does she? Well, let me tell you something. Her mother died a lunatic, and there's no doubt that Mary has inherited her insanity."

"I'm willing to take the chances," replied the lover.

"Yes, but you see Mary has a terrible temper. She has twice drawn a knife on me with intent to commit murder."

"I'm used to that—got a sister just like her," was the answer.

"And you should know that I have sworn a solemn oath not to give Mary a cent of my property," continued the father.

"Well, I'd rather start in poor and build up. There's more romance in it."

The old man had one more shot in his cartridge, and he said, "Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mary's mother ran away from my home with a butcher, and that all her relatives died in the poor-house. These things might be thrown up in years, and I now warn you."

"Mr. Bendigo," replied the lover, "I've heard all this before, and also that you were on trial for forgery, had to jump Chicago for bigamy, and served a year in State prison for cattle stealing. I'm going to marry into your family to give you a decent reputation! There—no thanks—good-bye."

Mr. Bendigo looked after the young man with his mouth wide open, and when he could get his jaws together he said: "Some infernal hyena has went and given me away on my lodge!"

At noon on Tuesday of last week Gen. Shields' third term in the United States Senate expired, and about half an hour previously the bill placing him on the retired list, with the rank of Brigadier, was passed.

What a history this infirm old man has. An Irish emigrant, a soldier in the Mexican war, a member of several legislatures, and of Congress, a Senator three different times and from three different States, a General in the war of the Union, and, at last placed on the roll of honor by his adopted country.—Ez.

"I trust you will be true to me," he said in accents mellow. "Of course I will, dear," said she—"I'll get another fill for you."

Gen. Fitz John Porter has been completely exonerated by the military court of inquiry that has reinvestigated the charges under which he was dishonorably dismissed from the army in the spring of 1862. We rejoice to know that justice, although tardy, has at last vindicated the name of General Porter from the stigma which has up to the present attached to it.

We have frequently expressed the hope that a re-hearing of the case would be granted, and the findings of the court are in full accord with the views we have for eighteen years entertained concerning the General's conviction. The editor of this paper was with General Porter in the entire "On to Richmond" Campaign. He was present when Fitz John Porter made his junction with the main army of Pope after his retreat across the Rappahannock, and witnessed the second battle of Bull Run, enjoying excellent opportunities for forming an unbiased opinion concerning the responsibility for the disaster to the Union army. We were present at the General court-martial that tried and convicted Fitz John Porter, and against him, with some of the principal witnesses whose testimony convicted General Porter, left an indelible impression on our mind that he was a victim of vindictiveness and downright perjury. That impression was shared by many staunch Union men and good Republicans, among whom was the first Republican candidate for the Presidency, Gen. John C. Fremont, who, during his brief sojourn in Omaha last fall, expressed the hope that Gen. Porter would be exonerated and vindicated.—Omaha Bee.

### Teach Your Boys.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is far better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good, honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

Teach them that honesty is the best policy, that "tis better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of "crooked whisky," etc., and point your precept by the examples of those who are now suffering the torments of the doomed.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

Teach them that God is no respecter of sex, and that when He gave them the Seventh Commandment, He meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

Teach them that "indulging their depraved appetites" is the worst form of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.

Teach them that it is better to be an honest man seven days in the week than to be a Christian (?) one day and a villain the days—Baltimore Herald.

### How to Talk.

The art of conversation is one not readily acquired. Rarely, indeed, travel where we may, do we encounter an acquaintance whose conversation has a charm for us. There are plenty who can talk, few who can converse. They slavishly detail the minutiae of their day or hour, and in a stupid and rapid manner go on repeating what everybody is as conversant with as themselves; or, maybe, by way of variety, indulge in some commonplace platitudes respecting them, to the infinite annoyance, and possibly disgust, of such as have the misfortune to be listeners to their insipid and unintelligible twaddle.

Others, again, are insufferable "bores" in conversation. They force us to such an extreme extent that we long to get rid of them, and care not to meet with them again. Many of this class are crazy egotists, who talk of themselves, and of every iota that concerns them, while they ungenerously and unreasonably expect the utmost degree of attention and strong manifestations of interest from those whom they address. Some are forever seeking sympathy. They overboast with their distresses, real or imaginary. They relate their bitter experiences, love-sicknesses, delirious bereavements, and the like; and if you are at all of a "son" or "impressionable" nature, actually make your heart wring, and force tears from your eyes, at the very moment that you yourself would incline you to laugh. This type of people inwardly ignore everybody's sorrows but their own; in fact, they look upon their friends as being especially exempt from the common human lot of suffering, because, forsooth, these bear the ills of life with due dignity and proper patience, and considerably shrink from obtruding their grief upon those with whom they are brought into familiar contact. Some show an "ordinate love to hear themselves talk, often assume a stolid indifference when others essay to let loose their tongues, while they expect all ears to be attentive to what they utter. They grow ruffled in their temper if the slightest interruption be manifested, or the most trivial interruption be given. This is not only a culpable infirmity, but a gross and unpar-

donable violation of the rules of good breeding.

In order to converse well, it becomes absolutely necessary to read and reflect. Most people do the former, few comparatively do the latter. Hence they so egregiously fail in conversation. Now there is no real excuse for the palpable absence of an attainment for which the Creator clearly has given us a capacity. In this unrelenting I had almost said unmerciful—when the printing art has reached perfection, and publishing enterprise is so signal, the most valuable information is placed within the reach of everybody. No young man or woman especially should be slow in conversation, or at a "dead lock" what to talk about, provided they first read and then mentally digest what they have read, so that they might speak intelligently, and not like a parrot.

### Some Awaits Him.

Many persons are evidently bound to fill excited positions, the buds of genius showing themselves almost as soon as the chosen one is out of his nurse's arms. Many of our most eminent statesmen gave evidence in their youth of the possession of talents, which eventually placed them upon the very pinnacle of fame. A San Francisco street boy has a brilliant future before him, and if he is not one day ranked high among the noble army of newspaper paragraphers; this deponent has utterly failed to read the signs aright. He came bounding into the house the other day, and, approaching his mother, asked: "Ma, will candy not folks teeth?" "Yes, Willie, it will, indeed, and I do not want you to eat any of the injurious stuff."

The embryo laugh-builder was silent for quite a while, evidently rehearsing in his mind the continuance of the conversation, and getting his queries in a shape that would enable him to clear clear of all pitfalls. Finally he continued: "Will it not rot girls' teeth, too?" "Certainly, my dear."

Another silence, and more mental figuring, and then he asked: "Ma, Rotterdam isn't a bad word, is it?" "Oh, no, Willie, that is the name of a foreign city. You will find it in your geography."

"Well, you wouldn't like a feller for talking about it, would you?" "Most certainly not."

"Honest injun, you wouldn't?" and his face bore an expression of deep earnestness.

"Of course not; why do you ask such questions?" "Well, Mary Dawson is coming over here to tell on me. She had a whole two-bits' worth of candy and wouldn't give me a bite, so I told her to just eat it herself, and I hoped it would Rotterdam her out."

He escaped chastisement, but the moral lesson about to win will serve as a guidepost through life.—San Jose, California Herald.

### Fitz John Porter.

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### A Courtship Busted.

A young man and his favorite companion sat near the front of Burlett's lecture the other evening. When the Hawkeye man had just finished convincing his hearers with an account of a youth's first shaving encounter with a barber, the young man leaned over and whispered: "That's true to life, I can tell you."

"How can you tell me?" inquired his girl.

"How?" he replied in a whisper: "why that's just the way I felt when I first got shaved."

"When was that?" she asked.

"Oh, before I raised my mustache," he returned.

"What mustache?" she inquired, a little surprised.

"What mustache do you suppose?" he retorted, turning round and whispering to the other evening. When the Hawkeye man had just finished convincing his hearers with an account of a youth's first shaving encounter with a barber, the young man leaned over and whispered: "That's true to life, I can tell you."

### Some Familiar Quotations.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—Keats' Endymion.

Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast.—Owen's Brits.

'Tis not in mortals to command success; we'll do more, deserve it.—Addison's Cato.

Like Dead Sea fruit that tempts the eye, but turns to ashes on the lips.—Moore's Lalla Rookh.

Coning events cast their shadows before.—Campbell.

To point a moral or adorn a tale.—Faust's of Human Wishes.

His play gave ere charity began.—Deserted Village.

Even his fallings led to virtue's side.—Id.

Procrastination is the thief of time.—Night Thoughts.

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.—Burns.

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.—Id.

One of the professors of mathematics at Ann Arbor, who is known all over the world, never went to school more than six weeks. It is not stated that he ever worked at the cobbler's bench, but it is affirmed that he used to cipher on a ploughshare with a piece of chalk, while he was resting his oxen, a kindness he extended to the dumb brutes very frequently. President Angell is the authority for most of the foregoing.

We are most paradoxical creatures. We use blotting-paper to keep from blotting pages.

### Don't Believe It.

When the boys come home from school rushing in pell mell, like so many unbroken eggs, coming dangerously near to upsetting the teakettle, and tarding over the table, and one snatches up the baby and tosses her above his head in a manner that makes you spring forward with nervous dread in spite of her gleeful laugh; another steps on the cat's tail; and two or three ask if supper ain't ready; and your floor that was as clean as hands could make it, when they come in is covered all over with tracks of untidy boots, and you are so tired and nervous that you can scarcely get supper on the table, and some one says dolefully, "Your children are less trouble now than they ever will be again," don't you believe it.

Model boys, who walk into the house with their hats in their hands, and step across the room in a quiet, orderly manner, as if they were going into a Sabbath school, are the exception, and kicking, screaming, rolling, turning, rollicking ones, so full of health, and life, and spirit that they can't keep right side up, is the rule.

Now, why should your children be more trouble to you after they have passed the period of group, and bumps and nose-punches, and wild, unthinking boisterousness, than they are now? Are you not daily inculcating good and moral principles, in the effort to train them up in the way they should go, and can you not see redeeming traits in every one of them, which other eyes may not yet have discovered, but which will come out clear and distinct in the coming years, when the higher nature shall be developed, and the lessons of truth and honesty which you are constantly laboring to impress upon their minds, have taken root and grown with their growth?

I know that you cannot always be a saint under so many trying, nerve-exhausting circumstances, especially if your hasty temper is a sin against you, but you can labor to keep reason in the ascendancy, and settle their childish disputes with justice, instead of making the one give up who possesses the most yielding disposition, and therefore can be conquered the most easily. Your children will be much like yourself, with the improvement which another generation and better advantages will give them. If their parents were kind and respectful to their parents before them, reflecting credit and happiness upon those who bore with them in their younger days, in short, if you are good, honest and moral, a useful member of the community in which you reside, doing unto others as you would have them do unto you, there is no reason why your children should not be a source of joy and comfort to you in the years to come. But if you are selfish and ill-tempered, flying into a passion and betting the helpless ones, more to gratify your own unreasoning anger, than to be of any especial service in correcting their evil propensities, if you are dishonest and uncharitable in your dealings with others, you cannot expect your children to become men and women who will reflect honor upon you, and under such circumstances it may be that "your children are less trouble than they will be again."—Ludlow Rogers, in Western Farm Journal.

### Little Johnny on the Pigeon.

My sister says no man wick shoots pigeons matches shall marry her, but no man wide want to marry her I guess as long as the pigeon shoots held out, cos that wide be fun enuff. When she said it her young man got red like a beet, but didn't say nothing. Next day he ast my Uncle Ned did he know anybody wick wide like to be a jam-up good shot-gun. Uncle Ned said, "De like to bid it my own self if it was a good pigeon gun, but I guess it aint, cos it has some mity 'til spin a match."

Some pigeons carries letters, same as the post office, and when my sister's young man went away he got some of our pigeons and took it along for to fetch back a letter to her, jest for fun. Next day whenever that girl herd the dove bell ring she was jest wild, cos she that it was her letter come, for her idee was that the pigeon wid leve it at the post office, for he was delivered by the letter carrier. But wemy mother told her the pigeon must come thru the window, she went and thru every window in the house, and it was a cold day, and Franky; that's the baby, took coke and come mity near pertain out.

### Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any one who takes a paper regularly from the Postoffice—whether directed to his name or another's, whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take the newspapers or periodicals from the Postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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Remittances may be made by check, draft, money order, or registered letter. All Postmasters are required to register letters on application.

### Extensive Farmer.

G. A. Hays, for Joseph Clarke, a Pittsburgh millionaire, has commenced breaking on a big farm at Seventeenth Siding, (Clarke). He will break four sections this season. The estate of Mr. Clarke comprises sixty-five thousand acres. That is greater than a farm one hundred miles long and one mile wide. It was in that shape it would extend from Blount to Jamestown. Think of a furrow around a farm two hundred miles in circumference.—Bismarck Tribune.

Another enlightened educator he clubbed a boy to death. This ornamental society and the most learned profession lives in Racine, Wisconsin. Whether the next generation shall hang the pedagogues or arm its teacher with revolvers for reprisal, is an impending social conundrum.

This joke, considering that it comes from Scotland, is not bad: Why is Professor—the greatest revivalist of the age? Because at the end of every sermon there is a great yawning.

### Perpetual Calendar.

The following was recently contributed to the *Waukon, Iowa Standard* by a student in the Dorchester school. It is worthy of preservation. Cut it out and paste in your scrap-book.

To tell the day of the week any date will transpire for the period of three thousand years from the Christian era.

### TABLE OF CENTENARY RATIOS.

300, 500, 1000, 2000, 3000, ratio is 0	6
400, 1100, 1600, 2200, 2700, ratio is 1	5
500, 1200, 1800, 2400, 3100, ratio is 2	4
600, 1300, 2000, 2700, 3400, ratio is 3	3
700, 1400, 2100, 2800, 3500, ratio is 4	2
100, 800, 1500, ratio is 5	1

### TABLE OF MONTHLY RATIOS.

June, ratio is 0	6
February, March, November, ratio is 1	5
August, ratio is 2	4
January, October, ratio is 3	3
April, July, ratio is 4	2
September, December, ratio is 5	1

Ratio.—In Leap Year the ratio of January is 2, and of February 5. That of the other months remains the same.

### EXPLANATION.

To the given year add its fourth part, rejecting fractions. To this sum add the day of the month. Divide the sum by 7. The remainder is the day of the week, counting Sunday as the first, Monday second, etc. Of course Saturday being the seventh day, the remainder will be a cipher.

### EXAMPLE FIRST.

Required, the day of the week for the 4th of July, 1879:

To the given year, which is 1879	1879
Add its 4th part, rejecting fractions	469
Add day of the month, which is 4	4
Add ratio of century (1800)	0
Add ratio of month (July)	2
Divide by 7	793
Remainder	13-2

We have 2 remainder, or the second day of the week, which is Monday.

### EXAMPLE SECOND.

The Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776; what was the day of the week? To the given year, which is 1776

Add its fourth part	444
Day of the month	4
Ratio of century (1700)	2
Ratio of month (July)	2
Divide by 7	7103
Remainder	14-5

We have 5 remainder, or Thursday, the fifth day of the week.

N. B.—By committing these ratios to memory, and performing additions, etc., mentally, the day can be told almost instantly; and so mysterious does it appear to a majority of people that they readily but that it can't be done.

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Remittances may be made by check, draft, money order, or registered letter. All Postmasters are required to register letters on application.

### Extensive Farmer.

G. A. Hays, for Joseph Clarke, a Pittsburgh millionaire, has commenced breaking on a big farm at Seventeenth Siding, (Clarke). He will break four sections this season. The estate of Mr. Clarke comprises sixty-five thousand acres. That is greater than a farm one hundred miles long and one mile wide. It was in that shape it would extend from Blount to Jamestown. Think of a furrow around a farm two hundred miles in circumference.—Bismarck Tribune.

Another enlightened educator he clubbed a boy to death. This ornamental society and the most learned profession lives in Racine, Wisconsin. Whether the next generation shall hang the pedagogues or arm its teacher with revolvers for reprisal, is an impending social conundrum.

This joke, considering that it comes from Scotland, is not bad: Why is Professor—the greatest revivalist of the age? Because at the end of every sermon there is a great yawning.