Helena

Col N. T. Sanders

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

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THE BEST PLACE

To Buy Your

CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

CROCKERY,

GLASSWARE, LAMPS AND CHANDELIERS,

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AND THE MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

General Merchandise

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Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

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Doing an 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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The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

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Poetry.

"The Greatest of These is Charity."

Love strengthens with all the wings of the soul,
And plumes them with hope, for their flight to the goal
Of humanity's highest and holiest claims,
Nor critical hate—our creed—bars their claims
To gladden the heart with a life-giving joy,
Should be heirs to command, or their rights to deny.

Humanity clothes her with soft, gentle light,
As she dawns on the shadows of sorrow's dark night,
The truth she betrays not, yet delicate art
Guides her touch as she binds up the wounds of the heart
She waits not for pass-word, she hears not a creed
To the humblest care of humanity's need.

She touches the prisons that are hidden away
In many a heart in the gloomy or gay;
Strings lately with care yet remained all unstrung
With memories whose colors melt into tears
Her touches the strings, and memories of pain
Will leave them to hoard with life's all too scant gain.

She follows the windings of active and thought
Through channels of darkness with sacred devotion;
The much contrite thinks us that darken the way,
She points with a smile to the deepening ray
Of hope, ever beaming a radiant star
Whose light is eternal and which is far.

Why I Leave the Bowl.

Go! feel what I have felt,
Go! bear what I have borne,
Sink beneath a blow as I have dealt,
And the cold world's pity mourn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go! weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall.
See every cherished prospect swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall,
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way,
That led me up to woman's day.

Go! kneel as I have knelt—
Implore, beseech and pray:
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curses aside—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears deified.

Go! stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow
With groans his stricken head, disturbed in blood,
And cold and lifeless as a stone,
Groan his imploring glance and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go! hear what I have heard—
The sobs of child in air,
As memory's feeling dart hath stirred,
And his revelings there
Have told him what he might have been
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer,
Thine own deep anguish hide—
Wipe from her cheek the tear.
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that threads her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her gay as a ray bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife—
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife,
And sunk on childhood's brow so mild
That withering blight, a drunkard's child.

Go! hear and see and feel and know
All that my soul has felt and known,
Then look within the wine-cup's glow,
See the brightness crown alone,
Think if its flow ray would try
If a loud proclaimed, 'Tis drink and die!

Tell me I hate the bowl?
Hate is a feeble word!
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whenever I see or hear or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell!

HO! FOR MONTANA.

A Party of Wisconsin People Going Out There to Locate.

Pioneer Press, 1st inst.

A party of about twenty persons arrived in St. Paul yesterday afternoon, from Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, bound for Montana, composed of a number of prominent citizens of that locality. Last evening these gentlemen held a meeting at the Merchants Hotel to elect permanent officers for their colonization company. A *Pioneer Press* reporter interviewed A. R. Barrows, Esq., one of the party, and obtained some interesting information as to the future movements of this band of emigrants, who leave Wisconsin, where they have experienced ill luck in their logging operations and other business, and start for a new country full of hopes and high anticipations. Last winter a number of citizens of Chippewa county concluded to band themselves together into a colony and start in the spring for Montana. Some forty or fifty joined the organization, but when the time for starting arrived only thirty were brave enough to leave their friends and plunge into this new country. Five persons have preceded the party several days with two car-loads of thoroughbred cattle, and the twenty quartered at the Merchants Hotel St. Paul took all noon on the St. Paul & Sioux City road, to be followed by the remainder within a few months. They will go over the Sioux City, Union Pacific and Utah and Northern to Eagle Rock, Idaho. From thence they will travel across the country by stage for 450 miles to Meagher county, Montana, and along the upper valley of the Musselshell they will locate. The party will engage in lumbering, stock-raising and farming, erecting a saw mill immediately upon their arrival. They enter upon their new life sanguine as to the result. The officers of the colony are: President, S. F. Morse; secretary and treasurer, A. R. Barrows; executive committee, H. M. Loomer, A. E. Pound and J. C. Reed. Mr. Morse and Mr. Barrows are both accompanied by their families. Mr. Barrows was the opponent of Congressman Pound, in Wisconsin at the last election, and has been elected Speaker of the Wisconsin Legislature. Most of the number have disposed of all their property and stake all on the enterprise. The land will be secured under the homestead claim act and their home will be about forty miles from the Northern Pacific road after its proposed completion. Upon their arrival at Eagle Rock, stages will be in waiting for the party. On their trip they will pass forty miles west of the National Park. Reaching Virginia City, M. T., they will branch off of the Helena road, and take a course due northeast. It will take this courageous party of Wisconsin emigrants about twenty-five days, at the shortest, to complete their journey. They are an exceedingly intelligent company, and are well equipped for their new life. Only the two mentioned are accompanied by their wives, but these two ladies do not fear in the least for their future welfare. Their new homes is described by them as a magnificent country, and although they expect many hardships, they see already a mine of wealth awaiting them in their contemplated business enterprises. The colony will be about twenty-five miles from White Sulphur Springs and one hundred miles from Helena. The party is well supplied with arms and farming implements. Mr. Barrows stated to the *Pioneer Press* reporter last evening that they expected much from their stock-raising, and he thinks that it will not be long before Montana will be famous as the greatest stock-raising State in the Union. All of Montana's trade, he confidently believes, will eventually come to St. Paul, via the Northern Pacific, despite the efforts of Chicago and the Union Pacific. The party will be joined by two or three more this morning, and all will bid good-bye to St. Paul this afternoon.

The Widow and the Widower.

When Mr. Thompson was counting the widow who became his sixth wife, said he, taking a pinch of snuff and looking very wise:

"I will tell you what I expect of you, my dear. You are aware that I have had a good deal of matrimonial experience. No, ham! It makes me sad to think of it, and I may truly say that my cup of misery would be running over this very moment if it were not for you. But to business. I was about to remark that Jane, my first, could make better coffee than any other woman in the world. I trust you will adopt her recipe for preparing that beverage."

"My first husband frequently remarked to me about"—began the widow.

"And there was Susan," interrupted Mr. Thompson; "Susan was probably the best mender that ever lived in this broad State, and"—

"That is indeed one of the most"—began the widow.

"It was her delight," continued Mr. T., redictively, "her positive delight to find a button off; and as for rents and tears and rips in coats and pants and things, I have seen her shed tears of joy when she saw them—she was so desirous of using her needle for their repair. O, what a woman Susan was!"

"Many is the time," began the widow, "that my his—"

"With regard to Anna, who was my third," said Mr. Thompson, hastily, "I think her forte over and above all others was in the successful accomplishment of compounding the cake known as the flapjack. I have very pleasant visions at this moment of my angelic Anna as she appeared in the kitchen of a frosty morning, enveloped in smoke and the morning sunshine that stole in through the window or door; or bearing to my plate a particularly nice article of flap-jack, with the remark: "That is the nicest one yet, dear Thomas; eat it while it is hot." Sometimes, I assure you, my dear, these tender recollections are quite overpowering to me now."

He applied his handkerchief to his eyes, visibly much affected, and the widow began:

"Ah, yes! I know how it is myself, my dear sir. Many and many is the time I see in my lonely hours my first dear departed his"—

"The pride and joy of Julia, my fourth, and, I may say, too, of Clara, my fifth, I may say," interrupted Mr. Thompson with some apparent violence of ton and demeanor, "lay in the art of making over their spring bonnets. If you will believe it, my dear, one bonnet lasted those two blessed women through all the happy years they lived with me—they would turn them over so many, many times. O dear, dear! What a changing world. What an unhappy, changing, fickle, sad world!"

"I say so to myself a hundred times a day, sir," said the widow, with a sigh; "I frequently make the remark to my first has"—

"Madam!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson suddenly and with great sternness, "will you oblige me by never mentioning that cheap man again? Are you not aware that he must necessarily be out of the question forevermore? Can you not see that your continual reference to him sickens my soul? I entreat you let us have peace!"

"Very well, sir," said the widow, meekly; "I beg pardon, and will not do it again."

And soon they were married, and their lives were as bright and peaceful as they could wish.

Man's Rights.

Four States have given women the right to vote at school elections—New Hampshire, Kansas, Minnesota and Colorado.

The editor of the Hackensack *Republican* went to call on his girl, when he saw on the steps a sign which said, "Beware of paint." He went away sighing, "I never before knew that she painted."

A French painter, with a grim and peculiar idea of a joke, not long since gave a dinner party, and had a stuffed mouse concealed in the napkin of each lady guest. When the napkins were opened——

The hair of a mummy recently examined by Frank Buckland, was found to be "changed" in the way common to modern young ladies. The mummy, however, did not wear striped stockings, so our girls can congratulate themselves upon having more style than the dried-up old maids of six thousand years ago.

Dr. Shaw, the popular pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in Rochester, and one of the largest in the country, says that women shall pray at his prayer-meetings, and he would like to see anyone try to stop them. And the women of his church, doubling up their little fists and shaking their pretty heads, emphatically agree with him.

Somebody writing of woman suffrage in Kansas perpetrates the following base slander: "The women in Kansas vote at the school elections. At a recent election in Osage City one woman went up to vote, but before she got through telling the judge what a time her Willie had with the scarlet fever when he was only two years old, it was time to close the polls and she had forgotten to deposit her ballot."

There is no woman in America who can afford to grow up in ignorance of household management. The comfort of some home in the future is endangered whenever instruction is withheld which would enable a woman to plan wisely all arrangements necessary for the well-ordering of the spot which is to be her home, whether that home be one of wealth or the reverse, and the reverse may come even after prospective wealth makes such knowledge seem unnecessary.

The other evening a sprightly little girl about seven years old entered a store on Woodward avenue, and after considerable hesitation she whispeningly inquired of the clerk: "Do you keep nursing bottles here?" "We do," he answered, exhibiting two or three different styles, asked which she preferred. As she was looking them over he remarked: "It's for your little brother, I suppose?" "Yes, sir, it is," she stiffly answered. "You didn't think it was for my son, did you?" Her indignant look haunts him still.

Milwaukee *Sun*: A young girl named Susan Johnson, of Uniontown, Ky., who is addicted to reading novels, dressed herself in boys' clothes, and armed with two pistols and a dagger, took the packet for Evansville, intending to lead a life that would be a terror to the foe. On the boat some deck hands were moving some freight, and a big rat ran out and scud in the direction of our heroine. Miss Johnson jumped on a bale of tobacco and screamed. They carried her to the ladies' cabin, where she remained during the round trip, and she has now promised her parents to do her share in the kitchen and keep her end up at the sewing machine.

Room for Millions.

Emigration to the West from all points in the East and Middle States is said to be very large this spring. The hard times for laborers and mechanics are thus having a salubrious effect in thinning out the crowded cities and towns and distributing the population over the prairies. That is where people are wanted, and where there is room enough to grow. If one's destiny or choice is to work with the hands, the sooner he gets into a region where there is health and wealth for his working, the better. If a million of people should settle down in the States bordering the Rocky Mountains, this year, they would hardly be noticed on the great area of settlement. The vacant spaces of fertile land yet to be occupied by the first settlers would accommodate a hundred millions of people. Wherever agriculture becomes profitable the mechanic arts are needed and are sure to be means of profit to the artisan. Towns imply architecture, streets, stores, merchandise, the trades, and all the elements of civilization, and where these are to be built up from the most primitive stages, there is an immensity of work to be done. Hence, the true place for the hardy worker, young and hopeful, is in the far West—not in Chicago or St. Louis, but in the immense regions that lie far beyond and form the outposts of American development. In a few years there will be repeated the brilliant results now seen from efforts heretofore made. It is within the lifetime of a middle-aged man that Illinois has been brought under culture. It is only forty years since Chicago was only a mud hole, unfit for settlement; it is within half that period that St. Paul and Denver have risen into prominence, with numberless places of more or less value to the country. Keep the wheel moving.—*Household Gazette.*

How a Check Was Cashed.

It wouldn't do for some of the defaulting bank cashiers to live out in Kansas City, Mo. There is a policeman out there known as Long John. He belongs to one of the oldest and most respectable families, but he was a wayward youth, and got away with his share of the estate early in life. Then with commendable pluck he got on the force, straightened up, and has been a faithful and temperate man ever since. As often as he drew his pay he went to a certain bank and deposited whatever he could save. He continued this frugal way of living until he saved about $700. Not long ago, when one of the solid institutions of the Chicago of the West went down, and the "posses" of the institution were "regretting" in tears to their penniless depositors, Long John walked up to the President and said, "Look here! when I was a wild boy you used to talk to me about saving money. You told me to follow your example. When I ran thro' my part of the estate you got me on the police force. You told me to put what money I could in the bank. I did it. I worked hard as a nigger, and saved all I could. Now I am as poor as when I commenced. And you have nothing, you say, to pay me. I want my money."

The great bankrupt banker placed his hands on Long John's shoulders and spoke to him sadly: "My boy, this is a great tribulation. I have lost everything and cannot."

Long John took the hand of the banker from his shoulder and said: "I don't want any crocodile tears from you. Every cent I put in your hands I worked for like a nigger, and you know it. I would sooner be dead than to lose it. Now, if you don't pay me that money I will blow your brains out here on the spot." And he placed a revolver against the banker's head.

In ten minutes Long John had his $700 and the great penniless banker was begging him not to give it away lest the example might be repeated. It will do to try in Chicago.—*Chicago Times.*

How She Fixed Him.

The other day a tall, lean, lank, slab-sided individual, clad in a rustic suit of black, and a white choker, walked into a house in the suburbs, and depositing a consumptive-looking valise on the table, commenced in this wise: "Madam, I am the sole agent for one of the greatest life-giving medicines of the known world—Dow's Celebrated Cough Cure and Consumption Frightener. The wonderful curative qualities of this great disease-killer have never been equalled since the days of Valentine Greatrakes or B. F. Butler. Why, madam, a few doors back from here there lives a man who has coughed night and day for the last twenty-seven years. He bought a bottle of my wonderful medicine, and after taking one dose it cured him so completely that he couldn't cough now if he drank a quart of vinegar and it all went down the wrong way. It's a well-authenticated fact, ma'am, that a tablespoonful of this wonderful remedy for the small sum of—"

"Ease up your jaw for a minute, mister, but you say your medicine is warranted to cure the—what of a dog?"

"I said just that, ma'am."

The old woman riz up, and opened the back door and gave a whistle, and the pedd'er got one glimpse of an "Irish bail," and meandered through the front gate, and went so quick that he left the seat of his pantaloons for the pup to play with, while the old woman stood in the door and yelled after him, "That's the kind of 'consumptive-frightener' I am."—*Portsmouth Weekly.*

Ladies at Auction.

Not long ago at a church sociable in Racine, Wisconsin, the managers hit upon the rather fascinating scheme of raising money by putting the ladies up at auction and selling them to the highest bidder for cash. Some of the young ladies brought fancy prices, and the receipts swelled the church treasury almost to bursting, and there was great excitement among the bulls and bears of the market. But the plan has entailed an infinite amount of ill-feeling in that community. One gentleman's wife, a really charming and interesting woman—what the voluble auctioneer declared was "a most desirable piece of goods, though not divisable so as to suit purchasers"—was knocked down at the insignificant sum of twenty-five cents; whereat the jealous husband got mad at this slight put upon his wife's charms, and swore "like the army in Flanders" at the church and all connected therewith. The friends of the family have taken sides with them, and the rupture threatens to be a serious one for that church. The indignant husband asks, "How would you like to have your wife sold for two shillings?" Perhaps it would be well enough to remind the gentleman that specie payments have been resumed and that the prices of all commodities have struck bed-rock.

An Intelligent Postmaster.

A drummer for a St. Louis commission house, in the course of his travels through Kansas, stopped at Osage Bluff, where he expected to find several letters awaiting him. Not finding them, he requested the post-master at that place to forward any mail matter that might arrive for him after he left, to his St. Louis house. Arriving here he learned that none had come. So he wrote to the post-master asking him to send forward his letters if any were there. In answer he received the following on a postal card:

OSAGE BLUFF April 26—79

In answer your Postal Card as on hand I don't not understand what you mean Every thing what I got here be correct I will not break my Oath for the hole Country pleese let me know how you can wright so. I want a *prove ment* on it

Osage Bluff & oblige

JOB JACOBS.

Prof. Fanning is Correct.

"No gentleman," says the Professor, "ever gives a military salute to a lady." Well, hardly; we should say he wouldn't. The military salute varies from a simple graceful wave of the hand to three ruffles of the drum's color, trumpets sounding the flourish and arms presented, and so on, up to the President, who is entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns, and "the highest honors—all standards and colors dropping, officers and troops saluting, drums beating and trumpets sounding." Now if the gentlemen of America get into the habit of raising such a racket as that every time they met a lady, it would be rather more startling than a chronic Fourth of July. Professor Fanning is correct. This sort of thing wants to be discouraged.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Russia has agreed to surrender Kuldja to China, in return for a revision of the treaties relative to the frontier, and other concessions.

Wit and Humor.

The shears are mightier than the pen.

A dinner is a subject that never ought to be brought up.

Never send in a poem to-day that can be sent in to-morrow.

It's a colored exodus—that is, they're going like a blue streak.

'Tis better to have Bet and lost—the other girl, than to have no sweetheart at all.

The man who wrote Kearney's speeches is dead. No man could make such efforts and survive long.

Chin Lan Pin is sure of a good reception in Madrid. It wouldn't be pleasant for the Spanish government to sit down on him.

"What do we owe to woman?" rhapsodizes an unmarried essayist. Most of us owe her forty cents for our last week's washing.

A "d--- fool" is what the Boston *Pilot* religiously calls the Oxolona *Statesman*. Such vigorous truth-telling from a religious paper is refreshing.

"Brilliant and impulsive people," said a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes; or if they don't have 'em, they're apt to get 'em if they are too brilliant and too impulsive."

It's impossible to tell much about this weather. Men who a week ago left off their chest protectors and brought out their linen trousers, are calculating how much a tombstone will cost.

If you think no one cares for you in this cold world, just tell your neighbors that you propose to keep hens. You will be surprised to see what an immediate interest they will manifest in you.

If Adam had been created a boy instead of a full-grown man, he would have clubbed all the apples off from that tree before the serpent had a chance to get through the fence around the garden.

One of our friends endeavored to carry a mule and sing the "Sweet By-and-By" at the same time the other day. He says it won't work; he came pretty near getting kicked into that distant land of saccharine futurity.

Hay and oats are so cheap in New York that the Detroit *Free Press* thinks it is cheaper for a New Yorker to be a jackass than a man; and by Jove! we know of several persons who have been acting on the suggestion these six months.

"Unwisdom" is a nice word. It is graceful, euphoneous and extremely easy to pick up. Unwisdom means that which is not wisdom, and is a much better word than folly, just as unpants means that which is not pants, and is a much better word than drawers.

Every now and then some chap writes to a newspaper for a receipt to prevent hair from coming out. If men would go home from the lodge before midnight, with their legs sober, their hair wouldn't come out so rapidly. We always go home early, and we have more hair now than the day we were born.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Gospel Ridge mother the other day regaled her listening younker with the hatchet story of G. Washington, who, she solemnly asserted, "never, never told a lie!" At this the little Pinafore rooster winked one eye, crept backward toward the open door, and yelled out, "Mar, guess you mean 'hardly ever?'" and then he "scud."—*States Rights Democrat.*

The "Ship of the Desert" Outdone.

A report comes from the Sierra Nevada mountains of the discovery of the timbers of a stranded vessel, resembling those of a Chinese junk, high up in the mountains, between Mineral King and the headwaters of King's river. The sound portions of the timber resemble camphor wood, and, it is said, still retain a faint smell. The fastenings are of copper; the rigging, etc., are, of course, all gone. A number of bones, supposed to be human, were also found in the vicinity, and upon the adjacent slopes there is abundant evidence of the previous occupation of the waters in the shape of shells, as well as the occasional finding of petrified fish.

That this valley has at one time been an inland sea is admitted by geologists, but that these waters were navigated by Celestial seamen one or two thousand years ago has never been claimed, even by the Chinese themselves. But these same people do claim to have been the original discoverers of this country, and this find seems to give color to the claim. It has also been claimed by them that vessels of theirs have been wrecked on this coast, and that portions of the crew have returned to China; but that the wreck itself should be located, and that this location should prove to be in Tulare county, is surely an interesting fact, inviting the inspection of the curious and the solution of the scientific.—*Visalia (Cal.) Delta.*

MAIL MATTER.

The Fourth Class Subject to the Discretion of Local Postmasters.

The Post-office Department at Washington has made a decision that it lies within the discretion of the local postmasters to decide what shall be transmitted as fourth-class matter through the mails. By the new classification, which goes into effect May 1, this class includes all matter which in form or nature is liable to destroy, deface, or otherwise damage the contents of the mail bag, or harm the person of any one engaged in the postal service. Such matter may be transmitted when it conforms to the following conditions:

1. The articles must be placed in a bag, box, or removable envelope, made of paper, cloth, or parchment.

2. Such bag, box, or envelope, must again be placed in a box or tub made of metal or some hard wood, with sliding clasp or in screw lid.

3. In case of articles liable to break, the inside box must be surrounded by saw dust, cotton, or spongy substance.

4. In case of sharp-pointed instruments, the points must be capped or incased so that they may not by any means be liable to cut through their inclosure, and where they have blades, such blades must be bound with wire, so that they shall remain firmly attached to each other.

5. The whole must be capable of easy inspection. No liquors, poisons, explosive or inflammable articles, fatty substances easily liquifiable, live animals, insects or reptiles, or substances exhaling bad odor, shall be admitted to the mails in any case.

Single books, without regard to weight, not coming within the provisions of Sec. 3,893 Revised Statutes, as amended by the act of July 12, 1876, relating to obscene matter, are admissible as fourth-class matter.—*Pioneer-Press.*

Do They Believe It?

George William Curtis

It is the disposition of most people to be troubled about the theological beliefs of others without noticing the fact that we pay but slight attention to the creed that any man tells us he holds. Dr. Channing once went to Newport to see Dr. Hopkins, and the entire congregation were duly sent to hell. The pale-faced boy, walking out of church with his father and mother, heard them wondering whether the dinner would be well cooked. "But, father," he asked, "if we are all ordained to go eternally to hell, what difference does it make about the dinner?" If it be a fact that the majority of people are condemned to be roasted in hell, what is the difference whether the beef is more or less roasted on Sunday? If people believe it is to be important, why do they not show their sense of the danger? If I were to suddenly fall headlong from this platform—if any human being were placed in any physical peril—there is not one of these gentlemen who would not instantly hurry to save their fellow-man from that small calamity. If they actually believed in the eternal peril they talk about, is it conceivable that they would have heart for anything except the salvation of their fellow-beings? The shows that it is merely an affection of the lips and not a faith of the heart. I am invited to-morrow to meet men of every faith and no faith in a mission of charity. If a man going to Jericho should be beaten by thieves, the Good Samaritan is as likely to turn up in the man of no belief as any other. If any great work of charity is to be performed, men of every faith join heart and hand and set the world a little forward. Even so orthodox a man as Whitefield was wiser than he knew when, beginning a sermon, he asked: "Father Abraham, are there any Protestants in heaven? No. Are there any Catholics in heaven? No. Are there any Presbyterians in heaven? No. Are there any Baptists in heaven? No." He might have extended his inquiries: "Are there any pagans in heaven? No. Are there any Christians in heaven? No. Well, Father Abraham, are you all alone in heaven?" And down came the response, written on the human heart: "In every nation the man that fears God and works righteousness is accepted of him."

Edison's Electric Light.

Mr. Edison has at length completed and secured patents for the two inventions by which he claims to have solved the two great difficulties in the way of the common application of the electric light. These difficulties were, first the apparent indivisibility of the current from the main generator to two or more burners on a circuit; and second, the danger of heating the conducting platinum to a point of fusion. It is said that these difficulties seem to be wholly overcome by the inventions for which Edison has just received letters patent. He is believed to have solved the problem of regulating the supply of divided light, and also by ingenious automatic contrivances he has made the supply of electric currents self-regulating and just adequate for producing the proper degree of illumination without any danger of melting the wires. The *Herald* says today that if Edison's inventions are what he claims them to be, all gas stocks will in a few years be worthless, unless the companies protect themselves by purchasing Edison's patent for their respective cities and towns.—*N. Y. Special.*

Market Notes.

Ice, strong.
Coffee, weak.
Venison, dear.
Cheese, active.
Spirits, medium.
Lime, somewhat slack.
Lumber, in piles, high.
Coal, in great demand.
Money, easy (to spend).
Hogs, fat ones, sluggish.
Live poultry, very quiet.
Coal oil, in light demand.
Texas steers, running wild.
Bonds (of matrimony), weak.
Whisky, of an unsteady nature.
Lard (owing to the weather), firm.
Green hams (oil-fleced ones), low.
Horses (old ones), quiet and steady.
Tar and feathers, stick at former prices.

A Saving of Time and Money.

Third Assistant Postmaster-General Hazen has just had prepared a new card to accompany registered matter, which will prove a great saving of labor to that branch of the office. The cards contain on one side a blank of transmission, and on the reverse a blank for the receipt of the party receiving the package, which is required by law. Under existing regulations, one blank receipt and two envelopes are used, for which the card is a substitute. The labor saved by this new device will be appreciated when it is stated that over 5,000,000 registered letters are sent annually.

A newspaper and a newspaper editor that people don't talk about and sometimes abuse are rather poor concerns. The men and business that an editor sometimes feels it a duty to defend, at the risk of making enemies of another class, are often the very first to show ingratitude. The editor who expects to receive much charity or gratitude will soon find out his mistake; but he should go on and say and do what he conscientiously thinks right without regard to frowns and smiles.—*Exchange.*