BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

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The Largest Stock!

THE MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

General Merchandise

IN EASTERN MONTANA IS TO BE FOUND AT

A. LAMME & CO'S.

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

Ladies' Goods, Fancy Goods,

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIE,

Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

HATS AND CAPS. BOOTS AND SHOES

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

THE FURNISHING GOODS,

—AND—

Agricultural Implements!

Always in stock everything needed by the

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EXAMINE OUR IMMENSE STOCK, AND IF YOU DO NOT SEE WHAT YOU WISH PROPOSED TO BUY, THE ARTICLE YOU WANT,

ASK FOR IT!

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

By large business we are enabled to purchase goods and sell the cheapest lowe prices than it is possible for others to do.

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Bozeman, Montana

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To Buy Your

CLOTHING

BOOTS AND SHOES,

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CROCKERY,

GLASSWARE, LAMPS AND CHANDELIERS

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[SUCCESSORS TO LESTER S. WILLSON.]

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Always on hand. Boots, Shoes and Leather Findings at prices that will astonish the Montana. Boots and Shoes for Gents, Boys, 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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NO VARIATION IN PRICES.

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The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

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Office, Courier Building, Main Street.

Poetry.

FOR THE FARMER.

The Best Cow in Peril.

Old Farmer B. is a stingy man,
He keeps all he gets, and gets all he can,
By all his friends he is said to be
As rich as he bark on a young birch tree;
He goes to church and reads a pew,
But he dime shins he gives to the Lord are few.
If he gets to heaven with the good and great,
He will be let in through the smallest gate.

Now Farmer B., besides dragging the plows,
Keeps a number of very fine calves and cows.
He makes no butter, but sends by express
The milk to the city's thirsty ones

"What do the city folks know about milk?
They are better judges of cloth and silk;
Not a man who buys, I'll vow, can tell,
If I water it and, or water it well;
If they do not know, then where's the sin?
I will put the sparkling water in!"
Thus talked to himself old Farmer B.,
How mean he is, old and young can see.

One night it was dark; oh, fearfully dark,
The watch-dog never came out to bark;
Old Farmer B. in his bed did snore,
When rap, rap, rap, nearly shattered the door.
And a voice called out with hasty breath,
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death!"

Clipping off the end of a rousing snore,
Farmer B. bounded out on the bed-room floor,
And the midnight voice was heard as he
He pulled on his pants, he knew not how,
For his thoughts were all on his choking cow;
He flew to the yard like a grizzled deer,
For his stingy soul was filled with fear.
Looking around by the lantern's light,
He found that his cows were there all right

"I will give a dime," said Farmer B.,
"To know who played this trick on me;
May the hand be stiff and the knuckle sore,
That knocked to-night on my farm house door."

With a scowl on his face and a shaking head,
Farmer B. sought his nice warm bed;
No good thoughts came, they were all overpowered,
The little good nature he had was soured.

When he went to water his milk next day,
The midnight voice seemed to say
As he pumped away with panting breath,
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death."
The meaning of this he soon found out,
For a gang was driving to the [illegible]
Farmer B., when he drives to town,
Now meets his neighbors with a cheerful frown;
They smile and bow, as they kindly bow,
"How getteth along he be cow now?"

Our National Park.

No other region so difficult of access has so speedily attracted so widespread an interest among lovers of the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque, as our Wonderland.

Drained by the greatest rivers of both oceans and stretching along the summit of the Rocky Mountains, it would be interesting if it contained only ordinary mountain scenery; but it contains the rarest, the strangest, the most amazing of objects and scenes in such profusion that it seems a veritable enchanted land.

Here, in the area of an ordinary township, are at least 2,000 hot springs, large and small, deep and shallow, with beautiful ornamented and delicately colored basins, no one knows how many geysers spouting columns of crystal clear boiling water to heights varying from ten or twenty to two hundred and fifty feet, with a noise like thunder and a jarring of the ground as in an earthquake solfataras and fumaroles, steaming, roaring, hissing, and depositing around their openings, brimstone enough to remind one of the internal regions, mud volcanoes belching forth great volumes of slate and blue mud with tremendous explosions as of subterranean artillery, terraced hot springs by the hundred at White Mountain, such as exist nowhere else in all the world, except in New Zealand, and whose beauty is absolutely indescribable—cataracts double the height of Niagara, cascades of matchless gracefulness, lakes, for beauty rivaling any known elsewhere in the world, canyons savage in sublimity, and one canyon, well named the Grand Canyon, of the Yellowstone, where for 27 miles the cliffs, from 1,500 to 3,000 feet high, are the most brilliant, bewildering, dazzling masses of gold, and crimson, and purple, and pink, and white, and cream, and brown, and black, and green, that ever were seen in rock scenery on earth.—*Ogden Freeman.*

From Mr. Medor, we learn that Messrs. Morris & McKaskle are taking out a large quantity of very fine ore from the "Keystone" lode, in Mineral Hill District. They have now upwards of one hundred tons on the dump, which shows splendid prospects all through. At Red Bluff, work is being vigorously pushed in the mines. Judge W. R. Reel has a good showing in his mine there, which now exhibits four feet of good ore in the vein. The farmers of the Willow creek country are seeding every acre that they possibly can this season, and, barring grasshoppers, will be prepared to meet in a great measure the increased demand for produce which is expected after next harvest.—*Madisonian.*

Our Selected Story.

LOST AND FOUND.

J. S. Hurst, in Galena Gazette.

The evening before the battle of Stone River, a party of officers were seated around a small camp fire. The wind came fitfully through the tall pines, blowing the flames in circling eddies, and sadly reflecting the faces of the weary men, who were trying to derive comfort from the smoky fire as it crackled and spit in the drizzling rain. Among the members of the company was a sad, pale-faced, spare built man who was ordinarily very reserved, and strange as it may appear in times of great danger, was always vivacious. At the time we write he was in one of his liveliest moods, and yet his conduct was mixed with sadness. Though usually so reticent, he was kind to his comrades and many of the younger officers had won their way to his heart. All felt that there was some secret connected with this man's life, and he had been pressed to give his life story, but to the present time without success.

"Major," said a Lieutenant, "to-morrow may be the last that some of us may ever see of time, and now may be the only opportunity of unburdening yourself of that 'story.'"

The Major glanced over the river to where the rebel picket fire was struggling in the wind and rain, his lips quivered for a moment, his bright black eyes shone more brightly, as he began the long sought narrative: "To premise, I will state that I began life in one of the many villages that dot the State of New York. Of my mother, I can only say that I never had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She died when I was two hours old, and my infancy was confided to the care of a maiden aunt, a sister of my father. The years of my earliest remembrance until I attained my sixteenth year passed quickly, at the end of which time, having been examined by my father, I was deemed competent to enter college. Of my father during my childhood I had seen but little; since my mother's demise he had engaged in an extensive mercantile business that demanded his entire attention, and without doubt, he supposed that it he gave me all the advantages that wealth, culture and good society could give, he was doing his duty as a parent, and so without restraint I followed my inclinations. My aunt had, previous to my entering college, instilled into my young heart some good principles, and at parting with her, gave me some very excellent advice, which I had the good sense to follow. Time soon passed away, I had been at school four years, and was past twenty,—just the age when the heart of most young men is susceptible to Cupid's wiles. During the last year at college I formed the acquaintance of one of the sweetest young ladies—at least I thought so—that ever captured the heart of man. To see her was to love her. It was a genuine attachment, and fully reciprocated. That was a proud and happy moment in my life when I had secured Lelia Madden to be the partner of my joys and sorrows—all joys I thought. I had yet to learn how transient are the joys of this life, for in the midst of bright anticipations, bitter disappointment often intrudes its hideous presence. The time for the wedding was set. Our [illegible] quite a large sum, and did not see fit to consult him in the matter. My affianced was wealthy, beautiful, well cultured, and I preferred to surprise them with a daughter I felt conscious he would be proud of. But alas! The day before our wedding took place, I received a letter from my uncle—my father's partner—informing me of my father's sudden and unexpected demise.

The wedding was of necessity postponed. I hastened to New York to attend the funeral, after which the last will and testament of the deceased was read. It left me in full possession of all my father's estate, on one condition: that was that I should marry my cousin, my uncle's daughter. Could my father have been mad? Until the funeral I had never seen my cousin, but there the will was, and I was either obliged to marry her or give up my paternal estate. My mind was soon made up. I told my uncle of my engagement and my intention to keep it. He tried all the sophistries which the man of the world knows so well how to use, to dissuade me from my purpose. I was inflexible. I returned to Lelia and informed her of my change of circumstances. She received the information with a smile, and said as she twined her lovely arms around my neck:

"Why let that trouble us? My fortune is sufficient to give you a start in life. With the education you have and close application to business, you cannot fail of success."

"We talked the matter over and it was decided that our union should not be deferred, and we were married in a month. My wife's fortune consisted of $10,000, and as I was to start in some business, we very economically decided that we could not spend much time in a honeymoon, and in after six weeks had passed. I began to look round for a suitable place to locate. At this time I received a letter from my uncle, offering me a position as book-keeper in his establishment, with a very fair salary. This was an opening. I accepted the situation and at once proceeded to New York and was immediately instated in my new position.

"My wife thought it best to remain at her home for a few weeks until I could secure a suitable residence. I was received kindly at my uncle's, and was pressed by the family to make my home with them until I could secure a place for myself and wife. A month passed. Of my many letters to my wife I received no answer. I became alarmed, and resolved to return at once. Imagine my astonishment, my despair, when I learned that she had disappeared mysteriously, and there was no clue to her whereabouts. Torturing thoughts held me in durance. Could it be possible that she had repented and deserted me, or was my uncle treacherously seeking to separate us. Jealousy fought with suspicion—suspicion prevailed. I could not believe her guilty of such perfidy. However, I returned to my uncle's counting room and went through the semblance of business. Three months passed. I had done my utmost to find Lelia, without success. My uncle proposed travel and generously offered to defray my expenses. I accepted his proposal in the hope that in some foreign land I might find my lost one, and if possible learn the truth from her lips. My cousin accompanied me; of course I knew for what purpose. She tried to ingratiate herself into my affections, and I believe she had a sickly, sentimental feeling which she called love; but she wasted her sweetness on the desert air. My heart was steel to all but Lelia. This truth seemed to impress itself upon her, and her attention began gradually to wane, and soon ceased.

"When we returned, my uncle could not conceal his disappointment, but he said nothing. I went into the counting room, and by steady application to business kept my mind from dwelling too much on my misfortunes.

"Five years had passed, when an accident befell my father's attorney—he slipped on the pavement and dislocated his spinal column. He could live but a few hours, and I received a message requesting my presence immediately. Conscience-stricken he could not die without correcting a wrong that he had been a party in effecting: the will which my father made at his death he placed in my hands with a sworn statement that the former will was a forgery. The truth now came out: my uncle had become embarrassed in his business, and at my father's death conceived the iniquitous idea of making a will, by which at least, if he could not unite me to his daughter, should place my fortune in his hands, and but for the attorney's accident, the plan would have proved successful. Of the scene that followed I will narrate but little. Suffice it to say, that my uncle was now in a position to make ample restitution, with one exception—the abduction of my wife. He acknowledged that at his instigation she had been forcibly placed in one of the private lunatic asylums with which the world is cursed, but from which by some means had effected her escape. I have employed the most sagacious detectives to discover her whereabouts but in vain. She may have gone to that place of rest where disappointment and sorrow can never come. To-morrow will undoubtedly be a day of carnage, and in the midst of that carnage I may go to her, for if divided in this life, perhaps in the life to come we may have a happy reunion. Gentlemen, you have the story of my life. I am confident—I feel an intuitive assurance that to-morrow, in some way, will restore my lost wife. It may, perhaps, be an hallucination, as some of you will say, but for myself I [illegible] to my quarters in the hope of a happy future."

The morning dawned, and with the first streaks of light began the conflict. Every one conversant with history knows how the right wing of the Union army at Stone River was surprised, and of the general stampede that followed; of the loss of the brave and generous Sill, and the impetuous Garichee, and their attempts to arrest and reorganize the panic-stricken. There, too, the Major met his fate. He fell deeply wounded and was insensible for several months, during which time he was brought back to life and happiness. In the person of his fair ministering angel, he found his long lost wife.

Men Find Their Level.

The flattery with which our assembled working classes are apt to be served undoubtedly contributes to make many of them content to make no higher attainments. If they are not received with open arms by the educated and refined, they attribute it to their occupation, not to themselves; to the unreasonable pride and prejudice of others, not to their own deficiency. But water is not the only thing that finds its own level; genius, wit, learning, ignorance, coarseness, are each attracted to its like. Two painters were overheard talking in the room where they were at work: "Lord!" said one, "I knowed him well when he was a boy. Used to live with his grandfather, next door to us. Poor as Job's turkey. But I ain't seen him since, till I born him in —— hall the other night. Don't s'pose he'd come nigh me now with a six-foot pole. Them kind o' folks has short memories; ha! ha! Can't tell who a poor working man is, no how."

No, no, good friend, you are in the wrong. There is, indeed, a great gulf between you and your early friend, but it is not poverty. To say that it is, is only a way you have of flattering your self-love. For, if you watch those who frequent your friend's house, you will find many a one who lives in lodgings, with the commonest three-ply carpets, cane-seat chairs, and one warm room, while you have a comfortable home of your own, with, very likely, tapestry and velvet in your parlor, and registers all about. No, sir, it is not because you are poor, nor because you work; for he is as hard a worker as you, though, perhaps, not so long about it; but because—begging your pardon—you are vulgar and ignorant; because you sit down in your sitting-room at home with your coat off and your hat on, and smoke your pipe—because you plunge your own knife into the butter, and your own fork into the toast, having used both with equal freedom—because your voice is loud, your tone swaggering, and your grammar hideous—because, in short, your paths from the old school-house diverged, his led upward, yours did not; and the fault is not his. You both chose. He chose to cultivate his powers; you chose not to do so. Call things by their right names.—*Gail Hamilton.*

"No man will ever kiss me except my future husband," she said, as he was about leaving her at the gate. "Suppose I agree to be your future—" "Why, then, I'll kiss you," she replied, eagerly, and she did. Her mother was informed that he had proposed, and the happy lady called around the next day to fasten matters, and before he knew it he was totally booked. It was a mean advantage, but a bird in the hand is worth two on the front gate.

Wit and Humor.

When a humorist dies, his sorrowing family are at their wit's end.

A man's character is like a fence—you cannot strengthen it by whitewash.

The boy who can look you square in the face and lie without flinching is sure to make his mark as a politician.

Josh Billings suggests that many a young poet might be able to collect his scattered thoughts if he would only look into an editor's waste-basket early in the morning.

Mark Twain says that nothing seems to please a fly so much as to be mistaken for a huckleberry, and if it can be baked in a cake and palmed off on the unwary as a currant, it dies happy.

Some men never lose their presence of mind. In New York a man threw his mother-in-law out of a window in the fifth story of a burning building, and carried a feather bed down in his arms.

A Wise Proverb.—The foolish man folderth his hands and saith: There is no trade; why should I advertise? But the wise man is not so; he whoopeth it up in the newspapers, and verily he draweth customers from afar off.

A member of a fashionable uptown congregation, in New York city, called at a music store and inquired: "Have you notes of a piece called the 'Song of Solomon?' Our pastor referred to it yesterday morning as an exquisite gem, and my wife would like to learn to play it."

"Is the doctor in?" asked an anxious-looking young man, as he paused half way up the stairway leading to Dr. Stone's office, yesterday. "No, I guess not," replied the person addressed; "but you can leave an order on the slate." The young man hesitated a moment. "Well, I guess I would hardly have time to wait," he said. "Is it a very urgent case?" "Well, yes," the young man said, "rather urgent, I think. Just as I started away from home, my youngest brother was falling out of a second story window."

Hardly any better retort is on record than one made by Prot. Bonamy Price, of Oxford university, on his late visit to this country. He was not remarkable for his geniality, and at a dinner-party, at which popular ideas of heaven happened to be under discussion, he turned to Dr. H. W. Bellows and said: "We would like to have your opinion of heaven, Dr. Bellows, as that of one who stands on side the pale of civilized religions." Dr. Bellows replied: "My idea of heaven is that of a great dinner-party where we can have everything we want without money and without Price." All but one joined in the laugh.

Advertising.

In a little book published many years ago, entitled "How to get Money," I find the following remarks on advertising:

Whatever your occupation or calling may be, if it needs support from the public, advertise it thoroughly and efficiently in some shape or other that will arrest public attention. There may possibly be occupations that do not require advertising; but I cannot well conceive what they are. Men in business will sometimes tell you they have tried advertising, and that it did not pay. Perhaps they did. Advertising is done sparingly and grudgingly. Homeopathic doses of advertising will not pay, perhaps; it is like half a portion of physic, making the patient sick, but effecting nothing. Administer liberally, and the cure will be permanent. Some say they cannot afford to advertise. They mistake; they cannot afford *not* to advertise.

If that was true forty years ago, it is still more forcibly true to-day. Business has thrown off many of the forms that hampered men engaged in it. Retailers no longer tie their trade to one house, nor expect to be personally acquainted with each one of their customers. People buy of the party who offers the best bargains, be he friend or stranger. Although the young firm of Sharp & Beatem are selling goods very low, it is not known around the town, and they have no trade. Slow & Steady have a good stock, are well known, and claim to sell as cheap as the cheapest. Sharp & Beatem must do something to inform the public that they have a better stock of goods and are selling cheaper than Slow & Steady. They must advertise.

To-morrow it will be heralded about the city that Sharp & Beatem are selling goods cheaper than any firm in the city. People will wonder if it is true; they will call "just to price things," buy much or little, and go their way. Slow & Steady notice that a great deal of their old trade is going across the way; what shall they do to regain it? They conclude they must advertise; and in this way advertising is an absolute necessity. To gain customers we must advertise; we must advertise to keep them. We must create a demand for new goods by advertising their merits; we must hold the sale of goods by keeping their good qualities before the public.

Every business should be advertised, no matter where or what it is. If a moderate custom was sure among a circle of friends and acquaintances in a given locality, it would still be to the merchant's interest to advertise and increase his trade. The main expenses of doing business will be about so much, be the amount transacted greater or less. A large business can be done at a much less percentage of cost than a small one. A man can better afford to sell one hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods at a profit of ten per cent. than fifty thousand at fifteen per cent. A merchant may expect to hold trade by selling low, but he must have first made it known in some way that he is ready to sell low, or he will not get the customers.

Ways of advertising are as numerous as the busy brain of man can invent.

Posters on the walls are good, but they are there only a few days, and then they are covered by another advertiser. Signs nailed to trees along the country roads are effectual while they last, but they soon become old, or are rendered of no value by a dozen others being nailed over and under them.

The most unmitigated humbugs in society are those who are continually advertising advertisements are the men who have "hotel cards," "depot cards," "business cards," "maps," and similar abominations. Men will invest in these wild-cat enterprises who think an advertisement in the daily or weekly paper is so much money thrown away!

A retailer should advertise in every legitimate way. If by circulars, they should contain but a very few lines, and ought to have something about them to attract the reader. But the retailer should invest ninety-nine dollars in the columns of his local paper to every one that he expends for circulars, hand-bills or cards. His name should be constantly before the buying public. But a small card of half a dozen lines, paid for by the year, and never changed, is of doubtful value.

Gossip of the Other World.

Mr. Henry Kiddle, superintendent of the public schools of New York since 1870, and acting superintendent during the 23 years previous, has seen a great light, and now proposes to devote the remainder of his days to the dissemination of Spiritualism. This deliberate proceeding on the part of Mr. Kiddle will strike most persons as a singular and melancholy epilogue to a long and useful life. The victim of spiritual infatuation in this instance is described by the New York papers as a man of unblemished character, bright, genial, intelligent, and of great industry and efficiency in the performance of the public duties with which he is entrusted; he is also the author of several valuable educational works, and for the past thirty years has been a regular attendant on the services of the Episcopal church. His case adds another to the somewhat formidable catalogue of prominent men who have lapsed from the wholesome natural activities of this life and surrendered their mental sanity and independence to ghostly visitation. Mr. Kiddle has published a volume of some 300 pages entitled, "Spiritual Communications; Presenting a Revelation of the Future Life, and Illustrating and Confirming the Fundamental Doctrines of the Christian Faith," proceeds from the sale of which are to be devoted to the further diffusion of the spiritual philosophy. According to the reports of the New York journals, Mr. Kiddle is in quite a ferment of excitement, and thinks his prominent position will lend great weight to his book and give a new impetus to Spiritualism. He apparently forgets that other and more distinguished names than his have frequently submerged in the clouds of oblivion and neglect, to which the common sense of the world persistently consigns those who run after the strange gods of supernatural illusion. Judge Edmonds was a man of eminent legal attainments the chair of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, occupied an enviable reputation as a [illegible] of original research; in England Professors Wallace and Crookes were men of high authority as scientific naturalists; the German astronomers, Goldschmidt and Zoelner, were known throughout Europe; Prof. Mapes was a man of varied learning and a noted agricultural chemist; Lord Lytton, John Pierpont and Eppes Sargent were names well known in the world of letters; the Owens, father and son, were men of noble aims and great turing upon the enchanted and deceitful seas of Spiritualism, suffered social shipwreck and sank into obscurity. They gave all, and gained nothing for the cause they espoused. Spiritualism to-day holds even a more insignificant place in public estimation than it did twenty-five years ago; and undoubtedly the same fate that overtook its great names also awaits Mr. Superintendent Kiddle.

Mr. Kiddle's volume is made up chiefly of communications given, during the last nine months, through the mediumship of his married daughter and his son, a kid of fourteen. These communications, judging by the published extracts, are of a most distressingly tedious character, although purporting to come from such distinguished personages as Shakspeare, Washington, Franklin, Bonaparte, Prince Albert, Moses, St. Paul, Pio Nino, Byron, Penn, Swedenborg and William Cullen Bryant. We surely had a right to expect something lively and characteristic from Poe, Boss Tweed and Jim Fisk, but they all talk pretty much alike, a dreary wilderness of twaddle and goody-goody platitude. Not one of these spectral gentlemen offer any excuse or apology for their highly indecorous conduct in thus coming back and voiding their brainless trash upon a world which has seen fit to properly discharge them in the ordinary course of nature. The saddening conclusion forces itself upon the mind, that if the pages of Mr. Kiddle's volume present genuine samples of supernal wit and wisdom, then is human life robbed of its fairest hope, immortal growth in other fields of destiny. If Mr. Kiddle is correct, then heaven is no place for sensible men and women, and no person who respects his own sanity will desire to live again. *Pioneer Press, St. Paul, Minnesota.*

Galena's Brains or Good Luck.

Chicago Tribune.

It was the pleasure of Mr. Houghton, after he retired from active participation in political matters, to speak of the distinguished men that Galena had given to the country, and who had been introduced to the public in a greater or lesser measure through the columns of the paper he had so long edited. This little town of some 8,000 people, situated in an extreme corner of the State, has been the home of

One President of the United States,
One General of the armies,
Two members of the Cabinet,
Two foreign ministers,
Four members of Congress,
One Judge of the United States Circuit Court,
One Judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois,
Three Judges of the Circuit Court of Illinois,
One Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois,
Five Generals volunteer service United States army,
Two Consuls abroad.

Man's Better-Half.

To be a romp in childhood is a good sign in a girl. Nearly every woman, worth anything as a woman, was a tomboy in youth.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Eve, it will be remembered, had no spring bonnet, yet she married the first gentleman in the land. She had a fall suit, however, of the fig-leaf pattern when she left Eden.

Mrs. Brown said, with great emphasis, that when she looked at the rich shawls which the Smith girls wore, and then at the wretched apologies for shawls which her own girls wore, if it were not for the consolation of religion, she really didn't know what she should do.

When young ladies go out black-berrying, they should be careful where they stand. A young lady living not very far from Carthage went the other day, and it so happened that she stopped directly over a bumble-bee's nest. Distance to the house, half a mile; time, two and one-half seconds.

A story is told of a Kentucky girl who had disagreed to elope with a lover whom her parents refused to admit to the house. She descended the ladder in the night and started with him on horseback. "Now you see how much I love you," she said; "you will always be a true and kind husband, won't you?" He answered gruffly, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not." She rode in silence a few minutes, when she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! what shall we do? I have left my money behind in my room!" "Then," said he, "we must go back and fetch it." They were soon again at the house, the ladder was again placed, the lady re-mounted, while the ill-natured lover remained below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called, "Are you coming?" when she looked out of the window and said, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not;" and then, shut down the window.

The present excellent English Queen is eminently sensible in her domestic notions. She cannot endure the modern idiotic habit of women wearing a low fringe of hair across their foreheads. An English exchange says that her majesty sent special instructions to the brides-maids at the late wedding of her son, the Duke of Connaught, that they would not be permitted to wear these hair fringes or high heels to their boots, nor to tie their dresses back in the present most uncomfortable and indelicate fashion. Victoria deserves the thanks of every inteligent mother in the land. The same paper says: Last year one lady appeared at a Drawing Room with her hair over her eyes. The next day she received a message from Lord Chamberlain informing her that until her hair had grown she would not be required to attend any more drawing rooms.—*Zion's Herald.*

A woman's pocket is to a man. But it is only a question, and ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, it is much better regulated. A man will carry two dollars' worth of small change, four matches, half dozen toothpicks, a short pencil and a pack of business cards in his vest pocket, and yet not be able to find a nickel, or a match, or a toothpick, or a pencil, or a card when he wants it. Not so with a woman. She has the least bit of a glove; in that glove she carries the memorandum of her intended purchase of dress goods, and car tickets, and matinee checks, and maybe a diminutive powder-bag. We have no idea how she does it—how she manages to squeeze those thousand-and-one things into that wee space. But she does it every time; and the glove never looks the least bit discomposed, or plethoric or ruffled. And when a woman wants an thing concealed about that glove, she doesn't seem to have the least trouble in the world getting at it. All that is required is the simple turn of the wrist, the momentary disappearance of two fairy fingers, and the desired article is brought to light. It is a wonder that no savant can explain.

A Mean Advantage.

There was a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good-hearted man, and a respected citizen, though he is rather skeptical in some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society" when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to, to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and then Mrs. Graham added:

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind work."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a $10-bill, and, as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes," they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed the children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blackened the cook stove, and made the beds, I'll donate the ten dollars."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why now, Mr. Johnson."

"It fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, the money is yours!" continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this X goes to the society," said Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that do not need darning, I'll hand over the money," he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed, except by members, and, as you are not a member, I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."