

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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

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Whole No., 397.

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WILLSON & LEWIS.

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The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

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Wm. W. Allerton, J. ALDERSON & SON, Editors and Proprietors.

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Poetry.

The Baby For Me.

I have heard about babies angelic,
With a heavenly look in their eyes,
And half like the sunbeams of morning,
When first they appear in the skies,
And smile like the smiles of a cherub,
And month like the lilies of a rose,
And themselves like the lilies and daisies
And every sweet flower that grows.

My baby's the jolliest baby
That any one ever did see;
There's nothing angelic about him,
But he's just the right baby for me!
His smiles are not at all like a cherub's,
But rather a comical grin;
And his hair—well, it favors the sunbeams,
When sunbeams are wondrous thin.

His eyes, that they're blue like the heavens,
Are remarkably earthy withal;
And his mouth's rather large for a rascal,
Unless 'twere a half open one.
His hands don't resemble a fairy's
In the least. They're a strong little pair,
As you'd think, I am sure, if he'd got you,
As off he's got me—by the hair!

And he isn't a bit like a lily,
Or any sweet blossom that grows;
Has a dear little curling pug nose,
And his smile—full of mischief, the darling,
And as naughty as naughty can be;
And I'm glad that he isn't an angel,
For he's just the right baby for me.

At the Bar.

"Who speaks for this man?" From the great white Throne,
Veiled in its rosette clouds, the voice came forth;
Belonging to a parted soul alone,
And rolling east and west, and south and north,
The mighty accents summoned quick and dead.

"Who speaks for this man, ere his doom be said?"
Shivering he listened, for his earthly life
Had passed in dull, unnoted calm away;
He brought no glory to his daily strife,
No wreath of fame, or genius' fiery ray;
Weak, lone, ungifted, quiet and obscure,
Born in the shadow, dying 'mid the poor.

Lo, from the solemn couch he hushed and dim,
The widows' prayer, the orphan's blessing rose;
The straggler told of trouble shared by him,
The lonely of cheerless hours and softened woes;
And like a chorus spoke the crushed and sad,
"He gave us all he could, and what he had!"

And little words of loving kindness said,
And tender thoughts, and help in time of need,
Sprang up, like leaves by soft spring showers fed,
In some waste corner, sown by chance-flung seed;
In grateful wonder heard the modest soul,
Such truths gathered to so blest a whole.

O ye, by circumstance' strong fetters bound,
The store so little, and the hand so frail,
Do but the best you can for all around;
Let sympathy be true, nor courage fail;
Winning among your neighbors poor and weak
Some witness at your trial hour to speak.

—All the Year Round.

Questions at the Post Office.

A little freckle-faced ten year old school-girl stopped at the post office, the other day, and yelled out:
"Anything for the Murphys?"
"No, there is not."
"Anything for Jane Murphy?"
"Nothing."
"Anything for Ann Murphy?"
"No."
"Anything for Tom Murphy?"
"No, sir; not a bit."
"Anything for Terry Murphy?"
"No; nor for Pat Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy, nor Pete Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor any Murphy, dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, black or white, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No, sir, there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually, jointly or severally, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment, and said:
"Please to look if there is anything for Clarence Murphy?"
This is about a fair sample of questions at the post office when school is out.

SCRAPS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

From One of Our Bozeman "Boys."

Editor Avant Courier:

This is one of those days when one feels thankful to have a good shelter from the dreaching rain pouring down outside. It has rained till the water stands in pools in the streets, where but a few hours ago the dust was two and three inches deep, and one needed an umbrella to protect oneself from the scorching sun, instead of the rain which is now coming down in torrents.

Although this term has passed quickly, as is usual with the spring term, yet it has not been without its usual excitement. A Mr. Hulings, of Oil City, Pa., offered to give five thousand dollars toward building a Ladies' Hall for Allegheny College, if the college would get another five thousand, and the faculty has been so successful as to secure a sufficient sum of money. Mr. Hulings will sign the contract immediately, and the corner stone will be laid next week.

The students showed their generosity in this enterprise, when one momentous week at the chapel exercises, the president announced his desire to raise a thousand dollars among them by contribution, and in less than ten minutes the faculty and students contributed one thousand and eighty dollars. The building is to be of brick, three stories, and with a capacity of about one hundred students or more. Its structure it will doubtless be the finest building on the college campus.

The first inter-collegiate rifle match recorded in the United States took place between Union College, of Schenectady, N. Y., and Allegheny College, about four weeks ago. The teams consisted each of twelve shots, one hundred rounds, chosen by a contest among themselves. The Allegheny team consisted of Captain Bruce, Lieut. Newell; Sergeant, Maj. Richmond; Lieut. Sargeant, Lippitt, and Private Graham, of Bozeman, all from the cadet corps. The Union team challenged us, and beat us by a lucky scratch, making 213 points to our 205. We immediately returned the challenge, but they would not accept under any circumstances, for we offered them inducements and odds, but they were afraid of us. The shooting was one hundred yards, off-hand. We received a challenge a short time ago from Amherst Agricultural College, of Amherst, Mass., and accepted. We will shoot next week, twelve shots, one hundred rounds, off-hand. While talking with a Freshman a short time ago about compasses, surveying, etc., I asked him if he could "box the compass." Perhaps he misunderstood the meaning of this mistake when he answered, "Oh, yes. The box compasses are only used for certain small things of minor importance. They are not half as good as a transit theodolite."

A short time ago the college was thrown very suddenly into mourning by the death of an excellent student, M. A. E. Linn, who died Sunday, May 18, of scarlet fever. He was not considered seriously ill until a few days before his death, when the disease assumed a threatening type, and soon culminated in paralysis. Mr. Linn was a member of the third preparatory class, and had endeavored himself not only to his classmates, but also to all who knew him well. The professors to whom he had referred, as willingly testified to his good standing as a student, all bore testimony to his excellent character. He died as he had lived, with the Christian faith and hope. A most touching and appropriate memorial service was held in the college chapel on Monday afternoon, and on Tuesday the college faculty and a large delegation from the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity, and Athenian Literary Society, of which organization he was a member, with many other friends from the college, went to Espyville, where the funeral services took place, under the especial management of Prof. Williams. The services consisted of a short sermon by the Professor, followed by remarks by other members of the faculty and chosen representatives of the delegations.

Toward the close of the services in the chapel, as we sang,
"How merrily on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
"Like the memory left behind
When the sun has set,
The sun suddenly burst from behind a gold cloud, and streaming through the tree tops, illuminated the chapel as the gas was never able to do. It seemed as if the gates of Heaven had been suddenly thrown ajar and a stream of Heavenly light had stolen gently in upon us as a smile of approval and blessing from God and the angels. Although a service of mourning, yet at the same time it was really a service of thanksgiving and praise.

The following is the programme for commencement of Allegheny College: Saturday evening, June 21st—Anniversary of Philo-Franklin Literary Society. Sunday, June 22nd, 10:45 a. m.—Baccalaureate sermon, by President, L. H. Bugbee, D. D. Sunday evening, June 23rd—Sermon before the Y. M. C. A. of the college, by Rev. E. B. Snyder, D. D., of Pittsburgh. Monday evening, June 24th—Anniversary of the Allegheny Literary Society. Tuesday evening, June 25th—Anniversary of the Ossoli Literary Society. Wednesday evening, June 26th—Address before the college and citizens. Thursday, June 27th, 8:30 a. m.—Dress Parade of Cadet corps on the Diamond. Thursday, June 28th, 10 a. m.—Commencement.

The senior class is composed of fifteen excellent men, just ready to step out into the world to try their ability to contend with the affairs of this life; but they are well fitted and success only depends on an effort.

Yours with respect,
F. L. G.
Meadvile, Penn., June 16, 1879.

The foundation for the meaneast man is laid when a small boy turns the worm-hole in an apple for his companion to bite from.

A Husband's Explanation.

Concurred in Boston Transcript.

It is a fact that has been noticed and commented upon time out of mind, that many husbands neglect those little attentions and marks of affection which they were so lavish during courtship. Of course, there must be a reason for a custom which, though reprehensible in the abstract, has the sanction of all but universal practice, and it comes the duty of some philosopher to enquire into and expound it. Perhaps it is best illustrated by an anecdote which was told Causery by a friend, whose wife, by the way, manifested her deep displeasure in very decided terms while he was relating it. It seems that on Columbus avenue there dwelt a wedded pair who were inclined to be a little more than devoted to their "fair lady" than was the husband during the honeymoon, and the lady during the time followed it. But, ere the third moon had waned, the young wife noted—or thought she noted, no doubt it was fancy—a change. As time passed on, it became more and more apparent. Her husband was still of course, but somehow there was a lack of the old ardor, there was a falling off in the old demonstrativeness. This troubled her, and, woman-like, she quickly concluded that his love for her had cooled. One evening, after thinking the matter over all day, she broke out with "You don't love me any more." "What makes you think so?" he asked, in a business-like way, scarcely lifting his eyes from the book he was reading. "Because," she sobbed, "you never put me any more, and you are not half so attentive as you used to be." And so she broke down into a general cry. The husband said that something every nerve that he is straining to conquer at the top of his voice, and do his best to make the "stop" "I do," said the wife, whose curiosity was aroused, "but what on earth has that to do?" "One moment, dear. Look again. Do you observe that he has caught the ear, and that he is no longer running, but is probably quietly seated inside, taking a nap?" He has got through shouting and running, because he has caught the "stop" "Now, my dear," at this point he kissed her on the cheek, and she, who was seated on the sofa, and slowly resumed his easy chair, cigar and book.

Old Bazebee Makes a Reputation.

San Francisco Post.

Old Bazebee was returning from the club the other evening, when, as he hung up his overcoat on the hall hat-rack and prepared to go up stairs, he heard sharply excited voices in the front parlor that he paused to listen. A voice that he recognized at once as belonging to that fast-looking young scoundrel he had warned Maria to be careful about, said, contemptuously:

"Peace, woman, and weary me no longer by your reproaches. I tell you the day of my wedding with Alice Montessor is fixed, and by heavens, nothing shall prevent our union."
"This, then, is the reward for my sacrifice—my devotion? Ruined and forsaken, you tempt me with your latest conquest. Monster—coward!"
It only required a second for Bazebee to rush up stairs and get his shot-gun out of the closet. The next moment he burst into the parlor with blazing eyes, and, catching the black-legged betrayer to the floor, he placed the muzzle of his breech-loader at his temple, hissing:

"Villain, swear to me that you will make an honest woman of this poor duped angel or I will strew the floor with your devilish brains!"
"Hoarse!" shouted young Snyder, sitting on an empty chair, "That's the way up, Magnifi! Splendid!"
"Beautiful, papa. Encore! Encore! Bravo!" added Maria, delightedly, "Never say anything better at Baldwin's."
"Wh? What? I—er—er?" stammered the bewildered parent, grounding arms.
"We were so afraid that you would object to my taking part in the private theatricals, that you'd never listen to it. But you act better than any of us—doesn't he, Bobby?"
"You bet!" replied Bobby, fervently. "Gaes you must have been a regular amateur Macready once, sir!"
Then Mr. Bazebee coughed and wiped his forehead, and mumbled about his having seen a good deal of that sort of thing when he was young, and that Maria must be sure to take in the man when her young friend had gone, and then went up to bed and dreamed he was playing an outraged community to crowded houses all night.

How to Choose a Husband.

That woman is wise, says the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, who selects for her husband a man who desires to find in his home a place of rest. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, and with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is the really domestic man in the wife's sense, who enjoys home, who makes a friend of his wife, who relishes, prattles, who feels in the small circle where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a haven of ease and recreation. The drawback of home-life, its continued possibilities of insipidity, sameness, and consequent weariness, is never present to such a man. He no more tires of his wife than of his own happier moods. He is no more bored with home than with sleep. He is no more plagued with his children than with his own lighter thoughts. All the monotony and weariness of life he encounters outside of his home. It is the pleasure-loving man, the merry companion, who requires constant excitement, that finds home life unendurable. He soon grows weary of it, and considers everything so tame, and so like flat beer, that it is impossible for him not only to be happy but to feel that he is less unhappy there than anywhere else. We do not mean that the domestic man, in the wife's sense, will be always at home. The man always at home has not half the chance of the man whose duty is outside of it, for he must sometimes be in the way. The point for the wife is that he should love home when he is there, and that love, we contend, belongs, first of all, to the active and strong and deeply engaged worker, and not the lounging, or even the easy man. In marriage, as in every other relation in life, the competent man is the pleasantest to live with and the safest to choose, and the most likely to have an unwearyed friend, and who enjoys and suffers others to enjoy, when at home, the endless charm of mental repose.

Her Baby for a Cow.

Over in Windfall recently, a man and his wife got to that point of disagreement so graphically described in "Betsey and I are Out." They decided to separate, and the assets of the partnership were divided up until only the baby was left, when the father said, "If you will leave the baby with me, I will give you a good cow." The mother considered a moment, and decided that a good cow was worth \$25, and a baby and herself still deeper in her paper. That's what you're coming to, girls.

Wit and Humor.

Bridge-tenders keep the pass-over.

The man who sets a bad example hatches mischief.

Jonah was the first circumdram. The whole gave him up.

Counsel to witnesses: "You are a nice sort of a fellow, you are!" Witness: "I'd say the same of you, sir, only I'm on my oath."

Whiskey is now made of leather, and this may, perhaps, explain why so many persons who indulge in it are always strapped.

What is the difference between the teacher and the baby? One never naps but it pouts; the other never naps but it naps.

A man coming out of a Texas newspaper office with one eye gouged out, his nose spread all over his face, and one of his ears chewed off, replied to a policeman who interviewed him: "I didn't like an article that 'peared in the paper last week, so I went to see the man what writ it, and he told me to get out."

An old lady, observing a sailor going past her door, and supposing it to be her son Billy, cried out to him, "Billy, where is my cow gone?" The sailor replied in a contemptuous manner, "The girl to the d—l, I suppose." "Well, as you are going that way," said the old lady, "I wish you would let down the bars."

An unucky Irishman was once imprisoned for an infraction of the law. His faithful wife visited him and found him greatly cast down. With the intention of cheering him up, she said: "Arrah, he aisy, Paddy; shure ye'll have an upright judge to try ye, anyway." "Ah, Biddy," he groaned, "the devil an upright judge do I want; 'tis wan that'll lane a little."

"How do you like your position?" he asked.

"First rate," was the reply, "there's one little trouble; I haven't had any money yet."

"No money? How's that? Perhaps the managing editor forgot to put your name on the roll. Never mind, I will. How much did he say you were to have?"

"He didn't say, sir," said the reporter, telling the truth very literally.

The chief fixed the pay, then, and there dated it back a few weeks, and the "hanger-on" became a full-fledged member of the staff on the spot. And the best of the job was that it was not until two years afterward that either the editor-in-chief or the managing editor knew how it came about, each supposing the other had done it. Two

To Young Men.

Illness is the great destroyer of young men, sure to work out the ruin of the most talented or well inclined. Give a young man plenty to do and he is safe, and will reflect honor both on himself and the community in which he lives. Allow him to spend his hours in idleness; to loaf around bar-rooms; stand on the street corners or stay about home, with no higher ambition than just to eat, drink, sleep, and smoke, and you lay for him the broad foundation of future disgrace. Parents, you may depend upon it, that your grown-up boys find little that adds to their manhood in the walks of idleness. Better to give them some honorable trade than to trust to chance for some windfall of luck or fortune to benefit them in after-life.

If young men are out of employment, let this great truth be impressed upon their minds, that time, even though it brings no money, is valuable. Self-improvement should be kept up, so that every spare hour may bring to its possessors some valuable acquisition. Enrich your minds by the careful study of some good work, for you may rest assured your labor is none the less for being idle. Better to spend your time over some good and valuable book that shall impart some useful knowledge, than to waste it along with your money, as well as your health, over cigars, the brandy bottle, or games of chance. Better be found studying at home, thereby improving and disciplining your mind, than to be seen on the street corners with hands in pockets, a cigar between your lips—the very picture of laziness. Not that we can all become great men, but we can be useful citizens.

Nothing can be accomplished without great labor. Excellence in every trade or profession depends upon it, and if you will it and persevere for it. It is not the users that make their mark in the world, but the earnest, go-ahead men who never stop for little troubles or give up for great ones, but who go forward, determined to be, and do, something in this world. Young men, turn over a new leaf—place before you the object of your desires and work for it. Be careful of your pennies, for as Dr. Franklin used to say, a pin a day is a great year, not by being stingy or mean, but by being prudent, and a few years will find you far advanced in honor and on the highway to competency and respectability.—Exchange.

The Murderer's Hope of Heaven.

Territorial Enterprise.

Colonel Tom Buford, who killed Judge Elliott in Kentucky because he decided a case against Buford's sister, is an emotional cuss. Of the killing he says: "Oh, it was a fine case, and I could have been any other way. My sister had been wronged, cruelly wronged, and I had to avenge her. Why, the last time I visited her grave I could hardly get away; I felt so badly about the wrongs that had been done her. I loved my sister, and I promised her on her death bed to meet her in heaven, and I can't forget it. I expect to meet her in heaven. I have only done what fate ordered. It is a sad thing, but I couldn't help it and didn't want to help it. I can't tell what will be the result, but an unwilling to await the verdict of a higher power than any of this world." It beats all how soon after a man commits a murder he begins to talk about meeting his friends in heaven. Anderson and Dry went right up to glory, and it is generally so. Heaven will be a tough place directly, if none of these worthies are mistaken.

How a Man Got Work to Do.

Causery has a friend, a journalist of distinction, now holding a very prominent and responsible position on one of the best-known papers in the country, who had a peculiar experience once in getting a position on the staff of a New York daily. He applied to the editor-in-chief, who knew him well, and was aware of his ability and experience.

"I've nothing to offer you," he said, "but perhaps you'd better see the managing editor."

To the managing editor, who also knew him well, the applicant went.

"There's nothing I can give you," he said pleasantly; "why don't you see the editor-in-chief?"

The next day he applied to both again, and the next, each time receiving the same answer. Dropping in on the fourth day, he noticed a vacant desk in the reporters' room, kept for anyone who might want to use it. He called the office boy, told him to clean up the desk and bring up writing materials. Having "moved in," he coughed the city editor's assignment-book, picked out a job he thought he could do, did it, laid the result on the city editor's desk and went home. The next day he did the same thing, and the next, and on the fifth day the editor-in-chief passed through the room while he was at his desk, and said: "So you've got to work?" he said pleasantly.

"Yes, sir," answered the self-appointed reporter.

A day or two later the managing editor came in. "Got it at last, eh?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," answered this latest addition to the staff, gowned up with his work.

"Things went on in this way for two weeks, when one morning the chief came in.

"How do you like your position?" he asked.

"First rate," was the reply, "there's one little trouble; I haven't had any money yet."

"No money? How's that? Perhaps the managing editor forgot to put your name on the roll. Never mind, I will. How much did he say you were to have?"

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Man's Better-Half.

She couldn't bite.

She was hinner than a peep-post, Taller than a rail;

As yellow as a pumpkin, And slower than a snail.

She lived in Indiana; Had just come out of school;

She was h—l on a planny, But she couldn't—ride a mule.

—Jaquies Miller.

Mrs. Kate Kane has been admitted to the practice of law in Milwaukee, Wis.

A lady, describing an ill-natured man, says he never smiles but he feels ashamed of it.

Never award the palm of virtue on appearances. The woman who keeps her mouth shut may have had teeth.

Miss Grey, the daughter of the French President, is a landscape painter of rare excellence, and is a brilliant conversationalist.

The man who has a sulking wife can't please her with a sonnet.

There's just one way to cure the strife—Buy her a summer bonnet.

A German Baroness, at Lake George, was very much surprised when a lady knocked at her door, and asked for a pattern of her black silk overskirt! She didn't get it.

What more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart, than the first love of a pure, earnest, and affectionate girl, with an unclouded intellect in eight corners, and fourteen three-story houses?

If the girls do not quit wearing these abominably wide belts, squeezing with delicate feeling like to embrace a leather trunk, even if there is a girl inside of it.

President Hayes received a morning call the other day from a party of fifty-six young ladies from a Maryland boarding-school. She shook hands with them all, and gave them permission to look at the White House.

A Fairhaven lass, with visions of a bridal trosser before her eyes, has recently given the gentleman who is paying his addresses to her, a gentle hint, by presenting to him a neatly-worked card, upon which is inscribed, "I need thee every hour."

A well-known London physician, calling on a lady the other evening, found her busily engaged in reading "West in Eight Corners."

"When Shakespeare wrote about patience on a monument, did he mean doctors' patients?" remarked the sawbones, trying to be clever. "No," answered the fair one, "he meant the doctor's patience."

A bad daughter seldom makes a good wife. If a girl is ill-tempered at home, smart at her parents, snips at her brothers and sisters, and "shirks" her ordinary duties, the chances are ten to one that when she gets a home of her own she will make it wretched. There are some girls who fancy themselves so far superior to their parents that the mere privilege of enjoying their society in the house ought to be all the old people should have the assurance to ask. While their mothers are doing the domestic duties, they sit in the easiest chairs or lie on the softest sofas, feeling on cheap and trashy novels, and cherish the notion that they are very literary individuals. The household drudge; is too coarse for such fine ladies as they; the business of their parents is to provide them with nice clothes, and be content with admiring their handsome appearance in the intervals of labor.

Girls of this sort are very anxious to be married, that they may escape the disagreeableness of a home where they are held more or less under subjection; therefore they are smiling enough to eligible bachelors, quickly soothing down the frown which alone they give to the members of their own families. A caller, who doesn't have a chance to see how they behave as daughters, may be excused for fancying them loving and lovable beings; but one who does see it is foolish if he commits