BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

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

Vol. 8. No. 34. BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1879. Whole No., 398.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1871.

Published Every Thursday Morning.

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Editors and Proprietors.

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Poetry.

Reeling Home at Midnight.

Reeling home at midnight,
Home to the little ones,
Who shrink in fright and terror
When the drunken father comes;
They know what hunger meaneth,
And want, and cruel tones;
In their helpless, desolate childhood,
God pity the little ones!

Reeling home at midnight,
To the weary wife who waits
In sad, despairing silence
For the one who comes so late;
Her heart bowed 'neath the burden
Of a wrecked and broken life;
In her terrible woe and anguish,
God pity the weary wife.

Reeling home at midnight,
Cursing along the street,
Striving in vain to steady
The wandering, aimless feet;
Lost to his truth and manhood,
Down in the gutter he sinks,
Helpless, vile and degraded,
God pity the man who drinks.

—Sioux City Journal.

His Ants.

Oh, the tiny little ants,
How they clamber up your pants,
At the picnic 'neath the willow in the glen—
How they seem to take delight in
The obnoxious sport of bitin'
Indefensible and modest gentlemen.

It's delightful, when one's cooing
To the damsel he is wooing,
To feel the playful creatures in his pants.
And upon the perfumed air
He throbs a soulful swear
At "his sisters and his cousins and his ants."

Oh, it sets the brain a throbbing
To feel those insects bobbing
Up and down our system in their merry glee—
There's one way you can right 'em,
And that is, flee and fight 'em
'Neath the shadow of some distant, friendly tree.

—St. Louis Times-Journal.

—Written for the AVANT COURIER.—

Our Need of Education.

The importance of a system of education needs no argument. It is the chief power that is uplifting and advancing human society, in its lowest, broadest meaning, including in common the general good to the greatest number. Its grandest, highest sense includes the education of the sensibilities, the heart and soul. It lays a first claim upon a refined and cultured people, and should be in all our homes a source of happiness.

There are allurements in wealth, in fame and in power. But wealth without culture is a superficial good, satisfying only the demands of the body, the appetite and the eye. A frame which includes no nobility of soul is not worthy of being regarded, and a power that is alienated from another should fall below the standard of true ambition. Who would sell for gold his mental power or nobility of heart, derived from intercourse with what is removed from vice and sensuality? Many a father or mother will readily testify to their anxiety that their daughters may have only that influence thrown about them that will tend to strengthen and elevate them, or that their sons were more of men among men and could take honors in college. It will ever be in our homes and through our lives an increasing comfort and pleasure. Training and culture, then, are no fancy—they are no seeming good. They are costly; for them may be given tears and prayers, and yet may be given too late. There is scarce need of the reminder that that which is of the most value in life comes slowest and with the most exertion. The Christian religion has been developing in the human hearts for thousands of years, and yet the height of its power has not been reached. Life would lose its greatest happiness if its gifts came readily without labor. We often hear it said that "the noblest life is attained through longest suffering, the highest scholarship thro' the most toilsome efforts." So to every lover of education comes the appeal to their attention and kindly interest in whatever institution that has its beginning in such desires and objects of labor. True education, then, "is not for external show, but for inward development."

GEO. H. SCOTT.

Chicago Journal: Country girls who come in on excursions never looked sweeter than they do this year, and their "followers" never looked greener.

"Let every one sweep the drift from his own door and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

To the Legislative Assembly of Montana, convened in Extraordinary Session, by and with the approval of His Excellency, the President of the United States:

I now briefly submit for your consideration such questions as appear to require legislative action.

RE-APPORTIONMENT.

It is made the duty of the Legislature, by an act of Congress, to apportion the Territory for legislative purposes, so as to conform to the reduction made in the legislative representation. This being a duty required of you by a law of Congress, and as members of no future Legislature can be legally elected without the apportionment of the Territory for legislative purposes, the necessity of a compliance with the law of Congress is apparent and requires no further comment.

NEED OF A MILITIA LAW.

No authority exists for the organization of the militia of the Territory. The Indian situation does not justify the Legislature in refusing to provide authority for the organization of the people into military companies. Indian raids cannot be met and repelled unless the people are armed and disciplined for such service. It is idle to assume that we are to have no further Indian troubles while so many Indians are found within our borders and in such close proximity to the same. Reports reach me almost daily of Indians sacking houses, robbing camps, driving owners and herders from their herds, taking human life, stealing horses and other property. It cannot be denied that it is the duty of the Territory to protect the lives and property of its citizens, and this duty can only be accomplished by providing for the organization and arming of the people in military companies. The Executive authority is powerless to enforce the laws of the Territory when resistance to the execution of the same is too great to be overcome by civil officers. In my judgment every consideration of public interest and public safety demands at your hands the enactment of a well-digested militia law.

THE TERRITORIAL DEBT.

The bonded debt of the Territory is now payable at the option of the Territory, and is drawing interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum. The First National Bank of Helena, Messrs. L. H. Hershfield & Bro., and the Corbin Banking Company of New York, each offer to pay par for the entire debt at the rate of eight per cent. interest per annum. I respectfully recommend that the Territorial Auditor and Territorial Treasurer be authorized to negotiate the bonds of the Territory at the lowest rate of interest, not to exceed eight per cent. per annum. An act funding the debt of the Territory at a lower rate of interest should have been passed at your last session.

CLERKS OF DISTRICT COURTS.

The act fixing the compensation of the clerks of the District Courts is radically defective and should be so amended as to avoid the construction that courts may place upon it. It is understood that the clerks in two of the districts claim six thousand six hundred dollars as their compensation, instead of sixteen hundred and fifty dollars, and will seek the enforcement of their claims in the courts. The expense and annoyance of such suits should be avoided by making the law definite and certain.

JURORS' FEES.

I repeat my recommendation made at the regular session for the enactment of a law requiring litigants to pay the fees of jurors in civil actions, and to amend the law in relation to the qualifications of jurors.

RAILROAD MATTERS.

I have the honor to submit for your consideration a proposition from the President of the Union Pacific Railroad Company (a copy of the same is transmitted herewith), containing the terms upon which said company will extend the Utah & Northern Railroad into this Territory. I believe the proposition is the best that can be obtained, is reasonable, and should be accepted by the Territory. The officers of the Union Pacific Railroad Company do not hesitate to say that the Utah & Northern Railroad will *not* be extended any farther north than is necessary to control the business of the Territory, unless friendly legislation is extended. I am aware that the opponents of exemption assert that the road will be extended into the Territory without any friendly legislation. Now, if any evidence can be produced to sustain this position, I will gladly join in opposing exemption, or any other aid. I am satisfied the people of the Territory desire railroad communication, and favor extending such friendly legislation as will insure the construction of a railroad into the Territory at an early day. In the year 1876 Lewis and Clarke county voted almost unanimously three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bonds for the construction of a railroad from Helena to Fort Benton, and on the question of voting a subsidy of three millions of dollars of coupon bonds to the Northern Pacific Railroad, the vote of the Territory stood 3,054 for the subsidy and 3,286 against it. Madison county voted 508 for to 396 against. Gallatin county, 709 for and 39 against. Lewis and Clarke, 568 for and 700 against. This vote is the largest expression of public sentiment on the question of railroad legislation, and the large vote for a money subsidy, that reached nearly one-third of the tax duplicate of the Territory at that date, will certainly justify the present Legislature in procuring the construction of a railroad into the Territory for the small consideration of exempting the road from taxation for the period of fifteen years. The pretended claim that exemption is the worst form of subsidy is not entitled to any consideration at the hands of reasonable men, for exemption does not even imply the payment of any money, or the issuance of bonds, or in any manner involve the credit of the Territory. The experience of every country penetrated by railroads clearly demonstrates that every section of Montana will be benefitted by the construction of a railroad to the important business points of the Territory. If I did not believe that a railroad would add materially to the prosperity of the people, I certainly would not favor the legislation suggested.

I trust you will approach this question impartially and without passion or local prejudice. Each member is a representative of the Territory at large, and not a local representative. Although each member is elected by a portion of the people of the Territory, each is a member of the whole Territory. Being a member of the entire Territory, no mere local interest should control your actions as legislators. The members from Deer Lodge should be no less vigilant in protecting the interests of the people of Madison, of Missoula, of Gallatin, or of Lewis and Clarke, than of the people of Deer Lodge. No member acts wisely who acts only for his own locality, without consulting the general welfare of the people of the whole Territory.

B. F. POTTS.

HELENA, July 1, 1879.

[Copy.]

NEW YORK, April 17, 1879.

Hon. B. F. Potts, Governor of Montana:

The Union Pacific Railroad Company propose to extend the Utah & Northern Railroad one hundred and thirty (130) miles north from Snake river bridge, Idaho, within the year 1879, and will construct at least one hundred and thirty (130) miles of said road within the Territory of Montana during the years 1879 and 1880. Provided, the said Territory of Montana, will, by an act of its Legislature, exempt from taxation all of said railroad so constructed within said Territory during the years 1879 and 1880, for the period of fifteen years.

Yours truly,

SIDNEY DILLON, Pres't.

[Copy.]

NEW YORK, April 17, 1879.

Hon. B. F. Potts, Governor of Montana:

SIR—You will find enclosed a proposition, which you may submit to your Legislature if you deem it advisable. We had decided, after the failure of the acceptance of our former proposition, to stop the construction of the road as soon as our supply of iron was exhausted, which would have carried it about fifty (50) miles north of Snake river bridge.

In the event our proposition is accepted by your Legislature, we fully expect to construct the road in much less time than named, but will not bind ourselves beyond the time stated in our proposition.

Yours truly,

SIDNEY DILLON, Pres't.

He Got a Check.

Detroit Free Press.

He wasn't a man who could be classed with tramps, but yet he was shabby, untidy and dead broke. "You see, my dear man," he explained to a Griswold street lawyer, "I come of an excellent family, have worn diamonds and broadcloth, and am in my present fix simply because my father wouldn't let me wed the girl I love, and I ran away. I have concluded to return to him and ask his forgiveness and marry the heiress he has picked out for me. I need only five dollars. As soon as I return to Troy I will forward you a cluster diamond pin as a present. That's the style of a clothes-pin I am."

The lawyer sat right down and wrote him a check for five dollars, and he would not even let the repentant young man return thanks for it. No. If he could do a fellow man a good turn he was only too glad to do so. What was life worth living for but for its chances to make others happy?

"Just so—Heaven bless you—look out for the diamond pin," said the young man as he left the office for the bank.

One minute before he presented the check he was all smiles. One minute after the cashier had the paper a voice was heard saying:

"Tom Collins! Who in blazes is Tom Collins? He has no money here! You'd better jump out o' this, or I'll have you in the cooler in about three minutes!"

The young man jumped. As he went out he saw the lawyer across the street, but he never smiled. He placed the check on the walk, spit on it, and descended into a barber shop and asked if they knew of any citizen who wanted a competent man to take care of a dog and to the marketing for the kitchen.

Teaching Them Good Manners.

Governor Coke of Texas tells the following story: "I never saw such a town as Washington. When I came here to attend the special session of the Senate, I purposely went to a quiet place, gave orders if anybody called, to have their cards sent up to my room, and that the outside door should always be kept closed, which would compel callers to ring. Well, would you believe it, a few nights ago I was sitting in my room, when in rushed two gentlemen, unannounced. Said one of them, 'Governor Coke, I believe. How do you do, Governor Coke?' Their manner disconcerted me a little, but I answered as pleasantly as I could: 'Yes, I am Governor Coke; but how in the world did you get into my room?' They answered cheerfully: 'Oh! the lower door was opened, and we just walked right up.' I then told them it would please me if they would go down stairs, ring the bell and send up their cards in the regular way. They both went down stairs and did as told them, and then I sent them word that I was not in."

Conversion of Brother Moody.

A correspondent of the *American Israelite*, writing from Baltimore, represents that Mr. Moody, the revivalist, who has been laboring in that city, has met with a great change of heart or mind with respect to the Jews, and says that he has "given up the idea of making converts among them, for he now considers that the Jews are the best people in the country, and that their religion is like their goods, which they sell cheap, because they are satisfied with small profits."

THE YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY.

Its Beauties Pictured by a Traveler.

W. S. Kenney, Esq., who recently visited the Yellowstone and Big Horn, is an intelligent witness and prophet of the present and future development of that country. Mr. Kenney hails from the garden spot (York) of Pennsylvania, and is therefore a capable judge. He found the bottoms of the Yellowstone, up to Ft. Keogh, rich and beautiful. At Keogh he was surprised to see the best improved post in the Department of Dakota. So far in the heart of the reputed Indian country of the West, he feasted upon every comfort of civilization. He saw Mansard roofs, brick sidewalks, groves of young trees and meadows of grass that would fill the heart of a Lancaster farmer with envy. He saw a rosebud drive, two miles long, on the banks of the Yellowstone, and a half-mile race course, named after the hero, Lieut. Clarke, that would be beautiful in the suburbs of the Queen City of Minnesota, Minneapolis. At Miles City he saw business houses as good as the best in Bismarck, and four firms who did a total business of fifty thousand dollars per month. He saw a park of the largest shade trees, and a town located in one of the prettiest spots on earth. It was a genuine surprise to find a village so substantial and looking so comfortable. Up the river to the mouth of the Big Horn he saw numerous ranches growing everything that an epicure could hope to realize from the ground. The Big Horn bottom, as he saw it from the Fort Custer bluff, is one of the pasture fields of the world. Ranches are becoming frequent, and the time is rapidly coming when the Yellowstone valley will be full of people. The climate and soil are both favorable. Mr. Kenney says the country is certainly a good one, and that its future is assured.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

How His Trousers Got Shortened.

A certain gentleman purchased a pair of pants a few days ago, which, upon being tried on at home, he found to be too long. That night he remarked to his wife that he wished her to take off about an inch from each leg, which would make them the desired length. Being fond of teasing her husband, she told him that she shouldn't do anything of the kind, and he retired without having obtained a promise from her that she would attend to the matter.

Soon after he had left for his room, however, she, as a matter of course, clipped off the superfluous inch, as she had been asked to do. The family is composed of six female members, and each one, she thought, who were in adjoining rooms, hearing the dispute between man and wife, and after the latter had taken off the required inch and retired, the old lady, desiring to "keep peace in the family," and not knowing what her daughter-in-law had done, cautiously slipped into the room and cut off another inch.

In this way did each of the five ladies, unknown to each other, and all with the praiseworthy object of preventing any misunderstanding between the couple, clip an inch from the legs of the gentleman's trousers.

The following morning, all unconscious of what had taken place during the night, he rolled up his pants in a piece of paper, and took them to the tailor to be shortened to the desired length. Upon a hasty glance, the latter ventured the opinion that they were already short, but the gentleman insisted that they were fully an inch too long. The tailor had no more to say, and our friend retired.

On the following Saturday he called for the pants and took them home, and was extremely disgusted at finding that the legs reached only a trifle below the knee. He straightway accused the tailor, but his wife heard him, and came to the rescue, explaining that she had taken off an inch from each of the legs, and her acknowledgment was followed by that of each of the other five ladies, when it was discovered that altogether the legs had been shortened to the extent of seven inches.

For the Last Time.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time upon some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street where you know that you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time, the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this once will never stand before the sea of upturned faces disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms, the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words, "never again." We put away our boyish toys with an old headache. We were too old to walk any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry things for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back. Life has larger and other playthings for us. May it not be that these, too, shall seem in the light of some far-off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the land of promise?—*Bishop Foster's Sermons.*

Northern Pacific Extension.—The Beautiful Curlew Valley and the Country Beyond.

Sixty to seventy farms are already being opened on the extension of the Northern Pacific near Mandan, and some of the settlers have already made good progress in their work. E. Boley has one hundred and fifty acres under plow; his son has a like amount; Milan Harmon has turned over about 150 acres, and Geo. W. Harmon about the same, including, of course, this year's breaking. Joe Ardon has forty acres, A. Helmsworth fifty, M. Lang ten, and many others good sized tracts. But the prosperity of the west side will scarcely commence until the beautiful Curlew valley is reached. The road reaches this valley about forty miles west of Mandan and follows it forty-five miles. The valley is from a mile to three miles wide, averaging probably two miles. This stream is put down on the old maps as the Big Muddy, being known as such among the Indians. There is but little timber along Curlew, but coal is abundant, and forty miles west there is considerable timber. One of the contractors expects to cut twelve thousand tons of hay in the Curlew valley this summer, and if we are not greatly mistaken this whole valley will be occupied by actual settlers before autumn. Most lovely homes will be made on the Sweet Briar, on the headwaters of Knife River, and on the Little Missouri. Indeed as rapid development may be expected on the line west of Bismarck as followed the construction to Red River west of Brainerd. Even a better country than the beautiful Lake Park region will be found and a climate much more favorable.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

I Will go or Lose my Life.

Newberne Nutshell.

A few days since we mentioned that the Clara Merrick, a schooner, bound for Washington, had gone down near Hatteras, having struck on the Diamond Shoals and sprung a leak, and that five men had been taken from the rigging of the unfortunate schooner by Capt. Joseph Gaskill, of the schooner Mary Louisa. The Mary Louisa was coming in from New York and when a few miles from the wreck the men were discovered in the rigging, making signals of distress. The attention of Captain Gaskill was called to the matter, when he went forward and closely observed the signals made by the wrecked men, after which he ordered a boat to be lowered and stated that he intended to save them if possible. The wind was blowing very hard and the seas ran very high at the time, and one of his men asked: "Will you try to reach those men under these circumstances?" The captain replied: "I will go to them or lose my life in the attempt. I see the Masonic signal of distress displayed. Who will volunteer to go with me?" Two of his hands at once volunteered, when the three brave men stepped into the yawl and shoved off from the vessel. Their noble efforts were crowned with success. They reached the wrecked men, took them from their perilous position, and braving the foaming waves, returned in safety to the Mary Louisa. The five men had been clinging to the rigging at the masthead about six hours when Capt. Gaskill rescued them.

Never Heard of Grant.

Boston Transcript (Rep.)

Running through a purely agricultural district the other day we casually remarked upon third terms, and asked his opinion as to Grant's chances. "Grant!" said he, inquiringly, "who's Grant?" "Why," we replied, Ulysses Grant, Gen. Grant, President Grant, you know." The look of interest passed from his features, and his voice returned to its wonted tone as he said: "No, I guess I never heard of him." "What!" was our amazed rejoinder, "never heard of General Grant, the hero of the great rebellion, where so many precious lives and such a vast expenditure of money were offered up as a sacrifice—" As we proceeded a show of intelligence had lighted up the face of our interlocutor, until he suddenly broke out: "Look here, you! I remember there was some talk of a row 'long in '60 or '61. Tell us how it came out. Did they really get to fighting right down in earnest?" You can imagine how refreshing this was after months' reading of Congressional speeches replete with reminiscences of the late unpleasantness In the overpowering joy of the moment, we hid our face in our hands, while the fountains of emotion burst their barriers and we found relief in tears. Yes, we wept, and we care not who knows it.

Anecdote of a Millionaire.

New York Evening Post.

Another anecdote of the late Asa Otis, of New London, Conn., who left a million dollars for foreign missions, is as follows: He was at one of the New London fish markets on the wharfs clad in his customary overalls and as ever unassuming in his deportment, when the captain of a sinking vessel rushed ashore and, seizing Mr. Otis by the shoulder, shouted: "Say, old man, quick. Do you want a job?" Mr. Otis looked at him a little surprised and turned away, whereupon the persistent captain followed him up and again demanded: "Say, you, don't you want a job to pump out my vessel?" As Mr. Otis remained silent the exasperated captain exclaimed: "Well, old chap, if you are too lazy to work you will die in the poor-house, surer than thunder." The man in the overalls was then the owner of more than three million dollars.

The Zulus.

London Examiner.

The Zulus are the celestials of South Africa, the word "Zulu" signifying heaven. Their reputation as a warlike race dates from Chaka, who became early inflamed with the ambition of rivaling Napoleon Bonaparte. While quite a youth he fell in with some English sailors who had been cast ashore in St. Louis Bay, and from them he heard of the victorious career of the great Corsican. He vowed that he would be a conqueror, and at once set to work to fulfill his vow. When, in 1825, he heard for the first time of the overthrow of the French empire at Waterloo he complacently remarked: "Yes, I see now, there are only two great chiefs in all the earth. My brother, King George, he is king of all the whites, and I, Chaka, am king of all the blacks."

Mythical Before Monumental.

Cincinnati Commercial.

What if the newspapers should suddenly become as indifferent to your great man as the great man affects to be indifferent to the newspapers? We have known of such happenings, and in every instance the great man became mythical long before the undertaker prepared him to be monumental. It will not do to be quite too awfully indifferent to the imperfections of the American press.

FOSSIL FORESTS.

Some of the Remarkable Specimens in the Yellowstone Region.

In the valley of the East Fork of the river which flows through the wonderful Yellowstone National Park of the United States, says the London *Times*, the group of rocks, known for want of a better designation as the "Volcanic Tertiary," is typically developed and has a thickness of upwards of 5,000 feet. Its prevailing materials are fragmentary volcanic products which have been apparently redistributed by the agency of water, and now form breccias, conglomerates, and sandstones. These strata contain a great abundance of silicified wood; and in many places trunks of trees many feet in height and of gigantic proportions seem to stand in the identical strata in which they grew. Sometimes the crumbling conglomerates wither away from about these, leaving them to stand upright along the steep mountain sides. Mr. W. H. Holmes gives an account of these forests in the recent published number of the 5th volume of the *Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey*, (Washington, February 28, 1879). A section is given representing the north face of Amethyst Mountain. It includes 2,000 feet of strata. The summit of this mountain is 9,400 feet above the sea, and the river flowing at its base is 6,700 feet over sea level. Riding up the smooth river-bed, one has but to look to the right up the cliffs to discover multitudes of the bleached trunks of these ancient forest trees. In some of the steeper portions of the mountain's face, rows of upright trunks stand out like the columns of some long since ruined temple. On the more gentle slopes lower down, but where it is still too steep to support vegetation, save here and there a few pines, the petrified trunks fairly covered the surface, and were at first taken to be the shattered remains of a quite recent forest. Sometimes the trunks were found in a fine state of preservation. Some lying prostrate measured 50 feet to 60 feet in length, and not a few of these were five feet or six feet in diameter. One, indeed, was found on careful measurement to be ten feet in diameter. The woody structure was so well preserved that it could be at once declared that this giant tree was not a conifer.

The strata also contain, as might be expected, many rootlets, leaves and fruits—a collection of which have been submitted for determination to Professor Leo Lesquereux. They include an Aralia, a Magnolia, and new species of a lime, an ash, an elm, and of a diospyros; also some new fucntical with those described by Professor Whitney from the Elk Creek strata. But these strata are lower than the Yellowstone Park strata by fully 1,000 feet, and are separated from them by fifteen miles of broken country. These extraordinary fossil forests add one more to the noteworthy objects to be found in the National Park of the United States, already in respect of its natural phenomena without an equal in any part of the world.

Faith and Works.

Rev. Robert Collyer's Sermon in New York.

A Massachusetts boy, after returning to his own State from my city, was asked what church he went to. "Well," he said, "at first I went to a Presbyterian church," that of Dr. Patterson, "and he preached of nothing but faith, faith, faith. And I got sick of faith and ran away. I then went to a Unitarian church," said he, and I will not tell you the pastor's name [evidently the pastor's name was Robert Collyer], and he preached works, works, works, until I left and went to an Episcopal church. I was satisfied then, for the rector did not seem to care much about faith or works either." Thus you see the harm of straining men to the last point.

Advice to Loafers.

Cedar Rapids Times.

The parties who make a daily practice of balancing on the railing in front of the *Times* office are in great danger of losing their lives. The rail was recently taken off and filled with giant powder, connecting with which is a hidden wire running down to the back part of the office, presided over by our devil. Now, our devil is an eccentric youth, generally in the best of humor, but when he does get out of sorts he becomes perfectly reckless—has no regard at all for human life. He's liable to have one of his spells any time, and then good-bye loafers on the railing, as he'll pull that wire certain.

Bilious Puritans.

We have in Philadelphia some people who think they're pious when they're only bilious, and who yearn for the enforcement of blue laws. They need blue pills. It would add nothing to their personal comfort if the children could not go to the Zoo or the park on Sunday, or if the church-goer could not ride to church in a street-car, but it would create a satisfactory state of misery for others. This is the true misanthropic spirit characterized by Macaulay when he declared that the Puritans were opposed to bear-baiting, not on account of the pain inflicted upon the bear but because of the pleasure it afforded to the spectators.

A Good Rule.

"A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied 'My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, *and never spend my money until I had earned it.* If I had but an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after that I was allowed to play; and I then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity.'"

No man can be suspicious of others without making others suspicious of him, and no man can spend his time in talking against the honesty of others without exciting the feeling that he himself will bear watching.