

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

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

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1879.

Whole No., 400.

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WILLSON & LEWIS.

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Wm. W. Alderson, J. Alderson & SON, Editors and Proprietors.

Office, Courthouse Building, Main Street.

Poetry.

The Editor's Room.

BY WILLIAM M. CARLETON.

The editor sat in his sanctum, his contentment furrowed with care, His mind at the bottom of his business, his feet at the top of his chair; His chair arm an elbow supporting, his right hand upholding his head, His eyes on the dusty old table, with different documents spread.

There were thirty long pages from Howler, with underneath capital stopped, And a short dissertation from Growler, requesting his newspaper dropped; There were lyrics from Gusher, the poet, concerning sweet flowers and zephyrs, And a stray gem from Plouder, the farmer, describing a couple of heliers.

There were billets from beautiful maidens, and bills from a grocer or two, And his best leader hitched to a letter, which inquired if he wrote it, or who? There were raptures of praises from writers of the smooth and mellifluous school, And one of his rival's last papers, which informed him that he was a fool.

There were several long resolutions, with names telling who they were by, Canonizing some harmless old brother, who had done nothing worse than to die;

There were long stanzas "nods" from the city, and money "wills" never a one, Which asked: "Please, give this insertion, and send in your bill when you're done." There were letters from organizations—their meetings, their wants, and their laws—Which said: "Can you print this announcement for the good of our cause?"

There were tickets inviting his presence to festivals, parties, and shows, Wrapped in notes, with "Please give us a notice," demurely slipped in at the close; In short, as his eyes took the table, and ran o'er its ink-spattered trash, There was nothing it did not encounter, excepting perhaps it was cash.

Emigrant.

She clasped her hands on my arms, She laid her cheek on my shoulder; The tide of her tears fell warm On hands that trembled to hold her. I whispered a pitying word, As the ship moved slowly apart, And the grief of the friendless portured Its choking weight on my heart.

For graves, in the evening shade, Were green on a far-off hill, Where the joys of her life were laid, With love that had known no chill; But, however her heart might yearn, We were facing the freshening breeze, And the white wake lengthened astern On the rolling floor of the seas.

She quenched the fire of her tears, Uplifting her neck, brave head, "Or dark or bright be the years, I will take courage," she said; Smoothing back her loose-blowing hair, And her shawl drawing closer the while, So she drank in the strong sea air, And left the old shore with a smile. —University Magazine.

After.

After the shower, the tranquil rain; After the snow, the emerald leaves; Silver stars when the day is done; After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky; After the tempest, the lull of waves; Quiet woods when the winds go by; After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells; After the bud, the radiant rose; Joyful greetings from sad farewells; After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful mead; After the flight, the downy nest; After the furrow, the waking seed; After the shadowy river—rest!

A Cannibal Wife.

The Chicago Tribune says that a young wife of that city who is anxious to keep her husband at home evenings flatters him about the exquisitely dainty proportions of his feet, and induces him to wear boots about two sizes too small for him. He is on his feet a day long in town, and when he comes home at night she has a soft chair and a pair of loose, cool slippers for him, and by the time he, with great drops of agony peering on his brow, has got out of his boots, he comes to the conclusion that there is no place like home after all, and has no desire to go down town to lodge or to sit up with a sick friend.

THE YELLOWSTONE.

Notes of a Recent Trip on the Yellowstone River by a Lady.

The Yellowstone Country a Succession of Charming Pictures—Rain, Storms and Sunshine.

Correspondence of the Pioneer Press, June 28.

FOUR KNIGHT, M. T., June 17.—Since leaving St. Paul, in April, I have made a trip up the Missouri river to Fort Benton, where I remained several weeks. I fully intended writing the Pioneer Press a letter describing that trip, but before I had time to carry out my good intention the present trip was planned, and that letter will have to await my return. We left Fort Benton on the 4th of June, on the steamer Helena, of the Benton line, and after a delightful four days' trip arrived in Bismarck. There we remained until the evening of the 6th, when with a cargo of oats for Forts Keogh and Custer, we started for the Yellowstone. From Bismarck to Forts we were the only lady passenger, and most delightful it was to enjoy undisputed possession of the ladies' cabin and an unlimited number of state-rooms. It was too nice to last, and at Fort Benton we received an addition to our number, and among them a theatrical troupe. When the troupe came on board, and we learned that two gentlemen, only one a small boy, had comprised the company we became very curious on the subject, and wondered what they could play with so small a number. Our curiosity getting the better of our natural politeness, we were moved to ask them what plays they were in the habit of giving. Fancy our surprise when we learned that "Rip Van Winkle" was one, an ungovernable curiosity to see "Rip Van Winkle" enacted by a company of three prompted us to send a delegation to interview them to see if they could not be prevailed upon to favor us with a performance. They seemed to be very much amused by the modest request, and wondered if we thought they "traveled for fun." Much about it we returned to the corner of the cabin and resolved to think no more of the amusements of the theatrical world, but to turn our entire attention to the full enjoyment of the beauties of the Yellowstone.

We entered the mouth of the famous river about 6 o'clock on the morning of the 13th, but as it was raining at the time, and continued to rain all that day, we were unable to make up our mind what kind of a country we were passing through. The next morning, however, the sun came out clear and bright, and going on deck immediately after breakfast, we were delighted with the scene before us.

Traveling up the Mississippi, the Missouri, or any of the western rivers, one frequently comes upon pretty scenes. The Yellowstone is a succession of charming pictures, each one more pleasing than the one preceding. Like the shifting views of the kaleidoscope, the scene is constantly changing, and at each change the observer can but exclaim: "How beautiful!"

Now you are "up" on the center of a broad sheet of water; on one side a row of irregular bluffs, on the other a bright bit of prairie; the sun is shining brightly, and all nature reflects his brightness. You look and admire, but even as you admire and think "what could be more beautiful!" the river grows narrow, makes a sudden bend, and almost before you realize what is happening, you have entered upon an entire change of scene. Tall trees line the banks on either side and the bright glare of the sun is hidden; and as though you had entered an enchanted dell, and involuntarily you peep about expecting to see Queen Mab or some of her attendant spirits. The birds twitter through the branches, the water ripples softly along the bank. Everything seems so cool and quiet that even the breathings of the powerful engines seem subdued. Conversation lags and then ceases. You have forgotten everything save the influence of the spell around you when present, change. You have left the woods behind you and have entered upon an open prairie, and no longer travel on from sunrise to sunset, and his seems one delightful dolce far niente. But even as you think, "how calm and peaceful," you become aware of a change, the sky which just before seemed so changeless has clouded suddenly, the sun has disappeared, the wind is beginning to blow. The captain is a careful man and that thought assumes you even while you tremble at the thought of the terrific violence of these sudden storms. Yes, you are going to stop; and almost before you know it the boat is tied safe to some gigantic monster of the forest. And then, how it does blow! The boat bends and sways, the trees bow almost to the earth and the rain comes down so fast that some times you cannot see the bank beside you, though you do not fail to hear it as it caves in carrying away great trees. It is a dreadful storm, but as you begin to realize that it is a little worse than anything you ever saw before, you find that it is beginning to blow less furiously and rain less hard. Half an hour later you have forgotten all about the storm and are lost in admiration of the glorious sunset. It is a wonderful river; it is a wonderful country and I am glad I came through—the storms are dreadful.

The Yellowstone is not considered a very safe river and is never traveled at night, so we see all there is to be seen. The current is very swift and progress is naturally slow. Out at noon on the 15th we entered what is known as Buffalo Rapids, made famous by the sinking of the steamer Yellowstone on the 4th of June. We were three hours in getting through the rapids and past the wreck. Captain Barnard, agent and adjuster for the board of underwriters, St. Louis, Missouri, came from Bismarck with us, to take charge of the wreck. There was nothing to be seen in the vicinity of the wrecked steamer save one solitary man padding up and down the shore, and we did not approach near enough to hail him. A mile or two above the rapids we came suddenly in sight of a camp on the bank of the river, and at the same moment some one cried out: "Yonder lies your cargo, Captain!" and sure

enough as we came nearer we could see the piles of boxes, barrels, wagons, etc., which had constituted the cargo of the unfortunate steamer.

The "Yellowstone" was built at Madison, Ohio, by Dr. A. Lamme, of Bozeman, M. T. She was built expressly for the Yellowstone river, and at the time of the accident was entering upon the fourth season's work. She was under the charge of J. W. Jacobs, of St. Louis. She was valued at \$15,000 and insured for \$3,000; twenty passengers, among whom were Dr. A. Lamme, Bozeman, Montana; Mr. and Mrs. Hemphill, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mr. Henry Pearce and three children, Corder Agency, Montana; John Harlowe, Bozeman, and Mrs. Jacobs, wife of the master. The accident occurred about 6 o'clock in the afternoon, and nearly all of the passengers went on to Miles City that night or the next morning. The expedition, the crew, camped near the scene of the disaster, and when the Helena stopped in front of his camp he came down to meet us, looking with his strange surroundings like a modern edition of Quasoo.

I intended to have told you something of Miles City and Keogh, but as my letter is already pretty long I will leave that for the next. We expect to start for Fort Custer to-morrow.

We haven't met any hostile Indians, though we hear of them all along the river. At one of the wood-yards where we stopped for wood two men had been shot the day before; they were brought to Miles City, where one of them died; the other, it is thought, will recover.

L. D. W.

Red hair is said to be hair-red-tary. The scene of many a tragedy—Kerosene. Dancing-masters seldom have any money, but they're always taking steps to raise some.

The medicine for a sick man is to back him against a mule. That animal will heal him.

Buffalo Express: "There is no place like Chicago," says a Chicago paper. That is so, and a lucky thing it is, too.

An up-country church society offers a reward for the arrest of the person who surreptitiously introduced a hornets' nest into the grab-bag.

Order a small boy to go in swimming, and the chances are that he will not like to do it.—Exchange. Bekase, d'ye see, small boys are not made to order.

A Chinaman never swears when he gets mad, because there are no "cuss words" in his dictionary. He simply upsets his wash-bub, butts the bottom out, kicks a dog and feels better.

Georgia Doctor to Widow: "I cannot tell you how grieved I am to hear that your husband has gone to heaven. We were bosom friends; but now we shall never meet again."

A petrified mule was found in New Mexico the other day. One of the discoverers concluded to remove the sides that still remained of the hind feet of the animal. He lies buried behind the mule.

A parishioner of a Berkshire pastor was asked what the color of the parson's eyes was. He didn't really know, "for," said he, "when he prays his eyes are shut, and when he preaches I generally shut mine."

Rev. Mr. Nye, of New York, asks: "Where did Cain find his wife?" An old lady in Brooklyn said, "It was the first she knew that Mr. Cain's wife had been born. Her old man didn't take the papers."

It is now announced on the authority of an eminent physician that it is not healthy to rise before 8 o'clock in the morning. This applies only to men. Wives, it is said, can rise at 7 and start the fire as heretofore.

A bright boy was walking along the street with his mother, and, observing a peculiar hitch in his gait approaching, he drolly exclaimed: "Look there, mamma! See how that poor man stutters with his feet."

Too many of us are in the very doubtful position of the poor fellow who wrote under numerous gossiping reports, and who at last published a card of defiance, in which he declared that not a single one of the lies in circulation about him were true.

A peasant, being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay. The father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack. "That is of no consequence," replied the peasant; "you may call it a wagon-load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

Nothing so thoroughly pleases a man who has learned that a collection is to be taken in his church on Sunday morning, and who has consequently been unable to be present, on account of a severe pain in his back, as to attend the evening service and hear the clergyman announce that, "as many who desired to give were not present at the morning collection, it will now be repeated."

An old gentleman without tact, on meeting some ladies who had known as girls in his boyhood, cordially remarked, "Bless me! how time flies! Let me see: it is fifty-two years come next April since we used to go to school together in the old red school-house. I was a little chap then, you remember, and you were fine young women." The old man could never understand why his cordial greeting was received so coldly.

An old darkey caught a two-pound sucker one day, and was so well satisfied with his work that he lay down for a nap, with the fish beside him on the grass. Another darkey came along presently, picked up the sucker and left a half-pound one in its place. When the first man and brother woke up the first thing his eyes sought was the fish; and it took him some seconds to realize that something had happened. Then, turning his prize over and examining it all around, he simply said: "Golly! how dat fish am shrunken!"

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

Return of Gen. Stark and his Party.—Was the Saw Between Mandan and the Little Missouri.

Pioneer Press, 1st inst.

Gen. George Stark, vice-President of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, arrived in St. Paul yesterday on his return from his visit to the Yellowstone country. The expedition was organized for an extended tour as far as the Yellowstone, but the Little Missouri and other rivers were found so swollen by the recent rains that the party returned after making a pretty thorough examination of the "Bad Lands," as they are called. The expedition was provided with a cavalry escort, wagons, tents, etc., and had altogether a very comfortable journey.

Gen. Stark's purpose in making this western trip was to make a personal inspection of the road so far as constructed, to examine and report upon the character of the country, and to order a change of the surveyed line from the valley of the Little Missouri to a location on higher ground northward.

The company has ample means on hand to push the road forward to the Yellowstone without delay. The grading on the first one hundred miles beyond Bismarck is already well advanced; the cars are running on the miles, and the iron and other materials are coming forward faster than they can be taken care of. Over five hundred men are now at work, and within a month three or four hundred more will be put on the sub-contract. The company intend to put the whole line, through the Yellowstone, under contract during the present season.

An immense transfer vessel, capable of carrying six loaded cars, will leave St. Louis on the 1st of July. It is to be used on the Missouri at Bismarck, and will secure an uninterrupted connection between the completed road and the trans-Missouri section.

The following hasty review of the march from the Missouri to the Little Missouri was obtained from Gen. Stark:

On the 10th of June the party started out from Mandan to the Big cut, ten miles to which point the track is about laid. The road is well located to this point. The next day, mounted on Gen. Rosser's buckboard, behind two spirited horses, owned by Rosser, Gen. Stark, accompanied by his party, in a Black Hill's stage, four miles from the Big cut, was found the water level. The work will be pushed forward with more vigor, hereafter, one of the contractors, Mr. Walker, having started to St. Louis, to purchase one hundred miles to expedite the grading that is now done by wheel-barrows and sappers.

The Sweetwater river is small, but the land in the valley is of fair quality, the adjacent country being high rolling and rich prairie. As the party went up the valley the country improved. Twenty-eight miles they came to the coal-banks, which are found in the bluffs near the water level; one vein is three feet thick with a slight dip to the south. Near Badger creek an abundant crop of above the water level. A company of infantry is stationed here to protect the traders.

On the 18th, the party camped on the south fork of the Curlew, 50 miles out. The Curlew valley is charming, averaging two miles wide, and traversing a fine grazing region, antelope and other game afford abundant sport for the hunter. Hazen's description of this country thus far was found entirely at fault, and instead of an arid desert, there was anything too much rich, while the rich grasses indicate regular and productive seasons.

On the 19th, a branch of the Big Knife river was reached, the country being described as good, magnificent stretches of country being visible from the "divide" from which spring the sources of the Heart and the Big Knife rivers.

The 20th was devoted to business on the line with a view to changing the route in some particulars, and the next day the journey was pursued and the "bad lands" were reached on the 22nd; these lands border the Sweetwater river, is thought wild and wild in the extreme, were found not to be so bad as reported, the lands containing rich fertilizing material in the shape of salts, lime and gypsum. The party followed the creek down to the Little Missouri bottom, which is here 500 feet deep, and here the party were lost in amazement at a scene so extraordinary that Gen. Sully likened it to hell with the fire put out. The river was high and impassable, the current swift, and the party concluded to return.

No particular events characterized the homeward trip, but it is safe to presume that Gen. Stark collected material enough to make a large volume of interesting reading, and yet he didn't get within a hundred miles of the Yellowstone, where all he has yet seen will be found tame compared with what will strike his view when the Northern Pacific begins its ascent up that magnificent stream.

Adam Interviewed.

BY JOEL SLOPER.

I have met Adam and interviewed him. The genuine, original Adam. Edison and I found him. Winding up the megaphone, and pointing it eastward, Edison said:

"Now, Sloper, look through while I turn the crank, and tell me when you have the right focus."

"Hold on; easy now. Darwin's missing link" just passed before the lens."

"Oh, no, it was only that chap with the eyeglasses," replied Edison; "I'll have you out of the range of Washington Square."

A few more turns of the crank spread the rosy Orient out before us, and we drew aside the curtains of his dreamy past, as mighty centuries were passing in review like a panorama before the monster lens of Edison's latest invention. O, beautiful, grand and glorious were those pictures of the dead and mighty ages, in their daint and lines of purple and gold; Ninewah, Babylon and Tyre, there they were rushing past with the centuries; seen for a moment in

a flash of burnished steel; heard for a moment in the clash of arms, the blast of trumpets and the shout of conquest; crumbling into ruins as they vanished away.

Ten, twenty, thirty centuries, they rapidly whirled around. I caught a passing glimpse of Joseph going into slavery, and then the sound of the timbrel "over Egypt's dark sea," as backward, time swept away the dust.

"Think we have got him," said Edison, as, far away over the plain, a solitary object stood at the last outpost of human existence.

It was Adam. He was sorting beans. He shook hands with me, and invited me to dinner. I suggested that we go at once.

He said, "No, it wasn't ready." I was disappointed in Adam, but I hoped the dinner would be all right. Adam gave a shrill whistle, and the hired girl came out of a clump of bushes. Said he: "We are going to have Mr. Sloper to dinner. Nancy, so boil a nice cut of hippopotamus, and warm up the elephant stew."

"Yes, sir," replied Nancy; and by her brogue I came to the conclusion that she hailed from "ould Ireland."

"I am glad to see you," he continued, turning again to me. "I have wanted to talk with you for a long time." He apologized for the absence of Eve; she hadn't got her suit, and was trimming her spring bonnet. He explained many things to me that I never fully understood before, and asked numerous questions. He wanted to know if the cherry tree ever sprouted after George Washington cut it down? Giving a sigh, he said that George always reminded him of his little Abel, and he believed it the little fellow had lived. He would have been President of the United States.

"Ah, yes," said I, "if he had only lived. How old was he?"

"One hundred and seventy-two years, lacking a few days."

We talked of many well-known persons.

"Mark Twain," said he, trying to refresh his memory. "O, he is king of the Sandwich Islands, isn't he?"

"No, no," I answered; "he is the fellow who went with a lot of other claps to visit you a few years ago, and when they told you you were dead, he jumped up, kicked the coffin-pot over, and exclaimed: 'I don't believe it! Great Scott! when did he die?—and then he began to hunt for your will, and threatened to contest it; said he had evidence in his possession to prove you incapable of making a will; could prove insanity in your family.'"

Well, Adam leaped heartily over that. He then asked if Bert Harte wasn't traveling with a circus, and I replied that he was.

"I never was much of a man for circuses," he said; "but I always regretted that I didn't send Cain off with 'one. What a splendid target Dan Rice's nose would have been for Cain. By-the-way, what became of Billy Shakespeare?"

"Oh, he was languid for stealing sheep." The conversation changed, and I mentioned the walking match.

"Ah," replied Adam, "I made the most celebrated walk on record."

"Indeed!" I replied. "When was that?"

"When I walked out of the Garden of Eden."

"You call that a walking match?"

"Yes, of course. What else would you call it?" he asked.

"Well, I should call it a Lucifer match." Then Adam got mad and would not talk. He began sorting beans, and before I could conciliate him Edison had turned the crank, and Adam was twenty centuries away.

The Man From the Rear Car.

A couple were occupying a middle seat in the ladies' car, having got on at a way station. Probably attracted by the unworldly fascination which never fails to bring about a conversation, a gentleman from the rear car came in and took a seat immediately behind the pair. There was a shock of surprise as his first fell upon them, and a deathly pallor overspread his countenance. But this was for an instant only. Then a smile succeeded, and a queer smile began to play around the corners of his set, determined lips. An hour passed. The billing and cooling went on, and the man was a patient and evidently an interested listener. The people in the car began to perceive that something unusual was going on. Finally the man leaned forward, with that peculiar smile still hovering about his lips, and said:

"I beg pardon, but you seem to be enjoying yourselves immensely."

The lady arose with a stifled scream, and wheeling around confronted the stranger with a pallid face and great, starting eyes. Her companion was no less disconcerted. He, too, had risen to his feet, and stood uneasily looking at the intruder, flushing and paling by turns.

"My God, it has come at last!" wailed the woman.

The stranger was cool and imperturbable. "You did not expect to see me, did you?"

"Heaven knows I did not!" exclaimed the lady, from whom eyes the tears had already begun to trickle.

"Well, it's not unusual. People often meet under peculiar circumstances. I suppose you are over your bridal tour?"

The lady covered her face with her hands and sank back into her seat. She began to sob, but you seem to be enjoying yourselves immensely."

"I happened along this way by mere chance," continued the stranger. "I am going West to Leadville. I thought I would try and do something for the children, inasmuch as you have left us. But I trust that you will not let this accidental meeting disturb your enjoyment."

The woman was moaning in object misery. "I wish you all sorts of happiness, and will no longer intrude upon you. This, ladies and gentlemen, facing around to the spectators, "is my runaway wife and her lover. They are very nice people;" and then turning away he stalked off, leaving the guilty couple alone in their humiliation and shame. At the next station they quitted the train.

Our Boys and Girls.

Land and Lass.

When you and I were lad and lass A fresher lue was on the grass, And stars were twinkling in the sky, Because you bit me in the eye; We quarreled then from first to last, When you and I were lad and lass.

When lad and lass were you and I You stole and ate me's custard pie, Then in my coat the crumbs did throw, And how they licked me you well know; Such were the things that came to pass When you and I were lad and lass.