BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

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

Vol. 8. No. 37. BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1879. Whole No., 401.

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Published Every Thursday Morning.

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Poetry.

A Ballad of Brooklyn and London.

London, June 15.—This morning the Rev. Mr. Talmage preached to an enormous congregation at the Islington Presbyterian Church. A dense crowd blockaded the streets. Half a mile before reaching the church, the carriage of the reverend gentleman was lifted from the ground and carried bodily to the church.

There was a spry preacher in Brookly did dwell,
He had but one pride—'twas the Taberna kel,
And there, every Sunday, he stood on his head,
While his elegant legs they ges-tic-u-la-ted.

The Presbyteree it arraigned him for trial—
Dead waters need stirring up once in a whisl—
And this demonstrated that 'most every brother
Had lied like a trooper and cheated some other.

They gave in a verdict which Van Dyke incensed,
'Twas "twenty-five for him and twenty against;"
Talmage hopped up and cried, "I lamented too soon,
For, 'cording to that, I'm an innocent coon!"

"Therefore," he continued, "I'll get on a ship,
And go to Lon hondon, likewise to Eurip;
I'll climb in some pulpit and show them that we
Can preach like St. Paul in America-ee!"

He found eighty thousand surrounding the church;
Did *they* let him ride on the pavement—not much—
They grabbed up the horses and carriages and all,
And shouted, "Hurrah for the Brooklny Saint Paul!"

His mouth he unfurled and he way-ed his limb;
And the audience shyly inquired, "Is that him?
He is like a saint, and his gestures delight us;
He ain't like St. Paul but he is like St. Vitus!"

—*New York Sun.*

What Does it Matter?

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank from the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I lived an honest man,
And held my integrity firm in my clutch
I tell yee, brother, plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea!
By purling brook or neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me:
But whether the angel Death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown.
It matters much!

A Painful Scene.

Yesterday morning while seven or eight old and reliable citizens were holding down chairs and boxes in a Michigan avenue grocery, and unanimously agreeing that this was the greatest country on earth, a stranger entered and said:

"Gentlemen, I suppose you are all acquainted with politics."

"We are," they replied in a chorus.

"And you know all about the fundamental principles of liberty?"

"We do."

"Well, I'm glad of it, for I've made a bet with a feller back here as to how the reading of the Constitution begins. One of you just write me down the first ten words."

While he felt for a stub of a pencil every man began scratching his head, and cautiously eyeing his neighbor. One began muttering, "Now I lay me—," and a second said something about "Resolved," and a third wrote on the top of a cracker box, "On motion, it was voted that—that——" There was a great deal of coughing and sneezing and nose-blowing, when a boy came in and said the stranger's horse had run away. He rushed out, and seven faces brightened up and smiled, and seven men took fresh chews of tobacco and tried not to look too important when the grocer said:

"The Constitution? Why, every one of you can repeat it by heart—of course you can."

He Knew 'Em.

A German clergyman, who was traveling, stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to having a clergyman at his table, looked at him with surprise; the guests used all their artillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors. One of them, at last, in despair at his forbearance, said to him:

"Well, I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said to you?"

"Oh, yes; but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum; such remarks have no effect upon me."

Wit and Humor.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the flies that infest the day
Shall fold their wings until morning,
And give the mosquito full sway.

Bachelor's haul—A wife, when he takes one.

Always keep your boots clean, for cleanliness is a divine attri-boot.

Young Farmer.—How can we tell you "how to cure a ham" unless you inform us what ails the ham?

What is to be done for a man who has no mind of his own? His wife should give him a piece of hers.

A pretty girl won a musket at a lottery. When they gave it to her, she asked: "Don't they give a soldier with it?"

A Dutch judge, on conviction of a culprit for having four wives, decided: "He hash bunishment bienty; I his mit one!"

The man who wrote that "duty" was the most sublime word in the English language is believed to have been the Collector of a lucrative port.

Akron, Ohio, has had fourteen elopements within a year, and married men there are taking the precaution at night to chain their wives to the bed-post.

A Mississippi man puts it thus: "At the earnest solicitation of those whom I owe money I have consented to become a candidate for County Treasurer."

Congressmen are about to scatter over the country. It will be well to put an extra lock upon the barn, and see that all window shutters fasten on the inside.

A gentleman, speaking of a young beauty's fashionable yellowish hair, called it pure gold. "It ought to be," quoth a friend; it looks like twenty-four carrots!"

If a man blows his nose publicly now, he is likely to receive the prospectus of five and twenty "sure cures for catarrh" in the next twenty-four hours.—*Boston Bulletin.*

In an Indiana church the best looking young ladies are selected to pass the contribution boxes, and there isn't a young man in the congregation that dare drop in a button.

A young artist has painted the picture of a dog under a tree, and the work is so artistically done that none but the best connoisseurs can tell the bark of the tree from the bark of the dog.

A gentleman was disturbed from his rest in the middle of the night by some one knocking on the street door. "Who's there?" he asked. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "I want to stay here all night." "Queer taste; stay there, by all means," was the benevolent reply.

"What shall I preach about?" said a minister to the pastor of a colored flock which he was to address. "Well, mos' any subject will be 'ceptable," was the reply; "only I'd like to gib you one word ob caution." "Ah! what is that?" "Well, ef I was you, I'd teck werry light on de Ten Commandments." "Indeed! and why?" "Oh, cos I hab notise dat dey mos' always hab a damp'nin' effect on de congregation."

It is all wrong to let your church choir go off singing in the opera of "Pinafore" between Sundays. A dreadful thing recently happened on this account at a California funeral. The pastor, a tall, white-haired man, much resembling an admiral, rose in the pulpit and had no sooner finished, in a singing tone, the remark, "We miss his presence in his usual haunts," than the choir sprang to its feet and shouted in return, "And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts."

Blowing into the muzzle of a shot-gun is a standard method of producing newspaper items. It remains for a young lad in Hartford, Conn., to introduce a variation. The street-hose wouldn't work. The water was turned on at the spiggot all right; but there seemed to be an obstruction. He placed his mouth completely over the end of the nozzle and blowed just once. The pressure of the whole reservoir suddenly broke loose, concentrated into that one nozzle. The lad let go with his mouth and sat down about fifty feet away, and he has not yet been relieved of the impression that his brain is water-soaked.

"Does that hurt?" kindly asked the dentist, holding the young man's head back and jabbing a steel probe, with back-set teeth, clear down through his aching tooth and into the gum. "Does that hurt?" he asked with evident feeling. "Oh, no," replied the young man, in a voice suffused with emotion and sentiment. "Oh, no," he said tenderly, rising from the chair and holding the dentist's head in the stove while he dragged his lungs out of his ears with a cork screw. "Oh, no," he said, "not at all; does that?" But the dentist had the better of the young man after all, for he charged him fifty cents and didn't pull the tooth then. But by that time the astonished tooth had forgot its aching.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

MARK TWAIN AND THE PRESIDENCY.

He Offers Himself as a Candidate, and Points to his "Record."

Mark Twain has published the following open letter to his countrymen of either or any party:

"I have pretty much made up my mind to run for President. What the country wants is a candidate who cannot be injured by investigation of his past history, so that the enemies of the party will be unable to rake up anything against him that nobody ever heard of before. If you know the worst about a candidate to begin with, every attempt to spring things on him will be checkmated. Now, I am going to enter the field with an open record. I am going to own up in advance to all the wickedness I have done, and if any Congressional committee is disposed to prowl around my biography, in the hope of discovering any dark and deadly deed that I have secreted, why let it prowl.

"In the first place, I admit that I treed a rheumatic grandfather of mine in the winter of 1850. He was old and inexpert in climbing trees, but with the heartless brutality that is characteristic of me, I ran him out of the front door in his nightshirt at the point of a shotgun, and caused him to bowl up a maple tree, where he remained all night, while I emptied shot into his legs. I did this because he snored. I will do it again if ever I have another grandfather. I am as inhuman now as I was in 1850.

"I candidly acknowledge that I ran away at the battle of Gettysburg. My friends have tried to smooth over this fact by asserting that I did so for the purpose of imitating Washington, who went into the woods at Valley Forge for the purpose of saying his prayers. It was a miserable subterfuge. I struck out in a straight line for the Tropic of Cancer because I was scared. I wanted my country saved, but I preferred to have somebody else save it. I entertain that preference yet. If the bubble reputation can be obtained only at the cannon's mouth, I am willing to go there for it, providing the cannon is empty. If it is loaded, my immortal and inflexible purpose is to get over the fence and go home. My invariable practice in war has been to bring out of every fight two-thirds more men than I had when I first went in. This seems to me to be Napoleonic in its grandeur.

"My financial views are of the most decided character, but they are not likely, perhaps, to increase my popularity with the advocates of inflation. I do not insist upon the special supremacy of rag money or hard money. The great fundamental principle of my life is to take any kind I can get.

"The rumor that I buried a dead aunt under my grape vine was correct. The vine needed fertilizing, my aunt had to be buried, and I dedicated her to this high purpose.

"Does that unfit me for the Presidency? The Constitution of our country does not say so. No other citizen was ever considered unworthy of the office because he enriched his grape vines with his dead relatives. Why should I be selected as the first victim of an absurd prejudice?

"I admit also that I am not a friend of the poor man. I regard the poor man, in his present condition, as so much wasted raw material. Cut up and properly canned, he might be made useful to fatten the natives of the Cannibal Islands, and to improve our export trade with that region. I shall recommend legislation upon the subject in my first message. My campaign cry will be: 'Desiccate the poor workingman; stuff! 'm into sausages.'

"Those are about the worst parts of my record. On them I come before the country, if my country don't want me, I will go back again. But I recommend myself as a safe man—a man who starts from the basis of total depravity and proposes to be fiendish to the last."

A Mountain of Pure Volcanic Glass.

The wonders of the Yellowstone are still coming to light. Mr. P. W. Norris, the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, recently delivered a lecture on some of the natural curiosities of the region in which, as reported in the *Scientific American*, he described, as one of the most notable, a mountain and a road of glass. This mountain, which is of pure obsidian or volcanic glass, is near the foot of Beaver lake, and rises in columns and countless huge masses, many hundreds of feet high, from a hissing hot spring. The steep, smooth surface was, of course, a barrier to the progress of the explorers, not even an Indian or game track being discoverable over it. Great fires were built on the glass, to thoroughly heat and expand it, after which cold lake water was dashed on it, causing the glass to cool and large fragments to break off from the surface. These were broken into small pieces with sledges and picks, and thus was constructed the only glass wagon road on the continent. The glass is very hard and is used by the Indians for making unequaled arrow heads, weapons and tools. The eastern palisade of the Grand Canyon of the Gibbon river, for about two miles, also consists of vertical pillars, hundreds of feet high, of this glistening black, yellow, mottled or banded volcanic glass.

Runs Against the Wrong Man.

Washington Telegram to Chicago Tribune.

An amusing incident occurred at the state department Thursday. The department is a high-toned establishment. On Thursday two gentlemen and three ladies entered the passport bureau. The clerk with a haughty air bade the visitors to take seats. The mandate was obeyed. After a pause the clerk asked if they wanted passports. One of the gentlemen, with more courage than his companion, responded that his friends did. The clerk then sharply scrutinized the visitors, and said that he did not know them, and he should require the guarantee of some reputable person as to their good character. "I vouch for this gentleman and these ladies," modestly said the spokesman of the party. "And who are you?" demanded the clerk imperiously. "My name is David M. Key," was the reply. It is needless to say that the Postmaster-General and his friends were immediately overwhelmed with obsequious attention.

Grammar and Groceries.

The peril of employing highly educated young men as clerks was again illustrated the other day. A woman stopped at a green grocer's on Woodward avenue and asked: "Is them lettuce fresh?" "You mean that lettuce," suggested the clerk, "and it is fresh." "Then you'd better eat it!" she snapped as she walked on. The grocer rushed out and asked the clerk what on earth had happened to anger her, and the young man replied: "Why, nothing, only I corrected her grammar." "You have turned away one of my best customers! Only yesterday she came in and asked me how I sold those white sugar, and I got an order for a whole barrel. Hang you, sir! but if them customers want grammar they don't expect to find it here in a grocery! No, sir; and if you see she again you want to apologize in the most humblest manner."

Man's Better-Half.

"The right man in the right place"—A husband at home in the evening. ("A wife" contributes this wise saw.)

The New Orleans *Picayune* remarks that the young lady who graduates in four languages and sixteen flounces will soon be heard from.

When Albany girls get tired of chewing gum, they stick it behind the left ear for another time.—*Olympia Experiment.*

A Keokuk young lady offers to wager that she can sit down in 100 laps in 100 quarter hours, and will donate the admission to the education of the heathen.

An exchange says that the only jokes women like to read are those which reflect ridicule on men, and asserts in proof that on taking up a paper a woman invariably turns to the marriage column.

Wife.—"But do you think, dear, it's proper to have a royal marriage in lent?" Husband.—"Most proper! Right season for penitential sacrifices, and preparation for life-long repentance." But it was only his grim joke and he knew it.

There are four hundred and twenty lady dentists in this country, and only five female lawyers. A cynical bachelor says this shows that the ladies can work the mouth to better advantage than the brain.

At the meeting of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin recently Miss Lavinia Goodell, of Janesville, was admitted to the Bar. This is the first woman admitted to the Bar of this Court. Miss Goodell has been urging her claims for two years, but until to-day without success.

"My darling," wrote a husband to his wife, "I shall not be home till very late this evening. Do not wait up for me. It's for thy dear sake that I work by the light of the pale, effulgent moon, as it it were the bright, dazzling sunshine." She didn't wait; she went and got a detective and hunted him up.

Young wife.—"And in the worry and distraction of business do you always think of the little wife at home?" Husband.—"Yes, darling, always." Young wife.—"What! always?" Husband.—"Well—h-a-r-d-l-y always." He was only quoting "Pinafore," but she thought herself most "hardly" used.

Repressed Their Risibility.

"Yankee" Hill, a famous actor in the first half of the present century, used to tell an amusing story (which Mr. J. B. Matthews re-tells in *Scribner's* for July) of the early days of the theatre in this country. Hill once "showed" in a town in the western part of New York where no theatrical performance had ever been given. He found the audience assembled with the women seated on one side of the hall, the men on the other, exactly as they used to sit in church; and throughout the play the most solemn silence was observed. They were attentive, but gave no evidence of approval or displeasure; there was no applause, no laughter; there was not even a smile; all was solemn stillness. Hill did his utmost to break the ice; he did every thing a clever comedian could do, but in vain. He flung himself against their rigidity; it was no use. The audience was evidently on its good behavior, and the curtain came down at last amid a silence oppressive and almost melancholy. After the play, Hill worn out by his extra exertion and mortified at his want of success, was passing through a public room of his hotel, when he was stopped by a tall countryman with the remark: "Say, mister, I was in to the play to-night." "Were you?" said Hill. "You must have been greatly entertained." Well, I was! I tell you what it is now, my mouth is all sore a-straining to keep my face straight. And if it hadn't been for the women, I'd 'a' laughed right out in meetin'."

The New Telephone.

New York Letter to Indianapolis Journal.

About a week ago Edward H. Johnson, Edison's right hand man and the manager of the Phonograph company, said, as I met him on Fulton street:

"Edison is about ready to exhibit the new telephone to the public—that is to the press. Come out."

You will probably remember that I told your readers about the new telephone a month or two ago, giving quite a full description of it. But it has made progress since then.

Let me say to begin with, as I said then, that this new telephone is apparently destined to revolutionize the current methods of communication. It will certainly destroy the value of the Bell and Gray patents, and render their telephone obsolete, and it threatens even to supercede the telegraph for most purposes within the next five years. You may say this is an enthusiastic opinion. Wait till I tell you what it can do, and then judge for yourself. When I wrote to Edison on Saturday, telling him that I wanted to come over and have a private preliminary view, Griffin, his secretary and epistolary intrenchment against the scribbling world, answered: "Come on and take it in the crude condition."

"Well," said Edison, after the first salutations, "I haven't much that is new to you, but a good deal that will seem new to the public, and of especial interest to other telephone men." And followed him up stairs to his new machine that doesn't look like the crude affair of January. Wires were running from this in different directions. "That," he said, "runs over to the house—my wife calls me to dinner."

"But he never goes," said Griffin—"that is, with great seldomness."

"These other lines," said the inventor, "run to the machine shop, to my office, to the depot, and to other parts of the village."

I forgot to say that, on approaching the laboratory, a little brick building in a corner of the yard attracts the eye—erected since I was last over. This is Edison's office, and here he spends considerable of his time.

The chief characteristic of this telephone is that it delivers the voice from ten to twenty times as loud as the ordinary telephone. This means that it is not necessary to put the receiving tube to the ear, but everybody in the room hears the message. The application of the motograph principle, which I will explain in my next, actually magnifies the voice, rendering it several times louder when delivered than when received. That is, if the words, "it is very rainy here," should be spoken to the telephone in a faint whisper in New Haven, they would be delivered in New York in a whisper so loud that the message would be heard and distinctly understood in all parts of a room.

The message is spoken to this new telephone through a rubber mouth-piece similar to that generally used. But it is delivered at the other end through a device a little more complicated than the tube at present in use in telephones. Let's see how it looks: At the terminus of the wire there is no magnet, but instead a little cylinder of chalk, about as large as a spool of thread, turned on a steel shaft by hand. When this is turned, the voice is heard; when it is still, no sound is audible. In short, this spool of chalk performs the office of the magnet in the ordinary telephone, of reconverting electral waves into sound-waves. Every message goes thro' this revolving spool of chalk, being received in the little pedestal beneath it, and delivered to a little tongue of iron of size and shape of the wooden toothpick of commerce, which lies upon it and rubs against its upper surface as it revolves. One end of this tongue (or as Edison calls it, "needle"), is free; the other terminates in a hollow sounding-chamber about as large as an orange, distant an inch or two. This is all there is to it.

Then we had some specimens of what the new telephone would do, and words from a distant part of the ground came in a roar, and the articulation was distinct all over the spacious room where the experiments were held.

Got Even.

From the S. F. Post.

As everybody knows perfectly well, there are a large proportion of Congressional fat wits at Washington, political numskulls, whose speeches are always written for them by some clever, half-paid Bohemian or other, and for which the latter, by the way, deserves the eternal thanks of a grateful country. As ignorance and meanness always go hand in hand, however, the scribes do not always find it easy to collect their hard earned dues, as the following literal account of an actual occurence in the House of Representatives last week will show. A portly, flat-headed specimen of Missouri legislative ability, named Gugger, had been industriously engaged in reading a speech on the Army Appropriation bill for about ten minutes, when he solemnly growled out the following sentence:

"And suppose the President does veto the Army bill?—then, what—ye gods!—what is to prevent him from adding to his infamy by favoring the insidious scheme of the reptile from Louisiana who desires to impose an additional tax on soap, especially soft soap? That, gentlemen, is more than I can stand—I am devoted to the soap boiling interest. My constituents are morbidly proud of me as probably the most eminent and illustrious soap boiler of the present century. My XX brand of brown bar is literally unsurpassed by—"

The Speaker—I call the gentleman to order. He must do his advertising elsewhere. This is not a cheap auction shop.

Mr. Gugger (who has been reading away at his speech, as usual, without the slightest idea of what its real author meant)—"Mr. Speaker—I—that is—it seems that some mistake—I will proceed," and he plunged desperately ahead, in the hope that it would come out all right a little further on.

"But why do I expose the most sacred feelings of my heart, the most treasured mysteries of my superb factory to the shallow minds of the pyroligeneous pterodactyls I see around me? How can I expect this ten cent menagerie to sympathize with (tremendous sensation) my lovely views. How can I hope that yonder gibbering ape of Georgia (loud cries of "Put him out!" "Order!") or the unlicked and pie-bald gyascutis from Florida's muddy shores; or yet that galvanized"—(frightful uproar and tremendous calls for the Sergeant-at-Arms.)

The Speaker—The gentleman from Missouri is under arrest. This disgraceful—

Mr. Cooper, of Florida—If the pusillanimous scoundrel from Missouri dares—

Mr. Knott, of Georgia—It the infamous liar and sneak thief will just step out into the cloak-room I'll—

Mr. Gugger (frantically appealing to the Chair)—Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, I—er—I—this is all right. It's only a little humor, you know. Just—er—some wit, as it were. It'll be all right in a minute.

But just then a wild, unearthly laugh came from the reporter's gallery, which caused everybody to look up. Bending over the rail and pointing with a skinny finger down at the paralyzed orator was beheld the attenuated and inebriated form of a well known hack writer. "I told yer (hic) I'd get even with yer, an' I have (hic). Beat me outer my coin, will (hic) yer? No, sir-e-e! Keep on, Gug, ole boy, keep (hic) right 'long. Yer'll find some billy con (hic) nundrums tords the end," and the avenger chuckled like a hyena digging up a dead mule.

But the orator didn't go on; he fainted and was carried out by the shuddering members.

As may be supposed, this terrible event has thrown a gloom over the entire body, and many of the members have decided to read over their speeches beforehand, after this, even if they have to sit up all night to do it, right in the heart of the poker season, too.

"Where do you want to get out?" said the conductor to a tramp who, on the rear platform on the last car was detected stealing a ride. "Wherever the train stops—I'm not particular," he said airily. "Oh," said the conductor, as he pulled the bell-rope and kicked him eleven feet in a straight line, "I'll accommodate you at once," and he did.

Odds and Ends.

The faster a man is the faster he can run through a fortune.

Next to swearing slamming a door gives the most relief to an angry person. Swearing is the most convenient, however.

In Pawtucket, a dog has been killed for biting a book agent. In some places the animal would have received a chromo and been invited to lecture.

No man can ever tell just how much money a widow is worth until he marries her for it. It is one of those cases where you have to take your chances.

There are 54,487 persons employed in the postal service of the United States, a greater number than in all the other departments combined. The number of postmasters is 39,258.

Never accept anything, if it is in the Bible, as true, which you cannot see to be true, and never accept anything in the Bible as good when it seems to be in contradiction to your moral sense; and so using the Bible it will help you a thousand times more than if you make it master and your mind its slave.—*Dr. J. F. Clarke.*

At a religious gathering in Portland, a man arose to address the assemblage, and as he progressed with his "experience" he waxed warm and eloquent. "Brethren and sisters," he said excitedly, "I love the Lord! I love him better—better, better than I love a nice spring chicken, and I don't care whether it's a pullet or a rooster!"

Persons connected with the alleged appearance of the Virgin Mary to some children in a wood near Marpingen, Germany, in 1876, have been indicted for fraud. About 200 witnesses are to be examined in this case, which caused so much excitement at the time, and which went into Parliament because the excited people at Marpingen were dispersed by soldiers.

"There is not," wrote the editor of the *Deadwood Daily Champion*, "a quieter, more peaceful, well-regulated, and orderly community in the whole western country." And then, as the office-boy entered to say that somebody wanted to see him, he took his bowie between his teeth, put a Colt's new-pattern seven-shooter on the desk in front of him, and said, "Jim, get out another coffin—plain pine one this time—and let the son of gun in!"

A promising young lady of Eureka, who has some knowledge of the printing business, declines the company of a most worthy young man on the ground that "he has no style about him; he won't brace up, has no dash, cuts no figure, has no point, lives up to no rule, is of bad form and make-up, isn't a man of letters nor up to the period; is a poor type of the sex, is out of quoin, and says she won't have him 'impose on her." She shows solid sense, and evidently hankers for the freedom of the press.

A resident of Bodie writing to a friend, closes his epistle in the following language; "This is going to be one of the greatest places in the world. Its winters are the coldest and summers the hottest; mines the richest; whiskey, the poorest; weather, most changeable; gamblers most numerous; 'shootists,' most damnable, and prostitutes most vile, of any place I ever struck. To the above I should have added, 'most remarkable suicides,' for Bodie can point with pride to the champion suicide of the Pacific coast, who threw himself into the Standard shaft—700 feet deep.

A plucky editor in the centre of Ohio does what he can to meet his financial and political obligations, and at the same time to cultivate the domestic virtues. In a letter to a Cincinnati house which has been so injudicious and unfeeling as to dun him, he writes: "Dear Sirs—Find inclosed —— dollars on account. I have been too busy to collect enough money to pay you in full. My wife has had a baby. This does not happen very often. Moreover, I am editing a Democratic paper up street and a Republican paper down street. This won't last very long. I hope to be able to catch my breath within the next four weeks. Yours, in haste, ——."

Just One Mouthful.

"For the sake of humanity, give me just one mouthful to eat," he said as he halted before one of the eating stands on the Central Market yesterday.

"I've nothing for tramps," replied the woman.

"I'll take anything—even them 'tater parings," he continued, "for I haven't tasted food in three days. If I can't get food I shall become desperate."

"I can't spare anything but this prep—"

"I don't care what it is," he interrupted, "only don't be stingy with it. There—that's it—give me a heaping spoonful and I'll always remember you with gratitude."

It was a bottle of grated horseradish, strong as the grip of a paving ring on a city walk, and the woman lifted out a big spoonful and deposited it in his open mouth. The tramp must have taken it for some sort of prepared infants' food, for his mouth closed with a yum! yum! It opened again, however, and when he started to run he upset a dozen flower pots, two boys and a barrel of charcoal. Much of the dose was blown into the eyes of a horse hitched to a vegetable wagon, and after the man had run twice around the market with his mouth open wide he got a slant for the Randolph street fountain, and never took his chin out of the basin for forty straight minutes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

What this World was Made For.

Robert Burdette, upon his return to his sanctum at Burlington, says: "I have acquired such easy, familiar relations with the people of the house that the baby has already emptied the ink into one of my boots and the mucilage into the other, and is drawing a map of Hawkeye creek on my coat with a piece of beef gristle and a glass of milk. His mother tells me I should not let him do it, and perhaps she is right, but what am I to do? He seems to enjoy it, and I know I do, and what was this world made for if it wasn't for pleasure?"