Historical Society

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Poetry.

Hope.

I lay in grief,
And Hope drew near to where I tossed alone
Without relief,
And paused a moment when she heard that moan;
Then raised her glowing eyes and met mine own.
Never a word she said,
Yet still I gazed, and still was comforted.

Then bending low with wondrous grace,
She laid her hand upon my eyes,
Her cool hand on my burning face,
And at her touch bright visions rise,
Fresh woods, and streams, and unimagined skies.

In softest tone,
She sang the song that has no close,
That deathless song which no one knows
Save she alone;
The song that leaves no memory,
The song of endless victory
And future love;
And as I listened to the voice above,
I felt as one returning from the dead;
Slowly I rose and raised my drooping head.

He Kissed Her.

YOU KISSED ME.

You kissed me! My forehead drooped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest,
While the holy emotion my tongue dared not speak
Flushed up like a flame from my heart to my cheek!
Your arms held me fast, oh! your arms were so bold!
Heart beat against heart in their passions hold.
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies;
And your lips clung to mine 'till I prayed in my bliss,
They might never unclasp from that rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart and my breath and my will
In delirious joy for the moment stood still;
Life had for me then no temptations, no charms,
No vision of pleasure outside of your arms;
And were I, this instant, an angel, possessed
Of the joy and the peace that are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes unrepiningly down,
And tear from my forehead its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more in that haven of rest.
With your lips upon mine—and my head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul, in a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man foolish with wine;
And I thought 'twere delicious to die there, if death
Would come while my lips were yet moist with your breath.
'Twere delicious to die, if my heart might grow cold
While your arms wrapped me round in that passionate fold.
And these are the questions I ask day and night:
Must my lips taste but once such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast were my shelter, as then?
And if you were here, would you kiss me again?

I KISSED YOU.

I kissed you. I own it, but did not suppose
That you, through the papers, the deed would disclose,
Like free-loving cats, when on ridge-poles they meet,
With your squalls of "You kissed me," disturb the whole street.

I kissed you. The impulse as suddenly came
As that cold-looking cloud is transformed into flame,
My act was the lightning, that glances and thrills,
And yours the loud thunder, that blabs to the hills.

I kissed you. As kissed the poor Carian boy
In dreams, his Diana, so cold and so coy;
And foolishly dancied—encircling your charms—
A maid—not a match-box—was clasped in my arms.

I kissed you. The zephyr on tip-toe went by,
The moon, with a kerchief-cloud, hid her eye;
From the bough that swayed over us, silvered with dew,
With a half-smothered titter the katydid flew.

I kissed you. All nature, in counterfeit sleep,
Half promised our secret, so sacred, to keep;
No ubiquitous press correspondent peeped thro'
The leaves. I was "interviewed" only by you.

I kissed you. Then, scared at my boldness, I deemed
You had fainted, or else you would surely have screamed.
But no; you not only all censure forbore,
But, like Oliver Twist, are now asking "for more."

I kissed you. All others may do it who choose,
But I to repeat the performance refuse.
On your lips I will never again print a smack;
By the press, or by note, you may send that one back.

I kissed you. The poetess—Sappho—of old,
Like you, was so warm that her Phaon grew cold.
So she ended her love and her life in a pet;
I presume there are equal facilities yet.

Statistics.

WASAINGTON, August 16—Vital and social statistics of the mining populations will form an important feature of the work of Agents appointed from geological parties in the field to gather the statistics of the next census, and it is expected that a sufficient number of facts will be developed to indicate the average cost of the production in the mining industry.

—Written for the AVANT COURIER—

OUR HOME INTERESTS AND THEIR PROTECTION.

Some of the Territorial Newspapers have recently urged the people of Montana to use caution against the movements of rogues who, favored by the near approach of a rail road, have introduced themselves in our midst and have commenced committing depredations.

(Mr. Anceney here gives the details of one fire and how it was extinguished. Having given the substance in last weeks COURIER we omit that portion of Mr. Anceney's letter.—EDITOR COURIER.)

Stockmen alone realized the importance of protecting their ranges from fire. We have not forgotten the prairie fire in 1871, when the greater portion of the ranges between the Madison and Gallatin rivers were destroyed. The fire was not confined to the west side of the Gallatin but crossed the river from Noble settlement to Elk Grove and in spite of the efforts of the settlers of that neighborhood the devouring monster marched on to the mountains and destroyed a great deal of our best and handiest timber.

I then heard a great many persons say that if the settlers had turned out *en masse* when the fire was first discovered it could have been easily extinguished, and our recent experience here demonstrates that if the settlers only turn out the fire will soon be under their controll. Of course the sooner we turn out the better. We must learn that the protection of our lives and other interests depents mostly on ourselves. If our country has been prosperous it is mostly due to the fact that we have been issolated from older settled communities and their acquired advantages and have had to rely on our own resourses and industry. Regardles of what the railroad advocates may say when trying to persuade us to mortgage our property to a foreign corporation in order to sooner get communication with the states, Montana can to-day, in her issolation, count more wealthy, honest, industrious and well educated people in proportion to its population than any state in the union. If some of our laws are not as effective as they should be, and others when put to the test are found useless, we are but repeating the history of newly formed countries. In the early history of Montana some men were found among our law makers who were evidently more inclined to evil than good.

In early days should a man bring suit to recover a stolen horse he would be very apt to be met in court with a band of dishonest witnesses who would swear that the contested property belonged to the thief in whose possession it was found. Thus the honest man was not only robbed of his property but had to pay the expenses of the suit as well. Evil was so encouraged by such transactions that organizations of robbers were formed under the name of Road agents. These soon became too modest to be thieves only and commenced murdering. Then, to protect their own lives the people formed vigilante committees and in their operations it was discovered that several prominent persons, and one identified with the courts where the laws should be enforced were connected with the Road Agents. The Vigilantees soon rid Montana of its brigands and they deserve great credit for their active and successful operations. They were the original saviors of Montana.

Then began Indian troubles. The Government, to protect emigrants, in 1866 closed the most natural immigrant road to Montana and we were left with the immigration we obtained in 1864 and 1865. What increase we have had since that time consists mostly of the increase of our families.

In the years following the early settlement of our Territory the Indians made many hostile demonstrations, and would have succeeded in driving us from our homes had it not been for the firm resistance of our pioneers, who with prompt action, inflicted punishment on the Indians nearly every time they committed a depredation. One among the notable ones in this county was, I believe, in 1869, when a party of hostile Indians murdered some of Mr. McAdow's herders on Twenty-Five-Yard creek, and killed some cattle on the upper part of Dry creek. No sooner had our boys heard of it than they were in hot pursuit. They followed the depredators to a high peak at the head of Sixteen-Mile creek, at the top of which the Indians had fortified themselves by digging trenches and building walls. Our boys saw at once the great disadvantage at which they were placed, but, undaunted, they made an assault at once, climbed the steep hill with repeated hurrahs, and killed nine Indians out of eleven, leaving only two to report to the balance of the tribe how funny it was to deal with the Montana boys. The expedition fitted out in Gallatin County, which explored the Yellowstone and Big Horn country, also gave the Indians an idea that they had better let Montanians alone.

Now, when we begin to feel safe from Indian assaults, ruffians commence to make their appearance in our country. Those who are setting the prairies on fire can just as well burn our grain, hay, or houses. In principle, they belong to the same class that have robbed our banks, our stores, and even the mess boxes of our freighters, as has several times been complained of this summer.

There being some hungry people in our country only shows that they are determined to do anything but work, for there is no excuse for any one to go hungry in a country where there is plenty of work and bread, and where any one who so desires can make an honest living. We cannot expect entire protection by the authorities but must rely on ourselves to find out who are committing depredations in our midst. Neither do we want any more such cases as that Rooster law-suit. Our county can not afford such unnecessary expenses simply for the benefit of persons who by it gain but a few dollars and much unpopularity. The most of our county debts that are now resting on our shoulders were caused by the encouragement our laws give to quarrelsome dispositions. Instead of encouraging peace and harmony among us, which is something most necessary for the prosperity of a country, they have a tendency to cause disturbances among the citizens. The party having the most money generally gets away with a lawsuit by an unreasonable tenacity allowed by our courts. "Keep your opponent in court all your life if you cannot beat him any other way" seems to be their motto. Having the impartial verdict of a jury to contend with does not deter them so long as there is a prospect of making anything out of the litigants or throwing the expense on the county.

If we are to have economy let us have it in everything. Our legislators having charge of the most precious interests of our Territory, and the county commissioners that have to see to to the interests of our counties, work for a small compensation in comparison to their responsibilities. This they are perfectly willing to do if other expenses are kept in the same proportion. But the fact that their compensation is inadequate is another reason why we should look after the thousands of dollars likely to be thrown away to gratify shrewd corporations who are only too ready to monopolize the income of our country and plead their cause at the expense of our counti We had better watch the rogues and the sharpers, too.

CHARLES ANCENEY.

An Adventist Preacher Performs His Own Marriage Ceremony.

An abrupt marriage was celebrated in Worcester, Mass., on a recent Saturday evening. In the morning papers the Rev. Mr. Munson, of Missouri, advertised that in the evening he would preach a sermon in three parts in the Advent Chapel. He went into the pulpit and preached a sermon, the first two divisions being "Repentance" and "Holiness and Sanctification." He then opened the Bible at Matthew xxv., and proceeded to read the parable of the ten virgins. At the sixth verse, "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him," he stepped down from the pulpit, and a lady stepped forward from one of the front pews, and, taking the Bible, continued to read from the seventh to the tenth verses, inclusive. Mr. Munson then took the lady's right hand and said: "And I now before God and these witnesses do take this woman whom I hold by the right hand to be my lawfully wedded wife, to love and cherish her as my own body until Christ shall come to claim us with all saints as His own bride, or until death shall part us." The woman said: "And I now take this man to be my lawfully wedded husband, to love, reverence and obey him until the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout and with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God, or till death shall us sever." They then knelt and the man offered a prayer. After the prayer Mr. Munson returned to his desk, and closed his discourse by urging the importance of being ready for the coming of the Lord.

Good News for Pensioners.

By a recent act of Congress, the old law requiring invalid pensioners to be examined once in two years, is repealed. This puts an end to one of the most annoying and expensive exactions ever imposed upon pensioners. The dreaded "Biennial Examination," which would have been required in September next, is now abolished, and pensioners hereafter will be reasonably secure in the enjoyment of their pensions during the remainder of their lives. Heretofore, the continuance of invalid pensions has been dependent upon these biennial examinations, and thousands of pensioners have had their allowance reduced or cut off entirely by the report of the examining surgeons. It is not reasonable to suppose that many, if any, pensioners whose disabilities have continued from thirteen to sixteen years, will, as they grow older, recover so that their pensions should be reduced or cut off; and Congress has at last recognized the fact and done an act of justice that will meet general approval. The press of the country will do pensioners a great favor by publishing this abolition of the "Biennial Examinations." —*Des Moines Register.*

Deal Gently With Him.

The lightning rod man is again on his rambles. Deal gently with him, if you deal with him at all. Once he was an innocent, interesting babe, at least there is no proof to the contrary. Treat him kindly. Remember that there may be mitigating circumstances in his case that you know nothing of. Don't set the dog on him if a brick is handy. A very small piece from the leg of a veteran rod man has been known to prove fatal to a dog in delicate health. Above all don't inform him that you have just ordered an improved lightning rod from some rival. Rod men who have endured all manner of insult and injury without a murmur, often pine away broken hearted when they hear such a statement. Remember, too, that the abuse is of long standing. Aaron was in the rod business. If you don't want a rod yourself, send him to some neighbor who is deaf or who doesn't speak English. Be kind to him.—*Sioux City Journal.*

Nice Surgical Operation.

A very interesting surgical operation was performed some time since on a farmer named Classen, living on the Hudson road. He was run over by a heavily loaded wagon, had several ribs broken, and one of them driven into the lungs. After undergoing a variety of treatments, and after one side had become entirely useless for breathing and the other lung so compressed that the man was nearly suffocated, a daring operation was performed on the fifth day by Dr. Dedolph, of St. Paul, by making an incision two inches wide in the chest between the seventh and eighth ribs. A large amount of gas and water escaped, allowing the man to breathe freely almost immediately. By continued injections and cleaning out of the lung, the secretion was lessened, and now the wound is healed, and the man is hearty and attending to his farm work as usual.

Our Boys and Girls.

A boy of ten, richly dressed, sat on the steps eating an orange, and a boy with a cartload of picked-up wood stood across the street looking at him. The contrast was very great, and a pedestrian who saw the situation said to the poor boy: "That chap over there is pretty well fixed, isn't he?" "Yes," was the brief reply. "Lives in a big house, and wears good clothes?" "Yes." "Probably has lots of spending money?" "Yes." There was a minute of silence, and then the boy with the cart started up his load, saying: "But I don't care a cent about it—he has to eat with a fork and say 'yes, ma'am,' to everybody.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Brave Little Girl.

Mr. H. F. Gaulding has a little daughter eleven years old to whose nerve and courage he is indebted for the life of his three-year-old boy. The circumstances were briefly these:

The boy was playing by the cistern in Mr. Gaulding's yard. There was a plank off, and through this aperture the little fellow fell. He caught a plank, however, in falling, and held for some time before he was discovered. But his hold weakened, and with a splash he fell into the cistern. His sister saw and appreciated the situation. Most girls would have screamed and run off in quest of help. Not so with this little girl. The screams and struggles for life of her baby brother gave her the strength and courage of a man. She saw a ladder, and with all her might she dragged it to and placed it into the cistern, and then went down into the water, reached out and caught her brother just in time to save him from a watery grave. By this time help arrived, and both were landed safely from their perilous position. All honor to this little heroine.—*Bainbridge (Ga.) Democrat.*

Children's Laughter.

How it ripples across the fields and echoes along the hill-sides, as musical as the distant church bells pealing over the grassy meadows, where the brown village darlings are gathering butter-cups.

There are no sounds so sweet to the mother's ear, except, perhaps, the first lisping of an infant's prayer. Children's laughter! how dull is the home wherein its music once joyously echoed but now is heard no more. How still is the house when the little ones are all fast asleep, their pattering feet are silent. How easily the fun of a child bubbles forth. Take even those poor, prematurely aged little ones bred in the gutter, cramped in unearthly homes, and ill-used, it may be, by drunken parents, and you will find the child nature is not entirely crushed out of them. They are children still, albeit they look so haggard and wan. Try to excite their mirthfulness, and ere long a laugh rings out, as wild and free as if there was no such thing as sorrow in the world. Let the little ones laugh, then; too soon, alas! they will find cause enough to weep. Do not try to silence them, but let their gleefulness ring out in gladsome peal, reminding us of the days when we, too, could laugh without a sigh.

The Angels Looked Down.

A little girl, with tangled locks peeping from under a calico hood, clad in a dress of chintz, loitered behind as the great dusty crowd moved out of the gates of Mount Auda, the other day, after they had scattered their flowers and done honor to the dead. Dreamily she gazed after them, her eyes filled with a far away look of tenderness, until the drums had died away. Then she turned and vaguely scanned the clouds that rose about her, clutching still tighter the bunch of dandelions and grass that her chubby hands held. An old man passed by and gently patted her curly head as he spoke her name, but she only shrank back still further, and when he told a passing stranger that the little one's father was one who had died on shipboard and was buried at sea, there was only a tear drop in the child's eye to tell that she had heard or knew the story. When they were gone she moved on further to a neglected empty lot, and kneeling down she piled up a mound of earth, whispering as she patted it down and smoothed it with a chubby hand: "This won't be so awfully big as the others, I guess, but maybe it'll be big enough so that God will see it and think that papa is buried here." Carefully she trimmed the sides with the stray grasses she plucked, murmuring on: "And maybe it will grow so that it will be like the rest in two or three years; and then maybe papa will some time come back and ——." But she paused as though it suddenly dawned upon her young mind that he rested beneath the waves, and the tear drops that sprang to her eyes moistened the little bunch of dandelions that she planted among the grass on the mound she had reared. When the sexton passed that way at night as he went to close the gates, he found the little one fast asleep, with her head pillowed on the mound.

The Charm of True Marriage.

Our advanced theories of divorce and free love making the matrimonial relation merely a partnership to be dissolved at pleasure, whatever else may be said in their favor, strike a deadly blow at an element in it which was meant perhaps to be supreme above all others. What is the sweetest charm of all true marriage, what the greatest advantage, what the most priceless happiness, take life through, which it brings to the human heart? Not the flush and splendor of its early love; not the richer development which it brings to the character; not even the children who are gathered around its shrine. No, but the intimacy and reliability of its companionship; the fact that it gives those who enter in it, each in the other and through all scenes and changes, a near and blessed stand-by. Marriage in some of its aspects is doubtless the source of an immence amount of unhappiness, crime, injustice, blight and down-dragging, one of the most perplexing institutions society has to deal with—only the blindest sentimentalist will deny that. On the other hand, however—and that is not mere sentiment, but sober fact—of all the evidence of God's goodness to be found in this lower world, all the proofs that He cares for us, not only with the wisdom of a Creator but with the interest and love of a Father, there is none quite equal to his sending human beings into the arena of life, not to fight its battles, win its victories and endure its sorrows alone, but giving them, as they go forth out of their childhood's home, a relation in which each two of them are bound together with the closest of all ties, live together under the same roof, have their labors, their property, their interests, their parental affections all in common, and are moved to stand by each other, hand to hand and heart to heart, in every sorrow, misfortune, trial and stormy day that earth can bring. It is an ideal, if not always realized in full, which is tasted even now, amid all that is said about marriage miseries, more widely perhaps than any other happiness.

Fashion Notes.

BY X. IN NEW YORK ERA.

Black batistes are made in summer mantles. When trimmed with black Bretonne lace they are exceedingly pretty.

Garden hats of Italian straw have no trimming whatever, being simply worked around the crown with wreathes in Berlin wool.

Black silk stockings for ladies' wear are much used in London, while in Paris high solid figures seem preferred for street wear.

Black French lace is now woven so as to look like Chantilly.

Chip and basket handles are used for parasols to be carried with summer costumes.

Hand-painted neckties are much worn by young misses.

The old-time pointed waists are being revived.

The Pinafore bags are set in a net-work of brocaded ribbon.

Byzantine point is the remarkable name given to a new cotton lace.

Jacqueminot rosebuds are used for making belt bonnets.

Plain stockings in solid colors are worn under fine openwork ones.

A very pretty costume worn in Paris for either driving or walking is of white ribbed woolen, simply made, a white straw hat, trimmed with white rosettes, a white sunshade, white scarf, and a bouquet of white flowers — mignonette — tied with a white ribbon.

Tatting is becoming fashionable, used for parasol covers, ties, cuffs, etc.

Simple gloves, stitched with silk matching the kid, are considered quite the best style in Paris.

A new thing is ladies carrying baskets of flowers instead of bouquets at receptions, the favorite being English violets and yellow roses.

White muslin hats and shoulder-capes are a very pretty style worn at garden-parties; white muslin parasols, line with pink or blue silk, making this costume complete.

The fashion of long scarfs is of Japanese origin. Etiquette requiring the natives of Japan to bow until the scarf touches the ground, the higher the rank the longer the scarf must be.

A new color, designated as "petunia," is half-way between lilac and mauve.

Mrs. Dorsey's Will.

Interest increases in the North as well as the South, over the disposition of her property in Louisana and Mississippi, by the the late Mrs. Dorsey. Davis is in quiet possession of the property, and will be able to draw from it all the resources necessary to resist the claims of those who claim to be the rightful heirs. Yesterday a reporter called at the office of Gen. Dahlgren, stepfather of Mrs. Dorsey, in Brooklyn. He had no doubt that had she lived a little longer she would have regretted the disposition of her property. But, he said, she seems to have been dominated by Davis' influence and mind, and the general had no doubt undue influence can be shown in the trial of the case. His son Mortimer is determined to contest the will, and so is Col. Ellis, and the general had no doubt they would ultimately succeed in breaking the will.—*New York Herald.*

Accidental Discovery of rich ore.

A Mr. Harbin, just in from Mt. Ida, Arkansas, tells of a rather remarkable discovery. Several boys were bathing in a creek, and one of them, in attempting to climb up a bank, caught hold of a shrub. The shrub gave away; pulled out as though it was a weed. The earth thus torn aside revealed something, and as every man, woman and child in that section is filled with ideas of silver, the boy again climbed the bank, and examined the something that he had immediately regarded as a "discovery." It proved to be a discovery of the richest of silver ore, and the news spread rapidly, and the people gathered around and unearthed the almost pure metal. The richest silver now known to the world's history was discovered in a similar manner.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

Forewarning.

Only a little while, vain man, only a little while, and when you come home from the office at even or noon, the wife of your bosom will meet you at the door with an anxiety in her eye and a fly brush or an apron in her hand. She will hold the door open just three inches for you to crowd yourself through, and as you make hopeless efforts to slide through that space, above your head and under your feet and around your legs that fly brush will whirl and nestle like a restless meteor, and when you finally crowd in and two flies follow you, the goddess of your home will bang the door and weep and say that she can go in and out that door fifty times a day and never pass a fly inside, while you can't come home to the house without bringing millions of them in with you. It is hard, poor man, we know; it isn't fair on you, and it isn't just, but it's got to come, and you might just as well make up your mind to stand it.

Wit and Humor.

The truth is mighty—mighty scarce.

Why is a dog's tail like a very old person? A. Because it's in-firm.

When you have feed the waiter at the summer-resort, then he will feed you.

Ministers who make a practice of speaking simply to be heard, can be said to preach sound doctrine.

"You just gimme a bite o'that apple or I'll quarantine agin ye!" is the way Omaha boot-blacks bull-doze each other.

The sun shines on the flower-bed
And on the mountain's brow—
If you have overcoats to shed
Prepare to shed them now.

Arthur wrote about "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," but many a reader of these humble lines could tell about ten bar-rooms in a night.

What is that which is above all human imperfections, and yet shelters the weakest and most depraved, as well as the best of men? A. A hat.

"Remember who you are talking to sir," said an indignant parent to a facetious boy; "I am your father." "Well, who's to blame for that?" said the young impertinence, "tain't me."

The Strawberry season is over, and the church that hasn't yet cleared off its debt will have to struggle along until it is again fashionable to style a quart of water and one oyster a stew.

Newley-married husband: "This is a friend of mine, my dear—a friend of twenty years' standing." His bride. "Good gracious! Then pray give him a seat, for I am sure he must be tired."

A man may be as pure as a virgin snow-flake and as mild as a May morning, but he will get wild just the same when his office-boy dips the mucilage-brush in the inkstand.—*N. Y. Star.*

"Whin do yes intend to go back Mike?" asked one exile of another, "If I live till I doye, and God knows whither I will or not, I intind to visit ould Ireland once more before I lave this country.

There is said to be a man in Worcester who has lived so long upon corn bread that his voice has grown husky, his hair has turned to silk like that which grows on the grain, and his toes are covered with corns.

To estimate a man's worth properly he must be regarded as a whole. A man who does not call for much in society generally may sit down at a boarding-house table and call for more than any other man in the room.

Did you ever notice, says an exchange, the poor chap that stands in the front picture of an almanac, with fish, and scorpions, and bulls, and twins, etc., around him? Did you notice that he was naked, and had nothing in his stomach? Well, that poor fellow used to edit a country newspaper, and take his pay in "I'll pay my subscription next week."

A story is told of a soldier who, about one hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia. The last expression he made was, "It is ex—" He then froze as stiff as marble. In the summer of 1860 some french physicians found him, after having lain frozen for one hundred and thirty years. They gradually thawed him, and upon animation being restored he concluded his sentence with "—ceedingly cold."

When the perihelion is in apogee you may look out for cool weather. Before the next Fourth of July arrives a movement should be made to have the perihelion moved into apogee. We allude to this matter thus early in order to enable those organizations who intend to have street parades on that day to appoint a committee to ascertain the probable cost and the amount of labor required to accomplish this very desirable result.—*Norristown Herald.*

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 his pulpit and no sooner finished, in a sing-song tone, the remark, "We miss his presence in his usual haunts," than the choir sprang to their feet and shouted in return, "And so do his sister and his cousins and his aunts,"—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

She Failed.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* pretends to have the following dispatch from Wilmington, Ohio:

The lady mentioned in the dispatches of last Sunday's *Commercial* as having entered into an agreement with her husband, to hold her tongue ten minutes in each quarter-hour for 1,440 consecutive quarter-hours, has failed in her task. At three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, as she was completing her 917th quarter-hour, and her backers were feeling sure that she would win, a neighbor lady, returning from a shopping expedition, passed along the street in front of her window, wearing her new purchase, a beautiful shawl. Now the lady who was holding her tongue should have tightened her grip at this supreme moment, and concentrated her thoughts on something else than this new article of dress belonging to her neighbor, but it is said that the ruling passion is strong even in death, and that ingrained habit is unconquerable, and these axioms were proven in this instance, for the tongue holder, unfortunately for herself, leaned over and whispered in the ear of a lady bystander, "What a horrid shawl!" She immediately saw her mistake, but it was too late. The judges at once declared in favor of the husband, the crowd filed slowly out of the building, and the first match on record of tongue holding against time was over. One lady, at least, in Wilmington will attend church this summer in last year's bonnet. The husband is investing the $10 he saved in strong plug tobacco. He says he never before enjoyed such peace and quietude as during the past nine days. And now the other married men of Wilmington are hoping that the tongue-holding fever may become an epidemic, and strike the country with emphasis.