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The Pioneer Paper of Eastern Montana.

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Editors and Proprietors.

Office, Courier Building, Main Street

Maud Muller

Maud Muller, on a fair June day,
Went to the field and turned the hay.

Beneath her hat her hair was "banged,"
And from its brim no ribbon hanged

The hay she pitched in an old ox cart
Until her hands did bleed and smart.

And when she raked in a bumble's nest,
Of all fast time Maud made the best.

She tossed and moaned the livelong night
For her left optic was bunged up tight.

Now when her dad a farm hand lacks
Maud stays at home and fries slap-jacks—
And tells him to hire a tramp.

Wanted.

Wanted—a man, good, honest and brave,
Who doth all the vices eschew,
Who'll battle undaunted his honor to save,
To himself and his fellow men, true.

Wanted—a woman, no feminine tame,
Like fashion and prejudice make,
A creature of folly, just woman in name,
But a woman, as God did create.

Wanted—a friend, that shall stand by our side
When friends and prosperity speed;
E'en fall hfld through all, though others deride—
A friend that's a friend in our need.

Wanted—a Christian, one who can feel
For the sinner, who ever he be,
Who'll pray with the sot, with the Magdalen kneel—
From schisms and hypocrisy free.

Wanted—sweet truth, and constancy rare,
And faith, of a tangible shape,
And justice, and mercy, and charity fair,
This earth a bright Eden to make

Tight-Lacing in the Pulpit.

Rev. Mr. Hawels, in addressing a crowded congregation at St. James', Marylebone, spoke very strongly on the "criminal ignorance and Thoughtlessness of Tight-Lacing." The chief points of his discourse are thus paraphrased in *Truth*.

What is it makes a lady's head
Feel heavy as a lump of lead?
What is it makes her nose's tip so red?
Tight-lacing!

What makes her cheek burn like a coal,
Her feet as cold as arctic-pole?
What cramps her body and her soul?
Tight-lacing!

What makes her temper short and sharp?
What causes her to fret and carp,
And on the smallest ills to harp?
Tight-lacing!

What checks her proper circulation,
And dulls her ordinate sensation?
What blighted babes breeds for the nation?
Tight-lacing!

What makes her waist a wasp like thing,
And gives her tongue a wasplish sting?
What baulks her when high notes she'd sing?
Tight-lacing!

What is it, with its vice-like squeeze,
Destroys its faded victim's ease,
And brings her doctors countless fees?
Tight-lacing!

What is it makes her gasp for breath,
And—so stern modern science saith—
Dooms her too oft to early death?
Tight-lacing!

What brings a "corn upon her heart,"
And makes her—spoiled by cruel art—
Unfit to play the mother's part?
Tight-lacing!

What tortures her into a shape
Which "ruts her liver" past escape,
And which, at most, makes *gommeux* gape?
Tight-lacing!

What beauty's lines in her destroys,
And fashion's powerful aid employs,
To crush from out her life its joys?
Tight-lacing!

What ages her before her time,
And make her feeble ere her prime?
What tempts to a self-suffer'd crime?
Tight-lacing!

What, quite ignoring Nature's facts,
Her waist so cruelly contracts,
That each inch saved fresh pain extracts?
Tight-lacing!

And what bad fashion of the day
Is it that ladies now should say
They'll spurn without an hour's delay?
Tight-lacing!

The Indian Warfare.

Chicago, October 4.—Gen. Sheridan received the following this morning, *via* Fort Leavenworth, Kansas:

Morrow came up with Victoria and his band on the 28th of September, near Agua Calient, and so far, after two days, he reports having inflicted a severe punishment on the Indians, captured sixty horses and mules, including twelve or more of Hooker's horses. Victoria, in an almost inaccessible country, was well fortified, but Morrow dislodged him. Morrow continues the fight. I am sending Apaches, just enlisted, a company of Sixth Cavalry, and two companies from Staunton to him, and now have no doubt of the final result.

The editor of a Chicago newspaper, wanting the details of an inundation in Connecticut, telegraphed to a correspondent at Hartford, "Send full particulars of the flood." The reply came quickly, "You will find them in Genesis."

A Plea for Pretty Girls.

New York Eve.

There is a legend of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. As the story goes, on her visit she tried Solomon's skill in various ways, and among others in the following manner. She appeared before him, standing at some distance, with two wreaths of flowers in her hands, one natural and the other artificial, but so similar that it was impossible to distinguish them. Solomon was at first greatly perplexed and much annoyed at being baffled by a woman. However, his knowledge of natural history came to his aid. He observed that there were bees outside the window in the garden; ordering the window to be opened, the bees entered, and all went to the wreath of natural flowers—not one settled on the artificial. This decided the point, and the queen of Sheba was completely baffled and more astonished than ever.

Now to apply this pretty tale to young girls. There are in the lady-world natural and artificial beauties. The artificial young ladies are not merely those who are "got up," possibly rouged, dyed, padded shams, with no adornment but what is gotten from art; in the mind and in the character, even more than in outward appearance the difference appears. You can tell them by their manner and their talk; by the books and periodicals they read, and by the amusements and company preferred by them. The natural beauties are strong and healthy with vigorous exercise, artless good-nature dimpling in their cheeks, and honest cheerfulness sparkling in their eyes. They can manage a house as well as play the piano. Sensible young men are sure to see the difference; they will pass by the artificial, and be attracted to the natural beauties.

Pretty girls have pretty faces. The old song says, "My face is my fortune, sir." It is true of every girl till she reaches a certain age that her face is no inconsiderable part of her fortune. No wonder, then, that young ladies should pay some attention to "good looks." I can sympathize with them in this matter, as I, though an old married man, am an admirer of female beauty. There is no lovelier sight than a girl with a pretty face, and that face lighted up with happiness and good-nature. Look on the rose; it is not only beautiful, but it has a delightful odor; the beauty of the rose is the beauty of the girl, especially when that beauty is fragrant with love and goodness.

Pretty girls are pretty in their dress—we mean that they dress neatly, becomingly and gracefully. We have no sympathy with those who decry dress. To a person who was criticising showy dress too severely, Dr. Johnson replied with admirable sense and spirit, "Let us not be found, when our Master calls us, stripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues. Alas! sir, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat will not find his way thither the sooner in a gray one." No passion unfolds itself sooner than the love of the ornamental. The savage decorates his person, and the child is more struck with the beauty than the uses of its raiment. So far from limiting ourselves to convenient food and raiment, we enjoy but little a repast which is not arranged with some degree of order and taste, and a man who should consult comfort alone in his wardrobe, would find himself an unwelcome guest in circles which he would very reluctantly forego.

It is true that the propensity to which we have referred often breaks out in extravagance and ruinous luxury. We know that the love of ornament is often vitiated by vanity, and that when so perverted it impairs, sometimes destroys, the soundness and simplicity of the mind. Still it proves, even in its excesses, that the idea of beauty is an indestructible principle of our nature, and this single truth is enough to put us on our guard against vulgar notions of nothing but utility in dress. There may be much pride in the affectation of simplicity, and ladies ought to consult their own good sense and taste in the matter of becoming dress, and not leave themselves helplessly in the hands of milliners and dressmakers.

Pretty girls have pretty tempers, minds and dispositions. There was a notion which once prevailed in medical science that the breath of a young girl was conducive to longevity, so that it could often restore a dying patient when every other remedy had failed to arrest disease and decay. One thing is certain, that the breath of a good temper is conducive to beauty, health and happiness in its possessor. The temper and disposition are often mirrored in the countenance. How often will you see a pretty face transformed by passion into that of a fury, absolutely repulsive and repellant; while, on the other hand, native goodness of heart gives the most winning expression to plain features.

Mere regularity of features is but a small element in beauty. In fact, a doll-like face—whether wooden or waxen—becomes insipid and wearisome. Beauty of expression is immeasurably superior, because the mind beams through it. Mrs. Wordsworth, the wife of the poet, was neither handsome, nor even comely, but generally pronounced very plain; and yet she exercised all the practical fascination of beauty by the mere charm of sweetness all but angelic, of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts and movements. Pretty girls ought to render their beauty still more attractive by constantly cultivating that goodness of temper which will diffuse over their countenance a sunny benignity and a radiant graciousness.

And then pretty girls ought to remember that their beauty will not last long; the empire of blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes is but transient. They who have only artificial beauty, when the wrinkles of age overtake them, will be reduced to insignificance or become objects of pity. But an intelligent and cultured woman can never be neglected; she will attract notice and confer happiness when even descending into the vale of years. The ravages of time cannot reach the mind; and if to natural culture there has been added divine grace, there is in old age more than the renewal of youth. Death itself cannot strip off the habit of immortality; it will only remove "the excellent woman" from earth, and place her among the white-robed company in the tearless world, and her memory will be fresh and fragrant as ages roll on.

MY MURDER.

A Thrilling Incident in the Experience of a Telegraph Operator.

After all, we way-station telegraph operators are not without our little romance occasionally, and I think I can show that we are not certainly without a certain amount of responsibility; but it is seldom if ever recognized, unless some of our number by carelessness suddenly plunge a train into destruction by failing to deliver or understand orders.

The time of which I write was one pleasant afternoon in early autumn, on the 22d day of September, 1876, and as the occurrence has made a deep and vivid impression on my mind, I cannot forget the day, which was Friday.

At the time I had been an agent and operator on the ——railroad a little while over two months. The line was directly through parts of Indiana and Illinois, and some of the distance had no telegraph office, consequently the order distance was somewhat lengthly, and there was but one office between mine and Cowans, twelve miles west.

On this day I was quietly puffing my meerschaum in the large bay window of my office, and wishing for something to relieve my monotony, when the operator at Cowans called the train dispatcher and said an engine had sprung her throttle, with 140 pounds of steam, and had gone east, while the fireman had gone to lunch, and the engineer who was oiling round, had no time to get on.

All was still as death for a minute, when the dispatcher began to call G——, the only office between mine and Cowans; for fully five minutes he called him, using the signal "23," which means death, but still no answer, and still the monotonous click of the armature; presently he answered in a dazed, hurried manner, and when asked about the engine, said it had passed there at a fearful rate of speed at fourteen minutes past 4; with no person visible.

It was only six more miles to me, and an excursion was on its way west with a heavy load of tired picnickers, and had actually left a station only eight miles east of me, the telegraph office, at two minutes past 4.

The dispatcher called me furiously, and, being at hand and expectant, I answered him immediately. Then he said: "Turn your switch and wreck engine No. 11, going east wild." I replied quickly: "I cannot without an indemnity order;" and after a hasty consultation with the superintendent, as I afterward learned, he went ahead with an order, whose usual form and wording roused many a lazy "brass sounder" from a doze. It was like this:

TO OPERATOR: Wreck wild engine No. 11 at your eastern switch gate to save collision. Company will defend and uphold you. D. R. B.

I immediately returned my "13" or "understanding," received my "correct at 4:18 p. m." and returned to look for the engine, when although the conversation between myself and the dispatcher had consumed but four minutes, I saw her coming at the grandest rate of speed I ever witnessed, and, snatching my order, I ran to the switch-gate, about 150 feet, and when I had unlocked and thrown the rail, the roaring monster was only about 100 feet away. I had my watch in my hand, and stepped quickly back out of harm's way, when, at exactly twenty minutes past 4, she went over, and such an unearthly crash I hope I may never see or hear again.

The dirt and stones flew fifty feet into the air, the engine turned clear over and stopped on her side, pushing a splinter of the cab on the whistle valve, and there she lay, a seething, hissing, screeching, mass of rubbish.

But above the din and rattle I heard one wild, despairing shriek for help, and, when I could get close enough to see anything, I found what, had it not been for the face, would never have been recognized as a man, in the crushed and bleeding mass of flesh that lay under ore huge driver; but the face was without a scar, and by that was recognized as an escaped madman, who, it seems, had climed on the engine at Cowans unobserved, and, pulling the throttle open, had started on a wild, awful ride to the gate of death.

When the excursion train came up, ten minutes later, they said they found me standing by the engine, gazing alternately at the bloody driver and my written order, still tightly clasped in my hand.

I was unconscious of everything save the fact that I had obeyed orders and had thereby taken a life. They say I fainted, but I knew nothing from the instant I discovered that white, bloodless face until four days after, when I awakened apparently out of a dream. My first question was, "Did the excursion get in safely.

The coroner held an inquest as soon as I could be examined, and the verdict was: "We, the jury find that Albert Long came to his death by being crushed beneath a locomotive which was wrecked by J. L. B., an operator on the —— R. R., according to the order of D. R. B., his superintendent and superior officer. And we find further, that no blame can be attached to the said J. L. B., D. R. B., or the said railroad company, as the engine was wrecked to save a heavily-loaded excursion, and said Albert Long, being a madman, was on the engine in direct opposition to the company's orders."

I have that order and a copy of the verdict side by side in my diary, where they will always remain.

Often in my dreams I see an unrecognizable mass of shivering flesh and broken bones beneath a huge driver, and a white, unscarred face presents itself to my gaze. A sudden shriek will almost craze me, and I am often tempted to go where railroads are unknown, where the hissing and screeching cannot reach me.

MAN'S BETTER HALF.

Ladies' dresses are being worn shorter—at the neck.

Going the rounds of the press—the girl who waltzes.

The only daughter of Stonewall Jackson is at school in Baltimore. She is 16 years old.

An Englishman who died lately left Lydia Thompson £500—to buy her some clothes with.

There is going to be a woman's congress at Madison, Wisconsin, October 8th, 9th and 10th.

An Albany florist is endeavoring to arrange a match between a Virginia creeper and a scarlet runner.

A San Francisco woman calls her husband her darkest hour, because he generally comes home just before dawn.

"Do you keep any Hamburg edgings?" asked a timid miss. "Not if we can sell it," was the pert reply of the clerk. He kept some that day.

When he paid a heavy bill at the milliner's for spring bonnets, silks and laces, he groaned: "There's a woman at the bought 'em of this."

When John Monigrip's wife asks for a dollar or two for current demands, he smiles sweetly as he says, "True love, darling, seeks no change."

A Brooklyn wife has forbidden her husband carrying a pistol in his rear pants pockets, her reason being that she is afraid he might blow his brains out.

"Hug 22" was discovered written in a delicate female hand on the cuff of a Muscantine young man; and that young man still sticks to it that it was only "Aug. 22."

A young lady recently remarked, "Some men are always talking about the glory of their own town—always harping on the duty of assisting it—and yet go abroad to get married. I do hope that some of those men who marry outsiders will get cheated."

"Isn't this a beautiful picture?" asked Dobbs, of his wife, exhibiting to her a lovely oil painting which he had been purchasing. "How much?" inquired Mrs. D., thoughtfully. "Three hundred dollars," came from Dobbs with a sigh. "A good deal for a single dash." "Oh, hang the expense!" exclaimed his better half, as she pointed out to him where she wanted the article suspended.

A short-sighted lover passes the object of his affections upon the street without saluting her, wherefore she takes him to task at their next meeting. "What weight should I attach to your professions?" she says, severely. "Yesterday I met you on the street, and you passed on without ever looking at me." "Madam," replies the offender, gallantly, "if I had stopped to look at you I should never have passed on."

A young woman who had never learned the gentle art of cookery, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, manages to have the kitchen door ajar on the day after their return from the bridal trip, and just as her lord comes in from the office exclaims loudly: "Hurry up, Eliza, do! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me; where's the soap?"

A well-known Bostonian was trying a horse one day, in company with the owner, a professional "jockey." Having driven him a mile or two, the gentleman, who noticed that he pulled pretty hard and showed a good deal of spirit, requiring constant watching and a steady rein, said: "Do you think that is just the horse for a woman to drive?" "Well, sir," answered the jockey, "I must say that I shouldn't want to marry the woman that could drive that horse."

A woman in a Kansas Pacific Railroad car sat facing a man who, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant and said, "Why do you look at me so, sir?" He said he was not aware of having done so, but she insisted. "I beg your pardon, madam, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to his left optic. "Yes, sir, it's that eye." "Well, madam, that eye won't do you any harm. It's a glass eye, madam—only a glass eye. I hope you'll excuse it. But, upon my soul, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman." The explanation and compliment combined to put the woman into a good humor.

—Written for the AVANT COURIER.—

Legends of the Yellowstone.

NUMBER 1.

The first white man to look upon the Yellowstone river was that intrepid explorer, Lieut. Clarke, who descended this stream in the year 1806 with a part of the command popularly known as the Lewis and Clarke expedition. A history of this exploration was printed, describing the country traveled through, which was read by thousands, and attracted universal attention. The mouth of the Columbia river on the Pacific coast was, however, considered the point of most commercial value and political interest to the nation, the vast interim being soon forgotten and delegated to the trapper and fur fathers, who maintained a precarious existence among the Indians.

The American Fur Company established two trading posts on the Yellowstone during the Years 1814 and '15; this company was controlled by John Jacob Astor, and here was gathered the means to place the name of Astor high up in the list of the money kings of to-day.

Tulloch's Fort was located about a mile below the mouth of the Big Horn river, and its ruins are still visible. Different stories are told as to its destruction and abandonment, the most probable one of which is, that the agent in charge was "short" and purposely forced the fort to make a short settlement of his accounts.

Another visit and attempted settlement at the mouth of the Big Horn is told of by some old time trappers, and this is our Legend No. 1.

During the year 1829 a small party, consisting of four families and some employes, left Illinois bound for California. They were well equipped for the trip, and to commence afresh in a wild country, having in their outfit seed, tools, provisions, horses and cattle. On the Platte river, they concluded to go to Oregon instead of California, and turning north too soon, while not exactly lost, they struck the Yellowstone river at the mouth of the Big Horn.

The winter season was near, and the country being the fairest they had gazed upon, being in comparison with what they had passed through a paradise, therefore the conclusion to stop was soon arrived at without much discussion or opposition. Cabins were erected; apple, peach and cherry seed were planted; provision was made for horses and cattle, and the little settlement prepared well for winter, all apparently being happy and contented. Influences were at work, however, that brought destruction upon them.

A young man who had come along in the employ of one of the families, became enamored with his employer's daughter, while she had given herself to another of the party. The seed was sown, and the tree of discord grew right thriftily. During the winter the rejected suitor left the settlement, intent upon consummating his purpose, and wreaking vengeance upon those who had thwarted him. Of course his disappearance caused anxiety, but it was finally concluded that the missing man had strayed off and perished, and his absence restoring harmony, but few regrets were manifested. All being more than pleased with their location and surroundings, the temporary halting place was made the permanent home of the little party.

The Blackfoot Indians were at this time lords of the soil, although their title was at times disputed by roving bands of Sioux; during this particular fall and winter their camps were on the Missouri, Sun and Marias rivers, and were visited occasionally by white traders from Fort Benton. Clarke had been for some time a resident among them, had taken a squaw for a wife, and acquired influence in council. How is it that the career of this man has escaped the pen of the novelist? Descended from the Virginia F. F. V.'s, a graduate of West Point, and wealthy, he buried himself in the Rocky Mountain wilds, and finally perished by a Blackfoot bullet. If he had not survived until the advent of white men in considerable numbers, he too would have been recollected only in camp fire stories.

His taking a wife was to exercise a powerful influence over the little settlements on the Yellowstone, for that particular squaw was sought after by a rising young warrior of the tribe, and when the white man bore off the prize, revenge was next in order. It would not do to attack Clarke openly, so he must bide his time.

The lost man from the Yellowstone made his way to the Blackfoot camp on the Missouri, and fate decreed that the two rejected suitors should come together. The Indian readily agreed to assist the renegade, for the blood of whites would go far towards satisfying his vengeance; so a war party started for the mouth of the Big Horn.

One morning, when the settlers were just preparing for the day's labor, the Blackfoot was upon them, and it was all over in a few minutes. Not a soul escaped—all perished by the bullet and knife. The renegade, even, was killed, in order that the bloody deed should not come to the ears of the whites. The sad story was learned by a few old trappers, whose suspicion was aroused by seeing fine horses and household goods in the Indian tepees, that could only have been obtained by murdering white men.

In Hot water.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 3.—A Virginia City dispatch says: The north drift on 2,200-foot level of the Savage was reached last night. This is where the heavy flow of water was encountered which flooded the mine. Water is now flowing clear at a temperature of 164 degrees, and will be boxed from its source and controlled.

To the Rescue.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Oct. 2.—This evening Lieut. Gilbert, with 240 soldiers from Fort Snelling, arrived over the North Western and took a special train over the Union Pacific for the scene of the recent Indian fight in which Major Thornburgh was killed. The soldiers were all in good condition and spirits.

Judge Duffie, of Iowa, expressed a great deal of pleasure, the other day, in admitting a bright young journalist to the bar; and the press gang would be equally pleased to return the compliment if any lawyer could be found of sufficient brightness to master the multifarious duties of a journalist.—*Pioneer Press.*

In Rothermel's painting of the "Battle of Gettysburg," a Confederate soldier is represented as in the act of falling from a Federal gun, upon which he had endeavored to clamber. Henry Gantseman, who is now living in Limerick, Montgomery Co., Penn., where Mr. Rothermel has his country place, says that the incident is a real one, and that he, with a dozen Federal soldiers, discharged his musket at the brave Confederate. Though made the target of a number of guns he received a slight wound only, and is now a conductor on a railroad in the South.

Men may escape the law, but their own consciences they cannot flee from. Many years ago a young man in Boston was guilty of an offense against the law, an offense which brought social ruin upon himself and his family. The man and his offense are forgotten by the public, yet he lives, and lives in Boston. But from the day his offense was discovered—although, having escaped the law, he is free to come and go as he pleases—he has never been out of his own home in the daylight. Sometimes, under cover of night, he walks abroad to take an airing and note the changes that thirty years have wrought, but an ever active conscience makes him shun the light of day and the faces of men, and he walks apart, a stranger in the midst of those among whom he has always lived.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A bat that flies without wings—A brickbat.

How to mark table linen—Upset the gravy.

In setting out plum trees be sure they're plumb.

Patient waiters — Physicians without practice.

Feathers are used this year to trim everything except hotel pillows.

Was any boy ever caught crawling under the canvas of a gospel tent?

Never abuse a thermometer when it is down, unless it gets too low.

A little boy in New Jersey wants to know what Adam's second name was.

There is one doctor for every 600 people in the United States. "Into the jaws of death rode the 600."

The railroads of the world require 250,000,000 sleepers, which is an excess over those in the churches.

The cucumber must add largely to the census returns, for it doubles up the population of the country every summer.

"A patch on the seat of a boy's trousers is something new under the son." When we were young it was always something old.

The young man who wanted to be an angel says he is not particular about it just at this time, as he has got acquainted with the young ladies across the way.

A candid Deadwood paper says: "The absence of editorial matter this week is owing to the failure of our Eastern exchanges to reach here before we went to press."

When is a married man a bird? When he comes home at 2 a. m. P. S.—For the benefit of bachelors (it not being necessary for the married faction), we explain that when a man comes home at the hour named his wife makes him quail.

"Why don't you have guide-boards here?" "I dunno, mister. Do they have them in your country?" "Yes, at every corner, like civilized people." "Well, if you had brought one of them along with you, you wouldn't have been without one here."

The other day, as two friends were talking together in the street, a donkey began to bray and wheese and cough in a distressing manner. "What a cold that donkey has," said one of the men. "And by the way, that puts me in mind—how is your cough?"

An Irishman who was standing on a London bridge, said to a youth, "Faith and I think I know yees; what's yer name?" "Jones," said the boy. "Jones, Jones," said the Irishman. "And I knew several owld maids by that name in Dublin; was aither of them yer mother?"

At a legal investigation of a liquor seizure the Judge asked an unwilling witness: "What was in the barrel that you had?" The reply was: "Well, your Honor, it was marked 'whisky' on one end of the barrel and 'Pat Duffy' on the other end, so that I can't say whether it was whisky or Pat Duffy was in the barrel, being as I am on my oath."

A good joke is told at the expense of a Jamaica Plain, Mass., sexton, who procured the communion wine for his church. When he made his purchase he also bought some whisky for himself. The two demijohns got mixed, and on the following Sunday the communicants received whisky instead of wine, some of the sisters being considerably choked by the strong liquid.

A worthy doctor of divinity approached "Paddy" Ryan near the city hall yesterday, and placing one hand on the athlete's shoulder, said: "My dear sir, anyone blessed with such a physique and such shapely proportions ought to be a good man." The clergyman was startled by Paddy's reply: "A good man? Well, you bet your life I'm a better man than Dwyer." It is needless to add that the assertion was not contradicted.

A Natural Washing Machine.

California continually develops new wonders. The latest discovery there is a natural washing machine, which, as may be supposed, has been turned to full advantage. A boiling spring has been discovered in Tulare county, between Palvadero and Los Gatos creek. An enterprising person has applied for the water-right, and has made a clothes-wringer, to be worked by a water-wheel at one side of the spring, where it boils over into another clear, cold spring, in which the proprietor has placed a sack of indigo. The people in the neighborhood go to the spring to do their washing. The soiled clothes are thrown into the water, which has a whirling motion, and are drawn out of sight. In a few minutes they rise to the surface, float to the wringer, and are run through it into the second spring, where they are rinsed by passing through another wringer. This natural laundry does its work in about forty minutes, and one of its special benefits is, that any man can do the washing, thus sparing women the drudgery of a day over the wash-tub. It is particularly appreciated by women, therefore, and a number of families in the country intend to take up their abode near the spring in order to facilitate labor. Californians daily expect to discover a cave in the vicinity, where, by some arrangement of partial nature, hot, smooth stones roll up and down over a smooth, rocky bed, so as to serve as flat-irons for the doing-up of the washed clothes. There is always such completeness in nature that the ironing method may be confidently looked for. She has been so prodigal to the Golden State that she would not certainly provide her with washing springs and omit caves where the bleaching, starching, and whole doing-up process may be regulated spontaneously. —*New York Times.*

In a California church the collection amounted to $10. Two hundred persons were present. Only sixty coins were on the plate, eighteen of which were dimes and twenty-two half-dimes. Copper cents are not fashionable in California. That is one reason why the collection was so large.