THE AVANT COURIER.

VOLUME 1. BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1871. NUMBER 7.

The Avant Courier

IS ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

AT BOZEMAN, GALLATIN COUNTY, M. T.

JOSEPH WRIGHT,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One year, in advance or during the first q'r	$6 00
One year, payable after the first quarter	8 00
Six months, in advance	3 00
" " during term of subscription	4 00
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Times and Places for Holding Courts in the Territory of Montana.

SUPREME COURT.

At Virginia City, first Monday in January and second Monday in August.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURTS.

First District—At Virginia City, first Monday in April, second Monday in July, and second Monday in November.

Second District—At Deer Lodge, third Monday in April, first Monday in September, and first Monday in December.

Third District—At Helena, first Monday in March, first Monday in July, and fourth Monday in October.

TERRITORIAL COURTS.

First District—In Madison County, at Virginia City, first Monday in April, second Monday in July, and second Monday in November.

In Gallatin County, at Bozeman, first Monday in March and fifth Monday in October.

In Jefferson County, at Radersburg, second Monday in May, and first Monday in October.

Second District—Deer Lodge County, at Deer Lodge City, third Monday in April, first Monday in September, and first Monday in December.

In Missoula County, at Missoula, fourth Monday in June and second Monday in November.

In Beaver Head County, Bannack, first Monday in June, and third Monday in October.

Third District—In Lewis and Clark County, at Helena, first Monday in March, first Monday in July, and fourth Monday in October.

In Meagher County, fourth Monday in May and fourth Monday in November.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SAMUEL WORD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

VIRGINIA CITY, M. T.

Will practice in all courts of Montana Territory.

J. ALLEN HOSMER,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

Office on Main street, next to Furniture store,

BOZEMAN, M. T.

☞ Will practice in all courts of the Territory.

J. J. DAVIS,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Will practice in all courts of Montana Territory.

H. F. WILLIAMS,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

BOZEMAN, MONTANA,

Will practice in all Courts of the Territory. 1-1

M. C. PAGE. G. S. COLEMAN.

PAGE & COLEMAN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Will practice in all Courts of Montana.

☞ Land Office Business Attended to.

1-1 BOZEMAN, M. T.

E. H. D. STREET. CHAS. W. TURNER.

STREET & TURNER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Office in the Guy House, BOZEMAN, M. T.

Special attention paid to collecting claims, and to entries of land in Gallatin County under the Homestead and Pre-emption Acts. Plats, records and weekly reports can be seen at our office. 1-1

A. J. HUNTER, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHER,

BOZEMAN CITY, MONTANA.

Office at the County Hospital,

Physician to the County Hospital; Drugs and Chemicals; Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours.

☞ Comfortable rooms and medical treatment furnished to private patients at the Hospital. 1-1

BUNL. BYAM,

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,

At his residence, on Middle Creek.

Money Found.

FOR PARTICULARS inquire of J. J. Chambers, Middle Creek, or A. Lamme & Co., Bozeman.

WANTED!

County Warrants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that I will pay the

Highest Cash Price

FOR GALLATIN COUNTY WARRANTS.

☞ Those having such to dispose of will find it to their interest to give me a call.

NELSON STORY.

The Future of Greenbacks.

[From the New York Independent.]

The legal tender notes of the United States, if left to circulate among the people without any renewal, would at length wear out and finally disappear altogether by the mere process of use and decay. No one, we presume, supposes that this is to be their future. It would be equivalent to their non-payment—imposing the entire loss upon the people, and justly exposing the Government to the charge of repudiation.

These notes, if not left to die a natural death, must either remain as a part of the paper circulation of the country, or they must by some act of the Government be retired and withdrawn from public use. We believe that they ought to be retired at the earliest practicable period. They have the character of debt obligations, that ought in due season be canceled. They were never intended to be a permanent currency, whether redeemable or irredeemable. We have now two kinds of currency—bank issues and Government issues; and, if it were proposed to make the latter a fixture, then we should go for withdrawing all currency powers from the banks, and making the whole paper circulation emanate directly from the Government. There may be here and there a monetary theorist who would favor such a measure; yet the American idea of paper circulation is that of bank notes, guaranteed by adequate securities, and made redeemable on demand in coin. Government issues, except for temporary purposes, whether redeemable or irredeemable, would involve a vast revolution in our currency. The idea is not likely to obtain any general favor among the people; and hence we regard the ultimate future of greenbacks to be one of retirement from public use, with the substitution of bank currency therefor. This is the point to which we must come at last—resuming our former system of bank notes, redeemable in coin; issued, as we hope, under the authority of the General Government, and never again under that of the States. The people have lived to learn that a national currency under a national system of banking is vastly superior to that of State banks. The necessities of the war have taught them this lesson so thoroughly that it is not likely to be forgotten.

Assuming, then, that greenbacks are to be retired, and their place taken by the notes of the national banks, we are brought to the following question: What is the process of this retirement? In some way they must be taken out of the hands of the public, and not re-issued, but destroyed. This is possible only in one or the other or all three methods: The Government, as it receives these notes from time to time for Government dues, must destroy them; or it must redeem them in coin, and then destroy them; or it must fund them in interest bearing bonds, and destroy them; or it must combine these three methods together. The first method, standing by itself, involves the contraction of the paper currency, greater or less according to the rate of the destruction; and this would soon bring disturbance to the business of the country. The second method is practicable only when the Government is in a condition to resume specie payment; and of this there is no prospect for at least some time to come. The third method is the one originally provided for when the Legal Tender Act was passed. The notes of the United States were at first made fundable in five-twenty six per cent. bonds; and this property ought never to have been withdrawn. Funding, in connection with a proportionate expansion of the national bank system, is at the present the only practicable method of retirement without a reduction of the currency.

Free banking on the basis of bonds procurable of the Government, by the payment of an equal amount of greenbacks, connected with the destruction of the latter in proportion to the increase of bank issues, is, in our judgment, the true method, at least, for the present, of retiring the one currency and substituting the other. The only objection to it is that it increases the interest bearing debt of the United States; yet we do not regard this objection as of any practical weight when compared with the advantages to be secured. Let it be remembered that it decreases the non-interest bearing debt in the same amount. It begins the process of retiring a currency which was never designed to be permanent; and that, too, without any change in the aggregate amount of paper circulation.

Home Industry.

It is a mistaken notion by many people, that it is the best interest of every one to buy where they can the cheapest. To get the most for their money seems to be the desire of nearly everybody. This to a certain extent is correct, but to make this a general rule is detrimental to the best interests of a town. It should be the aim of every one to aid and sustain, as far as possible, the industry and enterprise of those of his neighbors who are directly interested with him in the advancement and improvement of the place in which they live. The person who supports his home paper is doing this and more. He is giving aid and encouragement to something from which he not only gets double the worth of his money in valuable reading, but is also supporting an institution that gives note and standing to a town, and brings in trade and money from all sections of the country, and will accomplish more towards the growth and prosperity of a community than any other one business in it. We say, then, encourage home industry, and thereby promote the general welfare of all.

FIFTEEN GREAT MISTAKES.—It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of the right and wrong and judge people accordingly. It is a great mistake to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield in immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as far as lies in our power; not to make allowance for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible which we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of all mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

TERRIBLE FIRES IN WISCONSIN.

Immense Destruction of Life and Property.

The following dispatches disclose a wonderful amount of suffering and the destruction of millions of dollars worth of property in Wisconsin by recent fires. From Michigan also come accounts of almost equally disastrous conflagrations. The general drouth pervading through these States will account in a manner for the extensive fires, but it really seems as if the world was on fire:

Green Bay, Wisconsin, Oct. 4.—The fires which are now prevailing in six or seven northeastern counties of Wisconsin have never had a parallel since the settlement of the country. The drouth which has prevailed since early in August has dried up the springs and streams and all vegetation, and has parched the ground to such a depth below the surface that the soil itself acts as a conductor, and living trees are falling from the action of the fire which undermines them. All outstanding property is swept away, there being so little water in available situations to stop the fires. Barns and their contents, hay stacks, cord wood and other property, together with hundreds of miles of fences, are burned, as no resistance can be offered to the approaching fire. There is yet no authentic account of the loss of life, although a family in Kewaunee county, and some Indians in Shawnee county are reported burned.

Milwaukee, Oct. 15.—Later accounts from northern Wisconsin, confirm all the previous reports and rumors. The loss of life in the neighborhood of the burnt village of Peshtego will reach over twelve hundred. Fifteen per cent. of those injured cannot recover. The fire tornado was heard at a distance like the roaring of the sea. Balls of fire were seen observed to fall like meteors in different parts of the town, igniting what ever they touched. The people rushed, with their children in their arms, for a place of safety, but the storm of fire was upon them and enveloped them in flames, smoke, red-hot sand and cinders, and those who were not able to reach the river were suffocated and roasted alive. This terrible scene occurred on Sunday night, the 8th of October, a night already made famous by the Chicago horror.

A member of the Milwaukee relief-committee, sent to Peshtego with supplies, says the only survivors were those who were fortunate enough to reach the water, many throwing themselves into the mill pond and clinging to floating logs. A number of these were drowned by being thrown from the logs by the maddened horses and cattle that rushed into the water. The fiery cyclone swept over a tract of country eight or ten miles wide, and every building, fence and all the timber, were licked up clean by the tongue of fire. The town of Peshtego numbered 2,000 inhabitants, one-third of whom perished on that fearful night.

Reports from the east shore of Green Bay place the loss of life in that locality full as high as at Peshtego. The same account states that the immediate wants of the people are supplied, but that large amounts of provisions and clothing will be required for the coming winter.

Mayor Ludington, of Milwaukee, publishes the following appeal for aid:

MILWAUKEE, October 14, 1871.

"The calamities that have befallen our State and some of our neighboring States is truly appalling. Over 1,500 men, women and children have been burned to death, in Wisconsin alone. The houses and farms of the survivers have, to a large extent, been entirely destroyed—the very soil having been burned and all their grain and root crops destroyed—they are utterly destitute, and will require full support, at least till another season. Seven counties in our own State are thus in great part utterly desolated. Whole regions of country in western Michigan are in the same condition, and these fires are still raging and destroying.

"Milwaukee is doing all she can do. By her close neighborhood to Chicago, she was enabled to send large quantities of supplies into that devastated city during the progress of the fire, feeding her firemen and exhausted citizens. Vast numbers of Chicago sufferers are now filling our houses and public buildings, and we minister to their necessities. We have supplied hundreds of tons of clothing and provisions, stores and other needful articles to Chicago, to Northern Wisconsin and Western Michigan. We have made every necessary arrangement to accomplish these purposes with economy and effect. All contributions in money may be sent to Alexander Mitchell, banker, and contributions offered of clothing, bedding, and other necessary supplies, may be directed to Harrison Ludington, Mayor.

HARRISON LUDINGTON.

Fires in Minnesota.

Chicago, October 4.—A St. Paul special says that terrible fires have been raging for several days past in a number of counties in the eastern part of the State. Already it has passed over portions of six counties, all but one of which (McLeod) are thickly populated. In McLeod thousands of tons of hay and bushels of grain have been consumed. Many farmers have lost all they have, and the fires still rage with unabated fury, rapidly spreading south and southeast, under a fierce wind, towards the more densely populated part of the State. The inhabitants of some counties are reported as fleeing, leaving everything behind them.

NORTHERN PACIFIC SURVEYS.—The following are the several Northern Pacific surveying parties operating along the proposed lines in this Territory since July. Some of them have by this time completed their work.

1st. Mr. Edward D. Muhlenburgh's party, beginning at the mouth of the Gallatin to survey, and thence through Bozeman Pass and down the Yellowstone.

2d. Mr. W. Harris Kneass' party, to begin at the same point, and run up the Jefferson Fork, Wisdom river, and Divide track to Deer Lodge, and down to junction with Little Blackfoot.

3d. Mr. T. P. Robert's party, begin at the junction of Deer Lodge with the Little Blackfoot, to run down the Hellgate, etc.

4th. Mr. James Bettner's party, beginning on the Dearborn river to run over Cadott's Pass, and down the big Blackfoot to its junction with the Hellgate.

5th. Philip G. Eastlick's party, beginning at the mouth of the Clearwater and run up the North Fork of that stream.

COURTING IN NEBRASKA.

Effect of a Scarcity of Single Women.

A Nebraska correspondent of the Syracuse Standard writes as follows:

"There is a lack of woman's nursing,
There is dearth of woman's tears."

Certainly not because they are unnecessary in this Western region, but the fact is, the women are scarce and men are plenty. In market phrase, the woman "demand far exceeds the supply." Those inexorable laws of supply and demand, about which political and other economists delight to talk, have not yet corrected this acid question. A heavy dose of girls, none of your homœpathic prescriptions, is what Nebraska needs, and the stomachs of her young men will always remain sour until the supply comes. You have no idea East how anxious young men in this region are to marry. In the words of a prairie farmer, "courtin's hot."

The poor man is passing through a bitter experience. A party of us were duck hunting the other day on the Missouri bottoms. Night overtook us before we were aware of it, and we were obliged to seek lodgings at the first dwelling we could find. It was a small one story structure of three rooms, and occupied by a family of six—father, mother, daughter and three sons. The sons were all unmarried, and from the calls that were made after, we judge the daughter was unmarried also. We hadn't been in the house five minutes when some kind of a vehicle drove up and two young men were ushered into the parlor. Straightway the mother and daughter held a whispered consultation, which closed with an invitation to the sitting-room for supper. It was evident that the young men callers had been to tea, as they stayed in the parlor with "sweet sixteen."

Scarcely had we taken our seats at the table when a howl from the dogs outside announced another comer. He seemed to avoid the front door, and knocked at that where our party were just sitting to supper. The mother rose to answer the summons, when we were surprised by the daughter opening the parlor door and rushing forward with "Don't get up, mother! It's one of my fellows! Come in, Jim; how do you do?"

And Jim entered in response to the cheery salutation. He made himself as comfortable as possible till we had finished supper, when another whispered consultation proved that the "parlor is as full as it ort to be," whispered by Miss in response to some motherly suggestion. The old gentleman solved the question by inviting us into the kitchen to smoke. It was evident that Jim didn't smoke, for he remained in the sitting room. We should doubtless have enjoyed a quiet cigar had not the old lady opened the back door and shouted at the top of her voice: "Come round here to the back door."

It was another young man, and we fancied he looked as if he had come in rather late. Two young men within the parlor, one in the sitting room, and one in the kitchen. What should be done? The courting business was getting hot! There was another talk between mother and daughter. It was evident their devices had been exhausted. The old gentleman was called into the corner. He settled the question with a whisper: "I'll be damned if I move agin till the settin'-room's full!"

Into the sitting-room went number four, and we smoked. It was full ten minutes before the next disturbers came, and they entered the kitchen with the air of old acquaintances. We looked anxiously at the host. Taking his pipe from his mouth, a single sentence relieved us:

"Them's the widowers! Stick!"

And we "stuck" and smoked on. For the next half hour the girl must have been kept busy. The widower had certainly a third of her time. It was nine o'clock. We wished to go to bed, and the only bed we had discovered was in the parlor. The old gentleman divined our wishes and said:

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but this is one of the regular courtin' nights! Them two fellers in the parlor never leave afore midnight, and the widowers allus stay all night. And that ain't the worst of it. Dan'll be here at 10 o'clock. I and the boys allus sleep in the haystack Friday nights. Yer welcome to that!"

The parlor, sitting-room and kitchen full, we retreated to the haystack. In response to a question on the point, the old gentleman said that—

"Friday night is putty bad, but Sunday it's wus. Last Sunday night there was ten of 'em, and the girl is getting more and more partikler. The more she gets the more she wants."

On the haystack, with a stiff breeze driving away the mosquitos, we heard Dan drive up. One of the last remarks of the old man before we fell asleep was, "Yes, gentlemen, courtin's hot in Nebrasky!" And we believed him.

The Strides of the Northern Pacific

In noting the progress of this great enterprise, the St. Paul Press of the 30th ult. says: "By a special telegram from New York to this paper yesterday morning, we had the gratifying intelligence that DeGraff & Co., had been notified to proceed immediately to the construction of the Braidard Branch, in accordance with their contract, the whole work to be completed in about forty-six days. This morning we have the further information from New York that DeGraff & Co., have concluded a contract to construc: the other branch line of the St. Paul and Pacific, from St. Cloud to Pembina, the whole line to be completed before January 1st, 1873. Simultaneously the Northern Pacific Directors have concluded a contract with Physon, Canda & Co., of Chicago, for the construction of the Dakota section of the Northern Pacific, from the Red River to the Missouri,—this to be completed by July 1st, 1873.

This is glad and welcome news, and will send a thrill of delight through all the iron veins of our great commercial system, and along the invisible lines where these great new arteries are soon to pulsate with the life of the New Northwest. It shows that there is to be no pause in the mighty undertaking which is to span our continent with another great highway; but that it is to move right on with the gigantic energy, backed by gigantic resources, which has marked the inception and progress of the work.—*Herald.*

A thief having stolen a thermometer from a newspaper office in Wisconsin, the editor assures the scoundrel that it will be of no use to him, as it doesn't work higher than 212 deg.

THE NEW IRISH LEADER.

Isaac Butt the Coming Daniel O'Connell.

Justin McCarthy writes to the New York Mail, of the man who is now distinguishing himself as the great advocate, in Britain, of Fenian prisoners, and the leader of the Irish liberals:

Long years ago, when most of us were boys, Butt distinguished himself as an opponent of O'Connell's. He was a professor of political economy, and a lawyer. Then he suddenly flashed into a genuine renown as the defender of Thomas Francis Meagher, in the Irish State trials of three-and-twenty years ago. Then and since then, I heard him often, and I think allowing for all the defects arising from an impulsive and irregular nature, an exuberant physique, he was one of the most eloquent and persuasive speakers I have ever heard. He had a magnificent voice, none the worse for its rich depth of sonorous Irish accent, and the flashing eyes that reminded you of the descriptions of Robert Burns. He was anything but a handsome man; his face looked like that of a negro—blanched; but his eyes, his voice and his powerful frame lent him dignity and something like grandeur. I think in his best days he must have somewhat resembled Mirabeau. He was at this time, although he defended the Irish prisoners, a Tory and a Protectionist. He was taken up by the English Protectionists and became the pet orator at their great meetings. Through this interest he entered the House of Commons as the representative of an English Tory borough. Gradually he renounced Toryism and became a Liberal. But meanwhile he was falling fast into ruin. He lost his practice at the bar, because no one could trust him to keep his engagements. He became renowned in London as a gambler, a spendthrift, a scapegrace of every kind.

I shrink from saying to what depths of degradation sank this richly gifted, generous man. At last he disappeared from Parliament and from society. He was past the prime of life, and every one regardeded him as gone forever. But after some years he turned up again, resumed the practice of his profession in Dublin, and was said to have put aside wholly the errors—not of youth, but of his well matured years. He became the most conspicuous advocate of the Fenian prisoners, and unlike most very eloquent pleaders, Butt is a profound and wily lawyer, as well as a persuasive, powerful orator. He soon recovered his forfeited popularity, and has, I believe, well nigh regained his place in society. If he goes into Parliament again, and becomes the leader of the Irish Nationalist party there, he will lend to that party a force and a subtlety which it now badly wants. Setting aside Gladstone and John Bright, of course, I know of no man among the English Liberals to be compared for eloquence and capacity with big, fervid Isaac Butt. If he really does set out in a new career, everyone will wish him well. The man never, I think, had an enemy, even among the creditors whom he neglected, and the cabmen whose fares he sometimes would not pay. After all, he still has time to make a name, for, although he was a distinguished man five-and-thirty years ago, he is not sixty years old now. He began life soon and lived many lives. Perhaps he will find his real career now at last.

English Synonymns.

The American *Educational Monthly* gives the following list of English synonymns which will be found very interesting:

The copiousness of the English tongue, as well as the difficulty of acquiring ability to use its immense vocabulary correctly, is well exhibited in the following array of synonymous words, which, if not new, is yet a capital illustration of the nice distinctions which characterize so many of our vocables. It is no wonder that we slip occasionally, even the wariest of us.

A little girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed, "See, what a flock of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships is called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep is called a flock.

And here we may add for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlefolks is called the *elite*, and the *elite* of the city's thieves and rascals are called the roughs, and the miscellaneous crowd of city folks is called the community of the public, according as they are spoken of by the religious community or the secular public.

"WELL DEAR I'M READY."—It is said to be a difficult thing for a woman to get ready to go anywhere. And yet there is nothing she dislikes more than the intimation that she may possibly miss the train. Brayfogle gives an instance of this. Mr. Bray was to take the 10 o'clock train on the Bee Line to visit some relatives in an interior town. Having suffered on previous occasions for injudicious suggestions, Bray thought that for once he would let things take their course. So he sipped his coffee and ate his eggs and toast, while Madame curled and powdered, and danced attendance on the looking-glass, and tied bark on the back of her head. Then Bray sat by the stove an hour and read the morning paper, while Madame still continued to get ready. At last, just as he reached the final paragraph of reading-matter, and was beginning on the advertisements, Madame tied her bonnet-strings under her chin, took one long lingering loving look at the image reflected in the glass, and sweetly announced:

"Well, my dear, I'm ready."

"Ready for what?" asked Bray, in well affected astonishment.

"To go the depot to be sure," said Mrs. Brayfogle, tartly.

"O!" said Bray, "I'd forgotten; well, Madame," continued he, looking at his watch, "that train has been gone thirteen minutes. Just keep on your things and you'll be ready for the train to-morrow morning."

A Ride on an Avalanche.

We had reached the point at which it was necessary to quit our morning's track, and immediately afterwards got upon some steep rocks, rendered slippery here and there by the water which trickled over them. To our right was a broad *couloir* filled with snow, which had been melted and re-frozen, so as to expose a steeply sloping wall of ice. We were tied together in the following order: Jenni led, I came next, then Mr. Hutchinson—a practised mountaineer—then Mr. Warner, and, last of all, the guide, Walter. Lee Warner had had but little experience of the higher Alps, and he was placed in front of Walter, so that any false step on his part might be instantly checked. After descending the rocks for a time, Jenni turned and asked me whether I thought them or the ice slope the better track. I pronounced without hesitation in favor of the rocks, but he seemed to misunderstand me, and turned towards the *couloir*. I stopped him at the edge of it, and said: "Jenni, do you know where you are going? The slope is pure ice!" He replied, "I know it; but the ice is quite bare for a few yards only. Across this exposed portion I will cut steps, and then the snow which covers the ice will give us a footing." He cut the steps, reached the snow, and descended carefully along it, all following him, apparently, in good order. After some time he stopped, turned, and looked upwards at the last three men. "Keep carefully in the steps, gentlemen," he said, "a false step might detach an avalanche." The word was scarcely uttered, when I heard the sound of a fall behind me, then a rush, and in a moment my two friends, and their guide, all apparently entangled together, whirred past me. I suddenly planted myself to resist their shock, but in an instant I was in their wake, for their impetus was irresistable. A moment afterwards Jenni was whirled away, and thus, in the twinkling of an eye, all five of us found ourselves riding downwards with uncontrollable speed on the back of an avalanche which a single slip had originated. Previous to stepping on the slope I had, according to habit, made clear to my mind what was to be done in case of mishap; and accordingly, when overthrown, I turned promptly on my face and drove my baton through the moving snow and into the ice underneath. No time, however, was allowed for the break's action, for I had held it firmly thus for a few seconds only, when I came into collision with some obstacle and was rudely tossed through the air, Jenni at the same time being shot down upon me. Both of us here lost our batons. We had been carried over a crevasse, had hit its lower edge, and, instead of dropping into it, had been pitched by our great velocity far beyond it. I was quite bewildered for a moment, but immediately righted myself, and could see the men in front of me half buried in the snow and jolted from side to side by the ruts among which we ware passing. Suddenly I saw them tumble by a lurch of the avalanche, and immediately afterwards found myself imitating their motion. This was caused by a second crevasse, Jenni knew of its existence, and plunged, he told me into it—a brave act, but for the time unavailing. By jumping into the chasm he thought a strain might be put upon the rope sufficient to check the motion. But, though over thirteen stone in weight, he was violently jerked out of the fissure, and almost squeezed to death by the pressure of the rope. A long slope was below us, which led directly downwards to a brow where the glacier fell precipitously. At the base of the declivity the ice was cut by a series of profound chasms, towards which we were rapidly borne. The three foremost men rode upon the forehead of the avalanche, and were at times wholly immersed in the snow, but the moving layer was thinner behind, and Jenni rose incessantly and with desperate energy drove his feet into the firmer substance underneath. His voice, shouting "Halt! Herr Jesus, halt!" was the only one heard during the descent. A kind of condensed memory, such as that described by people who have narrowly escaped drowning, took possession of me, and my reasoning remained intact. I thought of Brennen on the Haut de Cry, and muttered, "It is now my turn." Then I coolly scanned the men in front of me, and reflected that if their *vis viva* was the only thing to be neutralized, Jenni and myself could stop them; but to arrest both them and the mass of snow in which they were caught was hopeless. I experienced no intolerable dread. In fact, the start was too sudden, and the excitement of the race too great, to permit of the development of terror. Looking in advance, I noticed that the slope, for a short distance, became less steep, and then fell as before. "Now or never we must be brought to rest."

The speed visibly slackened, and I thought we were saved. But the momentum had been too great; the avalanche crossed the brow, and in part regained its motion. Here Hutchinson threw his arm round his friend, all hope being extinguished, while I grasped my belt and struggled to free myself. Finding this difficult, from the tossing, I sullenly resumed the strain upon the rope. Destiny had so related the downward impetus to Jenni's pull as to give the latter a slight advantage, and the whole question was whether the opposing force would have sufficient time to act. This was also arranged in our favor, for we came to rest so near the brow that two or three seconds of our average motion of descent must have carried us over. Had this occurred, we should have fallen into the chasms and been covered up by the fall of the avalanche. Hutchinson emerged from the snow with his forehead bleeding, but the wound was superficial; Jenni had a bit of flesh removed from his hand by collision with a stone; the pressure of the rope had left black welts on my arms; and we all experienced a tingling sensation over the hands like that produced by incipient frost bite, which continued for several days. This was all. I found a portion of my watch chain hanging round my neck, another portion in my pocket; the watch was gone.—*Hours of Exercise in the Alps. By Professor Tyndall.*

I clasped her tiny hand in mine, I clasped her beauteous form; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes on me, the tears did wildly flow; and with her little lips she said, "Confound you! let me go."

Hoop snakes are very common at Thibideaux, Louisiana.

Newspapers Stimulate Invention.

There have been more useful inventions made thus far in the nineteenth century than in all the previous centuries of the world's history. There was little to excite the inventive genius of man a hundred years ago. Inventive skill was poorly repaid. Had models of sewing machines, and reaping and mowing machines been exhibited a century ago, it is not probable they would have been looked upon with much favor. They would have been thought curiosities, but without practical value. Men do not think seriously without an object in view. Skill is the result of deliberate thought and application. Men study out an invention for a purpose, not merely to pass time away. A useful invention in these days meets with immediate favor. It is easy to bring it before the public, where its merits are fully tested and appreciated. A century or so ago, an inventor, no matter how valuable his invention, would have sank into his grave long before anything could have been realized as the result of his genius. Even as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century, inventive genius was but poorly rewarded. The world was sluggish—had scarcely taken a start in the path of development. But since the year 1800 what wondrous changes have been wrought! The machinery of man's mind has been set in rapid motion, and developed what were supposed to be impossibilities. Human ingenuity, as applied to the invention of the useful, as well as the ornamental, makes real now that which in the early part of this century would have been considered chimerical and wild phantasy. The practical inventor no longer toils in penury and without hope. If his cunning brain shapes a useful and original model of anything tending to lighten human labor, or serve human comfort there is gold ready to buy it. If he has skill, he can sell it for coin. If he can offer anything practical, capital is ready and anxious to serve him.

The reasons for these great changes are not obscure—they are plain. A few hundred years ago newspapers were unknown, and it is within fifty years that they have been circulated extensively throughout the civilized world. It is since 1840 that daily newspapers have become common and indispensable. Since then how busy has been the inventive brain, and how cunningly it hath wrought! A hundred applications for patents for inventions are made now against one sixty years ago. The useful inventor works with the certainty of speedy reward. Advertising costs but a trifle, but it is the great lubricator that keeps the business of the world in motion. It tends to establish equilibrium in trade, it tells Europe what America has invented, and America what Europe has invented. It tends to utilize the skill of one individual for the benefit of all.—*Pacific Coast Advertiser.*

Poisoned Whisky.

The Philadelphia Price Current says:

Western distillers have recently invented a new system of manufacturing whisky, by means of which a peculiar strength and odor are imparted to the product highly injurious to the health of consumers, and certainly not creditable to those engaged in its sale. Neither the noxious ingredients themselves nor the process of manufacture are known to many outside the ring, but sufficient has leaked out to show the character of the men and the business. Sulphuric acid is blended with the mash or applied directly to the product of the stills, which imparts a disagreeable odor to the whisky; and so powerful is its effect upon it that it corrodes and eats up the inside of the barrels in which the foul compound is kept.

Another feature of this rot-gut, sold under the name of whisky, is that it cannot be extracted by any process, redistillation or rectification. This fact has caused its presence to be traced in highwines purchased from the West by respectable distillers here and prompted them to shut down on the nefarious traffic as injurious to life and the best interests of trade. By experiment it has been tested that if a small piece of iron or copper is inserted into a barrel of whisky adulterated with this acid, the entire mass will be instantly blacked, and if left in it for a short time will evolve a large quantity of disacetate of copper or verdigris. Such a compound cannot fail to prove fearfully injurious to the public health, if brought into general use, and we are glad to perceive that a combined effort is contemplated by the trade to discard it altogether. If this be not sufficient, the consequences are sufficiently serious to call for some legislative enactment by which the sale of this poisonous stuff shall be prohibited under the severest penalties.

Paris Fashions and the Military "Chic."

The Paris correspondent of one of the fashion magazines writes about the new "loves of bonnets" thus:

Although we still see many black costumes in Paris, sombreness is not so much *de rigueur* now as at the commencement of the season. Although the horrors of the siege and the Commune are still so near us, the clouds that remain after the storm seem dispelling, and Parisians are gradually returning to their wonted life and gaity. Toilets are assuming less sombre hues. The black hat or bonnet almost uniformly worn a month or two ago is now brightened up by a gay flower or feather. Colored feathers are in great vogue. They say we are to wear decidedly large bonnets next winter. *Nous verrons.*

At present there is not much change in shapes. Both hats and bonnets have very high crowns and small brims, the latter either slanting or turned up. The newer models are fanciful and suitable for the seaside. Thus the *casquette Parisienne* is a somewhat startling shape for a ladies head-gear. Our *modistes* seem solely inspired this year by the *kepi* of the mobiles or the *shapska* of the Lancers. There is a good deal of military *chic* about the more eccentric of our new hats.

The *casquette Parisienne* is, however, a most dainty little hat; the strangeness of its shape is always concealed by the elegance of its trimming. Its brim is slightly turned up; the crown covers the trimming of the head. None but the youthful can wear this *casquette* with success. It is certainly pretty, of fine black English straw, trimmed with black velvet, and with a branch of rosebuds *en aigrette.*