THE AVANT COURIER.

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JOSEPH WRIGHT,

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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.

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☞ Will practice in all Courts of the Territory.

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Will practice in all courts of Montana Territory.

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Office on Main street, next to Furniture store,
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Will practice in all Courts of Montana.
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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

DON L. BYAM,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,
At his residence on Middle Creek. 4
☞ Go to the "Woodbine" and get a Rum Punch

A SURE THING!

DR. A. J. HUNTER

WOULD announce to the ladies of Gallatin county, and of the Territory of Montana, that he has been and is at this time successfully treating all characters of female diseases and female troubles, from whatever cause they may originate—impotence or excessive procreation—the latter being the most fruitful source of female unhappiness and diseases of a uterine character.

DR. HUNTER has neat and comfortable rooms, elegantly furnished and arranged for the accommodation of lady patients, adjoining his family residence, and entirely private.

His course of treatment has been heretofore marked by success, giving in every instance the most complete satisfaction, and he consequently solicits a share of public patronage. He can be consulted in person or by letter. A friendly talk costs nothing. ☞ All correspondence strictly private and confidential.

Address,
DR. A. J. HUNTER,
17-1m Bozeman, M. T.

LETTER FROM "BUZ."

VIRGINIA CITY, January 5, 1872.

To the Editor of the Avant Courier:

Within the past few days the bill, which originated in the House, and known as the "Bull bill," has passed both Houses, and now only lacks the signature of the Governor to become a law. This bill imposes a penalty upon any one owning a little or "scrub" bull who allows him to run at large during the spring and summer. This bill found its origin in the prolific brain of

HARRISON JORDAN,

From Jefferson county, and is certainly one of the most ridiculous and unpopular measures that has been before the present Legislature. If it becomes a law and is enforced, it will favor the few who have thoroughbred stock, but greatly inconvenience nine-tenths of the stock owners in the Territory. If the Governor acts wisely he will veto the bill.

Since my last communication the question of extra compensation has been before both branches of the Legislature, and the course of some members upon that question has excited no little comment. It is known to most of your readers that since the first Legislature that convened in this Territory the members of that body have received from the Te[illegible] pe[illegible] th[illegible] pa[illegible] bo[illegible] th[illegible] Te[illegible] da[illegible] at[illegible] da[illegible] th[illegible] pa[illegible] tu[illegible] Ge[illegible] m[illegible] pa[illegible] bo[illegible] th[illegible] pa[illegible] To[illegible] vo[illegible] co[illegible] pe[illegible] Tr[illegible] to[illegible] sa[illegible] ti[illegible] m[illegible]

members of the House to kill the bill when it reached that body. House members comprehended the situation, and gave the Council members plainly to understand that the responsibility of defeating such a measure as that should not rest on the House. Whereupon, the [illegible] worthies commenced shifting their sails. At the convening of the Council, at 2 p. m.,

MR. TIMOTHY COLLINS,

of your District, having in the forenoon voted for the passage of the bill, gave notice that he would, on next day, move a reconsideration of the vote by which the bill repealing extra compensation had passed. And, accordingly, on the following day, Mr. Collins, after a short

INTERVIEW WITH MR. WARREN,

in the Council Chamber, moved a reconsideration of the vote by which the bill had passed on the day previous, which motion was seconded and supported by Messrs. Collins, Warren, Mitchell, Lawrence and enough others to carry the motion; Messrs. Fisher Bullock and Beck voting in the negative. The bill was then indefinitely postponed, which finally disposed of it. The bill to modify compensation may, perhaps, become a law in the last days of the session.

A bill has just passed the House, and is now pending in the Council, purporting to legalize certain illegal acts of certain ex-functionaries of your county. It is being lobbied by a young limb of the law from your town, who has the promise of a handsome reward. I may have occasion to call your attention to this important move at some future time.

At present, unless I at once proceed, I fear I will not be able to fulfill my promise to give some brief sketches of members of the House:

E. D. AIKEN

is a member from Deer Lodge county. He is 33 years of age; was born in Vermont; came to Montana some years ago and engaged in mining. He is a tall, fine looking man, of ordinary ability. He exhibited much diffidence in this new field of labor, but is attentive to business and practical in his suggestions. As a manipulator of a pick and shovel we would judge him to be a success.

C. E. M'CABE

is an "Italian" from the "ould counthry;" aged 33 and a merchant by occupation, in Deer Lodge county, from which he hails; an honorable and industrious member. This is his first experience as a legislator, but his efforts to represent the people that sent him here will be crowned with success. He often convulses the House by characteristic and witty remarks; and is generally timely and instructive in the suggestions he has to offer on questions that come up. His people can afford to send him back. He will do no harm, if he does no good.

H. D. SMITH

is also from Deer Lodge county; is a native of Pennsylvania; aged 34. He resides in Lincoln gulch, and is a merchant. He is a wiry, nervous young man, about 5 feet in height, and weighs about 130 pounds. He is not always at his seat in the House, but when there, is observing and attentive, and sometimes ventures to talk a little on questions that interest him. And because he often becomes so entangled in the mazes of Parliamentary laws that he scarcely knows which one of the boys he is, is no evidence that he is wanting in intelligence. 'Tis he that made "Judge" retract through the *Montanian* for some imagined grievance.

JOHN WILLIAMS,

from Deer Lodge, is a native of Wales, and was born about 32 years ago. His occupation is that of a miner. A sensible man, of practical ideas on most questions, he never was designed as a legislator. He is plain and unassuming, and is worth perhaps more than he would sell for. He is discharging the trust imposed upon him to the best of his ability; is at his post at all times the House is in session; but is the originator of few measures. He is evidently in the Legislature not from any choice of his own. At the end of a tail-race, with shovel in hand, we think he would be a success.

W. W. DIXON,

from Deer Lodge is perhaps the best lawyer in the House. He is a member of the Judiciary Committee, is a good legislator, practiced and thorough. His occupation is that of the law. He is the author of a bill which has passed the House and is now pending in the Council, and is known as the "Chinese bill"—preventing Chinamen and other aliens from holding and working placer mines. This bill is likely to pass and become a law, but the title should be amended to read as follows: "An act to extinguish the Burlingame treaty, the repeal of certain acts of Congress and a few unimportant provisions of the Constitution of the United States." Mr. Dixon is an industrious working member of the House, whose views upon all questions are highly respected by all who hear him.

W. E. BASS

is from Missoula; is a farmer by occupation; unassuming, unpretending. Have no doubt he understands the business of farming.

J. F. LOWRY

is a member from Lewis and Clarke; appears to be about forty years of age. He is from Pennsylvania, and his occupation is that of a law. He is Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and is the acknowledged leader of the House. He has originated a number of salutory measures, some of which have become laws. He is Chairman of the High Joint Judiciary Committee, in whose hands several bills that have been introduced looking to the reduction of officers' fees now gently repose. He is a tall man, approximating six feet nine inches—tall enough to look Aiken square in the face. It is said that our "weather man" has often consulted these two gentlemen as to the temperature of the atmosphere above.

S. F. RALSTON

was born in the State of Kentucky about thirty-six years ago. He is a member from Lewis and Clarke, and his occupation is that of farmer and stock raiser. A man of fine practical sense, plain and unassuming, makes no pretensions to any great qualifications as a legislator, yet by his attention to business, timely and thoughtful suggestions, he evinces the fact that the confidence reposed in him by his constituency has not been entirely misplaced.

DANIEL SEARLES

would take to be about forty-five years of age. Is a native of New York, and a member of the Legislature from Lewis and Clarke. His occupation is that of stock raiser. I don't know whether he has any thoroughbred stock or not, and consequently can't tell how he voted on Jordan's "bull bill." He is considerable of a "talkist;" perhaps talks more and says less than any other member.

JOHN BILLINGS

is a plain man from Sun River; a member from Lewis and Clarke. Was reluctant about coming to the Legislature; thinks his people ought to have sent some one else. An honest, upright man, he has little or no qualifications for the position he occupies, and has sense enough to know it.

H. R. COMEY,

Member from the same county, is Speaker of the House; is about thirty-four years of age, and is a comely young man. He possesses a fair knowledge of parliamentary rules, and makes a much better presiding officer than many expected. His place is in the Chair, and not on the floor, so that he is rarely heard from. He evidently, however, feels his position; and it is even said that he "snuffs Congress in the breeze from afar."

C. PURTT AND J. CLEM

Are both members from Meagher county. Mr. P. is a native of Indiana, and is about forty-five years of age; is an attentive, industrious member, at all times watchful of the interests of his constituents. Mr. Clem is plain and unsophisticated, always in his seat but rarely expresses his views upon any subject. He made his maiden speech a few days ago on the subject of a "lawful fence," and if his opponent was not completely demolished the fence was.

F. M. LOWRY AND H. JORDAN

Are members from Jefferson county. Dr. Lowry is industriously working at all times in the interest of his constituency; makes a good member, and is a man of fine sense and practical views. His people will not regret having sent sent him to the Legislature. H. Jordan is about forty-five years of age and a native of Illinois. He is misrepresenting one corner of Jefferson county. He drove a bull train across the plains to this country and is well qualified to drive one back. He has conceived, drawn up and introduced just one bill during the session, known as the "Bull bill." He is opposed to little bulls. He has failed to profit by the "Little Bull campaign" in his native State, where in an early day the attempt to put down little bulls was a failure. As a parliamentarian he is—well, the authors of Cushing's and Jefferson's manuals may know as much about such things as he, but certeinly no more. He is always in his seat in the House, and always at the Auditor's office on Saturday evening to draw his pay.

J. P. POINDEXTER AND J. C. METLIN,

Members from Beaver Head county, are both quiet and watchful members, possessing more than ordinary ability, attentive and discriminating. Mr. Poindexter is a native of Virginia, aged about forty. He is a man of much experience in the world, is a substantial citizen of Beaverhead, possessing the confidence of his people. Mr. Metlin is a native of Pennsylvania, aged about 38. He is the only Republican member of the House; is reliable, and likewise has the confidence of his people.

E. M. TATE,

Of Gallatin county, is one of the best citizens of that county, but would be more useful at home than in the Legislature. None realize this more than himself. He is not here from his own choice. He is, however, prompt and faithful in his attendance upon the sessions of the House.

R. P. VIVION,

Member from Gallatin county, is about thirty-three years of age, and a native of Missouri. He reports his occupation as that of farmer. We suppose he does this from the fact that he is generally made the "farmer" in all games of "sinch." Mr. Vivion is more than an average member; has made himself quite useful on committees, as well as in the House. Though not accustomed to public speaking, he expresses himself quite well and clearly. He has practiced so much upon his celebrated "Pete M'Gee" speech that every time he rises to his feet you imagine you see the veritable old "Pete" himself. Mr. V. has introduced a number of good bills, some of which will become laws.

N. D. JOHNSON,

(alias Chunky), is a member from Madison, and perhaps the leader of that delegation. He is a blunt spoken, sensible fellow, that loses no opportunity to make known his views upon any question that may arise. He is a useful member in some respects. A poor speaker, he yet loves to talk. With little education, he yet possesses the qualifications of good common sense and much practical experience that do not unfit him for his position. He is a miner by occupation; an independent, clever fellow, that no one disliks.

JEMES GARROUTTE,

Member from Madison, is a miner, aged about forty, is a plain sensible man; makes few pretensions, modest and unassuming; is watchful of the public Treasury, and generally votes no on propositions to increase the burdens of the Territory; is in favor of retrenchment; wants no newspapers upon his desk if his people are to be taxed enormously to pay for them. He is certainly right. He should let his own convenience yield to the public good. He has done, and will do no harm in the Legislature.

S. M. TRIPP,

Of Madison, aged 33, a native of New York, is a miner by occupation. He is a useful and industrious member, always at his post and watchful of the interests of the people. He has introduced a bill in reference to the restaking of quartz lodes, which we hear highly commended. He is much respected by his compeers.

O. C. WHITNEY,

Member from Madison, aged about fifty, is a native of Nova Scotia. He is the most harmless man in the House. He is said to wear a No. 5 hat and a No 13 boot. He has but two ways that he votes; either "I" or "no." And he appears to have little choice which way he goes, generally votes "I," but for a change sometimes votes "no." "All the same, all the same." There seems to be little expected of him; it couldn't be otherwise. None more regular than he to draw his pay.

But, Mr. Editor, pardon the length of this communication; I couldn't make it shorter and do the subject justice. By the way, did you see a communication in a recent number of the *Montanian* signed "Plutarch." That article was written by a couple of "bronchos" of this place, who, aiming their darts at "Buz" in the hopes of demolishing him, have struck wide of the mark, their missiles falling darmless at the feet of a limb of the law at this place. It took the[illegible] and labored and brought forth a mouse." Its myself that's amused at the efforts to identify "Buz." None wider of the mark than "Plutarch." To gratify these two men, I propose in a future communication to give a biography of myself, sometimes called "autobiography," so that my identity will no longer be concealed from the public.

Posthumously, "BUZ."

Message of the Governor of Utah.

SALT LAKE, Jan. 9, 2 p. m.—Governor George L. Woods appeared before the Legislative Assembly and read a message, recommending the passage of a mining law, and also a law as a basis of the efficient system of free schools with a tax upon all property for their support; also an appropriation bill for the Commissioner of the Centennial Celebration of American Independence, and suggests the establishment of an asylum for the insane; also the necessity of railroads to penetrate every portion of the Territory; also a bill to memoralize Congress for a donation of lands, now unproductive and worthless, to those who will improve them by irrigation. The Governor deprecates a violation of the Federal law on polygamy, and says that if one can violate one law with impunity, and shield themselves behind the bulwarks of religious toleration, another class can do likewise with some other law, and so on, until religious dogmas take the place of the Constitution and laws, and anarchy ensues. As a friend to all people, and earnestly desiring the prosperity of all, I urge you to take such steps as will establish harmony between Utah and the General Government on this subject. The Territories are the wards of the Republic, and as such are subject to the will of Congress. The Constitution guarantees freedom of conscience in religion, but presumes that all religious conviction be harmony, with supreme law. Otherwise a national suicide will be the result. There is no statute in Utah on marriage, as should be. Marriage may be a sacrament, but it is none the less a civil contract. This is the established doctrine of the Republic, and should be so regarded in this Territory. In conclusion he pledges himself that, to develop the varied resources of the Territory, to make secure the rights and liberties of the citizens, and to secure a pure and rapid enforcement of the laws, he will give the Legislature his hearty co-operation.

A curious case of forgery has just come to light, wherein Judge Lewis, territorial judge of Idaho, was deprived of his office several month's ago. Judge Lewis' resignation was received at the Attorney General's office, and after a few days was accepted. A successor was appointed by the president, and confirmed by the senate at the last session. The confirmation of his successor was received by Judge Lewis with amazement, and he at once applied to the president, to the Attorney-General and to his influential friends, to know why he was removed. After writing backward and forward several times, it was discovered that the judge's letter of resignation had been forged. These facts were presented to the president but he refused to reinstate him. It is said that a man who has since been elected to the territorial legislature of Idaho was discovered to have committed the forgery from malicious motives, but as no law was found to punish such an offence, he was released from arrest.

WHAT is the difference between a railroad conductor and a bad cold? One knows the stops and the other stops the nose.

CROTON OIL.

Fiendish Revenge of an Indignant Woman.

On Monday evening an episode occurred at the Milwaukee House at Manistee, Michigan, which was intended as a farce and came near becoming a first-class tragedy, and its development combined so much of both that it must be ranked as "high comedy." On that evening a well-known caterer of this city who has for some time kept an eating-house on River street, but since the fire has been connected with the culinary department of the Milwaukee House, was to give an oyster supper to some six or eight cronies and patrons of the above named hotel. Now, as this "o'er true tale" runs, this same person had been so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of a lady connected with the house, who desired that he and the house should part company. So, while the oysters were brewing or stewing, she dispatched the clerk of the house to the Central Drug Store to obtain a quantity of croton oil. He called for half an ounce, but the clerk, knowing its powerful and destructive effect, only put up a quarter of an ounce, at the same time informing him of its potent character and dangerous effects.

This powerful drug was duly conveyed to the lady before mentioned, who evidently understood very little of the agent she was handling. She, it is reported, instructed a servant girl to mix the croton oil with Mr. C's. oysters, it is supposed intending it only for his private dish. But, fortunately, it was mingled in the kettle with the supply intended for the entire company. Meanwhile, "while the broth was brewing," they passed the "flowing bowl," and all went merry as stout John Barleycorn could make it. At last the oysters were brought on in which the croton oil had been mingled "unbeknownst" to them. In obedience to the injunction to "take it hot," a large amount of the beverage was quickly swallowed. The effect was magical. They had "struck ile," and in "paying quantities." Those familiar with this potent and dangerous medicine are aware that one drop is a dose, and these persons had awallowed, on the average, from six to ten doses. The scene that ensued was one to move one's bowels of compassion, if anything ever could. But the serious aspect of the case now appeared, and it was evident that all who had partaken of the oysters were in real and imminent danger of death. Medical aid was summoned, and by prompt and efficient measures any fatal termination was avoided.

But meanwhile the "hired help" of the house, tempted by the fragrant and delicious pottage, had partaken of the medicated oysters, and they quickly reinforced the demoralized ranks of the first party. It was confusion worse confounded. Through one long night of mental anguish and intense suffering tragedy and comedy struggled for the mastery, but, remedy, next day, [illegible] less than miraculous that no fatal result ensued. Some of the men went into convulsions, and will hardly recover from the effects for some time. The consternation of the perpetrators of this malapropos joke can be better imagined than described. As Macbeth says, it was a "sorry sight," and only the immediate action of the drug, before a greater vanity could be taken, probably saved the lives of the parties. Legal proceedings against the perpetrators are talked of, and only the supreme ridiculousness of some aspects of the affair will prevent them. The sufferers are all doing well.

A Dying Nation.

The accounts of the famine in Persia, which continue to arrive in greater detail, bid fair to treat the world to the spectacle of a calamity the like of which has not been witnessed in historic times, at least—the sudden extinction of a nation by want of food.

This has really been the fate of the great states which once filled the valley of the Euphrates, and it is a fate which has for centuries been threatening some modern States—Spain, for instance. Man has stripped the soil of trees, the absence of trees brought droughts; droughts have slowly diminished the productive powers of the ground, and finally destroyed them—the population, in the meantime, dwindling in numbers and vitality. Spain had forty millions of people in the time of the Romans and flowed with milk and honey; it is now an arid region, only half of it under cultivation, with only sixteen millions of inhabitants, and, if modern science had not come to its aid, would probably go the way of Babylon.

Persia was one of the most powerful states of antiquity, and even in the fourteenth century was able to support the army of Tamerlane, who marched without commissariat or baggage, during a bloody contest. It is now almost a wilderness, with a population of two millions—about half of them nomads, which is rapidly perishing from famine brought on by three years' drought. The worst of it is, that, owing to the absence of either common roads or railroads, it seems to be impossible for the charity of the rest of the world to reach the sufferers, so that there is really a strong prospect of the total depopulation of the country.

The moral of this horrible story is—look after your trees.—*New York Nation.*

A few days ago as laborers were cutting a road through a hill near Council Bluffs, Iowa, they excavated a sack containing $12,000 in gold and silver money. It was hidden there eighteen years ago by a man named Muir, who murdered a comrade, a Californian. Muir was captured and hung by a mob of Californians. He had hid the money under a stump in this hollow, but refused to tell where. Many have hunted for the secreted treasure, but all in vain. The laborers shared the booty equally.

THE following correspondence is said to have taken place between a merchant and one of his clients: "Sir, your account has been standing for two years; I must have it settled immediately." Answer—"Sir, things usually settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run a little."

THE Hop CROP.—The increase in the West in 1871, as compared with the same in 1870, is nearly seven millions, or 27 1-2 per cent. This is the principal reason for the decline in the price of pork.

On "Horseback" in Florida.

Florida is a great place for *percolating* through the sand—all sand—much of it was as white as snow. A very quiet State is Florida. No bustle. No confusion. Nobody in a hurry. To-morrow is as good as to-day to do anything, and better. Time is of no account. The climate is glorious. Just one beautiful day after another until you fail to appreciate them.

The boys insisted that I needed relaxation. My health required it. I had a pretty fair article of health. I thought enough to last me as long as I lived. But I must accumulate a stock for future use. The South was the place to get it. And riding was healthy. The sand is too deep to ride, except on horseback, so I thought I would take a ride. I applied to the livery man for a horse. He had one. He looked sorrowfully at me, as though he pitied me. Did I ever ride a mule? I never did. He had as good riding horses as were ever saddled, but if I wanted a "Rock Me to Sleep Mother" style of ride, I would take a mule. I don't consider myself a first-class judge of mules. I had some vague notions in regard to mules, supposed they would do a large amount of work with very little feed and were immortal. I had read of one being driven over the same route by the same boy for eighty-seven years, and he was a young mule yet.

Bring forth the mule. The mule was brought. He was a meek looking cuss—a perfect "Uriah Heep" of a mule, so far as "Umbleness" was concerned. At least that was the view I took of him. He was saddled and mounted. For a mile or two he paced beautifully. I thought those old monks I had read about knew what they were doing when they traveled on mules. I had a high respect for their judgment. Just then my mule began to show symtoms—symtoms of what I did not know. I found out. Dropping his head between his legs, his heels described a parbolic curve, or a diabolic curve, or some other infernal curve, in the air, and I got off and sat on the ground. I got off over his head, and I did it quick. I'm not so old but I can get off an animal of that kind as quick as a boy. Then I looked at the mule to see if he was hurt. He didn't appear to be. Then I enquired round to see how I was. I reported an abrasion on the left hip, and contusion on lower end of my back. Then I thought I would pronounce a left-handed blessing on that mule, and his forefathers and foremothers before him, and on his children after him. But I didn't. I wondered if he would stand fire. If I had had a pistol I would have put the muzzle to his ear and tried him. Not that I am hostile toward him, but was afraid somebody might take a ride on him some day and get hurt. But I had no pistol and so that benevolent and sanguinary idea was frustrated. Then I got up and shook the dust off my feet, and brushed the sand off my trousers, and I testimonied the place where my case to the livery man. But when I looked that he should offer to send for a doctor or a Samaritan, to do me up in a rag, and pour olive oil and champagne on my bruise, he only laughed. And his man that he had to help him, laid on a bench and laughed—then he rolled off the bench and laughed—and I stood holding the mule—then I laughed. It was ridiculous. But I've learned a little wisdom. Next time I ride on horseback it will be a different kind of beast from a bogus jackass.—*Exchange.*

PAY no attention to slanderers or gossip mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their backbiting die the death of neglect. What is the use lying awake nights brooding over the remark of some false friend, that runs through your brain like forked lightning? What's the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage, by some meddlesome busybody who has more time than character. These things can't possibly injure you, unless indeed, you take notice of them, and in combating give them standing. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee stings you, would you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all the backbiting and gossiping we may here by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous so long as we do not expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, and by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "culminators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."

Assassination of James Fisk, Jr.

NEW YORK January 6.

The following are the circumstances attending the Fisk shooting case: At 4:30 p. m. a carriage stopped at the entrance of the Grand Central Hotel. It contained Fisk and a companion. The former alighted and entered the hotel for the purpose of proceeding to his rooms. As he ascended the first step, Stokes came out of an adjoining passage way unperceived by Fisk, unbuttoned his coat, drew out his revolver, and rapidly discharged three shots at Fisk. The first lodged in Fisk's shoulder, the second whistled past his head, and the third, with a more fatal direction, took effect in the abdomen, inflicting a mortal wound. Fisk at once staggerd and fell, while Stokes cast a look of hatred on the prostrate form of his victim and said in savage tones, "I have done for the son of a b—— this time." Fisk evidently recognized his assailant before falling, but made no remark. Immediately after the shots were fired, the hotel employes rushed to the scene, and while some cared for the wounded man, others seized Stokes, who, seeing that escape was impossible, made no resistance. He was promptly handed over to the police. Fisk was quickly conveyed to his room, where the surgeon of the hotel was soon in attendance upon him. Meanwhile telegraphic messages were sent for further surgical aid, and for the friends of Fisk.

At a social party, where humorous definitions was one of the games of the evening, the following question was put, "What is religion?" "Religion," replied one of the party, more famous as a man of business than of wit, "is an insurance against fire in another world, for which honesty is the best policy."

Puget Sound Terminus—Where?

Olympia, *alias* "Brown's wharf," on Budd's Inlet, from all that can be gathered from what the papers detail, will "make the rifle" in catching the terminus, the Tribune reported, a few days ago, that $1,500 had to be raised to pay for a certain portion of that thousand acres; and the next day, the same paper announced that Charles E. Williams, a New Jersey "Cranberry King" who has bought largely on the Sound, had telegraphed a contribution of $1,000 and 25 lots worth $100 each. According to this statement the "game is made," although not the slightest notice of an official selection has emanated from any railroad authority.

Taking for granted that Olympia has secured the prize, according to Olympic rumor, we extend a greeting to our terminal *ex vis!*

Although the present terminus is called "temporary" by general acceptation, we do not so esteem its character. To be sure it's likely the road may extend any supposed distance down the Sound, but if Olympia becomes a *centre* of manufacture and trade, as she may, no mere transit depot can ever uproot her *prestige*, no matter what outcropping of prosperity may develop at another stage of the N. P.'s march to the sea!

Kalama and Olympia have been selected as trade-centres on the schedule of Northern Pacific Railroad policy, as *distinct* from overland main-trunk ideas—one, a centre for Western Oregon and Lower Columbia; the other, an entrepot for the Northwest Coast! Instead of sending the surplus products of the Columbia to San Francisco for reshipment, they will meet the big ships at Olympia, centoring at Kalama, on their way to the Sound! Grain elevators and warehouses at both terminal cities! One city having the lumber, fishery and mining commerce from the Columbia to Alaska, and Kalama as the supply depot to feed all those Northwestern industries!—*Kalama Beacon.*

Terrible Tragedy—Seventeen Persons Frozen to Death.

Gentlemen who come in on the Kansas City, St. Joe and Council Bluff road, yesterday, inform us that on Sunday last a terrible affair occurred in Saline County, Nebraska. A party of immigrants with their families were passing through the county westward, when, the cold constantly increasing, they concluded to camp and light a fire. They were on a piece of high prairie, and several miles from any house, but some three miles off was a piece of timber. After unhitching their teams the men started for this timber to procure fuel. Not returning for several hours, the women left their children and started to hunt them. This is all that is known, save that the next day the bodies of seventeen persons, who had perished from the inclemency of the party who had started to procure homes in the West.

These are the meager particulars we have been enabled to glean of the sad affair. We shall probably learn the names of the unfortunate persons in a day or so.—*St. Joe Herald.*

I heard a good story lately, told of Barnum and a prominent Episcopal clergyman, who shall be nameless, and who is noted for his high opinion of himself. The two met in the street, when the divine patronizingly inquired of the great showman's physical and spiritual welfare, and remarked that it was time he should be prepared for his latter end. To this Barnum agreed, and spoke of the satisfaction with which he had attended the ministrations of the learned preacher. The latter swelled with satisfaction at the praise, and replied, "Barnum I always liked you. You are a good fellow, and I trust we shall meet in heaven." "Oh!" said the imperturbable showman, with a twinkle in his eye, "I have no doubt we shall—if *you* are there."—*N. Y. Cor. Springfield Republican.*

A Georgia colored lyceum discussed the question, "Which is most useful, paper or gunpowder?" The debate was closed by a disputant who spoke as follows: "Mr. President—'Spose dar was a bar out dar at the door, and you was to go dar and shake de paper at him, you'd see what de bar would do. But jes shoot a cannon at him and mark de result. I calls for de question." The President, forthwith decided in favor of powder.

This is the official report of a California vigilance committee: "We, the 500 emigrants, quietly marched to the Justice's court and demanded the prisoner. They refused to give him up. We, the 500 emigrants, took him, tried him, condemned him, and hung him on the same tree he had murdered his victim under. "Farewell, vain world" were his last words, as the mule walked away and left him there. We, the 500 emigrants, followed the mule."

On the road between Meriden and Hartford there is a saloon where decoctions of benzine are passed over a rickety bar at the small price of five cents. Directly opposite is a country graveyard where the country for a few miles around bury their dead. The hostess of the saloon has an unfeeling signal on the door as follows: "Key to the cemetry gate within!"—*Danbury News.*

THE speaker of the British House of Commons enjoys a magnificent residence, finished and kept in repair at the public expense, and containing one hundred rooms. He receives a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars, and on his retirement is always created a viscount, and has a pension of twenty thousand dollars, which, on his death, passes to his eldest son.

TOO BAD.—The following little story is very neatly told by a Danbury paper: "Friday afternoon a young lady sitting in a front window, tossing in her hand what might have been a ball of white yarn, attracted the attention of a middle-aged chap on the street, whose gallantry prompted him to hold up his hands to catch. The interest she displayed in hurling it down to him was no deeper than he showed in catching it, although as several who saw the performance charitably remarked, no one could have known that the egg was a bad one."

TRUTH gives a sense of security to the feeblest man, as lying does of insecurity to the strongest. The true man has but one answer to give to interrogators, one story to tell them, nobody's face to fear.