

# THE AVANT COURIER.

VOLUME 1.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1872.

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AT BOZEMAN, GALLATIN COUNTY, M. T.

**JOSEPH WRIGHT,**  
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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U. S. Marshal	W. F. WILSON	Helena
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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 Yellowstone 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 first Monday in October.  
In Jefferson County, at Red Lodge, 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 Beaverhead County, at Butte, 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.

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**T. E. EDWARDS, S. P. VIVION,**  
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Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory.  
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Will practice in all Courts of Montana.

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Special attention paid to collecting claims, and to matters of land in all the Courts under the Homestead and Preemption Acts. Plans, records and weekly reports can be seen at our office.

**DUS I. BYAN,**  
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,  
At his residence, on Middle Creek.

**REFITTED AND REFINISHED:**  
**GUY HOUSE,**  
A. D. HAWKS, Prop'r,  
Corner of Main and Black Sts.,  
BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

HAWKS taken charge of this popular hotel and... prepared to offer superior accommodations to the public.

## SONG OF THE SHEARS.

Wear, and not over-stout,  
The victim of heartless quizzers,  
An editor sat with his elbows out,  
Plying his pencil and scissors.  
Clip! Clip! Clip!  
In mischief, tasters and teases!  
And still with a voice of melodious dip  
He sang the "Song of the Shears."  
Clip! Clip! Clip!  
While the foreman calls for more!  
And clip—clip—clip!  
Till the "devil" looks in at the door!  
He had to be a connoisseur,  
Or even a school trustee.  
A mayor, policeman, or anything,  
Yes—anything but me!

Oh, women with paper curls!  
With tangles that rattle and quiver!  
It is not paper you're wearing out,  
But a human editor's liver!  
"Hi! Clip! Clip!"  
Hanging for something new,  
Which the managing editor wears after all  
Is as old as the wandering Jew!

But why do I talk of the Jew—  
That race of the nasal hook?  
If only I had such a nose for news,  
To get it by hook or crook!  
By hook or crook, and I wouldn't be slow,  
Because of the fast I keep;  
O heaven! that noses should be so huge,  
And Chinese labor so cheap!

## BE GOOD TO YOURSELF.

"G od-bye! good-bye!" the driver said,  
As the coach went off in a whirl;  
(And the coachman bowed his handsome head)  
"Be good to yourself—my girl!"  
Ah! many a fond good-bye I've heard,  
From many an aching heart,  
And many a friendly farewell word,  
When strangers came to part!  
And I've heard a thousand merry quips,  
And many a senseless joke,  
And many a fervent prayer from lips  
That all a-trouble spoke!  
And many a bit of good advice  
In smooth prosaic phrase;  
And many a wish—'a little price—  
For health and happy days!

But musing how the human soul  
While it wears by its ill-control,  
Its greatest good or ill—  
Of benevolence, I protest,  
I had many a shining pearl,  
I had the merry coachman's bid—  
"Be good to yourself—my girl!"  
JOHN G. SAKE.

## Anecdote of Rosa Bonheur.

She was making her first journey in the Highlands. As they drove across from Loch Lomond to Loch Katrine by Lovat, on a rainy day, with Scotch mist, suddenly an advance picket of rough little Highland cattle—red, black, and dun, with shaggy manes hanging low over their fiery eyes, between their wide spreading horns—emerged from the mist, and blowing the breath from their nostrils, took a deliberate survey of the travelers from a rocky eminence overlooking the road. Rosa Bonheur sprang up delighted, took in the group with an intense and incisive look, as if she had been photographing them in her mind, and saying as it half to herself, "Hi! paint that," sat down again. Well, the party completed that Highland tour. Rosa Bonheur saw much, sketched much, enjoyed much. She bought quite a little stock of Highland sheep and cattle, and then when she got home she set to work to study these, to draw and paint them in all attitudes, under all effects of light—to master and make her Highland kyles her own in another and better sense than by buying; and after some eighteen months of such constant and exclusive study, she sat down, and in some two months, perhaps, painted that very picture of which she had taken a negative on her sensitized albumen plate two years before. Of Highland cattle looking out of the mist. You must, many of you, have seen it in the shop windows. That is the way in which the best pictures are taken.

## How to Get Along.

Do not stop to tell stories in business hours. If you have a place of business, be there when wanted, or in business hours. No man can get rich by lounging in stores and saloons. Never "fool" in business matters. Have order, system, regularity, liberality and promptness. Never buy an article don't need simply because it is cheap, and the man who sells be will take it out in trade. Endeavor to avoid hard words and personalities. Trade is money. Do not kick every stone in the path. More miles can be made in a day by going steadily than stopping. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his hand. Aid, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say "no." No necessity of snapping it out, do "fashion," but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to and think act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead, rather than behind the times.

**DENTISTRY.**—The New York Tribune publishes a remedy for diphtheria which is said by many to be a sure cure. A physician says that of 1,000 cases in which it has been used, not a single patient has been lost. The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a weak made thus: "Table salt, two drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, slant one drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup, which half fill with boiling water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two and four hours, as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply an ounce each of spirits turpentine, sweet oil and aqua ammoniac, mixed, to the whole of the throat and to the breast; once every four hours, keeping fanned to the part.

[From the New York Sun, May 13.]  
**Tennie C. Claplin Wants to be a Joan d'Arc—Asking for the Colonelcy of the Ninth.**

44 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK, May 14.  
DEAR SIR: I understand that the Colonelcy of the gallant Ninth regiment of the National Guard, made vacant by the death of James Fisk, Jr., still remains undilled; also, that there are, as yet, but two candidates for the position—Jerome B. Fellows, and Robt. S. Gregg, both of whom are men of respectability and wealth. But it is to be seriously questioned if such qualifications only can recommend them to the regiment. Fisk had wealth, youth, and brains. Under his guidance the regiment rapidly took rank in the "First Division" as one of the most efficient bodies of men in the service. His men partook of his spirit and dash, and each one felt the inspiration of his genius.

I protest that it would be a wrong to the memory of the dead leader to select as his successor any one who lacks the magnetic influence he possessed over his soldiers—acquiring their love and admiration, and commencing their enthusiasm to the general public. It would be an impediment to the further advance of the regiment to permit such a selection. In fact, it would be a blunder, and the great captain, Napoleon the First, declared a blunder to be worse than a crime. Your connection with the Grand Opera-house brings you in social contact with the committee having the matter of the selection of the Colonel in hand. See the gentlemen, please, and tell them I will accept the position, and pledge myself, if elected, to give such an impetus to recruiting that in thirty days the Ninth will be the foremost in the State.

There can be no objection to me, save that I am a woman. Permit me to remind those who urge it, that Joan d'Arc also was a woman. While I do not make pretensions to the same military genius she possessed, I may state that it has always been my desire to become actively connected with the service, and I have always gratified a passion I have for studying its rules and tactics, in which I am well versed.

I have no doubt that this communication will, at first sight, occasion incredulity as to my intentions, but permit me to assure you I am deeply and fixedly in earnest in the matter. Yours very sincerely,  
TENNIE C. CLAPLIN.

To JOSEPH H. FOSBERG, Manager Grand Opera-house.

THE HON. JOSEPH TOOKER'S REPLY.

MADAM: Captain AUGUSTUS FULLER, I am informed, is chairman of the committee having the recommendatory selection of a Colonel for the Ninth regiment in charge. I can do no more than place your communication in his hands. I am not a member of the organization, and therefore have some delicacy about urging any candidate upon the committee.

Very respectfully,  
JOSEPH H. TOOKER.

To Miss TENNIE C. CLAPLIN, 44 Broad street.

A LADY EDITOR.—The leading New York papers have a lady editor on their respective staffs, and many of these ladies are found to be just as effective and useful in their departments as the masculine quill-drivers. It is left, however, to the New York Times to have a lady in charge of the agriculture and sporting department of that paper. This "sporting" editor is a young Irish girl, named Miss Middle Morgan, who is fully up to the requirements of her position. An exchange describing her says:

"Her department includes the reporting of all the races and cattle shows throughout the country, and she is always to be met at these places. It is a curious sight to see, moving about among the sporting men and reporters, the strapping form of Middle Morgan. But she is not out of place, if the knowledge of a subject can capacitate one for a place. She knows more about horses and their diseases than nine-tenths of the professional horsemen in the country. Middle, although a giantess in form, has a most amiable and pleasing face, and is every inch the real lady. She has the one fault which seems to permeate the entire feminine genus—she will talk, and her conversation is oftentimes voluminous, but then she is so thoroughly good natured that one never gets tired of her. She is known and warmly welcomed at every race-course, and her reports of the contests on the turf in nowise fall behind those of her sterner co-laborers in the editorial field. Middle, it is understood to be the old Irish diminutive for Mary."

The longer I live the more expedient I find it to endeavor more and more to extend my sympathies and affections. The natural tendency of advancing years is to narrow and contract these feelings. I do not mean that I wish to form any friendship every day; to increase my circle of intimates—there are very different affords. But I find that it conduces to my mental health and happiness to find out all I can which is amiable and lovable in these I come in contact with, and to make the most of it. It may last very short of what I was once wont to dream of; it may not supply the place of what I have known, felt and tasted; but it is better than nothing. It keeps the heart alive in its humanity; and still, we shall beal spiritual, this is like out duty and our interest.—The Moravian.

UNACCOUNTABLE PHENOMENA AT A PARTY.—The following is told of a young lady in a gentleman at a fashionable party in Nashville: The young man was handsome and happy, the young lady arrayed in lavender, rose, etc., with gold-powdered hair flowing over her swan-like neck. Finding the heat of the room too much for them, they sought the cool shade of an arbor where they might listen to the fountain's fall. The music rose and fell, they flew on 'silver pinions, and at last, in the absence of at least an hour, young friends re-entered the brilliantly illuminated parlors. The lady passed on in the dance, but the young man was slightly taken aback by his next neighbor informing him that round his neck was the unmistakable print of two arms in chalk and diamond dust, on one shoulder a large pile of yellow powder, and on his upper lip and cheek diamond dust, Moon of youth, and yellow powder raised up general. The lady's hair was observed to be severely and slightly pulled.

## ALL SORTS.

A rum-blossom, is one species of rye-flower. The banana ripens in Florida every month in the year.  
Droves of antelope are grazing upon the prairie near Ellsworth, Kansas.

There is, in Clay County, Ind., a family with twelve pairs of twins and one odd one.  
A woman of forty-three years uses a youth of nineteen, at Detroit, Mich., for breach of promise.

An old bachelor compares life to a shirt-button, because it so often hangs by a thread.  
Two dogs at Waterloo, Wis., recently slaughtered \$75 worth of sheep in one day.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.  
Among the Cheyote hills of Scotland they boast of sheep whose wool will measure eleven and a half inches.

A Sioux City fisherman captured a catfish that weighed over 100 pounds, the other day, in the Missouri.  
Don't let your cattle stray; they wander to the most mysterious places. We once saw a cowhide in a shoemaker's shop.

The Yale-Harvard-Amherst-Brown College regatta will be held on the Connecticut River, opposite Springfield, Mass., on the 23d of July.  
Russia, Austria, Italy, France, Spain, and the United States, six of the eight foremost nations in the world have a legal-tender paper money.

"They don't call it 'going to see a man' in Rensselaer, Ind., but always 'expect a letter,' the post-office being in the hotel bar-room.  
Buzzing Bill-Toad, Chief of the Sacs, is no more. He bought a gallon of alcohol of a trader, and contracted to carry it home without a jug.

A South Carolina negro draws the plow, while his wife holds it and drives. With a long switch she speeds the plowman smartly.  
A fellow who has actually tried it, says that, although there are three scruples in a dram, the more drama you take the less scruples you will have.

A Palatka (Fla.) Herald says: "The orange groves are loaded with blossoms, and the prospect is that we shall have an unusually large orange crop next fall."  
An eminent divine who preached from the text, "Be ye, therefore, steadfast," found to his consternation that the printer made him expound from "Be ye there for breakfast."

The secretary of a total abstinence society in Alabama acknowledges with thanks the receipt of five gallons of whiskey as a contribution to the annual supper of the society.  
A Connecticut paper says: "At present two-thirds of the population of Pequeenue pass Sunday fishing for muskrats with shot-guns. This is the way the other third know when Sunday comes."

It is now ten years since the abolishing of serfdom in Russia, and so successfully has this progressive movement resulted, that even the nobility now heartily endorse the grand idea.  
A witness under cross-examination, who had been tortured by a lawyer for several hours, at last asked for a drink of water. "There," said the judge, "think you'd better let that witness go now, as you have pumped him dry."

"Oh, sir," said a woman pleading for her husband, who was before the police judge for beating her with a poker, "he wasn't always that way. There was a happy time when he only struck me with his fist."  
Two young men hunting on the St. Sebastian River, near St. Augustine, Fla., the other day, proposed to set down upon a certain log to rest, but changed their minds when they found it to be a lively alligator.

The following congratulatory telegram was received from Cincinnati at a wedding party in Nashville: "Send congratulations to your nuptials. May your future troubles be only little ones."  
An Illinois editor has become so hollow from depending upon the printing business alone for a living that he proposes to sell himself for stove-pipe at three cents a foot.

Sometimes one gets along without advertising. Instances are given of pilgrims reaching Mecca on their knees.  
Watch those fellows who do not take their home paper; spot these fellows; they are a small-souled, stingy bandful who go through the world on other folk's money.

"Does the Court understand you to say that you saw the editor intoxicated?" "Not at all, only I have seen him so—so flurried in his mind as to attempt to cut out copy with the snuffers, that's all."

A Boston Yankee observed that John Chinaman didn't whistle, so he opened a whistling school in San Francisco, where fifty pawns now "do" Yankee Doodle, with only a slight Celestial accent.  
Terre Haute has an Enoch Arden case. A husband who had been in California for ten years returned the other day to find his wife another's. The difficulty was settled by a game of "seven-up," and the Californian won, and all were happy.

The lady (D) who yesterday called the attention of another to our patched breeches, whereat they both laughed so heartily, is informed that a new pair will be purchased when her husband's "little bill" is settled; it has been due nearly a year. Don't criticize a printer's dress too closely while wearing silks purchased with money due him. Tell your husband to send us \$370 at once, and save the cost of an entire suit.

A stolen kiss saved a girl's life in Leavenworth, for if the man who did the deed had not pulled her head forward just as he did, a beam, which fell from the upper floor, would have dashed her brains out. Such is the story, anyhow. And now, the Leavenworth girls' when in gentlemen's company, cast their eyes furtively at the ceiling, and act as if they were just as leaf have a beam fall as not, if they were certain the young men would pull their heads in time.

Two neighbors living in Westchester county, had a long and unprovoked litigation about a small spring, which they both claimed. The judge, wearied out with the case, at last said: "What is the use of making so much fuss about a little water? Your honor will see the use of it." replied one of the lawyers, "when I inform you that the parties are both milkmen!" The roar of laughter which followed, proved that the entire audience was the judge.

## PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

PHILADELPHIA, June 5.  
Long before the hour of twelve, immense crowds gathered in and around the Academy of Music, where the Convention meets. As the State delegations arrived at the hall in rapid succession, loud cheers greeted them by the throats of spectators who crowded the hall. Each man carried a banner bearing the motto of his State. The Academy decorated a gorgeous spectacle; the interior decorations were unsurpassed by magnificence and splendor, and all the arrangements were most complete.

Wilson has been gaining for the Vice-Presidency all the morning, and there is every indication that he will be the successful man. Ohio now stands 34 for Wilson and 14 for Colfax. Pennsylvania has decided to oppose Colfax, and it is now thought he cannot possibly be elected.

Shortly after twelve o'clock—every State and Territory being fully represented—the Convention was called to order by ex-Governor Claplin, in a brief speech referring to the character of the Convention and the object of its meeting, and predicting a triumph of the party it represents, in spite of unexpected defections, over all comers, however skillfully planned, because in its success is centered the best interests, and highest hopes of the country.

After prayer by Rev. Alex. Reed of Philadelphia, Governor Claplin nominated Morton McMichael, temporary chairman, and four temporary secretaries were appointed.  
McMichael, on taking the chair, made a brief speech, returning thanks for the honor conferred, especially as it gave him occasion to welcome the delegates to the State and city. He referred to the rapid growth of the country and the political progress which brought to the Convention not only new States and Territories, but new races—w. at least, in the possession of political rights and civil in turn, and soon to be endowed with all the attributes of equality. Referring to the purpose of the Convention, he said the malcontents who recently met at Cincinnati were without a constituency, and the Democrats soon to meet at Baltimore were without a principle. Unlike the first, this Convention was the exponent of a great National organization; unlike the latter, its object was to preserve, not to destroy. In reference to the objects of the Convention, he said the selection of a Presidential candidate was the first and most important duty of the Convention, which would not only be done without demerit, without debate, without dissent, but under such auspices as would secure complete and abundant ratification at the polls. Referring to the persistent abuse of the Grant, the calamities that had been heaped upon him, and the disgraceful slanders circulated against him, he declared that he was a countryman, and was believed by them to be an honest, true, and better man than any of his detractors. The people knew that his administration had been wise, faithful, and honest, and would stand by and defend both at the polls. He referred briefly to the platform, saying that whatever would be the final result of the former, all would feel that they had been successful, and the latter would undoubtedly contain the wisest recognition of human freedom and the clearest affirmation of the duty of the Government to the laboring classes, wherever and however employed, in town or country; and with such a platform and such candidates he predicted that the party would go on conquering and to conquer.

After the temporary organization was effected calls were made for Senator Logan, Gerrit Smith, Nye and Morion, each of whom addressed the Convention briefly in eulogy of the Republican party, the President and government, the acts of his administration, and predicting an overwhelming triumph in November. Every allusion made to Grant in the speeches was tremendously applauded, and the most intense enthusiasm was evoked.

Committees on credentials, permanent organization, rules and resolutions, were then appointed.  
The Committee on Resolutions are Gov. Hawley, of Connecticut, J. H. Whittington, of California, Heron Roster, of Illinois, James Speck, of Kentucky, W. A. Howard, of Michigan, L. H. Head, of Nevada, Gov. Hays, of Ohio, H. R. Kincaid, of Oregon, G. W. Schofield, of Pennsylvania, D. B. Elliott, (colored) of South Carolina, J. B. Schaefer, of Colorado, and John F. Cook, of Idaho.

After the Committee on Permanent Organization had retired for consultation, brief speeches were made by ex-Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois, ex-Gov. Orr, of South Carolina, and others.  
W. H. Grey, colored delegate from Arkansas, addressed the Convention in a well delivered, forcible speech, pledging the entire colored vote of the South for Grant.

The speakers were all enthusiastic in their expressions of confidence in Grant, and in his ability to sweep the entire country next fall.  
The Chairman of the Committee on Organization reported the name of Thomas Settle, of North Carolina, for permanent President. Mr. Settle, on taking the Chair, made a few remarks. The Convention then adjourned until 10 o'clock to-morrow.

The Pennsylvania delegation held a caucus this morning, and resolved to support Wilson for the Vice-Presidency.  
Wilson's friends now claim 420 delegates. Illinois will give Colfax 16, and Wilson 20. Ohio will give Wilson 30, and Colfax 14.

The platform will be reported and the nominations made to-morrow.  
Governor Pierpont, of West Virginia, has secured from the delegation of that State, and in a speech, declared his preference for Greeley.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6.  
The Committee on Resolutions not being ready to report, it was decided to proceed to the nomination of President and Vice-President. Colfax, of Illinois, moved that U. S. Grant be nominated President by acclamation, the audience and delegates rising, waving hats, etc.

Henry Wilson was nominated for Vice-President on the first ballot, receiving 33 1-3 votes, to 212 1-2 votes for Colfax.

## CONSEQUENTIAL DAMAGES.

**Important Correspondence Between John Bull and Jonathan Smith.**  
The following correspondence shows the present condition of a long dispute between two neighbors:  
DEAR BULL: Some time ago your wagon ran into my buggy at the turnpike gate, and broke one shaft, and knocked four spokes out of the left wheel. What are you going to do about it. Truly yours,  
JONATHAN SMITH.

DEAR SMITH: I don't see that I ought to pay damages done by the wagon. In fact, I had lent it to a relation of yours. But, as you say I am responsible, I agree to leave it to Hans Breitman, who keeps the toll-gate to say whether I ought to pay the damage. Truly yours,  
JOHN BULL.

DEAR BULL: I agree to leave it to Breitman. Yours truly,  
JONATHAN SMITH.

DEAR SMITH: I went to Breitman's this morning, and he showed me the bill sent in by Mr. Shed, your attorney. He says that by the injury to the buggy you were stopped from going to town, where you might have made \$500,000 by a speculation in mess pork. He has put in a bill for \$500,000. I would not object to the seven dollars and fifty cents for repairs to the buggy, but the rest of the claim is ridiculous. Yours truly,  
JOHN BULL.

DEAR SIR: It don't make any difference about the amount of my bill. We have left it to Breitman to say what's right. Yours truly,  
JONATHAN SMITH.

DEAR SIR: I will not leave any such claim to Breitman; he cannot understand it—indeed, he hardly understands English at all, and might give a smashing award against me on your ridiculous claim. Yours truly,  
JOHN BULL.

DEAR BULL: Don't let us quarrel about it. My attorney's claim does seem to be ridiculous. All my friends tell me so. Let us both say to Breitman that it is ridiculous, and then leave the matter to him. Yours truly,  
JONATHAN SMITH.

DEAR SIR: Since you admit it is ridiculous, you had better withdraw it. I will pay anything that Breitman says for repairing the buggy, but will not put it in any lawyer's power to bankrupt me. Yours, etc.,  
JOHN BULL.

SIR: If I were to withdraw my claim people would laugh at me. I'll stick to it if it is ridiculous. D—n the buggy; I will lose the money on it. Not at all yours,  
JONATHAN SMITH.

## A Good Boy.

A youngster attending school has written to his mother the following characteristic letter:  
Dear Mother—I got another licking yesterday, but I had on three pair of pants, and it didn't hurt me much. I was licked because I put six pins in Mr. M—'s chair. I knew they would not stick him, and make a bet that they would not. Mr. — was so mean and hard that the pins would not go in. I won the bet, which was a dog. He is a good dog, and I am training him to bite old "Hardsides," as we call him, some night when he comes home after dark, and if Zack is as good after him as he is after cats, I won't get licked any more. Zack and I killed the cats Sunday, though I was at Sunday-school and Church all day, and it wasn't a good day for killing cats either. That makes the third licking I got this week. One was because I had a bottle of milk in my room, and the other was because I wrote a composition on negroes that old Hardsides didn't like. I said that a negro was a dark subject to write on. It was like a dark African going down a dark cellar on a dark night without a light to look after a cat that was not there. Old Hardsides stopped me and licked me for that. Send me some more of them pies. I made a good trade with some of them. If you will send me five dollars I will stop all my bad habits, except cursing and swearing and chewing and drinking and one or two others. You had better make the trade. Give my love to Julie, and tell her to send me that little fiddle I left in the old trunk.

Your affectionate son, BILLIE.

## Good Manners.

If good manners are not to die out amongst us, reverence must be restored. The old man must be honored, the weak must be considered, the illustrious must be deferred to, and most of all, women must be respected. Women have the matter in their own hands. They can compel men to be well-mannered, and men who know how to be polite to women will end by being polite to each other. Hauteur always implies want of consideration for others, and is therefore no part of politeness, save indeed when an impertinence has been quietly but effectively resented. If we were asked to name the word which embodies female politeness we would say "graciousness." Women should be gracious; graciousness is their happy medium between coldness and familiarity; as self-respect is that of man between arrogance and downright rudeness. Probably there can be no true politeness where there is no humility, either real or well assumed. In a self-making age we can not be surprised at meeting so much self-assertion and so much aggressiveness. We can not wait for the time when the process will be complete, and the individual well-bred enough once more to recognize his own significance.—Temple Bar.

Says the Interior Journal, of Stanford, Kentucky: "There is a negro boy in this town, aged about 17 years, who has no knee joints. His knee are as stiff and straight as a gun barrel, yet he walks about as briskly as though he were able, like the rest of mankind, to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," and is as fond of smoking, as his friend Gen. Grant.

An affectionate Detroit man was sent for the other day to reunite with his sister who had been trying to take poison. He knocked her down and dragged her around the room by her hair, and flung by tenderly assuring her that "if she didn't go to work she'd let the suicide business alone he would break her neck for her."

## The Raw Hide.

A few miles west of Omaha, a miry, sluggish stream runs into the Platte, and this stream is called the "Raw Hide." It is said that soon after the discovery of gold in California, a young man belonging to a party who started from "the State" and crossed the plains in search of gold, made a foolish boast before starting from home to the effect that he would shoot the first Indian he saw. The party soon crossed the Missouri River, and soon found themselves in the great valley of the Platte, passing up the valley, they encamped one evening on the banks of the stream spoken of, which at that time was nameless. As the train was about to move out next morning, a small party of young Indians who had come across the river from the Pawnee village on the opposite side, approached the encampment. These were the first Indians the party had seen, and the young man who had said that he intended to shoot the first Indian he saw was reminded of his boast, and he immediately picked up his rifle, took aim at a young squaw, and shot him dead. The news was carried to the village at once, and the party of whites were surrounded by exasperated Indians, and the young man who had done the shooting was seized, stripped, tied to a wagon-wheel, and skinned alive, the poor fellow begging of both enemies and friends to shoot him, and thus end his terrible suffering. The remainder of his party were compelled to stand by and witness the torture without being able to render him any assistance. The unfortunate man survived the operation but a few moments, and