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ORNAMENTAL PAINTER!
Is prepared to execute all work in his line in the highest style of the art, and will guarantee satisfaction in every instance.
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Manufactures and Repairs Jewellery.
Will lay down American Watches at ten to fifteen per cent. lower than they can be purchased of Eastern Advertising firms. If you doubt this, bring along your price lists and compare them before sending.
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At the Post-Office,
MAIN STREET,
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Cosmopolitan Hotel,
Nos. 37 & 39 Main Street,
HELENA, Montana,
SCHWAB & ZIMMERMAN,
Proprietors.

Metropolitan Hotel,
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Proprietor,
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Having taken charge of this elegant Hotel, the finest in the Territory, I am prepared to entertain the traveling public and regular boarders with First-Class Fare and Accommodations. The building is constructed of brick, is comparatively new and the rooms are furnished throughout with all modern improvements, affording guests Comfort and Pleasure. The kitchen and dining room are under the supervision of EXPERIENCED COOKS AND ATTENTIVE WAITERS. The tables are supplied with everything the market affords. CHARGES REASONABLE. The coaches stop at the Metropolitan. LOUIS KRUGER.

Poetry.

Trust.

I cannot see, with my small, human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me;
I only know he saith, "O child, follow me;"
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before;
I only know that God could keep wide the door;
But I can trust.

I find no answer, often, when beset
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,
And often have but strength to faintly pray;
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as, with trembling hand,
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground;
If ripened fruit for God will there be found;
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely 'round me in its wrath;
But this I know, God watches all my path—
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight;
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,
To see, while here, the land beyond the river;
But this I know I shall be God's for ever;
So I can trust.

JULY FOURTH, 1877.

Recollections of Washington.

BY SIDNEY BARCLAY.

The following note was found among the papers of the late Lord Erskine:

TO GENERAL WASHINGTON:
Sir—I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence which is to be found in the book I send to you. I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted of men, but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray to God to grant you a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the happiness of the world.

T. ERSKINE.

On the year of our Lord 1790, I stood upon the door-step of the counting house of which I was then but the youngest clerk, when my companion hurriedly said, "There he comes! There comes Washington!" I looked up Pearl street, and saw approaching, with stately tread and open brow, the Father of my country. His hat was off, for the day was sultry, and he was accompanied by Colonel Page and James Madison. Never have I forgotten, nor shall I to my dying day forget, the serene, the benign, the God-like expression of the countenance of that man of men. His lofty mien and commanding figure, set off to advantage by an elegant dress, consisting of a blue coat, buff small-clothes, and shoe-buckles and white vest; his powerful, vigorous look (for he was then in the prime of life and strength of his manhood), have never faded from my mind the many years which, with all their chances and changes, have rolled between. As Washington passed near the spot where I stood, his mild, clear blue eye fell upon me, and it seemed as though his very glance were a benediction. Though high deeds and noble acts, fame, death, a nation's worship and tears, have since in the deep places of my heart consecrated his name above every other name of earth, yet, even then, boy as I was, the glance thrilled me through and through; my eyes fell beneath it, and my hand was involuntarily raised, to uncover my head as that august personage passed by. The aspect of the outer man alone was calculated to enforce respect, to compel awe and reverence. But there is that in the sight and presence of a being whose name we have been taught to hush in infancy with grateful affection, and have held up to us in boyhood as worthy of all honor and imitation, which stirs feelings which lie far down in the depths of the soul, and inspires faith and trust in God, and in his goodness. Oh! Heaven taught, man goodness. Oh! Heaven ordained that Heaven endowed man's deliverer. Maker to be thy country's deliverer. Once again I saw the President. He was riding, the carriage being drawn by four beautiful bays. I remember well its four beautiful bays. I remember well its silver plate and yellow panels. Mrs. or Lady Washington, as she was always called, sat by his side. She was of a comely called, sat by his side. She was of a comely and pleasant countenance, and appeared to be conversing in a lively manner with the General.

"Be not too familiar, lest men see thee infirmities, and learn to cavil at thy teaching."

This truth Washington appears to have appreciated; or rather it was innate in his character. Yet, no man had fewer infirmities than he, and none could have

less dread of scrutiny. The most conspicuous trait in his character, and one of the rarest virtues, was moderation. This was exemplified in every set of his life. Temperance, the key to his great success. Ambition, fame, military glory, considered in themselves, seem never to have had entrance into his clear, conscientious mind. With him all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" were never dreamed of. The right and freedom nerved his arm. He drew only the sword of defence. Though his courage was undaunted, enthusiasm formed no part of his character. "The loud clarion and the spirit-stirring drum" never drew in his ear the cry of despair, the shriek of the dying. He never for a moment forgot that the fall of the meanest soldier on the battlefield carried desolation, wailing, and often death-tuition, to a household.

But to return. The gaily prancing steeds soon rolled the carriage out of sight, and left me standing in the street, an enthusiastic boy-dreamer, with wondering gaze, and crowding thoughts.

Once more he was borne along; the steeds now prancing and gay, but one, the old war-horse, was led before his master's body, saddle and stirrup empty, and cloth of black covering him. Mournfully the dumb animal seemed to walk. How mutely eloquent it was! The scene is now before me: the solemn procession slowly moving, marked through all its length with the sad tramping of woe. The unutterably solemn strain of music, the march for the dead, rings in my ear. I seem to see again the serious, downcast faces of the men who followed it. Again I hear the sobbing and the weeping of the women, and see the wond'ring and affrighted look of the little children. Each mourned as with a personal grief. Earth will never again behold such a spectacle—a nation melted in tears.

Why were they shed? What trait of our beloved Washington do we most revere? Is it not his transcendent goodness, his unselfish integrity, his purest patriotism? Yes, we love, while we honor, his memory. While he lived, we reposed trust in him, as in an ark of safety, a shield of defence. A God-fearing man, He prospered and blessed his life. Favored of Heaven, he enjoyed the confidence of men. No, I repeat, never shall I forget the words which wrought wonder, consternation and fear in my mind—WASHINGTON IS DEAD!

For many years I dwelt in the very house in which the great defender lived. I slept in the very room in which he slumbered. Sometimes an ancient friend of the family would point out with pleasure and honorable pride the very spots where the General and his lady stood on grand reception days; how they were attired; what gracious words they spoke, and how kindly and hospitable they were. And then the old man, sighing, said to my mother, with the retrospective glance of age, "Ah, madam, those were palmy days!"

There was one article in the house which had belonged to the Washington family, and only one. It was an old mirror—set in a frame of mahogany, and never removed. Well do I remember, when a mere child, being told this by an old servant, and how I gazed upon it with veneration, because it had often reflected the face and form of the beloved Washington. Many a sleepless night when I have lain on my bed, the wind whistling mournfully without, a lonely feeling would creep over me as I looked upon the wainscoted walls of the Grand Room, the old blue tiles of the large fire-place, and the deep embossed windows, and felt the stillness so profound within that I could almost hear the beating of my heart—a vivid picture of the illustrious man was before me, his countenance uplifted and lustrous with heaven's peace and hope—for I had been told he was a man of prayer; and in this, I had been taught to believe, lay his strength. And, then, a yet more glorious vision passed before me—I have seen him one of the throng of those who walk beneath the shadow of the Throne; his face radiant, a crown of light encircling his brow, yet wearing the same serene, majestic look he wore on earth.

Spirit of Washington, wise, mild, merciful, temperate, just, we evoke thee; influence, guide, and rule thy countrymen.

The Revolution.

[From a Diary of the Revolution.]

In reading my Bible to day I came to that beautiful passage: "And nation shall not lift up sword against nation, nor learn war any more. The sword shall be turned into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook." It appears to indicate that the peaceful pursuits of agriculture will prevail over the earth, and war and devastation cease. May God hasten the day!

Yet, the resistance of the Colonies against oppression is righteous and just. This land is destined to be the Home of the Free. It seems as though God, having prepared and decreed it for the refuge of the persecuted and the wretched of the earth, had opened the eyes of the hardy Spaniards, whose faith was certainty, and whose adventurous spirit never flagged, revealing the existence of a broad continent over the wide waters, which appeared to others a wild chimera. And then the indomitable perseverance of the early settlers, which no difficulties could daunt, no hardship subdue. The piety and self-denial of the Puritans; the enthusiastic faith and devotion of the Covenanters, the

Huguenots, in deep baptism of sorrow; all here comes the chosen of God, to place prepared for them in wisdom and mercy—the Canaan to the Israelites! Over these broad lands and fertile fields a race is to spread, and become like the leaves of the forest, or the sands of the sea, for numbers. Here liberty, peace, and plenty shall prevail beneath the benignant smile of the Lord. But never may we or our children's children, like the Israelites, wax wanton, and turn against the God of all our mercies!

The declension of the Covenant people is affecting portrayed in the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, and fearful denunciation is pronounced against those in such a case.

"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of olive oil, of milk and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness. Thou shalt not lack anything in it. A land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. And thou shalt think in thine heart, My power, and the might of mine hand, hath gotten me this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth."

The Fate of the Benders.

The Benders might have continued their bloody work in peace and prosperity for an indefinite length of time had they continued p'anting their victims in the garden. But previous to the killing of Dr. York, they had murdered a man by the name of Jones. In February, a man named Conklin, in company with another, while riding along Drum Creek, saw the dead body of a man caught in some drift-wood. It proved to be the body of Jones. He had his skull smashed in with a hammer, and his throat cut from ear to ear. The body had no clothing upon it, save a shirt. Some ten or a dozen farmers met quietly on the banks of Drum Creek, and, after viewing the body of Jones, held a council. At this meeting the Benders were spoken of suspiciously, and it was determined to keep the discovery of the body quiet until further developments. The next day a man who was evidently a tramp, and had footed it from Independence on his way to Fort Scott, stopped at Detroit's house and asked for something to eat. In conversation with this man, Detroit learned that late the previous evening the tramp had, while looking around for a place to pass the night, come across a small haystack back of the Benders' house, into which he quietly nestled himself. It must have been midnight when he was awakened by voices, and quietly looking out from his nest he saw the dim outline of three persons, evidently at work digging, at a short distance from him. It was so dark that he could not distinguish them, but he could hear them speak in German, a language he did not understand. His first impulse was to go out to them. But something seemed to withhold him, and after a time they had finished whatever work they were at and withdrawn into the house. The tramp departed early in the morning and had tramped on until he had stopped at Detroit's house for breakfast. He concluded his tale by remarking that, "it looked mighty like they were burying some one."

Mr. Detroit said nothing at the time, but when the party of twelve met by appointment on Drum Creek, he related the circumstance to them, and it was determined to give the Bender mansion a quiet investigation. A wagon track was discovered leading to the Bender place from where Jones' body had been thrown into the creek. The party struck out on the wagon trail, and at about sunset brought them within view of the tavern. It was then determined to forego proceedings until the morning, when in the morning the entire party would meet on Drum Creek well armed, and ride over to the Bender place.

On the morning, at about 8 o'clock, the party assembled on the creek and immediately proceeded over the prairies to the suspected houses. But when they arrived they found the Bender ranche deserted. The Benders had noticed the squad of horsemen riding upon the wagon trail the previous evening, and during the night had banded up their effects and departed. The Benders at this time had four horses, a cow, and a wagon load of household truck.

While the scouting party were canvassing the new state of affairs, Mr. Detroit and others went in search of the spot indicated by the tramp.—They searched around for some time in vain, as the ground had been recently plowed over, but at length struck a spot that appeared moist; but the rest, as though the earth beneath it had recently been turned over, No shovel being found, three of the party set to work with shingles torn from the house, and after digging a hole four feet deep, one of them, with a shout, reached down his hand, and pulled up the skirt of a man's under-garment, and beneath it could be seen an exposed portion of a human body. This was the corpse of Dr. York, though at the time the explorers did not know it.

The track of the Bender wagon could be seen leading to the southwest. The horsemen followed at full speed. Just as sunset the pursuers came in sight of the fugitives. They had evidently urged their teams on with all speed possible, as

they were a good forty-five miles from their tavern, and the animals appeared well used-up. There was no cow with the outfit, nor has the Bender cow been seen or heard of from that day to this. As the pursuit came in sight of their game, they gave a yell and charged down upon them. The moment the Benders caught sight of their pursuers, the great consternation appeared to seize upon them. Jean Bender, who was walking by the side of the wagon, ran forward to the lead team, as though to un hitch them, but was evidently retailed by the old man, who handed him out an old-fashioned, smooth-rifle. With this weapon he fired a harmless shot at the advancing horsemen, and then drew a navy revolver, and reached his hand into the wagon for another. Before he had time to draw it forth, however, a shot from one of the farmers laid him out lifeless on the prairie, the ball entering his left breast and piercing the heart.

Old Bender stood up in the wagon, and, striking down the cover, yelled at his horses in German, and flourished a revolver over his head. The pursuers wished to capture them alive if possible, but did not like to approach too close to the old man's revolver. As they were going down a hill in the prairie one of their lead horses fell; and Kate, springing out of the wagon, went to the fallen animal as if to get it up. But instead of raising up the fallen beast, she cut loose his mane, and mounting it, was endeavoring to make her escape on its back. At this the old man seemed crazed with anger, and fired his revolver at her. He did not hit her, however, but the horse springing forward caught a leg in the breaching of its fallen mate, and went down, with Kate under him. The old man having emptied his revolver, the pursuers closed in on him, and beat him down with their gun-barrels, though he and his wife fought like tigers to the last. After they had tied Bender and his wife, they got the girl out from under the horse, and found that she had a leg broken in the fall. Detroit said Kate asked a very devil. She cursed them, cursed her father and mother, and seemed a red-hot trial of wrath.

The party moved over to a "run" and camped for the night. Old Bender refused to give a word to Detroit, but both he and his wife cursed their captors in German. Kate Bender seemed to think their captors knew everything, and while she would not answer questions, she made no concealment of the hellish work that had been carried on at the tavern, and asserted frequently that they had killed over 100 persons. She said she had done most of the throat cutting herself; that John was afraid; that he or the old woman did well enough to knock their victims on the head, but they appeared to be afraid of them after they were down.

When asked why they had killed so many (referring to her assertion of having killed 100 persons), she replied that the old people (meaning her parents) liked the money, but she liked to see the blood. She was lying, but the ground around her broken limb preventing her escape. One of the men happened to sit down near her, when quick as thought she jerked her revolver from his belt and fired at him. The ball missed him and entered the fleshy part of the thigh of a man named Love. Before she could fire again she was shot, one of the balls passing through her head.

The old couple looked on with apparent indifference upon the terrible scene, but when spoken to would not reply, save to give utterance to maledictions upon their pursuers.

The farmers held a long consultation as to the disposal of their prisoners. A bond of seven hundred dollars was entered into, and so the man and his wife were both shot. They made no appeal to mercy, but died cursing. The following morning their effects were divided up among their captors. The bodies were buried on the spot.

Skeptics.

One cannot read the writings of the more thoughtful among the skeptics without a sympathetic sadness, for he finds their tone to be sad. The closing part of the last work of Strauss, in which he confesses the inward struggle which he endures in the inward struggle with the idea of a Divine Providence and of the soul's immortality, is enough to bring tears to the eye of a Christian reader. So also Mr. Gregg, the English skeptic, writes like a man with the heartache, and has a noteworthy passage as to the pain which attends the giving up of one's faith in the religion in which he was nurtured, and in which wife and children, it may be, still believe.

Sherman's Politics.

Gen. Sherman, in his Chicago decoration day speech, touched upon the Southern policy in the following words: "Since I shook hands with General Lee at Appomattox, I have been willing to forgive. But I will not forgive when the principles for which they (our soldiers) fell are established. I don't think it best to be too hasty about it. I don't believe in legislative forgiveness. I don't believe in talking forgiveness. I don't believe in talking too much about it. I don't belong to any party. I am not a Republican. I am not a Democrat. But I think this thing is too much talked about. It must be allowed to take its own course, as other matters do. It will take time. But I don't believe it is well to do too much talking about it."

News Items.

—Terrible wind storms have devastated the western States.

—Marblehead, Mass., almost totally burned up on the 28th ult.

—The historian of Napoleon, S. C. Abbott, died two weeks since.

—Robert Dale Owen died at Lake George, N. Y., on the 24th ult.

—The Union Pacific Black Hills railroad will not be built this season.

—Two hundred Mormon emigrants, bound for Utah, arrived at New York on the 25th.

—Sherman favors making Washington a permanent military post, with a garrison of six or seven hundred men.

—Sitting Bull assures the Dominion authorities that violation of treaties by the United States warranted his rebellion.

—The Lack monument, consisting in part of seven statues, and costing \$20,000, is being erected at Fredericksburg, Pa., where Lick learned his trade of cabinet-maker.

—The President decides that no Federal officials shall have connection with any political organizations whatever, and must confine their political efforts to voting, writing and speaking.

—The haste with which buildings in Chicago were constructed after the fire is beginning to tell against them. Many of the finest buildings are affected with dry rot and threaten to fall down.

—Five car loads of vinegar from Chicago were condemned by the New York Board of Health a few days ago, it being considered dangerous to health. It was adulterated with sulphuric acid and lime.

—Artificial flowers called barometers are now seen in many Parisian shops. They are colored with a material composed of chloride of cobalt. When they are exposed to sun and dry air the leaves become deep blue, when the air is moist they turn pinky.

—A Paris grocer offers for sale small bits of macaroni for use in soup, which are stamped with the image of Napoleon III, instead of, as ordinarily, with letters of the alphabet. When the macaroni swells the features enlarge until the nose, mouth and eyes are visible.

—The Secretary of the Treasury reports as lost and destroyed, and thus not to be redeemed, \$86,535,135.50 fractional currency—while the currency outstanding will foot up \$30,000,000. But the Attorney General decides that there should be deducted from the amount of such currency issued and not redeemed the sum lost and destroyed; that that sum being \$21,206,930.33 will leave \$13,196,416.83 outstanding.

—Earrings composed of little gold hoops in which are swung owls made of bog-wood with yellow eyes, of rings of gold, with birds' eggs in enamel, the little birds sitting on the edge, are the newest fancies. French jewelry shows many new designs in imitation of beetles, flies, birds, arrows, keys and other devices, in which turquoises and fine rubies are encrusted. Silver combs are fashionable, and demand silver jewelry to match.

—A Los Angeles dispatch says a volcano eruption lately occurred in the mountains opposite Flowing Wells station, on the Southern Pacific railroad, about sixty miles from Yuma. It was preceded by a violent vibration of the earth, about half an hour after which a dense volume of smoke and huge black and broken boulders were observed to issue from the mountains. It continued in an active state all day, but became nearly passive at nightfall.

Other People.

Lucca is to retire permanently from the operative stage, and will reside in the future at her villa at Goldenberg, in Switzerland.

A dinner to one-armed Confederates is given every year by John D. Edmondson, of Lagrange, Georgia, who lost an arm in the war.

The Chicago Post is now owned by Bennett, of the New York Herald, and is to be made the boss evening paper in Chicago.

Farmers in the rural districts of New York make complaint that tramps steal the hats and coats off the scarecrows they place in the fields.

Lieut. Clark, of Gen. Crook's staff, has enlisted Crazy Horse and fifteen of his best men for duty at Red Cloud Agency, while Spotted Tail, Red Cloud, and Crazy Horse have been advanced to the grade of sergeants.

It is said of Peter B. Brigham, a wealthy Bostonian, who recently died, that although he made all his money in the run business and kept one of the most noted and worst bar-rooms in the metropolis, he never drank a drop of ardent spirits, and was a man of philanthropic ideas and impulses.

There's a good deal of the old Bob Toombs left in him, after all. "I am proud to worship the glorious Confederate flag now," he says, "as I did on the battlefields of Virginia, Maryland and Georgia;" and "I detest and abhor the constitutional amendments, and will never recognize them as a fundamental law."

An Australian firm, who have been in the habit of dealing exclusively with

Sh. field and Birmingham hardware dealers, are now purchasing goods to the amount of \$150,000 yearly in this country. A writer in England makes the following prediction: American wooden ware, willow-ware, corn brooms, and even a certain class of paper, are cheaper and better than any produced here. In ten years it will be no longer a question of competition.

Princess Demitoff, a young Russian lady, wearing the full uniform of a Hussar and mounted upon a magnificent charger, rode at the head of a splendid regiment of Cavalry through the outskirts of Bucharest, not long ago. She is the daughter of the honorary Colonel and proprietor of the regiment, who is reported as spending \$50,000 a year upon it. No Russian Cavalry is so well mounted, the horses averaging sixteen hands high, comprising chestnuts, whites, browns, and bays respectively.

The Terror of Night Editors.

Several hundred night editors, says the Atlanta Constitution, have heard with a groan that the Poles are thinking of taking a hand in the European unpleasantness. That is all that is needed to complete the confusion. Just fancy that while Tootookopla Pasha is holding the line of the Xesiv river from Tchikny to the Serbian frontier, opposite Rebkumol, his antagonist, Gen. Migsalenkatekaki, who is confronting him with the regiments of Petropaulovski and Ekaterineslay, and awaiting reinforcements, being brought up from Plootki by Colonel Nicholoffovich, is taken in flank by an army of Polish insurgents led by Prince Pootyotzschpiminski, Count Grinmicslavetzziinnigvrenktplozersnik, and the veteran general and hero of 1848, Miskryer!

Humor.

"No one with a dull, heavy brain ever snores," says an English doctor.

Is it a mere coincidence that a man in the habit of getting corned always looks sleepy?

A Harlem man has a goat which he has named "Oleomar-gan," because it's a poor kind of butter.

It would probably be only a laughing matter if a comet should strike the earth— a little wreck creation, as it were.

"John R. Grosse, grocer, groceries," is the positive, comparative and superlative style of a Brighton storekeeper's sign.

"Pullet politics" is what the National Republican ungalantly calls the discussions of the Woman Suffrage Convention.

The following order was recently left on the slate of a New Hampshire doctor: "Doc, cum up to her house; the old man has got snail in his lutes again" "raisin kvin."

A Connecticut preacher says that a good congregation will praise the music, the choir, the ventilation and the civilities of the usher; but as to the sermon: "Well I dunno."

What agonies must the poet have endured who, writing of his love, asserted that he "kissed her under the eaves," and found the co-compositor had made him declare that he "kicked her under the cellar stairs."

Charles Kingsley said he did not see why we should not be as just to an ant as to a human being. Human beings don't get up your trousers leg when you are at picnic, and scare you to within two feet of eternity.

A citizen of Omaha wants \$7,000 for breaking his collar-bone on the street. And yet his collar-bone, neck, nose, eyes, ears, legs, feet and breeches were bought for \$3 only last election day.

An old maid was heard to exclaim, while sitting at her toilet the other day, "I can bear adversity, encounter hardships, and withstand the changes of fickle fortune; but oh, to live and droop and die like a single pink—I can't endure it!"

"Ab!" ejaculated a Newark citizen last week, as he drew out a ten dollar bill from the pocket of a last year's vest. "Um!" he said, when he looked at the bill and found it was only an elaborately gotten-up advertising dodge of a patent medicine man.

Public opinion in Germany is thus reflected in a conversation between two good burghers of Berlin, taken from a Berlin paper: First Burgher—"So we are likely to have another war with France?" Second Burgher—"Let us pray that they may thrash us, so that they may be as poor as we are."

An agent, soliciting subscriptions for a book, showed the prospectus to a man, who, after reading, "One dollar in boards, one dollar and twenty-five cents in sheep," declined subscribing, as he might not have boards or sheep on hand when called upon for payment.

"Oh, heavens, save my wife!" shouted a man whose wife had fallen overboard in the Hudson river, recently. They succeeded in rescuing her. And her husband tenderly embraced her, saying, "My dear, if you'd been drowned, what should I have done? I ain't going to let you carry the pocket book again."

The London correspondent of the Inter-Ocean whispers through the cable: "Constantinople dispatches report heavy firing south of that city." The nearest point of Constantinople where heavy artillery practice is likely to take place is more than 500 miles distant; hence the reliable contraband who heard that firing must be endowed with a pair of very long ears.