

The Jolly Joker in view.  
METROPOLITAN HOTEL, CORNICE.  
Club, Dec. 1873.—There is a divinity  
that shapes our ends, rough-hew  
them as we may. There has been  
something that has rough-hewed my  
way for the past few weeks. A boy  
soon remarked to his father, who was  
blown up by a steamboat, that he  
was "bluffed." I've been "bluffed"  
from. I'm back to Corinne safe,  
and to hear me cough you'd think I  
was sound, too. The last evening  
I spent at Helena there was a  
tableau. It came near being a striking  
one. A female and I held sweet  
converse. She was a little teacher,  
and she was at the Metropolitan,  
and she was full of music to  
smooth any gentle savage that ever  
flourished one of those things George  
Washington cut a cherry tree with.  
Says she, "Do your children  
play?"  
Says I, "They do play consider-  
ably."  
Says she, "Hail Columbia?"  
Says I, "Not that I'm aware of."  
Says she, "Home, Sweet Home!"  
Says I, "Beautiful Dreamer? Old Folks at  
Home? Love Not?"  
Says I, "No more."  
Says she, "I thought you said they  
played."  
Says I, "So they do. I can't stop  
on them all."  
Says she, "What in the world do  
they play?"  
Says I, "Hopscotch, marbles, cro-  
quet, checkers, backgammon, and lots  
of things."  
She vanished into thin air, or  
something else, and I never saw her  
again.

CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS.  
We left Helena before daylight.  
The sun wasn't up, so there wasn't  
anything to break it with. The  
stage was drawn by six splendid  
horses. We crossed the main range  
of the Rocky Mountains the highest  
we had yet crossed. I was cross  
enough crossing those mountains.  
So was Mr. Flint from New York.  
He, his guns, and his powder were  
going with us as freight. All day  
we rode through deep ravines and  
cañons. One of 'em was immense.  
It was large enough to hold anything  
perhaps, except the authors of "The  
Heavenly Snow."  
Just as the sun went to bed we  
reached Deer Lodge. It is a town of  
about 1,500 inhabitants, with plenty  
of room to grow. I didn't see the  
whole of 'em, because some of 'em  
staid in the houses. The town is  
named from the Deer Lodge river  
that flows by it. It is in Deer Lodge  
county, and contains a jail, Court House,  
State prison, and other evidences of  
civilization. I stopped at the Scott House,  
and we had real food for supper. I didn't  
get out of "Scott free," and I didn't  
expect to. I staid here several days  
to get rested. Salt water seals and  
oysters caught the day before were  
scarce, but antelope steaks and hunks  
of Buffalo, and small game, we re-  
velled in. Antelope meat is tenderer  
than the affections of the heart, and  
better eating.  
EVERY-GOING PEOPLE.  
The ravers in this section all have  
something Adam never had, and  
that's "forks." Four the people of  
Deer Lodge didn't appear to care a  
damn whether their cash balanced or  
not as long as they had plenty of it.  
They are fond of dancing, and prefer  
balancing to their partners at a ball  
to balancing their books for their  
partners at the store. They live no  
high up among the Rocky Mountains  
although the measles is usually a  
risky disease. It don't appear to  
spread there any better than old  
butter. The whooping cough is al-  
most entirely confined to the Indians,  
but their whoops are seldom heard  
now in the vicinity of Deer Lodge.  
Deer Lodge is not a part of the  
Scott House. I had as cheap a  
lodge there as I could desire.  
Mr. Flint from New York, with his  
most astonishing thing that had been  
seen in Deer Lodge for years. His suc-  
cess at getting a mountain grouse  
Every day he brought in immense  
quantities of rifle neck mountain  
grouse, every one of 'em with their  
heads shot off and not a feather of  
their bodies disturbed. Such evi-  
dence of superior marksmanship was  
enough to astonish anybody. Buffalo  
meat is very much in demand. It is  
plenty in the market that you could  
buy them at 40 cents a gross. Early  
one morning I followed Mr. Flint  
from New York to see how he did it.  
When he got outside the town I saw  
him load his double-barreled gun,  
then he lay on the ground, then he  
put some corn in the end of the bar-  
rel, then he hitched a string to the  
triggers, then he stowed himself away  
out of sight and kept still. Pretty  
soon I saw those mountain grouse in  
all the beautiful simplicity of their  
innocence poke their heads into those  
barrels to eat the corn. Then I  
saw Mr. Flint from New York pull  
the string. I heard two detonations,  
and those mountain grouse passed  
from their sphere of usefulness in  
this world so quickly that the use of  
pain was rendered entirely un-  
necessary. It was proved by my eye  
satisfaction that Mr. Flint from  
New York did not put a head on  
rifle neck mountain grouse, but he  
was some on taking their heads off.  
They're delicious eating. I had a  
can of mushrooms with me, and one  
day I had some mountain grouse  
garlic with 'em. A man who ap-  
propriate me appeared to be very  
much astonished at what I said.  
Says I, "In business in Deer  
Lodge?"  
Says he, "No I'm a miner."  
Says I, "You are the oldest looking  
minor I ever saw."  
Says he, "There are miners over  
sixty, and I'm only forty."  
Says I, "You just told me you was  
a miner."  
Says he, "So I am."  
Says I, "A minor is under twenty-  
one."  
Says he, "I said minor, not min-  
er."  
Says I, "Oh, ah!"  
He kept looking at me until I  
said, "What's the matter?"  
Says he, "I swear stranger, that's  
the first time I ever saw anybody  
eating 'em. Are they good?"  
Says I, "In what good?"  
Says he, "Shem stowed champagne  
corks."  
Just as sure as the world is square,  
that fellow took those mushrooms for  
champagne corks.  
Before I left him he told me a story  
that I can hardly believe to be true.  
He said, "Down by the mines there  
were lots of birds that they say  
went out with his gun, and he saw  
eighty-one birds sitting all in a row,  
that he drew up and fired and killed  
the one on top; it flopped over on its  
back with its legs up."  
Says I, "Well."  
Says he, "Dead, and, stranger,  
every one of them birds took a  
look at that dead bird, then turned  
over on their backs, legs up, just

like I did and I tagged the whole  
lot."  
Says I, "Stranger, that's strange."  
Says he, "Not at all, sir, when you  
know what kind of birds they were."  
Says I, "What kind of birds were  
they?"  
Says he, "Mocking birds, strag-  
gling, and I held sweet converse with  
him. He was a little teacher, who  
was at the Metropolitan, and she  
was full of music to smooth any  
gentle savage that ever flourished  
one of those things George Washing-  
ton cut a cherry tree with. Says she,  
"Do your children play?" Says I,  
"They do play considerably." Says  
she, "Hail Columbia?" Says I,  
"Not that I'm aware of." Says she,  
"Home, Sweet Home!" Says I,  
"Beautiful Dreamer? Old Folks at  
Home? Love Not?" Says I, "No  
more." Says she, "I thought you  
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bles, croquet, checkers, backgammon,  
and lots of things." She vanished  
into thin air, or something else, and  
I never saw her again.

THE LAUGH OF A WOMAN.  
A woman has no natural gift more  
bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is  
like the sound of futes on the water,  
it flows from her in a clear, sparkling  
rill; and the heart that hears it feels  
as if bathed in a cool exhilarating  
spring. Have you ever pursued an  
unseen fugitive through trees, led on  
by a fairy laugh now her eyes, now  
her nose, now found? We have.  
And we are pursuing that wondering  
voice to this day. Sometimes it  
comes to us in the midst of care or  
sorrow or irksome business; and then  
we may turn away and listen, and  
hear it ringing through the room  
like a silver bell, with power to access  
the very soul of the mind. How  
much we owe to that sweet laugh!  
It turns the prose to poetry  
in the darkness of the wood in which  
we are traveling; it touches with light  
even our sleep which is no more the  
image of death, but is consumed  
with dreams, that are the shadows  
of immortality.

AN HISTORICAL ARCH.  
On Christmas day, 1776, Washing-  
ton and the Continental Army having  
forced their way through the ice  
blocks in the Delaware, marched  
upon Trenton and routed the Hessian  
force which held the capital of New  
Jersey. Twelve years later Wash-  
ington again came to Trenton—this  
time on his way from Mount Vernon  
to his inauguration as President in  
New York. In the middle of the  
town his road lay over a bridge that  
crossed the Assawamuck Creek—the  
bridge at whose northern entrance  
the defeat of the Hessians was com-  
pleted. Upon the bridge there was  
now erected a triumphal arch, bearing  
the inscription: "The Defender  
of the Mothers will be the Protector  
of the Daughters."  
As the General rode under the arch  
he was met by a company of the  
matrons of Trenton, accompanied by  
their daughters, dressed in white  
singing an ode composed for the oc-  
casion, and strewing flowers in his  
path as he advanced barbed in  
their midst. The arch was preserved  
in remembrance of an incident con-  
sidered worthy of memorial in the  
letter which Washington addressed to  
the ladies of Trenton before he left  
the town, and which may be read in  
"Marshall's Life of Washington."  
Thirty-five years after, when La-  
fayette received at the New Jersey  
State House in 1814, the arch was  
again set up to grace the reception  
of Washington's friend and fellow-  
soldier. And now, says the Press,  
when another half century has passed  
away, the remains of the old trophy  
are once more to be brought to light,  
on the occasion of the annual meet-  
ing of the women of New Jersey in  
aid of the Centennial Celebration of  
Independence. This is to be on the  
25th of the month, when the ladies of  
Trenton, led by Mrs. William L.  
Dayton, will open the Centennial  
campaign with a public tea party,  
which promises to afford, perhaps  
the most brilliant scene of social re-  
ception which will grace the celebra-  
tion which shall stand old capital has  
ever seen.

THE LAW OF THE ROAD.  
The great leading rule is, that no  
one has a right to be in the middle  
of the road, except when no other  
person is present to claim his right to  
the use of one half of the highway,  
which claim he has precisely the same  
right to assert, when traveling in the  
same direction, that he has when he  
meets another. This is the law of  
the road in the law of England and  
is, in fact, the law of English civi-  
lization; and all persons violating it  
are liable for all damages resulting  
from their conduct.  
When teams meet, the American  
rule is that each, turning to the  
right or left, shall give way to the  
other. This is the law of English civi-  
lization; and all persons violating it  
are liable for all damages resulting  
from their conduct.  
When teams approach at right an-  
gles, or intersecting roads, it is the  
duty of the party who, by turning to  
the right, would pass to the rear of  
the other team, to pull up and allow  
the other to pass.  
A person with a light vehicle,  
such as a bicycle, or a light horse,  
riding or driving to pass a heavy  
team, should, if the latter is going  
up hill, will generally turn out  
without requiring the aid of the  
loaded wagon to give half the road;  
but the law imposes no such obliga-  
tion in any case, and under all cir-  
cumstances requires each party to  
give half the road, unless by accident  
or some obstruction it is found im-  
possible to do so.  
If a party happens to be in the  
wrong place on the road or street,  
a party coming into collision with him  
is not entitled to damages, if by the  
use of ordinary and reasonable dili-  
gence he could have avoided it.  
National Law Book Journal.

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by a fairy laugh now her eyes, now  
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And we are pursuing that wondering  
voice to this day. Sometimes it  
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sorrow or irksome business; and then  
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