

Home Circle.

PROSPERITY.

Where spades grow bright,
And idlers words grow dull;
Where goals are empty,
And where barns are full;
Where field paths are
With frequent feet outworn,
Law Court yards weedy,
Silent and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it,
And where farmers ride;
Where age abounds,
And youth is multiplied;
Where opium's curse
No longer leaves a trace,
Where these signs are
They clearly indicate
A happy people
And a well-ruled State.

ABBION DALE.

BY D. B. H.

Albion Dale! A pretty name; don't you think so?

"Yes, and it is the name of the prettiest little valley I ever saw. Way down in its depths nestles a farm, the only one there. I say a farm—I mean a home, an old homestead, with a quaint old house whose moss-covered roof and weather-worn walls have shielded its inmates from the tempests and storms of more than two hundred years. Wild grape vines clambered up its sides, and tall chestnut trees threw their branches far up over its roof, and their lower boughs chafed and ground against its front. A tiny flower garden was there in front of the old house once, but the little slips of chestnut grew tall and broad until they shut out the sunlight, so the flowers are beauties of the past. Lilac bushes grow beside the garden path, and an oak tree, which I remember as an acorn sprout, overshadows them. A well is there, too—old, oh very, but there is no moss-covered bucket; it is more ancient than that even. There is a curb about it, and a long balance pole with a slender pole, with a wooden hook on it, which hangs from it directly over the water. One does not have to pull the water up, oh no; you just hook your bucket on to the end of the hanging pole and then pull it down to the water, and when your bucket is full the heavy balance pole raises it for you. It used to be considered nice to sit on the end of this pole while some one was drawing water, and be hoisted away up skyward, and then to come down perhaps with a bump, according to the fancy of the drawer. The old house sits in the midst of the old orchard, (everything is old in Albion Dale) and you can pluck the fruit off of some of the trees from the windows. Pear trees are there tall, slender and difficult to climb. Cherry trees with glistening lumps of gum that have run from the spot where, perhaps, some little hatchet has been. And back of all, and not far either, a forest of fir and spruce. A little brook goes rippling through the dale, and just above where it crosses or goes under the bridge on the road, there is a dam and a long sluice which carries the water up into an old mill, and pours it down into the buckets of a great wobbling old overshot wheel which creaks and clatters as it turns, and it not only turns itself but many other wheels, a wood-saw, a grindstone, a churn a cider mill, and up sails a thrasher. Oh! it is a curiosity, the old mill with its splashing water and groaning cogs. Beyond the orchard and forest are fields of corn and oats and acres of growing hay and pasture land, where the meek-eyed cows graze or stand under the willows by the brook contented. Then there is an old birch tree, not so old either, for they who planted it still live. Oh, yes, I remember two sisters, who are well on to their allotted span now I think, but when they were little girls they lived in the old house in the Dale, and they planted that birch tree. It must be seventy-five years old at least. They planted it, I say, and in their youth they watched it grow, and now in their old age they cherish it as an old friend, though the old home passed into the hands of strangers long ago. Once a tenant on the place—before it was sold—had a quarrel with the sisters who occupied a part of the house at the time, and seizing his axe he started for the old birch tree, declaring that he would make firewood of it. Then they weakened, and with prayers and tears besought him to spare their old friend. He did, and ever after when they were quarrelsome he had but to say: "There, down comes the birch," to have his own way. I don't think this incident has any connection with the song called, "Woodman spare that Tree." These two sisters never married. The oldest said she would never marry until she had found a moral man. I guess such men were scarce in that burg in those days, at least she never seems to have found one, and her sister loved her and remained a spinster for company, for even to this day no moral man seems to have been found. And alas! now she can but prepare to give heaven a thorough searching, for no doubt the man is there and she will soon be, I say for charity's sake. And now a new generation with another name call the old place home and all its beauties ancient quaintness are theirs—their home to

love, their beauties to admire. There's the boon to be happy then.

"Sweet Albion Dale, home not of great riches, grandeur or pride, but of beauty, competence and peace. To you each year brings the great spring and seeding time, the glorious summer and care of ripening crops, the gorgeous autumn and harvest hour, and the social winter gathers all with peace and plenty round the homestead hearth. Dear Albion Dale! ah, how many long years lie between now and the day I saw thee 1st! How many changes are there! In all but thee, years leave their scar, but thou art marked and worn by centuries.

MATRIMONIAL STORIES.

At a recent fashionable wedding, after the departure of the happy pair, a dear little girl, whose papa and mama were among the guests, asked, with a child's innocent inquisitiveness: "Why do they throw things at the pretty lady in the carriage?" "For tuck, dear," replied one of the bridesmaids. "And why," again asked the child, "doesn't she throw them back?" "Oh," said the young lady, "that would be rude." "No it wouldn't," persisted the dear little thing, to the delight of its doting parents who stood by, "mama does."

"Do you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have?" said an enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied, deliberately, "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared with yours."

A witty old author advises men to avoid arguments with ladies because in spinning yarns among silks and satins a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; and when a man is worsted and twisted he may consider himself wound up. The above retort might be matched by a dozen others culled from domestic controversy in which the woman has come off triumphant.

"Really, my dear," said a friend of ours to his better half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman, but you've turned out to be only a bit of matrimonial paste." "Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and in this case will stick to you as long as you live."

"See here," said a fault-finding husband, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know where everything is kept." "With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should dearly love to know where they are kept." He let things run on as usual. It is not often, however, that one comes across such a crushing retort as that which a Sheffield husband received from his wife the other day through the medium of the public press. He advertised in one of the local journals that he, Thomas A., would no longer be answerable for the debts incurred by his wife, who seems to have been a truly amiable creature, if one may judge from the advertisement which she published next day in reply: "This is to notify that I, Elizabeth A., am able to pay all my own debts now that I have got shut of Tommy."

Some husbands would be obliged to confess, if they told the plain, unvarnished truth, that when they led their wives to the altar their leadership came to an end. "Your future husband seems very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter who was on the point of being married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affection girl, who was already dressed for the wedding, "these are his last wishes." This is a complete reversal of the rule laid down by the old couplet.

Man, love thy wife; thy husband, wife, obey. Wives are our hearts; we should be head alway. In many instances the state of the case is rather something like the following: "If I'm not at home from the party to-night by 10 o'clock," says the husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," replied the lady, significantly, "I won't wait, but I'll come for you." He is home at 10 o'clock precisely.

SOMETHING OF A CAVE.

Last Sunday, Folley Abbott, of Sawtooth, went on to the high and rugged peak opposite the pilgrim mine, on Beaver gulch, to kill some grouse. As the snow was about three feet deep, he went on snow-shoes. The trip is a hard one, as the mountain is very steep, and he was obliged to make many "tacks" to reach the summit. While he was passing near one of the high granite cliffs, he noticed that there was an opening under it, and thought he had found a good place to rest, and be protected from the wind, so he proceeded to it. Seeing that darkness was inside, and the cave appearing to be of good size, he made a torch of slivers taken from a pitchpine log near by, and proceeded to explore his new find. After going through a long, narrow and crooked passage, he found himself inside of a large chamber with a smooth floor, and perfectly dry, which was brilliantly lighted by a flame in the centre. As this was the main attraction, he cautiously went to it. To his astonishment, he found an image of a man, made of what had the appearance

of silver, and which he thinks it is. At the head was a peculiar-patterned helmet, in which were three imitation feathers, made of gold or copper. From the mouth of the strange image proceeded the flame. Mr. Abbott thinks that the prehistoric and undoubtedly very intelligent race that erected it, had discovered a gas jet, and that there is communication down through the bow to the solid rock, from which the gas proceeds perpetually. It is an evidence that there is an immense body of coal oil under the mountain, from which the gas proceeds. After satisfying his curiosity in looking at the wonderful lamp, he tremblingly began a search for other objects.

On the walls were hieroglyphs, which of course he could not read. In one corner was a very large human skeleton—at least nine feet high—and by it a stone tomahawk and a large cross-bow, which, although it had the appearance of being perfectly sound, fell into a thousand pieces when he attempted to lift it. A stone mortar containing some very rich gold specimens was found, and also some large pieces of ruby silver. Some backbone of salmon were scattered around, proving that the inhabitants of the cavern were salmon-eaters. There were many other things in the apartment, such as arrow-heads, bones of animals, and a petrified human hand.—*Idaho Keystone.*

AN AGE OF MONOLOGUE.

"There is no comfort in talking nowadays," sighed a nice old lady recently; "even the best bred people interrupt so that one can never finish anything. Everybody wants to talk, but nobody is willing to listen." Perhaps the inattention of her hearers to some pet story had ruffled the speaker's usually placid humor, and undoubtedly she stated the case somewhat strongly, but there is unfortunately far too much truth in her remark that in these days everybody wants to talk and nobody to listen.

It is partly because it is an age of prolific, if not always profound thought and the simplest of our acquaintances are seething with ideas that jostle each other in their eagerness to come to utterance. For the most part these ideas, like Dr. Holmes' moral, run at large, and are caught from the air, but none the less do they compel speech, and the result is that conversation has well nigh become a lost art, and we live in an age of monologue.

Two or more people sit down together, and each utters his monologue, more or less brilliant, as the case may be, paying no especial heed to the words of his companion, and only in the faintest degree modified by them. Epigrams, anecdote, simile and wise observations are poured out to unheeding ears, not for the sake of being heard, but for the sake of utterance. We have become like so many Cassandras, and bear about the burden of prophecy with an inward necessity of declaring it which is mightier than we. We read, we talk, but how seldom do we listen.

Evidently something must be done, for we are losing the art of conveying ideas by word, and unless listening is cultivated as a duty we may become as unable to converse as we are now unwilling. And he who consents to become a hearer instead of a speaker will not only have the consciousness of merit but he may also congratulate himself upon having adopted the surest road to popularity.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF HEARING.

With regard to the sense of hearing, it is first remarked that all children for some time after birth are completely deaf, and it was not until the middle of the fourth day that Prof. Preyer obtained any evidence of hearing in his child. This child first turned his head in the direction of a sound in the eleventh week, and this movement in the sixteenth week had become as rapid and certain as a reflex. At eight months or a year before its first attempt at speaking, the infant distinguished between a tone and a noise, as shown by its pleasure on hearing the sound of a piano; after the first year the child found satisfaction in itself striking the piano. In the twenty-first month it danced to music, and in the twenty-fourth month it imitated songs, but it is stated on the authority of other observers, that some children have been able to sing pitch correctly, and even a melody, as early as nine months. One such child used to sing in its sleep, and at nineteen months could beat time correctly with its hand while singing an air.—*Es.*

HE LIKED PERSIMMONS.

From Taylor's Bridge township we hear of a ram of extraordinary sagacity and possessing with it an extremely hard head. He is very fond of persimmons, as any North Carolina sheep, as in duty bound, ought to be. Sometimes none of the coveted fruit is on the ground; then the ram will get some ten or twenty paces from the tree and coming at full speed, strike with his head, and thus jar off some of the persimmons. This is confined to trees of moderate size and the operation has been repeated so frequently that many of the trees in the inclosure, in which he is confined, will die from the bark being broken off all around. That sheep

belongs to Mr. A. H. Merritt, who is responsible for the above.—*Clinton (N. C.) Caucasian.*

"What is sweeter than taste?" asked Angelina of Augustus. "My sweetheart," he replied, and she believed him.

An unmarried clergyman in Vermont discoursed learnedly upon the evils arising from the use of wearing of corsets by the softer sex. And now the curious women folks of his congregation want to know how he found out all he knows so knowingly about things that unmarried men know nothing about.

A Boston woman received a telegram, and her face blanched and her hand trembled as she held the unopened envelope before her. Giving it to her daughter, she said: "Read it." The girl obeyed. "Papa has broken his leg and gone to the hospital," she said. The mother's face brightened, "Thank heaven it is no worse," she said; "I feared he might be going to bring somebody to dinner!"

Among the telephone stories floating about is the following: An old man would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by telephone. His better half was in a country store several miles away, where there was a telephone, and the skeptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and on being told how to operate it, he walked boldly up and shouted: "Hello, Sarah!" At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire and knocked the man down, and as he scrambled to his feet he excitedly cried, "That's Sarah every time!"

The Distinguishing Charm.

A delightful fragrance of freshly gathered flowers and spices is the distinguishing charm of Floreston Cologne.

Money For a Rainy Day.

"For six years my daughter was sick from kidney and other disorders. We had used up our savings on doctors, when our dominie advised us to try Parker's Ginger Tonic. Four bottles effect a cure, and as a dollar's worth has kept our family well over a year, we have been able to lay by money again for a rainy day.—A Poor Man's Wife.

THE CELEBRATED 'E. B.' BRAND OF BUTTER!

Made and Preserved by THE ELGIN BUTTER COMPANY, Proprietors of the Famous ELGIN CREAMERIES. Is Preserved and Packed by a New Process and Retains the Original Sweetness of Newly made Butter.

None genuine except label signed by W. H. HINTZE, Treasurer.

For Sale by all First Class Dealers.

FURNITURE For Sale.

As it is my intention to go East, I will sell my household furniture very cheap, consisting of tables, chairs, bedstead, No. 7 cook stove, cooking utensils, etc. Also a sewing machine in good running order. Address or call on GILLA BURNETT

White Sulphur Springs, M. T.

White Sul. Springs Meat Market,

WILSON & KOEHLER, PROPRIETORS.

A Full Variety of Choice Meats Always on Hand.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to. 47

FOUND.

Near Fort Logan, last June, a roll of blankets containing a blacksmith's axon, a miner's candlestick, a ticket to Greenhook, Bohm Co.'s lottery, No. 835, a Bible and other articles. The owner can have them by calling on Walter Elliot and paying for this adv. SAM SNYDER, Fort Logan, Montana.

NOTICE OF FINAL ENTRY.

U. S. Land Office at Helena, M. T. Jan. 15 1882. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before J. E. Murray, Probate Judge of Meagher county, M. T., at White Sulphur Springs, on Monday February 26, 1882, viz: Henry Goodale, Homestead application No. 1088 for the S 1/2 of S W quarter section 19, and N 1/2 of N W quarter section 15 township No. 9 N R 6 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Samuel B. Scott, Samuel B. Allen, Hugh L. Bennett, all of White Sulphur Springs, and Thomas Williams of Fort Logan, Meagher county, Montana. J. H. MOE, Register.

MEAGHER HOUSE

HUGHES, MONTANA. J. M. BIRD, Proprietor. Good accommodations and Charges Reasonable.



Invalids broken down in health and spirits by chronic dyspepsia or suffering from the terrible exhaustion that follows the attacks of acute disease, the testimony of thousands who have been raised by a miracle from a similar state of prostration by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is a sure guarantee that by the same means you, too, may be strengthened and restored. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

S. C. EDGERTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, MAIDEN, M. T. Special Attention Given to Collections.

W. J. STEVENSON, Attorney and Counselor at Law, WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, M. T.

Will practice in all courts of record in the Territory. Will make abstracts of title, buy and sell real estate of every description. All business entrusted to me will receive Prompt Attention.

ARTHUR G. HATCH, Attorney at Law AND Notary Public.

Will practice in all Courts of the Territory. WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, M. T.

N. B. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, M. T.

Will practice in all the courts of the Territory. Will buy and sell real estate, mining and town property. Collections of all kinds promptly attended to. 40

RADER'S OLD STAND, KINNEY & FERTIG, Proprietors. Good accommodations for man and beast, and Charges Reasonable. Don't fail to give them a call. 46m

NOTICE OF FINAL ENTRY.

U. S. Land Office, Helena, M. T., January 15, 1882. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before J. E. Murray, Probate Judge of Meagher county, M. T., at White Sulphur Springs, on Monday February 26, 1882, viz: Patrick H. Clark, Homestead application No. 1676 for the S W quarter N W quarter section 18, S 1/2 N E quarter and S E quarter N W quarter section 14, township 9 N R 6 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Thomas G. Cooper, Seth Butterfield, Israel O. Proctor, William Gordon, all of White Sulphur Springs, Meagher county, M. T. J. H. MOE, Register.

\$5,000 in Premiums. The Iowa Farmer, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa is the cheapest and best Agricultural and Stock Journal in the West, and is published at the low price of \$1.00 per year. Subscribe for it once, and get the three last month's Nos. of 1882, free. It publishes also offer this year over \$5,000 worth of live stock and machinery to those who will raise clubs for it. Write us at once for complete list, and see how easy it is to make \$100. IOWA FARMER CO., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

NOTICE OF FINAL ENTRY.

U. S. Land Office at Helena, Montana, December 19, 1882. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at Helena, M. T., on Monday February 5th, 1883, viz: Thomas McGonegal who made pre-emption D. S. No. 4184 for the S 1/2 of S E quarter Section 20, township 8 N E 2 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Thomas Fletcher, Edward Keene, Harvey L. Keene, Flavins J. Keene all of Carbon, Meagher county, M. T. J. H. MOE, Register.

How We Test Seeds.

Probably from the fact that our long experience as Practical Gardeners, made us realize the necessity more strongly than most seed dealers, we very early in our career as seedmen inaugurated the practice of testing all seeds before selling. From the small tests begun in 1870, this practice has extended and become so systematic that the past season it required the entire use of one of our largest greenhouses for our seed tests during the fall and winter, and afterwards in spring in the open ground we had set out many thousands of plants, representing the stock in vegetable seeds alone of over 500 growers. All these tests are carried on under the personal supervision of PETER HENDERSON, and as the author of "Gardening for Profit" has had as long and varied an experience as most men in operations connected with the soil, it will be seen that we are placed in position to judge, not only as to the germinating property, but what is of far more importance, the purity of the kinds of seeds best suited for all gardening purposes. If therefore you can buy seeds as cheaply as you wish, and we think if you will compare prices you will find that you can—will certainly be to your interest to do so. Our Catalogue for 1882 of Everything for the Garden is now ready, and will be mailed free on application.

PETER HENDERSON & CO., 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York.

SHORTEST and BESTROUTE

From Helena to Eastern Meagher county, is by EDMONSONS' FERRY, which is now running in good shape. Plenty of oats and hay, and good accommodations at the Ferry for travelers. JOHN EDMONSON,