Home Circle.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there,

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

Written for the Rocky Mountain Husbandman.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

BY D. B. H.

The old school house of my early boyhood! shall I ever forget it, while this soul retain its identity? Surely not. I can see it now just as it appeared on the day I first entered it's doors. A little low building built by the road side on a piece of unclaimed land, or rather rock with a sluggish river flowing before, and lofty pine-clad mountain ranges behind. Great rocks of granite lie on either side, half hidden by alder and willow brush. No play-ground was there, except the narrow stoney road. No other building could be seen from there, nothing but the rocks and the river. I think now that it must have been rather a pretty or at least picturesque spot, but we did not, I think, fancy so in those days. And the old school room with its low, smoke-colored ceiling, its great square box-stove, its long benches, made to hold many in one, on which sat through many a wearisome day some twenty boys and girls, some honest and industrious in their studies, but most of them, I must say, more devoted to mischief and outrage. At the upper end of the room was a raised platform, on which stood the teacher's old dilapidated chair and a huge desk, on which (when not otherwise employed) lay a massive ferule, and numberless counterban articles, such as tops, marbles, balls, knives, apples, chewing gum, and many other legitimate contents of boys' pockets, all of which had been from time to time confiscated by our master; and hanging from a nail driven into the wall near the old desk was a cowhide strap about three feet and a half long, which was wide and thick at one end, and narrow and thin at the other, and we were told when it first made its *debut* on that platform, that the small, thin end was designed for the punishment of the girls and small boys, while the larger end was to assist the ferule in the correction of the big boys. Ah! I almost feel the sting of that strap at this moment. How often I have felt it's full weight, laid on by a man purple with rage, at some wickedness of which I had been guilty. The seats and, in fact, every part of the wood work of the old room, notwithstanding certain most absolute regulations to the contrary, were cut, caved and etched with letters, words, devices and representations without number; and on the wall above the master's chair was a great black blot and a hole in the plaster, where a boy had thrown an ink bottle, which happened to miss its aim—the master. The master; how shall I describe the old tyrant? I despair of doing it, although I really believe that every look and movement that were his are as vividly present with me now as when in that room I encountered his withering frown. He was tall, rather fleshy, with a flushy face, grey eyes and roman nose, bald head and wore silver-rimmed spectacles tied on with a black string. He was an Englishman, but where he came from when he first entered thath old school room, or where he went after he left it, has ever been a mystery to me; but that he was there and made life a burden to us boys for awhile is a fact beyond dispute. He had a nervous clutching, grasping hand, and long, lean fingers, with claw-like nails on them, and looking at one, you could not help instinctively feeling that it was the hand of a miser, and he was one if there ever was. In looking back and scanning the old master from head to foot, morally and phyically, I cannot see one redeeming quality that he possessed—not one, and although the desire to grow big that I might beat him, has gone long ago, still I cannot forget nor forgive that tyrant of my boyhood school days. But the old school house has long since gone, and the boys and girls who occupied it's old benches and desks have gone out into the world; some are dead and others married and have children of their own, and as I occasionally hear of one or another of them I am surprised to note how the habits and dispositions which were theirs in youth cling to them now in their maturer years. The diligent, honest boy is such as a man the weak, fond, credulous, the vain, arogant, the gay, deceitful, shrewd, the bold, selfish, close-grasping, the eating, drinking, sensual, the bold, frank, affectionate, the melancholy, retired, sensitive, the timid, suspicious, cold, as boys and girls have grown with their statue, they are the same as before, only on a larger scale. In looking back through the years that have gone, it often seems to be that I would give worlds were it in my power to see and go back to that old school room and live those mysterious and trying, yet joyous days all over again, and I am actually sorry and disposed to have a touch of the blues when I realize that it is impossible. Visions of the past are made brighter by the increasing number of years that come between them and the present.

"Again ye come—again ye throng around me
Dim shadowy beings of my boyhood days."

COMPANY MANNERS.

Good manners do not consist in obedience to ny set of rules, and the absolute uselessness of manuals of etiquette in forming even their rudiments is due to the fact that their very essence is adaptability. What we call "company manners" suggests an unpleasant vision of a thin veneer of conventional politeness, through which ignorance and vulgarity are plainly visible. The reason of this, however, is not that there is any inate impropriety in modifying one's behavior in accordance with one's surroundings, but that, unfortunately, the assumption of ceremonious courtesy is with many people so rare an effort that it has all the awkward stiffness of an infrequent and unfamiliar impersonation. The general notion that a perfectly polite person is exactly the same in all companies, is not tenable for a moment, as there are actions which would be the eight of ill breeding, in one place, and the very essence of courtesy in another. Indeed the difference between good manners and "company manners" is the one is the natural expression of ordinary courtesy, self-control, and knowledge of the world, while the other is an effort made for some temporary purpose, or to bring one's self into harmony with unusually difficult surroundings. Extra pains taken to this purpose is highly commendable in principle; but those who make the effort rarely are apt to do it awkwardly, and so have brought the endeavor itself into dispute.

In one of Mrs. Gaskell's most charming stories, there is an old lady who is a typical member of the ancienne noblesse, aristocratic, refined and fastidious to the extremest point. Her perfect manners are founded on the truest nobility of nature, and it happens in the course of the story that she sees occasion somewhat to relax her fastidious exclusiveness, and to admit, as evening guests, a worthy couple whose birth and breeding are not equal to their merit. On tea being handed around, one of these guests who has never before partaken of the meal, except when seated at a solid table, is embarrassed by having to hold her cup, and having, further, no place for bread and butter, she spread a large handkerchief over her lap to catch the falling crumbs. The other, better born if not better bred, visitors tittered among themselves, but Lady Ludlow, the hostess, silences them by drawing out her own handkerchief and spreading it upon her knee to prevent her guest from discovering that her action is the source of the mirth about her. It is such manners as Lady Ludlow's that Mr. Tennyson means when he calls them "not idle, but the fruit of the noble minds," and he has given an example of such when Geraint, the chivalrous knight, saw his fair lady about to lead away and groom his horse. His instinct was, of course to prevent her, but on her father's explaining the case, we are told that—

Reverencing the custom of the house,
Geraint, from utter courtesy, forbore.

Now, while it will hardly be denied that the actions of lady Ludlow and of Prince Geraint were the perfection of courtesy, it would be dangerous to lay down as an axiom that drinking tea with a lap protected by an out spread handkerchief or sitting in a hall while a young lady groomed your horse, could possibly be consistent with conventional politeness. They are instances of company manners dignified by that tenderness for the feelings of others which is the root of good breeding, and that ready adaptability which is its flower. It is well known that Louis XIV., that martinet in all matters of etiquette, pointed out as the politest man in his dominions, an Englishman, who entered the royal carriage before the king, in obedience to the "Apros vous, Monsieur," of his majesty.

It must be admitted that the company manners assumed by some worthy people, with the best intentions, are little short of maddening to their friends. What is to be done with a hostess who, though she may be the most comfortable motherly soul in everyday life, transforms herself into an intolerable bore in society, by her endeavor to talk only of such subjects as she imagines interesting to her guests, without any consideration as to whether she understands them or not? A person of this kind will talk of art to an artist, or literature to an author, foreign countries to a traveler, with the most sublime indifference, and will feel recompensed for the tedium of the task, by the conviction that she has done her duty—an amelioration of her misery which by no means extends to her victim. Then there are good hospitable people who embitter every mouthful swallowed by their guests, with apologies that their fare is not more costly, or better prepared, while at the same time they profess to feel injured that more of it is not eaten than a merely human digestion can assimilate. Almost worse even than these are the old-fashioned entertainers, whose "company manners" consist in never laying down for a second the burden of entertainment who apologize if for a single minute you are not talking, or eating, or looking, at "fotografs," or in some visible manner "enjoying yourself." All these brings us to the conclusion that ignorance is the chief cause of ill breeding, and we can scarcely look for an improvement in the much censured manners of modern society, while politeness is so little studied in domestic life. When custom ceases to allow the careless rudeness which marks the behavior of brother to sister, the total absence of ceremony between husband and wife, and of respect between child and parent we may hope to find, with the elevation of our daily standard, a quicker perception in discerning, and a more graceful readiness in forestalling the wishes of those whom we desire to please.

GRIEF.

Who of us have not seen the grief of others or felt its bitter sting ourselves? Some of us have stood by the bedside of our dearest and best loved ones, and watched them silently depart to the other shore. Perhaps that dying beloved one is a wife and mother. She has passed to brighter portals and left her last blessing with those she loved. Doubtless she is happy. But oh, the aching hearts she has left behind!

Slowly and sadly that solemn procession follows the remains to its long, last resting place. We have looked the last time at the face of our dead. We see them lower the coffin and cover it with the damp clods of earth. Oh, how our hearts are bursting with grief! That gentle voice we loved to hear is hushed forever in the silent tomb. That sweet face that used to brighten every room, will greet us no more. We never knew how dear she was to us until she was gone and there is none that can take her place in our hearts.

Oh death! how many homes have you made desolate? How many shadows have you sent across life's pathway! To whom may we turn for consolation? Our friends cannot help us if they would. We will turn, Oh! God, to Thee. The grief we have to bear is for our good. It strengthens us to bear our trials, and purifies and fits us for a brighter and better world. Why should we mourn?—*Journal of Agriculture.*

THE CZAR WENT TO BED.

There was a company of gentlemen engaged in a little game of whist in a prominent gentleman's parlor one night lately. It grew late, and fears were expressed by the party that they were tresspassing upon the kindness of the misstress of the house, who, by the way was not present.

"Not at all, gentlemen—not all? Play as long as you please. I am Czar here!" said the master of the mansion.

"Yes, gentlemen, play as long as you please!" said a silvery voice, and all rose as the mistress of the house stood before them. "Play as long as you please, gentlemen! But, as it is nearly one o'clock, the Czar is going to bed!"

And he went.

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

The train had stopped for a few minutes at a station, and the silence that usually broods on such occasions was rudely broken by a sudden ejaculation from a small man who occupied the front seat, near the stove.

"I can't express myself," was his remark. Stillness reigned for a minute, when he again asserted:

"No, I can't express myself."

By this time everybody in the car was staring at him, and for the third time he made the same statement, in a still louder tone. Then a big fellow in the back of the car yelled out: "I say, stranger, if you can't express yourself, why the deuce don't you go by freight?"

"However mean your life is, meet it and live is; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finder will find faults even in paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poor house."

A bald-headed man who has heard that the hairs on a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain the back numbers.

A good man, who has seen much of the world, and is not tired of it, says: "The grand essentials to happiness in this life are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

Emerson defines the hero as one who is "immovably centered." Standing by himself, the universe seems to stand by him, and feeling that God is for him, he recks not who is against him.

"Talking about the jaws of death!" exclaimed a Fifth Ward man, whom one of our reporters interviewed the other day, who is living with his third scolding wife. "I tell you they are nothing to the 'jaws' of life!"

A farmer was driving rapidly out of Cedar Falls the other day when he met a neighbor who hailed him saying: "Neighbor, what's your hurry?" "Oh, I just took a grist to mill and lacked one sack of having enough to pay toll and I'm going back after it."—*Peck's Sun.*

"Do you know what church your next door neighbor attends?" inquired a friend of an up-town man. "No, I don't; but I'm sure he's a Christian." "What reason have you for thinking so?" "Because he sprinkles ashes on his sidewalk when it's slippery."

"Sarah, dear," said a waggish husband to his wife, "if I were in your place I wouldn't keep that baby so full of butter as you do." "Butter, my dear! I never give it any butter." "No; but you poured about a quart of milk down it this afternoon, and then trotted it on your knee for nearly two hours. If it don't contain a quantity of butter it isn't for want of churning."

A Seneca Falls four-year-old boy was warned against eating meat for supper, on account of its liability to produce bad dreams, but he still insisted on doing it. A few mornings ago the youngster was telling his last dream at the breakfast table. Bears had surrounded him, snakes had crawled down his back, a camel had turned a summersault over him, and a big elephant had assailed him, etc.

"There," said his uncle, "I told you if you ate meat at tea time you would have bad dreams." "I don't care," promptly replied the boy. "I guess I want to see a circus once in a while."

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Notice.

Territory of Montana, county of Meagher.
In the Probate Court.
In the matter of the estate of Donald McLean, deceased.

A petition having this day been presented to the Judge of said court by Benj. Sweeney, the administrator of said estate, praying for an order of said court to sell certain mining property.

It is hereby ordered by the judge of said court, that all persons interested in the estate of Donald McLean, deceased, appear before the said probate court on Saturday the 10th day of March, A. D., 1888, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the court room of said probate court, at the court hous in the town of White Sulphur Springs, Meagher county, Montana Ty., to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administrator to sell the said mining property described in said petition.

Dated Feb. 13, 1883.
J. E. MURRAY, Clerk of Probate Court.
A. G. Hatch, Att'y for Administrator.

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Good accommodations and Charges Reasonable.

Notice to Creditors.

In the matter of the estate of James E. McCormick, deceased.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against James E. McCormick, deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers to the undersigned, the administratrix of said estate, at her place of residence in Centreville, Meagher county, Montana Territory, within four months after the first publication of this notice, or such claims will be forever barred.

EMMA J. McCORMICK,
Administratrix of the estate of Jas. E. McCormick, deceased.
Dated Feb. 6 1883.
Geo. F Cowan, Att,y for Administratrix.

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Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

FOR SALE
AT THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

The old Masonic hall at Diamond City is for sale. This hall contains over 20,000 feet of lumber. Sealed bids for cash wil be received up to March 10th. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids. Address G. ECKER, Secretary.
White Sulphur Springs, Montana

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