A DRAMATIC CLIMAX.

The Effect of One Woman's Pathetic Eyes on a Jury.

That juries are affected by handsome and languishing eyes is proved by a remarkable experience of the greatest advocate at the New York bar, the late James T. Brady. He was counsel for a young woman in a case involving an attempt to break a will.

His client sat by his side. She was a very beautiful young woman whose eyes seemed always to rivet the attention of those upon whom her glance fell. There was a pathetic expression which affected every one. She sat watching the jury during the course of the trial, and at last there was some complaint that she was attempting by means of her glances to excite the sympathy of the jury.

Then Mr. Brady arose and in one of the most touching and beautiful of all the addresses he ever made in court he spoke of the blessings which every one who had an appreciation of beautiful things and could see them enjoyed, and dwelt for some moments upon the happy lot of the jury who could see the budding of the flowers—it was then springtime—and the charms of nature; then, suddenly turning to his client, he said, "That blessing is denied my client, for, though she has eyes which seem to look upon you, gentlemen, there is no vision in them, for her sight has been taken from her."

She had been, in fact, the victim of total paralysis of the optic nerve, which had not impaired the beauty of her eyes, but had given to them that singular pathetic expression which she was thus falsely charged with employing that she might secure the sympathies of the jury.—Philadelphia Press.

THE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND.

Its Abolition Is a Grievous Wrong to the Children.

This is an evil which has crept in with the tendency to centralize the schools. When in any place the schools begin to overflow, a movement to put up a larger building takes place, accompanied by an effort to create a high school department, not so much the need of the community as the ambitious dream of some principal who would be superintendent or some sort of central sun to a group of satellites.

This dream is too easily realized, because it flatters the people. Then there rises a preposterous structure of stone and brick. A house of many gables, out of keeping with everything, either public or private, in the place; a temple of vanity. Now is rung the knell of the school playground, for the new "high school," although it will house all the children from 5 to 15, must needs be surrounded by a fine lawn, studded with shrubbery and threaded by bluestone roads. The janitor has to employ an assistant to keep the grounds in order.

A shut in, penitentiarylike place has been evolved by the architect and school committee, gratifying to their pride and a deep wrong to the children. There are many wrongs about it. The one insisted upon here is the abolishing of the recess, that time honored joy of the American schoolboy and schoolgirl. —Isabella G. Oakley in Popular Science Monthly.

Music and Eating.

I dined the other day at a restaurant where the dinner is served to the accompaniment of an orchestra. We had "King Cotton" with the oysters and rag time with the soup. Then the orchestra slid into that always beautiful intermezzo of "Cavalleria Rusticana." They played it much more slowly than I remember ever to have heard it before. The head waiter fidgeted and gnawed his lip. There was misery in his eye. At last he disappeared in the direction of the musicians, and a moment later the intermezzo began to gallop along, presto, prestissimo, and at the end of it the orchestra struck up a two step. The head waiter came back relieved.

"We can't have slow music here, madam," he said to me when I asked him about it. "We'd never get through, and I wants to get off early. People eats too slow when they plays slow music."

And when I looked around I saw that knives, forks and spoons were moving to the tempo of the twostep. Everybody was hurrying. The head waiter knew what he was about.—Washington Post.

The Retort Courteous.

Father O'Leary, a well known Roman Catholic priest and wit, was on very friendly terms with his neighbor, the Church of England vicar. They met on the road one day, when the vicar said excitedly, "Oh, Father O'Leary, have you heard the awful news?"

"No," says the priest, "what is it, at all?"

"Something awful," says the vicar. "The bottom has fallen out of purgatory, and all the Catholics have tumbled into hell!".

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," says Father O'Leary, "what a crushing the poor Protestants must have got!"—London Chronicle.

An Explanation.

Little Dot—Mamma, I was playing with your best tea set while you were away, and when you bring it out for company you'll be shocked, 'cause you'll think one of the cups has a hair in it, but it isn't a hair.

Mamma—What is it?

Little Dot—It's only a crack.—Pick Me Up.

A Handicap.

Corson—Do you think trained nurses should be pretty?

Hillebrand—Not if they are expected to follow their calling permanently.—Philadelphia North American.

And Ministerial Too.

The Bachelor—Well, how did your battle with the coquette come out?

The Newly Made Benedict—It was a tie.—Syracuse Herald.

Elizabeth Cromwell.

Cromwell legends are so ubiquitous in England that it is a real relief to lay one's hand upon a bit of solid fact relating either to the protector or his family. Elizabeth, the second and favorite daughter of Cromwell, married John Claypole of Northborough, and appears to have spent a considerable portion of her 12 years of wedded life in his substantial fourteenth century house. Carlyle asserts Elizabeth Claypole to have been "a graceful, brave and amiable woman," and of her home that it is "now ruined—patched into a farmhouse."

The second statement is not characterized by his usual accuracy, and the first probably needs some modification, for Elizabeth Claypole is credited with some turning of her head over her father's elevation, and at a wedding feast is reported to have exclaimed, when asked why the wives of the major generals were absent, "I'll warrant you, washing their dishes at home, as they used to do." Not a particularly "amiable" sentence that.

Cromwell seems to have had some insight of her little weakness. "Tell her," he wrote once, "to take heed of a departing heart and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which, I doubt, she is too subject to." It is agreed by most authorities that John Claypole himself was little enough of a Puritan, but let it stand to his credit that, after Oliver died, he provided a haven for his widow for the rest of her life in this manor house.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Barbers on the Ocean.

One of the most important persons on board a well equipped ocean liner is the barber. If he is gifted with a good business instinct, he is in a position to make a good deal of money.

To the average man shaving while at sea is a difficult and hazardous operation. He therefore calls into requisition the services of the ship's barber, a man who by long training is qualified to wield the razor with skill and safety, no matter how much the vessel rolls or pitches.

He is always one of the most heavily "tipped" officials on the ship. If the ship travels on a route with interesting ports of call, the ship's barber makes it his business to lay in a stock of native knickknacks and curios of all kinds.

The inexperienced traveler is naturally a little suspicious of the native peddlers who swarm on board with their wares directly the ship is at anchor. He prefers to purchase his mementos of foreign travel of the barber, who, having bought his stock at wholesale rates, is able to retail the various articles to passengers at prices little if at all higher than those charged by the native tradesman.—Exchange.

Goldsmith's Actor.

Lord Nugent was one evening very eloquent to Goldsmith in praise of M. (a bad actor). "But, my lord," said Goldsmith, "you must allow he treads the stage very ill—he waddles." "Waddles?" said Lord Nugent. "Yes, he waddles like a goose. Why, you know we call him Goose M." "Well, and then, you know, when he endeavors to express strong passion he bellows." "Bellows?" said Lord Nugent. "To be sure he does—bellows like a bull. Why, we call him Bull M." "Well, then," continued Goldsmith, pursuing his triumph, "his voice breaks and he croaks." "Croaks?" said Lord Nugent. "Why, the fellow croaks like a frog. We call him Frog M. But M. is a good actor."

"Why, yes," said Goldsmith, "barring the goose, and the bull, and the frog, and a few other things I could mention, and not wishing to speak ill of my neighbors, I will allow M. is a good actor."—"Memoirs of the Earl of Nugent."

The Sea Gull and the Fisherman.

In the fishing village of Auchmithie (the Musselcraig of Scott's "Antiquary") you may frequently witness sea gulls flying into the houses of the fishermen and partaking of food from their hands. One of these sea birds was in the habit of staying in a fisherman's house all the year round except at the breeding season, when it left. Quite recently, while the gull was away, the fisherman removed his home from Auchmithie to Arbroath (the Fairport of Scott's "Antiquary"), distant some 8½ miles from the former place, taking up his residence in South street of Arbroath. The fisherman never expected to see his old friend the gull again. It was therefore much to his astonishment that he beheld a fortnight later the sea bird come walking into his new residence with stately steps to resume his old familiarities and household ways with his housekeeper.—London Lady.

The Better Drawer.

"Your money or your life!" cried the robber.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the artist, and drew a pistol. The artist had no money, and, according to the critics, not much life, but that was not why he laughed. He laughed because he belonged to the school which draws rapidly and boldly rather than the school which draws laboriously, with great attention to detail.—Detroit Journal.

London Landlords.

There is perhaps no tenant who is so completely at the mercy of his landlord as the occupier of a house in London which belongs to one of the great ground landlords. He is an absolute prisoner within the four corners of his lease. The slightest deviation is accompanied with pains and penalties, but, on the other hand, the landlord reserves all kinds of privileges to himself.

Very little furniture is used in the bedrooms of Turkish houses. Rarely is a chair seen in any of them. A few mats adorn the room, and the bed is stretched on the floor.

The English language contains 41 distinct sounds.

"CROSSED" MONEY ORDERS.

Safeguards Employed In England In Making Small Remittances.

Americans who are buying books in small quantities or are remitting dues to the treasurers of English societies of which they happen to be members occasionally receive a printed or written request to use a "crossed" order when sending money. At first they are likely to be mystified by the phrase. Even if inquiry is made at the postoffice in this country it is quite possible that no satisfactory explanation will be obtainable. The remitting party will ascertain, though, that American postoffices do not issue "crossed" orders.

The term in question refers to two lines drawn with a pen from the top to the bottom of a postal order on its face near the middle and an inch or two apart. That treatment of a money order will prevent payment of it to any one but a banker, and if, as is sometimes done, the name of some particular bank is written in the space between the lines the order will be paid only to that institution. It is not necessary to use any words in addition to the name of the bank. No explicit prohibition is required. The mere crossing of the order is a well understood signal to the British postal authorities, for, while the custom is comparatively unfamiliar to people on this side of the Atlantic, it is common enough in the United Kingdom.

When an American remits money in this manner, he crosses his order himself, but in several foreign countries the postoffice does not give the order to the sender, but transmits it directly to the paying office. The person who remits merely sends notice to the right person to go to the postoffice and apply for the money. Where this usage prevails the postoffice issues a crossed order because the sender cannot cross the order himself. Such is the practice, for instance, in Germany, Belgium, Austria and Italy.—New York Tribune.

NO STOVES IN KOREA.

Instead Flues Are Laid Under the Floors, Which Are Thus Heated.

Stoves are not used to any extent by the native Koreans. The Korean method of heating is excellently adapted to their resources and conditions. In building their houses they lay down a system of flues where the floor is to be. These flues begin at a fireplace, which is usually placed in an outer shed or connecting closed alleyway.

From this fireplace the flues extend in a more or less curved direction, like the ribs of a round fan, to a trench at the rear of the room, which in turn opens into a chimney, which is usually placed some distance from the house. Flat flagstones are then placed carefully over these flues, and the whole is cemented over and finally covered with a thick oil paper, for which the country is noted. This paper keeps smoke from entering the room, and a little straw or brushwood, used in the fireplace for cooking the rice, serves to heat the stone floor and gives an agreeable warmth, which lasts till the time of the next meal.

Two heatings daily tend to give the people a nice warm floor, upon which they sit in the daytime and sleep at night. By leaving their shoes at the door the inmates preserve the paper floor, which from constant polishing takes on a rich brown color.—New York Press.

Maori Women.

The Maori women of Australasia have their rights—flourishing ones. Generally they have little voice or choice in the selection of their first husbands, but they may, and frequently do, change them. A woman may trade her husband without so much as a comment from the public, without the slightest smudge on her good name, and it is nothing to his discredit either. Courtship is always brief and does not often preface marriage. The Maoris, however, love to repeat oriental love tales and sing love songs. Maori widows not infrequently commit suicide on the graves of their husbands and are honored for doing so, as in China. Divorce is simple; it needs no revenue, employs no officers. He turns her out of doors, and both are free to remarry. This is all. Girls are often betrothed irrevocably from infancy.

Protection.

Nephew (from the city)—Why do you have those lightning rods on your house and barn, Uncle Josh? Don't you know the theory that they afford protection has long since been exploded?

Uncle Josh—Waal, I kin tell you they dew act as perteckters, the'ry or no the'ry.

Nephew—Do you mean to tell me you believe they protect you from lightning?

Uncle Josh—Mebby not, young un, mebby not, but they perteckt me frum them pesky lightnin rod peddlers.—Chicago News.

Feeding Hotel Help.

The first work done in the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, each day is the preparation of breakfast for 1,200 employees. The last of these meals is served usually before the earliest rising guest sleepily orders his eggs and coffee, thinking himself almost a hero to be breakfasting at such an hour.

Swindled.

Mrs. Smarte says her husband is the worst man that ever was to go shopping. He's almost sure to get swindled every time. "Why," she says, "it was only t'other day that he bought a flute, and when it came home, if you'll believe it, 'twas full of holes."—Boston Transcript.

In Extremis.

Husband—My darling, when I am gone, how will you ever be able to pay the doctor's bill?

Wife—Don't worry about that, dear. If the worst comes to the worst, I will marry the doctor.—Medical Record.

Women and Portraits.

"It is a curious fact," said an experienced New Orleans photographer, "that it isn't the handsomest women who make the handsomest pictures. Why is it? Well, a beauty nearly always owes her charm to something beyond the reach of the lens—to her complexion, her hair or the vivacity of her expression. Very few such women have regular features, and when they are reproduced in plain black and white they are at a great disadvantage. Their photographs are generally unsatisfactory and are really not correct as likenesses. On the other hand, a woman who is regarded as homely may have singularly perfect lines, but attracts no attention through lack of color and animation.

"I'll cite you a queer instance: A dozen or so years ago Maude Branscombe was the most popular model in the United States for photographic 'art studios.' Her best pose was as a nun, and her pictured face was strikingly beautiful. Thousands upon thousands of people have raved over her loveliness, but the real Miss Branscombe, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, was a demure, pale little woman who would never in the world attract the slightest attention in a crowd. Without a doubt she was passed unnoticed by many a person who treasured her portrait as a marvel."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Trading Rat.

Of all curious animals which man has come across and studied probably none can compare with a kind of rat found in the Rocky mountains. Though for a long time well known to trappers and lumbermen, it is only lately that any naturalist has studied these peculiar little beasts.

Although called a rat this little animal is larger than an ordinary rat, with a body eight inches long. It is a very pretty creature, with soft gray fur and a squirrellike tail, easily tamed and a delightful pet. The trappers long ago gave it the name of the "trading rat," from its curious habit of never stealing anything without putting something in its place.

Two young women camping in the highlands of Wyoming left the lid of their cracker box off one night. In the morning all the biscuits were gone and the box was filled with an indescribable mixture of chips, scraps of leather, sticks, bones, dried beans—in fact, everything movable near at hand.

The trading rat builds a very beautiful nest, sometimes two feet in height, and is very clever at storing food. It has a violent fancy for anything of a bright red hue.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

His Signature.

An elderly man stepped into a big hotel the other day, accompanied by his wife, and asked for a room. When the polite clerk gave him a pen and placed the register before him, he looked visibly embarrassed, but he took the pen and bent over the book as though he had nerved himself to some desperate task.

He started to write and then stopped and began to think. The clerk, of course, didn't know what the trouble was or else he would have volunteered his services. After a painful pause the ruralist started in to scratching some more.

After the expiration of fully five minutes the farmer threw down his pen with a sigh of relief, wiped the perspiration from his brow and rejoined his better half, who had been waiting in the lobby during the ordeal. The clerk was curious to see a signature that required such an unusual length of time to execute. The clerk is a solemn man, but he nearly went off into a fit when he saw, in big, round script, this legend:

"Me and Maria."—London Tit-Bits.

Society as a Reformer.

"Swearing is growing less, decidedly so," writes Edward Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal. "All students of men agree in this view, just as excessive alcoholic drinking is falling into disuse. The principal reason for the decline of both excessive swearing and drinking is that men are getting more and more careful to refrain from any habit which places their self control in peril. Society is constantly growing more impatient with a man who lacks equipoise, while the keener demands of business necessitates men being more moderate in all things. The basis of the change may be more material than spiritual, but the change is taking place irrespective of the character of the basis or motive."

"For Violin or Piano."

From the classical period we have received the most noble work which had been composed for the violin, a work which will always remain the Kohinoor of violin literature—Beethoven's concerto. In spite of this the master had occasion to write on the title page the words, ever saddening to the violinist, "Concerto For the Violin or Piano"—another proof of the old lack of a sufficient number of worthy performers, for only in view of such a want could Beethoven have made the work practicable for pianists.—Musical Courier.

Weeds.

Old Folger—I've got a letter from my son out west.

Golfin—So? What's Tom doing now?

Old Folger—That's what I can't make out. He says he is engaged in the destruction of weeds. Now, that may mean he's smoking a good many cigars or that he is trying to induce some widow to make a second venture or it may simply mean that he is doing farm work.—Boston Transcript.

Making It Effective.

"I'll give you 30 days in the workhouse," said the judge. "I ought to give you six months."

"Thanks for the clemency," said the culprit.

"No clemency at all, I assure you. I am afraid if you staid that long you might get used to it and not mind it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Many a Lover

Has turned with disgust from an otherwise lovable girl with an offensive breath. Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the breath by its action on the bowels etc., as nothing else will. Sold for years on absolute guarantee. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. Sold by Chapple Drug Co.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the postoffice at Billings, Yellowstone county, Montana, for the week ending Jan. 23, 1899.

Bagley, Mrs. Florence; Bagley, Israel; Baines, Arthur; Bissland, William; Brown, Jesse M.; Cannon, Frank; Christmon, Oliver; Dee, P.; Downing, Walter O.; Day, Chas.; Ewing, E. R.; Guilford, M.; Johnson, Charlie; Kluedtke, Herman; Leeds, Mrs. R. A.; Lee, Daisy; Lowell, W. G.; McRinley, C. L.; McCracken, D. B.; McCoy, W.; Neland, Sam; Nelson, John; Paulson, Gustaave; Rockel, J. F.; Seidell, Henry; Smith, E. H.; Thompson, Arthur C; Whitaker, Neafie; Wilkerson, Chas. A.; Wylie, Arthur.

Persons calling for the same will please say "advertised."

L. F. Babcock, Postmaster.

You Try It.

If Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure, which is sold for the small price of 25 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00, does not cure take the bottle back and we will refund your money. Sold for over fifty years on this guarantee. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. Sold by Chapple Drug Co.

Yellowstone Park Map.

The Northern Pacific railway has just issued a new map of Yellowstone Park, that should be in demand. It is a relief map in colors, is scientifically made, and is complete in topography and nomenclature. The map is about 22x28 inches in size and is printed on heavy paper thus making it suitable for framing.

The map is specially adapted for school and class rooms and will be mailed in tubes to any address by Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Pass. agent of the Northern Pacific, St. Paul, Minn., upon receipt of 10 cents. 59-tf

Sick Headaches,

The curse of overworked womankind, are quickly and surely cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great blood purifier and tissue builder. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. Sold by Chapple Drug Co.

Mott's Nerverine Pills

BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. $1.00 per box by mail; 6 boxes for $5.00.

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EAST-BOUND. DAILY.	MILES.	STATIONS.	WEST-BOUND DAILY.
9:15 A M	0	Lv... BILLINGS ...Ar	6 03 P M
10:32 A M	61	Lv....Fort Custer....Ar	4 29 P M
1:25 P M	144	Ar.....Sheridan.....Lv	2 20 P M
8:20 P M	367	Ar.... Edgemont Lv	7 30 A M
8:53 A M	396	Ar... Hot Springs ...Lv	6 30 P M
12:03 P M	474	Ar.... Deadwood Lv	3:00 P M
9:55 P M	420	Ar.....Crawford.....Lv	5:25 A M
11:45 P M	477	Ar..... Alliance.....Lv	3:55 A M
8:10 A M	715	Ar.... Ravenna Lv	9:40 P M
9:45 A M	753	Ar...Grand Island...Lv	8:45 P M
1:00 P M	838	Ar .... Lincoln.....Lv	6:15 P M
4:25 P M	892	Ar.....Omaha Lv	4:35 P M
8:05 P M	1063	Ar... Kansas City ...Lv	10:40 A M
7:19 A M	1312	Ar... ST. LOUIS ...Lv	8:45 P M
8:20 A M	1381	Ar... CHICAGO ...Lv	10:30 P M

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Tickets sold and baggage checked to all points in the United States.

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Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

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were famous years ago—their fame grows every year—as the seeds most to be relied on—as always the best. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Five cents per paper and always worth it. Insist on having them. Run no risk—buy Ferry's. 1899 Seed Annual is free. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

T. J. FARRELL.

Range from Clarke's Fork to the reservation line on the ceded strip.

J. M. Conway is in charge of the stock and authorized to sell. His headquarters are on Blue creek, Billings.

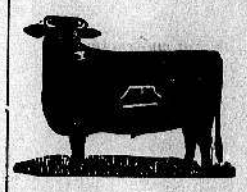
Parties furnishing information of stock off their range or stock stolen will be suitably rewarded.

JOHN RAMSEY.

Range Yellowstone P. O. Billings.

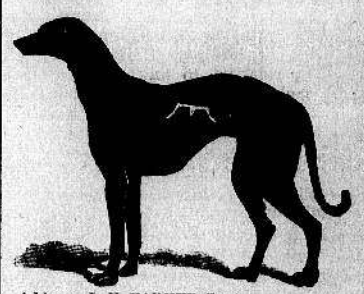
MURPHY CATTLE COMPANY,

L. H. PARKER, Superintendent. Billings, Montana.



Range Crow Indian Reservation.

MURPHY KENNELS.



Address—L. H. PARKER, Supt. Murphy Cattle Company, Billings, Montana.

CUSTER CATTLE COMPANY.

EMMETT McCORMICK, Foreman.

Brand as in cut on either side.

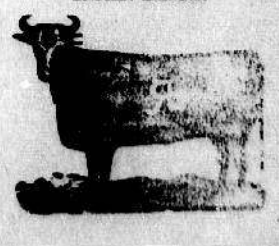
Range — Yellowstone, Crow Reservation, East Pryor creek.

Horses 7-7 on left shoulder.

Vent—Brand reversed.

P. O.—Junction, Montana.

RYAN BROS.



7 on left ribs.

on left side or hip.

S on left hip. U on left side.

7 left side or hip. /L left side.

_L left side. 7 left side.

Horses same as cattle on left hip.

Range—Big Bend of Musselshell and Alkali creek. P. O. Musselshell, Mont.