A FEW ODD ISLANDS.

DESCRIBED BY THE WAYNE COUNTY (PA.) MAN.

They Float Around In a Careless Sort of Fashion, With an Occasional Queer Freak, One Being to Spin Around Like a Monster Top.

"I read about the floating islands off the mouth of the Mississippi the other day," said the veracious man from Honesdale, Pa. "That reminded me that my own little old county can boast a few islands of the sort. What county? Wayne, young man. You'll find it on the maps due north of Pike county. You city chaps have an idea that all of northern Pennsylvania is Pike county in expansion, but you were never so much mistaken about anything in your lives. Pike county is all very well in its way, but its way runs to fish liars and rattlesnakes. Now, Wayne has none of the latter, but of the former—well, talk about Pike county fishing! Young fellow, Pike county isn't a marker to Wayne when it comes to downright, honest, clean cut piscatorial sport. Pike may lie about it better, but when you come to sift the facts from the fiction before an investigating commission you'll find that Wayne catches the biggest trout and the fightingest bass every time, and don't you forget it.

"But I started to tell you about the floating islands in the old county. Way back in the twenties the Delaware and Hudson Canal company gouged a channel in the face of the earth from Rondout to Honesdale and called it a canal. For reservoirs and feeders to this canal the level of ponds and lakes along the route was raised by means of dams from 12 to 20 feet. While the dams were in process of building the timber about the ponds was felled up to the artificial water line, and in many cases really valuable lumber was left to decay where it fell. These dead trunks formed, when the water rose to its newer level, the basis of these floating islands, which may be found in so many of the lakes of Wayne county. Intertwining branches and twigs of the trees themselves and large quantities of underbrush served to bind the logs together in something like a solid mass, thereby forming rafts of more or less buoyancy and size. In the course of time water weeds of various kinds attached themselves to the raft, and eventually became a part of it. Gradually a light, thin mold accumulated on the island, and in this mold birds planted seeds and grain, which, sprouting, growing and finally dying and rotting, did their part in the making of the whole. All of the larger islands bear from one to a score of trees, many of which have attained a considerable growth.

"You might suppose that to walk upon or to fish from one of these islands would be a source of some danger, but, aside from an occasional wetting of the feet no accidents from this cause have ever occurred, so far as I have been able to learn. The sensation produced by walking on a floating island is very similar to that which you and I have both experienced when, as boys, we ran on thin, young ice, or thicker old and rotten ice. You remember how the ice used to bend under your weight as you ran across it, sometimes sinking nearly a foot and then with the next step rising to meet you, possibly throwing you and perhaps giving you a ducking? Well, it's the same way with the floating islands, but with the element of danger eliminated. It has the same fascination.

"Strange as it may seem, very few of these floating islands have become permanently anchored to the bottom of the lakes. They are as nomadic and as unsettled in their habits as the Arab. They lack what we country people call stick-to-itiveness. They are the contrariest cusses that ever happened. Sometimes a mere breath of wind will send one of them scooting from one end of the lake to the other and again you couldn't budge that same island with a 100 ton, compound freight locomotive and a political pull. Once thoroughly domesticated, however, they make excellent weather vanes, for they invariably seek the lee shore of the lake.

"I recall a peculiar thing that happened years ago to the island in White Oak pond, near Aldenville, some eight or nine miles to the north and west of Honesdale. By the way, this particular island is the largest of the lot; so large, in fact, that the center rises fully ten feet above the water line. The farmer owning this island proposed erecting a summer house on the elevation, but was obliged to give it up owing to his inability to lay a proper foundation without driving piles, and to do that would result in nailing the island to the bottom.

"Well, as I was going to say, this island one day eloped with a southwest zephyr, which promptly deserted as soon as it had got its consort into the middle of the lake. There it floated in a sultry summer sun, with no means of motion in itself and milking time approaching. Presently the edge of a little breeze from the northwest struck the wanderer on the port quarter and things began to look a little brighter. Unfortunately for the island, however, at about the same moment that the first gust landed a wind of equal intensity came up from the southeast and its edge caught the island on the starboard bow. In less than a minute these two contrary winds had that island spinning around like a top. You may believe this or not, as you like. I can show you the island any time that you'll come up to the old county.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The most magnificent tomb in the world is deemed to be the palace temple of Karnak, occupying a space of nine acres, or twice that of St. Peter's at Rome. The temple space is a poet's dream of gigantic columns, beautiful courts and wondrous avenues of sphinxes.

A FAMOUS PLATE.

The First Engraving Was Printed on a Laundress' Bundle.

Two groups of tourists were standing in the Pitti palace before the large plate of pure silver upon which Finiguerra, the great master of early engraving, had depicted his lovely "Madonna and Child" in a trellised arbor covered with roses. An Italian lady was telling her friends in an undertone the charming anecdote of Finiguerra and the laundress.

The artist, it seems, in mastering the new and difficult art of engraving upon metal, had acquired a singularly keen eye and delicate touch, and he also possessed a number of very fine and sharp instruments, which he used in his work.

Being a kindly man he sometimes placed both his sure hand and his fine tools at the service of his friends and neighbors in performing for them some of the simpler operations of surgery, until he acquired quite a reputation for his skill in doctoring their hurts.

One day a poor laundress who had been washing clothes, in wringing out a garment in which a needle had been carelessly left, ran it deeply into her hand. Worse yet, it broke off in the wound and a part remained imbedded in the flesh. She was in much pain, and on her way back from the stream where she had been washing she stopped at the house of the artist and was admitted.

Entering his studio she hastily set down her wet and heavy bundle and held out the injured hand, begging his assistance. Finiguerra left his work to help her, and after long and delicate manipulation extracted the broken needle. The woman thanked him and turned to go, lifting her bundle from its resting place.

Then he saw that she had set it upon one of his engravings. Like all others at that time, it was a plate of engraved metal, complete in itself, and regarded as a single and sufficient picture, exactly as if it had been a painting.

But as the damp bundle was raised the quick eye of Finiguerra saw that it had received an impression from the engraved picture beneath, and his quick mind seized at once the suggestion of the possibility of indefinite reproduction from a single original. So that from the kindness of a great artist to a poor washerwoman sprang the discovery which has placed the beautiful products of the engraver's art within the reach of all of us today!—Youth's Companion.

ENGLISH RED TAPE.

It Took a Broken Leg to Get the Chair Repaired.

It is stated that one morning recently a young fellow who had just secured a clerkship in a government office was considerably startled by a little scene that he witnessed. An elderly man, one of the senior clerks in the room, suddenly rose from his desk, dragged the comfortable chair on which he had been sitting into the middle of the room, seized a poker and attacking the chair with great vigor succeeded in breaking one of its legs. When it was done, the official gave a sigh of relief and flung the chair into a corner of the room. The budding junior's first thought was that his senior had suddenly taken leave of his senses, and he almost expected that his colleagues would put him under restraint. But to his astonishment the other clerks hardly raised their eyes while the work of destruction was in progress. Before the office work was over the newcomer sought information from one of his fellow clerks.

"Can you tell me," said he, "why Mr. Dash carried on in that extraordinary fashion? I mean, of course, when he broke a perfectly sound leg off the chair in which he had been sitting."

"Oh, that was all right!" replied the other with a meaning laugh. "A caster had come off one of the legs of that chair, and, you know, 'my lords' will not provide us with new casters; they will attend to nothing less than a broken leg. So Dash had to break one of the legs to get his chair put right at the public expense."—London Standard.

The Dead Irishman.

Some Irish body snatchers had rifled a grave and hid their booty in a corner of the churchyard, when it occurred to a half tipsy fellow, who had been watching them unobserved, that it would be pleasanter to be driven back to the nearest town than to walk. He accordingly secreted the dead man under a hedge and lay down in his place. He was duly transferred to a cart, but when about half the journey was over one of the men who had touched his hand screamed to his friend, "Good heavens, the body is warm!"

Hereupon, in a deep voice, the supposed dead man remarked, "If you had been where I've been for the last two days, you'd be warm too!"

In a moment he was left in full possession of the vehicle!—Sir M. E. Grant Duff's Diary

A Bloodthirsty Editor.

A down east editor has drawn up some new game laws which he wants adopted. The following is a summary:

"Book agents may be killed from Oct. 1 to Sept. 1; spring poets, from March 1 to June 1; scandalmongers from April 1 to Feb. 1; umbrella borrowers, from Aug. 1 to Nov. 1 and Feb. 1 to May 1, while every man who accepts a newspaper two years, and, upon being presented with his bill, says, 'I never ordered it!' may be killed on the spot, without reserve or relief."—Christian Register.

Next Thing to It.

He—Oh, by the way, the doctor advised me to eat a water cracker before going to bed; said it would prevent my insomnia. Are there any in the house?

She—The only thing in the house approaching a water cracker is the ice pick.—Indianapolis Journal.

ASBESTUS.

Some of the Peculiarities of This Mysterious Substance.

Asbestus is a physical paradox, yet one of nature's most marvelous productions. It has been called a mineralogical vegetable; it is both fibrous and crystalline, elastic, yet brittle; a floating stone, which can be readily carded, spun and woven into tissue. In Germany it is known as steinflachs (stone flax), and the miners of Quebec give it quite as expressive a name—pierre coton (cotton stone). The asbestus mines of Quebec are the most famous in the world, yielding 85 per cent of the entire output. Italy being the only competing country, and there the industry is declining. Although Charlemagne is said to have had a tablecloth of asbestus, which he cleansed by throwing into the fire, it was practically unknown until 1850.

The Italian mineral was then experimented with and some years later put on the market. In 1878 the first Canadian mine was opened, and the product steadily increased until 1890, when 9,860 tons, worth $1,260,000, were mined. There has since been a decline in value, the amount for 1896 being 12,200, worth only $430,000. Asbestus is flexible, noncombustible and a nonconductor of heat and electricity, and on these properties its increasing use depends. It is spun into yarn, from which cloth is woven for drop curtains in theaters, clothing for firemen, acid workers, etc. It is made into lamp wicks and gloves for stokers and ropes for fire escapes. It is felted into millboard to be used as an insulator in dynamos and as a fireproof lining for floors. It is used to insulate electric wires and as a covering to prevent loss of heat from steam pipes. Mixed with rubber it is used to pack steam joints.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

BATTLE WITH SHARKS.

A Desperate Encounter In Which Two Man Eaters Were Slain.

Probably the most desperate fight which has ever been witnessed between a couple of sharks and a human being took place at Havana some time ago.

Several fruit peddlers had boarded a large mailboat, and among them was a swarthy, bare legged young chap noted among his comrades as a clever swimmer. The purser of the vessel was standing by the gangway, holding his child in his arms, watching a couple of sharks that were hanging about the ship. Accidentally the child fell out of its father's grasp into the water. The father immediately jumped overboard and seized his child, and in a moment the sharks were making for the pair.

Seeing the predicament, the bare legged young buccaneer dropped his fruit basket and went over the rail like a flash.

As the first shark turned on its back—the invariable prelude to biting its victim—the young fruit seller rose to the surface, and, with a long, keen edged knife, fairly disemboweled it.

The other was not nearly so easily disposed of. The shark seemed to realize that in the fruit seller he had a dangerous foe and apparently sparred for an opening. Several men on board the vessel blazed away at the monster with revolvers, but the young fellow begged the men to desist, being unnerved by the firing. Fish and man dived alternately, and when the fish did make for its foe the plucky boy dived and plunged the knife in its side.

The water was crimson with blood when the three were hauled safe and sound to the deck of the vessel, and a handsome sum of money was collected for the victor.

Why You Yawn.

Have you ever observed at a theater or concert that the people who are most deeply interested appear between the acts to be quite weary of the whole thing, yawning half a dozen times in succession? The reason of this is a physiological one. When your attention is much absorbed in anything exciting or touching, you breathe in a very shallow manner and take into your lungs only half enough air. Consequently, when your attention is relaxed, you have to make up the deficiency. This you do by yawning, which, after all, is only breathing a very deep breath.

If you watch a man at a play and observe that he is greatly moved by some incident, you may feel sure that when the scene ends he will sigh and a moment or two later yawn repeatedly. Of course the yawning, so far from being a sign of weariness, is a proof of the liveliest appreciation.

Very often you will observe the same phenomenon in a girl reading a novel. And by her yawns you can tell when the end of some absorbing incident is reached.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

All About It.

"There's one thing about the north pole," asserted the returned explorer emphatically.

The crowd leaned eagerly forward to learn the result of his investigations.

"Yes," repeated the returned explorer, lighting his cigar with great deliberation.

"Er—what did we understand"—it was the man with the inquisitive nose who spoke—"you to say it is, professor?"

The returned explorer threw away his match.

"It is the ice," he explained kindly.

Not Listening.

She was a very little girl, but not so small that she did not recognize swearing as something very wrong or that if other people used bad language it was her place to close her ears to it. She was on the street with her mother, and as they passed a group of men talking in loud tones the passersby heard the small girl exclaim in shocked tones, "Oh, isn't that awful!" And then, as if suddenly remembering, "But I'm not listening."—New York Times.

DAWN'S MASQUE.

Sleep no more, Corinna! Night
Stealthily in ghostly veiling
Fleeing, scattered in her flight
Whereso'er her mantle trailing,
Brushed and bent each grassy spear
Bounties of dew silver here.

Now in splendid pageant moves
Like a far sea phosphorescent,
Passing down the mountain groves,
Dawn to kiss the lake's blue crescent,
Golden arrows falling ever
From her loose rose belted quiver.

Silken strands of thistle down
(Woven by the pixie maiden)
Glitter, and the coral crown
Wherewith every hawthorn's laden,
E'en as if in rubies set,
Sparkles with the hoar frost wet.

Sleep no more, Corinna! Nay,
Slumber hath outstrip its limit
When the pomp of newborn day
Throstles see and rise to hymn it,
When, all loveliness, the sun
Setteth forth his course to run!

—Pall Mall Gazette.

HE DREADS A RAZOR.

And He Has Good Reason to After His Narrow Escape.

"There is a physician now stopping at this house," remarked the proprietor of one of the hotel barber shops, "who has a mortal dread of a razor in the hands of another. It originated in a remarkable experience. Some years ago he was in a town in Iowa and stepped into a barber shop to get shaved. All the chairs were filled, so he sat down to wait. In a few minutes one of the barbers called 'Next!' and he was getting up when a gentleman who had just entered addressed him.

"'I am in a great hurry to catch a train,' he said, 'and would be very grateful if you would allow me to take the chair ahead of you.'

"Such requests are not unusual, and the doctor, who is naturally obliging, told him to go ahead and resumed his seat. The other man had hardly climbed into position when the barber picked up a razor and cut his throat from ear to ear, killing him instantaneously.

"In spite of stories to the contrary, I think that is the only case of the kind that ever happened in the United States. The barber turned out to be insane, but the horror of the scene and the almost miraculous character of his own escape made such an impression on the mind of the doctor that he has never since allowed anybody to shave him.

"Only this morning I trimmed his hair, and in finishing the job I started, as is customary, to shape up the growth of his temples with the corner of my razor. The moment he caught sight of the blade he turned pale as death. 'Don't touch me with that!' he exclaimed. 'Do the best you can with the scissors and let the rest go!' He has known me a long time and I suppose has confidence in my sanity, but the reminiscence was too much for him, and, really, I don't wonder."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Grief of Parting.

The man leaned right into the railway carriage. There was positive anguish in his drawn face. The lady inside was very pretty and beautifully dressed. Her softnesses of complexion and hair, of lace and filmy material, triumphed in the searching glare of the electric light, which showed the rich luxury of every detail of her costume. She smiled with a pretty, regretful tenderness as she replied lightly to his earnest works. He looked at her as if he could never look long enough, as if her face held for him the whole meaning of life. As the train began to move, his fingers fell passionately on the ungloved hand resting on the window ledge; then instinctively he sprang back, raised his hat, and I caught in full light a glimpse of his white face.

Directly the train steamed out of the station the lady rose, carefully rolled up her veil, and, quite indifferent to my presence, proceeded before the mirror in the carriage to dust her face with a dainty pocket handkerchief, and to apply to forehead and nose the minutest layer of powder with a tiny puff. She patted and arranged her curls, drawing them with a hairpin into coquettish position and curve, and then, lowering her veil, she sank into the seat with a sigh of satisfaction.—Academy.

How Did Jim Know?

For several years my early morning walk lay through the first block of West Fifty-seventh street, where I used regularly to meet a milkman delivering milk. He would take from his wagon a rack containing several bottles and go from house to house, while his old gray horse walked sedately on alone.

One morning as I was passing the pair midway the block the man said to his horse:

"Go on, Jim, and turn at No. 7."

I watched with interest. Jim did go on until exactly opposite No. 7. Then he carefully turned and walked back to his master—or shall I say comrade? Yet some people think that the lower animals cannot reason.—Our Animal Friends.

Costly Health.

Blivens—My dear, I'm really alarmed about Tommy's health.

Mrs. Blivens—I suppose you mean you are alarmed about his ill health and future doctors' bills.

Blivens—I said health, and I meant it. I was thinking of butchers' bills.—Boston Transcript.

One of the Main Requisites.

"I thought he had all the elements of a successful artist for the humorous weeklies, and yet he failed."

"Yes, he failed to make the feet and the mouths large enough to be considered real humor."—Chicago Post.

Train up a child in the way he should go, but don't overtrain him, or he will be pretty sure to go in an opposite direction.—Boston Transcript.

The price of medicine in Prussia is regulated by the state, a new price list being published every year.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the postoffice at Billings, Yellowstone county, Montana, for the week ending May 29, 1899.

Bidleman, J. Geo.; Carter, Marion; Cox, Henry; Dibbs, Guy; Eriksen, Arthur; Esbelman, H. E.; Evans, Mrs. Delia; Farmer, Fred; Fuller, Niles; Garber, Sam A.; Graham, Walter; Heinman, Vaughan E.; Johnson, Samuel; Kneale, Johnnie; Lamphere, O. M.; Mantell, Mrs. Rosy; Minningham, Miss Dollie; Nelson, J. B.; Peckenpaugh, Thad; Pepper, Frank; Stuike, Wm.; Thompson, Miss Maggie; Walters, Dick; Wever, F. A.; Williams, James; Woodruff, A.; Woods, Wm.

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

L. F. Babcock, Postmaster.

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.

The Way to Go to California

Is in a tourist sleeping car—personally conducted—via the Burlington route. You make fast time. You see the finest scenery on the globe.

Your car is not so expensively finished nor so fine to look at as a palace sleeper, but it is just as clean, just as comfortable, just as good to ride in, and nearly $20 cheaper.

The Burlington excursions leave every Thursday, reaching San Francisco Sunday and Los Angeles Monday. Porter with each car. Excursion manager with each party. For folder giving full information call at nearest B. & M. railroad depot or write to J. Francis, general passenger agent, Omaha, Neb. 6-26-99

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.

South or East, Which?

When a trip is contemplated it is always well to prepare in advance in order to avoid little inconveniences which are often annoying. The two fast trains leaving Minneapolis and St. Paul daily via Wisconsin Central lines for Milwaukee and Chicago make close connections with trains east and south. Being elegantly equipped with sleeping cars, parlor cars and day coaches, they are fully appreciated by the traveling public. Your nearest ticket agent will give you complete information and furnish you folder of the Wisconsin Central lines.

Jas. C. Pond, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis

Sick headache absolutely and positively cured by using Moki Tea. A pleasant herb drink. Cures constipation and indigestion, makes you eat, sleep; work and happy. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. 25 cents and 50 cents, Sold by Chapple Drug Co.

TIME TABLE.

Burlington Route

BILLINGS, MONT

LINCOLN,
OMAHA,
CHICAGO,
ST. JOSEPH,
KANSAS CITY,
ST. LOUIS,
SAN FRANCISCO,
DENVER,
CHEYENNE,
SALT LAKE,
PORTLAND

—AND—

All Points East, South and West

Trains Arrive and Depart as Follows:

No. 42.	Passenger, daily, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Atchison, Omaha, Lincoln, Denver, California, Colorado and Texas points. Leave	8:30 a.m.
No. 41.	Passenger, daily from above points. Arrive	7:03 p.m
No. 46.	Freight, daily, Sheridan and intermediate points. Leave	10:05 a.m.
No. 45.	Freight, daily, from Sheridan and intermediate points. Arrive	6:00 a.m.

You Buy the Ticket and We'll do the Rest.

Tickets sold and baggage checked to all points in the United States.
Vestibuled Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and Free Reclining Chair Cars.
No change of cars between Billings and Kansas City.
One change of cars between Billings and Chicago, and Billings and St. Louis.
For Time Table, Rates, Maps, etc., call on or address

J. L. HARRINGTON, Agent,
or H. B. SEGUR, General Agent,
Billings, Montana.

NERVITA Restores VITALITY, LOST VIGOR AND MANHOOD

Cures Impotency, Night Emissions and wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse, or excess and indiscretion. A nerve tonic and blood builder. Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail 50c per box; 6 boxes for $2.50; with a written guarantee to cure or refund the money.

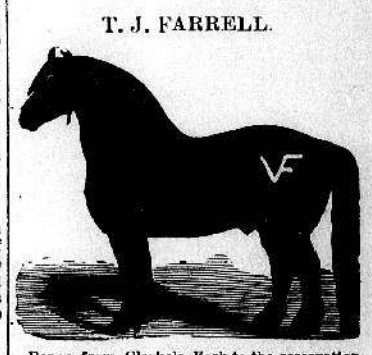
NERVITA MEDICAL CO.
Clinton & Jackson Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.
For Sale by
Lieberg, Holmes & Calhoun, Druggists,
1-10-1y Billings, Montana.

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.
MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Prop's, Cleveland, Ohio.
For Sale by Chapple Drug Co.

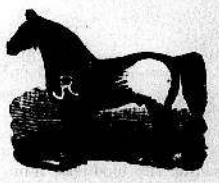
T. J. FARRELL.



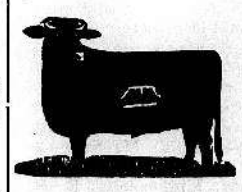
Range from Clarke's Fork to the reservation line on the ceded strip.
J. M. Conway is in charge of the stock and authorized to sell. His headquarters are on Blue creek, Billings.
Parties furnishing information of stock off their range or stock stolen will be suitably rewarded.

JOHN RAMSEY.

Range Yellowstone P. O. Billings.



MURPHY CATTLE COMPANY,
L. H. PARKER, Superintendent.
Billings, Montana.



Range Crow Indian Reservation.

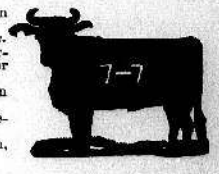
MURPHY KENNELS.

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

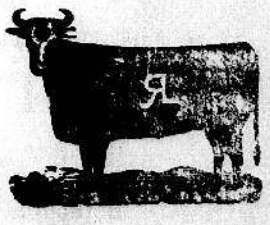
CUSTER CATTLE COMPANY.

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. LL on left side.
7 left side or hip. /L left side.
_L left side. 7 left side.

Horses same as cattle on left hip.
Ranges—Big Bend of Musselshell and Alkali creek. P. O. Musselshell, Mont.