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Thirty-Six Hours at Play.

Last Tuesday night at 7.30 o'clock five gentlemen, three of whom were legislators, set down to the time-honored round-table and began to play. Time flew so rapidly that at two o'clock they all agreed that they had better play a little longer. It was a big game, \$500 all \$25 and table takes. Aces were worth \$100 and two pairs anything under \$50. Hour after hour passed, and the cold, dull daylight began to creep in at them through the closed shutters, and still they played. One member was \$2,000 behind at five o'clock and another \$1,500 behind. Breakfast was ordered. They gulped it down, and again, with pale, haggard faces they sat about the table. Twelve o'clock, half noon, and they were still at it. The air in the room was stifling, but they cared not for that. It was a beautiful day without, the air balmy and warm, but the frightful fascination of the game kept them there in the close room under the poisonous gas jets, necessary because the windows must be kept closed, turning the cards and betting the chips.

Six o'clock came, and one of the party was gone, utterly broken down. He left \$1,000 in the hands of the Phillips and staggered off to bed. At eight o'clock there were only three of the party left, with faces as white as sheet and nerves all shattered by drink, and the awful excitement of the game. At two o'clock Thursday morning the three men separated, after thirty-six hours of incessant play, and \$3,000 had been won and lost. One of the men was sick for two days; another has not recovered yet. It was a terrible experience for all of them.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

He Made the Wrong Fur Fly.

A very excellent colored brother hunted up an officer patrolling Baxter street yesterday and said that he had long borne the abuse of a man of his color, who was then in a house on the next block and added:

"I don't want to brok the law, but the time has arrove when I must crush dot 'possum to dust."

"If I catch you fighting, I shall have to take you down," replied the other.

"I can't help it, sah—can't help it, no how. If dat 'possum makes his disappearance on de street while I'm on de street and aroun', the fur am gwine to fly, if I die for it! He's slandered me, he lied about me, an' Ize gwine to ketch him same as you would a tiger."

The officer passed on to the end of his beat and returned to find the crusher with his back to the fence and a woman leading him a wet rag to bind his head up.

"Let's see? You are the man who was going to crush some one?" observed the officer.

"I 'spect I are."

"Did he come out?"

"He did."

"Did the fur fly?"

"Deed it did, but de trouble was dat it was de wrong fur!"

"Well, what are you going to do now?"

"Ize gwine to get healed up an' lick his brudder-in-law! Pour some mo' water, missus, for disole head begins to swim agin."

Why We Eat Oysters Raw.

Dr. William Roberts, in his interesting lectures on the digestive ferments, says: "Our practice in regard to oysters is quite exceptional, and furnishes a striking example of the general correctness of the popular judgment on delicate questions. The oyster is almost the only animal substance which we eat habitually and by preference in the raw or uncooked state; and it is interesting to know that there is a sound physiological reason at the bottom of the preference. The fawn colored mass which constitutes the dainty of the oyster is its liver, and this is little less than a heap of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but without being in actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment—the hepato-diacetase. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested without other help than by its diacetase. The oyster is, in fact, self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking; for the heat employed immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers."

St. Petersburg, May 25.—General

Dantelin, Governor of Kieff, issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Bala-pod declaring the authors and instigators of Jewish outrages will be tried by court martial. If the police are insufficient to prevent outrages the military will be used. The chief of Balta police assures the Jews of immediate repression of attempts at outrage.

Washington, May 25.—Hay

inspector, Joseph A. Smith, is appointed chief of the bureau of provisions and clothing with rank and pay of paymaster general of the navy.

De Laseps Outdo.

A most extraordinary and astounding discovery has been recently made by the great astronomer Schiaparelli, director of the observatory at Milan, who commenced a new series of observations of the planet Mars in February last, and has now presented the scientific world with a summary of his discoveries in the form of an admirable brochure, accompanied by astronomical maps and plans. So singular are his announcements, that were they not firmly sustained by the testimony of others as great as himself, few men would believe them.

Of course, most of our readers know that the planet Mars is more interesting to modern astronomers than any other in our system, not even excepting the marvellous Saturn with his thrice-mysterious ring. This is not because of the eccentricity or size of the planet, but because of its proximity and the indubitable fact that it is a miniature of our own earth. Mars is inhabited almost beyond a possibility of doubt; and as it is older, according to the most rational astronomical hypothesis, by many millions of years than our own earth, there is ample reason to believe that its civilization is incalculably more advanced than our own.

Before speaking more fully of the recent discoveries by Schiaparelli, let us refer briefly to the character and importance of Mars. Mars comes immediately after our earth in the revolving order of planets according to distance from the sun, and is only about nineteen millions of leagues distant from us at any time. As its orbit is elliptical as well as our own, it sometimes happens that we approach each other much more closely, to within 42,000,000 miles. This occurs in 1877 and occurs regularly every fifteen years; and during such occasions astronomers are naturally excited to extraordinary labors of investigation. Mars is twice as small as the earth but its rotation is almost the same. Its year is much longer than ours; consisting of 687 Martian days, or about 687 terrestrial days. Its seasons are irregular; the longest is spring, the shortest winter. A man who would weigh 100 pounds on earth would weigh only 37 pounds if transported to the surface of Mars. As to the geography of the planet, it differs largely from our own in having more land than water surface, and more even distribution of the elements. The color of the vegetation is probably different from that of our own.

Not only have excellent maps been made of Mars, but we may say that we know much more of its polar regions than we do of our own. All its great seas, islands, continents, and peninsulas have been named. There are the continents of Gallien, of Copernicus, and of Herschell; there are great tracts laid down as Tycho land, Cassini land, Laplace land;—the oceans and seas are also named after celebrated astronomers—Arago, Newton, Schiaparelli, etc. Even the mouths and courses of the great rivers are distinguishable; inundations are observable; and we may hope that before many years that Martian cities will also be perceivable through terrestrial telescopes.

When we remember how much we know of Mars already, the recent discovery of Signor Schiaparelli becomes more astounding. What he has discovered is this: The surface of its continents is covered with a net-work of what seem to be enormous canals, crossing each other at right angles, running from shore to shore. Each of these canals, or rather canal lines, is double; there are always two canals running parallel, at so short a distance that through the most powerful telescopes they first appeared to be only single canals. Whether this be a prodigious system of irrigation, none can say. It is hard to conceive of such a being executed by the inhabitants of the planets. But surely the world will await further developments in this regard with the most intense interest.

Science and Religion.

Nothing but deplorable ignorance suspects that scientific achievement is destructive of the essential elements of religion. The discoveries of Darwin are no more incompatible with the theophany of a Deity, or a future life, than the discoveries of Koch or Pasteur as to the origin and treatment of certain diseases are subversive of the practice of medicine. Men who regard the theory of evolution as more reasonable than the "Mosaic" account of the creation are better prepared than those who deny that Creator of the universe—a great First Cause from which all things took their origin.

Science and morals fortunately do not clash. They operate in different spheres to the common end of making life worth living. Both Darwin and Emerson have left the world wiser than they found it. The church cannot afford to condemn them or their work, but should seek to avail itself of the intellectual coheries of the one and the other. The moral influences of the physical and moral sciences are still while the church must not stand still while the world continues to move in the direction of higher aims, and more rational broader information, and more rational theories of life and duty.—*St. Louis Republican.*

New York, May 25.—At today's

session of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, the Judicial Meeting committee on Chinese missions presented a report which was adopted taking grounds against the anti-Chinese bill. Rev. G. W. Lanier, of Ohio, recommended the society to expend \$200,000 in missionary work among the foreign population of this country.

San Francisco, May 25.—A

Walla dispatch says Aldy Neal, a horse thief and a generally respectable character was hanged by vigilantes near Rockford last Monday.

THE LIFE OF A JOCKEY.

Some of the Drawbacks which Attend the Wonderful Archer's Career.

You have doubtless heard much on various occasions about this truly remarkable jockey. I am tempted to give a slight sketch of him as he appeared yesterday. He commenced by winning two races in grand style, and later on won another, though he was "nowhere" in the chief event. Truth to say, the famous jockey presented a rather painful appearance yesterday. Imagine a tall, emaciated-looking man, cadaverous of countenance, with large projecting lips, a slight stoop, decidedly round shoulders, and long, somewhat misshapen legs. Picture this man, wrapped in an overcoat and shivering as though nearly every gust of wind went right through his slender frame. Such is the premier jockey of England. I should be sorry to say that Archer is of a pronounced morose and miserly turn of mind; but it looks very much as though such were the case. He has always been notorious for excessive thrift; no one ever knew him to throw about money with anything approaching recklessness or even generosity. He has amassed large sums and promptly stored them away securely and carefully. It is said, on good authority, that he is quite worth \$350,000, and moreover he is shortly about to be married to the daughter of one of the richest trainers in England. Lately, however, he has developed a tendency for increasing in weight, and this seems to trouble him immensely. Why he should wish to continue riding in races, no one with any sense can divine. He would surely do well to retire; but he will listen to no advice of the kind. Some plainly spoken people say his need for making money cannot be over-estimated. Anyhow all that I know is that he has to treat his system most cruelly in order that he may not "scale" above 117 pounds. For three days before the City and Suburban, I am informed by some one who really should know, that Archer took very little solid substance of any description. Meat and vegetables he absolutely eschewed, his diet consisting chiefly of bread and tea taken without sugar. I believe his feeble frame is incapable of the necessary exertion. He goes in for "strong physicking," and any one with sense must know how injurious this is to the system. Now and again he breakfasts off a couple seditious powders, or something similarly purgative and cheerful, and he has been known to positively fill himself with drugs. The result simply is that he already looks like a weakened and shrunken old man. After the first race yesterday, I saw him quivering and shaking from head to foot with the exertion the race had cost him, and it is a fact that he had to imbibe half a pint of champagne ere he could steady himself sufficiently to ride in the City and Suburban. Again I say that a man who will thus trifle, and play fast and loose with his constitution, cannot be commended upon the score of wisdom. It may happen that when Archer finally retires from the "pig skin" he may "fill out" and become to a certain extent robust and hearty, but I doubt it. He looked deplorable enough yesterday; I raise hopes in the mind of an undertaker. I learn, however, that he has resolved to continue at work right through the present season, and I should think no one who knows him would envy him the task he has set himself, notwithstanding about the money he hopes to gain.—*London Correspondent of the Boston Herald.*

The Touch in Shorthorns.

The skin affords in what is technically and emphatically called the touch a criterion second to none in judging of the feeding proper for an ox. The touch may be good or bad, fine or harsh, or as it is a ten termed, hard or mellow. A thick, firm skin, which is generally covered with a thick set, hard, short hair, always touches and indicates a bad feeder. A thin, meagre, papery skin, covered with thin, silken hair, being the opposite of the one just described, does not however, afford a good touch. Such skin is indicative of a weakness of constitution, though of good feeding properties. A perfect touch will be found with thick, loose skin, floating as if it were on a layer of soft fat, yielding to the least pressure, and springing back to the finger like a piece of soft, thick chamois leather (or a piece of the best silk velvet), and covered with a thick, glossy, soft hair. It is not unlike a fine soft moss, and hence such a skin is not unfrequently styled "mossy." A knowledge of touch can only be acquired by long practice, but after having acquired it, it is of itself a sufficient means of judging of the feeding qualities of an ox, because, when sent the properties of symmetrical form, bone, fine, quiet disposition, and purity of blood are the general accompaniments.

A Sympathetic Tramp.

One of our citizens was going home at a late hour one night recently, when he was suddenly confronted by a footpad, who, with pistol pointed at his head, demanded his money. The citizen assured the fellow that he had no money that he had been to a fair. Before he could say any more the pocket dropped his pistol, put it in his pocket, and presently took up his w. hat, and crushing something in the citizens hand, said, in great broken accents, as he turned on his heel: "Been to a fair? Poor fellow? Take that—I wish it was more." He was soon lost in the night. Upon approaching a street lamp the citizen found that the miscreant had given him a ten dollar bill. Verily one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.—*Boston Transcript.*

ROMANCE IN STONES.

The Bad Luck that Surely Accompanies Big Diamonds.

It was in 1867 that John O'Reilly, a trader and hunter was passing through a portion of the British Colony known as Griqualand West. At that time, however, the territory had not been ceded to the English crown; it was under the chieftainship of Nicholas Waterboer, Albania the particular district of the Griqua Territory in which Mr. O'Reilly's adventure occurred. He was returning from the interior to O'leburg, and called upon a leading colonist, a Dutchman, one Mr. Van Niekerk, who entertained him hospitably. During the evening one of Niekerk's children was playing on the floor with some pebbles that had been gathered from the neighborhood of the Vaal River. They were sparkling and attractive-looking things, and Mr. O'Reilly's attention was directed to one of them, which threw out quite a strong light. He took it up and examined it, and offered to buy it. Van Niekerk was amused at the idea of O'Reilly wishing to purchase the pebble, and refused to take any money for it. O'Reilly, in reply, informed him that he believed the pebble to be a precious stone of value, and he would therefore not take it for nothing. After some pleasant giggling between the two honest fellows, it was agreed that O'Reilly should take the stone, find out its value, and if it proved a diamond, as O'Reilly suspected, he was to sell it and divide the money between them. O'Reilly took the stone to O'leburg, and at the bar of the local hotel showed it to several people and told them that he believed it was a diamond. He cut a glass tumbler and wrote his name on the window pane with it, and was laughed at even for the illustrations of his belief in its character. One of the men present grew quite annoyed at O'Reilly's "folly," and picking the stone up, threw it into the street. It was only after a long search that O'Reilly found the stone again. He sent it to Dr. Atherston, of Grahamstown. This gentleman handed it to the Roman Catholic Bishop, who was not only a theologian, but a scientist. He examined it, and unhesitatingly pronounced it to be a diamond of 22 carats. From Grahamstown the stone was forwarded to the Colonial Secretary, the Hon. Richard Southey, afterwards the Lieutenant Governor of Griqualand West. He submitted the stone to the best authorities at hand, and they endorsed the judgment of the Bishop. It was then sent to Messrs. Hunt & Reskell, of London, the Queen's jewelers. They confirmed the conclusions obtained in the Colony, and valued the stone at \$2,500. Sir Philip Wodehouse, who was Governor of the Colony at the time, purchased it at this valuation. Mr. O'Reilly's fortune set out upon a fresh journey to see if he could find other diamonds where this was picked up. He was fortunate in coming upon one of 8.78 carats, which was purchased by Sir Philip Wodehouse for \$1,000. This was the beginning of the excitement which readers will remember was caused by the opening of the diamond fields of South Africa, an excitement almost equal in extent to that which followed the announcements of the discoveries of gold in Australia and California. The diamond fever extended in all directions; it caught even the natives, who came swarming in from all parts with pebbles of all descriptions, and many of them proving to be small diamonds. Soon afterwards the country that is the diamond of over eight-three carats had been discovered. The story was quite true. Mr. Van Niekerk, hearing that the stone he had given to O'Reilly was a diamond, remembered that he had seen one of a similar character in the possession of a native. He went straight to the Kaffir, and found that the man still held possession of the stone in question. Van Niekerk bought it from him. The native, however, was a very cute fellow; he obtained from Van Niekerk 500 sheep, a number of horses, and, indeed, almost the whole of the stock the Dutchman possessed. Van Niekerk immediately on securing it set off with the stone to Messrs. Lillienfeld brothers, of Hopetown, merchants of low standing in South Africa, and now represented at the scene of the great diamond and jewelry robbery in Hatton, London. They purchased the stone for \$55,000, and christening it "The Star of South Africa," sent it to Messrs. Hunt & Reskell of London, who eventually sold it to the present Earl of Dudley, who had it set with ninety-five smaller brilliants, and it is worn on important occasions by his beautiful wife. Singular enough, I met Lord Dudley and wife yesterday, not in society, not on familiar terms, but driving along Bond street. Lord Dudley is one of the richest men in England. He is a great coal owner and lives in a palace in Wrothamshire, called Witely Court. He married a few years ago probably the loveliest woman in England, a woman as far in advance of Mrs. Langtry for the grace and beauty that belongs to breeding as for appearance and manner. She was one of the numerous lovely daughters of Scotland. I had the honor of dancing at her wedding, which seems to me to have occurred only a few years ago. Lord Dudley was then a handsome, stalwart, aristocratic gentleman. Caricaturists have always been able to hit him off successfully on account of his luxuriant and bushy hair. His wife was as graceful, lithe figure, and wherever they went, to whatever court in Europe, she was the cynosure of all eyes.

Sensation in San Pete.

A story reaches us from San Pete to the effect that Dr. Berg, the Russian physician of local note, took a horse in payment of services rendered, and then started out for a good time in the streets of the Salinit settlement. He was arrested on a charge of "fast riding," and sentenced to pay a fine of \$100. In response to the demand of the Mormon justice he went down in his pocket for the purpose, as the M. J. supposed, of producing the coin. He didn't bring forth the coin, however, but in its stead he drew up a British barker, with the remark that that those were the things that he paid fines with in Russia, and that was what he proposed to do on that occasion. The sensation created was startling, and there was climbing in hot haste the justice weakened and the doctor was told to go forth a free man. "Twas a 'rushin' way of doing things, but a five full on bullets was a good hand, and Berg had no fears of being 'called' by the Mormons.—*Frisco Times.*

New York, May 25.—It has been

ascertained from a member of Governor Crittenden's party in this city that on his return to Missouri he will conclude negotiations for the surrender of Frank James and possibly other members of the organization of brigands in Missouri. Frank James is now in Jackson county, and instead of meditating more mischief is represented as being anxious to make the best terms possible for himself. Mr. Crittenden is fully informed as to his whereabouts and means to have him in custody inside of ten days. It is asserted that the whole James gang will be broken up. The plans are all laid and only await the Governor's return for execution.

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fire is burning at Kane City, McKean county.

for a moment to suggest that here is an example of the ill luck of great diamonds. Of course, his lordship would get old in spite of the possession or non-possession of great gems, and accidents will occur even in the humblest families. At the same time it is a most curious and most remarkable circumstance that, from time immemorial the possession of great diamonds has always been accompanied by great ill luck and disaster. There is not a single stone of importance of which this is not true. Diamond have been factors in the basest intrigues, in the bloodiest wars, in the most savage outrages that disgrace the pages of history. I suppose when the new book is published we may look for some remarkable illustrations of this fact; otherwise the authors will have done their work very carelessly, and without a full appreciation of the extraordinary romance, chief, tragic, which surrounds the "glistering halo" of such famous stones as those mentioned at the outset of this letter. From the moment of their discovery, through centuries, down to their latest possession the celebrated diamonds of the East have traveled through blood and adventure of the most dramatic character. Wars have been fought for them, monarchs have had their eyes put out for them, princes have been racked for them, and there is hardly a phase of torture invented by cruel despots which is not illustrated in the stories of these lovely gems. It might even be noted, though one would be inclined to put it forward with great delicacy, and of course, without for a moment implying one's belief in the Eastern superstition that Koh-i-Noor brought ill luck to the Queen. This stone, of all others, has had a career of misfortune. It was only a year or two after the Prince Consort placed it upon the cutter's wheel to have it reshaped that he died, and her Majesty has had since then some severe afflictions. Taken in connection with the previous history of the Koh-i-Noor, these are, to say the least, remarkable coincidences, although it would be folly to put them forward as examples of the theories which are soberly discussed in Eastern literature in regard to the virtue of precious stones.

As a note of comfort and reassurance to the diamond-loving readers of this letter it is only right to add that ill luck is not traceable to the possession of small gems such as are generally worn—to be particular, let me say to the extent of twenty or thirty carats. I should be sorry to make any gentleman with a diamond in his shirt-front or any lady with a pair in her ears unhappy, and therefore add this supplementary explanation in regard to the misfortunes that attend great diamonds. At present America does not possess a single historic stone. This is rather remarkable considering how large a buyer she is in the diamond market. Seeing that without a break the histories of all the great gems are full of misadventure for those who touch them, perhaps Columbia is to be congratulated that all the famous are in Europe or Asia. No prejudice has, however, that I have heard of, grown up against big diamonds, though opals are regarded by even sensible people with superstitious fear. They are, nevertheless, favorite gems with the present royal family of England. I recall a curious coincidence in connection with opals. An explorer from Costa Rica came home with a lot of opals. Some friends and I bought several fine examples. I had mine set in a ring. One night going home late, I presented this gem piece offering to my wife. "Opals," I said, "are reputed unlucky; if you are superstitious, throw the ring out of the window." "I am not," she said. "What possible influence can a jewel have upon events?" I laugh at such folly. She did not laugh the next morning. At 4:30, before daylight, our house was torn to pieces (and we narrowly escaped with our lives) by the explosion of five tons of gunpowder and other combustibles under our very windows. I had carried the opals home on the night before "the Regent's Park explosion" of unhappy memory.—*New York Times.*

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Queen Victoria's Father in America.

Prince Edward, afterward Duke of Kent, and the father of Queen Victoria, passed through Burlington in February, 1782. He came from Quebec, where he had command of a regiment. His trip through the country was accomplished in carryalls and sleighs; a courier had been sent on to Burlington to prepare for his accommodation. There were then only seven framed houses in the whole village, and but one, that of Phineas Loomis, large enough to receive so numerous a party. The prince arrived in the afternoon with thirteen carryalls and sleighs, and left the third day before noon. He had with him two aids and two body-guards, a lady and a cook. The lady was to go to New York, and the prince provided the sleigh which was to convey her with abundance of fur robes, and placed a large dog at her feet. A little incident occurred on the passage of the prince and the lady from the house to the sleigh which illustrates somewhat the character and personnel of the prince. An awkward but stout young man was standing in the path, not making room readily to advance. Prince Edward advanced, and taking him up bodily, set him on one side in the snow. At this place (Burlington) he dismissed the teamsters who had brought him from Canada, and engaged five farmers to take him on to Boston. It was said by these men that he was a jolly companion, enjoying the pork and beans, nut cakes, and cheese. Among the early settlers of the town was Colonel Stephen Keyes, a gentleman of the old school, who wore a cocked hat and kept a hotel in Water street. He proposed to pay his respects to Prince Edward, and with several young men of the village made a call in the evening. Colonel Keyes introduced himself to the prince, and then stated that he had brought with him some young gentlemen of legal and mercantile pursuits, who wished to pay their respects to him. They were severally presented, and the prince respectfully bowed to each. This was apparently the commencement of a pleasant evening's entertainment. But what was their dismay when the prince and his aids very informally and abruptly retired to their own apartments! The Colonel could not brook this, and in unmeasured terms vented his indignation, and declared the prince "no gentleman."—*Frankfort Watchman.*

Not a Good Day for Business.

He was a red-nosed, wild-eyed man from the headwaters of Sage Run, and looked as if he hadn't been in town since oil was discovered. His rusty pants were several inches too short at one end, and he carried half a dozen coon skins in his right hand.

At the postoffice corner he met a lady, and stopping her by holding the bunch of hides before her face, said:

"Can't I sell you something for to make set of furs?"

The lady screamed and shot over to the other side of the street.

"Does any of your neighbors want to buy anything of the kind?" he yelled.

The lady screamed again.

"Now, what's the matter Hamer?" remarked the red-nosed man, as the lady disappeared in the door opposite.

A moment later the man veered into a bank and threw the hides down at the cashier's window.

"Got some A. No. 1 coon skins here that I'll sell cheap. Not a scratch of a tooth on any of them. Ketched every one of 'em in a box-trap."

"We have no use for them," said the president, politely, as he cast an oblique glance at the goods.

"They will make you a nice vest," said the red-nosed man. "Two hides will make you a vest, and one'll make you a cap that'll wear you as long as you live."

"My dear sir," replied the president, somewhat confused, "we don't want hides here. Take them somewhere else, please."

"Mebbe your wife would like a set of furs, and these is—"

"No, no, no," replied the banker. Impatiently, "take the things away; they are offensive."

"What's that?" said the red-nosed man sharply.

"Take the blamed things out of t'is," exclaimed the exasperated banker, "they smell like a slaughterhouse for the lot."

"I'll take a next door buy coon skins," put in the cashier; "take them in there, take them up town, take them down town, take them over the river, take—"

"Gimme fifty cents for the lot?" he persisted.

"If you don't get out of this, I'll klick your head off," yelled the president.

"I'll take thirty cents for six," said the red-nosed man. "D'ye say you word?" and he dangled the bunch by the tail.

The president started for the outside. The man with the skins started for the sidewalk, and after having reached it he paused and said: "Green-ant Godfrey! I've skinned and sabled were selling for a cent a car-load, this hull town can't buy the sanded-up end of a rat's tail."—*Oil City Derrick.*

Emerson's Philosophy.

What belongs to you gravitates to you.

Talent makes counterfeit ties; genius finds the real one.

The devil is an ass.

No Great men are original.

Beauty is its own excuse for being.

To be great is to be misunderstood.

(Great believers are always reckoned infidels.)

Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.

Character is a reserved force which acts directly by presence and without means.

Every man is a quotation from all his ancestors.

Do you love me? means do you see the same truth?