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"SUBSTANTIALISM."

A Correspondent Explains Its Technical Points.

A MAN OF ABILITY,

And His Endeavors Toward Furthering the Development of the New Theory.

While reviewing the history of the world we find the death of one empire was the life of another, and over the ashes of one kingdom another loomed up until under the redeeming radiance of freedom's holy light and the luminous flashes of truths electric pen they culminated into republics giving rights and immunities to all. Similar changes have been wrought in the empires of thought and kingdoms of philosophy. The tree of intellectual inquiry and progress planted in the revival of letters and during the incipient stage of the inductive method of reasoning was stimulated to vigorous growth by the colossal minds that succeeded the above mentioned periods, waxed great and bent under the weight of luxuriant abundance.

Some of its fruit was seen in the rich specimens of mental strength which characterized Newton, Leibnitz and many others whose names constitute a galaxy of venerable and luminous stars in the significant watch of time's dark night.

But this mighty tree overshadowing the world has brought forth a rare quality of fruit in these closing decades of the nineteenth century in the shape of a man who founded a system of philosophic truth that is destined to expand to elicit attention and excite admiration and kindle adoration, until earth and heaven are synonymous. We refer to Alexander Wilford Hall of New York, the Shakespeare of philosophy.

We have been urged again and again by numerous friends to write an article on substantialism—giving an outline of its teachings so that they might judge of its merit or demerit.

But we acknowledge our inability to give a pen portraiture of a system of philosophy whose profound questions have already enlisted the serious attention of the world's most noble intellects, and whose beauty is unsurpassed in its powers of fascination over the devout lovers of organic truth. Already both hemispheres of our globe are sharing in its gracious benedictions, and the wise men of the Orient, the Theosophists of Asia have caught a glimpse of this ascending star which promises a culmination glorious and are beginning like the Eastern magi of old to pour out their gifts of gold frankincense and myrrh.

This system is just in the formative period of its existence and from its infancy we have studied it with all the fervor of enraptured earnestness.

Its rise, success and glory constitute one of the grandest paragraphs in philosophy's vast and splendid page. We believe it to be a system for the scientific regeneration of the world not the least among the princes, but believing that out of the enshrinement of its organic and progressive thought shall finally appear the rising, reigning, imperishable truth, whose goings forth have been from old, from everlasting.

The author assumes as a pivotal proposition that all the life of acting organic things, including man and the forces of nature, light, heat, sound, magnetism, gravitation and electricity, so far from being modes of molecular vibration, are entities.

That the force within which gives direction to all the functions of our physical being is not simply the oscillation of brain molecules, but an organic entity that has an immortality that will outlive the stars and a glory that is destined to outshine the sun.

All the entities that come under the recognition of sensuous, chemical and mechanical tests are termed *material*, and all the entities that transcend the domain of the physical senses are termed *substantial*.

Thus there is found in this system a recognition of two grand divisions in the universe of entitative existence. We look into the physical world of substances and we find it consists of a graduated scale of entities from the denser to the rarer, from the grosser to the more refined. Such as the metals, minerals, earthy substances, wood, water, flesh, air, vapor, the gases, etc. So the immaterial world of entities presents a corresponding graduation of substantial existence, rising from the grosser to the more subtile spheres of nature, beginning the ascent at odor, where the physical left off, and proceeding with electricity, magnetism, gravitation, heat, light, sound, life, mind, soul, up to God Himself, as the fountain of all life and mentality and the ultimate source whence came the entire material and immaterial universe.

One of the phases among the many of this new philosophy and which gives it the stamp of originality, is its violent and irresistible attack on the wave theory of sound, a theory that has never been questioned before since its birth with Pythagoras.

The wave theory makes sound consist in a molecular or undulatory motion of the matter through which it is conducted. The new theory, which is termed the corpuscular theory, holds that sound is something in itself—an element of force—a substance as different from the medium through which it travels as electricity is different and distinct from the material wires which serve as the medium of its conduction.

Substantialism assumes that sound is an entity harmonizing it with all the accepted forces of nature.

No one believes heat to be the stove, or the air through which it radiates, or the mere sensation produced thereby. Gravity is not the earth, neither is it the pebble which the gravital force causes it to fall, nor is it the motion of either of them.

Magnetism, which lifts a piece of iron, is not the steel from which it emanates, nor any motion of the atmosphere through which it passes in its mysterious mission. Odor is not the rose, nor is it any part or motion of the air through which it travels to reach the olfactory nerve, neither is it the motion of the rose or of the nasal membrane. If, therefore, odor is a real substance, which produces sensation by actual contact with the appropriate sense nerve, why are not heat and light and sound substances? though possibly more refined in their nature, analagous to the substantial currents of electricity, or rays of substantial magnetism.

The corpuscular theory of sound has created an immense disturbance among the priests in the sanctuary of science. There is an uproar in in the synagogue of established theories. In the scholastic institutions of the land young students are bearding their professors and are clamoring for something like a wreck of matter and a crash of words to break the miserable monotony of scholastic diagrams and chalk, to silence the discordant noise of tin tubes and tuning forks and to hush for ever the impious claims of a monstrous imposition. A new text book based on the corpuscular theory of sound will soon see the light of day and already myriads have turned their faces towards this commanding summit where truth's symmetric temple shines afar.

Men of gigantic minds are swelling the ranks of substantialism and the gallant leader of the newly imbannered host will lead them on to the scientific land of promise.

Dr. Mott, one of the most renowned scientists of America, recently uncovered his scholarly head and made obeisance to the majesty of truth as disclosed in the rapt and luminous pages of "The Problem of Human Life," a book that is doing more toward revolutionizing the frauds and fallacies of science than any other of this great century. Substantialism wears no mask. Its features are too symmetrically proportioned to require this. It invites criticism, and earnestly and reverently asks a hearing. Before its mighty blaze of light the shadows of opaque theories vanish. The *Microcosm* is a monthly journal which is published in the interest of the new philosophy. This leading journal of American science has a significant title. It comes from two Greek words, *micros* (little), *cosmos* (world), little world, or the universe in miniature embodiment. And let every candid man or woman scan its contents and they will readily perceive the matter is in conformity with the title.

Every page has its shooting stars of original thought, and possesses a brilliancy unsurpassed.

A little upwards of four years ago it had an existence only in the prolific brain of Dr. Hall. Now it has a subscription list numbering nearly one hundred thousand. Is not this a grand journalistic triumph? It is welcomed into all institutions of learning on all the continents of the globe. Even professors who have been gazing through the goggles of conservatism from time immemorial are welcoming its rosy light. Each succeeding number has additional sheen and brightness. Tyndale of England, and Helmholtz of Germany, the world's highest authorities in the science of acoustics have caught a few glimmering rays of its morning star, and are lingering in the disquieting purgatory of suspense previous to a devotional attitude before the rising sun of its glory. Eager eyes are turned toward London, England, and Berlin, Germany. Surrender now is timely and in order. These eminent acousticians may wait for a more convenient season to submit to the imperial claims of substantialism, but sooner or later they will be compelled to kneel before its shrine and advocate its claims, for substantialism had its incipient being in the fecundous womb of eternal truth.

The *Microcosm* is growing in favor among the people, and widening its sphere of usefulness, and may it thus continue until "heaven's last thunders shake the world below."

The mission of substantialism is to join in holy wedlock science and religion. Dr. Hall asserts the book of nature, and the book of grace owns the same authorship and manifests the same autograph. He is irresistibly bent on keeping before the people the imperishable fact that science and religion are affectionate sisters wooing and embracing each other, and *they* are the offspring of God. He believes they are moving mutually on in converging lines toward that majectic point in human history when the two shall be glorified, and then the mighty temple of truth, well begun, successfully built, sublimely finished, shall rear its symmetric form and heaven-stained dome above the dark structures of human error, until saint and sage can inscribe their names in characters immortal upon the unfolding nopocalypse of the skies and eternally scan the evolution of its wonders. We earnestly urge the thinking minds of this Territory to write to Hall & Co., 23 Park Row, New York, and secure "The Problem of Human Life" and the *Microcosm*. The former can be secured for $2, and the latter for $1 per annum. J. B. W.

A GIRL'S PROMISE.

"And you propose to stand by what you say, sir?"

"Exactly, George."

Then silence fell between the two men for the space of a few moments.

It was the old, old story—the useless petition of poverty-stricken youth asking of wealthy old age the hand of beauty.

George Santley had loved pretty Esther Dana from his childhood up, and Esther had returned his love in full measure, but when the decisive moment came and he asked rich old Father John for his daughter, then he was told that he was too poor to be aspiring.

After staring a while in dumb despair at the hard-featured farmer, where he sat in his great chair beside the sunny window, George plucked up sufficient courage to ask:

"And is my poverty the only objection you have to owning me for a son-in-law, sir?"

"That's about the long and short of it, my boy," was the prompt response; "I had to make a nest before I caught my bird, and I don't quite see why other men should not do the same."

"Quite right, sir," said the young man, brightening a little; "but may I ask how wealthy I must be before I can propose for Esther?"

Farmer John stroked his chin, with a covert smile playing about his weather-beaten features, and drawing from his pocket an envelope which contained a $100 bill, the price of some lard which had been sold that day; he displayed the crisp note.

"When you can show 100 greenbacks like that, I'll part with my daughter."

"All right, sir; good-bye."

"Where are you going?"

"West."

"God bless you. Good-bye."

And so they parted, and so lightly did the old man think of his harsh treatment that, listening to the drone of the honey-bees in the rose-tree outside the window, he fell asleep in the sunshine, his arm resting upon the window sill, the envelope containing the $100 bill in his hand.

Meanwhile George had hurried to the trysting place, down at the stile in the meadow, and has told Esther his sad story.

When she heard that he was going so far away from her the girl burst into tears.

"Esther, Esther, darling, don't cry," George faltered. "Can't you be true till I come again?"

"I can and will!" was the passionate reply.

"Promise it dear!"

"George, I promise it on my life!"

The shades of the summer evening were closing in as George Santley stood at the door of the cottage which had been his home, and held his mother in his arms.

Scarcely were the last farewells spoken when the garden gate clanged and the constable of the village strode up the path.

"George," the man said regretfully, "I must arrest you."

Mrs. Santley uttered a low cry, but the young man laughed.

"Is this some joke, Mr. Hardy?" he cried; "arrest me—for what?"

"For theft."

"Theft of what?"

"Of a $100 bank-note."

"From whom?"

"Farmer Dana."

"Merciful heaven! I——"

"Mr. Dana says that you were the only person who knew he had the note in his possession, and that after you had called upon him he fell asleep; and when he awoke the note was gone."

"Why should he accuse me?" the young man cried indignantly.

"Because, an hour after you left the farm you purchased a ticket for Nevada with a $100 bill."

"But the money was mine."

"Ah, but Mr. Dana has identified the bill as his. I'm afraid, George, you must come to the lock-up with me until you can have an examination."

Like a man he faced the disgrace, and was cool and dignified until he was dismissed on the following day, the evidence against him not being considered serious enough to condemn him.

So he went West with a heavy heart, to seek his fortune, knowing that out of all his life-long friends Esther and his mother alone deemed him guiltless of the galling charge against his name and honor.

A year went round and it was already the springtime of another, and Esther prayed day and night for the welfare and success of her absent lover.

The only happy moments of her life were when she sat with the widow Santley and talked of George.

Oh, how happy the poor boy might have been could he have heard those two loving women talk of him and have known the depth of their trusting affection!

Returning one afternoon from the cottage, Esther met her father on the verandah.

"Esther," the old man said, "I want to speak to you. I have decided to overhaul the old house, furnish it up a bit, and lay in a stack of new furniture."

Esther glanced up in surprise.

"I don't see the use of it, father dear," she said.

"Don't you, sis?" with a sly wink; "do you think the old place is fit for the wedding of the richest girl in Mayville?"

"My wedding, father?" Esther gasped.

"Certainly, why not?" I've always thought Dr. Bell was sweet on you, and today he asked me for you. I could not be better pleased to——"

"Father! Hush, I cannot marry Dr. Bell"

"Why not?"

"Because I can never love him!"

"Oh, that's all right. In the meantime I'll have the carpenters round in the morning and have them throw out a bay window in the sitting-room."

And with a jovial laugh the old man sauntered down the steps and away through the sunshine.

Up in her chamber that night Esther stood at the window and raised a pale, tear-wet face to the twinkling stars.

"I will die first," she murmured, resolutely, "for I have promised George that I would be true to him, and I will not break that promise."

Bright and early upon the following morning she appeared at breakfast, and, though her father eyed her keenly, he never mistrusted the conflict she had been waging through the dead wastes of the previous night.

With a shudder of horror Esther heard the carpenters begin work at the sitting-room window, and while her father stood in front of the house planning some alterations with the architect, she fled up to her room to stifle her misery by reading George's letter the twentieth time.

Scarcely had she concluded the perusal of the first page when a rap came upon the door, and upon opening it Esther encountered the maid-of-all-work.

"Please, Miss Esther," the girl said, extending something in her hand; "the carpenter just found this when they tore away the mop-board under the sitting room window."

Esther took the object, uttered a wild cry, and darted down the stairs.

"Father, father, look!" she screamed. "George is innocent!"

With a puzzled air the farmer took the dirty envelope and with trembling finger extracted a mil-dewed note for $100.

"Slipped out of my fingers and into that pesky crack!" he gasped. "By Jove, what wouldn't I give if that poor boy were here now! I'd give you to him without one cent for the wrong I've done him."

In his bewilderment the old man did not notice the stir beside him, and when he raised his eyes at last, lo, there stood George Stanley with Esther tightly clasped in his arms!

"Your wish is granted, sir," the young man said. "The boy is here, but not poor. There are the bills you wanted to see before I could claim Esther."

But Farmer John pushed the proffered wallet aside and faltered brokenly:

"Say no more about it, George; take her, she's yours, and may heaven forgive me and bless you both. See here, Mr. What's-yer-name, I want yau to get through with these improvements in double-quick time, for there's going to be a wedding here next week!"

A Chapter on Owls.

As I was seated upon the piazza of our hotel last evening, watching the moon as it came up out of the sea, an owl glided by, and only for a minute was seen as he passed a window through which the light was streaming, intent, no doubt, upon his mission, and apparently undisturbed by the music, the hum of voices, and the red and green lights that flashed up from the lawns on Ocean avenue. Owls may often sail around the pier hotels at night, for aught that I know, but it is not often that they are seen. Back in the woods they make their home, and there their hooting is as familiar a sound as the croaking of frogs. The farmer has no better friend than the owl, and he who kills one does himself and the public an injury. White, of Selborne, after taming a pair of owls, was convinced that they brought a mouse to the nest, on an average, every five minutes from sunset to daylight.

Owls were never an epicurean feast, but there was formerly an eccentric genius in Newport, Benjamin Hadwin, who ate them, and, for that matter, anything that had once had the breath of life. Southey once had an owl roasted for dinner, for himself and Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. I give the sequel in his own words. "We agreed there could be no pretext for making owls game and killing them as delicacies; but if you ever eat one, by all means try it boiled, with onion sauce."

An omelet made of owls' eggs is said to be a cure for drunkenness. Owls are sometimes stuffed—not for the table, but to draw crows within the range of a sportsman's gun. No love is lost between the crow and the owl, and when the latter is seen perched upon a limb, the former goes for him with a celerity and a disregard for all those cautionary measures that usually mark the movements of a crow. So eager is he to reach the object of his aversion, that he does not see the gunner until it is too late to beat a safe retreat. The Italians use an owl to catch small birds, only in their case the owl is tied to a perch in open ground in broad sunlight, and the birds that gyrate around him alight upon twigs smeared with bird-lime. In this way they become an easy prey. An owl's sight, sharp enough at night, is none of the best by daylight, and its foraging is done after dark; but a story is told of a colored fisherman somewhere in North Carolina who, having set his fishlines, returned after a brief interval to find that a duck had taken the bait and was hooked, and that an owl, which had attempted to capture the duck, had become so entangled with the line that it could not escape. Nor is this the only instance I have heard of where an owl meddled with a line to its own destruction. At one time the workmen on the Washington Monument were a good deal annoyed to find that the plumb line that reached from the top to the bottom of the shaft was frequently meddled with. At last it was found that an owl had taken up its abode in a part of the shaft that afforded shelter, and in passing in and out it had disturbed the line.

An owl once seriously disturbed the mourners at a funeral in Beechwood, Ontario. With tender care they had placed the remains in a tomb, and were turning away sorrowing, when they heard a moan that seemed to come from the coffin. Hurriedly they broke the casket open, only to find all quiet within, and then it was discovered that the noise they had heard came from the owls at the far end of the vault. At best there is something far from pleasing in the hoot of an owl. The Romans had a great dislike to it. A dispute between an owl and a nightingale as to their respective merits as vocalists once found readers. Dodsley thought it worth his while to write an ode on the death of an owl, and Broomfield made the bird the subject of his muse. Many persons believe that an owl will keep his eyes so intently fixed on a person walking around him as to wring his own neck off, but it was discovered by some quick-eyed observer that, when the owl had turned his head half round, he whisked it back through the whole circle with the rapidity of lightning, and faced again the person who was experimenting on him.—*Providence Journal.*

Helping the Editor Out.

A clerical-looking gentleman entered an Austin newspaper office, and, drawing out a concealed document, said to the editor:

"I am soliciting for a high-toned gentleman of refinement and intelligence. He is sadly in need of money, but he is too proud to let the public know it."

"You don't say so!" said the editor, with animation.

"I am hopeful of securing quite a handsone little sum."

"You say this unfortunate man is very intelligent, highly cultivated, and all that sort of thing?"

"That's just the kind of a man he is."

"And too proud to beg?"

The minister nodded.

"My dear friend, I appreciate your delicacy. You have described my condition precisely, but I had no idea I had enlisted your sympathy so strongly that you would take up a collection. It's all right. Just as soon as you get ten or fifteen dollars together bring it to me, and I'll give you a receipt for it. God bless you, my noble friend," and he pushed the visitor, who expected to tap the editor for a dollar, out into the street, where he, after gazing around in a dazed sort of a way, kept on in his mission of mercy.

"One good turn deserves another," remarked the editor, as he resumed his seat. "That man came to help me out, and I helped him out."—*Texas Siftings.*

He Didn't Want to Be Too Handy.

"Suppose we walk over into the cemetery," said a friend to his companion.

"No, I believe not."

"Come on. It's a pleasant place, for the flowers are blooming."

"You'll have to excuse me. Tom Bessman is buried over there."

"What difference does that make?"

"Well, you see, I owe him a little balance, and don't care to hang around where he is. Not superstitious, you know, but Tom was a terrible hand to dun a fellow."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"LINKS OF LOVE," is a very pretty heading for a wedding notice. The real lynx of love is the watchful, jealous wife, of the equally vigilant husband.

"WHAT is home without a mother-in-law?" asks a humorous paragrapher. Those who have tried it say it is home. —*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Couldn't Hush.

One of the most annoying faults of the hired "colored lady" is her persistent disposition to talk about the affairs of her own family. Sometimes, despite every attempt at discouragement, she will begin a story, of which her brother is the hero, and keep it up until patience is gray-haired with age. Marinda Napoleon applied to Col. Wetherall for a position of trust in his family. She began to tell him of her honesty.

"That makes no difference," said the Colonel. "I don't care whether you are honest or not, and you may be reasonably negligent in the discharge of your duties, but there is one thing that I wish to impress upon your mind."

"What's dat, Colonel, 'case I ken do anything?"

"I do not wish you to take me into your confidence and tell me about your family. I don't want to hear a word about your mother and father."

"I un'erstands, sah."

"I will pay you extra to keep your mouth shut. Speak when you are spoken to and then merely answer direct questions."

"Wy, sah, dis is de place dat I'se been lookin' fur all dese years. I spizes folks dat is allus wautin' er pussun ter 'tain dem wid conversation, 'case er body gets tired. Now, dar's my sister Jane, she's de udder way an'——"

"But you are not to speak of your family."

"Dat's de pint, sah; dat's de pint. I worked las' year fur Mr. Limson an' de folks kep' me er talkin' all de time, an mudder she tell me not ter pay no 'tention ter de folks——"

"Never mind all that. I don't care to hear anything of your mother. I don't want you to mention your family while you are in this house."

"'Cose yer doesn't, sah, an' I doesn't blame yer er tall. De las' word my bruder Henry said ter me 'fore I lef' dis mawnin', wuz ter gin me 'vice how ter please de white folks. Henry he's er faberite down in our neighborhood. Worked fur ole man Dismukes three years, an' woulden' ter quit den 'cept de ole man died an' ernuder pusson tuck de place. Henry's de fines' han' wid horses yer eber seed. Dat clay-bank hoss o' Mr. Anderson's whut wouldn' let nobody go in de stable—"

"Say, Marinda, you——"

"It's jes' like I tell yer. Dar wa'nt a blessed soul on de place dat coul' do nuthin' wid dat hoss, an' Henry——"

"Listen to me, I tell you!"

"Yas, sah, · Whut wuz you 'bout to obsarve?"

"I told you that I wanted to hear nothing about your family. I see, though, that you are like all the others. Go on——"

"Yas, but Henry he tuk a blin' bridle——"

"Stop."

"Didn' yer tell me ter go on?"

"Yes, I tell you to go on away from here. I don't want you."

"What yer 'gree ter hire me fur, den? Ain't my s'ciety pleasin' ter yer?"

"You can't keep your mouth shut and I don't want you. Leave here."

"W'y, yer's de curiest white pusson I neber seed. Doan' kere ter stay heah, 'case yer's sorter common folks, no how."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

He Tried a New Game.

A hen-pecked husband, who had frequently found the door locked when he came home late at night and a little too full to find the key-hole, if he had been allowed to carry a key, and that he sometimes kept himself awake by racing up the long gravel walk and throwing himself with full force against the huge oak doors, in vain efforts to break them in. But the doors never yielded, and he always retired from the contest a sorer but soberer man. On one evening he disclosed the canker in his heart by confidentially asking one of his companions what he did when he went home a little late and a trifle unsteady, if his wife scolded and fretted all the remainder of the night and refused to let him sleep.

"Do?" replied the other, "why I just kick her out, that's all."

There was a gleam in the eye of the sad man when this informatfon was received, but nothing more was said about the matter. The rest of the party noticed, however, that the sadness seemed to suddenly disappear from his manner, and an expression of hope and even of confidence took its place. A few more bottles were opened, and then the party adjourned. It was late, and as most of them lived in the hotel, they retired to their rooms, but not all of them to rest. Within half an hour after the sad man reached his room, where his wife, like Tam O'Shanter's had long been

> Gatherin' her broos, like gatherin' storm,
> Nursin' her wrath to keep it warm.

There was a sound of revely by night from that direction. First a murmur of angry, then of furious words. Then a grating sound, as if a resolute man, with his back against the wall, was trying to force some objectionable object away from him. Then a noise, as of athletes engaged in desperate contest; a creaking of timbers, as of a ship in all the fury of a storm, and then a crash, followed by a half-suppressed scream, a few half-uttered curses and a furious ringing of bells that woke the echoes in the office below. Soon bell-boys came flitting through the dimly lighted halls, and, later, the entire night force of porters appeared, tugging up the stairs with new bedsteads and down with the remains of an old one, while the awakened neighbors, through half-opened doors, caught glimpses of white-robed figures silently but sullenly superintending the removal of the wreck and the rearrangement of the furniture. Evidently the expert's remedy wouldn't work in this case. A woman had been found who wouldn't be kicked out of bed.

He Traded in Stock.

An Austin Judge put the usual question to a man who had just been convicted of horse-stealing, a large herd of stolen stock being found in his possession.

"Do you know of any reason why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?"

"I am innocent. I came by the stock honestly, in the ordinary course of business."

"Why, you offered to sell a valuable mare for $7."

"I know it, your Honor, but I was bothered by jockeys and speculators, who wanted to trot her for money, so I sold her for $7 to a man who I knew would treat her well. I could have gotten ten times as much for her if I had cared for money."

"How about all the other stock found in your possession?"

"I traded for it, Judge. I have a mania for trading in stock."

"What was your name before you came to Texas?"

"I don't like to tell, Judge, for it might prejudice you against me; but I am related to one of the most respectable families in New York."

"I suspected as much," replied the Judge. "I was only going to give you five years, but now I will make it ten."—*Texas Siftings.*

CONGRESSMAN—"What is that, sir?" Waiter—"That is a small bottle of whisky, sah, and a glass of watah, sah." Congressman—"I did not order it." Waiter—"No, sah; I thought you might want it." Congressman (angrily)—"What I want I will order." Waiter—"All right, sah; beg pardon. Will remove it at once, sah." Waiter throws out the water.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Breaking Up a Boy.

This was the way he told it, after wiping away his tears and shaking his head in a heart-broken manner:

"You see, she is a leetle girl, and her pa he up'n died, her ma she up'n died, and her bur-uthers and sis-isters they up'n di-ied, and she was left all a-l-o-n-e in the world."

"Yes."

"And the fam'ly next door, they adopted her, and the man he pounds her, and the woman she boxes her ears, and the little bo-y he pinches her in the most drefful manner."

"Yes."

"And she hadn't any cats or dogs or birds to play with. And they made her wor-uk like a slave; and they didn't care how l-o-n-e-some she was. 'Scuse my tears, but I allus sheds tears when I cry."

"Well?"

"Well, I laffed at her over the back fence, and she laffed back, and it was a case of goneness. Guess you've bin there? Wonderful bobbing of the heart—heap o' lyin' awake nights. And her na-me it was Nancy, and her hair it was b-a-n-g-e-d."

"Go on."

"And I had a grasshopper. And he was a socker. And his name it was Sam. Had him more'n two weeks, and he'd walk on his hind legs, dance a clog, turn a hand-spring and play dead when I whistled. And—and he'd pick his tee-eth just like a d-u-d-e."

"And?"

"And I lent him to Nancy to play with, and she thanked me in the most drefful manner. I told her to keep him tied up in the back yard, and she was so glad she cried. Sam he kinder hated to go, and I kinder hated to have him, and a boy he offered to trade me a knife and one skate for him, but I felt so bad for Nancy that I lent him to the po-oor o-r-f-u-n."

"Yes."

"And what d'ye spose? 'Scuse my cryin', but I allus cries when I sheds tears. She tied Sam to a cherry tree, and he walked around as pe-roud as a lord, and he stood on his head and played circus till Nancy was tickled to death. Took right to her. Must ha' known she was an orfun. Hadn't bin there fifteen minits when he tried the trapeze act. And now-ow he's expi-ired and dead!"

"No!"

"'Strue as you live! The old man he came out and diskivered him, and the old woman she came out and diskivered him, and they were mad because it was Nancy's pet. The old man he got the ah-ax, and the old woman she got the crow-bar-ar, and they pitched in and knocked my grasshopper out in fourteen rounds, and he was so knowing! And I had such fun with him! And Nancy had doted so much on a pet! Wasn't it wi-wicked? Wasn't it s-h-a-m-e-ful?"

"It was."

"And they boxed Nancy's ears and shut her up down cellar; and they wouldn't give me Sam's body to have a funeral over; and the man he said I was a vagabond; and the woman she said I needed bird-shot, and the engagement is declared o-off and I'm a-l-l broke up!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Cruel Blow.

'Twas the Sabbath.

Just within the hall of the stately mansion stood a young couple. At a glance one could see that they were not married, yet the love-light that beamed in their eyes as they stood, she with both of her daintily gloved hands in his, showed that they were to each other more than mere friends.

They had attended church that bright spring morning and as Harold Glenn sat by the side of Ethel Warde, or held with her her dainty hymn-book as her pure young voice rose to heaven in anthems of praise, his heart swelled with pride, for he knew that in less than one short month that beauteous being would be all his own, his to love and cherish.

Yes, for two years they had been betrothed, and in all that time not one difference had arisen—not one harsh word had been uttered.

"Good-by, Harold," said she, as she rested her head on his bosom and lifted the pouting red lips for a kiss, "good-by till this afternoon."

"Good-by, Ethel, good-by till this—till to-night."

"Till to-night, Harold? Till to-night did you say?"

"Ay, Ethel, good-by till to-night."

As the words fell on her ears a slight shudder shook the frail form, and she stepped back a pace and gazed straight into his eyes with a look in which anguish, love, and indignation all seemed to struggle for mastery.

A moment she gazed and then she seemed to give way and burst into tears.

Harold looked uneasily out of the window and plucked nervously at his watch guard, but one could see by the determined look on his face that his will could not easily be bent.

For a moment the silence was unbroken. Then the girl spoke.

"Harold, for two years we have been betrothed. In that time never have you spent a Sabbath afternoon away from me. In the chill winter we have sat and weaved delightful fancies as we gazed into the glowing grate, and in the spring we have wandered, mid the flowers, and told our love. Ay, for two years this has continued, Harold, and now you tell me you are not coming today. Have I done aught to offend you?"

"No Ethel," muttered Harold in a husky voice.

"In all this time, have I ever failed to show you by every means a woman can, that you possess my best and purest love?"

"No, Ethel, you have been everything that I could wish."

"Then, why this sudden change? Why do you thus take out of my life one of its brightest, happiest hours? Why will you not come?"

"Ethel, I cannot; oh, I cannot come to-day. Forgive me. Do not think me cold, but I cannot."

The love seemed to leave the girl's face, and in its stead came a look of despair.

"Harold, your reason for this change?"

"Ethel, I cannot come. I—I," and Harold bent his eyes to the floor and paused.

"Well, you *what?* Go on, sir."

"I'm going to the ball game at the park this afternoon. Fred Blend is going to pitch."—*Evansville Argus.*

Might Have Known It.

Mrs. Minks—Oh, I've just made the funniest discovery. You know my husband never would tell me what they do at the secret society he is a member of.

Mrs. Finks—Yes; mine won't either.

Mrs. Minks—Well, yesterday a big can of alcohol came addressed to him for the lodge. He is a past grand something or other and takes care of things. Well, I noticed him going up stairs with some of the alcohol, and when he got to his room I peeped through the keyhole, and what do you think I saw? He had an alcohol lamp and was putting salt on the wick, and it made the awfulest, ghastliest kind of a light. I was positively scared, he looked so like a goblin. I suppose they do that at their initiations.

Mrs. Finks—Did you ever! Well, I might have known they used alcohol. My husband always comes home smelling of it.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A GIRL named Price, six feet three inches tall, was married in Oregon the other day. She came high, but he would have her at any Price.

Notice to Co-Owner.

To C. M. Shephard: You are hereby notified that we, your co-owners, have, in accordance with section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States, performed labor and made improvements to the amount of $200, for the two years ended December 31, 1884, upon the Shephard & Labouchere quartz lode mining claim, situated in Little Pine mining district, Silver Bow county, Montana Territory, and you are hereby further notified that unless you contribute or cause to be contributed your proportion of said expenditure amounting to ($50), fifty dollars, together with interest and costs, within 180 days from date of this notice, all your right, title, interest and claim in and to the above described quartz lode mining claim will become the property of your co-owners who have made the required expenditure.

JOSEPH LABOUCHERE.
LOUIS DES RIVIERES.

Soap Gulch, M. T., March 23, 1885. 3-28-sw3m

Notice to Co-Owner.

To James M. Ryan and Carl Kleinschmidt: You are hereby notified that I, your co owner, have, in accordance with section 2324, revised Statutes of the United States, performed labor and made improvements to the amount of $200, for the two years ended December 31, 1884, upon the War Eagle quartz lode mining claim, situated in Cataract mining district, Jefferson county, Montana territory, and you are hereby further notified that unless you contribute, or cause to be contributed your proportion of said expenditure, amounting to ($50) fifty dollars together with interest and costs, within 180 days from date of this notice, all your right, title, interest and claim, in and to the above described quartz lode mining claim will become the property of your co-owner, who has made the required expenditure.

PATRICK DOUGHERTY.

Basin, Montana, March 24 1885. 3-28-sw3m

Notice to Co-Owner.

To C. M. Shephard: You are hereby notified that we, your co-owners, have, in accordance with section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States, performed labor and made improvements to the amount of $200 for the two years ended December 31, 1884, upon the Little Dorrit quartz mining claim, situated in Little Pine mining district, Silver Bow county, Montana territory, and you are hereby further notified that unless you contribute or cause to be contributed your proportion of said expenditure amounting to ($50) fifty dollars, together with interest and costs, within 180 days from date of this notice, all your right, title, interest and claim in and to the above described quartz lode mining claim will become the property of your co-owners, who have made the required expenditure.

JOSEPH LABOUCHERE.
LOUIS DES RIVIERES.

Soap Gulch, M. T., March 28, 1885. 3-28-sw3m

Notice to Co-Owner.

To C. M. Shephard You are hereby notified that we, your co-owners, have in accordance with section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States, performed labor and made improvements to the amount of $200 for the two years ended December 31, 1884, upon the Victor Hugo quartz lode mining claim, situated in Little Pine mining district, Silver Bow county, Montana Territory, and you are hereby further notified that unless you contribute or cause to be contributed your proportion of said expenditure, amounting to ($50), fifty dollars, together with interest and costs, within 180 days from date of this notice, all your right, title, interest and claim in and to the above described quartz lode mining claim will become the property of your co owners, who have made the required expenditures JOSEPH LABOUCHERE
LOUIS DES RIVIERES.

Soap Gulch, M. T., March 28, 1885. 3 27-sw3m

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NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

GENERAL TIME TABLE.

Leaving Butte at 10:25 a. m Passengers arriving at the following points as per this Table, via Northern Pacific Railroad.

Leave Butte at 9:40 a. m.	Arrive Helena (Leaving Butte at 9:40 a. m.) 5:30 p. m.	Arrive St. Paul 12:00 Noon.	Arrive Milwaukee 3:40 a. m. Chicago 7:00 a. m. St. Louis 8:10 p. m.	Arrive Montreal 9:00 p. m. Washington 1:55 p m. Phila 3:45 p. m. New York 6:25 p. m. Boston 9:30 p. m	Arrive New Orleans 7 a. m
Sunday	Sunday	Wenesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Monday	Monday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Tuesday	Tuesday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday	Monday
Wednesday	Wednesday	Saturday	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday
Thursday	Thursday	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday
Friday	Friday	Monday	Tuesday	Wedne day	Thursday
Saturday	Saturday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday

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S. G. FULTON, General Agent, Helena, M. T.
CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY.

March 1st. 1885.

No.	ARRIVE	TIME
3	Montana Exp. from Ogden	10:30 a. m.
1	Passenger from Garrison	6:10 p m.
No.	**DEPART**	**TIME**
4	Eastern Exp. for S. E. and W.	5:25 p. m.
2	Passenger for Garrison	9.40 a. m.

A freight train, having passenger coach attached, leaves Butte at 6:45 a. m.; arriving at Garrison 11:10 a. m. Returning, leaves Garrison 11:50 a. m. and reaches Butte at 5:25 p m.

Passengers for the East via the Union Pacific make close connection with the Oregon Short Line at Pocatello

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Order to Show Cause.

In Probate Court in and for the County of Silver Bow, Montana Territory.

In the matter of the estate of Jacob Ornstein deceased.

Lena Ornstein, the Administratrix of the estate of Jacob Ornstein, deceased, having filed her petition herein, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 29th day of June, 1885, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the city of Butte in the County of Silver Bow, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

Dated this 27th day of May, A. D. 1885.

CALEB E. IRVINE,
5-30-sw-1w. Probate Judge.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of Francis B. Hessel, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Administrators of the estate of Francis B. Hessel, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrators, at Geo. F. Marsh's office, on Main street, in Butte City, in the County of Silver Bow.

Dated, April 27th, 1885.

SADIE C. HESSEL,
GEORGE F. MARSH,
Administrators of the estate of Francis B. Hessel, deceased. 4-29-sw-4w

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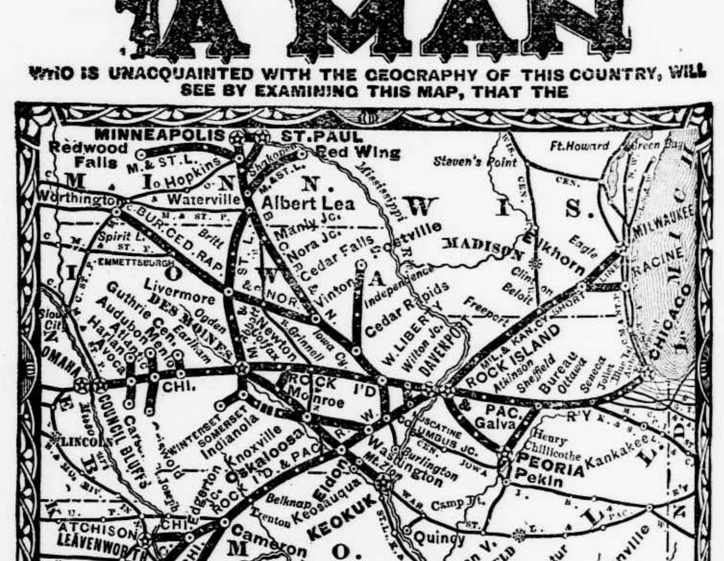

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