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The Whiskey of Montana

boys darted out, exclaiming, "Fwela, is that you?" Kasongo said, "Is it not a great city, master? We would not go far away, because we feared we should be lost; in the morning we thought you would find us."

While I went to deliver a lecture elsewhere, I left the Africans in charge of the Thornwell Orphanage in South Carolina. When I returned, I found that a general pilgrimage to see Kasongo and Kondola from all over the country had been taking place, and they had caused a great sensation. At last, in Columbia, the little fellows were the recipients of many attentions, and they were sent to live with our butler, whose house was a sort of Mecca for the colored people of the whole city for a month. I decided to carry them to school to Alabama, and they are now at the Stillman Institute at Tuskegee.

Comparatively few of the type of these boys were brought to this country in the course of the slave trade. In order to make a test of their capacity for training as thorough as possible, I intend to let the education of these boys proceed, even to the university and to some special education, if their progress and promise warrant it.

The progress of the lads has been extraordinary. They can now read and write; they know elementary geography and arithmetic quite well; they can write letters; they have professed Christianity; and they are of sound moral character. They are faithful workmen on the farm and can use the ordinary mechanical tools fairly well. One is leading his class with an average of 93 in scholarship, and the other is not far behind.

I hope ultimately to secure a concession of land for them from King Leopold of Belgium, that they may return to elevate their people.

DIES OF AN ICE CREAM SPREE.

Kentucky Boy Eats One Gallon of the Mixture and Then Passes Out.

Louisville, Ky., July 27.—Amos Bridgewater, a 15-year-old colored boy, ate a gallon of ice cream last Friday, and is now in Lakeland asylum, a raving maniac.

He was brought into the criminal court this morning handcuffed. When asked his name Bridgewater said "George Cuscanden." This is the name of the ice cream man who made the fatal gallon. He afterwards said his name was Mayor Grainger.

Bridgewater was in the freshman class at the colored high school. He had always been inordinately fond of ice cream, and had never had enough. Last Friday he decided to go on an ice cream spree. He purchased a gallon and ate all day long. Physicians say he would not have suffered any permanent ill effect if the weather had not been so hot. By nightfall the boy was raving.

The Boys Play at Lynching.

Toledo, Ohio, July 27.—Charley Bower, aged 5, living at 2,613 Erie street, came near losing his life this evening while playing with a number of boys ranging in age from 10 to 14 years. The boys began to play "lynching," and made little Charley the victim of their "vengeance." He was strung up by the neck in true lynching style to the limb of a tree. When some workmen came in sight the "lynchers" fled, leaving Charley hanging to the tree. When cut down the little fellow was almost dead. His tongue protruded from his mouth and his face was purple. His condition is serious. The names of the boys who strung young Bower up are not known, but the police expect to arrest them tomorrow.

NOTICE.

All the advertisers and patrons of the New Age will receive the patronage of the colored people of the city, and state.

It shall be the purpose of the New Age to favor those who have contributed to the support of our paper.

Every colored family in the city should subscribe for the New Age, as it is the only organ that is trying to gain for them a higher estimate and broader

A celebrated expert was the lion of the evening at a certain party. His hostess said to him, "What is the most interesting problem of a north pole expedition?"

"To get back home," was the answer.—Woman's Home Companion.

Her Perpetual Cry.

Jimson—He married a saleslady, you know.

Jameson—Yes. Jimson—Well, the very next day she began calling, "Can-sell," and he says she has kept it up ever since.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Not Thirsty.

Lady—Have you given the goldfish fresh water?

New Servant—No, ma'am; they have not finished the water I gave them the other day.

THE CATFISH ZONE.

And the Origin of the Philadelphia Habit of Catfish and Waffles.

While postmistries have been denouncing the extension of the pie belt through the United States and the enlargement of the saleratus biscuit district, they have been entirely oblivious of the extraordinary development of the catfish zone. This mischievous dweller of the pool is known to the small boy and the rustic angler under many names—in one place as a sucker, in another a bullhead, in a third a wolf fish and, most outrageous of all, in northern Mississippi as a shad. But its own only genuine title is catfish. The name is derived from the fact that when the creature is raised from the water it emits a grunting protest which poetical fishermen have pronounced like the purring of a family cat.

Philadelphia produced the catfish habit. For two centuries the animal was looked at as something which might be eaten to prevent starvation until one fine day a thrifty Quaker found that the catfish would eat boiled cornmeal and that this simple food not only fattened the enter, but changed the color of its belly from white to yellow. He perceived the pecuniary value of the discovery and established a catfish farm in which he fattened the fishes which he caught elsewhere and in due season sold them to the Philadelphia markets.

A Quakeress soon after that discovered that the old fashioned waffle, slightly salted and covered with melted butter, made an irresistible accessory to the fish when well fried. This started the catfish and waffles, for which the City of Brotherly Love has ever since been famous. His way was westward. So far as is known the United States government has no record of catfish and waffles east of the Delaware river, but starting at Philadelphia a distinct catfish zone runs westward, terminating at Denver, reaching as far north as Minneapolis and St. Paul and as far south as Mobile and New Orleans. The catfish is said to possess medicinal virtues. It is mildly anesthetic, soporific and antispasmodic.—New York Post.

The Women of Damascus.

The women of Damascus—that is, the Moslem women—are more closely veiled than those of Constantinople and other eastern cities because the people here are more tenacious in the observance of the ancient customs of their race and the requirements of their religion. The veils are thicker, also, and cover the entire face. Some of them are figured so that the concealment is even more complete.

Greeks, Jews and Armenians do not wear veils, and some of them are very handsome, particularly the Jewish women. Their eyes, complexion and hair are superb. The types of oriental loveliness remind you of Solomon's Song. No women are employed about the hotels or restaurants. All the "domestic" work is done by men. In the shops and manufactories of Damascus thousands of women and girls are employed, but they are exclusively Greeks and Jews. No Moslem would permit his wife, daughter or sister to appear in a shop or any other place where men are employed.—Chicago Record-Herald.

If You Have to Fight a Boa.

If any reader of this article should ever be so unfortunate as to experience the embrace of a boa constrictor, it is recommended that he try to release himself by taking hold of the creature's tail and unwinding it from that end. It can be easily unwound in that way, but otherwise it is not possible. The way to kill a snake is not to attempt to crush its head, the bones of which are very hard, but to strike the tail, where the spinal cord is but thinly covered by bone and suffers readily from injury. It is the same with an eel. Hit the tail two or three times against any hard substance, and the eel quickly dies.

The boas are not venomous, but their fangs are sufficiently powerful to inflict serious wounds.

One of Rhodes' Ideas.

A well known peer once asked Cecil Rhodes to stand godfather to his son, and he replied that he would on one condition, which was that he might invest at once £100 in the boy's name and give £100 on each succeeding birthday, provided that it should all go on at compound interest until the boy was old enough to begin to spend the interest, and that then he might yearly decide on what to spend it, so long as it was not on himself. "This," said Mr. Rhodes, "will do two things—first, it will teach your boy how to spend money, and, secondly, it will make him unselfish and kind to those in need."—Court Journal.

Not Guilty.

"Is your husband a bibliomaniac?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle as she was being permitted to view the treasures in the library of the new neighbors. "Merely a bookworm," replied Mrs. Packenham, "he never bibbles a bit. Oh, of course, I don't say that he wouldn't take a little at his meals if the rest was done, but that's as far as he ever goes in them kind of things."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Change Suggested.

"What is your occupation?" asked the old physician as he felt the patient's pulse. "I'm an opera singer," was the reply. "Ah," exclaimed the M. D. "What you need is a change of air. Suppose you try singing in a church choir."—Chicago News.

From Sir John Lubbock we take this ennobling thought: "You may see in a shallow pool either the mud lying at the bottom or the image of the blue sky above."

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MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER

They Always Respond When the Voice of the Muezzin Calls.

The Mohammedan begins his prayer standing, with his hands outspread and his thumbs touching the lobes of his ears. In this position he repeats certain passages from the Koran, then bows his hands down to his girdle, folds them and recites several other passages from the same book. Next he bends forward, rests both hands upon his knees and repeats three times with bowed head the formula of prayer to God, the most great. Then he rises and cries, "Allah hu akbar!" (God is great sixteen times.

He then drops forward until his forehead touches the ground between his extended hands. He strikes his head upon the floor at least three times, proclaiming his humility, and often a dozen and sometimes twenty times the act will be repeated, according to his desire to show humility and repentance. He then returns to his knees and, settling back upon his heels, repeats a ritual. Next, arising to his feet, he holds his hands and concludes the prayer, repeating over and again the words, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

This may be repeated once or a dozen or forty times, according to the piety of the worshiper, and he holds a string of beads in his hands to keep tally. His obligations are then accomplished, but he can go through the same ritual again as many times as he likes. The more frequently he does so the better Moslem he is. His piety is measured by the number of times he repeats his prayers, and, like the Pharisees of the Scriptures, he prays in public places. No matter where he happens to be or by whom he is surrounded, whether in labor in the fields or selling goods in his shop or however he may be employed, the Mussulman never forgets to pray when the voice of the muezzin reminds him that the hour for devotion has arrived.

NOT SO VERY GREEN.

The Florida Man Rather Evened Matters Up With the New Yorker.

When the young man from Florida came to live in New York, he woke up one morning last winter, and, going to the window, he looked out on what was to him a novel scene. It was a snow-storm, the first he had ever seen.

Jumping into his clothes, he ran into the street. He stooped and gathered handfuls of snow and threw them in the air. He jumped into a drift and sent it flying with his feet. He finally lay down and rolled in it, all the time shouting and laughing at the top of his voice.

One of the crowd which had gathered to watch his antics went up to him and told him how his mother used to cure fits and volunteered to try it on him.

"I haven't any fit," the young man said.

"What's the matter with you, then?"

"Why, don't you see the snow?"

"Yes, I see it. What of it? I have seen it before."

"Well, I haven't," said the Florida young man.

"What! You never saw snow before?" asked the astonished questioner.

"Never. Seems strange to you, don't it?"

"It beats any sample of verdancy I ever run across."

"Oh, I don't know," mused the Florida cracker. "Did you ever see an alligator eating a nigger? No? Well, you are not so many after all. I have seen it many times." And, throwing a handful of snow down his shirt collar, he pursued his joyous gambols.—New York Mail and Express.

A Story of Browning.

Browning himself couldn't always explain his meaning at first reading. Dr. Furnivall, founder of the English Browning society, frequently consulted the poet as to the meaning of some passage in his works. "Bless me," Browning would say, "I really have forgotten what I did mean, and as I haven't got a copy of my works by me I really can't enlighten you. Just lend me the book, there's a good fellow. I'll look it over at my leisure and try to find out what was in my mind at the time."

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