

WHY HE DID IT.

A postoffice inspector has some very queer experiences in the course of his career in connection with Uncle Sam's big department. A story was told recently by a keen member of the staff of inspectors who visits this part of the country occasionally, shows some of the dangers that a postoffice employe runs of having his good name assailed, however honest and straightforward he may be.

In this case complaint had been made at a certain postoffice by a fellow to the effect that a \$50 bill had been taken from a letter that he had mailed to a woman acquaintance. When she had received the letter alleged to have contained the money, she found pinned to the letter a little corner of the bill. It was quite plain that it had been torn out, and then that the letter had been hastily resealed without leaving any trace of the fact that it had been tampered with, except the tell-tell little corner of the bill.

The matter was laid before the inspectors. They called before them the man that had sent the money and had made the complaint. The chief inspector then asked him to show just how he had pinned the bill to the letter. He handed him a bill and told him to pin it just as he had pinned the bill that he enclosed in the letter. This was done. Then the inspector asked him to pull it off in the same manner that he believed his own money to have been taken. This was done, but the paper on which the letter was written was torn as well as the bill. It was tried again, the fellow imagining all the time that the inspector was simply getting points on which to work on the case.

This time the result was all right so far as tearing the bill was concerned, but the letter paper was again torn. The letter in which the money was alleged to have been sent was not torn at all. The inspector then looked at the fellow and said:

"What are you trying to do with us, anyway? You never put a bill in that letter. You deliberately pinned the corner of that bill on the letter."

"Well, what if I did?" replied the fellow. "You fellows are too d—d smart. What if I did?"

"Well, what did you make this complaint for, then?" asked the officer.

"Well, I'll tell ye," said the fellow. "The woman to whom I sent that letter has been after me for more than three years. I have been anxious to get rid of her importunities for money. I thought if I should send her this letter with the part of the bill attached to it I could then tell her that it would not be safe for me to attempt to send her money, and I could thus get rid of her."

It is needless to say that the inspectors wasted no more time on that case.

BEAR PAW FARMER ON GOATS.

A traveling correspondent of the Northwest Magazine had occasion recently to inquire as to the desirability of introducing the Angora goat into Montana. This is the odd experience of a farmer: "In reply to your inquiry regarding the possibilities of the Angora goat in Montana, I can say I have had some experience with goats. The Angora goat has a bright future. I do not think the goat craze will die out as quick as did that of

the Belgian hare, for in some localities goats may be raised at a profit. For instance, a thrifty young orchard is a good place to keep goats. The notion that goats will clear up brush land is all nonsense. The goat will climb a ten-foot fence to get out of a brush patch and find a fruit tree or berry bush. It will climb trees readily to browse on the topmost limbs. Goats attain an enormous size in Montana. Those I had measured are from seven to eleven feet in height. The way I learned this was by measuring from the ground to the topmost teeth marks on my shade trees; that gives the exact length of a goat from tip to tip. It has been a much discussed question as to the nationality of the goat. While there is no doubt goats have come from Turkey and Arabia, I have every reason to believe the goat is a native of Montana. In early days, a legend says, a farmer named Adam owned an irrigated ranch in the Bear Paw mountains. He named his ranch the 'Garden of Eden.' Adam also owned a pair of goats. This is known to be a fact, as petrified fig trees and banana stalks have been discovered, bearing the imprint of goat teeth. At the door of the goat can be laid all the ills and misfortunes of man. The first recorded murder was caused directly by a kid or boy goat, and no doubt the first lawsuit could be traced to the same source, for what would have been more natural than for Adam's goats to climb out of their corral and bark the neighbors' apple trees? A serpent may be wise and onto his job in some ways, but when matched against the wisdom of a goat he is ignorance personified. I would sooner have snakes than goats. Coming down to later days we find that man still fostered goats and trouble. Not long ago I visited an old ruin on one of the highest peaks of the Bear Paw mountains. This aged ruin is supposed to be another remains of Noah's Ark. On the petrified main mast seven feet above the deck I found the marks of goat teeth, which proves conclusively that old Noah had at least one adult goat aboard. We often hear the devil spoken of as a goat. Now, if the devil is a goat, a goat must be the devil. I haven't any goats now."

J. A. K., Ada, Mont.

W. S. Young and family drove in from their Clear creek ranch Friday and went down to Chinook the following day to spend Christmas with friends there.

The regular services will be held at the Presbyterian church Sunday as follows: Preaching at 11 o'clock, a. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Westminster Guild, 7:15 p. m. Preaching, evening service, 7:30 o'clock. You are cordially invited to attend these services.

The regular services will be held at the M. E. church Sunday. Morning services at 11 o'clock. Evening services at 7:30 o'clock. Epworth League services at 6:30 p. m. Sunday school in the afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

"Hot Air Pat." "Sure Foot." "Tissy." "Man-who-handles-the-shovel-and-hollers-whoa," & "Mae" were Havre visitors last Sunday. They were royally entertained during their stay there by the genial Dr. D. C. McKenzie, who met them at the depot in response to a telegram sent by some Chinookite, informing the Dr. of their impending arrival.—Chinook Bulletin.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT....

CAN BE FOUND AT

DESROSIER'S GROCERY DEP'T

Celery English Walnuts
Soft Shell Almonds
Pecans Filberts Peanuts
Oranges Apples
Candies
Saritoga Chips Patti Defois Gras
Swiss Cheese French Sardines

DESROSIER'S DEP'T. STORE

W. SCHROEDER MEAT CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Fresh and Salt Meats, Oysters, Fish, Poultry, Game in Season,
Strictly High Grade Sausage.

Cash Paid for Hides and Furs.

The Social Club

WHITE & FILLER.

The Social Club Saloon

Make it your headquarters.

== Skusa Building, First St. ==



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On the face of the man who drinks
Havre beer satisfaction with the
beer, satisfaction with his judg-
ment in selecting so good an
article for it is a home product
and strictly union made.

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