Historical Society

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Devoted to the Development of Eastern Montana and the Encouragement of all Industrial Pursuits.

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WHY SHOULD I

Buy My

CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

CROCKERY,

GLASSWARE, LAMPS AND CHANDELIERS,

OF

LESTER S. WILLSON?

Because, having gone out of the general merchandise trade, and taken up the above "SPECIALS," I can meet styles and prices of any house in Montana, either at

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock of Clothing is complete, for Men, Boys and Youths, is perfectly new and fresh, made to order, and in my best lines, being fully up to

CUSTOM MADE GOODS.

My stock of Hats and Gents' Furnishing Goods is immense, and must be seen to be appreciated. The best of

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC GOODS

Always on hand. Boots, Shoes and Leather Findings at prices that will astonish Eastern Montana. Boots and Shoes for Gents, Boys, Youths, Ladies, Misses and Children, just manufactured by the best manufacturers in the United States, and purchased for cash and consequently at

"BOTTOM PRICES."

JOHN CRAIG, or as more familiarly known, "Scotty," will preside at the "bench" and will make or repair anything in the shape of a boot or shoe, and at prices to suit. Call and examine. No trouble to show goods. Prices will be one and the same to all. Goods will be plainly marked, and

NO VARIATION IN PRICES.

Being satisfied that the CASH SYSTEM is the only true one, I shall adhere strictly to it, or to terms that make sales equivalent to cash, thereby asking no man to pay for another's goods.

LESTER S. WILLSON.

A Colorado Romance.

From the Greeley Tribune.

Attorney-G[illegible] yesterday returned from a [illegible] the Upper Arkansas. Wh[illegible] he came very near being a witness of a remarkable tragedy, which occurred near a little town called Buena V[illegible] Tuesday morn[illegible]

Some time d[illegible] of the month three h[illegible] were stolen from Sa[illegible] They were said to have be[illegible] property of a Mr. Humphrey, of Canon City. When these animals disappeared, it became incumbent upon the authorities to see that they were restored to their legitimate owners, and that the rogues should be awarded the full meed of justice. Deputy Sheriff Witherow, of Costilla county, volunteered to head a party to go in pursuit. He found one or two followers at Garland, and, finding the trail of the departing rascals, followed in close pursuit. They had headed toward the Upper Arkansas country, and in that direction Mr. Witherow and his little band started in pursuit. At South Arkansas they received the glad tidings that two men, with three horses and two mules in tow, had preceded them but a short while. Here the pursuing party was reinforced by the addition of three men, and the party of the Deputy Sheriff, thus augmented, pushed on in pursuit of the bold violators of the law. At every turn they heard that the thieves with their booty were fast making their way up the river.

The rogues had evidently had no tidings that they were in jeopardy, and on Monday night they lariated their horses out on the banks of the Arkansas, near Buena Vista, and made their beds near the stream, little dreaming that they had witnessed their last sunset, and that their lives as well as their flight, would soon be cut off by the faithful bullet of that dread avenger, the law's executive.

Monday night the Sheriff's posse came up and discovered that their game was in sight. No move was made until the dawn of the next morning. It was just a few minutes before sunrise that they went up to reconnoitre. They found the thieves already astir, and being, as they thought, prepared to take them in charge then, the posse, with Mr. Witherow at the head, ordered an unconditional surrender.

The two men—such they must yet be called—saw their situation at a glance, and made up their minds quickly. Their decision was made known to each other in a second, and it was escape or death. They announced as much by replying to the demand for a surrender with a shot.

This was the signal for the beginning of a skirmish which lasted several minutes. The horse thieves ran down the river and tried to secure themselves behind the bank. The smaller of the two had a navy revolver and the larger a carbine, each firing two shots. Apparently driven to frenzy by some occurence, the larger one suddenly ran out from under the bank and seemed resolved upon making a brave dash for liberty. He rose for the last time, however, for no sooner was his form in sight, than a bullet from the gun of one of the posse entered his breast, and he fell to the ground with an ominous groan.

The posse advanced, and found, upon examination, that he had been fatally shot.

The other member of the party was found where refuge had first been taken, weltering in blood, but firmly grasping the revolver. The fatal ball had gone through the neck. The form was a fragile one, the hands white, complexion fair, light hair, mild gray eyes. Surely, though attired in the clothing of a male, this could not be a man, and investigation proved that it was not. Witherow's party found that the bold man had, in a light woman, a brave comrade and in every way a worthy companion in his work of robbery—a companion who was to him in every sense a helpmeet, able and willing to share the fortune and perils of her mate.

A Justice of the Peace was called, a jury impaneled, and a Coroner's inquest held, rendering a verdict in accordance with the facts. The bodies were buried side by side and two fresh covered mounds now direct the attention of the curious traveler to the pretty little town site of Buena Vista, to the spot where the male and female horse-thieves lie buried.

No one seems to know either of the parties. No mark was found about either to identify them, and no one in the Sheriff's office knew either.

Mr. John Sadley informs us that if the farmers whose wheat is smutty, would not be in a hurry to thresh, thus giving the wheat time to sweat in the stack, a great deal of the damage resulting from smut would be obviated. Mr. S. says that when wheat is affected with smut and threshed before the sweating process takes place, the wheat sweats in the bin, and it is an impossibility to make good flour out of such wheat. Mr. Sadley has been engaged in the milling business for years, and is accustomed to handling wheat; he knows whereof he speaks and his suggestions are worth heeding.

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Poetry.

Only a Drunkard.

Only a drunkard! staggering by;
See that he comes not our door too nigh!
Clothes tattered and mangled,
Hair matted and tangled,
A sneer on his lip and a leer in his eye;
Only a drunkard! dirty and torn,
Forsaken and helpless, berett and forlorn.

Once he was classed with the noblest of men;
Hearts, hands, and sweet words bestowed on him then;
Clubs formed his festive ring,
Women loved to hear him sing,
Thousands were swept on the flow of his pen!
Only a drunkard! chancing to meet
The jam and push of the crowded street.

Only a drunkard! bathed deep in his glance,
Beauty and fashion joined free in his dance!
Pushed back and jostled fast,
Strangers go mocking past,
Friends shrug their shoulders and eye him askance;
Only a drunkard! muttering now,
His trembling palm on his fevered brow.

Once at the altar he knelt with his bride;
His mother's idol; his father's pride,
They in the dusty grave,
He an inebriate slave,
Dashing a wreck on the wild drunken tide!
Only a drunkard! an incarnate moan;
A skeleton sigh; an embodied groan.

Only a drunkard! ere yet two score,
He moved with his peers on the senate floor;
Oft he plead the people's cause,
Oft they crowned him with applause,
The glint of his wealth shone from shore to shore!
Only a drunkard! in the cup at his lips
The sun of his glory went down in eclipse.

Only a drunkard! his country's name
Armed him to dare through the battle's flame;
When hail of shot and shell
On him in tempests fell,
He fought to the last for the flag of our fame!
Only a drunkard! a patriot soul
Plunged in the fires of the hellish bowl.

Only a drunkard; Oh, pity him still!
Awaken his courage! reform his will!
Pluck him from ruin's ledge!
Hold himby honor's pledge!
The hopes of his life he shall yet fulfill;
Only a drunkard! there's One who will save
Our own brother man from a drunkard's grave.

Purchasing a Husband.

A widow, or something of that kind, out in Armstrong county, a few months ago, tried the experiment of purchasing a husband. She looked over the ground with as much wisdom as she had, and finally paid $31,000 for one. Anybody would suppose that at this prices he would have secured a fair sample of a man, but the purchase seems to have been a miserable failure. The fellow got his $30,000, and gathered together some other kinds property belonging to the widow and some of the neighbors; after which he went to some portion of the country now unknown. The woman was most disgracefully swindled in every particular. She should have known better than to buy an Armstrong county man, if they are held at $20,000 each, when she could have gone to Harrisburg and bought half the Pennsylvania Legislature for a quarter of the sum, in which event she would have had something left after her husbands had absconded. It isn't probable that she would have secured a much better article of man, but she would not have been so badly taken in. She must read the newspapers with more care, and learn that men and things are getting down to hard pan, and men in particular sell much cheaper than they did a few years ago. She could have bought a Congressman for a thousand, and had at least no worse experience with him. But the poor thing is doubtless convinced of her rashness by this time, and has learned a lesson in the matter of buying husbands at fabulous prices which she will never forget.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The first daily paper in the world owes its origin to a woman, Elisabeth Mallet, of London, who in 1702, established and edited the *Daily Courant.* In her salutatory, Mrs. Mallet said she had established her paper "to spare the public at least half the impertinences which the ordinary papers contain." Woman has purified literature whenever she has touched it from the time of Christine of Pisa to the present day.—*National Citizen and Ballot Box.*

A young lady of Constitucion, Peru, has introduced a startling novelty in elopements, having run away with two of her lovers.

Our Selected Story.

A MAN'S STORY.

I loved her—that woman you see going down the street, with the child clinging to her hand. You look at me wonderingly, for you have probably come to the same conclusion that most of my friends have, that I never loved any woman. But I tell you, Rothermel, I loved that woman as I shall never love anyone else in this wide world. So you see I have my romance hidden away from curious eyes, as well as the rest of you. I sometimes wonder if there can be a life so prosaic that it does not have a touch of romance in it somewhere. I think not. But this world does not see it, and concluded it does not exist.

Let me tell you about my romance, Rothermel. I know you well enough to be quite sure you will not tell it to anyone. It would not interest them, if you were to do so, and there is something about it, as there is about our sorrows, which prompts me to keep it out of sight of all but those who can understand me.

I met Alice Graem at the White Mountains six years ago, and I loved her from the very first time I saw her. There was something about her which seemed different from any woman I had ever met before. She is the first and only woman who ever could set my heart in a flutter by her glance or the touch of her hand. If you ever love a woman as I loved her, you will understand what I mean when I tell you that that summer was the summer time of life, and all the world to me. The mountains seemed to have caught that "light that never was on land or sea," that I heard you reading to Miss Finlay about last night. The sky was tender as her eyes. The sunshine seemed to have a new brightness. The world was a new world to me, and all because I loved Alice Graem.

I saw her every day, and was with her a great deal. We walked together in the wild, delightful path that wound about the feet of the mountains. What we said to each other I cannot tell, but I know that those long hours spent with her in the silence and grandeur of the old rocks and trees, with far above us the great hills, whose summits seemed to pierce heaven itself, were the sweetest hours I ever knew.

The summer went by, and I did not tell her that I loved her. I could not. Often and often the words came to my lips, but I could not utter them. A wild, foolish fear would strike me dumb.

I have wondered often, since then, why I felt as I did when I tried to tell her the truth. It was not because I was afraid of her frowning on my wooing, for I was sure that she loved me. I had read it in her eyes, and in the tell-tale color which would rise to her cheeks, sometimes, at word or look of mine. But, for all I had nothing to fear and everything to encourage me, I was a pitiful coward; and the love I had to offer was kept to myself.

But I told myself that there was no use in hurrying matters. I would see her by and by, when the winter came, and that would be time enough.

The winter came and we met again. I shall never forget that meeting any more than I shall forget our parting.

It was at a party. I saw her standing apart from the crowd, and went toward her. She saw me coming, and her eyes lit up as a morning-glory does when the sun strikes it suddenly. Her face was radiant for one moment. Then her eyes wavered and fell, and she did not look up until I was close by her and held out my hand with a few words of greeting. My heart was in a flutter of gladness. She was near—and I loved her.

After that we met often. Once I came near showing her my heart; and would to God I had done so, Rothermel! I was very near heaven—the gates were almost open—but I dared not venture in, and they will never unclose for me again. Don't accuse me of talking sentiment, for I am not. If you ever love a woman you will find that her love is to you on earth what heaven will be when you are dead. I believe that. So will you.

I said that I came near showing her my heart. We were alone. I had been reading some poem to her, and its story of love had carried my soul along on its tide of passion, until I felt that I must turn story. I shut the book and turned to her with my heart upon my lips. Her eyes were strangely tender with the feeling which the poem I had been reading had awakened in her breast. She smiled into my eyes—I touched her hand as you might touch a rose—and was dumb.

If I had only spoken! But the wild, cursed fear was upon me, and the happiness of a lifetime slipped from my grasp and was lost forever.

I did not see her again for months. She had gone South to visit some friends.

But I dreamed of her in my day-dreams, and laid my plans for the future, and not one plan was woven in which she was not the central thought. When she came back I *would* speak out. I would dally no longer.

By and by I heard that she had a lover in that southern city where her friends lived. A wild fear sprung up in my heart. What if I should lose her after all? But the thought that she loved me quieted me.

I waited anxiously for her coming home. She came at last, and they told me that she did not come alone.

I would go to her. I would speak out now. I would make my happiness sure.

I went to her. She met me with a touch of the old brightness in her face. Then it grew pale, and I fancied she was ill at ease. She did not seem like her old self. True, I could call the color to her cheek for a moment, at some low word of mine, and her eyes would light up with the old tenderness, but a swift shadow would fall and hide it all.

At last I spoke out:

"Alice," I said, "I love you. I have come to tell you so at last."

Her face grew pale as death. Her eyes filled with a darker shadow.

"Oh, why have you told me this now?" she cried. "If you had only told me this before!"

My heart seemed to stop beating.

"You love me?" I cried. "Nothing must come between us, Alice."

"There is a promise that I cannot break, between us," she said; and her voice sounded far away. "I am to marry Douglas Leith."

It was then that I realized what I might have had, had it not been for my insane folly. I had lost—and God help me! I loved her so well.

"I thought you loved me," I said, by and by, when I could command my voice.

"I did," she cried, and burst into a passion of tears. "But I thought you could not care very much for me, for you never told me that you loved me."

I cannot tell you any more about the last interview, Rothermel. I went away knowing that the woman I had lost loved me, and might have been mine if I had spoken out like a man when I ought to have done so. But I had lost her forever. I must go on my way alone, haunted by the memory of what was, and is, and of what may not be. You never dreamed that I was a haunted man, Rothermel, but I am. When I see that woman, as we saw her just now, you cannot imagine how my heart cries out for what it might have had, if I had not been a coward.

For your own sake and hers, if you love a woman, Rothermel, tell her so. Don't shipwreck your happiness as I have mine. * * * Will you give me a light?—my cigar has gone out. Ah!—thanks.

Northern Pacific Railroad.

Special Telegram to the Pioneer Press.

Bismarck, August 13.—The party sent out by the Northern Pacific, embracing Hon. Dorillus Morrison, of Minneapolis, General Rosser, John Ross, the railroad builder, George E. Brackett, Rev. Mr. Tuttle and son, arrived this afternoon from an inspection of the lands lying between the Missouri and Yellowstone. Their trip was not only an enjoyable one, but was fruitful of information that will certainly surprise the people of Bismarck, the settlers along the Northern Pacific, the citizens of Minnesota and the officers and stockholders of the Northern Pacific railroad. The story it told in all its details, supported by samples of soil, the party returned with, would scarcely be believed. The popular impression has been that the land west of Bismarck was good for twenty or thirty miles and then fizzled out entirely. About the poorest land was found immediately west of the Missouri; and after the party passed a point fifty miles west, the land improved until they reached Beaver creek, where they found a beautiful valley, as rich as the Red river valley. This creek they christened Pleasant valley river. They speak of this valley in the highest terms. The Bad Lands they found to be high buttes, covered with the richest grazing. Along the route of the proposed railroad, as far as these gentlemen saw, the Bad Lands are a myth of the Missouri. Mr. Brackett says he saw as fine a hay ranch as he had ever seen in his life. Mr. Ross holds that the pasture found on the Bad Lands is very superior. Fifty miles out, and thence to the Yellowstone the country was as green as in June. They were all surprised to find such a significant difference in favor of a wild country over eastern Dakota and Minnesota. They found plenty of water, and the streams were remarkably fresh and clear. Springs are not unknown, and General Rosser and Mr. Brackett say there is ten times as much wood as there is between Bismarck and Fargo. They found plenty of coal, and utilized it in one or two instances in cooking breakfast. They saw plenty of antelope, elk, deer and other game. There was an exciting chase after a grizzly bear, but he got away. The whole country, Mr. Morrison reports as better than that between Bismarck and Fargo or Bismarck and Brainerd. "Two-thirds of it is fine agricultural land, and the rest good grazing. One member of the party said he would not give one acre of this new land for two of that east of Bismarck. Mr. Morrison said he would quickly build the road to the Yellowstone, for the lands were desirable, and they had the money. He would advise the company to retain the lands and not surrender or pledge them to a syndicate, who would build the road. He thinks it is business to hold them, and let the company build as they can. The party did not see an Indian. They missed the 7th Cavalry escort that was sent out from Bear Butte to meet them on the Missouri. They say they don't miss the [illegible] of any escort.

Killing of Jesse McCaleb.

Governor Potts is in receipt of a letter from Con Bray, sheriff of Beaverhead county, confirming the report heretofore published of the killing of Jesse McCaleb on Lost river. It appears that the train consisted of fifteen wagons loaded with goods for McCaleb & Wood, for the purpose of opening a store at the Yankee Fork mines. There were fourteen men with the train, and all were well armed. No Indians had been seen on the route. The train went into camp on the night of the 9th, Friday. At daylight the next morning the Indians attacked them without warning. Almost at the first fire McCaleb fell, shot through the forehead as he was getting out of his bed. The freighters fought the Indians from Saturday morning until midnight on Monday, when one of them made his escape and brought in the news. No intelligence has since been received. The point of attack is about 60 miles from Salmon city.—*Independent.*

More Than Their Quota.

When the governor of Oregon telegraphed to the Secretary of War, at the beginning of the Indian outbreak, that a temporary issue of arms was necessary to enable him to protect the settlers, he received an answer as follows: "You have more than your quota of arms." The governor, however, was equal to the situation. He telegraphed in reply: "We have more than our quota of Indians." The required arms were thereupon at once issued.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

Man's Better-Half.

English ladies are beginning to patronize crinoline again.

The young ladies at Vassar are not allowed to have pets within the college other than the regular professor.

"Madam," said a physician to a patient, "you have grown wonderfully thin of late." "Yes, doctor," she replied, "I am getting more and more emancipated every day."

"I should just like to see somebody try to abduct me," said Mrs. Smith at the breakfast table the other morning. "Hem! so should I, my dear—so should I," said Mr. Smith with exceeding earnestness."

The English Post-office Department wanted a few women clerks and advertised for them—applicants to call between 10 a. m. and noon. Three thousand women put in an appearance, and the streets were blockaded for two hours.

Lydia Berry, a beautiful young lady of twenty, of the city of Boston, whose friends imagined that her illness of late was caused by dropsy, were astonished to learn that she had been poisoned by wearing colored stockings. She is in a terrible condition, and her physician have little hope of her recovery.

A Middletown girl placed some nearly-hatched ducks' eggs in her bosom, and thus helped a brood of young ducks into the world. Young men in that region will do well to omit, in the interests of the poultry crop, their usual Sunday evening embraces, until after the hatching season is over.

A Washington girl last week missed her pocket-book while returning from an entertainment with a gentleman friend of the highest respectability, and had him arrested. He was locked up for three hours, and then she found the pocket-book in the lining of her dress.

A pair of laughing, deep blue eyes,
A wealth of ringlets brown,
With air coquettish as a queen,
The belle of all the town;
A dimpled chin and blushing cheek,
Lips red and teeth of pearl,
And lo! before us, shy and meek,
We've the future "coming girl."
—*St. Louis Journal.*

A Willimatic girl, employed in a thread factory, wrote her name and the words, "Wanted, a husband," on a spool recently, and when it had been wound with thread, it was sent to a South Norwalk shoe factory, where it fell into a Ridgefield man's hands. He began a correspondence; the girl replied that she was engaged, but would find him another as good as she, and a marriage has just taken place as a result of the spool's message.

'Tis pleasant at the close of day
To play
Croquet;
And if your partner makes a miss,
Why, kiss
The miss;
But if she gives your shin a thwack,
Why, whack
Her back.
St. Louis Journal.

Capt. La Barge Interviewed by a St. Louis Globe-Democrat Reporter.

"Well, Captain, what do you think of the future of the great Northwest?

Its wealth will not be fully understood inside of a hundred years. I mean both mineral and agricultural. There are wide stretches of country which are valueless and always will be. But around the headwaters of the Yellowstone there is God's own country. The grasses are particularly nutritious, and some of the finest cattle and horses are being raised by the settlers who are flocking in there very fast. That was the garden spot of the Northwest, and the Sioux Indians were in peaceable possession of it, when they were driven out at the cost of Custer's life."

"Talking about the Indian question, what interest do the people of the Northwest take in the proposition to be considered by a Congressional Committee this fall, of transferring the management of the Indians to the War Department?"

INDIAN MANAGEMENT.

There was a time when they considered such a change advisable, but now they think it would be out of the frying-pan into the fire. The Indians have been shamefully treated by the military up there.—They are trying to live out of the country. They have seen every promise ever made them broken, and they know they will not be allowed to live on their reservation in peace, so they are gradually getting away, and crossing into the British Possessions, where the promises made them are kept. They do not want to come back, and it is only a question of years when they will all have sought safety and honest treatment in Manitoba. There is more rottenness in the system of fortresses and jails in the Northwest than any who has not lived up there can imagine. If some set of men who are not afraid would start into an investigation of the management, they would stir up a stink that would involve so many men high in office that they would have to drop it. Schurz has an inkling of the rottenness, but the very size of the thing scares him from touching it. A change of Administration will alone bring these rats to the light of day."

The Captain discussed this question at length, but his accusations were all in the shape of general rumor, and are hardly specific enough to warrant publication at this time.

THE PIONEER BOAT.

Drifting back into the subject of River navigation the Captain said: "The first steamboat that ever ascended the Missouri as far as the mouth of Yellowstone was commanded by Capt. Charles La Barge, an uncle of mine. She was called the "Yellowstone," and I remember that she was 130 feet long by 19 feet breadth of beam; depth of hold, 6 feet; drew 4 1-2 feet light, with fifty tons aboard. She was built snag proof, and run in the interest of the old American Fur Company. In 1834, I went up the river with a boat carrying outfits, and returned with furs for Pierre Chouteau & Co. I have been running up the Missouri River ever since. It was not until 1860 that it was thought possible to reach Fort Benton by water. In 1862, I took the steamer Emily, of 900 tons burthen, thro' to Fort Benton in thirty-one days and twenty-three hours, cutting our own wood all the way. It was a wonderful trip, and was made to establish the fact that the Upper Missouri was a navigable stream. A number of prominent St. Louis men were on board the boat. Mr. Giles Filley was of the number. Many of them are dead. In the earlier days tourists, willing to undergo a little hardship, made a trip to see the buffalo who came down to the river by the thousands. Buffalo are now very rarely seen, but we get all the deer and antelope we want as we go along, and you can imagine that we live pretty well. Boating on the Missouri has at times been very ticklish business. When the Indians were up it wasn't a very comfortable thing to pilot the boat, with the chance of being picked off by some red devel on the shore."

The interview closed when Capt. La Barge said, "The Upper Missouri boating business is a big thing, but it is just now overdone. As the country fills up there will be demand for more boats. St. Louis can control that trade if she doesn't go to sleep and let Chicago get it."

Late Rulings of the Post-Office Department.

To alter a figure in a price list will subject such list to letter postage.

Currency cannot be sent in sealed transparent envelopes, unless at letter rates.

Wrappers of packages containing old manuscript matter will subject the package to letter rates of postage.

An envelope with a written address thereon enclosed in a package makes it subject to letter rates of postage.

Only first-class matter may be sent in the mails to its destination when deposited in a post-office with only one full letter rate prepaid thereon.

Prepaid letters must be forwarded from one office to another at the request of the person addressed without additional charge of postage.

The forwarding of letters without the additional payment of postage is confined strictly to letters which have not left the custody of the postal officials.

A mail carrier has not the right to carry an unsealed communication outside the mail. All written communications so carried must be enclosed in sealed Government stamped envelopes.

A letter or a postal card, which has been transmitted in the mail in accordance with the address, may at the request of the party addressed, be forwarded to another post-office without payment of additional postage, provided the same has not left the custody of the postal officials.

Samples, having tags affixed with the price stamped thereon with a hand stamp, can only be sent in the mails at letter rates of postage.

The words "please forward" on the address side of a postal card renders it unmailable except at letter rates of postage.

Anything whatever pasted, gummed, or attached to a postal card, except an address tag, renders it unmailable as a postal card, and when so rendered unmailable, it can only be transmitted at letter rates.

It is the duty of a postmaster to refuse to receive into the mails packages known to contain glass; the manner in which it is wrapped or encased cannot be taken into consideration.

The following named articles are unmailable, viz: cement, confectionery in any form, eye-glasses, or spectacles, glass, jewelry having pins attached, soap, steel pens, stove polish, sugar, tin dishes, tooth powder.

Postmasters are exempt from militia duty.

Married women are eligible to the office of postmaster.

A duly commissioned postmaster is authorized to administer the required oath to mail carriers.

Postmasters are strictly forbidden to sell postage stamps for less than their face value.

Private individuals cannot send any communication in the mails free of postage, no matter to whom it may be addressed.

To Wash Greasy Wool.

Dissolve a large tablespoonful of borax in a pint of boiling water. Mix one-quarter of it in the water in which the wool is to be washed. Put in one piece of goods at a time, using soap if needed, and if necessary, [illegible] water only slightly warmed. Shake well, and hang where the goods will dry quickly. For twenty-six years I have used for washing my white flannels water about as hot as would be used for cotton clothing. My flannels are beautifully soft, as well as white. I never have any shrink. For washing goods that fade use crude ammonia instead of soap. Soiled woolens may be made to look like new by taking half a teaspoonful of spirits of hartshorn to a teacup of water; wash well, and if very much soiled put through a second water with less ammonia in. Lay it on a clean white cloth and gently wipe with another until nearly dry. Then lay a cloth over it and smooth with an iron not very hot. If the color fades it will all come back to its original hue. Use no soap, and do not rinse.

Boxing the Ears of Children.

Speaking of boxing the ears of children as a mode of punishment, the London *Lancet* says:

"Medical men alone can be fully aware how fruitful a source of suffering and danger is represented by the box upon the ear. There are, for example, under observation at the present moment, two school boys who have been victims of such assaults. Surely, school masters should have learned long ago the danger of a mode of personal chastisement that has apparently usurped the place of others, which, if more disgusting, were not attended with an equal amount of peril."

Wit and Humor.

Capital punishment—Making the bad boys sit with the good girls.

Samson was an eminent tragedian in his day, and his last act brought down the house.

Our so-called ancestors, the monkeys, couldn't have been so ignorant after all.—They were all educated in the higher branches.

Some men are always looking for something pointed in the newspapers, and yet if their names are used to sharpen the points, they are too dull to see where the fun comes in.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A placard in the window of a patent medicine man in Paris reads as follows: "The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of another quack just opposite."

A St. Louis paper styles Henry Clay Dean "the great bath-tub infidel." But Mr. Dean should not be reproached for his non-belief or unbelief in the wash-tub—How could he believe in a thing he has never seen?

It has been discovered that the sun is about five hundred thousand miles nearer the earth than has been supposed. Perhaps after a while the man who gets sunstruck will get a chance to strike back.

The relationship of a man and woman in rainy weather is easily discovered. If they are lovers the woman will have all the umbrella, and the man won't care a fig how wet he gets. But if they are married it is just the opposite. Marriage makes the difference, that is all.

A cockney inquired at the post-office the other day for a letter for "Fury Hogden." He was told there was none. "Look 'ere," he replied, a little angrily, "you've hexamined a hold letter for my name. It don't commence with a haitch; hit begins with a ho. Look in the 'ole that's got the ho's."

What is a Failure?

If one looks at life as an opportunity for accumulation, and not as a process of development, a man has failed in living when the bulk of his fortune, or whatever aggregate representing the result of his industry, is taken from him. It depends greatly upon what sort of definition you put upon the word failure—or rather what sort of a result you call success. A man who loses property and yet gains in patience, in business caution, in courage—and especially who learns the lesson of reliance on God—cannot be said to have failed. As God measures results, he has made a magnificent success, although he stands stripped of his last dollar. Many men find their manhood for the first time when their houses and their lands, and their money are taken from them. Many husbands have never known the depth of a wife's affection until they have had to say: "I have not a dollar left in the world!" Then it was that love was weighed in the balance and not found wanting; then it was that the man, agitated, careworn, disappointed, discovered what a helpmate God had given him.

In these days of so-called "shrinkage in values"—which in many instances is only a return to the true standard of valuation—or when, by reason of causes in the business world beyond our control, all we have acquired by years of planning and toil may be swept away, it will help us to remember that whatever inward discipline and development the years have brought us cannot be taken away. These will remain, and while these remain we cannot be impoverished. In addition to this comes also the exhilerating thought that whatever good we have done remains surely credited to our account. The help we have given to people; the charities we have bestowed; the faith that has been cultured in us; the holiness into which we have grown, are ours still, and will remain ours forever. These are "treasures laid up in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves don't break through and steal."

A farmer wishes to save his extra land for his son; and so pays ten per cent. His sons and daughters cannot go to a good school because of that mortgage. The son sees the privations of a farmer's life under unfavorable circumstances. The farmer dies and leaves the farm to his son with a heavy debt on it, which he in vain tries to remove, or he sells the farm and leaves that kind of drudgery. Very often a farmer is keeping more land than he is able to work or manage well. He does not know how to get value received out of [illegible] the debt, and [illegible] advantage. I have said nothing about the [illegible] which often occurs of having some extra money on hand to buy to best advantage. The man out of debt and with a little ready money in his pocket, always had the advantage of the man who pays ten per cent.

Would Not Leave the Farm.

A young man, a graduate of Dartmouth, and a noted law student in Merrimac county, Maine, who had the misfortune to lose his hearing, having settled on a farm in the West, writes thus of the occupation he has chosen:

"There isn't much glory on a farm, but you get a good, sure living. You are your own master; you can't starve or be turned out of business; and as far as the work is concerned, in these days of horse-power a man needn't kill himself farming any more than at any other business. It is brains that win on a farm as well as everywhere else, and the smart man is going to ride while the stupid one goes on foot, in the corn-field as well as in the bar or pulpit. I should like to have my hearing again, but I wouldn't leave my farm again if I had it."

No person, a farmer or anybody else, can say that his business does or does not pay, unless the exhibit is made by a regular correct account, and if thus kept he might, probably would, find that his business was a good one, the trouble with his final bank account being caused by a deficiency of labor debts and excess of family expenditures.