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.

The Value of Ammonia.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in the *Christian Union*, says: There are very many articles with which every housekeeper is familiar that can be made helpful in many ways, and some that can lighten labor wonderfully, if their modest excellences were only better understood; and none can be used for so many purposes, with great success and entire safety, as ammonia. Let us enumerate some of the ways in which, if properly applied, it can make many kinds of labor easy, over which now we groan and are troubled.

A quart of "concentrated spirits of ammonia" can be purchased at the wholesale druggists' for seventy-five cents. This is the strongest form—so very powerful that one should take care in removing the stopple, which should be of glass, not to inhale the fiery vapor, as it would be dangerous.

To prepare this for common use, or like that found generally at the drug-store, mix one quart of alcohol with one quart of soft water; shake well together, and then add the quart of concentrated ammonia, and, for a trifle, you have three quarts of one of the most useful compounds to be found.

To remove grease spots. — Put half a teaspoonful of this ammonia to half a teaspoonful of alcohol; wet a bit of woolen cloth or soft sponge in it, and rub and soak the spot with it, and the grease, if freshly dropped, will disappear. If the spot is of long standing, it may require several applications. In woolen or cotton the spot may be rubbed when the liquid is applied, and also in black silk, though not hard. But with light or colored silk, wet the spot with the cloth or sponge with which the ammonia is put on, patting it lightly. Rubbing silk, particularly colored silk, is apt to leave a whitish spot almost as disagreeable as the grease spot.

For pants, coat-collars and woolens, nothing cleanses so quickly or so thoroughly. For grease spots on carpets it is unequaled. It will not injure the most delicate colors. It is well to rinse off with a little clear alcohol.

For cleansing the hair.—A few drops in the water with which the hair is to be washed leaves it bright and clean. Rinse with clear water after, as ammonia has a tendency to dry the hair.

Hair brushes.—A few drops of ammonia put into a little water will clean a hair-brush better than anything else, and does the brush no harm. If very dirty, rub a little soap on the brush. After cleansing, rinse in clear water, and hang the brush up by the window to dry. Do not let the bristles rest on any hard substance while wet. It is better to tie a string around the handle and hang up.

Silks.—A little ammonia in a few spoonfuls of alcohol is excellent to sponge silk dresses that have grown "shiny," or rusty, as well as to take out spots. A silk—particularly a black—becomes almost like new when so sponged.

For cleaning jewelry there is nothing better than ammonia and water. If very dull or dirty, rub a little soap on a soft brush, and brush them in this wise; rinse in cold water; dry first in an old silk handkerchief, and then rub with buck or chamois skin. Their freshness and brilliancy when thus cleaned cannot be surpassed by any conpound used by jewelers.

For washing silver.—Put a half a teaspoonful into the suds in which the silver is washed; having the water hot; wash quickly, using a small brush; rinse in hot water, and dry with a clean linen towel; then rub very dry with a chamois skin. Washed in this manner silver becomes very brilliant, and requires no polishing with any of the powders or whiting usually employed, and the silver does not wear out.

Glass.—Put half a teaspoonful into clear water to wash tumblers or glass of any kind; rinse and dry well, and they will be beautifully clear.

For washing windows, looking-glasses, etc., a little ammonia in the water saves much labor, aside from giving a better polish than anything else; and for general house-cleaning it removes dirt, smoke and grease most effectually.

Spots on towels and hosiery will disappear with little trouble if a little ammonia is put into enough water to soak the articles, and they are left in an hour or two before washing; and if a cupful is put into the water in which white clothes are soaked the night before washing, the ease with which the articles can be washed, and their great clearness and whiteness, will be very gratifying.

Dish-towels and dish-cloths.—No articles in kitchen use are so likely to be neglected and abused as dis-cloths and dish-towels, and in washing these, ammonia, if properly used, is a greater comforter than anywhere else. Put a teaspoonful into the water in which these cloths are, or should be, washed every day: rub soap on the towels. Put them in water; let them stand half an hour or so, then rub them out thoroughly, rinse faithfully, and dry outdoors in clear air and sun, and dish-cloths and towels need never gray and dingy—a perpetual comfort to all housekeepers.

We should add that all water and suds in which ammonia is used should be saved to water plants, or put about trees.

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Wm. W. Alderson } ALDERSON & SON.
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PUBLISHERS.

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Poetry.

Base Ball.

[Dedicated to the Young Amateurs.]

The boy stood squarely on the base—
Already two were out—
The grin that lighted up his face
Shone round about his snout.
The boy, he raised the ash aloft
And called for one hip high,
The pitcher put it in red-hot—
He caught it in his eye.
Again the gallant youth stood up,
Determined he would score;
The next one hit him in the paunch—
He playeth ball no more.

Trust.

O, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

That nothing walk with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

—*Tennyson.*

The Fulfillment of Craving.

If we indeed could surely gain
The end to which we toil and strain;
Could grasp the thing we deem most dear,
And hold it firm, and keep it near;

Could say, "Behold, the good we sought
Unto our very doors 'tis brought!"—
Ah! is it clear that we should be
In truth more favored or more free?

For while in vain we ply our task,
And Fate forbids the boon we ask,
Some greater good do we not find
When round our necks fond arms are twined

And kind lips whisper words unfeigned,
"All is not lost if love be gained!"
All is not lost! Nay, rather say,
That all is won, and ours to-day.

Upon the mountain's height we thought
To gain the prize for which we sought;
Ah! love, 'twas well we strove in vain;
Did we not meet, love, on the plain?

Separation.

A wall grew up between the two,
A strong, thick wall, though all unseen;
None knew when the first stones were laid,
Nor how the wall was built, I ween.

And so their lives were quite apart,
Although they shared one board, one bed;
A careless eye saw naught amiss,
Yet each was to the other dead.

He, much absorbed in work and gain,
Grew soon unmindful of his loss;
A hard indifference worse than hate
Changed love's fine gold to worthless dross.

She suffered tortures all untold;
Too proud to mourn, too strong to die;
The wall pressed heavy on her heart,
Her white face showed her misery.

Such walls are growing day by day,
'Twixt man and wife, 'twixt friend and friend;
Would they could know, who lightly build,
How sad and bitter is the end.

A careless word, an unkind thought,
A slight neglect, a taunting tone,
Such things as these, before we know,
Have laid the wall's foundation stone.

—*Frances L. Gardner, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

A Deer That Shot Niagara.

A correspondent, "W.," whose statement is entitled to full credence, sends us the following account of remarkable episode at Niagara years ago:

About the years 1826 to 1830 there lived on the "Saunder's Settlement Road," about four miles from the Falls, a family by the name of Straw, who had captured, in the then dense forest of the neighborhood, a young fawn, which was domesticated, and became so much attached to its captors that it would follow the children into the house play with them like a dog. In time it became so much attached to the team and its driver that it would follow wherever they went.

One day a grist was taken to the mill at the Falls to be ground, and the deer, as usual, followed to keep company. As the mill was approached, a hound gave the deer chase, which for safety leaped the raceway, and sought an asylum below the mill, but was instantly swept by the rushing waters down and over the American Falls. Soon it was discovered below by some persons who had watched the cruel chase, and was seen to swim ashore at the Ferry Landing, and it actually climbed out upon the rocks, where from some injury it had received from the fall, or from fright, it soon perished.

The narrator, who at that time lived a near neighbor to the Straws, although he was not a witness to the fatal plunge, often had seen the fawn, and recollects, as doubtless many of the old settlers do, the circumstances, which at the time was considered a great episode in pioneer life at Niagara.—*Niagara Falls Gazette.*

Our Selected Story.

A HOT DAY.

I got up hot, ate my breakfast hot, and stood in the hall doorway, before going down town, hot. Jack was there, and I observed.

"A hot day!"

"Is it? Thanks for the information. By the way, I am going to count the number of times that remark is made to me to-day. Yours is only the fifth."

"And, for an experiment, I intend not to make it again to-day."

"You will make it twenty times."

"I intend not to make it again to-day. And, more than that, I am not going to utter one syllable which shall bear directly or indirectly on the weather."

"I'll bet you a hat you do."

"I'll take the bet."

That was what all the trouble came from.

I started down town, and the first man I met was an acquaintance, who bowed and said:

"A hot day!"

I simply answered, "Good morning," as we passed. He looked back over his shoulder, I think, but if he expected me to gratify his expressed opinion, he was disappointed.

At the corner Bundy joined me.

"Hullo! But this is going to be a scorcher, ain't it?"

It was a pointed question, and I pointedly replied:

"See that White's got a new lightning-rod on his house. Do you believe in lightning-rods?"

He didn't know about that, but he thought it was just about as hot as perdition.

I asked him if he recollected the mathematical rule by which lightning-rods were put up.

He answered no. He didn't "know nothin' about lightnin'-rods, nohow;" looked at me point-blank for full three seconds, and then settled into sulks, saying never a word during our walk.

Arrived at the office, I found two fellows sitting in the doorway.

"I'll agree to leave it to Yarrow," said one.

"All right. Yarrow, we are having an argument as to whether this is the hottest day of the season or not. What do you say?"

I suddenly had a desire to see Mr. Bafts, the gentleman who occupied, with me, office, and I passed the two disputants in a business-like haste, with a mumbled, "Be back in a minute."

Mr. Bafts was in the back room, and he greeted me with a cheerful—

"Well, Quipple, is this hot enough for you?"

"Er—ah! Ned Uckles hasn't been here this morning, has he?"

Then I backed hurriedly into the ante-room again, and from the doorway came the question—

"Well, Yarrow, what do you say? Is it the hottest—"

"Blamed if I didn't forget that letter!" and I turn and lounge back to Mr. Bafts, who comes at me again with—

"It is really warm enough to—"

"Oh, I recollect now!" and back I go into the ante-room.

"Well, is to-day the hottest, or—"

"Did you call me, Mr. Bafts?" and I shuttlecock to the rear once more.

"No, but if it gets much warmer—"

"Oh! thought you did!" Out I dance, and as I near the two sitters in the doorway, Mr. Bafts called to me—

"Say, Quipple, look at the thermometer out there and see how it stands."

And I yell back:

"No, don't see anything of Thompson. Don't suppose he's come from breakfast yet."

Whereupon I charged by the two sitters in the doorway and onto the sidewalk, and commenced a remark on the Louisiana Investigating Committee.

"How did you say about our question, Yarrow! Is it the hottest—"

"Hullo, Spinks! Hold on there a minute! Excuse me, gentlemen; I must see Spinks!" and I shot off after Spinks, wondering what in the nation I am going to say to him, as, to my knowledge, I have with him no business whatever.

"Morning!" he salutes me as I join him. "Hottest day we've had, ain't it?"

"Er—rer, Mr. Spinks, did you ever know a fellow by the name of—of Robert K. Milldam?"

"Can't say that I did. Where did he live?"

"Oh! it's of no consequence—no consequence, thanks," and I turn into the post-office.

"Any warm weather 'round your way?" asks the polite clerk, as he hands me my mail.

"I'd like to know what this nincompoop is writing to me about—that is—ha!" and I slink ingloriously away, for I discover that the handwriting of the "nincompoop" is that of the clerk's father, and the clerk himself seems as if he were about ready to leap over the letter boxes and just turn himself loose on somebody.

After that I took a turn on the square, and had to make about twenty-three irrelevant answers to each of the following:

"Hot day!"

"Putty warm!"

"Hot enough to melt!"

"How's this for hot?"

"Hottest day of the season, ain't it?"

"Warm weather we're having now!"

"Hot as { blazes! / the dickens? / you please! / they make 'em! / perdition!"

You can imagine that, to avoid touching upon the weather, my replies to the above were far from pertinent or satisfactory. In truth, they were a remarkable set of answers and observations—rather grotesque, unique and startling, to say the least of them. Consequently, in less than thirty minutes after I had come from home, people began to look at me curiously; men gathered on the corners, gazed after me, and talked softly with each other; clerks came to the doors and watched me as I passed; two or three small boys dogged me as reverently and awfully as if they thought me the chief elephant of a three-tent circus; and, finally, a couple of friends came to me and insisted on conducting me home and putting me to bed—a kindly service which I induced them, with much difficulty, to forego. I learned afterwards that the rumor had spread over town that I had suddenly lost my reason from a slight attack of sunstroke.

At length, as I looked down the street, I saw that the two sitters in the doorway had vanished, and I made a break for the office. Plunging in, I found that Mr. Bafts was not there, but Mr. Ponnyrox was.

"Ain't it hot, though, I swanny!"

My stock of patience and words had been completely exhausted, and out of the fullness and eruptiveness of my heart came the only response left:

"*I* don't care a continental continent who's for an income tax and who ain't!"

Mr. Ponnyrox stared at me amazedly, sniffed the air, grunted "Hoot!" and stalked in to the next-door lawyer, to whom he gave the $500 case he had intended for me.

In three minutes I saw another sweltering countryman making straight across the street to my door. I knew he was coming expressly to inform me that it was a hot day, and so I grabbed my hat and bolted out again, almost into the arms of Miss Miranda, my bright particular, who happened to be passing at that instant.

I felt as if the whole Fourth of July of glory had exploded in me. I hadn't seen her for nearly a week, and here was a chance to walk all the way home with her.

"Why, how do you do?" she said, to my salutation. "*Isn't* it *distressingly* warm? *She* too!!

"I yer—I-yer—um-ah!" I muttered, idiotically.

She looked at me askance, and tried me again.

"*Aren't* you just about to *melt?*"

I couldn't even mutter idiotically, this time.

There was a short, embarrassing silence, which she broke with—

"*Don't* you think it the hottest—"

I was finished. We were at a crossing, and I bowed precipitately and slouched off.

She has never spoken to me since.

I started down one of the more retired streets, thinking that for a while I might escape mortals and lunacy, by strolling fifty yards before 'Squire Waddle joined me.

"Hi, Yarrow! I am going that way—share my umbrella. Ain't it hot, though?" linking his arm in mine. "Hottest day we've had, ain't it?"

I was dumb. By this time, worn out and reckless as to consequences, I had determined to cease trying to ward off or evade the inevitable "hot day."

"I'm sure of it," he continued. "Thermometer 107° in the shade. Putty hot, ain't it?"

I was dumb.

But the 'Squire imperturbably chattered on:

"Yes, undoubtedly the hottest. There was no sich day as this last summer, even. Think there was?"

I was dumb.

"Putty shure there wa'nt. They don't come often. Do you ricollect any other sich one in this climate?"

I was dumb.

"Putty shore you don't. Would you s'pose now I could ricollect another sich day, old as I am?"

I was dumb.

"Putty shure I couldn't. That's hot now—ain't it my boy?"

I was dumb.

"There's only one day in my ricollection which any way comes nigh it. That was in '37—2d of July, '37. And how hot do you reckon it was then?"

I could stand it no longer, and I turned, squarely at bay, upon him, and bellowed out:

"Oh! yes, it's hot! hot! hot! Oh! I tell you, it's hot! it's hot! Oh! it's hot! I say. Understand me—*hot!* Oh! yes, go ahead and drive out every grain of sense in my head! Hot! Oh! yes, and ruin a man making him buy every hat in the country. Hot! Oh! yes, and—"

But wayfarers were gathering around us; women and children were coming to the windows and doors; bare-armed cooks were peering around the house corners; and a brace of policemen were double-quicking toward us up the street. I immediately informed the collapsed 'Squire that it was a hot day, took a short cut to the Square, and in just one hour and twelve minutes after I had made the bet with Jack, I bought him the hat. During the rest of the day I took a fiendish delight in hunting up every man in town and telling him it was a hot day.

My losses, pecuniarily, were these:

Ponnyrox's fee	$500.00
Miranda (value to me)	974,312.00
Miranda's bank account	50,000.00
One hat	4.50
Total	$1,025,737.50

I shall never make another bet that I'll say nothing about the weather on a hot day.—"*Quipple Yarrow,*" *in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Boy.

One of the best things in the world to be is a boy.

Boys have always been so plenty that they are not half appreciated.

A boy is willing to do any amount of work that is half play.

The feeling of a boy toward pumpkin-pie has never been properly considered.

A boy furnishes half the entertainment, and takes two-thirds of the scolding, of the family circle.

It is impossible to say at what age a boy becomes conscious that his trouser legs are too short, and is anxious about the part of his hair.

In fact, a boy is a hard subject to get a moral from.

Wit and Humor.

Some men cannot stand prosperity. Others never get a chance to try.

"Alcohol is made of beets in California." New York beats are made of the same fluid.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

Brother Jasper, the Virginia philosopher who holds that the sun moves, is on the move himself because he couldn't pay his rent.

"I never knew a convict to put any energy into hymn singing, unless he was planning to escape," says an ex-convict from the Ohio penitentiary.

What is the difference between an apothecary and a farmer who reads and knows more than his neighbor Grangers?—One is a pharmaceutist and the other is the 'cutist farmer.

Nevada papers, instead of speaking of a deceased citizen as being widely and favorably known, remarks: "There wasn't a saloon-keeper in the State who didn't ache to trust him."

When an English paper captures an American joke it chops off the head, chisels out the point, sets it up backward, and gives its readers a dish of wisdom that tastes like fresh meat after a long sea voyage.

In the lobby of an Irish inn the following inscription is painted on the wall in conspicuous letters: "No person will get credit for whiskey in this house but those who pay money down."

A book farmer was sitting under a tree in one corner of his grain field a few mornings since, reading in a very loud tone a pamphlet report of the Beecher-Tilton trial. He explained that the weather was very hot, and he was trying a new plan to "shock" his wheat.

A man who can stand a great grief and conceal it, and hug it to his bosom, and go smiling around the world, can't conceal his emotions when a fly alights on his nose while the barber is scraping his throat. This is what makes it so difficult to get correct statistics of those who really fall from grace.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

"What is your religion, Mr. Gibber?" asked the landlady of her new boarder. "Meat three times a day," was the reply that startled the good woman, and put her in a reverie as to whether the man was a heathen or had misunderstood the question.

The story is again going the rounds that Johnny Steele, the oil prince, used to hack, riding in it for a few minutes, and then buying the turnout and presenting it to the driver. We state authoritatively that he never did this except at Niagara, and there it was cheaper to do it than to pay the hackman's charges. Mr. Steele was not entirely destitute of business qalifications, we wish people to understand.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"The vile, abominable literature that is polluting the minds of our boys and girls," wrote the editor, "is a public disgrace and"——"by the way, Judkinson," said he, stopping short in his able editorial and turning to the local editor, "be sure you have the full particulars of that divorce scandal in East Biggleston. The *Whangdoodle* mus'n't get the bulge on us this time. Let me see; where was I? Oh! yes"—"public disgrace, and should be suppressed by the strong arm of the law. Many a youth owes his downfall to the" ——"be sure you interview both parties, Judkinson, and make it spicy, you know."

GEN. CHARLES H. TOMKINS.

His Report of a Trip of Some Four Hundred and Fifty Miles on the Line of the Northern Pacific Extension—Favorable Opinion of the Country.

Chicago Tribune,

Gen. Charles H. Tompkins, deputy quartermaster-general United States Army, and chief quartermaster of the department of Dakota, arrived in this city yesterday from a trip of about seventy days, during which time he visited all the principal military posts in Montana. As he had a splendid opportunity to observe the condition of the country through which the Northern Pacific railroad extension is to run, having followed the surveyor some 450 miles, a Tribune reporter called upon him at the Sherman house yesteeday afternoon to get a description of the country, and to learn if the project was feasible and practicable, and, if carried out, if it would pay a fair interest on the investment. Gen. Tompkins received the reporter very cordially, and at once signified his willingness to give the Tribune all the desired information. The general stated that he went up the Missouri river from Bismarck to Benton. From this point he went to Shaw, and thence to Helena. From Helena he made a trip to Missoula and returned again to the former point. He also went to Camp Baker and returned again to Helena. He left Helena and went to Fort Ellis, and from this point along the line of the Northern Pacific survey to Ft. Custer and thence to Fort Keogh. He then went down the Yellowstone river to Fort Buford, at the confluence of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers; thence down the Missouri back again to Bismarck. He found in the vicinity of Missoula one of the finest agricultural and stock-raising countries he has ever seen, and it is already well settled. Between Missoula and Deer Lodge the country is equally fine and productive, and still more settled than in the vicinity of Missoula. Deer Lodge is quite a thriving town. Between Helena and Ft. Ellis the country is perfectly beautiful, and well watered. Thousands of cattle were roaming all around. This portion of Montana is excellently adapted for agriculture. He found this part of the country also very rich in minerals, valuable silver deposits having been discovered at the headwaters of the Jefferson river. There were also rich silver developments in the vicinity of Helena and Missoula. Between Fort Ellis and Fort Custer the country is rapidly filling up with settlers, and the people are raising large crops of wheat, oats and corn. At all these points he stopped and conversed with the ranchmen and settlers regarding their future intentions. They all contemplate raising large crops of oats, with the intention of selling to the government at good prices. They anticipate a prosperous future. Between Forts Custer and Keogh there are very fine agricultural and grazing lands. Here he passed over some natural hay-fields. From Keogh down the Yellowstone the country is not so rich in the immediate vicinity of the river, but there are spots well timbered, and coal crops out in many places, with indications of very thick veins.

Gen. Tompkins expressed himself as highly pleased with the country through which he passed, and strongly advocates the extension and completion of the Northern Pacific road. Not only will the carrying out of this project greatly facilitate the transportation of government stores to a large number of military posts in Montana and the Yellowstone country but it will materially diminish the cost of transportation. For instance, it costs at present to move one hundred pounds of freight from Bismarck to Keogh, 98 and 68-100 cents. This is under an exceedingly low contract. Last year the cost of transportation was double that amount. The officers of the Union Pacific have guaranteed to deliver the government stores at all seasons of the same distance over their road for 56 cents per one hundred pounds. Like reductions to other points would be the result. The construction of this road would, in Gen. Tompkins' opinion, also have a great tendency to settle the Indian question, as Indians proverbially recede from civilization.

The above description of the Yellowstone country fully agrees with the reports made by Cols. J. W. Forsyth and F. D. Grant, who made an examination of that part of the country by order of Lieut-Gen. Sheridan in 1875.

An Obtuse Man.

She was a stylish young lady about 18 years old, and to accommodate a friend she took the baby out for an airing. She was wheeling it up and down the walk, when an oldish man, very deaf, came by, and inquired for a certain person supposed to live on that street. She nearly yelled her head off trying to answer him, and he looked around, caught sight of the baby, and said:

"Nice child, that. I suppose you feel proud of him?"

"It isn't mine," she yelled at him.

"Boy, eh? Well, he looks just like you."

"He isn't mine!" she yelled again, but he didn't hear her.

"Twins, eh? Where is the other one?"

Despairing of making him understand by word of mouth, she pointed to the baby, at herself, and then shook her head.

"Yes—yes, I see; t'other twin in the house. Their father is fond of them, of course?"

She turned the cab and hurried the other way, but he followed, and asked:

"Do they kick around much nights?"

"I tell you 'taint mine!" she shouted, looking very red in the face.

"I think you're wrong there," he said. "Children brought up on the bottle are apt to pine and die."

She started on a run for the gate, but before she had opened it he came up, and asked:

"Have to spank 'em once in while, I suppose?"

She made about twenty gestures in half a minute, and he helped the cab through the gate, and said:

"Our children were all twins, and I'll send my wife down to give you some advice. You see—"

But she picked up a flower-pot and flung it at him. He jumped back and dodged it, and as she entered the house, he called out:

"I hope insanity won't break out on the twins!"

Sat Down on His Sire.

A little fellow one afternoon was preparing his fishing tackle to go fishing next day, and his father said:

"Johnny, what are you going to do?"

'I am going fishing to-morrow,' said the boy.

"No you're not. You are going to Sunday-school. Besides the fish won't bite on Sunday."

"Oh, I know they will. Did'nt I try it last Sun—no, I did'nt, either."

"So, you little rascal, you have been fishing on Sunday, have you?" said his father, and he cut a switch and gave the boy a sound whipping.

When he got through the boy said, through his sobs, "I-I-am-going-to-tell-a-bout-you-kissing th-the hired girl in the ki-kitchen last night, when ma went out to-to-tend the baby," and he started for home.

"Here, Johnny," said his father, putting his hand in his pocket, "here is a quarter. I did'nt know I was whipping you so hard. I don't care if you go fishing every Sunday."

The boy took the money, but we don't know whether he told his mother about the kiss or not; but, as every thing is quiet in the family, we don't believe the lady knows anything about it.

He Has Heard Such Talk Before.

An Irishman's letter to the Boston *Pilot:*

"It is not enough to say, 'The Chinese must go.' Not many years ago a similar war cry, 'No Irish need apply,' was echoed and re-echoed throughout America by bigots as blind, ungenerous and intolerant as any in the world. For one workingman, I should hate to give up my situation to a Chinaman or anybody else who offered to do my work as well for a fourth of my wages. Yet the proposition to drive the Chinamen into or beyond the Pacific is so shocking to every preconceived idea of justice or wisdom, so hostile to the glorious traditions of this free land, that I want something more than Mr. Kearney's key note before I join what is at best a cry of proscription. There are thousands, I trust, of adopted citizens who think with me, that it is well to hasten slowly in getting up class or color distinctions.

A WICKED OLD GENTLEMAN.

How he Sang Base and Basely Took In the Boys.

Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Nice old gentleman he was; big white waistcoat, low-cut shoes, bald head and silver-bowed spectacles. He led in the singing on Sunday evening in the hotel parlor, and sang that old-fashioned bass in "Coronation" and "China" in that sonorous up-and-down style which country choristers used to practice in accompanying the big fiddle, and withal, had the bland, benevolent look of a good old up-country deacon.

He was "looking round the house" next night, and stepped in where some of the boys were playing cards—something where they were talking of "calls" and "raises" and "seeing." The boys looked a little disconcerted, but the old man didn't say anything till the hand was played out, and one of the party, under pretense of having an engagement, winked to the others and said he must go, intending to break up till the old man had gone away and then resume the game. But he had scarce turned his back when the aged visitor remarked:

"I wonder he didn't 'raise' with the hand he held."

"Do you understand the game?" asked one of the party, taking a cigar from his mouth.

"Waii, a leetle; I've seen 'em playin' on it, an' sometimes thort I'd like to take a hand just for fun."

"Just so," said another; "suppose you try a game or two with us."

"Wall, I don't mind jes' for the fun er the thing." So the old man sat down and with a good of instruction, managed to get through with the game, and won on the penny ante. "Thar," said he, "if that feller that's gone had been spunky and put in $5 h'd got it instead of those eight cents would'nt he?"

"Why, certainly," said one of the young men, "certainly; it's your deal uncle; now why don't you go in for a $5 ante?"

"Wall," said the old fellow, throwing around the cards, "I dono but I will, but I hain't got nuthin' but a $20 bill that I drew outen the bank to come here with."

"Well' uncle," said the other, gathering up and glancing at his cards, "I'll go $20, and you can put it in the missionary box when you win it, if you like."

"Sho! so I ken," saoid the old man; "I don't think 'twud be gambolin' at all ef that's the case."

"Not at all," said the other, winking to the boys.

"Well, then, I don' keer ef I go you this 'ere other fifty—but I suppose you'll think I'm doin' on it to skeer ye—but our denomination is tarnal poor, and a big contribution is jest what they're hankerin' arter."

"Oh, no; I cover your fifty, uncle; we ought to be liberal, you know," and so the game went on till finally the old man remarked, "Wall, I'd no idee I had this 'ere rolls o' bills in my pocket—so you call, do ye?—$500 up—yes, you hev got three pleters—three queens and a jack! Well, 'tis kinder queer I got tother queen—haw! haw! haw!"

"Yes, I'm sorry for you, but what are your other cards?" said the young man triumphantly.

"Well, three on 'em ez kings—why, darn it, all that ere pot 'o money's mine, young feller!" said he, stretching out a powerful paw and squeezing the bills out of the hand of the young man, who had already begun to roll them up. "Praps, mister, you'd like to take your hand again," said he to the other, who had returned meantime; "they are goin' to sing some sam tunes up stairs before going to bed, and I promised I'd jine 'em."

There was a blank look of amazement in that circle as he left, and the thought forced itself into more than one mind of the danger of trusting to appearances.

A True Incident.

Coming out on the overland Mr. Beecher passed Omaha at eleven at night. As he was about to turn over in his berth he discovered on the other end of his pillow the head of a stranger who was calmly smoking a bad cigar and whittling a lead pencil.

"Don't mind me; finish your nap," said the intruder, kindly. "I'm a reporter of the *Omaha Record*. Two or three other paper fellows are waiting at the next station, so I thought I'd just climb in here and have the first shy at you."

Now Beecher does'nt interview worth a cent at the best of times. Ordinarily he turns the conversation in the direction of the Silver bill, or the best method of raising Shanghai chickens, but on this occasion he simply terminated the interview by kicking the reporter clear out of bed. The latter picked himself up, rubbed his shins, and proceeded at once to put up a cold-blooded job on the Plymouth pastor with all the vindictiveness of a sleuth-hound of the press. He quietly took Mr. Beecher's well-known, broad-banded hat down from its peg in his berth and hung it above the next compartment but one. In the still watches of the night the orator arose and groped his way to the end of the car for some ice water. On his return he steered for the familiar land-mark of his hat, and endeavored to climb back to his shelf as softly as possible. He had hardly succeeded in doing so when he was seized by the hair by an ancient maiden female, whose chaste slumbers he had disturbed, and who uttered piercing shrieks. The whole car was at once in commotion. Mrs. Beecher stuck her night-cap into the aisle, burst into tears, and exclaimed: "What, again?" Major Pond delightedly remarked it was the best advertisement they could possibly have, and the old maid went into forty-five fits of hysterics in succession. In course of time the transposed hat was discovered and the matter explained, but it was not until they reached Reno, however, that Henry Ward was let out of the porter's compartment, where he had been locked by a committee of indignant married passengers. The celebrated divine then said he would'nt have assassinated that d—isreputable newspaper man who knocked on the door every 5 minutes, and wanted to know whether he "intended to make a written statement about this little affair or not?"