Historical Soc,

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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.

Specimen of the Work Done Inside.

One of my friends is a very earnest, shrewd man, who seems to always know how to do the best thing at the right time. One day he was passing a gin-shop in Manchester, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money was gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street, and, entering a grocery store and addressing the master, said:

"Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"

"What for, my friend? What's the matter?"

"Oh! you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the very largest sheet you have."

A sheet of paper was soon procured.

"Now, will you lend me a piece of chalk?" said my friend.

"Why, what are you going to do?"

"You shall see presently."

My friend then quickly printed in large letters:

SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE INSIDE.

He then fastened the paper right over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a short time several passers-by stopped, and read aloud, "Specimen of the work done inside."

In a few moments a crowd assembled, and the publican, hearing the noise and laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded in a loud and angry voice, "Who did that?"

"Which?" asked my friend, who now joined the crowd. "If you mean the man, you did that! This morning, when he arose, he was sober, when he walked down this street on his way to work, he was sober—when he went into your gin-shop he was sober, and now he is what you made him. Is he not a true specimen of the work done inside?"—*Chas. Garrett.*

Woman's Faith.

It is the firm belief of woman that everything can be mended by glue, or some other adhesive mixture. There is no possible breakage which furniture can undergo which she will not boldly attempt to repair with whatever sticky material happens to be at hand. There is nothing more beautiful and pathetic than the unfaltering trust placed by a pure, good woman in mucilage. A man may become hardened by long years of vice and wickedness, but when he sees a woman try to fasten a broken leg to the dining room table with mucilage, he is melted to tears.

It is certainly strange that this faith in mucilage should not be in the least degree shaken by a thousand failures. Experience, like argument, has no effect in leading a woman to doubt the efficacy of that feeble and pretentious gum, and she will go on trying to stick together broken pianos and wrecked bedsteads, though she has never known mucilage to stick anything together with any permanence, except the hair of troublesome children.

With the cruel and heartless purpose of playing upon the holiest emotions of the female heart, certain depraved persons have from time to time put upon the market bottles of alleged glue, which they have represented to be capable of sticking anything together, from two halves of a lead pencil up to the broken pieces of a steamer's shaft. Millions of money have been paid out for these delusive bottles by trusting women, but the mixture which they contained was found to be as faithless as mucilage. Doubtless there were things which it could mend, but for any of the capital operations, such as the glueing of the back of an upright chair to its seat, or the fastening of a loose door-knob to the door — operations in which women take peculiar delight—it was useless. Its power for evil is, however, nearly gone, for most women have lost all faith in it and have returned to mucilage with more confidence than ever. Melancholy as it is—for there is nothing more melancholy than the spectacle of faith wasted on an unworthy object—there are probably at this moment 4,250,000 women, in round numbers, in the United States who are in the act of trying to mend furniture (including damaged trunks) with mucilage.—*N. Y. Times.*

Grains of Gold.

None are overstocked with patience.

The right must sometimes yield or fight.

Temper is so good a thing that we should never use it.

It is better to need relief than to want heart to give it.

It is a very easy thing for a man to be wise for other people.

A punctual man can always find leisure; a negligent one never.

Let not the stream of your life always be a murmuring one.

All persons know when they are knaves; few when they are fools.

Every art is best taught by example; good deeds produce good friends.

Most men like self-sacrifice in their friends better than in themselves.

Men generally make way for him who is determined to push boldly past them.

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

Habit.

Habit at first is but a silken thread,
Fine as the light-winged gossamers that sway
In the warm sunbeams of a summer's day;
A shallow streamlet, rippling o'er its bed;
A tiny sapling, ere its roots are spread;
A yet unhardened thorn upon the spray;
A lion's whelp that hath not scented prey;
A little smiling child obedient led.
Beware! that thread may bind thee as a chain;
That streamlet gather to a fatal sea;
That sapling spread into a gnarled tree;
That thorn, grown hard, may wound and give thee pain;
That playful whelp his murderous fangs reveal;
That child, a giant, crush thee 'neath his heel.

What Woman Makes Him.

How cheering is the simple phrase!
How well its kindly admonition
To woman's listening ears conveys
The knowledge of her glorious mission!
She may not mingle with the throng,
When man to busy life betakes him,
Yet she may prove his shield from wrong,
"A man is what a woman makes him."

In childhood's days of grief and joy
She rules his ductile mind—no other
Can soothe and guide the wayward boy
With the calm wisdom of a mother.
The memory of her tender cares
Never in after life forsakes him;
He yields not to the world's vain snares—
The son is what the mother makes him.

Anon a dearly cherished wife
Takes in his home her honored station;
She proves, amid the ills of life,
His help, support and consolation.
He yields, perchance, to dire distress—
Her loving smile to hope awakes him;
He braves the storm—he meets success—
A man is what a woman makes him.

Yet to my warning lay attend—
I urge you, sisters, wives and mothers,
Your own weak follies to amend,
Ere you can prove a stay to others;
Should you be selfish, worldly vain,
Say, how can man when grief o'ertakes him
Aid from a heartless trifler gain?
A man is what a woman makes him.

Seek ye to serve the Lord, and pray
That he may give you wise direction
How best to win to duty's way
The object of your fond affection.
What if awhile he quit the track—
Your influence never quite forsakes him;
Your love, your prayer will bring him back,
A man is what a woman makes him.

FROM GERMANY.

An Interesting Letter from a Lady.—Graphic Description of the Chapels, Choirs, Music, etc., of Dresden.

We are kindly permitted to insert the following interesting letter, written to a gentleman of Bozeman by a lady friend who is traveling in Germany:

DRESDEN, SAXONY, Sept. 1, 1878.

We have just returned from church, where we listened to most magnificent music. We went first to the nine o'clock service. German service is always early, in order to get it out of the way, I presume, and leave as much time as possible for the pleasures of the day. The first church we attended was the largest in Dresden, though not nearly so beautiful as the one we visited later. The boy choir, which was made up of about thirty boys, varying from 11 to 20 years, was accompanied by a splendid organ and orchestra. Twelve pieces I counted, including violins, bass viols, flute, drum, etc., and I cannot say how many more there were. The boys had such beautiful voices and were so perfectly trained it seemed as though it might have been one full tone. One dear little tow headed fellow, who couldn't have been a day over eleven, had a soprano that any prima donna might have envied, and it was hard to believe that it was a boy singing.

After the opening hymn, in which the congregation joined, and an interesting service by the priest, the grand part of the music began—choir, organ and orchestra all together, sometimes the different parts taking it up, or two joining. It lasted twenty minutes, and was perfectly magnificent, as you can imagine. For the first time since we have been in Germany we thought we would leave after the music. It has been our custom to remain through the service, and then get a Sunday lesson in German; but as we were going again at 11:30, we thought it would be too fatiguing to do so. When, therefore, the last soft echo had died away, we gathered ourselves together as quietly as possible and started for the door. Imagine our chagrin when, after stepping into the vestibule, we found the outer entrance locked. It is a very common custom to lock the door during service, but we had forgotten it. Not wishing to go back, and thus disturb the worshippers again, there was nothing to do but sit down and wait. Usually the sermons are about as long as the Constitution of the United States, but, for a wonder, we had not been detained more than twenty minutes, when the good priest desisted, and we were let out.

We then retired to the gardens back of the art gallery to await till the second service should begin. At the appointed time we were at the door, this time of a Roman Catholic Church, where the King of Spain and royal family attend. The air was heavy with burning incense when we entered. As we were innocently walking down the aisle with a crowd of others, we were overtaken by an official, who directed us to the other side, saying we were among the men. Till then we had not noticed the Shaker like separation of the sexes and how out of place we were. The mistakes we make are sometimes very ridiculous. The music had already begun, a boy choir again, this time accompanied by a full brass band and organ. It was even grander than that we witnessed before. The building was so large and high, the music rolled and echoed through the arches, sometimes dying almost away, then swelling again like ocean waves meeting and breaking on the shore. When the priest elevated the host, the drum burst out in perfect thunders, that lingered long in the air after the instrument had become silent. Then sweet soprano voices took up the echo in a soft, far away melody that seemed like a dream. After this the priestly procession, glittering in their costly vestments, preceded by the host, and swinging burning censors, marched slowly from the altar, and the service was concluded.

I think we could have looked and listened forever. Everything that could delight the eye and ear was there; but sweetest and loveliest of all was the far away sound the music sometimes had, being at times almost inaudible. The church itself was wonderfully beautified with richly decorated chapels and confessionals, and having some fine old paintings. The seats of the royal family, two in number, and enclosed by glass windows, are like private boxes in the theatre, being in the gallery, on either side of the altar, and each of them surmounted by a crown. Unfortunately, none of the royal family were present, so we shall have to wait another opportunity to see a head that wears a crown.

After all this dissipation of the morning I think we shall go to a Scotch Presbyterian service this afternoon. We feel that our orthodoxy needs a little propping up, as there is danger we may forget what is expected of us, coming, as we do, from a long line of Puritan ancestors.

"Squaring It."

A good story has been told of a lisping officer having been victimized by a brother officer—who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves—and of his "getting square" with him in the following manner. The cool joker—Captain Blakeney—was always quizzing the lisping officer—a lieutenant—for his nervousness, and said one day at mess:

"Why, nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you, no brave man is ever nervous."

"Well," inquired his lisping friend, "how would you act thpothing a thell with an inth futhee thould drop itthelf in a walled angle, in which you had taken thelter from a company of tharpthooterth, and where it wath thertain if you put out your nothe you'd get peppered?"

"How?" said the Captain, with a look at his brother officers. "Why, take it coolly, and spit on the fusee." The party broke up and retired.

The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on parade, when along came the lisping Lietenant. Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked to a cluster of officers: "I want to try an ekthperimenth thith morning, and see how ekthedingly cooll Tom Blakeney can be."

Saying this, he walked deliberately into the Captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in its hottest part a powder canister, and instantly retreated. There was but one door of egress from the quarters, and that opened upon the parade ground. The occupant gave one look at the canister, comprehended the situation, and in a moment made for the door, but it was fastened on the outside.

"Charley, let me out, if you love me!" shouted the Captain.

"Thpit on the canither!" shouted he in return.

Not a moment was to be lost. The Captain had at first snatched a blanket to cover himself with; but soon dropping it, he raised the window, and out he bounded, *sans* everything but a very short undergarment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed on to a full parade ground. The shouts which hailed him, brought out the whole of the occupants of the barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified Captain pulled a sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

"Why didn't you thpit on it?" inquired the Lieutenant.

"Because there were no sharpshooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the Captain.

"All I've got to thay, then, ith," said the Lieutenant, "that you might thately have done it, for I'll thware there wthan't a thingle grain of powder in it."—*English Paper.*

Wholesale Slaughter of Children.

Hackley, Texas, telegram.—Eight children of George Lynch, the oldest seventeen years of age, were murdered on Friday at midnight by an unknown person. Lynch, the father, was awakened by a pistol shot, the ball striking him in the breast. He sprang up and saw a masked man standing in the middle of the room, pointing a pistol at him. Another shot being fired, Lynch fell unconscious. When he recovered he found himself in the lane outside the premises. The assassin, thinking Lynch was dead, seized a hatchet and put the witnesses out of the way, and then set fire to the house. The distracted father saw the house burn and fall on the bodies of his children. The bodies were exhumed and an inquest held. Several of the skulls showed hatchet marks. Lynch, it is thought, will recover. Suspicion rests upon a young man named Boatware, with whom Lynch had had a quarrel.

Our Selected Story.

JACK, THE DIVER.

Thrilling Narration of Doings Under the Deep.

"Jack," says the reporter, "they tell me that you have a history, a truly remarkable history; will you give us the outlines of it?"

"Aye, aye, sir, if you wish," replies the old tar.

Reporter—"I hear it said that you are the oldest submarine diver now living; is it true?"

Jack—"I suppose I am, sir. I am sixty-four year old, and I have followed divin' forty-five years o' my life, sir."

R.—"I notice, Jack, that your voice is somewhat impaired; what brought that about?"

J.—"Divin', sir. Sometimes, you know, when one's been down under water a long time, the air gives out, an' then it's an awful strain on a feller's lungs. I have seen so many o' them times that it's made me kind o' hoarse."

R.—"I suppose, Jack, that you are too old to ever do any more diving?"

J.—"What's that?"

R.—"You could hardly stand it now to follow the diving-business, I suppose?"

Jack rose from his seat, drew himself up to his fullest height, and for a moment did not speak. It was easy to see that his interlocutor had ventured upon dangerous ground.

"Too old to dive!" said he, with great emphasis, "not a bit of it, sir. As soon as times get a little better I'll be at it again, and I'll make more money in one day than these land lubbers make in a month. But," continued he, his anger dying away, "you wanted me to spin a yarn about myself. Well, I was born in Dublin, ould Ireland, in March, 1813. I went to sea when I was between nine and ten years old. I sailed almost all over the world. I went to the West Indies and to the East Indies. I saw considerable of war, too. I sailed on the English gun-boat Talaveria, of seventy-four guns, in '39. I was in the battle of John D'Arc, and received a medal for barvery while there. I sailed on the frigate Brandywine for two years and three months. Then I went on a West India mail steamboat. Finally I went aboard the steamer Dee. It was while I was on her that I began to dive. I came on deck one day, and, in fun, said that I would like to dive. I said—in sport, you know—that I didn't believe there was anything so great about divin' after all. We had several divers with us, you know. We were raisin' a wreck in the English Channel. It was the wreck of an East India merchantman that had sunk. She was loaded with all sorts of merchandise. They were raisin' her with rubber bags. The diver would go down and take with him a big air-tight rubber bag. Each of them bags, when filled with air, would raise five tons. They were fastened all over the vessel, and connected with rubber pipe. After we had fastened hundreds of them to her, air was pumped into 'em and they lifted that vessel out of the water just as easy as rollin' off a log. It was to fasten on those air-bags that the divers were hired. I had often wished that I could be a diver, because they were getting £45 a month, while we sailors were making only £3. But I had never thought that I could, because I didn't suppose I had the grit to learn. Many a man gets killed while learnin' to dive, you know. But, as I was tellin' ye, one day I came on deck and was sayin' that I would like to dive, when the Captain took me up. Said he, 'I want you to go below and shorten up that wheel-rope.' I would have given most anything to have got out of it, but I wasn't going to back down, because if I had I would never have heard the last of it. I got on the armor, and in the afternoon I went below. I can't describe to you the feelin' that comes over a man when, for the first time, he puts on the armor and gets ready to dive. The great, heavy helmet makes him feel as if he was goin' to smother. As I looked at the long rubber pipe leadin' from the air-pump to my helmet, I thought what if that should get broke while I was down below. Some careless fellow might step on it, and shut off the air, an' then what would become o' me? Before I went down I had to learn the signals. Beside the long hose that came down and connected with my helmet, there was a life-line about my waist, which a signalman on deck held. That is of almost as much consequence as the hose. I was learnt if I wanted more air I should jerk on the hose once; if less air was wanted, two pulls; if I wanted 'em to take up the slack on the hose, I was to pull three times on it. Then there were signals on the life-line. One jerk on the line meant 'Hold on!' one pull and a shake, 'Lower away;' two jerks, 'Pull up!' (whatever the tackle may be attached to); three pulls, 'Take me out.' There are several signals. There's one which every signalman knows all about, that means, 'Pull me out quick, for God's sake!' Finally, after I'd got ready, they lowered me down. The minute I struck the water I felt all right. The heavy feelin' of the armor went away, and I seemed as light as a feather. As soon as I struck the deck of the wreck I began to walk around. I couldn't see very well, and I had to be careful not to get my life-line tangled in the rigging. I hadn't been down long before I wanted more air. I felt as if I was smotherin'. Oh, it was terrible! The most peculiar thing about a man's feelings, when for the first time he's down below a divin', is the pain that takes him in the head right behind the ears. It feels as if some one was stickin' a sharp knife into him. It put me in terrible misery, and it was some little time before I got over it. I stayed down over an hour, an' when I come up I bled pretty bad out of the eyes, ears, nose and mouth. But I felt big, I tell you, because I hadn't allowed them to bluff me off."

Jack gave a graphic description of the appearance of the first sunken steamboat into which he ever went. It was about two miles from shore that the vessel had gone down. He went into her for the purpose of recovering her cargo. "The cabin of the vessel presented a horrid appearance. The bloated bodies all laid up next the ceiling. Some were clasped in each other's arms. One mother had in her arms her baby. A husband and wife were clasped in other's embrace so firmly that they could not pull them apart. It's a bad practice among some divers to go through the pockets of corpses that they find and take all the valuables they find. I have known divers to make thousands of dollars in that way. There is a sort of pocket in the armor in which they carry their tools, and I have seen divers come out of a wreck in which they had been working, with their pockets filled with gold watches, diamond rings, and pins and all sorts of trash. I dove once in Mobile Bay, where I put over three hundred chains under an iron-clad.

The greatest danger we had was from sharks. They didn't dare tackle us, because, with our armor on, we looked more like scarecrows than anything else. They would come sailing along and gradually swim up to us with their great big mouths wide open, but when within a few feet of us they would stop and lay there flapping their fins and looking, it seemed to me, like the very devil himself. Finally we devised a way to scare them off that never failed to frighten them so that they would stay away an hour or longer before they dared to come back. The armor that we wear is air-tight, you know. Our jacket-sleeves were fastened to our wrists with an elastic, so that the air could not escape. By running my finger under the sleeve of my jacket I could let the air out, and as it rushed into the water it would make a sort of hissing noise and a volume of bubbles would shoot up. So, whenever these infernal sharks would come prowling around me, I would hold out my right arm toward them, and, putting my finger under the elastic of my jacket-sleeve, I'd let a lot of air out and send a stream of blubbers into the shark's face, with a hissing noise like steam from a gauge-cock. The way those sharks would go scooting off was funny to behold."

"Jack," said the interviewer, "it is said that submarine diving is very profitable business; what is the largest salary that you ever made?"

"I was working for Otis & Brothers, getting out bales of cotton. I was to have $5 a day, work or play, and $5 for every bale of cotton I got out. I worked about six hours one day, and got out 485 bales of cotton. My income that day was $2,430. I tell you, I have made enough to buy and sell many a rich man in this town; but, bless you! I could never keep it.

"I have had several narrow escapes from drowning," said Jack, as he re-lighted his ancient and much tanned pipe, "but about the closest call was when I was working in the water-works crib at Cleveland. You see much depends on a good signal-tender. I can tell when some one else besides the regular signal-man steps up and takes hold of the line. So can any good diver, for that matter. There was the diver that worked for the Lake Shore Railroad Company when they were building the abutments of their new bridge here across the Maumee. He, by the way, was paid forty dollars a day for a hundred days. He was working one day shortly after he had began the job, and I went down to see him. The signal-tender asked me if I would take hold of the line. I did so, and gave it three or four little shakes that a good diver always understands. He immediately answered back, and let me understand that he knew I was there. But I was going to tell you about that narrow escape. I had a signal-tender who did'nt hardly understand the business. The mouth of the crib had become stopped up with dirt, and was clearing it out. I had crawled through the entrance, which was a sort of a door, and was outside of the crib. My life-line and hose chafed against the top of the door, and, all at once, when I went to turn around, I pulled my helmet off. There I was, out in the water, where, in a short time, I knew I would drown. I pulled twice on the life-line for the signal-tender to pull me up, but he did'nt do it. I felt that I was filling up with water fast, and I pulled again. But still he did not understand. Of course all my armor had filled with water, and as there was no air in it, I was held down by tons of weight. Suddenly George, who I was telling you about, and who had just come down to see me, stepped up and took hold of the life-line, shook it, and asked me what I wanted. I had just strength enough left to give two hard pulls, which meant, 'Pull me up quick.' George, I afterward heard them tell, yelled to the signal man and told him, 'Help me pull in that life-line, and pull for all you're worth, for Jack is drowning.' They hauled me out of there mighty quick, now, I tell you, and it took lots of strength to do it, because my armor was full of water. When they got me to the surface I was clear gone, and it was more than an hour before I came to enough to speak.

The deepest water that I was in was 168 feet. When one is down so low it is hard to get air. I've had the air-pump manned by six men working with all their might, and still I've been obliged to keep pulling on the air-line and calling for 'more air.'"

In his day the hero of this brief history was a prize-fighter of much repute. He fought many battles, and, it is said came out the victor in most of them. He states that his hardest fight was in 1845, with Matt Langdon. They fought 101 rounds in two hours and fifty-one minutes. Jack came out victorious, but with a broken jaw.

The old residenter has a wife and family living in Blackwols, Eng., [illegible] of whom he has seen for years. Out of his vast earnings he has saved but little—a farm of wild land near Manistee, Mich., being about all his possessions. But he is happy, and what more could be desired?—*Toledo Blade.*

An effort was made in a New York City court recently to find out how many passengers make a full street car load. The effort proved futile, as none of the witnesses had seen an absolutely full street car.

Wit and Humor.

A dead set—The coroner's jury.

A prickly pair—A couple of needles.

When a dog is muzzled, his bark is on the tide.

It is said that an Indian often makes an arrow escape.

Much of the charity that begins at home is too feeble to get out of doors.

Buffalo Express: Mr. Hayes' time at St. Paul was not as good as that of Goldsmith Maid.

The song of the baker: "I Knead Thee Every Hour." The first note of the song is dough.

The only religious feature noticeable in Kearney's lecture is when he says, "We will now take up a collection."

Rasper, being told he looked seedy and asked what business he was in, replied: "The hardwear business; look at my wardrobe."

In California they make alcohol out of beets. Here we make beats out of alcohol.

Insanity is no cause for divorce in Wisconsin. They think a person must be crazy in the first place to marry.

When an artist climbs over a fence to get a nearer view of a handsome bull-dog, he must take the chances of sketching the dog, or the dog's ketching him.

A Pennsylvania barber has this sign in his window: "Neither English, French, Spanish, German, nor the United States spoken here.

St. Louis has a store over which there is this sign: "Schlobenhuyser, Maxesteinbeck and Eientendoeffer." This reminds us of the days of old long sign.

There is a man in Pittsburgh who is so thin that a window-glass company there have hired him to cut glass with his elbow joint.—*Wheeling Leader.* That's "too thin."

Hannah Boggs, the girl whom Webb Hayes is to marry, is the daughter of a man who owns a saw-mill. "Say, shut that door! Were you raised in a saw-mill?"—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A Missouri man's dreams were of a son, and his wife presented him with triplets, all girls. This seems to be an era of wild speculation and over-production.

You may envy William H. Vanderbilt his vast wealth, but even he finds it difficult sometimes to make both ends meet—when he tries to bite open a knot in his shoe lace, for instance.—*Puck.*

A Detroit philosopher thinks that the only way to secure an honest horse race in this country is to turn the horse loose on the track, mob the pool sellers, egg the judges, and throw the drivers over the fence.

One of Boston's popular preachers has led the boys in a race to a fire. This is a new departure in the ministry. Heretofore the preacher's task has been to lead the boys in a race *from* a fire.—*Norristown Herald.*

Shy Boy—I flirt with Miss May! I couldn't do it; I have not known her long enough—I don't know her well enough—I—. Shy girl—You wicked boy, you have known her to be "well enough" all your life; and I'm sure you know she's "long enough" for anything!

"Johnny," said a sporting Third Ward father, "Johnny, what have you got in your fist?" "Two pears," said Johnny. "Good hand," said the absent-minded parent; "take the pot"—then he blushed, and pointing to a brass kettle, he added, "to your mother."

Pat was crawling up to a hare with an old shot-gun, minus a lock, and when asked by his companion what was the use of trying to get within shooting distance of the hare when he could not fire his gun, replied: "Whist, ye spalpleen! the rabbit don't know I can't shoot him!"

Norristown Herald: Every now and then some chap writes to a newspaper for a receipt to prevent the hair from coming out. If men would go home from the lodge before midnight, with their legs sober, their hair wouldn't come out so rapidly. We always go home early, and we have more hair now than the day we were born.

A Day's Experience at Memphis.

Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.

St. Martin street is by no means one which would be selected in ordinary times as a resident street. It is inhabited principally by the lower classes of whites, negroes, and in occasional blocks, by demi-monde. The advantage of having a French woman, a former resident of New Orleans, as a landlady, and her assurance that, should I be taken with the prevailing fever she would give me her undivided attention, induced me to take up my abode with her at No. 37, St. Martin street.

This morning early a loud rap on my door awakened me from a short, troubled sleep—the first had in twenty-four hours—and in response to my inquiry as to what was desired, was informed by my landlady that she had just discovered a house in which there were three colored men—one dead, the other two delirious with fever—and, said the kind-hearted lady, "For God's sake, go for a doctor or they will all be dead in an hour." Hurrying from the house in quest of a doctor, I was startled by moans and cries of "Oh, God! oh, God!!" emenating from a small brick house, No. 18, St. Martin street. Entering, I found on the bed a little girl, apparently about eight years old, yellow as gold, with lips and hands stained with the fatal black vomit. At her side, in the same bed, was another child, perhaps two years younger, with the fire of the terrible fever slowly, but surely, consuming her young life, while the mother, half crazed with the agony of her surroundings, almost exhausted, lay upon the floor calling upon God to comfort her. Leaving this sad scene of death, and approaching the commencement of St. Martin street, (at Beale street) a colored woman, with blood-shot eyes, disheveled hair and grief-stricken appearance, asked, "Would massa be so good as to send the funeral man; her two children were dead, and her husband would soon follow." As I turned the corner of Martin and Beale, I encountered one of the visitors of the Howards, who, with the bravery which characterizes many of them, immediately accompanied me to the house, No. 32, St. Martin street, where the three colored men resided. In it we found a scene before which even the bravest heart would flutter. On a pallet on the floor, lay a man with eyes protruding wide from their sockets, firm set teeth, and dark, congealed blood slowly oozing from his nostrils, by the dead body of Frank Johnson, while on a rude bed near by tossed, in wild delirium, two mullatto men, one of whom, after almost superhuman efforts to battle with his approaching dissolution, gave one loud, long scream, grasped at an invisible hand, seized it, and quietly passed away from earth.

These are but the experiences of a day—it is now 12 m. What the day may develop, present indications are too horrible to contemplate.

Odds and Ends.

London has 3,000 miles of gas mains and upwards of 54,000 lamps.

Why are types like alleged criminals? Because it is not proper to lock them up without proof.

The man who is waiting for something to turn up generally finds it when he steps onto a barrel-hoop.

The scholars in the public schools of London are all hereafter to be instructed how to restore the apparently drowned.

The Chicago *Journal* says that "by putting your trade dollars into the yellow fever contribution box, you gain 100 cents of credit at an outlay of 50 cents."

A farmer with a dictionary put a stop to tramps making a short cut across a field of his by posting the notice: "Beware! Scolopendriums and Polypodiums Planted Here!"

An exchange says that the man who ordered out his advertisement last summer on the pretext of economy is going to carry out his idea of retrenchment by taking down his sign and using it for fuel, thereby saving his wood-pile.

Goldsmith Maid, now 21 years old, looks like a seven-year-old, showing age only by the appearance of white spots. There is no perceptible shrinkage in form or muscle, and her elegantly formed limbs are free from any trace of hard usage.

Between the ages of 30 and 40, a man who has properly regulated himself, may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution render him almost impervious to an attack of diseases and experience has given soundness to his judgment.

The rapacity, the shameless rapacity of some people, is disgusting. Here is a man in Helena, Montana, worth $230,000, who recently died and left every dollar of his wealth to his wife and children. And seven lawyers in the town, too.—*Eastern Exchange.*

A child was called as a witness in Charleston court. The opposing lawyer asked her if she knew where liars went to when they died, and objected to her testimony because she answered "No." "Well, that question has not been settled by anybody satisfactorily," said the Judge.

Many good people with inquiring minds have probably gone down to their graves without ever finding out what made circus lemonade red. The mystery is solved; it is raspberry syrup that does it. Circus lemonade is composed of a pail of water, half a pint of "sarup," four slices of lemon for advertising floaters, and a chunk of glass for ice.

Brains will tell in the matter of salary as well as in everything else. It is reported that the Western Union Telegraph Company has made a contract with Mr. Thos. A. Edison, by which the latter will convey to the company all his telegraphic inventions in consideration of receiving $6,000 a year for 34 years.

Sixteen car loads of Montana cattle have been received in this city, coming through from Bismarck by rail. This is the first shipment made to this city. The writer saw the herd of 600, from which these came, at Bismarck last week, and will have more to say of them in what he intends writing about a very interesting trip over the Northern Pacific railway."—*Railway Review.*

Those who do not advertise are like the boy described as follows: A man sent his son to the city with a bag of corn to sell, but at night he returned, and his father asked him what luck he had. "Well, dad," said he, "only one man asked me what I had in my bag, and I told him it was none of his darned business." And they sit around their empty stores and play checkers, and stand at the windows and see customers go to other places, and wonder why people don't ask them what they have got in the bag.

Stamped Envelopes to Cost Less.

In consequence of the advantageous terms of the contract recently entered into for the manufacture of stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers, the Post Office Department is about to make a reduction in prices, averaging nearly 20 per cent. The new schedule does not go into effect until the 1st of January, in order to enable post masters to dispose of the stock accumulated at the higher prices under the old schedule. The postage on stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers spoiled in directing will be refunded in stamps by the postmaster, if he is satisfied that they have never been sent by mail. When ordered in quantities of 500 and upwards, of any specified denomination, the Department will, if desired, print on the upper left-hand corner of any of the above described envelopes, except circulars and newspaper wrappers, without additional charge, the name (excluding business employment) and post office address of the parties, with a request to return if unclaimed in a given time.