Fort Benton Record.

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Poetry.

NO KISS.

"Kiss me, Will, sang Marguerite,
To a pretty little tune,
Holding up her dainty mouth,
Sweet as roses born in June.
Will was ten years old that day,
And he pulled her golden curls,
Teasingly, and answer made:
"I'm too old—I don't kiss girls."

Ten years pass, and Marguerite
Smiles, as Will kneels at her feet,
Gazing fondly in her eyes,
Praying, "Won't you kiss me, sweet?"
Kate is seventeen to-day;
With the birthday ring she toys
For a moment, then replies:
"I'm too old—I don't kiss boys!"

Selected Story.

BANG!

DOCTOR'S STORY.

By five o'clock I was ready to go, feeling tired with my hard day's work. Though but a young medical man, I had already a fair practice, and as also I was surgeon to our local dispensary, my time was well occupied. Moreover, this evening I had special duty to perform, being engaged to deliver a lecture at the Literary Institute upon the subject of 'Alcohol and its Effects;' it would be my first essay, but I had no fear I should be moderately successful.

Somewhat tired, I was just leaving the Dispensary when my brother practitioner Wilkins came in, and during a chat we had a glass of sherry together. Wilkins laughed.

"You are not a teetotaller, Sharpe, despite your lecture. Very good wine this."

"No; but I take very little stimulant. I dare say I shall not drink another glass of wine for a week."

"Nonsense! Who could deal with wine like this in such a miserly way? But you're going. Well, good-by. I shall come to the lecture. Here, stop! I say—if you like—to oblige you, I'll finish that bottle, and then I shall be a fine specimen of inebriety for you to exhibit on the platform. The effect would be striking."

"No doubt it would, but the audience might be fastidious, and think the lecturer and his illustration much in the same state. Too dangerous, my friend."

And we went our ways. Mine was to my home, where I prepared medicine for some patients, and then entered the dining-room, to sit quietly down and think over my lecture anew ere starting for the Institute.

As I reclined in the easy-chair, head slightly bent forward and resting on hand, after the usual fashion of thoughtfulness, I became conscious of more anxiety about this lecture than I had before experienced. It was not written, but the subject was so easy, and my confidence in my fluency of speech was so perfect, that until this moment the duty that lay before me had hardly quickened my pulse by one solitary beat. How was it now that I felt flushed and nervous, and began to dread a breakdown? I seemed to have quite a painful ordeal to go through! The sentences here and there committed to memory hopped and skipped about in alarming fashion. Foolish fellow that I was to take even that small quantity of wine! Scarcely touching stimulants as a rule, even a single glass had upset me. I would have some tea. I should soon be better, no doubt.

With the tea came my dear wife. She was going to the lecture, and was buoyant in her assurance of my marked success. She greeted me affectionately, and we took tea together, and I told her how busy I had been all day, and how Wilkins, whom she knew, had taken some wine with me, and had proposed to make himself "a dreadful illustration" for the purposes of my lecture, and—eh—what—this is not pleasant—*what* is Milly looking at me for, with an air of solicitude amounting to distress?

"Edward dear," she faltered, "do—don't be angry, but—"

She was frightened. She grew pale. What in the world was the matter with her? I was alarmed, and stammered as I asked, earnestly:

"My love, are you ill? What, what!"

She threw her arms around my neck.

"I am quite well, dearest, but you are very tired, and don't you think that *as you are* you had better stay at home?"

"*As you are!*" Mercy on me! Whatever did my Milly mean? The blood mounted to my forehead, it rushed to my brain.

"Do you mean to suggest, Milly—" I began with my utmost dignity of manner, reserved for very great occasions.

"O, I suggest nothing," replied my wife, and to my horror she began to cry; "but something has disagreed with you, dear—perhaps it is the tea—and, O, that dreadful Wilkins!"

For the first time in my life I was seriously angry with my young wife. It was clear what she meant. She meant I was not altogether sober. It was shameful. I left the room hastily, and taking my hat and coat, went to see a patient, and then to proceed to the Institute and deliver my lecture.

I lived in a busy street, and a pedestrian was far from having the pathway to himself. This I found to-night, for somehow first one person shoved against me, and then another, until I came to the conclusion that half the people abroad in that neighborhood must be tipsy. I had gone a quarter of a mile, when I stopped and leaned against a railing. I felt very unwell.

Was I altogether sure where I was? I ought to know almost every brick of every house in this street; yes, but was it the street I fancied it to be? Had I taken a wrong turning somehow? I would ask the policeman where I was. In my eagerness to make my inquiry, I stumbled against him, and that perhaps put him out of temper, for he said, gruffly, that I was in——Street, but that it was pretty clear where I should be shortly, and he advised me to go home.

I gave a gasp. Then there really was something wrong? But pshaw? Say I had drunk even two glasses of sherry—and I certainly had no more—did ever any human being become intoxicated through taking two glasses of sherry? Yet what *was* the matter with me? Time was getting on. My patient must be seen, and I should only be just in time for the lecture. It was pure nervousness, and I would resolutely overcome it. And off I started afresh, and with great difficulty I found my patient's house.

But there was no question about it now. My legs tottered and my senses grew dim. Still, curiously enough, I was only more anxious than ever to pursue my arranged course. I had not the least idea of not seeing my patient, or of abandoning my lecture. My anxiety to do exactly as I had settled to do only increased with my weakness. And then there had come to me a notion which indicated where I should look for a remedy. I must have some ammonia.

It was summer evening, and I hastened to a chemist's shop at a short distance. My want was supplied, and I was temporarily relieved. Now for my patient.

Well, I rejoiced to find my shortcomings during this visit not oppressive. The case was not serious, and the ammonia still helping me, I made the proper inquiries without, so far as I could judge, any oddity of manner. I was very glad, though, to leave the house, for my former condition threatened to return; and then, my lecture.

Now, looking back, it seems so strange that I had not long ago called a cab, and followed the policeman's advice and gone home. I have hinted that to some extent the mystery of my state had ceased. Nevertheless I seemed incapable of believing that I was in any way disabled. It appeared to me as though a spell rested upon me, and yet a spell which by vigorous effort could be broken. And so I would not call a cab. I would not go home, but I would take some more ammonia, and then I would walk to the Literary Institute, and there deliver my lecture.

I went to another chemist, who surveyed me rather dubiously, but who, finding that I was a medical man, supplied me as I desired. But the effect was not so marked this time. I rallied, of course, for a few minutes, yet I was in a very dazed state indeed when, looking around me, I failed to recognize in the least the by-street into which I had wandered.

I remember seeing a small crowd gathered about a man, who seemed to be addressing it after the manner of a street-preacher. He was very energetic in his discourse, and had riveted the attention of his audience. A strongly-made, coarse-looking, loud-voiced advocate of good deeds, he had a most unfortunate aspect associative of evil ones. I recollect the intense horror I felt when this brawny orator, hastily descending from the step which formed his platform, made a dash at me, captured me, and returned to his position with me in his grasp.

"Look at his fine clothes," roared the preacher. "He is what you call 'a gentleman.' Perhaps he is. Maybe he's got money, he's got friends, he's got education; but you see, my brethren, though he has all these things, and very likely a lot more, yet he's not satisfied—he's been and got drunk!"

With a dreadful feeling that I was near upon madness, I insisted upon being released, and, struggling violently, called, 'Police!'

A policeman appeared, but I was already released. The mob, however, clung to me, and the policeman questioned me where I was going to. When I replied that I was bound for the Literary Institute, where I had to deliver a lecture on "Alcohol and its Effects," a yell of laughter rose from the crowd, which I remember even now. Then I lost all temper, and made a lunge with my walking-stick at the ringleader.

It was not a wise proceeding, as I soon found, for the mercies of a mob of irritated London roughs are scanty, and had not the policeman again come to the rescue, it is very unlikely I should now be writing these recollections. But a new danger arose. The policeman, having rescued me, was reluctant to part with me; whilst I, still with that strange goading anxiety upon me, insisted on being set free, that I might go and deliver my lecture. The end, however, of my troubles was at hand.

"Can I believe my eyes, Sharpe, is it you?"

It was the voice of Wilkins, and delighted I was to hear it. My friend said something to the policeman, and led me quickly away. It was not an easy task, for he had wellnigh to carry me. Yet nothing more could he elicit from me for a few minutes than an entreaty to accompany me to the Institute, that I might deliver my lecture.

Wilkins regarded me with a very puzzled expression. "I fear the lecture on "Alcohol and its Effects," he said, "cannot be delivered to-night" (and I could see the face of the cruel creature flush as though he were vehemently suppressing a laugh). "You have only been delivered from one captor to fall into the hands of another." And he called a cab, put me into it without ceremony, and, following, directed the driver to my house.

Going along, I told Wilkins something that made him thrust his head out of the window, and exhort the driver to double speed.

Home was reached, I was half led, half carried up stairs, and helped on to a bed. Then Wilkins, descending into the surgery, brought back an appalling dose of ipecacuanha wine. It was quite right to take it, I knew, and for awhile I lay on the bed, staring up at the ceiling, which appeared all over gorgeously bedecked with stars.

Before long I was influenced by the medicine, and was delivered of my enemy.

That enemy was *Bang!*

The case was this. I had prepared some medicine of which this little-known drug formed an ingredient. It is of a gummy nature, and I had inadvertently removed a small quantity from my finger with my teeth, and had swallowed it. It was hinted during the Crimean war that the vigor of the Russian assault was not wholly unconnected with Bang. I would rather not meet a Russian soldier at any time in conflict, but with the foregoing incident in memory, to face him when under the influence of Bang, madly anxious to put an end to me without delay, would try my courage too unpleasantly to think of.

The sight of an Italian with a hand organ affected the "local" of the New London *Telegram* in this wise: "It is impossible to gaze on such an organ except in a reminiscent way, and looking at it we drift backward into the misty past of boyhood, when life stretched fair and sweet before us, and we were whaled three times a day on an average. Ah, those were happy days! No care, no shattered idols, no dreams that came to naught, no unfulfilled ambitions, no graves where hope lies buried, no corns and no board bills in that blissful time. No responsibility weighing down the soul greater than that attending the duty of going in swimming sixteen times a day and wearing the same shirt home that you wore away in the morning. No greedy grubbing after money, for to have a silver quarter was to be affluent and a dollar set its owner on the same seat with Croesus. Ah, happy, happy boyhood, we long to be a child again, to saw wood, to go fishing, and set snares, and have our hair cut with a knife and fork, and hang on behind grocery wagons, and have stone bruises and blistered backs and a full suit of clothes made out of one leg and the basement of our big brother's trowsers. Alas, the hopelessness of the longing. For answer comes from the nearer shores of the years that have drifted outward into the Forever Past this faint, far echo: My son, it cannot was."

The Nail In The Head.

There is a story told in English green-rooms, says Celia Logan, to the effect that a certain carpenter, a long, long time ago, murdered his wife by driving a nail into her skull. He fled, and, the better to conceal his identity, became an actor. He rose to eminence, and the whirligig of time and the wheel of chance brought him to the very village in which, years before, he had killed his wife, whose murder, however—so the story runs—had not been suspected, her long, thick, black hair concealing the cruel wound from which no blood had flowed.

The part was Hamlet. Whatever memories the place evoked, he had sufficient mastery over his feelings to keep them hidden. The first scene of the fifth act came on. The theatre stood on what had formerly been a burial-ground, and the property man had not to go far for skulls, but just dug a little and brought up a dozen or more, and at night tossed them into the trap for the grave-digger to shovel on the stage. He handed a skull to the Hamlet, saying:

"Here's a skull now hath lain you in the earth for three-and-twenty years."

Hamlet—"Whose was it?"

Grave digger—"This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester."

Hamlet took the skull, saying:

"This—"

He turned pale and staggered, for the skull had left on it one long lock of black hair. Handed to him upside down, the lock fell back, revealing a nail in the skull. The actor recognized it as that of the woman whom he had murdered just twenty three years before. At this mute evidence of his guilt, coming from the grave to confront him, the actor lost presence of mind and his senses.

In his insane utterances he revealed his terrible secret, and was only saved from punishment by his fellow-actors hushing him up and hurrying him away. He never recovered his reason, and died in a madhouse, raving of the nail in the skull.

A Bear Story.

Mr. Jacob Luther, a well-miser, of Monterey County, California, relates the following remarkable story, illustrating an unlooked-for peculiarity in the character of the grizzly bear:

Some years ago, I was informed that a grizzly was making frequent visits to one of my sheep-camps.

I supposed, of course, his object was mutton. Therefore, the next time I went to that camp with supplies, I took with me my Henry rifle. As I neared the camp I saw in the distance that grizzly and I were making our visits simultaneously. After allowing him time to enter the sheep corral, I went out and found him sitting upon his haunches in the centre of the corral.

Fear of their natural enemy had caused the terrified sheep to crowd with all their might against the fence, leaving a circular patch of considerable size to grizzly and the lambs.

The lambs, not knowing enough to fear the intruder, busied themselves by skipping, playing, and chasing round the outer part of the circular patch. The bear continued to keep his position, turning his head hither and thither, watching very intently all the movements of the gleeful lambs. Having seen this much, and fully believing that he meant soon to take a sheep away with him, I raised my rifle, took careful aim, and—To cut the business [illegible] seeing me, he walked leisurely to the fence, jumped over, and took to the hills; while I, on examining into the queer conduct of my rifle, found that it was without a cartridge, whereas I had expected there were a dozen in it. There were now in camp no means of killing the bear, even if I should pursue him—an act not advisable. That the bear did no harm never entered my mind; and after repeatedly delaying another attempt to kill him, I asked Weidner, the herder, about the bear. "O," said he, "that bear is doing no harm. He has never hurt a sheep. I never trouble him. He only comes to see the lambs play. He comes every night, and often several times during the same night." Weidner also told me that the bear continued these friendly visits to the flock as long as a month.—*Harper's Mag.*

An editorial friend in New Hampshire sends this:

Some time ago an aged man who had just lost his wife came into our sanctum, and, with tears standing in his eyes, eulogized the memory of the deceased, and asked us to record the death in our next issue. "And," said he, "while you are about it, make an item about one of my Brahma hens laying an egg measuring seven and a quarter by eight and three-quarters inches in circumference." Thus suddenly our thoughts of sympathy were directed to the sterner realities of life.

WANTED RAIN.—The colored people held a meeting, says the Lenoir (N. C.) Topic, a few days ago, in Caldwell County, to pray for rain. One brother was called on, who prayed after this manner: "O, Lord God! us poor niggers is perishing dis year, an' if you don't gib us rain, we will perish next year, too. So, good Lord, gib us rain. Don't gib us one ob dese little slippy-slappies, but do, good Lord, gib us one ob dem galley-washers and trash-movers."

TURN ABOUT, FAIR PLAY.—*Sportsman*—"It seems to me you put in a very large crop of potatoes this year, Mr. Brown?"

Mr. Brown—"Well, you see, last year I had it all in wheat, and the hoppers had a good time over it; now this year I'm going to give the potato-bugs a chance."

Fun In a Tunnel.

There is a class of men in this community, says the Virginia, Nev., Chronicle, who never let any body else have any fun. Instead of making every body happy around them, they make every body miserable. One of these characters was on board the train on Saturday, coming up from the pioneer's picnic with his young and pretty wife. They were on one of the long benches of the platform car. Alongside the wife sat a young man of festive tendencies, a peculiarity in men, young and old, not a frequent upon the Comstock. Well, the train entered a tunnel, and in a moment every body was in the dark. When daylight was reached again, the husband saw a fragment of his wife's lace veil upon that young man's hat. Instead of reasoning, as a philosopher would have done, that it might be all a mistake, the suspicious husband got up and wanted to punch the other man's head and make a scene generally. The trouble finally cooled down, and every body began to laugh at the old fellow. When, presently, another tunnel was reached, a mischievous young lady who sat next to the husband quietly detached a piece of her veil and put it on his hat. As soon as the car got into daylight the other passengers began to laugh at him, and to hint that *he* had been browsing on forbidden pastures. Worse than all, his wife pretended to get angry, and when such audible remarks as, "Who'd thought it?" "Pity a man of his age can't behave himself;" "Bald headed men are all that way," etc., went around the car, his face looked like a boiled lobster all over. When the depot was reached he was the first man off the train.

Proved His Identity.

The Cleveland Leader says that several citizens of that place recently went on an excursion after black bass. On their return, Brown, one of the party, rushed into his house, and, in his joy at meeting Mrs. Brown and all the little Brownses, attempted to clasp them all to his bosom in one wild embrace.

"Go away!" yelled Mrs. Brown.

"But, my dear—"

"I ain't your dear! I never saw you. My Leonidas never had that ugly red all over his face, and never smelt like a beer-garden. Police!"

The baby began to yell, the oldest girl started for the back yard after the dog, and the hired girl fainted dead away in the pantry.

"I am Brown. I swear it. I can prove it. Listen, Mary Ann. Your upper teeth are false; your switch cost $2.50; you demolish cloves for the benefit of your breath; you keep a bottle of brandy in your washstand. Hear me for my cause. What stranger could have learned all this? What man—"

"My love! my love! 'Tis he! 'tis thee!" And she collapsed into his arms, and thus prevented the gathering neighbors from learning any further particulars about the internal economy of the house of Brown.

"And now," says Brown, "I am fully determined to brain the first man that says 'black bass,' and especially when the sun is hot enough to turn one into a Hottentot or Fiji Islander in twenty-four hours."

MARRIAGE "A LA MODE."—*Son-in-law* (that is to be to prospective father-in-law)—"O, really now, you should settle something more on her. Come, be generous; 20,000 francs more!"

Father-in-law—"I couldn't think of it; besides, it can make no difference; when I die you and Josephine will have all."

Son-in-law—"I know we will; but then you may live ten years before we get it."

Father-in-law—"Ten years? Blast it, sir, I hope to live twenty!"

A young man who was heavily fined in a San Francisco court for kissing his betrothed against her will, didn't break up the engagement and demand the return of the rings, pictures, and letters. He simply wrote: "Dear Lydia: You'll have to wait now till I can borrow money enough to pay the minister."

The Mexican name for a kiss is *telenamequizel*, and when a pair of Mexican lovers are caught telenamequizeling over the front gate at night, they appear not a bit more confused than if a kiss were spelled with one syllable.

"Af yez want ter smoke on this car, yez'll have ter git off," said an Italian conductor from Cork to a Chinese passenger from Germany. "Gome owit und put me owit, yer son of a gun! Dat's der kind of a man I am," said the Chinaman from Germany, as he reached the sidewalk.

Another day has come and gone, leaving us all older and wiser, but as yet no communications have been received indicating that any one has discovered a man who can drink out of a spring without getting the end of his nose wet.—*Fulton Times.*

A sailor dropped in to pummel a Maine newspaper man the other day, and the rural sheet came out with an account of the affray, heading it "A Salt on an Editor."

A philosopher in embryo is a little girl who, on being asked if the mosquitos bit, said yes, but she didn't care so long as they left her "room to scratch."

"My luck," exclaimed a Bohemian, "is so atrociously bad, that I believe if I were to invest in some soap, washing would go out of fashion to-morrow."

A young lady, who is very absent minded, rapped her lover on the nose, and then bid good-night to the front door, one evening recently.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

Somebody says law is like a sieve. You may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you get through it.

"If you wish to have a shoe of durable material," exclaimed a facetious teetotaler, "you should make the upper leather of the mouth of a hard drinker, for that never lets in water."

A chicago reporter has just won his spurs by an article headed "Desperate Bloodshed—the Murdered Man not Expected to Live."

The young lady who fancied that cucumbers grew in slices has recently been married to the young gentleman who sent over to St. Petersburg a large lot of brooms with which to sweep off the steppes of Russia.

A boy when rebuked for spelling needle n-i-d-d-l-e said that every good needle should have an eye in it. "Sew it should," responded the teacher.

There are lots of men besides drowning ones who catch at straws—when they have a sherry-cobbler at the other end.

"Please don't shoot the cows," is a sign on a farmer's fence near Chicago, intended for city sportsmen who go out after prairie chickens.

A Frenchman intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb said, "She is one mutton as is small.

Never use a gold snuff-box. Gold is not to be sneezed at.

When is wine like a pig's tusk? When it is in a hog's-head.

A novel may be very old, and yet what is old cannot be novel.

Where may everlasting spring be found? In an india-rubber factory.

How is it some papers are afraid (?) to give credit to whom it is due?

An Irish paper advertises, "Wanted, an able-bodied man as washerwoman."

The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings clipped.

We are asked, in a long communication, "If tight lacing is injurious." Of corset is.

The man who "couldn't stand it any longer," has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

When may a man be said to be literally immersed in business? When he is giving a swimming lesson.

A Boston paper publishes the receipt of *Heaps of Money* (a book.) Why is it that none comes to Montana?

The girl who succeeds in winning the true love of a true man, makes a lucky *hit*, and is herself a lucky *miss*.

If you want to teach a dog arithmetic, tie up one of his paws, and he will put down three and carry one every time.

A country paper speaks of a man who died "without the aid of a physician." Such instances of death are very rare.

LACONICS.

The universe is the visible garment of the Invisible.

The groves and woods are the musical academies' of the singing-birds.

A beautiful lady's smiles are magnets to draw metal from the purse.

Never court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanities or their vices.

If the waves threaten to engulf you, don't add by your tears to the amount of water.

No compassion is felt for the author who denies sleep to himself to give it to his readers.

Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue.

If you are asked to do a right thing, answer by doing it. 'Tis a short answer, but it does not give offense.

Time is the bell-ringer of the universe. He strikes the hours even now; presently he will peal the chimes.

One very common error misleads the opinion of mankind—that, universally, authority is pleasant, submission painful. In the general course of human affairs the very reverse of this is nearer the truth. Command is anxiety; obedience ease.

Truth will ever be unpalatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offense to the honest and well-meaning; for the plain dealing remonstrances of a friend differ as widely rom the rancour of an enemy as the friendly probe of a physician from the dagger of an assassin.

The pleasure of a religious man is an easy and a portable pleasure, such as one as he carries about in his bosom, without alarming either the eye or the envy of the world. A man putting all his pleasures into this one is like a traveler putting all his goods into one jewel. The value is the same, and the convenience greater.

If your life has been so irreproachable as to leave your enemy no opportunity for detraction without inventing a calumny against you consider what a comfort it is that malice cannot hurt you without the aid of falsehood; and where this is the case, you may trust to the genuine fairness of your character to clear itself in the end.

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