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DOUBTFUL MONEY.

Italy Teems With Worthless and Counterfeit Currency.

CONFUSION IN ITS COINS.

They Almost Rank With Those of Korea. Where the Descending Scale is Good, Half Good, Bad and Counterfeits Good Only After Dark.

Of all the so-called "great powers" Italy has the most unstable and most unsatisfactory currency. Not alone is the exchange subject to fluctuation (that is true in greater or less degree of the currency of every country), but there is a great mass of counterfeit and worthless money floating about the country for the undoing of the unwary.

Like some of the paper money that not so long ago used to be quite common in our own country, the Italian is allowed to remain in circulation until disgracefully dirty and nearly obliterated and therefore difficult of recognition as counterfeit or genuine.

In addition, none of the large number of one lira pieces coined before 1893 can be passed, although intrinsically of equal value with those of later date, since the period arbitrarily fixed for their redemption has passed and the government refuses to accept them further.

The Italians possess a mania for mutilating and perforating the five and ten centesimo copper coins, but owing to their small denomination this usually acts as no bar to their acceptance.

But let the foreign visitor who has served as a clearing house for worthless money beware of entertaining the fallacy that the rule is capable of inverse application. Like the legendary memory of elephants is that of the Italian caddy or retail merchant, leading him to pursue through storm and darkness the man or woman who has passed a worthless coin into his keeping.

To accentuate the inconsistency of the country's refusal officially to recognize its own currency, it need only be mentioned that the amount of Italian gold in existence is a negligible quantity and that the government ruling results in forcing those patronizing the postoffice to purchase French gold.

Justly angered by this inconsistency, on one occasion I relieved my feelings in the presence of the official who had refused the offer of Italian paper money by a sarcastic reference to the non-existence of native gold coinage.

Didn't Want the Moon. "There's no use crying for the moon," she said when he threatened to do something desperate unless she changed her mind.

Something Different. The Town Cousin - Your husband seemed to enjoy his dinner. He ate with avidity. The Country Cousin - I'm right glad to hear it. I couldn't see him, but I was so scared he was eatin' it with a knife. - Kansas City Star.

Today man's chief ambition is gold; tomorrow he is but dust. - Florida Times-Union.

BATTLING SPIDERS.

When They Fight It is Really a Combat For Existence.

When two or more spiders fight there is usually a good reason for the furious attack and vigorous defense that always follows.

It is not generally known that after a certain time has elapsed spiders become incapable of spinning a web from lack of sufficient material. The glutinous substance from which the spider spins its slender web is limited.

Very often when the web material is exhausted they are able to avail themselves of the web producing powers of their younger or more fortunate neighbors, and this they do without any scruple whatever.

Such a struggle is intensely interesting and will reveal some wonderful tactics and skill in spider warfare. The invader usually comes off victorious, although in some cases the defender puts up such a stiff fight it is able to hold its own in spite of the attack of the intruder which is in desperate straits. - New York American.

CARLYLE AND THE SEA.

The Ebbing Tide Gave the Philosopher a Text For a Sermon.

In "John Foster and His Friendships" the author records an incident markedly characteristic of Thomas Carlyle. The author finds the great Scot at 8 o'clock one morning in 1870 on the Chelsea embankment gazing at the Thames. Here is the incident, hitherto unpublished:

I should as soon have thought of assaulting as of addressing him. Happily I was spared anything of the kind, for the old man, reserved as he was to the point of moroseness-surliness, his enemies called it-hoarsely flung a query at me. The tide was out, I may mention, the river being at its lowest. "Where goes it? Where goes it?"

"Right, sir, right!" he snapped out. Then, relapsing into his meditative mood, he said softly, but impressively: "The great, great sea of God Almighty's goodness, and we are all returning that way. Don't forget that, sir—returning to the sea—the great unilluminable sea!"

"The very manner of his saying it sharpened my wits, and I gathered, of course, that he referred to the stream or what there was of it. Smilingly I replied that it returned to the sea.

Byron's Burned Memoirs. All lovers of Byron are aware that this erratic genius found time in his short, adventurous life to write his memoirs and that on his death these passed into the hands of his friend, Thomas Moore, who, exercising a discretion committed to him, promptly consigned the manuscript to the flames. No doubt the writer of "Irish Melodies" had very good and highly proper reasons for taking this decisive step, and it is quite likely that the publication of the memoirs would not, for obvious reasons, have been possible for many years after the poet's death; yet as succeeding generations have been brought face to face with the peculiarly complex genius of Byron, with its lofty moods and its many dark places, they have felt need of the light which only the records written by a vanished hand could leave supplied. - Philadelphia Ledger.

Never at a Loss. An English nobleman was recently visiting New York and at a dinner there he told, apropos of self confidence, a story about a young English statesman.

"This youth," his lordship said, "ought to get on. He works hard and nothing ever fazes him.

"He wanted recently to push a bill that had little support from his own party. A friend, however, said to him in a warning voice:

"But suppose, my boy, this bill should cause your party to throw you overboard?"

"Well, in that case, old chap," he replied, "I'm quite sure I'd have strength enough to swim across to the other side." - Washington Star.

An Indiscreet Listener. Host's Youngest - Don't your shoes feel very uncomfortable when you walk, Mrs. Nuryche? Mrs. Nuryche - Dear me, what an extraordinary question! Why do you ask, child? Youngster - Oh, only 'cos pa said the other day since you'd come into your money you'd get far too big for your boots. - Loudon Stray Stories.

Depends. "Do you think, talking of expression, that 'amid' is better than 'among'?" "Yes, especially if it is at Annapolis, where a mid is among lasses." - Baltimore American.

The Lure of Work. I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours. I love to keep it by me; the idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart. - Jerome K. Jerome.

WILY WOMAN WON

She Made Up Her Mind to Get That News, and She Got It.

A FINE FIX FOR A PRESIDENT.

Anne Royall, the Mother of Newspaper Interviews, Tricked John Quincy Adams and Badgered Him Into Giving Up the Information She Wanted.

In clearing the ground for some improvements in Potomac park in Washington the contractor some time ago removed a stone that for nearly a century was a quaint landmark in the national capital. It is called the "Anne Royall stone" and lay on the bank of the river just opposite the White House, about twenty feet back from the water's edge, at the top of a grass covered knoll.

It was on this stone that Anne Royall sat when she had her famous interview with President John Quincy Adams—at least, so runs the story that has been handed down for three generations by the inhabitants of Washington.

And, according to that story, it would appear that the good lady for whom the stone was named was not only a person of energy, but was endowed with considerable grim determination as well. She evidently had a good strong will of her own and an active mind of her own, and when these two started to work in concert in deadly earnest results were bound to follow.

Whether the good lady's sense of humor was cramped or extensive the reader must determine for himself. Anne Royall was in a sort the mother of modern journalism. She was the originator of the "interview." She first, in the little sheet that she published in Washington in the second and third decades of the last century, departed from the dry forms that had always characterized newspapers.

She did not confine herself to a mere summary of current happenings, even spiced with careful essays on abstract subjects, after the manner of Steele or Addison. She struck firmly the "personal note." She wrote and printed things about public men as they were in their daily lives—an innovation the startling effect of which we cannot realize today. Her paper was called the Washington Paul Pry and afterward the Huzzar.

During the administration of John Quincy Adams congress passed a certain bill, the signing or veto of which by the president was a matter of intense public interest. In those days the interview of the president by a newspaper man was unheard of, and no one had the temerity to ask Mr. Adams what he would do in the matter.

But there was one exception among the timorous journalists of that day. It was Anne Royall. She dared to apply at the White House for a conference with the president, the avowed object of which was to learn from him his intentions concerning the bill.

Poor Anne, however, was kept at a discouraging distance. Day after day she waylaid the president, only to be foiled by his attendants. But she did not grow discouraged. She learned that every morning, immediately after rising, the president walked to the bank of the Potomac, some half a mile to the rear of the White House, and there, after taking off his clothes, plunged into the stream for a swim.

One morning when the president, after swimming far out into the stream, turned to make his way back toward the shore he was astonished to see, sitting upon his clothing, which he had left upon a stone on the bank, a spectacled female with a look of great determination. It was Anne Royall, and beside her were a pen and bottle of ink, and in her hand was a sheet of paper.

"Woman, depart!" sputtered the president as he swam up into the shallows where he could touch the bottom a-tiptoe.

"You know who I am, Mr. President," said the woman, "and you know what I want. I'm going to sit here until you tell me what you intend doing with that Cherokee Indian bill."

"Go away, woman!" shouted the president. "This is scandalous!"

"It's scandalous," Anne is reported to have said, "that the people of a free country have to resort to such extreme measures to find out what their servants are going to do. You give me the information that I am entitled to; then I'll give you your clothes. Otherwise I'll stay here—and you'll stay there!"

There was only one outcome to such a struggle. The shivering president told Anne what he expected to do and what he would do it. Then, and not until then, did Anne, armed with copious notes, rise from the stone that she had made famous and hasten to her little printing office, where she lost no time in getting that first and most famous presidential interview into print. - Youth's Companion.

Ready For the Inspectors. Amused by a notice that the local sanitary committee were going to inspect his cow house, a Dorset farmer spread linoleum over the floor of the building, displayed beards rugs in convenient positions, hung the walls with pictures and a mirror and installed a harmonium. When the committee arrived he gravely invited them to wipe their feet on the doormat before entering. - London Mail.

Heaven has a few suburbs right here on earth if we care to make them so. - Florida Times-Union.

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TO STUDY SOCIAL CONDITIONS ABROAD. New York, June 26—The first of several parties organized to tour Europe this summer for the observation and study of social and industrial conditions abroad, sailed from here today on the steamship "Tietzen." The trip is made under the auspices of New York University and is under the direction of Dr. Edward Ewing Pratt, lecturer on statistics in that institution. The party will visit the chief centres of Germany and the Scandinavian countries. Investigations will be made of city planning, municipal ownership, housing, penal and vagrant colonies, social problems, private philanthropy, public relief, children's work and juvenile courts. A second party, also under the auspices of New York University, will make a similar tour, but will concern itself chiefly with labor problems, labor unions, social insurance, labor exchanges and industrial betterment in stores and factories. Still another party, headed by Prof. S. W. Gilman, head of the School of Commerce in the University of Wisconsin, will sail on the steamship Patricia Saturday on a similar mission of investigation. The Gilman party will tour England, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland and will confine its investigation to the methods of work in the great industrial plants in those countries.

SLAYER OF HUSBAND ON TRIAL. Shreveport, La., June 26—Charged with the murder of her husband, Mrs. Della Stroud, known as the best horsewoman in northern Louisiana, faced trial today in Judge John R. Land's court. From a plunging horse, Mrs. Stroud shot her husband in the public road near Vivian. The woman alleges that she had been attacked by her husband and that she shot in self defense. Mrs. Stroud had been riding with Edward Beiler, a friend of the family who shared her love for horses. The husband is alleged to have been jealous of the attention paid his wife by Beiler and on meeting them as they were returning from a ride, dismounted and began beating his wife with a strap. As the horse she was riding became unmanageable and as he could not get close enough to continue that form of chastisement he drew a revolver, it is said, and was about to fire when his wife brought her own weapon into play. Despite the unsteadiness of her seat her aim was true and Stroud was killed instantly with a bullet through his head. Many prominent persons have been called as witnesses to testify as to the character of the defendant.

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