

FLOATING FANCIES.

Apple dumplings from the pot,
Just a dozen, steaming hot;
And the old man, nonvalent, says the grace;
Then he takes them, one by one,
Eats eleven, while his son
Sees them disappear with horror on his face.

When the sick man takes the last,
Speaks the little boy, aghast:
"Pa, I haven't had one dumpling—nor has ma."
"What!" the old man cries, amazed,
While he dropped his knife and gazed,
"Would you take the last one from your poor, sick
pa?"

Much as the monkey surpasses man in agi-
lity, he can't run up bills as easily.

A Frenchman saw a negro smoking a new
meerschaum. "Thunder!" he exclaimed,
"why, the pipe's coloring him."

A German lately married says: "Id was
yooost so easy as a needle cood walk oud mit a
canel's eye as to get der behind vord mit a
voman's."

A Massachusetts small boy declined to eat
soup at dinner, the other day, on the ground
that he "hadn't any teeth that were little
enough for soup."

A country doctor, being asked what was
the best way to cure a ham, remarked that
before answering that question he should
want to know what ailed the ham.

"I say, Clem," cried two disputing darkies
to a sable umpire, "which word is right—de-
zactly or dizactly?" Clem reflected a mo-
ment, and then, with a look of wisdom, said:
"I can't tell persactly."

"Are you any relation to my sister?" He
blushed and stammered until the young lady,
taking pity on him, solved the matter by say-
ing, "No, but he'd like to be; wouldn't you,
Alfred?" Cards will soon be out.

A Baltimore lady, 27 years old, was poi-
soned by a pair of green stockings. The ig-
norance of some people is shocking. It
would seem that a woman of that age should
know that stockings should never be worn
until ripe.

The philosophic Billings graphically illus-
trates the difference between a blunder and
a mistake. "When a man puts down a bad
umbrella and takes up a good one," saith
Josh, "he makes a mistake; but when he
puts down a good one and takes up a bad one
he makes a blunder."

"The latest caprice is to have one's bed-
room upholstery to match fine dresses, and
china to match the bedroom." This seems to
be the right idea. The contrary is repugnant
to an esthetic nature. When a sensitive man
sees a neighbor wearing one red and one
white sock he feels a morbid impulse to break
his neck.

Into one of our largest dry goods stores en-
tered a gentleman the other day, and with the
air of one who has been used to this sort of
thing all his life, you know, he said to the
astonished saleswoman: "Give me a yard
of maroon-colored flannel to match a baby,
please." Correcting himself hastily, he be-
gan again: "I beg pardon; I mean a yard
of flannel to match a maroon-colored baby—"
here, producing a bit of flannel from his vest
pocket—"I want a yard of that."

Reminiscences of Burr.

To a correspondent of *The Indianapolis Journal*, who called on them recently, James
Watson Webb gave some interesting remin-
iscences of Aaron Burr: "I knew him,"
said Webb, "he was a brave soldier in the
Revolutionary war. He succeeded my father
as aide on Gen. Putnam's staff after the bat-
tle of Bunker Hill. Burr was a selfish
scoundrel. I met him often during his last
years. He used to urge Mathew L. Davis
to write his (Burr's) life, but he added,
'only on one condition—you know what that
is.' David turned to me and explained that
Burr would not permit his life to be written
unless the biographer would agree to 'tell the
truth about Washington,' by which Burr
meant to abuse him and deny him any great
qualities, either as a man, a statesman or a
soldier. Davis would never consent to this.
I won't do it," he said to Burr in my pres-
ence. "Then you shan't write my life!" re-
sponded Burr. The fact is, Burr never for-
gave Washington for refusing to appoint
him minister to France in 1795, when his
party in the Senate unanimously recom-
mended him for the distinguished place.
Washington always disliked the brilliant
New Yorker, whose various qualities were
just the opposite of his own, and the feeling
was naturally reciprocal. During the last
year of his life, when he was 81, Burr with-
drew the condition, but then he could not
talk much, and Davis' materials were too
meager. "Send for Webb and Verplanck,"
said Burr. We went to his bedside. "You
two write out all the questions you can think
of about my life, and I will answer them."
We did so, and the answers formed the basis
of Davis' biography—which was very par-
tial, like Parton's and not half true.

"One day the doctor told Burr he would
not live till morning. Burr turned his eyes
toward us and said: 'He's an infernal old
fool. Op'n that bureau drawer.' It was
opened. "Do you see a letter on that box?"
Verplanck took up the dainty missive. "It is
from a lady, said the dying gallant, 'and she
says she will call on me to-morrow. Any-
body who thinks I will die with such an ap-
pointment as that on hand doesn't know Col.
Burr!"

"How did Burr get a living at the last?" I
asked.

"He was supported by friends for years.
He pretended to practice law, but he never

practiced much. He had no sense of honor
in money matters. He would borrow \$50 on
one corner and distribute it to anybody who
wanted it on the next corner."

The Mariner's Compass.

[From the United Service.]

In the royal Library of Paris there is an
Arabian manuscript, written in 1242, by
Baillac Kijajatie, which describes the sea-
compass of that period as follows: "We
have to notice among the properties of the
magnet, that the captains who navigated the
Syrian seas, when the night is so dark as to
conceal from view the stars which might di-
rect their course according to the position of
the four cardinal points, take a basinful of
water, which they shelter from the wind by
placing it in the interior of the vessel; they
then drive a needle into a wooden peg or a
cornstalk, so as to form the shape of a cross,
and throw it into the basin of water prepared
for the purpose, on the surface of which it
floats. They afterward take a loadstone of
sufficient size to fill the palm of the hand, or
even smaller, bring it to the surface of the
water, give their hands a rotary motion to-
ward the right, so that the needle turns on
the water's surface; they next suddenly and
quickly withdraw their hands, when the two
points of the needle face the north and south.
They have given me ocular demonstration of
this process during our sea-voyage from
Syra to Alexandria in the year 640 (1242 A.
D.)" The manner of communicating mag-
netism to a needle made to float on the water,
"so as to form the shape of a cross," as de-
scribed by the Arab, is worthy of notice.
There is magic as well as superstition in it.
Raymond Tully, of Majorica, an ingenious
and eccentric man, himself a skillful mariner,
in a nautical treatise entitled "Fenix de las
Maravillas del Orbe," written in 1236, has
furnished proof that it was not then unknown
to him. He remarks that the seamen of his
time employed "instruments of measurement,
sea-charts, and the magnetic needle." In
Christian Europe the first mention of the use
of the magnetic needle occurs in a politico-
satirical poem, called "La Bibia," by Guyot,
or Guiot, of Provence, written in 1190, full
112 years before the time of Amalfi, the Nea-
polititan. This interesting poem is contained
in a curious quarto manuscript of the thir-
teenth century, on vellum, belonging to the
Royal Library at Paris. The author, Guiot
de Provence, was at the Court of the Emperor
Frederic Barbarossa (as mentioned in the
poem itself,) held at Mentz in the year 1181,
when the Emperor's two sons were knighted.

A Barber Sold.

The following actual occurrence, says an
exchange, took place in a town close by
Hartford. A democrat was approached by a
zealous republican storekeeper who offered
to pay him for staying away from the polls.
This merchant was not only a buyer and
seller of produce, but at every election he
was a purchaser of votes. He made no se-
cret of the unholy work, and the democrat
alluded to above was made a liberal offer if
he would stay at home and not vote. He
was to have a barrel of flour and a half bar-
rel of mackerel, besides some ready money.
The flour and mackerel was to be delivered
before election and the money was to be
paid after election. "Now," said the demo-
crat, "I will agree to get two more to stay at
home and not vote if you will give me twice
as much more." This was agreed to, and
the merchant was chuckling in anticipation
of a handsome reduction in the democratic
vote. The democrat then went to a republi-
can friend and told him that he wasn't going
to vote, and asked him to "pair off" with
him. The republican agreed to it. The demo-
crat then went to another republican and
agreed to give him a half barrel of mackerel
if he would not vote. This was agreed to,
and these contracts all around were carried
out to the letter.

When the merchant found out that his
mackerel had been buying up republican
votes, he gave vent to language that ought to
impair his standing in the congregational
church. The democrat has never asked him
for the money.

Expounding the Gospel.

Jim Webster, a saddle-colored sport, pro-
voked a quarrel with Uncle Mose, yesterday,
says the *Galveston News*, and the conse-
quence was that the old man got on his mus-
cle and gave Jim a fearful pounding. They
were, however, separated by mutual friends
before any serious damage had been done to
either party.

"You got de better ob me dis time" said
Jim, wiping the end of his nose with his el-
bow, and wiping it to see if there was any
blood on it. "Dat ar is de fust time I eber
knowed de hind leg ob a mule to grow outen
de shoulder ob a rheumatick old nigger."

"Dat ain't hit," responded old Mose, rub-
bing his arm through a hole in his coat in his
coat in his efforts to put it on. "De trouble
wid you new-fangled niggahs is, you don't
search de scriptures."

"What's dat got to do wid dis pusal al-
tereachun?"

"You asked me to fight yer, didn't yer?"

"Dat's a fact?"

"And yer knocked me fust, didn't yer?"

"Dem's de kerrect returns."

"Well, den, ef yer had sarched de bible yer
mout hab knowed in advance what was a
gwine to be de result ob de campaign."

"Will yer please expound dat ar, Uncle
Moses?"

"De bible says, ask and ye shall receive,

knock and ye shall be knocked. You asked,
and yer got it, didn't yer? You knocked,
and yer got de wind and some of yer teef
knocked, didn't yer?" I tell you, Jim Web-
ster, and all you udder Bob Ingersoll sinners,
dat dars whole keerloads ob wisdom in dat
bressed book, ef yer studies it prarfully and
in de rite speret."

FASHION, FRIPPERY AND FOLLY.

Society is the hardest baked on its upper
crust.

Brown plush sacks are shown which look
almost as rich as seal-skin.

Furniture effects are creeping into cos-
tumes and are much admired.

The new style of fall bonnets may be
photographed by slamming a ripe tomato
against a board fence.

Swansdown is much used this season as a
trimming for evening dresses, and for opera
and ball wraps. It trims plush beautifully.

"That fellow is just like a telescope," said
a dashing New York girl. "You can draw
him out, see through him, and shut him up
again."

During these Christmas holidays so many
large and handsome dolls are displayed in the
store windows that real cross-eyed babies at-
tract but little attention.

A dressmaker who can make an exceed-
ingly stylish dress and have the arrangements so
intricate that it takes the lady who wears it
half an hour to find the pocket, must needs
be an artist.

All arrangements of lace and muslin to be
worn around the neck are fashionable, and
handsome, and a pretty lace fichu is all that
is necessary to convert a rich street dress or
afternoon costume into an evening toilet.

"Give me the hand that will never deceive
me," said a young sprig to a young lady. The
latter, who had heard of the young man's
propensity for the gaming table, dryly made
answer: "I guess a straight flush is about the
kind of hand you want."

The Princess of Wales, it is reported, in-
tends to set the London fashions this season,
and the Duchess of Edinburgh and the Duch-
ess of Connaught have agreed to obey her.
For one thing the Jersey is to be abolished,
and for another the Tam O'Shanter cap.

Prince Roland Bonaparte is to remain in
the army, and his pretty bride will share his
garrison life as far as will be consistent with
receiving much company at stated intervals
in Paris. The Princess is clever and accom-
plished, painting and modeling with profes-
sional skill.

A lady with a fatal squint came once to a
fashionable artist for her portrait. He look-
ed at her and she looked at him, and both
were embarrassed. He spoke first. "Would
your ladyship permit me," he said, "to take
the profile. There is a certain shyness in
your ladyship's eyes which is as difficult in
art as it is fascinating in nature."

A Few Thoughts in Church.

This sermon is a bore. How much longer
is he going to preach? That man isn't at all
bad looking. I wonder if Emma is engaged
to him. Well, if old Mrs. Foo Foo isn't wear-
ing a turban, too. I wonder how much that
bonnet cost. It sounds as if he was going to
close up that sermon. I do wish the Bern-
hardt season had commenced. I've a great
mind to have it trimmed with scarlet. I must
order a new pair of shoes to-morrow and the
material for that wrapper, and visit Mme. X.
to try on that dress. There's Ed. Cochunk
we saw in Newport last summer. How that
girl does lace. Amen! My! isn't it nice to
get out.

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