

The Scrap Book

Mabel's Theory. "See what I got!" cried Bobby, a city bred boy...

WHICH WAS THE WISER? Two men totted side by side from sun to sun.

One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud And shining moon; The other, with his head in sadness bowed.

One loved each tree and flower and singing bird On mount or plain; No music in the soul of one was stirred.

One saw the good in every fellow man And hoped the best; The other marveled at his Master's plan And doubt confessed.

One, having heaven above and heaven below, Was satisfied; The other, discontent, lived in woe And hopeless died.

The Flustered Father. Lincoln Beachey, the Toledo aeronaut, was being congratulated on the \$2,000 prize that he won with his dirigible balloon at St. Louis.

"And how did you feel when you found yourself the victor?" a young girl asked.

"Why, I felt excited, flustered. I felt just like my old Toledo friend, John Humphreys, at the time his first baby came.

"Congratulations, Mr. Humphreys!" the doctor said. "A fine twelve pound baby, sir."

"Glorious!" shouted Jack hysterically. "And am I father or a mother, doc?"

Fixing the Error. A teacher in a Connecticut district school gave one of her pupils these two sentences to correct:

"The hen has three legs." "Who done it?"

The little fellow looked at his slate a minute and then seriously wrote: "The hen didn't done it. God done it."—Lippincott's.

Why They Cried. Two Irishmen who had just landed were eating their dinner in a hotel, when Pat sipped a bottle of horseradish.

Not knowing what it was, he partook of a big mouthful, which brought tears to his eyes.

Mike, seeing Pat crying, exclaimed, "That be ye crying fer?"

Pat, wishing to have Mike fooled also, exclaimed, "I'm crying fer me poor old mother, who's dead way over in Ireland."

By and by Mike took some of the radish, whereupon tears filled his eyes. Pat, seeing them, asked his friend what he was crying for.

Mike replied, "Because ye didn't die at the same time yer poor old mother did."

No Exceptions to This Rule. "Willie," said a fond mother earnestly, "you should go to bed early. 'Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,' you know. You should go to bed with the sun—the chickens go to bed with the sun."

"Yes, I know they do, mamma, but the old hen—she always goes with 'em!"

Killing Chinamen. A schoolmaster, wishing to impress upon his class the great population of China, said, "The population of China is so great that two Chinamen die every time you take a breath."

This information made a deep impression upon his young pupils, particularly one small boy at the foot of the class. His face was flushed, and he was puffing furiously.

"What is the matter?" inquired the schoolmaster, with alarm. "What on earth are you doing, Tommy?"

"Killing Chinamen, sir. I don't like them foreigners what me father calls 'em, so I'm getting rid of them as fast as I can."—Ladies' Home Journal.

His Great Error. While at the head of a course on railroads at Harvard a few years ago, Professor Hugo R. Meyer had occasion to give his class a few figures having to do with car mile prices.

When the course met again he apologized in a voice bowed down by weight of woe for a mistake he had made.

"I said that the figures for such and such were 5.00695282," he explained in his contrition. "That was not exact. I should have said 5.00695283."

A Good Samaritan. Passing an apartment house in the small hours of the morning, he noticed a man leaning limply against the doorway.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Drunk?" "Yep." "Do you live in this house?" "Yep." "Do you want me to help you upstairs?" "Yep."

With much difficulty he half dragged, half carried the drooping figure up the stairway to the second floor.

"What door do you live on?" he asked. "Is this it?" "Yep." "Rather than face an irate wife who might perhaps take him for a compan-

lon more at fault than her spouse, he opened the first door he came to and pushed the limp figure in.

He groped his way downstairs again. As he was passing through the vestibule he was able to make out the dim outlines of another man, apparently in worse condition than the first one.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you drunk too?" "Yep," was the feeble reply. "Do you live in this house too?" "Yep."

"Shall I help you upstairs?" "Yep." He pushed, pulled and carried him to the second floor, where this man also said he lived. He opened the same door and pushed him in.

As he again reached the front door he discerned the shadow of a third man, evidently worse off than either of the other two. He was about to approach him when the object of his solicitude lurched out into the street and threw himself into the arms of a passing policeman.

"For heaven's sake, officer," he gasped, "protect me from that man! He's done nothin' all night long but carry me upstairs an' throw me down th' elevator shaft!"—Everybody's.

From Different Points. "Father, you were born in California, you say?" "Yes, my son."

"And mother was born in New York?" "Yes."

"And I was born in Indiana?" "Yes, my boy."

"Well, father, don't it beat the Dutch how we all got together!"

All Wind. In a country church a young minister used in his sermon for an illustration of storm and peace the storm on the lake of Galilee. That storm was depicted as one of lightning and thunder and rain and wind. As he came out of the church one of the members tackled him, saying:

"That was a wonderful description of thine of the storm. Who told you it thundered and lightened and rained?"

"Why, those are the natural accompaniments of a storm."

"If you had read your Bible you would have seen that it was a storm of wind, just like yours."

A Sure Index. "Do you know anything about the people who have moved in next door?" asked the visitor.

"No. It was dark when the furniture wagons brought their goods, and they have not hung out a washing yet."

Wizardry of Wolsley. The loss of an eye years ago once stood Lord Wolsley in good stead. It seemed impossible to get any information of the enemy's strength and the forces under the command of Arabi Pasha. At length an Arab was caught near one of the outposts. Naturally expecting that he would be able to give a good deal of information, he was taken before Lord Wolsley, who questioned him. The man, however, refused to speak.

"It is no use your refusing to answer me," he said to the man. "I am a wizard, and at a single word I can destroy you and your masters. To prove this to you I will take out my eye, throw it up in the air, catch it, and put it back into my head."

Suiting the action to the word, Lord Wolsley removed his glass eye, threw it into the air, caught it, and put it back again into the empty socket. That demonstration was sufficient to convert the Arab. He capitulated without further demur, and the information he gave led to Arabi's defeat.

Her Explanation of It. A mother was nursing her baby when baby balked and refused to take his nourishment. The mother remarked that she couldn't understand why baby refused his dinner.

Helen, six years old, the daughter of a neighbor, was gravely watching the performance, when suddenly her face brightened and she said:

"I know, Mrs. Smith; maybe the milk tastes of garlic!"

A Natural Error. Esther's Sunday school class were grouped about the teacher reciting their catechism lesson for the week. Esther's family had struggled with her young mind in a desperate endeavor to teach her the answers by repeating them to her over and over again, and Esther felt confident that she knew them. The teacher presently smiled down upon the little girl and said, "Now, Esther, you may tell me 'by what alone are we saved?'"

Esther promptly delivered herself of this remarkable answer: "By God's almighty powders and free grapes!"—Lippincott's.

Why the Piper Keeps Prancing. A little boy listening to the weird skirl of bagpipes of a street performer once said to his father:

"Father, why does the piper keep on the move all the time he plays?" "I can't say, my boy, unless it is to prevent any one getting the range with a cobblestone."

How He Found the Key. "Gracious, George," she said to her brother, returning after a week in the country and discovering her wardrobe empty, "where are all my clothes? And what in the world is that great black patch on the lawn?"

"Maria," George replied consolingly, "you wrote to me that if I wanted the key of the billiard room I should find it in the pocket of your bolero. Well, I don't know a bolero from a fichu or a box plait, so I took all the things to the lawn and burned them. Then I recovered the key from the ashes."—Ladies' Home Journal.

CLIMBING A CHIMNEY

The Way the Steeplejack Does His Dangerous Work.

HIS APPARATUS IS SIMPLE.

A Couple of Bo's'n's Chairs, a Trio of L Shaped Iron Pegs, a Heavy Hammer and a Ball of Twine Will Take Him in Safety to the Summit.

In the climbing and repair of chimneys and steeples it is, as in so many of the upward steps of life, undoubtedly the first which counts, says the New York Times. Once set your man, with a ball of twine tucked in the pocket of his coat, safely astride the coping of the big brewery chimney which rears its bulk of brickwork perhaps 300 feet above surrounding roofs or on the apex of the steeple of a church, his arm around the weather vane's vibrating pole, and you have the means by which ropes, ladders, scaffolding and all the necessary structure for examination and repairs may be brought into place. To get the first man to the giddy summit—that is the question.

There was a day when this was not infrequently accomplished by what at first sight might appear the somewhat frivolous method of kiteflying. A kite having a goodly length of string attached to its tail was raised in the usual manner and gradually coaxed over the steeple or chimney under treatment, then drawn down until the tall string lay across the top. It was then merely a matter of time and patience to pass a rope over and haul up a man. But the method had obvious disadvantages. To draw the tall line successfully across a chimney top, still more across the pointed spire of a church, often took more than one or two attempts. Moreover, there must be a fair wind blowing at the time and a large open space available close by in which to raise the kite—this last condition one not often found about the chimney stacks or steeples of a town. Another system was that of ladders built upward from the steeple's base, exceedingly cumbersome and, in the opinion of many modern steeplejacks, highly dangerous.

The man who on this morning stands beside us at the foot of a great shaft of brickwork towering skyward from the very center of a famous northern town will fly no kite, nor does a wagon load of sectional ladders wait his orders in the yard. A small man, sinewy and lean faced, is he, and all the tackle that he needs to take him safely to the coping sixty yards above our heads has traveled to the scene of action in his pockets or his hands. On the ground before him are two bo's'n's chairs, or short planks, through holes at either end of which a rope is passed, forming a loop by which the chair may hang. Beside them lie three L shaped iron pegs or staples. The longer arm of each peg has a sharply pointed end and is nearly a foot in length; the short arm is but two or three inches long. The handle of a heavy hammer peeps from the pocket of our companion's coat, and that is all.

Taking a staple in his hand, he drives it into the chimney at a point breast high above the ground. On this he hangs a chair and, mounting, drives a second peg two or three feet above the first. On this the second chair is hung. The upright arm at a right angle to the peg precludes all danger of the rope slipping off. Nor do the chairs hang close against the shaft, for strips of wood projecting from each end insure a space in which the climber's legs are free to move. Now, stepping up into the second chair the steeplejack drives the last of his three pegs. Above him is a peg, below another one, on which hangs a chair. Leaning aside and down, he lifts this chair and hangs it above him on the topmost peg; leans down and with a twist of his fork headed hammer wrenches out the peg. This is less dangerous or difficult than might at first be supposed, for the pegs are never driven deeply in, having but the steeplejack's light weight to bear, and that only for a few minutes at a time, while should the hammer or a peg slip from his hand it is easily recovered by means of the ball of twine in his coat pocket and the watcher below.

Such is the system—the mere mechanical repetition of the movements just described—which has carried him safely to the top of many a giant stack. Arrived at the summit of the chimney he will find holdfasts built into the masonry—sometimes a massive bar or chain is stretched across the shaft—to which a rope and pulley blocks can be made fast. This done, he can descend and reascend at will, scaffolding can be slung and inspection and repairs be carried out.

At the Bargain Counter. "That sharp tongued Miss Redpepp has been saying some mighty mean things about you and your wife."

"What for, instance?" "Says you picked her up at a bargain counter."

"Great Scott, I did! She was the prettiest girl that ever stood behind one."—Chicago Tribune.

Generous. Professional Faster—I should like to undertake a fast of four weeks in this show of yours. How much will you pay me. Showman—I can't give you any salary, but I will pay for your keep.—Fliegende Blatter.

There is as yet no method of progress known to men that is so rich and complete as that which is ministered by a truly great friendship.—Phillips Brooks

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Popularity depends upon being all things to all men and some women.

When marriage is a grand sweet song, it is necessarily a duet—never a solo.

The advent of another fellow soon makes a young man make up his mind whether he is really in love or only fooling.

It often happens that it is when we don't think what we say that we really mean.

It always seems by some strange perversion of nature that the things that we don't want are mostly the kind that we are habitually getting.

As long as there is a bit of unexplored territory on the face of the earth fairyland is not entirely an impossibility.

If some of us did not feel great pride in our imperfections we would have small chance of ever feeling proud.

Give a man rope enough and he will hang himself, but give him plenty of water and he will seldom jump in.

A scolding woman is certainly very trying, but it often happens that she scolds because she has a husband who isn't.

The reason why some of us wear such a haggard and heartbroken look is because we are striving so hard to do what the rising generation expects of us.

The attitude of the rising generation seems to be that if the earth was not made for them it would better be made over at once.

The Only Game. Clear the deck for action, Wipe the diamond dry, Give the rooters notice That the time is nigh, Dust the grand stand benches, Bleachers overhaul, For the message strident, "Play ball!"

Every dinky office Feels the coming thrill, Men who wield the homer, Men who push the quill, Men who count their millions, Men with incomes small, Listen for the signal, "Play ball!"

Schoolboys in their jumpers, Youngsters scarce of age, Business men of forty, Grandfines gray and snee, Stand around in bunches Waiting for the call From the umpire haughty, "Play ball!"

So let business prosper Or be dull and slow, Let the politicians Run their tongues without ruth And their claims, When'er they see you, And they'll give you a name That, in faith, you will rue, For enough's not enough In the mind of a child, And they'll clamor for stuff Till your brain will go wild.

Strict Utility. "Does he play any musical instruments?" "Just the bucksaw."

Children. A dog or a cat If you tell them of that It will make you of men The loveliest quite In the empire of youth, Their eyes will shine bright, And their tongues without ruth A story will claim When'er they see you, And they'll give you a name That, in faith, you will rue, For enough's not enough In the mind of a child, And they'll clamor for stuff Till your brain will go wild.

One Success. "Perpetual motion is regarded by all scientists as an impossible dream." "Is that so?" "Yes; the patent office will not even consider inventions on that order." "Bet you 10 cents there is a patent on the gas meter."

Possible Horror. "He has been sentenced to thirty days on bread and water." "It might be worse." "Hardly." "Yes; they might have made it restaurant pie."

For Defense Sake. If Harry Thaw had dodged the law And left his past still hazy, The wrist he'd slap of any chap Who'd say that he was crazy.

For Her Sake. "Here is a new invention. Nobody but a man would have thought of it." "What is it?" "A pocket in a stocking."

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Desert Land--Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., March 25, 1908. Notice is hereby given that HENRY D. LOHSE, of Judith, Chouteau county, Montana, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 122, for 160 acres of unurveyed public land, one-half mile square, situated in Eight Mile coulee, about 7 1/2 miles nearly north of Judith, postoffice, and about two miles southwest of Eight Mile Hill, posts are set in the ground and stones piled around each post at each corner of the claim; post at the NE corner marked H. D. Lohse, desert land, NW corner: thence south half mile another post marked H. D. Lohse, desert land, SW corner: thence east half mile another post marked H. D. Lohse, desert land, SE corner: thence north half mile to post at beginning, township 34 north, range 16 east, before Chas. H. Boyle, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Fort Benton, Montana, on Thursday, the 20th day of April, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Ferdinand Peterson, James Conley, Hartwig Lohse, Jr., and John E. Lohse, all of Judith, Mont. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Desert Land--Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., March 25, 1908. Notice is hereby given that ARTHUR C. GRATZ, of Gold Butte, Montana, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1481, for the NE 1/4 section 23, township 37 north, range 1 east, before John McDowell, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Gold Butte, Montana, on Monday, the 11th day of May, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Cornelius E. Price, Christopher Cummings, Thomas O. Laughlin, and Isaac Evans, all of West Butte, Mont. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Notice of Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., April 4, 1908. Notice is hereby given that JESSE H. NOTTINGHAM, of Highwood, Montana, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead entry No. 356, made April 3, 1893, for the SE 1/4 SW 1/4 section 1, E 1/4 NW 1/4, SW 1/4 NW 1/4 section 12, township 30 north, range 8 east, and that said proof will be made before Chas. H. Boyle, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Fort Benton, Montana, on May 14, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his constant residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Reynolds, Walter P. Johnson, Richard Fish and Henry J. Thaxter, all of Highwood, Montana. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Desert Land--Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., April 11, 1908. Notice is hereby given that CHRISTO T. THORSTED, of Great Falls, Montana, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1781, for the NE 1/4 NW 1/4, SE 1/4 NW 1/4, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, township 37 north, range 2 east, before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. land office at Great Falls, Mont., on Wednesday, the 30th day of May, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Frank Baker, of Great Falls, Mont.; David O. Sweet, Richard Roscoe and William Fritchard, of Gold Butte, Mont. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Notice of Contest.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., April 9, 1908. A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by THOMAS P. STRODE, contestant, against desert land entry No. 1489, made January 19, 1894, for the NE 1/4 section 35, township 32 north, range 4 east, by Charles Matz, contestee, in which it is alleged that Charles Matz has failed to comply with the desert land law in every particular; that he has not expended the necessary \$3.00 per acre, nor has he caused the necessary \$1.00 per acre to be expended as required by law in reclaiming the land; that he has failed to make the required annual proof; also failed to make final proof within the four years, as required by law; that he has been absent from the vicinity for more than two years last past; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on May 28, 1908, before John McDowell, U. S. commissioner, at his office at Gold Butte, Mont., and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m., on June 4, 1908, before the register and receiver at the United States Land Office in Great Falls, Mont. The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit filed February 23, 1908, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

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