

LONGEST RELAY RACE

Thousand Mile Run by Y. M. C. A. Boys Against Time.

BOTH DAY AND NIGHT SPRINTS

Organized Runners to Take Message From New York's Mayor to Chicago's Mayor—Start to Be Made at City Hall, New York—Thousands of Lads Training.

What will be without doubt the longest organized relay race against time is that proposed by the boys' departments of the Young Men's Christian associations to be run from the city hall in New York city to the mayor's office, Chicago, beginning at precisely 10 a. m. July 15.

The Young Men's Christian association physical directors along the road to Chicago are trying out their boys for the race. Only boys from fifteen to seventeen years of age will be selected and after a careful physical and medical examination.

No other organization than the Y. M. C. A. could arrange and safeguard such a race, as it has fully 100,000 boys under the training of expert directors.

The scheme, which is attracting attention all over the country, was first suggested by the boys' secretary at Cleveland, who had in hand a similar run from that city to Cincinnati.

The industrial development of New Mexico has been greatly aided of recent years by those enterprising spirits establishing automobile lines to bring the outlying districts closer to the towns along the railroads.

Hare and Hounds Race For Balloons. Hare and hounds and point to point races for balloons are novelties promised by the Aero Club of Great Britain this spring and summer in connection with the international conference of aero clubs.

Daring Deed With an Auto. Deputy Sheriff Gregg Porter of Port Jervis, N. Y., in company with two friends, fished the streams for trout at Cahoonzie, twelve miles north of Port Jervis, the other day.

Not Unlikely. The following appeared recently in a schoolboy's essay: "A long time ago England was once a foreign country. England has much coal beds. When it is finished we shall have to use our brains for fuel, and it will be scarce."

WOULD HAVE SHOT HIM.

Quaint Story of Marshal Soult and Louis Philippe.

In the reign of Louis Philippe Victor Hugo was a frequent and welcome guest at the Tuileries. Here is one of his anecdotes of the time as told in Victor Hugo's memoirs:

"A few days ago the king said to Marshal Soult in the presence of others, 'Marshal, do you remember the siege of Cadix?'

"Rather, sire, I should think so. I swore enough before that cursed Cadix. I invested the place and was forced to go away as I had come."

"I know, sire." "The cortes and the British cabinet offered me the command of the Spanish army."

"I remember, sire." "The offer was a grave one. I hesitated long. Bear arms against France? For my family it is possible, but against my country! I was greatly perplexed.

"The marshal remained silent for a moment, then replied: 'No, sire. I wanted to compromise you.' The subject of the conversation was changed. A few minutes later the marshal took leave of the king, and the king, as he watched him go, said, with a smile, to the person who had heard the conversation: 'Compromise! Compromise! Today it is called compromise. In reality he would have shot me.'"

GALLERY WIT. Sometimes the Actors Turn the Tables on the Interrupters.

Some amusing instances of the wit and humor of the gallery and pit patrons of the drama are printed in the English Illustrated Magazine. On one of the first nights of the opera of "Clytemnestra" at Drury Lane a dissatisfied critic when Mr. Vernon began the last air in the fourth act, "Torn from me, torn from me! Which way did they take her?" immediately sang in the exact time of the air, to the astonishment of the audience, "Why, toward Long Acre, toward Long Acre!"

Vernon was for a moment stunned; but recovering himself, he sang in rejoinder: "Ho, ho! Did they so? Then, I'll overtake her! I'll soon overtake her!" and precipitately ran off amid the plaudits of the whole house.

In "Sancho Panza," a comedy in three acts, by DuRenet, the duke says at the beginning of the third act, "I begin to get tired of Sancho." "So do I," said a wag in the pit, taking his hat and walking out. This sealed the fate of the piece.

When John Reeve was playing Bombastes at Bristol upon being stabbed by Artixomus he denied the fairness of the thrust and, appealing to the pit, said, "It is not fair, sir, is it?" A bald-headed gentleman who probably took the whole representation to be serious and to whom Reeve directed his glance replied, "Really, sir, I cannot say, for I don't fence."

Barry Sullivan, the Irish tragedian, was playing in "Richard III." some years ago at Shrewsbury. When he came to the line, "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" some one in the pit called out, "Wouldn't a donkey suit you, Mr. Sullivan?" "Yes," replied the tragedian, turning quickly to the interrupter; "please come round to the stage door."

How Red Herring Came. The first red herring was accidentally produced in England many years ago by a fisherman who, having a surplus of fresh herring, hung them up in a smoky shed to dry and then forgot all about them. When he looked at them some time after he found that they had changed in color. The king, to whom the fishes were presented, was so interested that he gave permission to the fisherman to exhibit them around the country as strange monsters.

WORKED HIS WAY.

The Job an Energetic Student Took to Cross the Atlantic.

Jack had paid his way always. Out of the poverty of his childhood he had fought his way through the university. After graduation he felt he must see Europe, and with the little accumulation he had he "crossed the pond."

He thought he would just go down to the steamship, go on board and see how it would seem if only he were going home.

As he wandered over the big liner his attention was attracted by a crying baby. The mother was traveling alone, and while she was attempting to see to all the thousand and one details incident to the beginning of an ocean trip the baby had resented the neglect he felt he had received and was crying. The mother was at her wits' end.

Jack's kind heart prompted him to say: "Let me take the baby, madam. Perhaps I can keep him quiet until your preparations are made."

This request, so unusual from a stranger and especially from a man stranger, naturally filled her with surprise, but she looked Jack squarely in the eye for a second and trusted him. "I wish you would," she said.

Jack saw his opportunity. He said: "Madam, I'm a college student, out of funds and longing for home. If you will pay my passage to America I will take care of your baby all the way across."

His proposition was accepted, and he kept his word. He is a prominent lawyer now, and he looks back with considerable amusement to his experience in getting home from Europe.—Youth's Companion.

MURDER OF THE SEAL.

The Way the Animals Are Slaughtered by the Hunters.

The ice echoes no footfalls, so the murder of the seal is a stealthy act. Yes, it seems like murder. On the pan lies a whitecoat alone. Up to it hurries one of the hunters. Lifting his bat above his head, he measures the distance; then, swinging downward the iron shield point, he strikes the skull of the seal such a blow that it is crushed in as if of pasteboard. Tossing aside the bat and whipping out the scalping knife, while the creature is still quivering, with a swift undercut and two or three side strokes the keen blade has severed the hide and the layers of fat beneath so they can be rolled into a pelt, the hide holding the fat in its folds. The next whitecoat is with its parents. Their hide is coarser, but worth having, so the hunter takes a quick aim, lodging a charge of shot in the head of the growling mate just at the base of the brain. Here the skull is thinnest. One of the batters stands guard over the blowhole to prevent the mother from escaping, while another bats the cub. Then the female, who would desert her offspring to save her own life, is clubbed on the head. A few strokes of the knives and three more bloody carcasses crimson the ice. The pelt of the first seal is piled with the other three in a pan. The flagman sticks a flag by its side, and the hunters hurry forward, leaving the pelts to be towed back to the ship when the hunt is ended.

Thus the slaughter continues hour after hour until nightfall only ends the stroke of the bat and thrust of the knife. If it began at daybreak the field may be strewn with thousands of dead seals, for if the pan of ice is thronged with them, as is sometimes the case, a hundred men will kill ten times their number in a day, since most of the seals are harps, which seldom try to protect their young, and are slain without attempting to defend themselves.—Day Allen Willey in Metropolitan.

Bunions and Rank. "It is extraordinary," writes Sir Henry Drummond Wolff in "Rambling Recollections," "to observe in England the weakness that most people have for boasting of their friends in high places and the deference that they show to them. The daughter of a lady of very high rank had some pain in her foot which the mother asked the governess to be good enough to look at. The latter after examining it said, 'If it were not for her ladyship's exalted rank I should say it was a bunion.'"

Sign of Precocity. "I believe," declared the Irishman, "that the youngest son's born t' be a surgeon." "Phwat leads ye t' say that?" asked his friend. "O! caught him usin' th' scissors on a book O'd lately bought an' before O'd stop him he cut out th' appendix."—Bohemian.

Joy. Joy in life is like the oil in the lamp—when the oil commences to fall, the wick burns with a glimmering red flame, filling the air about it with a black smoke. Life also without a little joy burns unprofitably, filling the air with depression and sadness. The hawk eats the dove, but the hawk seems to be surrounded by as many dangers as the dove.—Atholton Globe.

Water and Life.

Of all the conditions preparatory to life the presence of water, composed of oxygen and hydrogen, is at once the most essential and the most worldwide, for if water be present the presence of other necessary elements is probably assured. If water exist, that fact goes bail for the necessary temperature, the amount of life being coextensive with the existence of water as such. It is so consequentially, life being impossible without water. Whatever the planet, this is of necessity true. But the absolute degrees of temperature within which life can exist vary according to the mass of the body, another of the ways in which mere size tells. On the earth 212 degrees F. limits the range at the top and 32 degrees F. at the bottom in the case of fresh water, 27 degrees F. in the case of salt. On a smaller planet both limits would be lowered, the top one the most. On Mars the boiling point would probably be about 110 degrees F. Secondly, from the general initial oneness of their constituents a planet that still possesses water will probably retain the other substances that are essential to life-gases, for the reason that water vapor is next to hydrogen and helium the lightest of them all, and solids because their weight would still more conduce to keep them there. Water, indeed, acts as a solution to the whole problem.—Professor Lowell's "The Evolution of Life" in Century Magazine.

Only an Office Boy. "If you want a ready-to-hand study in the downright cussedness of human nature unwarped," said an insurance agent, "just watch the office boys in your own or any other place of business. In four cases out of five the thing will come out this way: 'A new boy is engaged. He is meek and mild, apologetic of bearing and courteous of speech. He is apparently seeking an excuse for darning to make a living. He looks reproachfully at the head office boy, who orders him around in a rough, catch-as-catch-can style. Such rudeness pains him. His rude superior has resigned or been dismissed, and he is now head office boy. He is meek and mild, apologetic and reproachful? Say, he's a worse young ruffian than his predecessor—bullyrags the newcomer, ignores the cuspidor, uses language not fit to print and comes dangerously near 'assing' his employer. He knows it all, and a little more. 'There are exceptions, but they prove the rule.'—New York Globe.

A Big Grasshopper. A geographical expedition which set out for Australia on an exploring and mapping tour had engaged a negro cook, who took great interest in everything he saw. While the party was en route a kangaroo broke out of the grass and made for the horizon with prodigious leaps, an event that interested the colored gentleman exceedingly. "You all have pretty wide meadows hereabouts, I reckon," he said to the native who was guiding the party. "Not any larger than those of other countries," returned the guide most politely. "Well, there must be mighty powerful high grass roundabouts, heh?" he insisted. "Not that I know of," replied the guide. "Why do you ask such odd questions?" "Why, I'll tell you, boss. I was thinking of the mighty uncommon magnitude of them grasshoppers."—Kansas City Independent.

An Artist's Ruse. A Roman cavalier commissioned a great artist to paint his portrait, no definite price being agreed upon. When the portrait was finished, the painter asked 100 crowns in payment. The highborn sitter, amazed at the demand, returned no more nor dared to send for his counterfeit presentment, whereupon the artist hit upon the happy expedient of first painting bars across the portrait, then affixing the doleful legend, "Imprisoned for debt," and finally placing it in a prominent part of his studio, to which Roman nobles frequently resorted. Ere long a rich relative came to the rescue and released his kinsman.

Newton's Telescope. Newton's telescope is a clumsy looking instrument, nine inches in length, two inches in aperture and capable of magnifying thirty-eight times. It was entirely made by Newton himself, who first exhibited it before the Royal society in 1671, and more than 100 years later his successor in the presidency of the society laid before George III. Sir William Herschel's scheme for making a telescope on Newton's plan, to be forty feet in length and four feet in aperture.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Financial Expedient. Shoeblack—Shine, sir? Four sous? Passerby—No, thank you. Shoeblack—Two sous? Passerby—No. Shoeblack—For nothing, then? Passerby—All right, if you like. Shoeblack (after having finished one shoe)—It's 6 sous to clean the other, sir.—Nos Loisirs.

Kept Busy. One of the contemporary poets asks, "Where are the bright girls of the past?" Our own observation is that some of them are administering cautious doses of paregoric to the bright girls of the future.

Tender Hearted. Mrs. Muggins—My husband is too tender hearted to whip the children. Mrs. Buggins—Humph! My husband is so tender hearted that he can't even beat the carpet!

Where envying is, there is confusion and every evil work.—New Testament

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. 1469, made January 19, 1904, for the NE 1/4 section 36, township 37 north, range 4 east, by Charles Mata, contestee, in which it is alleged that Charles Mata has failed to comply with the desert land law in any particular: that he has not expended the necessary \$3.00 per acre, nor has he caused the necessary \$3.00 per acre to be expended 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 Great Falls, 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 contest having, in a proper affidavit filed February 29, 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.

Notice of Final Proof. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., April 18, 1908. Notice is hereby given that THORNTON RITLAND, of Fort Benton, Montana, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead entry No. 4511, made September 24, 1901, for lots 4 and 5, NW 1/4, NE 1/4, SW 1/4, section 35, township 35 north, range 13 east, and that said proof will be made before Chas. H. Boyle, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Fort Benton, Montana, on May 25, 1908. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George E. Barkley, Clara Barkley and Lewis Mead, of Fort Benton, Montana; Martin Gunderson, of Virgelle, Montana. C. E. MCKOIN, Register.

Notice of Final Proof. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, LEWISTOWN, MONT., April 18, 1908. Notice is hereby given that GEORGE W. ALLEN, of Virgelle, Montana, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead entry No. 4999, made April 8, 1907, for lots 2, 4 and 5, NW 1/4, NE 1/4, section 35, township 35 north, range 13 east, and that said proof will be made before Chas. H. Boyle, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Fort Benton, Montana, on May 25, 1908. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George E. Barkley, Clara Barkley and Lewis Mead, of Fort Benton, Montana; Martin Gunderson, of Virgelle, Montana. C. E. MCKOIN, Register.

Desert Land—Final Proof. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., April 18, 1908. Notice is hereby given that MARY HAAS, of Gold Butte, Montana, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert land claim No. 2020, for lots 1 and 2, SE 1/4, NE 1/4, SW 1/4, section 4, township 38 north, range 2 east; 8 1/2, NE 1/4, SW 1/4, section 4, township 38 north, range 2 east, before John McDowell, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Gold Butte, Montana, on Thursday, the 4th day of June, 1908. She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: William Prichard, Richard Rowce, Alfred Fox and Anthony J. Moltz, all of Gold Butte, Montana. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Desert Land—Final Proof. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., April 25, 1908. Notice is hereby given that JACOB KARLEN, of West Butte, Montana, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 1543, for lot 8, NE 1/4, SW 1/4, NW 1/4, SW 1/4, NE 1/4, section 7, township 35 north, range 2 east, before John McDowell, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Gold Butte, Montana, on Thursday, the 4th day of June, 1908. He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Fred Smith, Daniel J. McGowan, Edward Karis and Charles W. Warner, all of West Butte, Montana. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Homestead—Desert Land, Final Proof—Consolidated. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., April 25, 1908. Notice is hereby given that PETER KARELS, of West Butte, Montana, has filed notice of his intention to offer final proofs under his homestead and desert land entries, described below, before William George Davis, U. S. commissioner, at his office near Sweet Grass, Montana, on Thursday, the 4th day of June, 1908, viz: Homestead entry No. 1000, made March 12, 1906, for the NE 1/4, SE 1/4, SW 1/4, section 10, township 37 north, range 1 east, M. M. M. Desert land application No. 2651, for the SE 1/4, SW 1/4, section 9, NW 1/4, SW 1/4, section 10, township 37 north, range 1 east, M. M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of lands embraced in said homestead entry, and the complete irrigation and reclamation of lands embraced in said desert entry: William P. Farrell, of Sweet Grass, Montana; Edward Karis, of West Butte, Montana; Thomas O'Loughlin, of West Butte, Montana. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Desert Land—Final Proof. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., May 2, 1908. Notice is hereby given that FANNIE A. JONES, formerly Hooper, of Helena, Montana, who, on June 4, 1904, made desert land application No. 194, for lot 1, SE 1/4, SW 1/4, NW 1/4, SW 1/4, NE 1/4, section 39, township 37 north, range 3 east, Montana meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final proof to establish claim to the land above described, before John McDowell, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Gold Butte, Montana, on the 10th day of June, 1908. Claimant names as witnesses: Jed I. Scriver, William H. Kent, William J. Morley and Edward Christian, all of Gold Butte, Montana. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Notice of Final Proof. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., May 2, 1908. Notice is hereby given that JAMES J. WALL, of Fort Benton, Montana, who, on February 11, 1908, made homestead application No. 520, for the SW 1/4, W 1/2, section 15, township 21 north, range 8 east, Montana meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Jeremiah Sullivan, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Fort Benton, Montana, on the 10th day of June, 1908. Claimant names as witnesses: James Nolan, Alois Uebelmann, John Bradley and John Grant, all of Fort Benton, Montana. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Notice of Publication-Isolated Tract Public Land Sale. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., May 14, 1908. Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, (34 Stat., 517), we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m. on the 22nd day of June, next, at this office, the following tract of land: SW 1/4 NE 1/4 section 28, and the SW 1/4, NE 1/4 section 15, township 21 north, range 8 east, M. M. Any persons claiming adversely the above described lands are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register. C. A. WILSON, Receiver.

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HIRAM F. SMITH. Cattle branded on right ribs. Horses same brand on right shoulder. Vent for cattle and horses, same brand on right hip. P. O. address—Whitish, Mont. Note—Address is given wrong in brand book of H. T. Smith, Highwood.

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