

The Scrap Book

A Distinction With a Difference.
Ollie James, the giant Kentucky congressman, was making a political speech.
"I want to ask you a question," shouted a man.
"Well, my friend, what is it?"
"I want you to tell this gathering what is the difference between Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt."
"Nothing simpler. Mr. Cleveland is too sedate to hunt, and Mr. Roosevelt is too restless to fish."

EXAMPLE.
We scatter seeds with careless hand
And dream we never shall see them more.
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to float.
We count them ever past,
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

Porousses.
"That is a pretty big buckwheat cake for a boy of your size," said papa at breakfast to Jimmy-boy.
"It looks big," said Jimmy, "but really it isn't. It's got lots of porousses in it."

A Tragedy Averted.
A gentleman unexpectedly took a friend home to dine with him. Before dinner his wife took her husband aside and impressed upon him that when the sherry in the decanter was exhausted he must not ask his friend to take any more, as there was none in the house. The husband promised to remember and act with all due discretion. When the sherry was exhausted, however, the husband in a fit of mental aberration pressed more upon him. The wife looked distressed, and the visitor declined. After the visitor had departed the lady said reproachfully to her husband, "How could you press him to take more sherry when I had already warned you there was none in the house?"
"I am very sorry, dear," said the patient husband, "but I forgot all about it."
"How could you?" she replied.
"What do you suppose I was kicking you under the table for?"
"It wasn't me you kicked," said her husband.

A "Loetle" Absentminded.
Rufus Choate once endeavored to make a witness give an illustration of absentmindedness.
"Waal," said the witness cautiously, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to hum an' took it out'n his pocket to see if he had time to go hum to get it—I should say that that feller was a loetle absentminded."
—Everybody's.

He Knew What He Wanted.
The family were gathered in the library, one of the windows of which was open.
"That air"—the father began.
"Father, dear, don't say 'that air.' Say 'that there,'" the daughter admonished.
"Well, this air"—he again attempted.
"Nor 'this 'ere.' 'This here' is correct," he was told.
The old gentleman rose, with an angry snort. "Look here, Mary," he said, "of course I know you have been to school and all that, but I reckon I know what I want to say, an' I am going to say it. I believe I feel cold in this ear from that air, an' I'm going to shut the window!" — Ladies' Home Journal.

A Hurry Order.
As she examined her Thanksgiving turkey she asked her little son:
"Did the butcher tell you this turkey was quite fresh?"
"No'm. He just said to hurry home with it as fast as I could."

A Definite Date.
During the money stringency lately a certain real estate man, having nothing else for his clerk to do, sent him out to collect some rent that was overdue.
The clerk, being of Swedish nationality, had their peculiar twang in his speech.
Returning from his trip, the Swede seemed very jubilant.
The proprietor, noticing his smile, said, "Well, what luck did you have?" and the clerk answered, "Furty good."
"Well, did anybody pay you?"
"Yass, Smith he pay, and Yones he say he pay in January."
"Are you sure Jones said he would pay in January? He never before has made any such promise."
"Vell, I tank so. Eb say it bane a dam col' day when you get dot money, and I tank dat bane in January." — Judge's Library.

The Play Went On.
In the early days of the last century Thomas Hill, a great-uncle of the late Thomas Hill, president of Harvard University, was occupying an end seat in a theater at Jersey City. Directly in front of him sat a diminutive Frenchman, who found his enjoyment of the play greatly diminished by the fact that an overgrown man in front of him persisted in wearing a tall silk hat. He tried to look around the hat and over the burly shoulders, but only to his discomfort. Finally he tapped

the man on the arm, saying, "Ef you please, sare, would you be kind enough to take off your hat?" No attention was paid to this protest, and he reiterated his request. Still the big man paid no heed. Mr. Hill's attention was attracted, and, taking his cane, he knocked the silk hat off into the aisle. Instantly the man, his face red with wrath, rose to his feet and began to pull off his coat. The audience also rose, expecting to see a fight. The play stopped, the actors crowding to the front of the stage. Mr. Hill deliberately stood up, displaying his six feet two inches of height and his magnificent proportions, and said in a clear voice heard all over the theater, "My name is Thomas Hill, tanner. If you wish satisfaction, come to my office tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. Here is my card." The other slunk out of the house. Then Hill, with a sweeping gesture, exclaimed in a stentorian voice, "The play may go on." And the play went on.—Lippincott's.

Modesty Forbade.
A lady once asked Lord Brougham at a dinner party who was the best speaker in the house of lords. Lord Brougham promptly and emphatically answered, "Lord Stanley, madam, is the second best."

Her Way of Taking Them.
At a dinner party the coachman was called upon in an emergency to assist in waiting upon the guests, among whom was a very deaf old lady. The coachman, in passing the vegetables, comes to the deaf lady.
"Peas, mum?" says Jehu.
No answer.
"Peas, mum?" (louder).
Still there was no answer from the old lady, who at this moment lifts her ear trumpet interrogatively toward the man.

Glancing down and seeing the tube he ejaculated in a whisper: "Well, it's a rum way of taking them, but I suppose she likes it. Here goes!" And down went the peas into the ear trumpet.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Wealth and Marbles.
"Why get together any more money?" asked a friend of the late Russell Sage. "You can't eat it. You can't drink it. What good will it do you?"
"Ever play marbles?" Uncle Russell asked.
"Yes, when I was a boy."
"Couldn't eat 'em, could you? Couldn't drink 'em, could you? No use to you, were they? What did you play marbles for?"

He Kept the Secret.
When the teacher was absent from the schoolroom Willie Jones wrote on the blackboard:
"Willie Jones can hug the girls better than any boy in school."
"William, did you write that?" asked the teacher upon her return.
"Yes, ma'am."
"Well, you may stay after school as punishment."
"Got a hick, didn't you?" asked one boy when Willie came out.
"Nope."
"Got jawed?" asked another.
"Nope."
"What did she do?"
"Shan't tell, but it pays to advertise."

Good Little Girl.
A Christian mother was once showing her little girl, about five years old, a picture representing Jesus holding an infant in his arms, while the mothers were pushing their children toward him.
"There, Carrie," said her mother, "this is what I would have done with you if I had been there."
"I wouldn't be pushed to Jesus; I'd go to him without pushing."

Malicious Adiposity.
"Fat men are no account for soldiering," said the late General Shafter. "They pant, they wheeze, they snort, they choke, they grunt, they groan, they waddle, they slouch through the world. Not a particle of good on earth, fat soldiers. Would not have one of 'em around if I could help it."
"Er—but—er—you would not exactly—er—call yourself slight, would you, general?" a venturesome major asked.
"Hell, no! I've been a fat, bloomy old nuisance ever since the day I tipped the beam at over 200 pounds, and right then I ought to've been court martialed and cashiered for outrageous and malicious adiposity, sir, for scandalous corpulence to the prejudice of military discipline!"

Bottled.
"Everything was fine," said the farmer when he got back home from his first visit to the city—"everything was fine except the light. They kept the light burning in my room all night long, a thing I ain't used to, and I couldn't sleep on account of it."
"Why didn't you blow it out?" asked his wife.
"Blow it out? How could I? The flame thing was inside a bottle!"

A Logical Sentence.
A lawyer defending a man accused of housebreaking said:
"Your honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open and merely inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offense committed only by one of his limbs."
"That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."
The defendant, with his lawyer's assistance, unscrewed his cork arm and leaving it in the dock, walked out.

MONTANA BRIEFLETS.

SHORT ITEMS OF NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE STATE.

What Has Happened in Montana During the Past Few Days.

HELENA, May 28.—The case against W. R. Holland, charging with wearing an Elks' pin, was submitted to Judge Clements on an agreed statement of facts and he was found guilty. He was fined \$50. The case came up originally in the justice's court.

HELENA, May 28.—The railroad commission made an order today that after June 1 no railroad operating in Montana must discontinue either a station or a station agent, without first giving notice to the commission of such contemplated action. The order was made as the result of many complaints which have been received from shippers who, upon coming to a station, find they cannot buy tickets or ship freight.

BUTTE, May 28.—No compromise will be effected between Sheriff Henderson and the fight promoters of Butte. The law says there shall be no boxing matches and the sheriff will enforce the law. No attempt to evade the statute through the organization of an athletic club will serve the purpose. As a result, the six-round boxing match advertised to be pulled off at the Holland rink tonight, has been indefinitely postponed.

HELENA, May 28.—The plan recently presented to the manufacturers and commercial bodies in the state by the officers of the state fair association, looking to the establishment in Helena of a permanent exhibit of Montana products to be open every day in the year, and consisting of agricultural, mineral and manufactured products, has met with such hearty indorsement outside of Helena that it was announced today the project would be carried out.

HELENA, May 28.—Major B. H. Cheever, for the past two years in charge of the United States army recruiting stations in Montana, with headquarters in Helena, has been transferred to command of the cavalry at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and will go there in August. He will be succeeded in Montana by Lieutenant Robert O. Ragsdale of the Third infantry. Major Cheever is fifth in seniority on the list of majors in the United States army and will be promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel within a year.

LEWISTOWN, May 30.—The big Kindschey and Camastral ranch, on the Judith has been sold to Illinois capitalists, the sellers retaining the livestock and giving possession of the land next spring. The consideration is understood to have been \$15 an acre.

MISSOULA, May 30.—The Big Blackfoot Milling company has closed down all its logging camps on the Blackfoot and Nine-Mile sections. The continued wet weather makes the roads so bad that logging is impossible. The sawmills will not shut down.

LEWISTOWN, May 30.—M. B. Lytle of Drake, N. D., yesterday purchased a site for an elevator near the depot, and announces that he will have it up by the time the grain is moving in the fall. The Montana Elevator company will soon begin the erection of a large elevator here, and the Western Grain and Elevator company is also having plans prepared for such a structure.

BUTTE, May 30.—The man whose body was found in a lodging house here yesterday with his throat cut from ear to ear, proved to be Edward Smith, a lumber jack from Potomac, a small place near Missoula. Those on the scene early in the day and before the body was removed were inclined to the opinion that a murder had been committed, basing their view on the position of the body on the bed and the condition of the bed clothing.

HELENA, June 1.—The report of State Treasurer Rice for May shows a balance of \$1,044,029 on hand at the of the month. The state now has resources aggregating \$3,000,000, the total of the bond investments being almost \$2,000,000.

HELENA, June 1.—In accordance with an ordinance passed a month ago, Chief of Police Flannery today dispensed with the services of Captain Bailey and three roundsmen. The latter refused to deliver their accoutrements and are still on the streets doing duty. They profess to believe they can retain positions under the metropolitan police enactment of the recent legislature.

BOZEMAN, June 1.—Many people, families of ranchers, fled to the hills during the rain last night, at a report that the Mystic lake dam, 35 miles above Bozeman, on Bozeman creek, had gone out. After a night on the mountains the refugees returned to find the rumor unfounded, as the dam is intact and apparently holding its own, despite the unusual freshet.

HELENA, June 1.—May, 1908, the month which closed yesterday, has been the wettest month experienced in Helena for 28 years, or since a weather

bureau station was established in the city. The month just closed broke all previous records for precipitation in the month of May, by some inches, and furthermore it broke all records for precipitation in any month for the past 28 years. During the past 31 days 6.14 inches of rain fell.

HELENA, June 1.—Granville Stuart, librarian of the Butte free library, speaking here before the Civic club on the early days of the west, said that in 1852, while crossing the plains, the party of which he was a member passed 1,000 graves in 200 miles, as the result of a plague which raged in that section at the time, carrying off men, women and children of the emigrants who were traveling westward.

Price of His Treason.
Benedict Arnold died in London June 14, 1801. His life after his treason was a most unhappy one. He was avoided by men of honor and on many occasions deliberately insulted. He received a considerable sum of money from the British government and made several unsuccessful attempts to engage in business in British America and the West Indies and finally returned to London, where he died in obscurity. His second son, born in 1780, entered the British army in 1798, served with credit in many parts of the world and three years before his death in 1854 was made a lieutenant general.—Household Companion.

Running No Risk.
"What," asks the maiden aunt, "going to marry that Mr. Newwun? Why, you hardly know the man, Imogene. In the few days you have been acquainted with him you cannot possibly have learned anything of his family or antecedents or habits or personal circumstances."

"That is true, Aunt Keturah. But you have always told me that no woman who knows anything about a man will marry him."—Success Magazine.

A Definition.
"Paw," asked a thoughtful lad, wrinkling his brow, "what's a pessimist?"
"A pessimist, John J.," replied his father, "is a man who, after a cyclone has blown his house away with him in it, goes back and grumbles at his lot."
—Puck.

The Charges.
Ford—Your lawyer made some very severe charges against the defendant, didn't he? Brown—Ye-e-e-e, but you ought to see how he charged me! —Liverpool Mercury.

Great minds are wills; others, only wishes.—German Proverb.

INSTANT RELIEF OF ITCHING HUMOR

Limbs Below the Knees Were Raw—Feet Too Swollen to Get Shoes On—Sleep Completely Broken by Intense Itching and Burning—Well in Two Days and Says That

CUTICURA IS AMONG HIS HOUSEHOLD GODS

"God bless the man who first compounded Cuticura. Some two months ago I had a humor break out on my limbs below my knees. They came to look like raw beefsteak, all red, and no one knows how they itched and burned. They were so swollen that I had to split my drawers open to get them on and could not get my shoes on for a week or more. I used five or six different remedies and got no help, only when applying them the burning was worse and the itching less. One morning I remembered that I had a bit of Cuticura and tried it. From the moment it touched me the itching was gone and I have not felt a bit of it since. The swelling went down and in two days I had my shoes on and was about as usual. I only wish I had used the Cuticura Remedies in the first of my troubles. They would have saved me two or three weeks of intense suffering. During that time I did not sleep an hour at a time, but was up applying such remedies as I had. Henceforth the Cuticura Remedies will be among my household gods, rest assured. George B. Farley, 50 South State St., Concord, N. H., May 14, 1907."

FOR BABY RASHES

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The suffering which Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have alleviated among the young, and the comfort they have afforded worn-out and worried parents, have led to their adoption in countless homes as priceless for the skin and scalp. Infantile and birth humors, scalded-head, eczemas, rashes, itches, chafings, and every form of itching, scaly, pimply skin and scalp humors, with loss of hair, are speedily, permanently and economically cured.

LEGAL BLANKS.

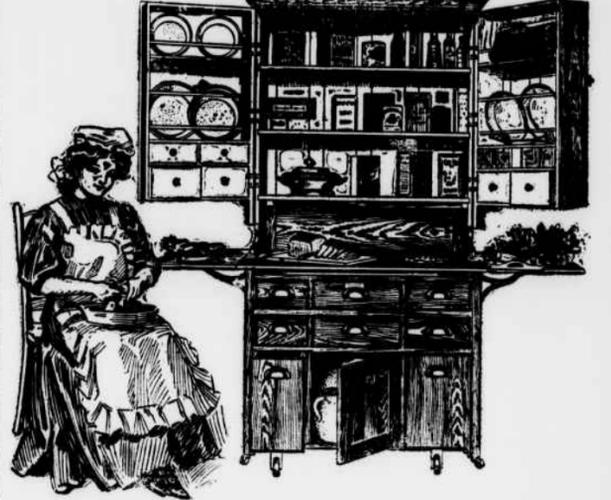
Water Rights, for recording	Per do	50
Water Rights, for posting		25
Chattel Mortgages		75
Real Estate Mortgages		75
Satisfaction of Mortgage		35
Warranty Deeds		50
Quit Claim Deeds		50
Bills of Sale		50
Quartz location, for recording		50
Quartz location, for posting		50
Assignment of brand		30
Butchers' record blanks		50
Promissory Notes, per book of 100		75
Receipt Books, with stub		50

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