

The Scrap Book

The Condemned.
The family had heard that bachelor Uncle Joe was going to get married, and there had been much caustic comment over the coming event, mingled with many expressions of sympathy for his fate at the hands of the designing woman who had captured him, all of which were overheard by the keen and open eared six-year-old boy of the family.
"Pa," said the youngster one day, "I hear Uncle Joe is going to be married next week."
"Yes," said the father. "Uncle Joe has only three days more."
The little boy sighed. "The last three days," he said, "they give them everything to eat that they ask for, don't they, pa?"

Striving.
If all the end of this continuous striving were simply to attain,
How poor would seem the planning and contriving,
The endless urging and the hurried driving
Of body, heart and brain!
But ever in the wake of true achieving
There shines this glowing trail—
Some other soul will be spurred on, conceiving
New strength and hope, in its own power believing,
Because thou didst not fail.

Not thine alone the glory nor the sorrow
If thou dost miss the goal.
Undreamed of lives in many a far tomorrow
From thee their weakness or their force shall borrow.
On, on, ambitious soul!
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Good Definition.
In one of the New York schools several of the children in one class failed on the definition of the word bachelor. The teacher, to impress the meaning of the word on the minds of the pupils, told the class to look up the word that night and come prepared with a good definition the next day.
When the question was taken up at the next session the first little girl who was asked to define the word answered with a confident and smiling air. "A bachelor is a very happy man."
The teacher grew interested. "Are you sure that is correct?" she asked the little one.
"Oh, yes," was the prompt reply. "Father told me so."

Knew Who Used It.
Charles H. Hoyt, New England's great playwright, once visited a small town in Pennsylvania where there is a hotel they say George Washington, the Father of His Country, used to stop at when he passed through. In it they have a room he is said to have occupied at times.
Hoyt came through there once with one of his attractions. He arrived at the hotel after all the members of the company had been assigned rooms.
One of the company was given the Washington room, and Hoyt received a poor room on the top floor, the proprietor not knowing who he was.
When he came downstairs later the gentleman who had got the good room said, "Mr. Hoyt, they have given me the room that they used to give George Washington when he came here."
"Well," said Hoyt, "the one they have given me must be the one they gave Benedict Arnold when he came."

A Stickler For Rules.
Billy Grimes was a sailor, and he knew a sailor's duty and how to obey orders. Off a foreign port one night Billy Grimes leaned over the side in answer to a hall.
"Ahoy!" he said.
"Ahoy!" was the reply. "Lower down your ship's ladder, shipmate."
"You can't come aboard here to-night," said Billy.
"Lower away, you lubber," said the voice below impatiently. "I must come aboard. I'm the river pilot."
"I don't care," said Billy, "if you're Punchus Pilot, I'll stick to the ship's rules."

Too Eager For Work.
Dr. John S. Buiet, the southern surgeon, said in one of his surgical lectures at a state college:
"It is always in rather bad taste for a physician to boast of being busy. Physicians, undertakers and gravediggers only cause discomfort when they allude to good times and prosperity. There was an old man applied to the minister of the little village of Paint Rock for the post of gravedigger. His references were good, and the minister agreed to assign him to the churchyard. He was to be paid so much a grave. The gravedigger haggled over the price, finally accepting it.
"But will I get steady work?" he demanded.
"Steady work?" said the minister. "Land's sake, man, with steady work you'd bury all Paint Rock in a week!"

The Whole Law.
When one mockingly asked Hittell if he would teach him the whole law while he stood on one foot the rabbi replied: "What you would not like done to yourself do not to thy neighbor. This is the whole law. All the rest is a commentary on it. Go learn this."
Not What He Wanted.
A Scotsman walked into a Montreal bookshop and, as the assistant thought, asked for Robert Burns. On being told this the proprietor of the shop himself got down three or four editions of the poet and took them to the waiting Scotsman. The customer, however, shook his head hopelessly and said, "It's nae Robert Burns I askit for, but rubber bands!"

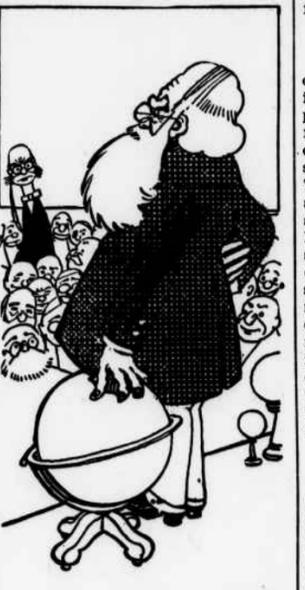
USED AGAINST HER.
Congratulations the Actress Received on Her Engagement.
A London music hall belle who had just successfully "landed" an old and wealthy nobleman sued an unpopular manager, alleging that he had not paid her sufficiently well for her engagement at his hall. She won the case and was immediately inundated with flowery congratulations from her friends, all of whom were glad to see the manager go down.
Not content with her victory, however, the belle must needs crow over her beaten manager by packing up the choicest of these telegrams and dispatching them to his house, with the intimation that he might make what use of them he thought proper.
She regretted this last concession the next morning. Taking her at her word, the manager pasted the telegrams on a board outside the music hall, headed them "What Miss Flightie's friends think of her engagement" and left the public to assume which engagement, the professional or the matrimonial, was meant.
Then followed such messages as "Good for you, old girl!" "Planned the old horror at last!" "Don't let him wriggle off the hook!" "Stick to him till you get the dibs!" "Congratulations on your splendid haul!"
Another action for damages against the manager is now pending.

Sammy Told.
Mrs. Smith was showing a visitor a new hatteree she had recently purchased when little Samuel came in and neglected to remove his hat. Thinking to teach him a lesson she said, "Samuel, what did I buy that hatteree for?"
"For \$1.98," answered Samuel promptly, "but you said I wasn't to tell anybody."

He Could Go.
At the death of the Duke of Wellington the whole diplomatic corps was invited to the funeral at St. Paul's. The French ambassador on receiving his invitation was very much upset. He hurried off to his colleague of Russia, Baron Brunnow, and confided to him the difficulty in which he was placed.
"The queen," he said, "expects us to go to St. Paul's to the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. How can I go, considering the injuries which the duke inflicted on my country? What shall I do?"
Baron Brunnow listened gravely to his colleague's exposition and then replied. "As the duke is dead," he said, "I think you can safely go to the funeral. If you were asked to attend his resurrection I should say refuse the invitation."

Life.
Life is a good deal of a puzzle, but if we were more resolute in our determination to enrich it by worthy service than we are in our desire to solve its mysteries we should be happier. If we put more into it we should get more out of it.—Epworth Herald.

Not in His Lifetime.
A well known scientist was lecturing on the sun's heat and in the course of his remarks said: "It is an established fact that the sun is gradually but surely losing its heat and in the course of some 70,000,000 years it will be exhausted. Consequently this world



"HOW MANY YEARS DID YOU SAY IT WOULD BE?"
of ours will be dead and, like the moon, unable to support any form of life."
At this juncture a member of his audience rose in an excited manner and said:
"Pardon me, professor, but how many years did you say it would be before this calamity overtakes us?"
The Professor—Seventy millions, sir.
"Thank God!" was the reply. "I thought you said 7,000,000."—Success Magazine.

Time to Rebel.
For three weeks he had borne all the horrors of housecleaning without a murmur. Then his patience gave way.
"And you," sobbed his wife—"you used to tell me I was your queen."
"Yes," he said, with a wild glare in his eyes, "but when a man finds his queen has used his best tobacco jar for pale oak varnish and his meerschaum pipe for a tack hammer he begins to grasp the advantages of a republic."

SELF CLEANING BRUSH.
Apparatus For Bath Use and Other Household Purposes.
The device which is illustrated in the accompanying engraving is particularly adapted for use as a bath brush, although with slight modifications it may be used as a scrubbing brush for floors, windows and similar articles. The brush is provided with an inner revolvable part, arranged like a water wheel, to be revolved by a stream of water, which is supplied from a faucet through the brush handle. The water serves to keep the bristles clean.
The outer ring A of the brush is formed with a spider, B, in which the inner ring or wheel C is journaled. The ring A is fitted with two rows of bristles arranged to form a continuous brush surface. The spokes of the inner wheel also carry bristles, the ends of which are at the same level as those of the outer ring.
Formed on the periphery of the wheel is a series of buckets, D, which open through the rim. The hollow handle of the brush communicates by means of a branched pipe, E, with two nozzles, F and G, which are arranged to direct streams of water against the



REVOLVING BATH BRUSH.
buckets and thus rotate the wheel C. The water passes through the buckets to the inner side of the wheel and is dashed against the radial rows of bristles. The bristles are thus kept continually wet, and the water flowing over them serves to keep them clean. The top of the brush is covered by a casing which prevents the water from splashing upward. A patent on this improved brush has been secured by Mr. M. A. Dickison of Phoenix, Ariz.

Handy Concrete Mixer.
A combination barrow and concrete mixer is now made for small jobs and repair work and saves much time in the manipulation and transportation of the materials required. The barrow, loaded with the sand, cement and water, is wheeled up to a small cradle arrangement, where a cover fits down over the barrow body and at the same time a number of blades sink into the mass. The mass is then churned by the blades until it has become thoroughly mixed, which requires but a few minutes, on account of the great efficiency of the blades. The turning may be done by hand power, but where it is convenient this work may be done by steam or electrical power. A device of this kind is also designed for use on farms and other places of a like character, where concrete is becoming very popular because of its great convenience and pliability and where it is largely used as a substitute for wood in a great variety of work.

Testing the Eyesight.
Roman letters of various sizes are commonly employed by oculists in testing acuteness of vision. Recent experiments by Guillery show great differences in the ease with which the different letters are recognized by the same person, says Scientific American. T is especially difficult of recognition and is apt to be mistaken for Y. By a similar optical illusion the angle of L is rounded off, making the letter resemble a reversed J. V is the easiest of all letters to recognize, and O presents little difficulty. K is more easily recognized than H, which resembles it closely, and both N and Z are easily recognized. A is easily guessed at from its general form, but is difficult of positive recognition, including distinct perception of the horizontal line. E and F are among the most difficult of all the letters.

Reclamation in California.
The largest of all the schemes of reclamation contemplated by the government has recently been undertaken by the engineers of the Sacramento valley. Its ultimate object is to control the flow from a watershed of over 4,000 square miles and to improve the two great rivers of California. When the task is completed over 600,000 acres of rich land, which at present is dry and sun baked during eight months of the year, will have been brought under irrigation, and large areas of bottom land which at present are subject to annual overflow and great destruction by the floods will have been reclaimed.

Safety on the Rail.
The many improvements which have been made both in track and rolling stock, to say nothing of the introduction of block signaling, are beginning to tell in the direction of lowering the list of fatalities and injuries. The Pennsylvania railway is to be congratulated on its remarkable record of the past year, during which, although it carried a total of 141,659,543 passengers, not one was killed.

Wood For Water Tanks.
Water tanks of white pine used on railway work, states the Engineering Record, have in the past had a maximum life of twenty years, while the maximum life of cypress is twenty-five years.

THE CUCKOO.
Curious Superstitions That Are Connected With the Bird.
There is a popular belief that whatever one is doing when first one hears the cuckoo that will be what one will most frequently do during the year.
In many parts of Scotland and in the northern counties of England people turn their money in their pockets on hearing the first call of the cuckoo, as this, they say, insures a lucky year. In the counties bordering in Wales not only do they do this, but they also have a wish at the same time, this wish being kept secret, of course. To have a gold coin in one's pocket when the cuckoo's call is first heard insures good luck for the rest of the year. The German peasants declare that after St. John's day the bird changes into a sparrow hawk.
The Danes have a curious legend regarding this bird. When the village girls hear its first call they kiss their hands and repeat, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be married?" As many times as the bird calls "cuckoo" in answer, so many years will the maiden have to wait. The old folk, bent and bowed with rheumatism and age, ask instead, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be released from this world's cares?" and the answer comes in the same way. So occupied is the poor bird in answering these questions, say the Danes, that she never has time to build her nest, so is forced to lay her eggs in the nest of another bird.—Planet.

A GREWSOME BEQUEST.
Extraordinary Legacy by the Father of Lord Audley.
Probably the most grewsome bequest ever named in a will was that made by Philip Thicknesse, a dissipated Englishman, who died in 1792. Some years before his death he had quarreled bitterly with his son, Lord Audley, and to spite him had placed on the outside of the family mansion a board bearing this inscription in large black letters:
"Boots and shoes mended, carpets beat, etc., etc., by P. Thicknesse, father of Lord Audley."
Finding he was about to die, he sent for his lawyer and drew up a will containing the following extraordinary clause: "I leave my right hand, to be cut off after my death, to my son, Lord Audley. I desire it may be sent to him in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God after having so long abandoned the duty he owed to a father who once so affectionately loved him."
The dead man's wishes were scrupulously carried out, and his severed hand, inclosed in a hermetically sealed leaden casket, was forwarded to his son. There is no record as to how Lord Audley received his unwelcome legacy or how he disposed of it.—New York Press.

Beggars of Bombay.
The nuisance caused by beggars in Bombay has assumed unbearable proportions. The orientals practice charity as a religious obligation and relieve poverty where they find it. Recitals from Kabit and Marabal never fail to touch the innermost chords of the natives with their innate reverence for spiritualism, and the faker backs up his appeal for alms with profuse quotations from the poets. Then there are lay beggars and religious beggars, the ash besmeared ascetics who practice mendicancy as a hereditary profession. Last and not least are the unfortunate sufferers from the loss of limbs or eyes or some fell disease disables for work and drives them to beggary as the last resource. These latter have a genuine claim on our charity, but as there are so few asylums in India for the halt, the maim and the blind the streets and byways of towns are flooded with beggars, pitiful types of suffering humanity.—Rash Gaffar.

The Lace Curtain.
Just why there must be lace curtains even where there is no piano or rubber plant or gilt chair has never been explained to the entire satisfaction of man. He only knows that there must and lets it go at that. It often seems to him that if he could have his way, which is out of the question, of course, there wouldn't be lace curtains, at least above the cellar floor. They are in the way when windows are to be lowered or raised; they are apt to blow into the gas and burn down the house, and alarm is constantly sounded for fear the man will soil or tear them. They do not serve to keep out the light when there is too much of it, and the dog can't toast himself in the sun without getting tangled in them.
Still, there are lace curtains everywhere, and that is all there is to it.—Providence Tribune.

Suspension Bridges.
There is no doubt that the first idea of a suspension bridge was suggested to primitive man by the interlacing of tree branches and parasitical plants across rivers. Probably monkeys used them before men did. In very mountainous countries, such as Tibet and Peru, they have apparently been used since the dawn of history, possibly earlier.

Who Taught Her Caution?
Isabel, aged four, was talking to an imaginary friend over the telephone, when her mother heard her say: "Wait a minute, Rocky. My brother is right here listening to all you say, and my mother is in the room too. Don't tell me about it now."—Dellmeator.

Careless.
Visitor—So that's Miss Overton. Don't you think she carries her age remarkably well? Artist—No, I don't. She has dropped several years of it to my personal knowledge.—Illustrated Bits.

MONTANA BRED RAMS FOR SALE

We are again in the field this season with a nice lot of Spanish and Delaine Merino rams, and would be glad to show them to wool growers at our N. S. ranch near Cascade.
Steadily contending through good and evil report that the primary mission of the Merino is and should be wool production, by refusing to cater to the passing whims of the hour and permitting no departure from the principle contended for, in directing the breeding lines of these sheep, we are able to present in combination those wool requirements—great length of staple, weight, density and character of fleece—together with size, strength and stylish appearance of individual, which has enabled these sheep to hold their own against the field in Montana.
Cheerful acknowledgment has been accorded their worth in past years by range growers in every part of the state, supporting our claim that they give better value for the money than higher priced rams from abroad, which require to be dipped and incur the added expense, risk and inconvenience of a long quarantine detention.

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