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W. D. KNIGHT. S. GORDON.

No SEN against THE YELLOWSTONE JOURNAL...

Thursday, February 17, 1887.

UNDER the incorporation laws of Montana is a provision in regard to the rights of stockholders...

JAMES E. QUINN, master workman of the famous New York "District 49," testified the other day before the legislative committee...

AN illustration of the progress of the principle of civil service reform is to be found in the action of the House Committee on reform in the Civil Service...

JUDGE BLAKE, of Virginia City, who is one of the leading members of the house of representatives...

PULLING HEMP.

The Experience of a Man Who Knows What It Is To Be Hanged.

"You may talk about mad elephants let loose, and circus tigers on the rampage," said a man from Western Michigan the other day...

"Four years ago I came into possession of three or four pieces of property in Southern Indiana, and I went down to look them over...

"One morning, almost before anybody in the town was astir, and while I was taking a before-breakfast walk a stranger came along a-tride of a fine animal...

"It was a sorrel horse, spotted with white, and one to be recognized and identified on sight by any one who had ever seen him before...

"After proceeding about ten miles, I turned to the left, and had gone about three miles when a band of horsemen, about a dozen strong, came riding from the opposite direction at a gallop...

"He claimed to be a resident of Vincennes, and to have purchased the horse in New Albany...

"I was congratulated by the villagers on my purchase, and soon after breakfast set off for the South...

"After proceeding about ten miles, I turned to the left, and had gone about three miles when a band of horsemen, about a dozen strong, came riding from the opposite direction at a gallop...

"I was astonished, of course, half believing I had fallen in with a band of robbers, but they quickly gave me to understand to the contrary...

"It didn't strike me that I looked like a horse thief, but those men were mad and excited, and they had me out on the saddle in a minute...

"They were going to hang an innocent man, and you can wager that I did some of the most vigorous kicking of my life...

"While they were noosing me and running the free end over a limb, I kept up my chin music, and one of the crowd became half convinced that I was telling the truth...

"Five or six men walked off with the rope and up I went. They let me hang for a few seconds and then lowered me, but only to repeat the dose twice more...

"I had fainted dead away, and when they poured whiskey down my throat and revived me it seemed as if my neck was two feet long...

"The chap of whom I had purchased the animal, and who was, of course, the real thief, was so elated over the sale that he forgot himself and remained in Jasper to get drunk...

"I thought they would tear him to pieces then and there, but after being him to a state of insensibility he was carried off into the country a couple of miles and left hanging beside the highway...

"I got back \$300 of my money, and as it was handed to me by the leader, he said: 'Stranger, we beg pardon for stretching your neck, but next time you buy a horse in this State be a little careful to buy of the real owner.'"

THE WEIGHT OF A WORD.

Have you ever thought of the weight of a word?

That falls in the heart like the song of a bird.

And gladdens the springtime of memory and youth.

And garlands with cedar the banner of Truth.

That moistens the harvesting spot of the brain.

Like dewdrops that fall on a meadow of grain.

Or that shrivels the germ and destroys the fruit.

And lies like a worm at the lifeless root?

I saw a farmer at break of day.

Hoing his corn in a careful way.

An enemy came with a drouth in his eye,

Discouraged the worker and hurried by.

The keen-edged blade of the faithful hoe

Dulled on the earth in the long corn row;

The weeds sprung up and their feathers tossed

Over the field, and the crop was—lost.

A sailor launched on an angry bay

When the heavens entombed the face of the day;

The wind arose like a beast in pain,

And shook on the billows his yellow mane;

The storm beat down as if cursed the cloud,

And the waves held up a dripping shroud—

But, hark! over the waters that wildly raved

Came a word of cheer, and he was—saved.

A poet passed with a song of God

His lips were framed to pronounce the thought,

And the music of rhythm its magic wrought;

Feeble at first was the happy trill,

Low was the echo that answered the hill,

But a jealous friend spoke near his side,

And on his lips the sweet song—died.

A woman paused where a chandelier

Threw in the darkness its poisoned spear;

Wearied and footsore from journeying long,

She had strayed unawares from the right to the wrong.

Angels were beckoning her back from the den,

Hell and his demons were beckoning her in;

The lone of an archer, like one who forgives,

Drew her back, and in heaven that sweet word—lives.

Words! Words! They are little, yet mighty and brave;

They rescue a nation, an empire save—

They close up the gaps in a fresh bleeding heart

That sickness and sorrow have severed apart.

They fall on the path, like a ray of the sun,

Where the shadows of death lay so heavy upon.

They lighten the earth over our blessed dead,

A word that will comfort, oh! leave not un-said.

SIGNS OF LOOK.

Information for the Superstitious and of Interest to Everybody.

Dream of eggs, sign of money. Dream of snakes, sign of enemies. If you sing before breakfast you'll cry before supper.

Dreaming of muddy or rushing water brings trouble. Finding a horseshoe or four leaved clover brings good luck. If you cut your nails or sneeze on Saturday you do it "for evil."

She who takes the last stitch at a quilting will be the first to marry. If you cannot make up a handsome bed your husband will have a homey nose.

If you spill the salt some one will be "mad" with you unless you put some in the fire. Stub your right toe, you are going where you are wanted; your left, where you are not wanted.

If the cock crows on the fence, the weather will be fair; if on the doorstep, he will bring company. If the first Sunday in the month is unpleasant there will be one pleasant Sunday during the month.

If by any chance a mourning hat or bonnet is placed upon your head you will need one of your own soon. If your right ear burns, some one is praising you; if your left, your friends are taking you over the coals.

Returning to the house for a moment after having once started out will bring bad luck unless you sit down. When, in dropping a fork, it strikes the floor and stands upright, it will bring a gentleman visitor; if a knife, a lady.

While at the washboard, if the suds splash on wet the clothes you wear you will have a drunken husband. If you drop your dishcloth you will have company; also if you sweep a black mark or if two chairs stand accidentally back to back.

If a baby sees his face in the glass it will be the death of him. If his nails are cut he will be a thief. If he tumbles out of bed at night he will be a fool.

Break a mirror, sign of death. Death is also foretold by a dog howling under a window, hearing a mournful wove, a strange dove hovering about, or dreaming of a white horse.

If you see the new moon through a glass you will have sorrow as long as it lasts. If you see it fair in the face you will have a fall. Over the left shoulder, bad luck; over the right, good luck.

THE ARTIST AND THE BABOON.

The San Francisco Examiner publishes the story of an artist in Africa, who left off sketching to kill a boa constrictor, and had a surprise on his return.

When I got back to my easel, chair and umbrella, I was nearly dum-founded at seeing a tribe of baboons playing with my painting materials.

Two little fellows were up among the ribs of the umbrella, and another had his head out through a tent in the top. He looked like a little sweep with his head through the chimney on a frosty morning.

It was one of the most comical things in the monkey line I ever witnessed.

One big baboon was exploring with all his might the contents of a box of flake wax, while the other was dabbing the muzzle of a little baby that was sitting on its mother's back, she herself being engaged in breaking the handles and pulling out the hairs of my brushes.

I never, in any monkey cage or menagerie, saw so many different colored monkeys.

One big fellow, painted half red, half blue, with a great white patch over his left eye, was putting his canvas (now twined into a rope) from a big old woman, with two squalling baby monkeys with white muzzles and pink hair.

Half a dozen others were fighting for the easel like sailors playing 'the tug of war.'

Laying down my serpent's skin, I opened fire on them. Talk of scampering! The family opened out, running to all points of the compass.

Baboons in green, yellow, pink, purple, scarlet, white, with black spots, and black with yellow and every color spots! Such a variety of uniforms you never saw. Big fellows, four feet high; little fellows, crying and squalling for their mothers' mothers looking and crying for the babies.

The excitement over, I went up to clear the wreck.

If you can imagine the undivided attention of a band of two hundred baboons, for about two hours, to the limited space occupied by an artist's kit, you will have some idea of what the ruin was, which I have attempted to describe.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

One-half of the earth's solid surface is buried in the abyssal regions of the ocean, and exists at unvarying plains beneath a watery covering from two to five miles thick.

On this land at the bottom of the deep sea, the director of the Challenger publications tells us, the conditions presented are most uniform.

The temperature, near the freezing-point of fresh water, does not exceed seven degrees in range, and is constant throughout the year in any locality. Sunlight and plant life are absent, and, although animals of the larger types are present, there is no great variety of form or abundance of individuals. Change of any kind is exceedingly slow.

At the greatest depths deposits are chiefly a red clay mixed with fragments of volcanic matter, remains of deep sea animals, cosmic dust, manganese-iron nodules and zeolitic crystals. No analogous deposits have been traced on dry land, although the continents are mainly made up of rocks which must have formed under the sea near the coasts.

Throughout all geological time the deposits of the continent bordering waters appear to have been forced up into dry land through the contraction of the earth, while the abyssal regions have remained the most permanent areas of the earth's surface.

ART AT THE HUB.

An artist who gives lessons in the city has for some time been discouraged over the fact that he cannot make his pupils "feel."

The other day when one of the most attractive and promising was giving the finishing touches to the portrait of a young man who had been sitting for her, the teacher suddenly interrupted her work by saying:

"You can never paint that lip unless you feel it."

Her picture is finished and in every way satisfactory.—(Boston Record.)

New Use for Soapstone.

As a finish or covering for walls and ceilings pulverized steatite is coming into use quite satisfactorily. It is simply soapstone. It takes a high polish, is pearl gray in tint, is said to present the best possible surface for painting, either in oil or water color, and, what is very desirable, will neither crack nor chip. It is claimed for it that it is a non-conductor and non-absorbent; that it can be washed without injury; nails can be driven into it without damage; when subject to heat, moisture and chemical fumes it gives no smell, and it does not turn yellow with age. It is thought to be specially adapted for hospitals, factories, cellars, markets, etc.—Boston Budget.

Hay in Norway.

Hay is so scarce to feed the stock in winter that the Norwegians resort to what would seem to us the most ridiculous economy, going over every scattering patch along the roadside and the fields. It is cut with the sickle and dried for hay. Owing to the constant rains they have what look like fences or racks placed in their fields at all sorts of angles, and when the grass is cut it is twisted roughly over these fences sufficiently tight to hold it there and yet to let the wind blow readily through it so as to dry it quickly.—Col. George Bliss in New York Times.

Cast of Liszt's Head.

The plaster cast of Liszt's head taken after death is now on view at Giesse's establishment in Bayreuth. The cast is said to be most successful. The head rests upon a cushion wreathed with laurel. The features are reproduced with startling accuracy; those who have seen Liszt in sleep know the gentle expression of peace which shone in his face and which is also noticeable in this cast.—Boston Transcript.



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