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Friday, May 12, 1893.

"OUR TOM."

The people of Montana without regard to politics should feel a pride in the formal selection of Hon. Thos. H. Carter by the republican national committee as its permanent chairman. There was that about his selection for this position last fall, just on the eve of the campaign, and after the honor had been successively declined by two or three men who were nationally prominent, that invested it with the attributes of a "Hobson's choice" nor was the conditions bettered by the unsuccessful outcome of the campaign. It was natural that the eastern papers who know but little of the west and less of its people, should take the opportunity afforded by Mr. Harrison's defeat to charge up to the inexperience of the national chairman, and a great deal of this kind of talk was indulged in, some of it humorous and much of it spiteful and malicious, but the whirligig of time which rights all wrongs and evens up all differences, has brought a thorough vindication of Mr. Carter, in the deliberate action of the national committee recently in session at Louisville, Ky. That he should be unanimously elected to the permanent chairmanship of the republican national committee, at a time when the first lines of attack are being laid for the struggle of 1896, is a compliment to the man much greater than was his hurried and perhaps enforced selection of last fall. It is rarely that defeat adds to the reputation of a general, and only when it is seen by the light of subsequent events, that the plans and conduct of the campaign were masterful, even though the results were unfortunate. It was in this sense that the people of Montana have always regarded "Tom" Carter and it will be with much satisfaction that they will view the action of the meeting at Louisville, as evidencing that their estimate of the man is not only the correct one but that he is winning his way in the broad field of national politics where it requires commanding ability to win. We congratulate Mr. Carter, and believe that every citizen of the state feels a pride in his advancement.

An Idyl of the Sunshine.

The girl was fair. Soft blue her eyes as the skies, and pink and white her cheeks as the mountain peaks at sunrise, and golden light her hair as the moonlight air.

Ah, she was very fair.

Uncrowned save by her tossing tresses, she stood facing the east, and the sun came and kissed her.

Kissed her long and lovingly.

Her mother saw her there and called to her.

"Let me linger here, dear mother," pleaded the fair being. "The air is so sweet, the fragrance of the flowers so rich. The skies above me are so tenderly blue, and, mother dear, I feel as if I were a little queen standing here in the glorious reign of the sun."

The mother appeared at the door.

"Fudge!" she exclaimed. "You ought to have sense enough to come in out of that sort of a reign. Don't you know you'll be freckled worse than a turkey egg?"

And a heavy black cloud rose up and swiped the sun across the face.—Detroit Free Press

Children Over Six Hundred Years Ago.

Somebody has unearthed a book written by Bartholomew Anglicus about 1260, of which one of the most amusing chapters is on the children of his day. Of these he writes: "They dread no perils more than beating with a rod, and they love an apple more than gold and make more sorrow and woe for the loss of an apple than for the loss of a heritage. They desire all that they see and pray and ask with voice and with hand. They keep no counsel, but they tell all that they hear and see. Suddenly they laugh, and suddenly they weep. Always they cry and jangle and jape; that unneth they be still while they sleep. When they be washed of filth, anon they defile themselves again. When their mother washeth and combeth them, they kick and sprawl and put with feet and with hands, and withstand with all their might." All of which sounds very modern and up to date.

Saul, the first king of Israel, killed himself rather than be slain by the Philistines. Defeated in battle and his kingdom gone, he had nothing to live for.

The Greeks staked their faith on No. "3;" the oracles were consulted three times; the tripod was sacred to the gods, and so forth.

The visitor who is easily entertained is an entertaining person and is generally welcome, even if he have many faults.

It is averred that a sausage and a slice of bread and butter compose the Prince of Wales' breakfast five mornings out of six.

HUMOR

SHE TELEPHONED.

Mrs. Van Smith Found Out at Last That Her Husband Was There.

"Hel-lo!" said Mrs. Van Smith sweetly as she took down the telephone receiver without thinking to ring. "Hello! [A pause.] Oh, dear! Hel-lo-o! Why don't they answer? [Another pause.] Oh, I forgot to ring. How absurd! [Rings.] Hello! Is this— Oh, why are they so slow? Hello! Say, hello! [Rings again.] Oh, that's them at last. Well, say, is this Mr. Van— Oh, hello! [Sundry rings and pauses.] Is this Mr. Van Smith? [A pause.] Is this Mr. Van Smith? [Another pause.] Is this Mr.— Why don't you answer me? Oh, hello, hello! Who—is—this? [Pause.] Oh, central office! Why, I don't want any central office. I want the Van Smith Consolidated Cheese company. I want Mr. Van Smith— V-a-n-s-m— [Interruption and pause.] What number? How do I know what— Directory! Telephone directory? Where? Tied to this 'phone? Oh! All right! [Espies telephone directory at right of transmitter and opens it.] Let's see; Van, v—p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w—v comes between u and w. Oh, here it is; the Van Smith Consol— Main No. 4,022. [Into the 'phone.] Say, hello! Oh, my good gracious. I've got to ring again. [Sundry further wild rings and subsequent pauses.] At last! Is that you? [A pause.] My, what impudence! I mean, who is this? Well, give me—[Aside]—where is that telephone book? Wait a minute. [Consults directory.] Give me main No. 4,022! Four, yes, four, that's it. [Long pause, varied by moaned and muttered "hellos."] Say, who is this? Is this Mr. Van Smi— Well, say—who—what—why, I am close to the 'phone—as close as I can get. [Louder.] Is this Mr. Van Smith? Well, is he there? Well, say, will it be too much trouble to let him know that if he's there somebody wants to see him? Tell him I want to see him. Yes, I! It's me wants to see him. [Saddened voice, scarcely audible, coming from the 'phone: "Madam, will you kindly gather together you intellectual forces to explain who you are? The supply of 'me's' is practically unlimited."] [Mrs. Van Smith continuing.] Oh! The mean thing! I'm Mrs. Van Smith. [Long pause.] Who is this? [Ecstatically.] Charlie? Yes, dear. Well, say, Charlie, I just wanted to know if you were there. You are there, aren't you? Well, that's all. Goodby! Goodby!" [Goes away leaving the receiver hanging down.]—Chicago Record.

The Wrong Pocket.

A young governess about to start on a long journey was recommended, among other means of precaution, when passing through a tunnel, always to put her hand in the pocket in which she kept her money, so that it might not be stolen. She acted upon the advice, and on coming to a tunnel put her hand in her pocket, but was startled on finding it already occupied by another. She grasped the intrusive hand and held it firm until the train emerged into daylight, when the gentleman sitting next to her explained, with a smile, that both hands were in his pocket! Tableau.—Vom Fels zum Meer

One of Them Told.

Little Girl—It's all nonsense 'bout ole maids never tellin their age.

Little Boy—Why?

"Queen Elizabeth was an old maid, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, th' paper says Professor Dryasdust is goin to lecture on 'The Age of Elizabeth,' so there."—Good News.

A Kitchen Mystery.

Father—Cooking schools are of some use, after all. This cake is delicious.

Daughter—Is it? I thought it would be a terrible failure.

"Why so?"

"I told Bridget exactly how to make it, and she went and made it some other way."—New York Weekly.

A Wary Financier.

Secretary—Bruller, the tragedian, accepts your invitation to your country house, and he wants to know if you would like to hear a performance of the play entitled "A Battle With a Dragon?"

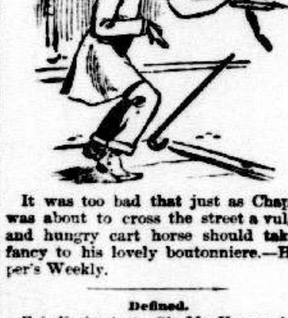
Banker—No, no. I don't want anything that will remind me of my private life.—Fliegende Blatter.

At the Law School.

Professor—Mr. Overnite, what do you understand by "proof of heirship?"

Mr. M. Fuller Overnite—Obtaining a patent on a flying machine.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Dudekin's Misadventure.



It was too bad that just as Chappie was about to cross the street a vulgar and hungry cart horse should take a fancy to his lovely boutonniere.—Harper's Weekly.

Defined.

Fair Enthusiast—Oh, Mr. Karper, how do you like the blind organist?

Critic—He was simply out of sight, Miss Ada.—Elmira Gazette.

DWARF AMERICANS.

THE REMAINS OF A RACE OF LILLIPUTIANS UNEARTHED.

In Eastern Tennessee Have Been Found Graves and Skeletons of an Almost Forgotten People—A Legend That Deals With the Mexican Aztecs.

The Smithsonian institution has undertaken a peculiar work in this locality. Those people of the world who have paid lengthy visits to that hilly country known as east Tennessee have always been impressed with the sublimity and beauty of the mountains, the simplicity and superstition of the inhabitants and the general air of sleepy mysteriousness surrounding everything. Ask one of these people where they would most expect to find a race of dwarfs or giants and the reply will be, "In east Tennessee." And recent developments seem to bear them out, for in the last few years the remains of people less than three feet in height have been discovered in this country.

On the eastern slope of one of the peaks of the Great Smoky mountains, where the first rays of the morning sun strike, is an ancient burying ground, and such another burying place could not be found, though the world be searched, for not one grave is more than three feet long. The tombs are two feet beneath the surface and are formed of cement and flat stones, and have defied the ravages of time to cause them to be destroyed. Most of those examined contained a vase, a few beads and a human skeleton, which was never more than 36 inches long and was that of a full grown person.

The natives have a beautiful legend of the place and say none were interred here except Indian children, while naturalists claim the skulls to have reached their full growth.

But the most interesting account is that of the red men who held that country when first settled by whites. They claim that when they came to that section of country it was peopled by a race of small, fierce men, with red hair; that these dwarfs waged a long and bloody war with the Indians, but were finally all killed; that this burying ground was used long before they came into the country, and that those killed in the war were never buried.

In some parts of the adjacent mountains, high up on the cliffs, are to be seen rude drawings of combats between fully grown men and a number of dwarfs. On account of the superstitions of the east Tennesseeans, it is difficult to reach this pigmy cemetery, and almost as much as life is worth to attempt to dig into the graves of the "leetle people."

In the mountainous district of one of the southern states, in a bend of one of the great rivers, is situated a natural fort, known to the surrounding inhabitants as "Indian Fort." Surrounded on three sides by perpendicular cliffs, at the bottom of which flows the river, wide and deep, the only way of approach is by ascending a stiff declivity from the open side, near the summit of which are still to be seen traces of an ancient embankment, almost obliterated by time. Within the space inclosed by the river and embankment have been found a great many stone and flint implements of Indian warfare and a few bronze axes. There are also a number of tombs, formed of large flat stones, containing nothing but dust and dirt at the present.

In the time of the early settlers the native Indians had a tradition of a great battle having been fought at this place years previous to their own time, in which an entire race was exterminated. The legend is: The exterminated race, who were called "Worshipers of the Sun," had been gradually driven southward from the far north by the Indians. Before reaching the "Great river" (the Ohio) they separated into two divisions, one going to the southwest, the other going directly south. What became of the first part is not told in the legend.

After innumerable battles the fleeing race made a final stand at Indian Fort, and after a siege of many months, during which time the besieged subsisted on provisions previously gathered, they were conquered, and every man, woman and child was killed. The legend says these people came from the vicinity of the great lakes, and the few bronze implements discovered seem to give some truth to that part of the story.

It is supposed that these people were the ancestors of the Mexican Aztecs, and that that portion which escaped when the tribe divided wandered toward the southwest and entered Mexico from the north. At the time of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez the Aztecs claimed that they came from the north, and sun worship was the national religion.

To investigate these relics of a departed race the Smithsonian officials sent Professor Snow and a corps of assistants to the scene.—Tennessee Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Pronunciation of Words Ending In "Ator."

There never has been any general rule as to nouns ending in "ator." In Scotland the mode differed from the English rule in more usually throwing the accent back. Was it not Erskine who in his earlier days, having spoken of a curator, making the word a dactyl, was interrupted by the judge before whom he was pleading with "'Cura-tor,' if you please, Mr. Erskine; a Latin word with a long penult!" "Thank you, my lord," was his ready retort, "for your correction. I bow to the authority of so distinguished a 'sena-tor' and 'ora-tor' as your lordship."—London Spectator.

About Cutting the Finger Nails.

There are several well known sayings with regard to the paring of the finger nails, and among them are the following:

"Cut them on Monday, cut them for health; cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth; cut them on Wednesday, cut them for a letter; cut them on Thursday, for something better; cut them on Friday, you cut for a wife; cut them on Saturday, cut for long life; cut them on Sunday, you cut them for evil; for all of that week you'll be ruled by the devil."—Philadelphia Times.

AT THE "SOO" JUNCTION.

The Pathetic Lament of a Father Whose Son Ran Away From Home.

The time was a cold October afternoon.

The place was a lonely junction waiting room in northern Michigan.

The people of the drama were an old lumberman in "store clothes" and a young man whose apparel proclaimed the city.

And then there was a rough pine box, about six feet long, on a truck outside. Perhaps that might have been called "the properties."

There is no more desolate place than the Sault Ste. Marie junction, and it was raining that afternoon. There is a dirty little station and the train dispatcher's house on one side of the main track. Opposite is a deserted log cabin. There is nothing else to be seen. In summer the commonest flowers shun the spot. The old man with the crape on his hat sat looking out at the box on the truck. The young commercial traveler or advance agent, or whoever he was, stared vacantly at his companion. The time passed slowly and drearily. Once a freight train rattled by. The young man got all the enjoyment he could out of that and ruefully viewed the caboose fading away into the fog.

At length, as if compelled to speak, the old man said: "Say, I hate t' see th' rain fall on that 'ere coffin so. They oughter made th' eavses t' this yere station bigger. I tried to bring him in, but that truck's too wide. Jim was a fine boy, he was, afore he went up t' Marquette. That's him out there. It warn't onnateral for him t' want ter go. There hain't nothin to keep a bright boy t' home in a town what's got nothin in it but my ole sawmill an th' store. But, O Lord, I wisht he'd a staid—I wisht he'd a staid! A country boy ain't got no show in one o' them tough iron towns. I ain't a-blamin Jim fer leavin me. But he was all I had. He didn't know how much I wanted him t' stay or he'd 'a done it. He didn't have no sort o' raisin. His mother died when he was just a little feller.

"When he growed up, nothin 'nd do but he mus' go away. He goes up t' Marquette an gits him a good job on th' ore docks, bein strong an handy. He uster write me th' fines' letters you ever seen ev'ry Sunday reg'lar. He was up there jest four months when he quit writin. I stood it a month, an then I went up. He was sick in a measly boardin house. He was consider'ble sick, but we fetched him through, an I took him home. He got good an well again. He said he'd stay with me t' home. But he didn't. He runned off one night. I didn't care for what he took, if he'd only a com' back. He kep' a-writin fer money t' come home on, and I kep' a-sendin it—but I had ter go fer my boy. He was shot through the heart in a saloon at the Soo. That's him out there. I ain't a-blamin him. I didn't raise him as I"—

Then a whistle was heard. It was the awaited train. With careful hands the father, the train dispatcher and the young man wheeled the coffin to the baggage car. Gently the burden was lifted within. The old man climbed in to be by his dead. The door was shut, and in a moment the train was lost in the burned pine barrens.—Harper's Weekly.

The Future of Greece.

It is impossible to have intercourse with modern Greeks without being touched with some degree of the enthusiasm which inspires them in discussing the future of their country, or without sharing the confidence with which they approach it. It may be true that the people are of hybrid race, that little of the old Hellenic blood flows in their veins, but few European nations of note, our own perhaps least of all, can boast unmixed descent. There is that in the air this people breathe, in the language they speak, the land they live in, which is of the very spirit of liberty.

One meeting a countryman on the road accosts him as "patriote," a term of more significance, of larger meaning than "citizen." But they are a people deeply democratic and require gentle handling to steer liberty clear of the shoals of license. Murmurings against the growth of taxation are already heard, and the extraordinary activity of the press insures the publicity of every unpopular act of the administration.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Astrology of the Day.

Astrology seems to be gaining in popularity, and many are turning to it for pointers concerning the fate that is in store for them. Meteorologists are consulting the planets in relation to changes in the weather, and scientists are seriously discussing the probability, or even possibility, of the larger planets exerting an influence on the earth sufficient to affect conditions of life or health.

Astronomers do not believe in astrology, but are willing to give the unique science credit for assisting to develop the science of astronomy. Long before there was an interest taken in astronomy there were many careful observers of the heavenly bodies. The names chosen by these men for stars and constellations remain unchanged.—Edgar Lee in Arena.

The Date For the Millennium.

Charles T. Russell of Alleghany, Pa., announces that the millennium will surely arrive in October of 1914. We are now in the "lapping time," between the hay of the gospel and the grass of the millennium era. This "lapping time" began in October of 1874 and will last 40 years. During this period the kingdoms of the world will be overthrown by the anarchists, nihilists, socialists and nationalists. At the same time the Hebrews will all be gathered in Palestine.—Chicago Herald.

The Shamrock.

Those who believe that one of the 10 lost tribes of Israel settled in Ireland lay stress on the fact that "shamrakh" is the Arabic word for trefoil, which, under the name of shamrock, has been made the national bloom of Ireland.—Philadelphia Ledger.