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Monday, December 31, 1894.

G. B. McLaughlin, who for the past three years has edited the Benton River Press most ably, will relinquish the pen for the six months on January first...

SOMEbody recently rounded up two carloads of Tommy Cruise's cattle and shipped them to Omaha via the Burlington. When the cattle went to the stock yards at Omaha there was no one willing to acknowledge connection with them and Uncle Tommy was advised of the situation.

The Livingston Enterprise in referring to the Sweet Grass county division scheme estimates that the taxes of the new county for the first year cannot fall below 29 mills and will probably go above it.

HONORABLE MENTION.

The Helena Independent in its issue of Saturday last has the following highly complimentary editorial reference to a distinguished citizen of eastern Montana:

While threading the woods in quest of senatorial timber even a casual observer might come upon one tall, stately oak, towering high above the underbrush, solid in trunk and strong in limb, ripe in years, not goarled by corruption nor warped by prejudice, a figure that would attract attention and command respect in a forest of giants.

Without interviewing the Judge on the subject, we feel authorized in saying for him that while he appreciates the compliment conveyed in the above except, he is not worrying about senatorships, being now engaged in perfecting arrangements for an European trip.

DON'T CARRY BOOKS.

At Least Avoid Doing So if You Happen Into the Astor Library.

A young man strode into the Astor library yesterday afternoon, a good sized book under his arm, and was making straight for the staircase to the reading room when the old man who serves as hall porter waved him back by a gesture.

"Well, what's up with the old chap anyway?" he remarked to his friend.

"Come back here," said the porter, simultaneously pointing a finger at some untidied object.

"Well, I like that," answered the youth, not following the direction of the finger. "I like you for a nice, polite sort of guide in this building. Guess I'll go where I want without your assistance, my good man."

"You've got a book," said the porter sepulchrally.

"Yes," replied the young man, "I have, and if it hadn't such a respectable binding on it I'd like to fire it at your head. There," and he made a spring upward, three steps at a time, followed by the gasping porter, who finally lay prone on the stone staircase frantically holding on to the vanishing coat-tails.

"Come back," he pleaded, now in plaintive tones, "come back and read the notice. You'll see I haven't let you pass with that book. I'll lose my place if you're seen with it. Do, sir, please come back."

The notice is to the effect that all books carried into the library are to be left in the porter's charge and called for on coming out. The idea is to prevent readers walking off with books of the library. If without one coming in and with one going out, it's easy to know they're appropriating library property. Before the making of this rule numerous books were removed, as it was not easy to account a reader and demand whether or not a book in his possession was his own or other people's property.

"See here," said the aggrieved youth, shoving his book onto the porter's table, "next stranger you meet stop your orders and your mysterious passes, lay your stupid old finger on that piece of pasteboard, will you, and say straight out, 'Read that notice.'"

OUT OF THE FLAMES.

A DEPARTMENT CAPTAIN TALKS ABOUT FIRE ESCAPES.

Some Sensible Advice to Women—What to Do When Caught in a Burning Building—It Is Well to Know How to Take Care of Yourself at Such a Time.

"Wrap the rope around the body, always put one hand below and one hand above on the rope, then slide," was the advice of Captain McAdam in reply to my query of how to get out of a burning building.

The question was provoked by seeing a number of blue coated firemen go speeding down a rope suspended from the sixth story of a building. They were testing fire escapes, and their case and confidence made me wonder why some of this level headedness couldn't be imparted to women—or men either, for that matter—in cases of emergency.

So I went into the great, admirably kept drilling rooms and interviewed the captain.

"Well," he added, "you can preach to women about the way to use ropes and fire escapes, but when a person is scared out of her senses you can't expect her to do calmly what she would tremble to do in time of safety."

"Why, I don't dare take a raw man and send him down from the sixth story for his trial. If I did, he would never appear again. I got him 'broke in' by commencing at the first, then increasing his slide, not reaching the seventh story for two weeks."

"Then you don't think it silly for people to forget all common sense in time of fire?" I asked.

"Never. No one without more than the horrible feeling of being caught in a trap. Fire seems to demoralize the bravest. Women are just as terrified, for I have known a woman to run down stairs, leaving a wheelbarrow of children, when if all of her household animals were placed in a field and one among them he would dash over the fence alone to its rescue."

"What's best to remember?"

"First, how to use the ropes that are placed in hotel rooms and should be in every private residence. They are attached firmly to a link in the window. Should the rope be without appliances, simply drop it out of the window; then, sitting on the sill, place the rope around the body under the arms. Make no loop, only pass the long end of the rope over the other in front of the chest. As you lower yourself place the right hand firmly on the end of the rope, which reaches to the ground. This prevents the rope from slipping off the body. Throw the weight of the body on that hand and guide with the left, which is on the upper end of the rope. The friction of the ropes passing each other over the chest prevents a too rapid descent, and thus the hands are saved from severe blistering, for as soon as the rope cuts through the flesh man or woman will let go; the agony is too great. In descending keep the body near the wall and break the slide by scraping the feet along the walls."

"Suppose the fire broke out from a window below while the person is coming down—then what?"

"The only thing is to swing close to the wall until the heat is too intense, then give the body a herculean push outward by the feet from the wall. The momentum will send the body flying out into space, clear of the flames; then slide just as fast as rope and gravitation will take you, even if the hands are cut. It is the only safe measure. There is no time to take any other precaution."

Captain McAdam, however, does not approve of the plain rope. Of course the iron fire escape is every fireman's preference, if it is free, but sometimes it supports a mob that is equally dangerous. Again, certain occupants are cut off from it by fire, so next to this comes a rope, attached to an iron pulley, which in turn is fastened to a hook in the window. One end of the rope is thrown to the ground; the other has a small loop which can be quickly pulled to fit the body. It is slipped under the arms and the body lowered. No holding on is necessary, for it is the primitive science of a bucket on a pulley line going down a well. The rope goes around several small wheels inside the pulley, which materially check the run of the rope, limiting it to ten feet in ten seconds. The horse can't slip off the body. The wheels must go around as long as the weight is there, and, to quote the captain, "Kick and holler as she will, she's bound to come down."

"In case of being caught by the fire, captain, what is the best thing to do? Put a wet blanket around yourself and run through it?"

"Theoretically that is fine," he answered, "but remember that it takes buckets of water to soak a blanket, and if there is not a bath tub near to accomplish this no few pitchers are adequate. So next best is to wrap the head up in coat or anything woolen. This keeps out the fire and not the air from the lungs, and the greater danger comes from the former being inhaled."

"Should the smoke commence to fill the room and you want to crawl to another part of the building, drop on your hands and knees and crawl as close to the floor as possible, for the smoke goes first to the top and to the floor last, so that much time is secured. If all escape seems cut off, put on woolen clothes, hold a piece of flannel over the mouth and nose, stand at the most prominent window and call for help. A fireman will speedily come by ways you never thought of and deliver you."

"H. Hallmark in Chicago Record."

The Dear Child.

Clergyman (anxious to compliment the host of a Sunday school outing)—Now, can any child tell me to what one person we are most indebted for the great crowd of happy and smiling faces that are gathered here today?

Dear Child—Adam.—London Times.

Alexander the Great, about B. C. 400, made an attempt to introduce many Asiatic plants into Europe. Rice was among the number, but the Greeks did not take kindly to its cultivation, preferring to import it from India and Egypt.

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ON A NEBRASKA FARM.

Life Was Only a Dreary Waste When the Grasshoppers Came.

It was well on in August, and the drought had done its worst to the corn. It was a hot, sultry day, as parched and dry as all the days before. The sky was clear but for the usual haze that never left it, the haze of wearing heat. About noon my father came up from the field and summoned us to see something that looked like snow. The air about the sun seemed filled with snowflakes, thick, innumerable, and flitting rapidly, as snowflakes do. But snowflakes and the clear atmosphere and the hot day were quite incompatible things. They could not be snowflakes, but what else could they be? We looked at our brains in vain to imagine. Perhaps it was some kind of a cyclone which had lifted leaves and dust and other such things into the air. But there was no sign of that, and every one of the snowflakes was of regular size, with no such irregularity of stick and branches and leaves carried into the air would present.

We ate dinner in puzzled uncertainty, as to what was hanging over us. But two hours later it was painfully apparent what the snowflakes in the sun really were. They were full grown grasshoppers. By 4 o'clock the air was clear and serene, and the grasshoppers were with us. They were not a few thousands and insects, miserable little pests, flitting about in the air and getting into your face when you were out of doors. They were millions upon millions. The trees became brown with them. They covered the corn as some insects will literally hide from view a waf sometimes. They were hungry, too, and began to eat leaves, cornstalks, the bark of trees, anything and everything was needed to fill this ravenous army that had fallen upon us from heaven. One went out of doors and stepped on scores at each stride. They crawled up your trousers legs and under women's skirts. They made holes in the cloth fly netting and came into the house. They pumped bug into your face with a little whacking sting wherever you went or did not go. Everything seemed alive with them.

I was young then and was filled with a curious wonder. But as I think of it now I am sure my father must have been quite overpowered with discouragement when he saw what the grasshoppers really meant. He saw on the first day that they had alighted to get a square meal and certainly meant to have it. But day after day they lingered, and new horrors developed in them. They had alighted to lay their eggs. The soft earth in the plowed fields seemed to please them for this purpose, and each day you might see grasshoppers 1 1/2 or 2 inches long boring their tails into the ground until only their heads remained above. There they would stay from morning until night and then go away. If you examined this earth nest when the bird had flown, you would find a soft, silky cocoon filled with innumerable small, pulpy eggs which meant a whole crop of grasshoppers the following spring.—Alpheus Sherman Cody in Independent.

Hardiness of the Grape Myrtle. Philadelphia is about as far north as the grape myrtle proves hardy. Though killed to the ground, it will push up and flower like a herbaceous plant. Possibly it would give an attraction to gardens, in this herbaceous way, much farther north than Philadelphia. Several correspondents write that it is not always killed down even so far north as Philadelphia. One at Chestnut Hill, a part of Philadelphia, inhestants a specimen, 5 to 6 feet high, which must have passed several winters unharmed.—Moehan's Monthly.

Act In the Present. Don't keep alabaster boxes of love and sympathy to break over coffins. Living is none too sweet at best, and flowers on the coffin cast no backward fragrance.

What do the dead care for the tender tokens. The love, the praise, the floral offering? But living, palpitating hearts are broken For the want of just these things.—Selected.

Notice. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Miles City will be held at the banking office at 2:30 o'clock p. m. on Tuesday, January 23, 1895, for the election of officers for the ensuing year and such other business as may be presented.—H. B. WILEY, Cashier.

NAPOLEON AT BRIENNE.

He Had Great Difficulty In Learning to Speak French.

On New Year's day, 1779, the Bonapartes arrived at Autun. For three months the young Napoleon was trained in the use of French. Prodigy as he was, the difficulties of that elegant and polished tongue were scarcely reached. It was with a most imperfect knowledge of his language and a sadly defective pronunciation that he made his appearance among his future schoolmates at Brienne. There were 150 of them, although the arrangement and theory of the institution had contemplated only 120, of whom half were to be foundationers. The instructors were Minim priests, and the life was as severe as it could be made with such a clientele under half educated and inexperienced monks. In spite of all efforts to the contrary, however, the place had an air of elegance. There was a certain schoolboy display proportionate to the pocket money of the young nobles, and a very keen discrimination among themselves as to rank, social quality and relative importance. Those familiar with the ruthlessness of boys in their treatment of one another can easily conceive what was the reception of the newcomer, whose nobility was unknown and unrecognized in France, and whose means were of the scantiest.

It appears that the journey from Corsica through Florence and Marseilles had already wrought a marvelous change in the boy. Napoleon's teacher at Autun described his pupil as having brought with him a sober, thoughtful character. He played with no one and took his walks alone. But he was apt and vain of his aptitude. In three months he learned the rudiments of French, to use common phrases with some fluency, and to write easy exercises.

The boys of Autun, says Abbe Chardon, on one occasion brought the sweeping charge of cowardice against all inhabitants of Corsica in order to exasperate him. "If they had been but four to one," was the calm, phlegmatic answer of the 10-year-old boy, "they would never have taken Corsica, but when they were 10 to 1—" "But you had a fine general—Paoli," interrupted the narrator. "Yes, sire," was the reply, uttered with an air of discontent and in the very embodiment of ambition. "I would much like to emulate him." The description of the untamed fauna as he then appeared is not flattering—his complexion sallow, his hair stiff, his figure slight, his expression listless, his manner insignificant. Moreover, he spoke broken French with an Italian accent.

During his son's preparatory studies at Autun the father had been busy at Versailles with further "supplications," among them one for a supplement from the royal purse to his scanty pay as delegate, the other for the speedy settlement of his now notorious claim. The former of the two was granted not merely to M. de Bonaparte, but to his two colleagues, in view of the "excellent behavior"—otherwise subservient—of the Corsican delegation at Versailles. When in addition the certificate of Napoleon's appointment finally arrived, and the father set out to place his son with a proper outfit in his new school, he had no difficulty in securing sufficient money to meet his immediate and pressing necessities, but more was not forthcoming.—Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

Washroom Poisoning. It is well perhaps for the sake of a possible emergency to bear in mind that on the authority of Dr. Taylor, chief of the division of microscopy of the department of agriculture, there is but one known antidote to mushroom poisoning, sulphate of atropin. A dose may be given in the usual way by the mouth or by hypodermic injections.

Broke Something. Miss Gaswell—Have you heard that all is over between Miss Bellefeld and Mr. Hilltop? Miss Dukano—I heard something about it. Did Blanche break her heart? Miss Gaswell—No, only her engagement.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

J. B. COLLINS.

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and Collections.

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Has the following property listed:

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A commodious six room dwelling, excellent cellar, artesian well on premises, stable and hen house, small fruits and vegetable garden attached, a prime bargain; price, \$1,000.

A neat one and one half story dwelling house of four rooms, southern exposure; price \$400.

A large two story frame dwelling house, northern and western exposure brick stables in rear, fifty front feet, easy walking distance from Main street; price \$900.

A fine two story dwelling house, six rooms, southern and western exposure with large commodious stable in rear fifty feet front, centrally located; price \$1,200.

An attractive Pleasant street dwelling one and one half stories, fifty feet of ground, southern exposure; price \$900.

A comfortable five room dwelling house, southern exposure, fifty front feet; price \$600.

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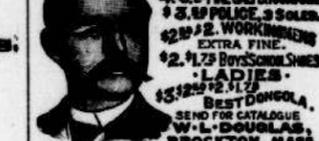
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