

Roundup Record.

A. W. EISELEIN, Publisher.
ROUNDUP, MONTANA.

The Tramp and the Railroad.

We have the idea that our American railroads kill many passengers. Yet almost ten trespassers are killed to every passenger killed. We believe that the trainman takes his life in his hands; yet more than twice as many trespassers annually sustain fatal accidents, says Orlando F. Lewis in the Atlantic. When we read that in five years 23,974 trespassers were killed by railroads, and 25,236 trespassers injured, we wonder that there should be left living a single Jack the Hobo to wash his shirt. In these five years there were more trespassers killed than there are inhabitants in Bangor, Me., or Burlington, Vt. Were this army of the dead lying but three feet apart along the tracks in ghastly regularity, they would stretch out for nearly 14 miles. At a brisk walk, it would take four hours to reach the end of the line. And then, were all those reported injured in the last five years lying but three feet apart, we should be obliged to walk for more than four hours more, before we reached the end of this second line. The Baltimore and Ohio representative said that many railroads maintain private "tramp graveyards," in which are buried many of the unknown dead, without inquest and with expedition. Question: How many city graveyards could be annually filled with the unrecorded, unreported vagrant dead?

One who was drawn as a jurymen in Brooklyn asked to be excused from duty on the ground that "the present method of juggling the law" seemed to him to be a waste of the juror's time. The judge retorted, "You are not fit to be a citizen, much less qualified to serve as a juror." Most people will agree with the judge, because although the juror as a citizen has a right to his opinion on court methods and the administration of the law, he was wrong in offering that opinion as a reason for objecting to do citizen's duty. That a man believes the existing method of taxation to be wrong does not excuse him from paying his own taxes. A congressman may hold that a declaration of war is immoral and vote against it, says the Youth's Companion, but he cannot on that account regard himself as exempt from military service. A most noble and stimulating discussion of these problems will be found in a recent book by Prof. Josiah Royce, "The Philosophy of Loyalty," wherein a man's duty to his own beliefs is held to be subordinate to his duty to beliefs which are greater than the individual.

The unfounded report that the ameer of Afghanistan had been assassinated by his tribesmen probably grew out of the fact that the ameer is unpopular with some of the Moslem tribes over whom he tries to rule. This unpopularity grows chiefly out of his fondness for European fashions in the matter of dress. For example, he frequently wears a plug hat on state occasions, and that sort of headgear is an abomination unto the tribesmen. When the Afghans say their prayers they must do so with bare feet and with their heads covered, and their foreheads must touch the ground. The brim of the plug hat, as well as the crown, interferes with this attitude of devotion. Hence the ameer's seeming apostasy.

Trade and scientific journals, as well as newspapers throughout the country are quoting what a local manufacturer of Detroit, Mich., has to say about the development of the automobile industry. He gives a large share of the credit to the rich buyer of the early motors, who bought the crude product at fancy prices and spent his money tinkering and improving it. He kept mum about its weaknesses instead of exploiting them. "Instead of knocking he boosted even when he had very little to boast." The rich not only placed their money where it would help development, but actually suggested some of the best improvements that have been made. They made possible the manufacturing of good cars.

According to Mr. William Barclay Parsons, civil engineer, the \$15,000,000 sewerage system for Havana, work on which will begin in October, will be ideal, and when the American government withdraws from Cuba in January the island that was once a hotbed of yellow fever will be as sanitary as possible. How long will Cuba have to keep it so?

The Carnegie hero commission has had 85 cases for medals before it since its last meeting. Thirty applications were granted and 55 rejected. This is discouraging. In a country of so many millions this is a mighty small hero percentage.

While serving admirably as a foil for one of the newer battleships the old monitor Florida has shown that it could put up a small fight against any of them.

HIS ENGAGEMENT

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

(Copyright.)

It was in a shady nook on "Flirtation," where the rocks sloped directly from their feet to the Hudson. With a reckless disregard of regulations, the cadet had unfastened the top hook of his collar and, with his hands clasped behind his head, was gazing meditatively at the girl who was opening a box of candy. It looked like the regulation arrangement on "Flirtation," but it was not.

She arranged her skirts comfortably, tilted her parasol at an angle which shaded the cadet's head as well as her own, and then said: "Now, Allan, you promised you'd tell me all about it. There's no reason for putting it off."

The cadet rubbed his close-cropped head thoughtfully. "I'll tell it on one condition—that you don't interrupt."

"I'm going to start in by saying that you don't know the girl, but that she's a wonder! It all happened about a year and a half ago—when she'd been coming up to the Point for several months, to hops and things. She was the gayest little 'fem' you ever saw—always cracking jokes and laughing like a chime of bells.

"You know our set of six fellows, and how we always hang together. Well, we were together on this proposition all right! We thought she was about the funnest little girl that ever came along. She was always saying something you didn't think she was going to. I remember she was the only girl I ever saw who had something new to say when we told her we called our room-mates our 'wives.'"

"Well, a year ago last fall, when I was a second-class man, I was sitting in my room one evening, boning on math. I'd been working like a horse trying to 'max' my calculus, and I was as grouchy as a bear. My 'wife' was not any company, for he'd been 'doing area' ever since two o'clock, and had turned in so dead tired you couldn't have waked him with an ax. I was getting lonesome and lonesome, and feeling more and more as though I wanted a blow-out of some kind to put some life into me, when there was a whoop at the door and the five fellows of the gang came in, all talking at once. Puddenhead had a letter, waving it in the air, and the only thing I could get out of them was that Helen was engaged. I had two Helens on the string about that time, and I was considerably excited till after about five minutes they got smoothed down enough for me to make out that they meant this girl I'm telling about. I hadn't thought of her at all. She wasn't the kind you'd ever think of as sobering down enough to get engaged. Puddenhead had had a letter from a girl in Bridgeport, where Helen lived, and she said Helen's engagement to a 'cit' named Beardley was just announced. Well, we were great pals of Helen's, and we were sore that she hadn't told us anything about it. Puddenhead said: 'Think of her nerve! She's coming up to a hop to-morrow night just as though nothing had happened. She thinks she's going to fool us. We'll just let her know that she can't get ahead of us with her practical jokes. Let's meet her as the 'bus comes up to the top of the hill and shout out "congratulations!" (till they can hear us on the other side of parade ground.)'

"I was just going to say I was game for that, when 'Big' Marshall began jumping up and down and hollering: 'I got you beat! I got you beat! I got an idea that beats that all to frazzles! Let's all six of us never let on we've heard a thing, and then all propose to her, heavy-tragedy style, during the hop—take on as though we were broken-hearted, and then have the laugh on her the next day.'"

"Say, that struck us all right, all right! We just went into the air."

"We could hardly wait for the hop, and when my dance with Helen came I proposed to sit it out on the balcony overlooking the Hudson, and I fairly shivered for fear she'd want to dance; but she didn't, and we went down the stairs together, me beginning to put on the proper solemn air."

"It was moonlight—a warm October evening. The Hudson looked like a black diamond with rubies all around it where the lights of the shore gleamed. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, and just the sweetest autumn smell in the air. Oh, it was the proper stage-setting, all right! I lifted Helen up to the broad balustrade—same way I had lots of times before—and then I turned and gazed down the river, trying to look romantic. I won't tell you what I said to her, but you can just bet it was red-hot! I told her she was the only one in the world for me—that I had my future all fixed up with her in the midst of it, and it would be the death of me to unfix my ideas, that I would quit the service if there wasn't any hope for me."

"Say, it was a good thing I was leaning up against the balustrade, 'cause if it hadn't been for that I'd have fallen right down in a fit. Helen was looking at me with eyes like stars, and they changed every minute and got softer and softer till I was just melted and floated away in air. You wouldn't think she ever could have laughed out of them, they were so sweet and solemn. Her lips moved, and I could just hear her say: 'Allan, my Allan!'

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"Just then we heard a funny noise, and there was that 'wife' of mine back of us, just gasping for breath, and so full of laughter he was black in the face. As we turned around and looked at him kind of dazed and fish-eyed, he was so tickled he gave a whoop, and fell on the floor in a fit. That blamed scallawag hadn't been asleep at all that night, and he had gone and told Helen all about our scheme; and say, what do you think? The little actress, she'd accepted the whole six of us the same way she had me!"

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STOCK LYRIC.

(For Mooring Swains.)
Fair are your cheeks as roses rare:
(All who write rhymes have said this.)
Your eyes are bright as stars at night.
(A million girls have read this.)
Ah!—Here insert her name.
Your lips are life's elixir!
(Or say, "Love's scintillating flame,"—
"Most either one will fix her.")

Girl with the fascinating curl,
(First lesson, this is simple!)
My heart beats true to none but you.
(Now shy one at her dimple!)
Ah!—(Here insert her name.)
Your lips are like old wine, dear,
(Or put—far more sedate and tame—
"I would that you were mine!" here.)

Love, by you disc moon high above,
(An oath's the proper caper)
I swear you this—a true heart's kiss!
(Try this on scented paper.)
Ah!—(Here insert her name.)
This passioned rhyme must woo you!
(Here make a bid for lasting fame.)
Who hasn't loved n'er knew you!
—Stacy F. Baker, in Puck.

Saved!

At last the entire visible stock of lumber had been used up.
"What's the matter," asked the father of a large family, "with using the old wooden bedsteads piled up in the attics?"
Here was a practically exhaustless source of supply that nobody had thought of, and mankind eagerly adopted the suggestion and ran up the price remorseless on the paper trust.
—Chicago Tribune.

During Changeable Weather.

"Mr. Uplate," said the lady, "it is now after ten o'clock. I really cannot keep the breakfast waiting for you so long every morning."
"Madam," replied the lazy lodger, with dignity, "if you think I am going to endanger my health by rising before the day is far enough advanced for me to tell whether I shall have to put on my winter flannels or my gauze underwear, you are entirely mistaken."

Fame.

Unsuccessful Author—Jack, your fame is spreading wonderfully. Only this afternoon a friend of mine asked me to try and secure your autograph for him.
Successful Author—All right, Tom; glad to oblige him. Who is it?
Unsuccessful Author—Isaacstein, the money-lender. He wants it on the back of my promissory note.

Nothing in Vain.

The poet died without knowing what he had been created for.
"To starve!" was his one best guess. Of course he was in error. Could he have looked forward only a hundred years or so, and beheld the cheap skates who should then be making a fat living writing about him, he must have understood better. Almost nothing is created in vain.—Puck.

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NOT MUCH HELP.

Mr. Jackson, who had but recently moved into the suburb, knew his neighbors on either hand by sight only, and consequently on a cold winter's night, when his home caught fire, he was surprised and pleased by the alacrity with which they came to render their assistance.

"I say," Jackson cried excitedly to his right-hand neighbor, "will you run down to the corner and ring the alarm?"

"I'm awfully sorry, sir," the man answered, "but I have a game leg and can't run."

"While I'm getting some of the things out, will you yell 'Fire?'" said Jackson, turning to the other man.

"Got laryngitis and can't yell," said the other, in a stage whisper.

Jackson gasped; but, pulling himself together, he exclaimed:

"Well, both of you go into the house and bring out easy-chairs, then sit down and enjoy the fire!"

HARD LINES.



Hostess—Why didn't you bring Capt. Splasher with you?
Capt. Bolson—Duty, Mrs. Clutterbuck. We couldn't both get away, so we tossed up for it.
Hostess—And you won?
Capt. Bolson—No—I lost!

As the World Goes.

To show the world how it should go
Takes some men but a day;
But the average man's life is too short
To make it go his way.
—Chicago Daily News.

A Cruel Insinuation.

Stern Old Lady—They tell me madam, your husband is continually smoking dreadfully—
Young Woman (bursting into tears)—I don't believe it, your horrid old things!
Old Lady (astounded)—What's the matter with the woman?
Officious Bystander—Her husband's dead.—Baltimore American.

Poetry and Prose.

Lieutenant (in Miss Emily's private sitting-room)—Emily, I cannot find expression for the feelings which agitate my breast—I love you! (Dropping on his knees)—Behold me lying here in the dust before you!
Emily—Beg your pardon, lieutenant; that is an insult. I dusted everything myself only a minute ago!

One Woman's Way.

Mrs. Growells—My husband used to find fault with the coffee, but he doesn't any more.
Mrs. Howells—How did you break him off the habit?
Mrs. Growells—I induced him to make it himself one morning.—Chicago Daily News.

A Profitable Business.

"I hear Miss Curlylocks made \$10,000 in letters."
"So she did."
"Why, I never heard before she was anything of a literary personage."
"Neither is she. They were the letters in her breach of promise suit."—Baltimore American.

Similar, But Different.

Singleton—How long have you been married, old man?
Wedderly—Nearly a year.
Singleton—Still billing and cooing, I suppose?
Wedderly—Yes; that is, my wife coos and I pay the bills.—Chicago Daily News.

Sure of It.

"Do you think there is any money in politics?" queried the privileged friend.
"You bet there is," replied the candidate who also ran. "There's where a lot of mine is."—Chicago Daily News.

Readjusted Conditions.

"Do you think these trusts and mergers have put the great capitalists on terms of friendship?"
"Not as a rule," answered Mr. Dust in Stax. "It has simply brought the fighting to close range."—Washington Star.

Not Quite the Same Thing.

"This trouble of midnight marauders in Kentucky and Ohio is not a new one. It existed long ago."
"When?"
"Why, in the days of old, when knights were bold, didn't they have knight-riders?"—Baltimore American.

People Talk About Good Things.

Twelve years ago few people knew of such a preparation as a Powder for the Feet. To-day after the genuine merits of Allen's Foot-Ease have been told year after year by grateful persons, it is indispensable to millions. It is clean, wholesome, healing and antiseptic and gives rest and comfort to tired aching feet. It cures while you walk. Over 30,000 testimonials. Imitations pay the dealer a larger profit otherwise you would never be offered a substitute for Allen's Foot-Ease, the original foot powder. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, and see that you get it.

Thought It Was a Burglar.

"You are a coward!" said Mrs. Stubb, firmly.
"Why do you say that, Maria?" asked Mr. Stubb, nervously.
"Why, you told me that you were not afraid of anything that walked in shoe leather, and I just saw you jump at the sound of a mouse."
"Well—er—Maria, mice don't wear shoe leather."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. C. Little* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Redeeming Trait.

"There was one good thing about Adam and Eve."
"What was that?"
"When they were in Eden they did not send out any souvenir postals."

Stack Covers, Awnings, Tents. Flags etc. For information and prices, write American Tent & Awning Co., Minneapolis

A man's enemies anxiously await an opportunity to meet his widow.

We Pay Top Price for Cream.

Cash every day. Write for prices and tags. Miller & Holmes, St. Paul, Minn.

Those who await no gifts of chance have conquered fate.—Norton.

Buy U. S. Dip and Disinfectant and ship your Hides, Pelts, Wool, Etc., to N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

A little flattery now and then will soften up the hardest man.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Some farmers are smaller potatoes than they raise.



After suffering for seven years, this woman was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Read her letter.

Mrs. Sallie French, of Paucanua, Ind. Ter., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I had female troubles for seven years—was all run-down, and so nervous I could not do anything. The doctors treated me for different troubles but did me no good. While in this condition I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am now strong and well."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?</