

SATISFIED.

As flowers lean outward to the light,
I lean to thee.

Those who make the darkness bright,
The North Star in a moonless night
Thou art to me

As children must trust and know no fear,
I trust in thee:
Known, in thy presence, somewhat here,
Where thou art, whether far or near,
Thou sweet to be.

As travelers long, when worn and tired,
Their home to see,
So my heart, wandering far and wide,
Finds its goal, in satisfied
To rest in thee.

—SARA K. BOLTON in Frank Leslie's

BAB'S SPRING BONNET.

"Confound it, Bab, I haven't \$10 in the world, and the butcher's bill came in yesterday. Cheer up, little girl, and never mind the new bonnet. Jack Snelling must be no end of a cad if he minds what kind of a frame your dear little face looks out of." The big brother of Bab Nixon ended his words with a gentle touch upon a round shoulder turned petulantly away from him, and after waiting a moment for a word or a smile from its owner in vain his face clouded slightly and he passed quickly out of the breakfast room.

As the sound of his step died away one dimly saw the blue eye appeared furtively above a scrap of linen cambric crumpled into a limp wad, by two babyish, dimpled hands; then the other eye came out, until finally the whole dilated head was held defiantly erect.

The general storminess of the domestic atmosphere seemed to have crept even into Bab's sunny yellow lungs, which puffed and expired in unexpected kinks about the pretty frown and white temples, as the silky floss about a baby's head is wont to disport itself. A broom came in just then through the open window, thrown up to let in the premature balminess of the sunny March morning, and blew some of the loose locks intrusively about her blue eyes. Up flew the dimpled hand to push them aside, as a very cross young voice cried: "I don't care! I do—no care!" with emphasis. "If I cannot have a new bonnet I won't go with Jack and his sister, whom I never saw. I think Ernest is perfectly mean, so there! As if I wasn't of as much importance as the nearly, bloody meat that he eats, bab! Butcher's bill, indeed! Jack always notices, too, and he'll be sure to see how perfectly many my old blue feathers are getting, and his sister is sure to have something straight from Paris! If I could only make two ribbons and a bit of jet look as ravishing as Kate Arbnuckle does, my bonnets wouldn't cost so much, but I can't, and I don't care!"

"I should think Ernest might let me get treated for one just this once, as long as he is going to get me a bonnet in a little while, anyway. I mean to ask him this very morning, and it won't do any harm to stop on the way to the office and see what Mrs. Vaurier has that will suit me. Then I can tell Ernest how much it will cost."

Foolish little Barbara flew about the delirious note which the dear elder brother had shattered her in through all their orphaned years, giving an approving nod at her trim lilac made gown of brown as she passed the long mirror on her way out to interview Mrs. Vaurier about the much desired bonnet.

"Just the thing for you. It came last night. Lisette, bring the odd blue affair for Mrs. Nixon." Truly, was it not "just the thing" and oh how blue her eyes and how sunny her hair shone under the exquisitely pretty structure which madame nestled with assured touches upon her head. She really never knew how the matter came about. Perhaps madame talked too volubly to hear her objections or mark her hesitation. "It made no difference at all," she assured Barbara, "whether the bonnet was paid for now or in two months." She "could not sell it to any one else without being dissatisfied, having seen it above mademoiselle's golden hair." The bill would "be in the box to be paid when her brother pleased," and so little Barbara went out sure that her bonnet was above criticism, but not quite so sure that her management of the matter would bear as satisfactory inspection when she told Ernest.

As she ran down Mrs. Vaurier's broad stone steps, a hat was lifted by some one who stood by an open coupe in front. It was Jack Snelling, who shot a glance of approval after her from his dark eyes as she passed up the steps with his sister.

"Now to all Ernest," thought Bab, as she laid aside her wraps and prepared to greet her brother's return with a dinner of his special viands, that should make him as wax in her hands.

The dinner hour came, and Barbara, fresh as a rose in her soft wool gown, was ready to "tear up" and be forgiven. But when, after waiting a long thirty minutes beyond the time, a messenger came instead with a hurried note: "Off for Philadelphia. Send my traps after me, care Wiles Bros., 1244 Chestnut street. Will write," her heart sank. Now, what was to be done! Clearly there was nothing except to write and tell him all about it. So the next day Ernest's bag was packed and forwarded, and a penitent letter went by the first mail to Philadelphia.

Day after day went by and no letter came in reply. No word from Ernest of any kind, as though to emphasize his displeasure. Aunt Valeria, who was always ready in an emergency, came to stay with her, and then the great storm shut down all communication from other cities, and poor, miserable little Bab was left to imagine all possible and impossible calamities as having befallen her brother. Some day in sending home the bonnet, she had been requested by Barbara, who was a little more uncertain as to what Ernest's rigid sense of justice would prompt him to do, and then the storm further delayed the delivery of the tall tale box.

But finally it came, and Bab locked herself into her room to open it with a "dreadfully good feeling," as she afterward described it. She took off the soft layer of white paper, out of which fell the bill. She lifted it mechanically. "Fifteen dollars" were the figures she had seen on the box when madame took it out, and Ernest had said he had not

"mean." "Oh, what a wicked, selfish, vain— Oh, my goodness!" she ended with a gasp. Yes, there it was, in good round figures—\$25.

To one imported sack bonnet..... \$15.00
To one tied on same..... 10.00
\$25.00

Received payment.
251 251 201 251 251 251
They danced crazily before her eyes as she sank in a dazed little heap on the floor. What would Ernest say? She was but 17, and it never occurred to her unbusinesslike ideas that Mrs. Vaurier was taking advantage of her, and that she could send the bonnet back. Aunt Valeria had money, but Ernest had forbidden her ever to borrow a penny of Aunt Valeria on pain of his deepest disapproval. He was so proud and honest, that manly brother, and she, "little selfish thing," had dared to call him "mean." "He was worth a hundred Jack Snellings, so there."

That very evening Jack called with his sister, who was very kind and cordial in her gentle, reserved way, and the invitations for Easter day were resumed with some well bred insistence, upon learning that her brother was absent and Aunt Valeria was to join them. But there was good "stuff" in Bab's sturdy little body after all, and even while her eye took in the quiet elegance of Miss Mildred Snelling's attire she was coming to a Spartan resolution. She would go, but she would not wear an unpaid-for bonnet. Somehow, she felt better after that, and when a telegram arrived before Easter saying that Ernest would return the next Monday, she was quite ready with a smiling welcome to greet the unexpected announcement of—Mr. Snelling. Something Jack had to say kept him in such a ferment that he could not wait; so he had called to "put it to the test and win or lose." But somehow matters did not progress just as Jack had anticipated. For when he had told her in his most manly way how dear she was, and all that he wanted her to promise, Bab simply buried her blue eyes in two dimpled little hands and sobbed. "You wouldn't! Oh, you wouldn't, if you knew what, what a horrid little wretch I am!"

And then the ice once broken for the revelation, she told Jack all the miserable tale. When she got through she waited— not a word came from Jack. "Oh, my, he was too disgusted with her to speak!" she "knew he would be," and began to sob afresh. This was too much, and Jack drew away the hot hands and wet handkerchiefs to show her his own eyes, dancing with suppressed laughter. "Didn't you get any mail to-night?" he said at last.

"No—yes—not—that is, I got a—Oh, I never looked at it! Some one came in, she stammered wonderingly. "Well, go and get it, please, now!" said Jack, releasing her, to run out and return with an envelope, which she tore hastily open. "Mrs. Vaurier's bill—receipted!" she gasped. "What does it mean?" "Read, and you will see," said Jack. "Mrs. Vaurier happens to be Mildred's milliner as well, and as she made some purchase the same date that you did, the book-keeper has mixed the bills and sent them to the wrong brothers, that is all. My sister's bill is probably awaiting your brother's return at his office. Suppose you let the matter go, as it will be, I hope, but a short time till I may pay all your bills unquestioned. That is for you to say."

It was answered satisfactorily, no doubt, for a very rosy little Bab gathered herself resolutely together a half hour later and insisted upon taking the bill into the library, where it should meet her brother's eye the first thing upon his return. A little later she stood in her clinging, pale blue dress, leaning against the deep maroon hangings of the archway. Her dark lashes, in startling contrast with her yellow hair, almost rested on her cheeks, a trifle pale now, as she realized the serious and sacred sweetness of the new tie.

"It is kind of you, Jack, to wish to shield me from mortification at my own folly, but I cannot wear it until Ernest has forgiven me, and he is the only one yet" (with a shy little emphasis) "who has a right to buy my bonnets! I will not wear it to-morrow."

"Oh, yes, you will, little one," said a voice behind the red draperies, as they swung apart and Ernest Nixon caught the startled girl in his arms as he entered the room. "It was rather mean to listen, Jack, but finding a bill for my sister's bonnet, upon your signature, on my table, upon my premature arrival to-night, I naturally looked up a prompt solution of the situation. It's all right, and if you look in before you leave I'll give you a check for your autograph."

"You may as well hand me my sister's bill, which you will find among your papers somewhere, at the same time," said Jack, laughing.

And the next day two new bonnets met upon the heads of their fair owners, with such damage to the heart of Ernest Nixon that when he told Jack and Bab, later, of his successful business venture in Philadelphia, he also added that before next Easter he proposed that they should exchange their sisters' bonnet bills permanently, a proposition which was promptly accepted.—Hartford Times.

Not an Utter Failure.

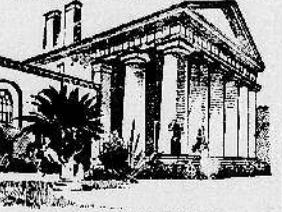
There is always pleasure in accumulated power, but few pause to consider that it is only to be had through vigorous exertion. In one respect this sort of recompense is unique, for it may come not only with success, but with much that is called failure. A man may find his hopes disappointing him one by one; he loses a position he supposed to be secure, or his business does not succeed; perhaps his work, too, appears inefficient, and his efforts seem lost. Yet even in all this crushing adversity, although he has failed in all he has tried to do, he may have succeeded in doing something else of which he had not thought, but which may be more important and enduring than that which he attempted to accomplish. If he has really tried hard and honestly he has gained wisdom and power and experience and caution, which will stand him in good stead in future exertions. This is a consolation seldom offered in times of trouble, yet it is a real one. There is no such thing as utter failure to one who has done his best.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ALL ABOUT ARLINGTON.

THE PEACEFUL PLACE WHERE GEN. SHERIDAN NOW LIES.

It Was Once the Estate of the Celebrated Lee Family, of Virginia, Is Now a Soldiers' Cemetery and Is Here Described and Illustrated.

Arlington is indeed an honored and historic name, both in England and America, but in the former it is best known as the title of a family, and in the latter as the name of an estate. The glories of the English house of Arlington were somewhat sullied by that representative of it who served Charles II a little too faithfully; nevertheless, among the cavaliers of Virginia began to push up the Potomac, their principal official



MANSION AT ARLINGTON.

honored his vast estate by giving it the name of Arlington. A little later the title was restricted to that part of the estate bordering on the Potomac, and that estate, not quite a century and a half ago, became the property of the great Custis family. Thus through Custis, Washington, Custis again, and finally Lee, the estate has become noted in American annals, and is now made a Mecca of patriotism as the last resting place of Sheridan and nearly 16,000 other soldiers of the Union.

When George Washington married Mrs. Martha Custis, widow, her only son was the prospective owner of this fine estate of 1,000 acres, but he did little to improve it. His son, John Parke Custis, entered the patriot army as an aide to Washington, rendered valuable services to the siege of Yorktown, was stricken down with the malarial fever of the locality, and died soon after the surrender. He left four children, of whom Washington adopted the two youngest; and of these George Washington Parke Custis succeeded to the ownership of Arlington. He was a man of peculiar and somewhat classical tastes, and designed a mansion in imitation of the old temple at Paestum, near Naples. The original plan was necessarily modified to fit the needs of a modern residence, and the result is, of course, unobstructed. To this building George Washington Parke Custis removed in 1802 from Mt. Vernon, where he had lived, after graduating at Princeton college, till the death of Mrs. Washington. He died there Oct. 10, 1857, the last of Washington's family, aged 74. His life was largely devoted to art and literature; his "Recollections of Washington" at one time attracted much attention, and at the beginning of the late war Arlington House contained several fine paintings done by him. It also contained many memorials of Washington and other colonial revolutionary heroes, and an invitation to Arlington House was esteemed an honor by the most eminent statesmen and artists.

Early in life he married Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh, and their daughter married the son of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, then a lieutenant of engineers, but later known to all the world as Gen. Robert E. Lee. The story of the "confiscation" of Arlington need not be repeated. It involves points of constitutional law as yet unsettled; but the final result appears to be that the title of the government is perfected. The sale under the confiscation act took place in 1863; in 1864 the government took possession; soon after the burial of soldiers began there, and in 1867 the National cemetery was formally established. On the

30th of May, 1770, occurred the great religious and patriotic dedication, with the famous oration by Gen. John A. Logan, religious ceremonies by Dr. John P. Newman, then chaplain of the senate and now a Methodist bishop, assisted by other ministers, military parade reviewed by President Grant and other prominent generals, and a display of flowers exceeding all previous displays in the United States.



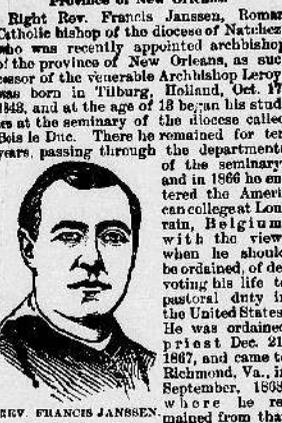
ARLINGTON CEMETERY

The July 200 acres are as yet devoted to cemetery purposes; but near 16,000 soldiers are already buried there, and the location of Sheridan's grave will undoubtedly tend to make this the favorite cemetery to the families of other eminent soldiers. Year by year the military organizations of different states are adding monuments. The Grand Army of the Republic of New Jersey last Decoration day unveiled a beautiful memorial in marble of Gen. Paul; and not far south of the mansion is an imposing granite sarcophagus over the grave of 2,111 "unknown." In this lovely and hallowed ground will rise the monument of Philip Henry Sheridan, and in all the future of the nation Arlington will be a goal of pious and patriotic pilgrimage.

Kalder Frederick said, in accepting honorary membership in the Academy of Legal Sciences at Madrid, "The first task of the legislator is to procure equal rights for all."

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REV. FRANCIS JANSSEN.



He Has Been Appointed Archbishop of the Province of New Orleans.

Right Rev. Francis Janssen, Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese of Natchez, who was recently appointed archbishop of the province of New Orleans, as successor of the venerable Archbishop Leroy, died in Tilburg, Holland, Oct. 17, 1888, and at the age of 18 began his studies at the seminary of the diocese called Bis le Duc. There he remained for ten years, passing through the departments of the seminary, and in 1866 he entered the American college at Louvain, Belgium, with the view when he should be ordained, of devoting his life to pastoral duty in the United States. He was ordained priest Dec. 21, 1867, and came to Richmond, Va., in September, 1868, where he remained from that time until May, 1881, each year becoming more and more beloved by the Catholic community. He was administrator of the diocese of Richmond from 1877 to 1879, and was senior priest under the successive administrations of Bishops McGill, Gibbons and Keen. By the last named he was appointed vicar general of the diocese.

Before leaving Richmond, at the request of his parishioners, the Rev. Janssen was there confirmed as bishop by Archbishop (now Cardinal) Gibbons, of Baltimore, and his many friends and admirers presented him before leaving Richmond with a purse of \$10,000. Bishop Janssen succeeded Bishop Elder as the head of the diocese of Mississippi, April, 1881. During his incumbency of the diocese he has placed the diocese in first class condition, and has made thousands of friends outside the faith as well as in it. Bishop Janssen is spiritual director of the Supreme Lodge of Catholic Knights of America, and is held in high esteem by all prelates of his church. The province of New Orleans embraces the dioceses of New Orleans, Galveston, Little Rock, Mobile, Natchez, Natchitoches, San Antonio and Brownsville, seven bishops and an administrator.

NOMINATED CHIEF OF ENGINEERS.

Thomas Lincoln Casey, Who Comes of Military Stock.

Col. Thomas Lincoln Casey, whose name has been sent to the senate by President Cleveland for confirmation as brigadier general of volunteers and chief of engineers, comes of an old army family. His father was Gen. Silas Casey, of the army, and the son was born at Madison barracks, Sacketts Harbor, New York, in 1839. He may, therefore, be said to have been literally born in the service. In 1852 he was graduated first in his class at the United States Military academy and assigned to the corps of engineers. From 1854 to 1859 he served as assistant professor of practical, civil and military engineering at the academy.

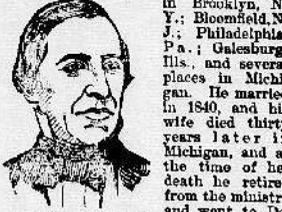


When the war broke out in 1861 Casey was in the west, and was not ordered to the east until the engineer corps was so depleted of officers that no more were allowed to accept positions in the volunteers. This kept him at engineer duty during the whole war. He was on special duty at the attack on Fort Fisher in 1864, and for services on that occasion was brevetted, and received the brevet of colonel and lieutenant colonel for faithful service during the civil war. For ten years, from 1867 to 1877, he was in charge of the division of fortifications in the engineer department at Washington, and was then placed in charge of public buildings. Under his supervision several important structures were reared. In 1868 he was sent to Europe to examine the torpedo system of foreign nations. Ten years later he undertook the completion of the Washington monument, which he effected in 1884. Two years ago he was made president of the board of engineers at New York.

A Noted Hymn Writer Dead.

Rev. George Duffield, the well known writer of hymns, who died recently in Bloomfield, N. J., was born in 1818. He was graduated from Yale college in 1837, being a classmate of Senator William M. Everts, Edwards Pierpont, Samuel J. Tilden and the late Chief Justice Waite. Mr. Duffield studied for three years in the Union Theological seminary of New York, and entered the ministry of the Presbyterian church. He presided over churches in Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bloomfield, N. J.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Galesburg, Ill.; and several places in Michigan. He married in 1840, and his wife died thirty years later in Michigan, at the time of her death he retired from the ministry and went to Detroit. Last fall he went to Bloomfield, N. J., to live with the widow of his son.

Mr. Duffield was the author of a number of hymns, fugitive poems and several volumes on religious topics. He is best known, however, as the author of the hymn, "Stand Up for Jesus," which for many years has been sung at religious gatherings. It has not only been used all over America, but translated into French, German and Chinese. It was written for the conclusion of a sermon preached by Mr. Duffield on the Sunday following the death of the Rev. Dudley S. Tyng, in 1848.



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