

THE COLISEUM.

O Coliseum! ruin vast and strong,
Defiant still, spite power of time and fate,
Thou holdest well thy solitary state
Amid new worlds that idly round thee throng.
And through the centuries thou dost prolong
The majesty of Rome, her mighty weight
Of will, upraised above the little great,
And quick to punish all who did her wrong.
But I behold, cold and indifferent,
Unmoved by awful sternness of thy face,
Heedless of all the memories which have lent
To thy unyielding form a tender grace,
For thou art but the shameless monument
Of the fierce strength of an unloving race.
—Rev. J. L. Spalding in Catholic World.

SCHOOL DIPLOMACY.

On a morning in the early part of December, in the year 1876, 25 or 30 pupils, comprising boys and girls of different ages, were standing in front of a country schoolhouse in central Illinois. They were awaiting their new teacher, who was on this day to open the winter term of school.

The young people were all engaged in conversation. There were many speculations as to the appearance of the person who had been intrusted with the tutorship of the rising generation in district No. 6. Numerous opinions were expressed as to the success or failure of the forthcoming term.

A short distance from the main body of pupils five big boys were congregated. These talked in earnest tones. The oldest as well as the largest of the group was Sam Gaines, a coarse boned, robust looking fellow of 20 years. He was the center of attraction and did most of the speaking. It was evident that his comrades looked upon him as a sort of leader.

"The directors of this district can't hev much of an eye for bizness," said Sam. "Las' winter we cleaned out three strappin schoolmasters. The year before we licked one man and sent him away with soars and bruises, while three women left a-bawlin. Now they hev hired a city belle, and I s'pose she is badly stuck up, but I reckon we'll soon show her the ways of destrict No. 6."

"You just bet your life," said John Sanders, who was in size ranked next to Sam. "If the purty girl doesn't know the history of No. 6, she will be treated to a fine s'prise party."

Suddenly a girl made her appearance in the yard and walked briskly toward the schoolhouse. She was perhaps not more than 18 years of age, slight of stature and handsome. One could perceive at a glance that she was endowed with a keen intellect.

The pupils craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the newcomer, who was Miss Laura Thomas, the teacher. The young lady bowed graciously to all and smiled sweetly. Then she hastened into the schoolhouse.

Having arrived in the schoolroom, Miss Thomas seated herself in the arm-chair behind the teacher's desk and looked around with the greatest composure. She knew full well the unsavory reputation of the school which she was about to manage. She had learned ere she signed her contract with the directors how her predecessors had fled from their duties in confusion. Indeed she had been warned by the very men who employed her to consider carefully the step she was taking. But this caused her little concern. She apprehended no difficulty. Her heart was filled with confidence.

The pupils came into the house and eyed the instructress. The big boys especially regarded the schoolma'am with expressions of mingled curiosity and disdain.

Miss Thomas studiously inspected the latter, as if attempting to single out a particular one in the group. Finally she arose and approached Sam.

"Mr. Gaines, will you be so kind as to bring in a bucket of water?" she asked, with a smile.

The manner and wording of this speech completely amazed the big boy. He nodded assent, and grasping the bucket hurried away, followed closely by his four companions, who snickered loudly when they were on the outside.

"You stop your laughin," said Sam, displaying considerable embarrassment. "This girl understands etequette. There's nothin funny about that, as I can see."

When Sam returned to the room, the teacher heartily thanked him. At the same time she seized the opportunity to inform the young man that she desired to converse with him alone for a moment. Waving all the other pupils away, she spoke to Sam in a low voice.

"It is quite an undertaking to teach this school," she said. "There is much hard work before me, and I would like to do it well. I have taught school for two years, and my efforts have always been crowned with success. This will be my last term, and I should greatly regret making a failure. It would be a terrible humiliation. There is one way by which I can succeed. It is by your aid. With your help it will be an easy task to teach this school. I take you to be a gentleman, Mr. Gaines. May I not hope to have your unqualified co-operation?"

Sam Gaines looked admiringly into the beautiful face before him, and his eyes met the girl's, which imploringly rested upon him. He was deeply moved by the eloquent plea. He began to feel a genuine pity for the teacher, and when he gazed at the frail form his compas-

sion was emphasized. The marked consideration which Miss Thomas had shown him also took effect in another direction. It produced in Sam a sentiment of profound respect for the young lady.

"I have always been unruly in school," he said, "and many is the teachers as hev feared me. But you appear like a lady, and as far as I am concerned you shall hev no trouble. And mebbe I can even assist you in keepin others quiet. At any rate, you need not be afraid that you will be rudely treated while I am around."

Scarcely had the pupils been seated when the big boys glanced at Sam for a signal to begin creating a disturbance. But Sam did not notice them. He gave constant attention to his books. During the whole day there was perfect order in the schoolroom.

In the evening Sam, who, to reach his home, was obliged to pass the house in which the teacher boarded, walked by the side of the latter and carried her books and dinner pail. Never before had he paid such polite attention to a tutress.

The next morning he went to school in a costume which differed wonderfully from the one which he wore on the previous day. He wore his best clothes, his face was smoothly shaved, and a bright polish was visible on his boots.

"Hello! Here comes our dude!" cried John Sanders when Sam arrived in the yard. "Just look at him, boys. Say, Sam, what's the matter with you anyhow? What do you mean by layin us poor fellows in the shade like this?"

"Oh, I just want to look respectable, that's all," said Sam. "You see we've got a teacher who knows something now for once, and I consider under these circumstances that I should appear decent in the schoolroom."

Sam's four big schoolmates laughed heartily at these words. They accepted them as having been uttered in the spirit of a jest.

"But, leavin all jokes aside, when do we begin operations?" queried John. "I don't understand you," said Sam, feigning ignorance.

"Why, when are we to take charge of this school and run it to suit ourselves?" explained John.

"Boys, I'm not with you this term," replied Sam.

"What! You're not goin back on us, are you?" anxiously inquired John. "You certainly don't propose to forsake us in this way. Sam, this is a capital joke you're tryin to play on us."

"But I am serious, boys," said Sam. "I'm old enough to know how valuable is an education. Miss Thomas is a good teacher, and I spect to learn somethin this term."

The school had been in session less than 15 minutes when John sent a paper wad flying across the room. An outbreak of laughter followed, in which nearly all the pupils participated.

Emboldened by this applause, John threw several other balls. The teacher detected him.

"Have you been throwing these paper balls?" she asked, looking straight at the perpetrator of the mischief.

"Yep," coolly replied John. "You may come forward with your book and stand on the floor," firmly demanded the teacher.

"I reckon not," said John. "You must obey my command, or I will be compelled to send you home," said Miss Thomas.

"I refuse to do either," was the answer. "I'll not stand on the floor, nor will I leave school. I'll stay right here and do as I please."

The teacher became alarmed. Her face grew as pale as death, and her frame trembled. She bent her head, looked to the floor and reflected on what course to pursue.

Sam Gaines sat silent in his seat during this brief dialogue. When the sound of John's last words had died away, he arose, took off his coat and advanced toward the disobedient pupil. His eyes flashed, and his brawny arm was uplifted.

"Go and stand on the floor or take your books and be off," he shouted in a commanding voice. "Do you hear what I say?"

The teacher was aroused from her meditations and looked up. Then she saw that John Sanders quailed beneath the stern and angry gaze of the one time disturber of the peace. Without saying a word the offender quietly walked forward and took his position on the floor.

From that day Laura Thomas encountered no further difficulties. The big boys respected the will of Sam, and instead of racking their brains to invent schemes with which to harass the teacher they applied themselves vigorously to their studies. The children made remarkable progress, and at the close of the term folks declared that Miss Thomas was the best teacher who ever taught in district No. 6.

After adjournment on the last day of school Sam lingered at the door. He was waiting for the schoolma'am in order that he might walk home with her. Soon a fashionably dressed gentleman, wearing a silk hat, drove into the yard in a buggy drawn by a span of handsome black horses. The teacher seemed to expect him, for she immediately gathered together her books, and after thanking Sam for his many acts of kindness left the room and got into the buggy.

Sam watched the vehicle with a look

of dejection until it had entirely disappeared from view.

"Who is the young man who took the teacher away?" he inquired of one of the older girls.

"Why, that is her bean, Charlie Layton," was the response. "They are to be married in two weeks."

Sam ground his teeth, and a shadow passed over his face.

"Ef I had knowed that," he said bitterly, "Miss Laura Thomas' last term of school would ha' been broke up long fore this."—Chicago News.

A Lucky Purchase.

The Manchester Courier says that just before the Zulu war there was in Mauritius a stamp collector who was a friend of the local postmaster. One day he learned that there was to be a clearance of old stock and obtained permission to buy it all as waste. It occurred to him that he might do the same at other small colonial postoffices and acquire stamps without difficulty. One of his Mauritius stamps he sold not long ago for \$4,250, and, according to the Manchester Courier, he has already made between \$100,000 and \$150,000 by his investment.

That man or woman who is daily ministering to the highest needs of his and her fellow mortals is an angel in human form.

Quick Work.



Major Barrett—Japan says she proposes to demolish China.
His Wife (wearily)—She ought to employ our parlor maid.

LIGHT AND AIRY.

Two Views of It.
The snowflakes sifted softly down;
The ground grew swiftly white.
One sweet girl clapped her hands with joy,
Delighted at the sight.

"Winter has really come at last!"
In ecstasy she cried.
"Tomorrow Charlie in his sleigh
Will take me out to ride."

Her brother also saw the snow
And sighed, too tired to talk,
"Tomorrow I shall break my back
A-shoveling off the walk."
—Somerville Journal.

Should Work Both Ways.

His Wife—George, you are becoming a confirmed smoker.
Suburbanite—My dear, I am compelled to ride in the smoking car so much that I often have to light a cigar in self defense.

Same Suburbanite (a few hours later)—Amanda, you smell frightfully of raw onions.

His Wife—My dear, Bridget frequently eats raw onions, and I've been eating one in self defense.—Chicago Tribune.

Doubling the Number.

Lady—This house would suit me, but there are not enough closets.
Landlord—The number can easily be doubled.

Lady—Very well, then, I'll sign the lease.
Landlord (half an hour later)—George, send a carpenter to that house to divide each of those closets into two.—New York Weekly.

Theory and Practice.

HE.
If ripe red lips 'neath eyes of blue
Were tempting you, what would you do?
SHE.

Why, sir, in such a case as this
I really think I'd take a kiss.
HE.

The proper course I think you miss,
I'd take a score—like this, and this!
—Life.

Aroused Her Suspicion.

"Is Mистер Dolan very sick?" asked the sympathetic neighbor.
"Ter'ble. The docther said the day he wor goin to diagnose his case."
"Goin to phwat?"
"Diagnose it."

"Mrs. Dolan, take my advice. Put a mustard plaster on 'im and trust to luck."—Washington Star.

At the Milliner's.

Mrs. Feathers (surveying bonnet critically)—Five ninety-eight for this? No, I don't think it will suit.
Milliner—I beg pardon, the mark is false. I meant fifteen ninety-eight.

Mrs. Feathers—Well, if you say it's really in style, I'll take it!—New York Dispatch.

A Lightning Change.

It's nice to feel her little hand tucked underneath your arm,
Because it shows she trusts in you to shield her from all harm.
But while there is no greater joy than walking through the snow
A mealy little slide can change your pleasure into woe.
—Munsey's Magazine.

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