

**A MONDAINE'S VIEW OF VENUS.**

Men will rave about the Venus—  
Her of Melos—though her waist  
Would drive any woman crazy  
If she couldn't have it laced.

Such preposterous proportions  
May do well enough in art,  
But you really can't imagine  
Venus ever looking "smart."

Any French modiste will tell you  
That she never could be chic  
With that waist. I vow 'tis nearly,  
If not quite, a half yard thick.

Oh, of course she "goes" in marble,  
But she'd hardly be a belle  
In a '30 gown. You'd never  
Think her "swagger" now nor "swell."

A la mode she'd be a monster,  
Would the goddess, and it grieves  
Fin de siècle souls to fancy  
What she'd look like in big sleeves.

Venus never would be "in it,"  
And the men who rhapsodize  
O'er her form would, were she mortal,  
Be the first to criticize.

Were the goddess gowned in fashion  
Then, for all her wondrous face,  
They would find her figure "vulgar"  
And declare she'd better lace.

—Boston Globe.

**THE COST OF A TRAIN**

At the time when the first open court of law was established in Russia a lady, dressed with the utmost elegance, was walking on the Moscow promenade, leaning upon her husband's arm and letting the long train of her rich dress sweep the dirt of the street.

A young officer, coming hastily from a side street, was so careless as to catch one of his spurs in the lady's train, and in an instant a great piece was torn out of the costly but frail material of the dress.

"I beg a thousand pardons, madame," said the officer, with a polite bow, and then was about passing on when he was detained by the lady's husband.

"You have insulted my wife."

"Nothing was farther from my intention, sir. Your wife's long dress is to blame for the accident, which I sincerely regret, and I beg you once more to receive my apologies for any carelessness on my part." Thereupon he attempted to hasten on.

"You shall not escape so," said the lady. "Today is the first time I have worn this dress, and it cost 200 rubles, which you must make good."

"My dear madame, I beg you not to detain me. I am obliged to go on duty at once. As to the 200 rubles, I really cannot help the length of your dress, yet I beg your pardon for not having been more cautious."

"You shall not stir, sir. That you are obliged to go on duty is nothing to us. My wife is right. The dress must be made good."

The officer's face grew pale.

"You force me to break through the rules of the service, and I shall receive punishment."

"Pay the 200 rubles, and you are free."

The quickly changing color in the young man's face betrayed how inwardly disturbed he was, but stepping close up to them both he said, with apparent self command:

"You will renounce your claim when I tell you that I am a poor man, who has nothing to live on but his officer's pay, and the amount of that pay hardly reaches the sum of 200 rubles in a whole year. I can therefore make no amends for the misfortune except by again begging your pardon."

"Oh, anybody could say all that, but we'll see if it's true. We'll find out if you have nothing but your pay. I declare myself not satisfied with your excuses, and I demand my money," persisted the lady in the hard voice of a thoroughly unfeeling woman.

"That is true—you are right," the husband added, dutifully supporting her. "By good luck we have the open court now in session. Go with us before the judge, and he will decide the matter."

All protestations on the officer's part that he was poor, was expected on duty, and so forth, did not help matters. To avoid an open scene he went with them to the courtroom, where the gallery was densely packed with a crowd of people.

After waiting some time the lady had leave to bring her complaint.

"What have you to answer to this?" said the judge, turning to the officer, who seemed embarrassed and half in despair.

"On the whole very little. As the lateness of the hour and being required on duty compelled me to hurry I did not notice this lady's train, which was dragging on the ground. I caught one of my spurs in it and had the misfortune to tear her dress. Madame would not receive my excuses, but perhaps now she might find herself more disposed to forgiveness when I again declare that I committed this awkward blunder without any malicious intention, and earnestly beg that she will pardon me."

A murmur ran through the gallery, evidently in the people taking sides with the officer, and against the lady's train in general, and this lady in particular.

The judge then ordered and asked, "Are you satisfied with the defendant's explanation?"

"Not at all, I demand 200 rubles for my wife's dress."

"Defendant, will you pay this sum?"

"I would have paid it long before this had I been in a position to do so. Unfortunately I am poor. My pay as an officer is all that I have to live on."

"You hear, complainant, that the defendant is not able to pay the sum you demand of him. Do you still wish the complaint to stand?"

"I wish it to stand. The law shall give me my rights."

There ran through the rows of people a murmur of indignation that sounded like a rushing of water.

"Consider, complainant, the consequence of your demand. The defendant can be punished only through being deprived of his personal liberty, and by that you can obtain no satisfaction, while to the defendant it might prove the greatest injury in his rank and position as an officer who is poor and dependent upon his pay. Do you still insist upon your complaint?"

"I still insist upon it."

The course the affair was taking seemed to have become painful to the lady's husband. He spoke with his wife urgently, but without effect. The judge was going on to further consideration of the case, when a loud voice was heard from the audience:

"I will place the 200 rubles at the service of the defendant!"

During the silence which followed a gentleman forced his way through the crowd and placed himself at the young officer's side.

"Sir, I am the Prince W— and beg you will accept the loan of the 200 rubles in question."

"Prince, I am not worthy of your kindness, for I don't know if I shall ever be able to pay the loan," answered the officer in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Take the money at all events. I can wait until you are able to return it." Thereupon the prince held out two notes of 100 rubles each, and coming close to him whispered a few words very softly. There was a sudden lighting up in the officer's face. He immediately took the two notes, and turning to the lady handed them to her with a polite bow.

"I hope, madame, you are satisfied."

"With a malicious smile she reached out her hand for the money."

"Yes. Now I am satisfied."

With a scornful glance over the crowd of spectators she prepared to leave the room on her husband's arm.

"Stop, madame," said the officer, who had suddenly become like another man.

"What do you want?" said the lady, casting a look upon him as insulting as possible.

"I want my dress," he answered, with a slight but still perfectly polite bow.

"Give me your address and I will send it to you."

"Oh, no, my dear madame, I am in the habit of taking my purchases with me at once. Favor me with the dress immediately."

A shout of approbation came from the gallery.

"Order!" cried the judge.

"What an insane demand!" said the lady's husband. "My wife cannot undress herself here."

"I have nothing to do with you in this matter, sir, but only with the complainant. Be so good as to give me the dress immediately, madame. My affairs are urgent."

The pleasure of the audience at the expense of the lady increased with every word.

"Do not jest any more about it. I will hurry and send you the dress as soon as possible."

"I am not jesting. I demand from the representative of the law my own property, the dress," said the officer, raising his voice.

The judge, thus appealed to, decided promptly.

"The officer is right, madame. You are obliged to hand him over the dress on the spot."

"I can't undress myself here before all these people and go home without any dress on," said the young woman, with anger and tears.

"You should have thought of that sooner. Now you have no time to lose. Either give up the dress of your own accord, or—"

A nod that could not be misinterpreted brought to the lady's side two officers of justice who seemed about to take upon themselves the office of my lady's maid.

"Take your money back and leave me my dress!"

"Oh, no, madame! That dress is now worth more than 200 rubles to me."

"How much do you ask for it?"

"Two thousand rubles," said the officer firmly.

"I will pay the sum," the weeping lady's husband responded promptly. "I have here 500 rubles. Give me a pen and paper, and I will write an order upon my banker for the remaining 1,500."

After he had written the draft the worthy pair withdrew amid hisses from the audience.—From the French.

**Swiss Swords, Spanish Pikes.**

The prowess of the Swiss infantry is generally dated back to Morgarten (1315) or forward to Sempach (1386), but in reality it can be traced to a generation or two, some say a century and a half, before the former action. Be that as it may, Morgarten first an-

nounced the fame of the Swiss to Europe. Sempach raised it still higher, and finally the three terrible defeats of Charles the Bold at Granson, Morat and Nancy (1476-77) established it forever.

From that time the Swiss became the model of Europe. The German landsknechts adopted their weapons and tactics, and even for a time their name, while crafty little Louis XI took 6,000 of them into his pay and set them to teach his Frenchmen their work, for all Europe required to learn true soldierlyship, to obey orders and, above all, to preserve formation, which has been the secret of the Swiss victories. Before the fifteenth century was passed came Charles VIII's celebrated expedition to Italy and his entry into Rome, wherein the carriage and order of his Swiss mercenaries were the amazement of all beholders.

It was the French interference with Italian affairs that spread the new discipline abroad, for among the opponents of the most Christian king was a man of genius, the general of Ferdinand of Aragon, Gonsalvo of Cordova, known over all Europe as the Great Captain. He, when the campaign was ended, in 1498, took the remodeling of the Spanish forces in hand and laid the foundation of the famous tercios that were soon to supplant the Swiss companies as the pattern for European infantry. It was in the Spanish tongue that the pike was first named the "queen of all weapons." —Macmillan's Magazine.

**AND SO THEY MARRIED.**

**Romance of a Wealthy Widow and Her Hired Man.**

When Miss Yount, 25 years ago, fell heir to a 1,000 acre ranch, the most fertile in Napa valley, California, she married Lewis Rutherford and had two sons by him. Several years later they disagreed and were divorced, but later on remarried and lived together until Rutherford's death, which occurred in 1887.

The care of the ranch then devolved on William Dalzell, an unlettered man of all work, but who was possessed of some brains. The widow placed implicit confidence in him. They were often together and their actions caused her sons to make frequent protests and demand Dalzell's dismissal. The mother and sons became gradually estranged, and Dalzell began to assume the airs of a master of the place.

Some days ago one of the boys went home intoxicated and quarreled with Dalzell. He is known as the best shot in the county, and when he threatened to kill the hired man if he did not leave the place the latter started for the house and told Mrs. Rutherford, who immediately started for the station and took the train for Napa, while Dalzell went to a neighbor's, and procuring a horse and buggy, started in the same direction, closely followed by the woman's angry son.

Dalzell and the widow met at Napa, and, procuring a license, sought a minister and were married. To a neighbor Dalzell said, after their return to the ranch, that he and Mrs. Rutherford had signed a marriage contract two years ago and had secretly lived as husband and wife since then. He is 42 years old, broad shouldered and fairly good looking. His wife is 43 years old, still very beautiful and cultured. Her fortune is estimated at \$300,000.—New York World.

**HOW TO LIVE.**

**Pittsburg Priest Aims to Reform Drunkards and Gluttons.**

Rev. Father McKeever of the Church of St. John the Baptist of Pittsburg is organizing a novel temperance society. It is nonsectarian, and its members will be permitted the use of light beer and wines in moderation.

Should the plans of the organization become popular the liquor business of this country will be entirely revolutionized. While a total abstainer himself, Father McKeever believes in temperance in all things. The work of his society will be educational. It is to go into homes and teach the science of living. What food is best suited to individuals according to the work they do, and how to prepare it, the amounts necessary for the preservation of health and strength will be taught them.

For those who desire alcoholic stimulants the use of beer and light wines will be advocated. Whisky, brandy, gin, rum, Father McKeever relegates to the apothecaries, where they are to be secured as medicine by prescription. The practice of treating will be discontinued.

Father McKeever is arranging for a mass meeting at which his ideas will be explained. He is pastor of one of the largest Roman Catholic churches in Pittsburg. He also proposes to reform people who eat too much.—Chicago Times-Herald.

**LAVIGNE READY FOR THE FRAY.**

In response to my challenge I learn that Jack McAuliffe says that he will meet me for the lightweight championship of the world for a suitable purse and side stakes, and I propose to hold him to his word. I am perfectly willing after my battle with Bob F. Simmons' protégé, Jimmy Handler, in September, to meet McAuliffe at the fistio carnival to be held in Dallas in November next. He may name the size of

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**Alex. Metzel.**

P. O. address, Fuller Springs, Montana.

Cattle and Horse brand circle A on left shoulder. Thoroughbred cattle and American horses are branded J on left jaw. Vent, same brand on left thigh.

Cattle mark, down-cut dewlap in brisket. Range, upper Ruby valley, from lower upper canyon, including all tributaries.

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Cattle brand as shown in cut; horses same brand on left thigh. Vent for cattle same on left thigh; for horses, same under m. n. Cattle cropped on right ear, and with down-cut dewlap on brisket. Range, upper Ruby valley, from lower to upper canyon, including all tributaries.

**Jack Taylor.**

P. O. address, Virginia City, Montana.

Horse brand, circle T on left shoulder. Cattle brand as shown in cut. Range, Madison divide.

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**Term of Court.**

The regular term of the District Court of the Fifth Judicial District, of Montana, in and for the County of Madison, is fixed as follows:

Third Monday of February, May, August and November.

FRANK SHOWERS, Judge.

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