

SMART AT SPELLING.

A LESSON IN ORTHOGRAPHY THAT WAS DEARLY BOUGHT.

How a Couple of Shrewd Sharpers Won Thousands of Dollars by Working the Dictionary For Game Until They Were Brought to Grief.

"How do you spell 'choir'?" asked a man in the bookstore.

"What do you mean—paper or music?" inquired a smart young man who poses as an authority on all topics.

"Music, singing, of course," replied the man in search of orthographical information.

"Ch-o-i-r," responded the smart young man decisively.

"Q-u-i-r-e," chimed in a red bearded man who was busy looking at some books.

"You are referring to paper," said the smart young man, looking sadly at the interrupter. "We were speaking about music."

"I mean music too," said the red bearded man calmly. "Q-u-i-r-e, to sing in concert."

The smart young man's expression changed from sadness to contempt. "You had better consult your dictionary," he said with a sneer.

"Never mind," retorted the red bearded man. "My way of spelling may be a little old fashioned, but you will find it correct according to Webster. You will also find it correct according to the Century Dictionary, and if I am not mistaken it is likewise given in the Standard. Your way is all right too."

The smart young man gave a sniff of scorn. "Josh Billings and you should have collaborated on a phonetic spelling book."

"Look here," said the red bearded man. "I'll bet you \$3 that Webster's latest spells it 'q-u-i-r-e.'"

"Make it \$5," said the smart young man, pulling out a roll.

"No; I don't want to rob you. Get the dictionary."

The money was put up and Webster's International brought out. There it was. "Q-u-i-r-e, to sing in concert."

"I didn't mean a verb," said the smart young man, growing white around the ears. "Where is the noun?"

They found that, too, although it was marked obsolete. Then the smart young man wilted.

"I won't take your money," said the red bearded man, handing back the bills. "My name is Bell, George T. Bell. I have had educational advantages which you probably never received, and I spent several months learning the different ways to spell that word. Several years ago I was on the secret service. My partner and I had been on the trail of a pair of sharpers who had a repertory of 'con' games that would have made the ordinary bunco man look sick. They were men of far more than ordinary intelligence and had the manners of cultured men of the world. The way we happened to get them was a pure accident."

"My partner and I were going down from St. Louis on a Mississippi river packet. There were about 20 of us in the smoking room talking and trying to pass the time comfortably. Just as a hull came in the hum of conversation a young man seated at a table writing some letters looked up with a troubled air and said, 'Could any of you gentlemen tell me how to spell 'choir'?' I am a little puzzled over it."

"What kind of a one do you mean?" asked several.

"Choir, to sing in concert," chirped the young man, wrinkling his brow as if to recall the proper orthography.

"Ch-o-i-r," said a scholarly looking man with glasses on.

"Q-u-i-r-e," sang out a big, well fed old man off in the corner.

"Ch-o-i-r," repeated the first man with some emphasis. "I thought every fool knew that."

"That's all right," said the old man off in the corner. "Money talks. I'll bet you \$50 that Webster spells it 'q-u-i-r-e' too."

"I'll raise you 50," said the first man, who was a cotton buyer at Memphis.

"All right," said the big old man coolly. Then the others joined in and bet him to a standstill. They put up about \$500. Then they got the dictionary, and, as just now, the man who bet on 'q-u-i-r-e' won.

"My partner and I waited till the money had changed hands, and then I said, 'Come on, Si.'"

"I walked up to the young man and said: 'Come with me; I want you. I'll show you how to spell choir. Si colored the big old man and we walked them down below. You never saw two fellows look quite so cheap. They had cleaned up over \$15,000 on that one trick, but they got four years and a half apiece. That is one spelling school I have attended that not every man goes to. That game is one which will catch nine educated men out of ten. You are all right, but you may still have something to learn."

Then the smart young man offered the usual invitation in payment for the information.—Washington Post

Quite Emersonian.

Cripple Creek is great on etiquette. A man out there met a little girl with whose family he is very intimate and said:

"Hello, Edith! How are you?"

The little miss drew herself up and replied:

"I've very well but I ain't no telephone"—Boston Globe

The first British recognition of Bessemer's work came from the Institute of Civil Engineers, which awarded him a gold Telford medal for a paper on his steel process read before it in 1869.

Vessels of 2,000 tons carry seven anchors, four of a maximum weight of 18 tons, with about 800 fathoms of cable.

Had Nerve as Well as Weight.

In one of the newspaper composing rooms in this city there is a typesetting machine operator who is a great lover of horse racing. A good share of his wages goes to the bookmakers at the local tracks during the racing season, although for some reason he never acquired the poolroom habit and has always refused to put down a bet unless he was "there to see how the dogs ran." He is fully six feet tall and weighs about 300 pounds. His size suggested a joke to one of his friends during the racing season last summer.

"Going to Sheepshead Bay today?" the friend asked.

"I'd like to, but if I go I won't have much left to bet with."

"I can give you a jockey's badge," said the friend.

"Gimme it," replied the printer, eagerly, never realizing the ridiculous contrast between his size and that of even the heavyweight jockeys. Armed with the jockey's badge, he presented himself at the race track gate and showed his badge. The ticket taker looked at him in astonishment.

"Great Scott!" he finally blurted out, "wot do you ride—the elephant!"

"There's one entered in the fifth race," was the reply. And his nerve so paralyzed the gatekeeper that he was admitted.—New York Sun.

Hot Times.

"I can remember a good many years back," said a Detroit veteran in politics, "and, whatever may be said as to the integrity of our present statesmen, campaigns are conducted in a great deal more moderate tone than they used to be. Then it was the usual thing to indulge in the strongest possible abuse of men and parties."

"I heard a joint debate between a couple of candidates for our legislature that will serve to illustrate. They taunted and berated each other till all other questions were lost sight of in the popular anxiety to see which excelled in this style of warfare."

"Finally the hotter headed of the two burst out in an announcement that he could whip his rival or any of his friends."

"That reminds me," said the other coolly, "of a dog my father used to have that could whip any dog in the neighborhood or any that came that way with the teamsters."

"What's the application, sir?" roared the other. "I'll stand no innuendoes, sir. Make your application, if you dare."

"It is simply this, my pugacious friend—no one ever thought of sending father's dog to the legislature."

The fire eater remained at home.—Detroit Free Press.

A Beetle That Cuts Metal.

There is no use trying to keep in confinement a curious little creature known as the metal cutting beetle.

Not long ago an entomologist caught one of these beetles and, unaware of its peculiar ability for sawing through anything in its way, put it in a cardboard box. Soon tiring of solitary confinement, or probably thinking its captor had forgotten to provide it with a door, the beetle cut one for itself and crawled out.

It was captured and put in a wooden box, and as soon as the novelty of its new home wore off, again the persevering insect cut a hole in the box and escaped.

The next time the escaped prisoner was caught it was put in a small glass jar with a tight fitting pewter cover, punctured to let in air. But the metal cutting beetle from Mexico scorned to live in a pepper box and gnawed a hole big enough to allow it to creep out into the big world again. And this time it was not caught.

Primitive Pipes.

The earliest Indian pipes were simply tubes, in one end of which the tobacco or dried leaves were put. It has been found that the pipes used by the ancient Romans were made on the same plan, the bowl being an invention reserved for a comparatively recent day. It is worthy mentioning incidentally that the cigarette is really an invention of the Indians. They made cigarettes just like those now in use, with wrappers of the thinnest corn husks.

There is a popular notion, by the way, that paper used for modern cigarettes is destructive to health and apt to be saturated with drugs. Facts do not warrant this idea, inasmuch as the best cigarette paper is quite harmless, being made out of new linen rags, from the refuse left over in the manufacture of shirts and other linen garments.

There is no such thing as rice paper. What is known as such is the pith of a plant cut in thin slices used by the Chinese for painting pictures.—Science Siftings.

Ireland Called Many Names.

Few countries have suffered so many changes of name as Ireland. In the time of Ptolemy the island was known as Scotia. Diodorus Siculus calls the island Irs, or Irsi; in the "De Mundo," credited by some scholars to Aristotle, it is called Irene; in the "Argonautica of Orpheus" it appears as Irinus; Strabo calls it Irene; Caesar, Tacitus and Pliny mention it as Hibernia; Mela called it Juverna. The native names in Celtic are Ir, Eri, or Erin. Plutarch mentions it under the name of Ogygia. The name Ireland is no doubt derived from the native Ir or Eri, but when it came into general use is a question concerning which scholars are much at variance.

Judicial Levity.

The police justice, who had the reputation of being a strictly upright and honest officer of the law and had little business in consequence, looked lugubriously at the frayed edges of the judicial coat.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I shall have to bind you over."—Chicago Tribune.

Sheep are used as beasts of burden in India and Persia.

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THE PROFESSOR'S BABY.

Medical Students Provided a Surprising Array of Presents For It.

"When I was a medical student in the University of Pennsylvania," said the doctor, "the boys celebrated an interesting event in the domestic life of one of the professors in a unique way. The news that the favorite professor was a happy father reached the students on Thursday morning, and that afternoon and evening there were consultations held all over the university buildings, and sundry dimes and quarters were collected by two or three of the students, who constituted a sort of finance committee. Every Friday morning the professor gave a lecture to the students in the amphitheater. The subject for the lecture that week was 'The Relation of the Sympathetic Nervous System to the Nerve Centers of the Brain,' and half an hour before the time set for the lecture every man in the class, which numbered about 850, was in his place waiting for the fun to begin and glancing now and then toward the three long operating tables in the center of the room."

Promptly at 10 o'clock the door opened and the favorite professor entered the amphitheater. He carefully closed the door behind him, then with a self-conscious clearing of his throat turned toward the class. At the first glance his jaw fell, while every one of the 850 fiends in the seats above began to yell at the top of his lungs. Spread out upon the three long operating tables were about 150 baby's toys and furnishings of every kind and description. There were rattles by the dozen, Noah's arks, dolls of all sizes, a toy cooking stove, a baby carriage, an embroidered flannel petticoat, a nursing bottle lying in a graduated glass, a pair of little blue kid shoes and other things too numerous to mention. After the first shock of surprise and embarrassment, the professor was game. He thanked us, in a speech peppered with five syllabled words, for our thoughtfulness in thus providing for the future needs of his offspring, but he observed, after a careful examination of the various instruments of infantile delight spread out before him, that we had forgotten one thing—a bottle of paregoric. Then he yawned in a way suggestive of midnight vigils and turned his attention to 'The Relation of the Sympathetic Nervous System to the Nerve Centers of the Brain.'

"But he was not allowed to proceed beyond the first sentence or two. His attention was drawn to the blackboard, where some student of artistic tendencies had drawn an elaborately decorated design in red, white and blue chalk. 'Is Marriage a Failure?' The poor professor, seeing that there was no possibility of a serious lecture that morning, entertained us for about ten minutes on the text posted on the blackboard; then after inviting us all to visit the newcomer in the immediate future, he marched off to the music of 850 voices singing, 'Go to Sleep, My Little Pickaninny' and 'Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bowwow.'—New York Sun.

A SCENE OF BUTCHERY.

The Slaughter That Came With the End of the Janizaries.

On the 15th day of June, 1826, the whole corps of the janizaries in the capital assembled, overturned their camp kettles (the signal of revolt) and advanced upon the seraglio. With his own hand the sultan unfurled the sacred "sanjak sherrif" and called upon the true believers to rally round their dishab and caliph, and the zealous Mussulman citizens rushed from all quarters and rallied under the sacred symbol. The ranks of the janizaries were raked with grape and solid shot by "Black Hell" (a nickname for Ibrahim, general of artillery) and his gunners as they pressed through the streets, compelling them to fall back to the Etmeidan, where they defended themselves with extraordinary fierceness, slaying great numbers of their assailants. The artillery, supported by the marines and the bostangi, pressed forward and compelled them to retreat to their barracks, where they offered desperate resistance to the assault.

From every street cannon thundered on the walls without intermission, the building was soon in flames, the walls torn and battered down by grapeshot, and the janizaries, overwhelmed by ruins, shot and flames, perished in their burning and blood stained barracks. For two days the gates of the city remained closed, and with relentless vigor every corner was searched for such janizaries as had escaped the general massacre, and when found they were hastily executed. Nearly 20,000 janizaries were destroyed on this memorable day, and many thousands were afterward put to death in the various cities of the empire, and thus not one of the number under arms was left to tell the tale.—Self Culture.

Accounted For the Fit.

Hon. George R. Peck so keenly appreciates a good joke that he tells the following on himself:

"When, after a foreign trip, I was being welcomed by some of my friends in Topeka, I wore a suit of clothes made by a London tailor that was uncomfortably tight in places. I expressed my surprise that a loose fit in London should prove a tight fit in Topeka, whereupon an Irishman of the party exclaimed:

"Mr. Peck, don't forget you're a bigger man in Topayka than you were in London."—Chicago Journal.

Untimely Nap.

"What time did the hotel catch fire?"

"Midnight."

"Everybody get out safely?"

"All except the night watchman. We couldn't wake him up in time."—Boston Traveler.

The Danger of It.

The man with too many irons in the fire is sure to take one by the hot end.

—Dallas News.

REMORSE.

Red lips that dumbly quiver for his kiss And now but fondly touch his graveyard stone.

—Arthur J. Stringer in Harper's Magazine.

A STROKE OF GENIUS.

It Elicited the Unbounded Admiration of the Farmer.

Only a few summers ago, among the many others that visited the wild region adorned by one of Michigan's inland lakes, was an artist. He had a wealth of scenery from which to select and chose a picturesque view with a hill of rocks and jack pines as a background. The owner of the property transferred to canvas did not think much of the enterprise or of the man who would dawdle away his time in such an undertaking, but the artist paid the summer rates without a murmur and never entered any complaints against the accommodations. The next season the painter was again among the guests.

"How did that there picture of yours come out, anyhow?" asked the curious landlord.

"Oh, fairly well. You know that I have my name to make yet. I sold it for \$1,000."

"No," exclaimed the farmer excitedly. "Not \$1,000. You're chaffin me."

"Not a bit of it," laughed the artist. "I got \$1,000 for that little view before there was a frame on it."

"Shake, stranger. I allus thought I was purty slick on a dicker, but I'll be doggone if you don't take the prize. You skinned that feller slick and clean."

"How so?" indignantly, for his pride was touched.

"Oh, don't play innocent with me. It won't go no further. But you done him brown. A thousand for that spot where you couldn't raise a bean to the acre! If the critter that bought that picture had seen me, I'd sold him the hull darn farm for \$275."—Detroit Free Press.

In the Tap Root of an Oak.

I remember a curious incident connected with the tap root of an oak. This oak, a good tree of perhaps 200 years' growth, was being felled at Bradenham wood when the woodmen called attention to something peculiar on the tap root. On clearing this off we found that the object was a horse-shoe of ancient make. Obviously in the beginning an acorn must have fallen into the hollow of this cast shoe, and as it grew through the slow generations the root filled up the circle, carrying it down into the earth in the process of its increase till at length we found wood and iron thus strangely wedded. That tap root with the shoe about it is now or used to be a paper-weight in the vestibule of Bradenham Hall.—Rider Haggard in Longman's Magazine.

Pure Water a Poison.

By "chemically pure water" we usually understand perfectly fresh, distilled water. Distilled water is a dangerous protoplasmic poison. The same poisonous effects must occur whenever distilled water is drunk. The sense of taste is the first to protest against the use of this substance. A mouthful of distilled water, taken by inadvertence, will be spit out regularly. The local poisonous effect of distilled water makes itself known by all the symptoms of a catarrh of the stomach on a small scale. The harmfulness of the process, so much resorted to today, of washing out the stomach with distilled water is acknowledged.—National Druggist.

Official Lampposts.

The placing of lampposts in front of the houses of the chief magistrates of towns is an ancient custom. We find in Heywood's "English Traveler" that posts were so placed in front of sheriffs' houses. Reginald says:

What brave carved posts! Who knows but here in time, sir, you may keep your shrievaltie And I be one o' th' serjants!

From sheriffs, the practice extended to the houses of mayors and provosts. It has been suggested, with some probability, that the posts were at first intended for the affixing of proclamations which it was the duty of the sheriffs to publish.

A Forgetful Sponse.

Mrs. Bilkins: I never saw such a forgetful man in my life as you are. The clock has stopped again.

Mr. Bilkins—That's because you forgot to wind it.

Mrs. Bilkins—You know very well, Mr. Bilkins, that I told you to remind me to wind it, and you forget about it.—New York Weekly.

Her Mistake.

"How did it happen that Miss Singleton refused to marry the young clergyman?"

"Why, when he proposed to her she, being a little deaf, thought he was asking her to subscribe to the organ fund. So she told him she had promised her money to some other mission."—Harper's Bazar.

Proud of His Descent.

O'Brien—And so Phelim is proud of his descent, is he?

McTurk—Yes, he is terribly stuck up about it.

O'Brien—Well, begorra, O've a bit of a descent meself to boast about. O' decended four stories wanst whin the ladder broke and never spilled a brick.—Answers.

Not Yet.

"Are you related to each other?" inquired the probate judge at Oklahoma City of a German bridal couple bearing the same name. And the groom replied:

"Nein. Das is vat's de matter. Ve wants to be a'reity."—Kansas City Journal.

Over 2,000,000 bottles of the value of \$35,000, are recovered each year from the dustyards in London and returned to their owners.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

Honest goods, honest prices and honest dealings will surely bring success. Every hour proves it. The last days of the nineteenth century show nothing more clearly. We believe this fact and our works demonstrate our belief. Our goods are warranted to be exactly as represented, that is honest; our goods are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, that is honest. If any article of jewelry of our manufacture does not give perfect satisfaction we will refund the money paid for such articles; that, too, is honest. James Wheeler of Billings, Mont., has a complete assortment of our goods in his store for sale at prices that defy competition. These goods are made from rolled gold, gold filled or solid gold stock, and are warranted to give perfect satisfaction or the money will be refunded. W. F. MAIN CO., Eastern Factory corner Friendship and Eddy streets, Providence, R. I. Western Factory (largest in the world) under process of construction at East Iowa City, Ia. Over 52,000 feet of floor space. 92-1-4

EGGS FOR HATCHING

There Are None Better to Be Had Than Ours.

Our breeding pens were selected and mated by I. K. Felch, President of the American Poultry Association.

Light Brahmas (Felch strain), B. P. Rocks, White Leghorns, White Wyandottes.

Eggs \$2.50 per setting Two settings for \$4.00

A limited amount of stock for sale. Address

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LATEST MODELS.

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First Publication March 10, 1899—4 NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Caroline Taylor, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Caroline Taylor, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office in Billings in the county of Yellowstone, state of Montana. Dated at Billings, Mont., March 4, 1899. H. W. ROWLEY, Administrator of the estate of Caroline Taylor, deceased.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY persons in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary \$200 a year and expenses—definite, bona fide, no more, no less—salary. Monthly \$75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Herbert E. Hess, Pres., Dept. M, Chicago, 10-7-6

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTER-

ior, Office of the U. S. Surveyor General, Helena, Montana, March 15, 1899.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 12 o'clock upon April 12, 1899, for running, measuring and marking, in accordance with existing official regulations and such special instructions as may be issued by the surveyor general, the designated standard and meridian, township and section lines in the following townships, viz: Group 11. 1 N., R. 27 E., Island in Missouri river, subs. (2 m.); meanders (2 m.); 8 N., R. 31 E., frl. subs. (8 m.); meanders (8 m.); 9 N., R. 30 E., subs. (60 m.). Legal rates of mileage are \$9, \$7, \$5; \$18, \$15, \$12, and \$25, \$23, \$20, for standard and meander, township and section and connecting lines respectively, the latter rates (\$18, \$15, \$12, and \$25, \$23, \$20), to be allowed only when the lands are mountainous, heavily timbered or covered with dense undergrowth. Bond with approved securities for the faithful performance of the contract, will be required of the successful bidders. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids, to waive technical defects, and to accept any part of any bid or reject the other part, if the interests of the government require it. Proposals must be submitted in duplicate to the undersigned and endorsed on the envelope "PROPOSALS FOR EXECUTING PUBLIC SURVEYS." The proposals received will be opened at the time and place above stated, and bidders are invited to be present at such opening. Further information in regard to the work will be furnished upon application to the undersigned, E. W. BEATTIE, U. S. Surveyor General for Montana. 94-1-2

SHERIFF'S SALE.

First Publication March 8, 1899—4

Cora M. Derrick, plaintiff, vs. Oliver C. Bundy and Ida Bundy, his wife, and Charles Bundy, d-defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale issued out of the district court of the Seventh judicial district of the state of Yellowstone, in and for the county of Yellowstone, on the 12th day of November, A. D. 1898, in the above entitled action wherein Cora M. Derrick, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Oliver C. Bundy and Ida Bundy, his wife, and Charles Bundy, defendants, on the 12th day of November, A. D. 1898, for the sum of \$221.54, besides interest, costs and attorney's fees, which said decree was, on the 1st day of December, A. D. 1898, recorded, in judgement book No. 2 of said court, at page 327, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the county of Yellowstone, state of Montana, and bounded and described as follows, to wit: 'The south-west quarter of section No. two (2) of township No. two (2) south of range No. twenty-four (24) east of the Montana principal meridian, in the county of Yellowstone, and state of Montana.

Public notice is hereby given, that on Saturday, the first day of April, A. D. 1899, at 12 o'clock m. of that day, at the front door of the court house, Billings, Yellowstone county, Montana, I will in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgement, with interest and costs, to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand.

Given under my hand this, the 25th day of February, A. D. 1899. GEO. W. HUBBARD, Sheriff.

CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Bozeman, Mont., March 1, 1899.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Henry Terrell, contestant, against homestead entry No. 1821, made June 1, 1893, for lots 3, 4, SE 1/4 SW 1/4, SW 1/4 SE 1/4, section 18, township 3 N., range 22 E., by Robert B. Stephenson, Jr., contestee, in which it is alleged that said homestead has been wholly abandoned by said Robert B. Stephenson, Jr., said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on April 20, 1899, before A. Fraser, U. S. commissioner, Billings, Mont., and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on April 20, 1899 before the register and receiver at the United States land office in Bozeman, Mont.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed March 1, 1899, set forth facts which show that after due diligence, personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

A. L. LOVE, Register.

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cannot buy you happiness, but one of our \$10.00 Overcoats will bring you comfort.

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The sun caps the top of the mountain. So will we cap and hat the top of our man beings for only 50c, 75c, 75c and \$1. ZIMMERMAN & CO. ZIMMERMAN & CO. ZIMMERMAN & CO.