HE HAD A BAD HABIT.

And It Made Him a Poor Insurance Risk In Kentucky.

The manager of a life insurance company had the floor.

"Life insurance companies," he was saying, "are as particular about the people they already have on their lists as they are about getting them on in the beginning. They are rich, of course, but they are no more anxious to take in a man who will die of disease within the first year or two than they are to take in a perfectly healthy man and have him hazard his life by taking personal risks in dangerous pursuits or by travel in unhealthy countries.

"I remember a funny instance that occurred once while I was living in New England. One of our $10,000 men had a way of calling a man a liar in the most careless and indiscriminate manner and with only the merest or no provocation. One day he was in our office and casually mentioned the fact that he was going to make a trip to Kentucky.

"'When?' inquired the manager alertly.

"'Next week.'

"'On business or pleasure?'

"'Going to buy a pair of horses.'

"'Um—er—er!' hesitated the manager. 'Before you start I wish you would stop in and see me.'

"'What for? Want me to buy a horse for you?'

"'No; I want to arrange about your policy.'

"'What do you want to arrange about it? Isn't it all right?'

"'Yes, as long as you stay in this country. But if you go down to Kentucky we'll have to advance the rate until you come back.'

"'Well, what in ——,' began the policy holder hotly, when the manager interrupted him.

"'Don't fly the track, my dear fellow,' he said gently. 'It's all right here and the rate is satisfactory to us; but, by Jove, we can't give you the same rate and let you go to Kentucky and call men liars like you do in this section. Not much! We haven't got $10,000 policies to give away like that, and you oughtn't to expect it.'"—Washington Star.

AN HONEST ARTIST.

He Would Not Paint a Lie Even For a Napoleon.

There was no love lost between the Emperor Louis Napoleon and his cousin, Prince Napoleon, whom the Parisians called "Plon Plon." The prince used to make abusive speeches against the emperor, which people were only too ready to repeat to him. "Let him alone," Louis Napoleon would reply. "He is too well known. No one would turn me out to place him on the throne."

The emperor was correct, for no one said a good word about "Plon Plon." He was commonly believed to have shown the white feather in the Crimea and never exposed himself where the lead was falling. An English lady, who in her young days mingled with French society, tells in her "Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes" a story as discreditable to Prince Napoleon as it is honorable to a French artist.

While the artist was painting the historical picture of the battle of the Alma, which the emperor had ordered, Prince Napoleon called at the painter's studio to make known to him the facts. On leaving he said he wished the prominent figure in the battle to be himself mounted on his white charger. He sent the horse to the artist so that he could paint its exact portrait. When the picture was finished and invitations were sent out for a "private view," the white charger was seen, a prominent figure in the battle, but without a rider.

On hearing of this terrible omission the prince sent an aid-de-camp to ask the reason. The honest artist said the horse should remain if the prince wished, but no rider would be on it. "Tell the prince I have never yet painted a lie." The hint was taken. The prince ordered the horse to be rubbed out.

The Business of a Theater.

A prosperous theater in the city of New York may in a favorable season do a business of more than $250,000 and keep in employment 150 persons. There are 37 theaters, including the variety houses, in active operation in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, while the borough of Brooklyn adds a score or more. Everything which affects business in general affects the theater immediately.

A man will reduce his expenditures for tickets to places of amusement long before he thinks of cutting down his supply of cigars, for the cigar belongs to that class of luxuries which subtly become necessaries, while the theater habit, as any observant manager will tell you, requires constant cultivation. The management of a theater is therefore an occupation requiring business sagacity in a greater degree than it calls for artistic taste.—W. J. Henderson in Scribner's.

Proud of Her Work.

He looked with forced admiration at the slippers—forced because he already had half a dozen pairs.

"You don't mean to tell me that they are all your own work? What a talented little wife I'm going to have!"

And she smiled, though the plain truth was that she had bought the uppers, paid a man to sole them and then managed to sew the bows on crooked after her mother had made them. Yet she was very proud and really wondered how she had managed to accomplish so much.—Detroit Journal.

Sausage Links.

"Yes," said the yellow dog, "I believe after death we enter into another sphere of action. I think I'll be a golf player."

"How do you figure that out?" queried the black and tan.

"Oh, I'll be in the links."—Philadelphia North American.

SHE GOT HIM BACK.

How the Dog's Mistress Retained Her Pet Spaniel.

When Mrs. Marie Nevins Blaine was married to Dr. W. T. Bull, her pet spaniel, Lion was banished. After the couple had been married a year Mrs. Bull persuaded her husband to let Lion return for a week, promising to keep him in the stable.

Three days of Lion's visit had passed when as Dr. Bull was taking off his overcoat in his office there came a rap at the inner door. It was so faint that at first he did not notice it. Then when it was repeated he said, "Come in." No one came, but the rapping went on. He opened the door, and there stood Lion. He had been knocking the door with a little wooden box he held in his mouth, addressed to Dr. Bull. The doctor took the box, and Lion, too polite to intrude, turned and walked in a dignified manner back up stairs. The doctor opened the box and read the tiny note contained therein, smiled and threw it in the waste basket.

The next day Lion knocked and left another note. The third time he came there was a reply for him. The doctor said, "Lion, wait." He took the box, abstracted the note, put one of his own in its place, and handing the box back to the dog gave him a pat and sent him up stairs. Here is a copy of Lion's notes and the reply they finally elicited:

DEAR DOCTOR—I am enjoying my visit to my mistress very much. It was very kind of you to invite me here, and I have tried to behave the best I know how. It will be hard to leave my mistress again. I wish you would like me a little bit. LION.

The letter which Lion carried back to his mistress read:

LION—You are such a respectable, well bred fellow that your visit is extended indefinitely. W. T. B.

—Boston Journal.

MOIST WEATHER.

A Description of a Spell of Humidity on the Wabash.

"Talking about rainy weather," said the westerner, "I remember once out in Indianapolis meeting a farmer who took the most cheerful view of dampness of anybody I ever saw. I asked him if they had had much rain down on the Wabash that spring.

"'Well, it has been a little damp,' he answered. 'The day before I left home I had to hang up 24 of my ducks. They had got so water soaked that they couldn't swim any longer. I planted my corn in two feet of water, and I don't expect over 30 bushels to the acre. My wheat is looking pretty well, but the sturgeon and catfish have damaged it considerably. There was about 15 minutes' sunshine one day, and I thought I would plant my potatoes, so I loaded them on a scow and anchored the scow in three feet of water, when it began to rain again.

"'I wanted to go down on the bottom lands next the Wabash to see if the grass was growing for my hay crop, but my wife said that as we didn't have any diving bell she'd rather I wouldn't. I should feel kind of discouraged with all the rain, but I've spent my odd hours of leisure time—and the even ones, too, on account of staying in out of the wet—building us an ark. If it will only rain another week or two until I get her ready to sail, I'm going to take my family out to Missouri by water for a trip to visit our folks that moved off out there because they didn't know enough to stay in a place where they were comfortable.'"—Boston Transcript.

His Concern.

A commercial traveler on his trip called upon a well known chemist. He was nervous as he put his hand in his pocket and handed out a card.

"I represent that concern," said the young man.

"You are fortunate," replied the chemist.

The commercial traveler was encouraged and said:

"I think so, sir, and the chemist who trades with us is even more so. My firm has the finest line of cosmetics in the country."

"I shouldn't have thought it," slowly responded the man of medicines. "Her complexion looks natural."

And he handed back the photograph which the young man had given him by mistake. He took it and left without waiting to make any farewell remarks.—London Sketch.

Worship of the Tiger.

The carcass of the tiger was carried to the adjacent village, where a hen was decapitated in front of it by the Gonds as an offering to the tiger god, while all the women assembled and did obeisance to the monster, bringing also their children, and placing each a small coin on the tiger's body or in front of its jaws; for these primitive people look on the tiger as their god, and small marvel seeing what a wondrous creature he is, with matchless symmetry of form and mighty strength, before which man seems an insignificant puppet.—"Tropics and Snows," by Burton.

Why She Was Sad.

It was in a little out of the way place in the country, and as the recent arrival passed some asked who she was.

"She is a society woman who has been wishing for the last ten years that she could get away from the trials and anxieties and bores and superficiality of society," was the answer.

"But why is she so sad?"

"Because at last she has got away from them."—Chicago Post.

The seeds of the Philippine bean from the coast near Manila so closely resemble the quartz pebbles, among which they fall, in shape, size and color, luster, hardiness and stratification as to be almost indistinguishable.

The first gold coin called a sovereign was coined in the reign of Henry VIII. The present sovereign, as current at 20 shillings, was first issued in 1617.

HIS FIRST THIMBLE.

Inventor John Lofting Made a Fortune From It 200 Years Ago.

"There is a rich family named Lofting in England," said a dealer in fancy articles, "the fortune of whose house was founded by so apparently insignificant a little thing as the thimble.

"The first thimbles seen in England were made in London less than 200 years ago by a metal worker named John Lofting.

"The usefulness of the article recommended it at once to all who used the needle, and Lofting acquired a large fortune and great fame in the manufacture of the new accessory to the needleworker's art.

"The implement was then called the thumb bell and was worn on the thumb.

"The clumsy mode of utilizing it was soon changed, but when and why the name thimble was given the article do not appear.

"Lofting's thimbles, and, in fact, all thimbles, were made of either iron or brass, and specimens of them extant, many of which are preserved as heirlooms, are crude and clumsy looking things compared with the commonest thimbles of today, although their cost was many times as much.

"Today gold, silver, iron, ivory, steel, sometimes glass and even pearl and celluloid are utilized in making thimbles. Since art needlework became fashionable thimbles of elaborate workmanship and great value, to accompany the rich and costly implements and materials wealthy needleworkers affect, have found a large sale.

"Solid gold thimbles, carved and frequently set with diamonds, have been found none too good for some people. Thimbles made to order, with the monogram or initials of the person for whom they are intended set in precious stones, are not by any means unknown."—Philadelphia Press.

HE ATE THE SOAP.

Garland Would Have Swallowed It If It Had Killed Him.

The late Augustus H. Garland, who was attorney general under President Cleveland, was very fond of practical jokes and during his term of service in the senate frequently turned the laugh on his colleagues. Senators Voorhees and Vest, with whom he was very friendly, finally determined to turn the tables. Mr. Garland had a habit, like Voorhees, of munching candy, and Vest and Voorhees made it up between them to take advantage of his fondness for sweets to play their trick. They had some tempting looking chocolate caramels prepared, with the interior filled with brown soap. These they took to the senate chamber and Voorhees placed them on his desk. The lid being off when Mr. Garland sauntered down the aisle he noticed them at once.

"What have you there, Dan?" he inquired.

Voorhees looked up carelessly from his writing and responded: "Caramels. Help yourself."

Garland needed no second invitation and, picking up two or three, placed one in his mouth. Steadily he chewed away, his face betraying no sign of the conflict within him. This alarmed Voorhees, who went to Vest's desk and said:

"He's eating them, Vest! What shall we do? The stuff will kill him sure!"

Senator Vest replied that it could do no more than make him sick. Garland swallowed the stuff, although he was foaming at the mouth from the soapsuds. He related the incident afterward with great gusto and said he would have swallowed it if it had killed him.—New York Sun.

Strengthening Weak Eyes.

What is said to be an excellent lotion for strengthening weak eyes is as follows: Four teaspoonfuls of boracic powder and a pint of boiling water. Put the powder in a jug and pour the water over it. Stir until quite dissolved, then put the solution into a bottle and keep well corked until required. When required, add a little boiling water to an eggcupful, with or without the addition of two teaspoonfuls of laurel or elder flower water, and bathe the eyes frequently with this, using a soft rag or fine sponge for the purpose.—New York Tribune.

Insect Notes.

The slow flapping of a butterfly's wing produces no sound. When the movements are rapid, a noise is produced which increases with the number of vibrations. Thus the house fly, which produces the sound of F, vibrates its wings 21,120 times a minute or 335 times a second, and the bee, which makes a sound of A, as many as 26,400 times or 440 times a second. A tired bee hums on E, and, therefore, according to theory, vibrates its wings only 330 times a second.

The Whale Cure For Rheumatism.

It is said that in Australia there is a hotel where rheumatic patients congregate. Whenever a whale has been taken the patients are rowed over to the works in which the animal is cut up, the whalers dig a narrow grave in the body, and in this the patient lies for two hours, as in a Turkish bath, the decomposing blubber of the whale closing round his body and acting as a huge poultice. This is known as the whale cure for rheumatism.

A Bill a Berry.

Crimsonbeak—Our government always seems to do the right thing at the right time.

Yeast—What has it done now?

"Why, it has issued the new series of $1 bills just as the first southern strawberries have reached our markets."—Yonkers Statesman.

Righted.

Fuzzy—I hear your minister is a mycologist.

Wuzzy—Well, you have heard wrong. He is a Calvinist.—New York Tribune.

THE FLAG OF STARS.

Oh, not alone the eager south—
Alone the steadfast north—
Saw with wet eyes the fresh spring skies
Our flag of stars go forth!
Oh, not alone the dwellers east,
Nor the young hearts of the west,
Smiled high with pride where side by side
The nation's banners pressed!

But north and south and east and west
The mountain and the plain,
The prairie and the desert,
Yielded their flower again.
East and west and south and north
The flower of the land,
Hearing the mother's call, went forth
To stand at her right hand.

We be many hands in labor,
But one arm for the right;
One blood to shed, one heart till dead,
One good sword for the fight;
We be many tongued and minded,
But one mind and one tongue
When once wide sent through a continent
The nation's word has rung!

Then northern tongues sing "Dixie!"
Beneath the ancient flag,
And the southerner dies to rebaptize
His own the "Yankee rag!"
Brothers—to keep for freedom's sake
The flag of stars unfurled
Beneath the stars of heaven—to make
The starlight of the world!

—Grace Ellery Channing in Youth's Companion.

A LESSON IN COOKING.

How a Hobo Served Up a Dish of Roast Chicken.

"The first time I ran away from home I learned a trick or two that was worth the while," said a well known business man. "I started out on several unauthorized tours of adventure before I reached years of discretion, but the first is most vividly impressed upon my memory. Three of us kids caught a freight train and got some 60 or 70 miles away from home before the first nightfall. Then we didn't know where to spend the night. Several attempts to quarter ourselves in empty box cars on the side track of a little village only resulted in our being chased away and threatened with arrest, so we went to the outskirts of the place and built a fire on the bank of a little creek. Here we made ourselves as comfortable as possible and one or two of us had actually dozed off for short naps when a regular hobo, a good specimen of the real article, happened along and wanted to know if we had anything to eat. Of course we hadn't.

"'Well,' he said, 'if you fellers'll ketch a chicken I'll show you a trick that'll be useful to you.'

"It didn't take us long to catch the chicken and bring it back. The veteran member of the nomadic fraternity wrung its neck, jerked off its head, cleaned it and going down to the creek wadded it up, feathers, feet and all, in a big ball of yellow clay. This he rolled into the fire and scraped the burning embers up around it. The clay soon hardened, and we could see it among the wood coals gradually becoming a bright cherry red. When it did so, the cook rolled it out again, let it cool a little and then broke it open with a stone. The feathers had stuck to the baked clay and a clean, inviting chicken was ready to be served. All the moisture that in ordinary baking is lost had been kept in by the bricklike inclosure, and the morsel that fell to my lot was the juiciest and sweetest I have ever eaten."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Absent Companions.

At a banquet given in Rochester two of the expected guests were unable to be present. The order of seating happened to be such that a particularly jovial and companionable gentleman sat with one of the vacant chairs on each side of him. The empty chairs and first course of oysters were left in place for some time in case the expected guests arrived. The solitary gentleman therefore could move neither to the right nor to the left, but amiably beamed throughout the repast, seemingly none the worse for his enforced isolation. After the banquet some one innocently asked him:

"How did you enjoy yourself, old chap?"

"First rate," he replied briskly enough. "I sat next to a couple of fellows who weren't there."—Rochester Herald.

The Managed Husband Is Worthless.

Helen Watterson Moody believes that the husband who can be managed is not worth managing, "and there is no better principle," she adds, in The Ladies' Home Journal, "for both husband and wife to adopt in adjusting themselves to the new relation than that of trying to do each by the other what men are accustomed to call 'the square thing.' Many a woman understands 'managing' a husband better than she does doing the square thing by him, and many a man understands and practices doing the square thing by other men who would be affronted if he were to be told that, judged by his own business standards, he habitually dealt unfairly with his own wife."

Mrs. Watkins' Club Inheritance.

"I don't see," said Mr. Mulberry, "why you women have that Mrs. Watkins in your literary club. The rest of you are bright enough, but she's as dull as dull can be."

"It's this way," answered Mrs. Mulberry. "Mrs. Watkins' great-grandmother's half sister's second cousin by marriage could trace her descent from Chaucer. So, you see, after all, with such literary claims, we couldn't very well leave Mrs. Watkins out."—Harper's Bazar.

A Candid Suitor.

"What do you think? Papa asked Jack if he expected to get any money in marrying me."

"Was Jack insulted?"

"Insulted? He told pop that a good home was more of an object to him than wages."—Detroit Free Press.

Calcined seed pearls are considered a medicine of great potency by the Chinese, and beautiful art work in mother of pearl has long been executed both in China and Japan.

Coalfields of the World.

Geologists estimate the great coalfields of the world in square miles as follows: China, 200,000; United States, east of the Rockies, 190,000; Canada, 65,000; India, 35,500; New South Wales, 24,000; Russia, 20,000, and the United Kingdom, 11,500. There are many deposits in other countries, but their extent is inconsiderable. England's coal area is small; still she for years produced more than any other country. Now the United States is ahead. English coal veins are thin; one only 14 inches wide has been worked 1,200 feet down. On the other hand, there are veins in the Pennsylvania anthracite region 60 feet thick and in the bituminous regions 18 feet thick. Our Appalachian coalfields are the largest known, and alone could supply the whole world for centuries to come.

Rather Close.

"The stingiest man I ever knew was a fellow who in going up stairs always skipped a step in order to save his shoe leather."

"That's nothing! I once knew a man who was so stingy that he wouldn't trim his finger nails except when he could borrow a jackknife, because he didn't want to wear out his own."—Chicago News.

First Publication March 10, 1899—6

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, SE¼ SW¼, SW¼ SE¼, 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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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.