

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE REFEREE.

The summer rain beat a soft refrain
As we sat on the trellised porch without—
My friend had mused a legend to tell—
So Spain we talked about.

Of the swarthy Moor who had gone before
My friend had mused a legend to tell—
But I watched a shadow that through the
Over the piazza fell.

I cannot forget the dim silhouette
That the lamplight threw on the oaken
boards—
Though her shadow was but a line of jet,
A kingdom's golden hoar.

Was never as rare as her wealth of hair—
It was loosely coiled in a Grecian knot—
And I knew each line of her features fair,
Each dimpled beauty spot.

While my friend talked on of the battles won
By the Spaniards camped at Granada's
gate,
Of the deeds by the fierce old Moslems done—
I wondered at my fate.

I wondered if she ever cared for me
Or would learn to love at some future day,
My friend was then telling of some grand
Made famous in some fray.

So he talked ahead while the minutes sped,
And he questioned the right of either side—
"But who is to judge?" he suddenly said,
"Why—Phyllis," I replied.

—Flavel Scott Mines; New York Truth.

Weighting Coal on the Rail.

When a railroad company handles many million tons of coal annually the question of weighting it becomes a matter of some importance. Skill and long experience have solved the problem, however, and the bulk of the vast tonnage of the leading coal carrying road in the country is weighed on four scales, and then they are not crowded. The weight of the empty car is marked in chalk on the outside. As the car approaches, a clerk takes the number of the car and its weight, the weigher calls out the gross weight and the difference is the weight of the coal.

The cars run as fast as ten miles an hour across the scale, and it is very seldom that one has to be stopped and brought back for reweighing, although that is done when the weigher is at all uncertain about his figures. The men at the scales can generally tell within a hundred pounds or so what a car contains. As soon as they see a car coming, they know the number of tons it contains, and have the scale so prepared that only the hundred weights need be adjusted while the car is moving over it.—New York Telegram.

An Aid in Buying a House.

After six months' dickering about a flat house in Ninety-seventh street, New York, the owner and the prospective purchaser could not come to terms; the owner wanted \$5,000 more than the other would give. Then one of the floors became vacant, and the party who moved in chanced to be a lover of the trombone. He played about six hours a day. Two of the tenants moved out, and no one seemed fond enough of music to move in. The owner was wild, and one day told the prospective purchaser that he could have the house at his figure. Suddenly the trombone playing ceased, and there are people who suspect that the musician was an agent to the man who subsequently bought the house.—Yankee Blade.

Trees Thousands of Years Old.

The study of vegetable life shows us many things as strange and as wonderful as the animal kingdom affords, and when it comes to longevity animal life makes a very poor comparative showing. If we are inclined to travel far enough we might sit under the shade of trees that spread their branches when little Moses slept in his wicker basket among the bulrushes of the Nile. The gigantic trees of California are very old, but they are infants compared with some of the wonderful trees of the Old World.—Philadelphia Times.

A Cold Reception.

A duke who had married his third wife was one day surprised as he entered the drawing room dressed for some state ceremonial by his wife throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him. "Madam," said he, in the chilliest of tones, "my first wife was a Howard, my second wife was a Pembroke, and, madam, neither of them ever dared to attempt such a liberty."—Cotton Factory Times.

The Power of Bells.

Legendary superstition has always invested bells with miraculous powers and strange influences, but why the so-called spirits of darkness are credited with a strong aversion to their din has never been satisfactorily explained. In many Catholic countries bells are rung during the time of great storms, "so that the devil may take flight and the tempest subside."—St. Louis Republic.

She Commands Respect.

An Atechison child stands very high in respect of her playmates. When they get to boasting, she silences them by saying that they have had three funerals in her family in less than a year.—Atechison Globe.

A farmer, sixty-five years old, in Murray county, Ga., boasts that he and

several members of his family never wore anything but "strictly homestead clothing." The wool was raised, woven, dyed and made up at home.

A treatment for yellow fever has cured every case of this disease in Santiago de Cuba. The principal part of the new process consists in placing the patient in what is termed a "polar" room.

Fifty years ago a dress suit of black broadcloth was the everyday attire of many gentlemen and most clergymen in New York, and it was worn in the street as well as at home.

It Made the Boy Laugh.

A Flatbush horse car stood at the terminus of the line the other day preparatory to a down town trip. A handsomely attired lady and her ten-year-old son were the only passengers. The driver uncrowded the brake and then left the car for a minute. The horses took fright and started at full speed. The two passengers looked about for the driver. He was nowhere to be seen. The small boy turned pale. It was the work of an instant for his mother to rush to the platform and grasp the reins, and probably for the first time since horse cars were invented was a woman seen driving a horse car.

It was a funny sight, but it wasn't half as funny as the effect it had upon the small boy. To see his dignified mamma, with her best Sunday bonnet with the lace and pink roses, driving a street car with her best gloves on and shouting "Whoa!" to the horses was too much for his risibles. He just stretched himself out on one of the benches, and the roars of laughter that were carried out of the car windows brought spectators to see what the matter could be. By this time she had stopped the horses, and the driver came to her relief with many apologies.

The small boy hasn't recovered yet from the effects of the ludicrous situation.—New York Recorder.

Inventors and Their Luck.

The inventor, as a class, are poor men, and they could not afford to work all their life in perfecting some great invention, and so along with their main work they take up innumerable smaller inventions which often realize good incomes for them. Frequently they stumble upon little inventions in their work and study which accumulate for them independent fortunes. Accident has often brought more money to them than the great invention which has caused them years of profound study and experiment.

The patent office is full of small successful inventions, which have realized thousands of dollars to the inventors, but as a rule they do not bring fame and honor. Small useful trifles, which are of universal interest, are always the most valuable, and many a benefactor to the human race has been enabled to carry on his study and work by means of the money which his small inventions brought him.—George E. Walsh in New York Epoch.

Going to Bed in India.

Going to bed in India is a very different process from going to bed at home. To begin with, it is a far less formal process. There is, in the hot season, no shutting of the door, no cutting yourself off from the outer world, no going up stairs, and, finally, no getting into bed. You merely lie down on your bed, which, with its bedding, is so simple as to be worth describing. The bed is a wooden frame with a webbing laced across it, and each bed has a thin cotton mattress. Over this one sheet is spread, and two pillows go to each bed, bolsters not being used. That's all. Some people do not even have the mattress, preferring the coolness of a piece of fine matting.—Calcutta Letter.

Shoe Superstitions.

The Chinese value a pair of boots which have been worn by an upright magistrate, and the custom of wishing a friend a "happy foot" is still observed all through Europe. The putting of the left shoe on the right foot, putting it on uneven or crosswise, bursting the latch or tie, lacing it wrong or losing a button are all bad signs. A Yorkshire man will spit in his right shoe before putting it on, when going out on important business, to bring luck, and many an English girl has been known to hang her boots out of the window on St. Valentine's night for love-luck.—Newark Standard.

A Rolling Stone, Etc.

It is a great mistake for a young man to fall into the habit of running around looking for a better place. It is not a good way to pick berries, and it is not a good way to go through life.—Ram's Horn.

A Saturday Colloquy.

Mother—I do wonder what made father leave so suddenly for the country?
Son—He had just read a list of the contents of the impending Sunday paper.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

INDIAN CHILDREN.

False Notions About the Offspring of the Noble Red Man Corrected.

For many years I have nurtured a fine and varied assortment of notions in regard to family life among Indians. I was not in the least responsible for these views, but absorbed them by contact with people who should have known better than to retail such foolishness. Now, after a very brief experience with real life among these people, I am obliged to remodel some of my opinions. For instance, I have heard it said that Indian parents never punish their children. That is nonsense. I have witnessed some very vigorous and well deserved spankings, and am prepared to assert that family discipline among Indians is fairly well maintained.

I have also heard it said that Indian children are such little stoics that they never cry when hurt or laugh when pleased. This, too, is the sheerest nonsense. I cannot detect a particle of difference between the behavior of white and red children. The little Indians cry when hurt or disappointed or frightened, or laugh when pleased precisely as any Hartford child would laugh or cry. Moreover, like Hartford children, they delight in playing pranks on one another, and, I regret to say, on their elders as well. For example, I was one day quietly talking with an Indian mother (not an Omaha, by the way), and failed to notice that the ten-year-old son and heir of the house of Warstea was taking pencil notes of my personal appearance on his school slate.

Accidentally discovering his misdemeanor, I took the slate from him and nearly went into fits of laughter when I saw his very funny caricature of my venerable self. It was true to the life; every one of my Hartford friends would have recognized the likeness, but every feature was so comically exaggerated that it was one of the funniest things I have ever seen.

I felt that the prank called for a reprimand, but it was difficult to administer it, for, truly, I was so pleased with the child's clever sketch that my impulse was to hug rather than scold him. However, duty clearly pointed out the necessity for admonition. So, pulling myself together, I made my little speech, and really did my best to impress him with a sense of his impropriety.

"Did I succeed? Bless you, no! On the contrary, after looking me squarely in the eye while I was talking, and probably discovering a gross discrepancy between my words and the expression of my face, he said: "White lady say she sorry Tom so bad boy—hermal. White lady lie! She no hear sorry, no mad. Tom know." And then with a chuckle the clever little imp turned a double somersault and disappeared in the brush, adding insult to injury by fleeing so expeditiously that I had no time to snap my kodak at him.—Omaha Cor. Hartford Courant.

A Poor Smoker.

Although in later life Napoleon was a votary of the snuff box, he was never known to attempt smoking but once. The Persian ambassador having presented him with a magnificent oriental pipe, he wished to give it a trial. After being instructed how to proceed, he desired his attendant, Constant, to light it. It was accordingly properly charged and lighted. We will let Constant tell the rest of the tale: "I obeyed, and returned it to him. But scarcely had he drawn a mouthful, when the smoke, which he did not know how to expel from his mouth, turned back by his palate, penetrated into his throat and came out by his nose, nearly blinding him. As soon as he recovered breath he exclaimed: "Take that away—what an abomination! The brutes! My stomach is quite upset!" In fact, he was so annoyed for more than an hour that he renounced forever all desire to try the experiment again.—National Review.

Wales' Visit to Yorkshire.

The Prince of Wales and a friend, going for a stroll one morning, at the turning of a lane came across a miner who had with him a brace of bull terrier pups. Wishing to appear sociable, the prince's companion asked the man how much he had paid for the pups. "Two quid," replied the miner, with true Yorkshire brevity. The Prince of Wales examined the dogs critically for a few moments, and then, moved perhaps by a sense of duty toward a future subject, remarked in a mildly apologetic tone: "Don't you think two pigs would have been a better investment, my friend?" "Maybe," replied the collier; "but, mister, what a blooming fool a chap would look a-going a-rattin' with to pigs." The argument was irresistible, and the prince, with his friend, retired nonplused.—New York Recorder.

The Punishment Too Severe.

Hammerer—I'll have to get a new piano. My old one is all worn out. The action is too uneven.

Hardhead—The action! What's that?
Hammerer—I mean some of the keys go down too hard and some too easy. I became accustomed to it, and when I play on a new piano in some one else's house I hit some keys too hard and others not hard enough. Understand?

Hardhead—I see.

Hammerer—Well, the unexpected sounds startle me so that I forget the notes and get thrown out.

Hardhead—Well, I think that's pretty rough. They might tell you to stop, or hit you with a chair leg or something, but I don't think they ought to throw you out.—New York Weekly.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time I was a great sufferer. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. Then in a few moments that horrid distress would come on and I would have to eat and suffer again. I took a little of your medicine, and felt much better, and after taking a little more August Flower my dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I have never had the first sign of it. I can eat anything without the least fear of distress. I wish all that are afflicted with that terrible disease or the troubles caused by it would try August Flower, as I am satisfied there is no medicine equal to it."

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