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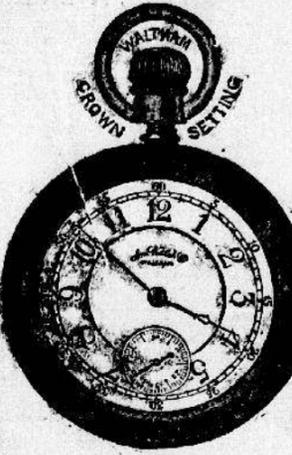
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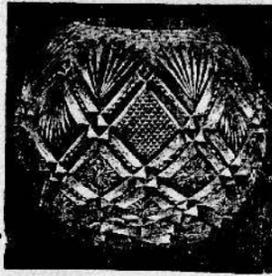
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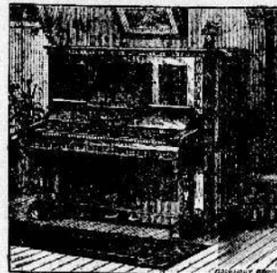
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# KNABE

## AN INTERESTING WOMAN.

### Victoria Woodhull Martin Returns to the United States on Philanthropy Bent.

### Her Social Theories and Educational Schemes for Men and Women.

Rev. Anna Shaw—Mrs. Brauenlich, Business Manager of the Mining Journal—Striking Characteristics of Women.

(Special Correspondence of the Independent.)

New York, May 7.—Victoria Woodhull Martin is an interesting woman. After meeting her one understands better her picturesque career in New York half a generation ago. Put her anywhere she would have power over men and women.

She is quite slender, of medium height, with short hair flecked with gray. As she enters a room your first movement is one of surprise at finding her so small. You realize that, half consciously, you expected her to be striking.

Her face is the face of an enthusiast, strongly marked, and yet not one which would, if you saw it in repose, command your attention. When she speaks it becomes animated, expressive, and, at times, to a marked degree winning.

She dresses very simply, without jewels. She talks quietly, without trying to produce an effect, and yet she must have the gift of oratory. She impresses you as a woman very much in earnest and who believes in herself thoroughly, a generous egotist, if that phrase conveys a meaning.

She has conquered a position in England, so at least one would judge from the April number of the London Charity Record, which speaks of "the talented American lady whose noble and devoted life has secured for her the unbounded respect and esteem of the whole civilized world." She has come back to New York to conquer a position here. Considering how she went and how she returns after thirteen years the situation is dramatic. One cannot say she has not splendid courage.

Her husband, Mr. John Kiddle Martin, is a London banker, who calls her his "dear little wife," and who is apparently nearing 50. He has a fine, straight-forward face, partially overgrown by a full beard. He is interested in the Anglo-American Debenture company, and may start banks in New York and Chicago. Zula Maud Woodhull, Mrs. Martin's daughter, has grown up a pretty girl with wavy hair and a beautiful forehead. She is devoted to her mother and wields a clever pen in support of her theories. Lady Cook, nee Clafin, is with her sister, preparing for a trip across the continent.

The parlor of the house in West Seventy-ninth street which Mrs. Martin has taken, is furnished harmoniously in gray-green and crimson, with here an ebony chair and there a couch heaped with cushions. Evidence of refined taste and plenty of money with which it may be satisfied abound. One of the most conspicuous ornaments is an old newspaper caricature, handsomely framed and resting on an easel. Across the top runs the legend: "How to Manage a Bally Team." The team is a four-in-hand of bulls and bears with the faces of Vanderbilt, Fisk, Gould, etc., and seated aloft, holding whip and reins, are two hoop-skirted Jehus. While you are examining this scene a man in a restaurant woman could get a meal in a restaurant unless she had a man to escort her. Now see the changes. I am concluding all the things the press used to say about us"—and

she picks up the rough proof of a bulky volume. "Here we are trying to vote. I was the first woman, you know, who offered a ballot at the polls. Here is the nomination for the presidency." The leaves flutter open at this point at an antiquely comic picture of a mass meeting addressed by a gesticulating female. "Here is something not so pleasant. The illustration shows the sensational arrest of somebody in a very large elgion. Why, the things we were reviled and sent to prison for advocating are topics for discussion now in every drawing room."

"In what direction do you think the greatest advance has been made?"  
"In the opening of money-making occupations to women. Formerly a woman had no resource but to sell that which to her is most sacred—her maternity. The woman who sells herself in the slum for \$1 is doing nothing worse morally than the woman who sells herself in church for \$100,000. The woman who gets the poorer price needs the most help and sympathy. There is no other difference. The remedy in both cases is the multiplication of honorable ways of earning a living."

"Report says that you are going to lecture on 'Marriage.'"  
"I have had large sums offered me to do so, but I am not sure that my health will permit the exertion. If I lecture the proceeds will go to the schools I wish to found for girls. I do not care to make money, I have plenty and when I die I cannot take a penny with me. It is rather my concern and my husband's to make good use of what we have."

"If you found a school in New York how will it differ from those established already?"  
"I hope to open schools not only in New York, but in Chicago and in several of the principal cities of the country. I have not had so much to do with precipitating the need-to-do you see that?" She pointed through the open door to the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack draped together on one side of the hall. "Mr. Martin couldn't leave home without his colors, but I love my own land and I want no monument for myself but the one I can build by helping forward the education of its girls. Mr. Martin is with me in my projects. He says, 'Where ever you lead, little wife, I will follow.' My plans for the school are not formed, but they will be co-educational."

"I hope to re-establish Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly." [This was the paper that had so much to do with precipitating the Tilted-Peacher lawsuit.] "But this time it will treat of social questions from a purely scientific standpoint. Shortly before he died I had a letter from John Stuart Mill, in which he said: 'The difference between you and other reformers is that you begin at the foundation.' That is what we shall do in our paper."

"Will you tell me what is the foundation?"  
"The foundation is the mission of the woman as the architect of human beings. We have people devoting their lives to developing beautiful orchids. We have agricultural fairs competing to breed the finest luscious and ostle and offering prizes for so doing. But to waste a moment's reflection over the perfecting of so miserable a creature as man is impossible, the discussion is vulgar."  
"We know that one paper may be the ancestor of one thousand papers. We know that many diseases tend to become hereditary. We acknowledge, purely as a matter of theory, that much of the crime committed is the result of inherited weak blood or malformation or disease of the brain. We know that we can get rid of vicious traits in animals by breeding, and yet we go on building institutions for the incarceration of the insane, the idiots, the epileptics, the drunkards, the criminals, and never realize that nowhere on the face of the earth is there a building erected to teach people how to perfect the human body."  
"What can we expect but murderers instinct from the unweleome child, whose mother tried to kill it before giving it birth?"  
"It is a crime to reproduce in one's offspring one's own debilitated condition both of body and mind."  
"What man is there who does not feel the bitterness of death when cursed with a hereditary taint, and yet is there one who unless she had a man to escort her. Now see the changes. I am concluding all the things the press used to say about us"—and

"Thou shalt not produce His image in ignorance."  
"Thou shalt not defile His temple."  
"The solution of social problems can come only with the education of men and women to appreciate their full responsibilities when they impress on the blank tablets of other human souls the impress of their own past."

A Woman Preacher.

The Rev. Anna Shaw, who is national superintendent of franchise for the W. C. T. U., is one of the best speakers among the platform women. They tell the story that while she was in college the professor of elocution said to her: "If you were a young man and my son I could make you the best orator of the time; but, being a girl, you are a disgrace to your school, to your sex and to your country." Miss Shaw's little more for military than does Miss Willard, who is said to wear her bonnets until they drop in pieces. Ten years ago when the woman preacher was a student in the theological school of Boston university she used to be referred to by disrespectful strangers as "that Miss Shaw with the hat," on account of the size of her headgear. That she has courage to fight the world, the flesh and the devil may be inferred from a tale of her childhood. She had seven or eight brothers and sisters, and when one of the boys did wrong there was a family connection who used to paralyze the culprit with a basilisk gaze. Anna maintained that she could bear unmoved this stony glare, and her big brother, being sufficiently sure she could not waver, set cents on it, she purposely offended at the first convenient opportunity. This chance to be at the breakfast table. The terrible eyes were turned full upon her. She did not wince. Was not the big brother watching for her discomfiture? Again the slugsy brows were bent and the eyes levelled. They seemed to bore like gimlets, but she stared straight back again undimmed. For twenty minutes the speechless combatants sat fighting with looks, and then with a "—the girl!" the basilisk pushed back his chair and quitted the field. Little Anna saw eyes dancing on the wall and peering at her among the leaves all day. But she got her money.

Miss Shaw was for some time pastor of a Methodist church on Cape Cod. A Congregational church in a neighboring town asked her to supply its pulpit, to tide over a vacancy, and liked her so well that while she remained in the vicinity it called no preacher of its own denomination.

A Woman and a Ward Lieutenant.

There is a woman who goes back and forth between New York and Brooklyn daily on the bridge trains and who always gets a seat even in rush hours and in spite of the theatre crowds late Saturday evenings. If you happen to cross with her you will see that she goes about it scientifically, placing herself precisely over one of the red lanterns scattered along the track and to which the thoughtless give little heed. When a train switches into position, it hits his head just ahead of her and she steps aboard with the first of the throng. This clear-headed individual is Mrs. Sophia Brauenlich, the business manager of the Engineering and Mining Journal. There is a good deal of government work now being done in the Journal office in the preparation of mining statistics for the next census and Mrs. Brauenlich has had some odd experiences with the political "workers" who were brought forward by their ward captain for clerical positions. A "statesman" who objected to presenting his credentials to a woman relieved the monotony of a whole afternoon. The lieutenant and his men made poor clerks and Mrs. Brauenlich finally cleared out the wlece gang.

What is Your Ideal of a Man?

It is an odd fact that many of the women who are personally the most independent in action and in the conduct of their lives are, in the abstract, the heartiest subscribers to what has been called since the late Dinah Maria Mulock published it the door mat theory. There is Mrs. Frank Leslie. She

stands very erect and you wouldn't fancy she would care to be cramped on. Somebody asked her the other evening what was her ideal of a man. "He must," she said, "be strong. Most men are weak as wax, but I should like one to dominate me. You have your own way. I can get up to-morrow morning and go off if I choose to the East Indies. Now, sometimes I am weary of holding the reins. I should like to be made for tender obedience, to be commanded." Ask any group of young women what sort of men they fancy and your answers are likely to be full of brawn, with perhaps a little brutality. But the taste is commonly altered by experience.

What Strikes You About Women?

What strikes me about Miss Frances Willard is that she is frank. She owns that she would like the reward of fame for her temperance crusades.

What strikes me about Miss Grace Dodge is that she can keep a mass meeting to business better than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand officers. During the three days' session of the working girls' convention the entire program was carried through and everything was done to the minute on time.

What strikes me about Mrs. Ella Dietz Clynner is that she can sit down on a sister who is out of order so sweetly that the crushed person revels in the sensation. At Sorosis she will check a wandering tongue and that tongue thenceforward and forever will sing her praise.

What strikes me about Laura C. Holloway is that she can in a trice put an assemblage in good humor. At the meetings of the Seid society she will interlard her speeches with merry personal allusions and questions that cause smiles to ripple in constant succession over the room.

What strikes me about Annie Jenness Miller is that her lectures are not profound, but that her audiences like her.

What strikes me about Miss Margaret Bisland is that she is the prettiest young woman in New York.

What strikes me about New York and Brooklyn women in general is that they have all been taking whirl lessons.

It is Necessary to Kick.

The Parisienne has a proverb, "it faut souffrir d'être belle." The modern girl adapts this adage; she says, "it is necessary to kick to be beautiful." If your imagination is sufficiently active you can picture her just getting out of bed in the morning prancing about in her slumber gown. When I crossed the ocean ferry in the storage of the Canardeur Auranit it amused me one night to see three or four stalwart, red-checked Irish lasses set a mark on the wall and kick at it to see whose feet should go highest. This is precisely what the would-be athletic girl is now doing, except that her feet are not performed before witnesses. "Kicking," said a clever girl whom I consulted on the subject, "trains down the figure. There's nothing like it to make the limbs round and to give grace and suppleness. Also, I may add, it makes me hungry." Not a ballet dance, but a ballet kick before the morning bath is now the latest and most approved.

Caneing For Women.

Now that the dogwood flowers are out and the great white pyramids of the horsechestnuts, the thoughts of the young woman naturally turn to summer pastimes. To the girl who has an ambition to row I would say. Why not rather paddle your own canoe? To sit in a rowboat and splash about with the oars while all the time you are backing up blindly against the scenery is not to be compared with the pleasure experienced when you feel the laugh of each little wave as it breathes almost against your side, and wield the shining paddle beautiful enough to be set up as an ornament in a drawing-room.

It is surprising how expert a woman soon becomes as a canoeist. The exercise may seem more difficult at first trial than rowing, but it soon becomes easier and can be continued without fatigue for a much longer time. It is infinitely more graceful, and

what should be of importance in this age of feminine athletics, develops the chest amazingly.  
An outfit of canoe suitable for a woman's use, paddle, cushions and suit costs more than a boating or tennis rig, but on small rivers and inland waters like the Adirondack lakes, where decked canoes are unnecessary, the expense is not burdensome. A light canoe that will not draw above three inches of water nor weigh more than twelve pounds is an ideal craft for a young, pretty and clear-headed sailor, who can get more healthy recreation and honest fun out of it than a water-course can in any other way be made to afford. A rowboat is all very well, but one can love a canoe.  
ELIZA PUTNAM HEATON.

TO REFORM LEGAL VERBIAGE.

The Pittsburgh Bar Said to be Considering a Plan for Greater Brevity.

A very important move has been projected by the bar association, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, but the attorneys are keeping quiet about it. The scheme is an effort to slough off that great mass of stupidity found in deeds, mortgages, etc., such as "all the right, title, interest and claim of, in and to John Smith to certain," etc., and get down to nineteenth century solid business sense. A report is to be made by a committee at the meeting of the association, Saturday.

An idea of the importance of the work will be had by considering that the country records are now encumbered by a car load of useless paper covered by verbiage.

The paper cannot even be sent to the mill to be ground over, as the records are of importance, and a vast amount of room is necessary to store them. They cannot be dumped into a vault, for they are necessary to consult daily, and the number of racks necessary to contain them suggests that owing to the number of financial operations nowdays, and the probability that they will continue to grow, the entire court house will be necessary to hold them before the end of another century. This verbiage is also an expensive relic of the olden time, as an army of transcribers is necessary to keep the records in shape. It is also necessary to retranscribe them once in a century, unless better paper and indelible ink be used. A considerable number of copyists have been at work for months rewriting the records made previous to A. D. 1800.

When it is understood that the records of several years after the borough of Pittsburgh was incorporated were contained in a single book, and that at present the record of a single day's transfers and mortgages might fill a volume, the importance of brevity will be understood at a glance.

While good lawyers generally may admit that there should be reform in this matter, there are some who would make the change very carefully and for good reason. This view is set forth by Judge Fetterman and J. L. Black. It is that there has been so much litigation during centuries, that not only every phrase, but every word and every syllable has been settled by judicial ruling, and if the form be followed and the grantor be competent to grant, even the gates of perdition cannot prevail against the conveyance. Judge Fetterman suggests that if the change is to be made, that a test case should be gotten up and have the supreme court pass on it.

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