

MRS. MCGINTY.



WHERE DO I TRADE?

Faith! hear to that now. Is there any need to ask me when you can reason it out for yourself? I trade where I can GET THE BEST GOODS; the best is none to good for any of us, and a reasonable profit is big enough, and I like good treatment, which I always get at the New England Store.

Another Great Bonanza!

AT THE

New England Shoe Store.

We have purchased through our eastern buyer and immense stock of all kinds of Boots and Shoes from an insolvent merchant, at about one-half its actual value. The same has been received by us and will be put on sale at our central location, 3 South Main street, next to Parohen's corner, Monday morning at 9 o'clock.

LADIES' FINE DRESS SHOES

Suitable for summer wear, in all styles and weights. Sizes and widths somewhat broken, but the price we make on them is astonishingly low. Fine dress shoes for \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.00.



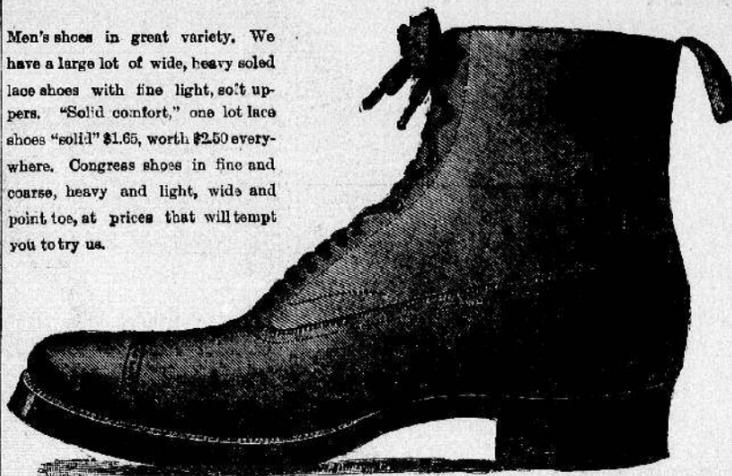
FALL IN

All about the line of march! Hundreds of delighted customers march to our store daily.

NEW ENGLAND SHOE STORE.

3 South Main St.

Men's shoes in great variety. We have a large lot of wide, heavy soled lace shoes with fine light, soft uppers. "Solid comfort," one lot lace shoes "solid" \$1.65, worth \$2.50 everywhere. Congress shoes in fine and coarse, heavy and light, wide and point toe, at prices that will tempt you to try us.



WAKE UP

To your interests! Don't pay old territorial profits for footwear, when you have such golden opportunities as we offer to close out this stock.

Read Our Prices, They are Heap Cheap.

500 Pairs of Men's and Women's Carpet slippers 25c.

- 300 pairs of Boys' Canvas shoes, - - 75c.
- 200 pairs of Ladies' Toe Slippers, - 50 and 75c.
- 600 pairs of Ladies' Kid and Pebble Button shoes, 95c.
- 500 pairs of Men's Working shoes, - 75c. and \$1.
- 200 pairs of Men's Dress shoes, lace and congress \$2.50
- 100 pairs Men's and Boys' tan colored Low Shoes \$1.50

All other goods at same proportion. Mail orders will receive careful attention.

S. L. SMITHERS, Manager.

NO ACCOUNT

Merchants we are called, and we rejoice in the title. We are no account merchants because we do a no account business, or in other words we do a strictly cash business, taking no chances of loss, and turning money over quickly, we are able to

MAKE LOWEST PRICES

on all goods; we point to our prices in proof of our statements and we invite the attention of NO ACCOUNT CUSTOMERS to the advantages offered by a strictly cash system.

New England Shoe Store, 3 South Main Street.

A CITY OF PARADOXES.

Naples, Bright and Slovenly, Magnificent and Detestable, Retrogressive Yet Progressive.

Memory Stirred to Activity While Sailing on the Mediterranean.

Gulf of Naples and Surrounding Country—The Home of Immortals in Art and Poesy—The Modern City.

Special Correspondence of the Independent. NAPLES, Italy, April 9.—There can be nothing more restful and delicious than the trip by steamer from Palermo, Sicily, across the Italian arm of the Mediterranean to the bright and slovenly, magnificent and detestable metropolis of Italy, landlocked, nobility-housing, revolution-breeding, hazzaroni-producing, retrogressive, yet always progressive, Naples.

Aside from the soft and tender skies, the landward perfumes which, despite one's highest effort at mental activity, insistently impel sista and sleep, and such intoxicating zephyrs that one no longer wonders at the inspiration to an art which left us the Parthenon, the Venus of Capua, or Milo, the impalpable Echo turned to an eternal human listener in countless forms by brush or chisel, or as many matchless Diana bending over their white and slumbering Endymions to kiss them back to consciousness, stir the heart and beat at the physical sense; but there is an intensity of mental interest that fills the soul of thought with as tender and hushed a solemnity. In front of this shore one stands face to face with human tragedies of the densest old-world population and activities for 3,000 years; indeed for a time when mythology tells us that gods were half men and men were demi-gods, down past that almost inconceivable reach of time in which the very face of sea and earth were changed, innumerable races and dynasties grew to perfection and passed away, miracles of cities were built, lost from sight, dug out again and re-peopled, and the splendid yet pathetic Italy of to-day sits buried in bloom and vine about the half-known monuments of a past renaissance of power and art we again produce. The night, the sea, the almy air and the glowing stars compel the mood for these wondrous wreaths of thought-life, resist them as you may. But when the morning comes and sets just there before you an hundred miles of storied shore—the sunny islands caress, the background of green and purple mountains looming over all, the splendid city of Naples, reaching its shining arms to the right and left about the amonous bay, and then a half hundred miles and villages climbing the craggy notes, like processions of cowed quacks pilgriming to as many mountain shrines—the consciousness of presence and reality, here in one's thought throughout the lifetime before all had been as a vague and misty dream, stirs the heart and mind magnally to their profoundest depths.

The first complete view of the Gulf of aples sweeps the thought to a time when, ren ages back of the peopling of the first aples, old Parthenope, by the Greeks, the resent conformation of shore, outcragging romontories and farther vine-clad islands as made by the action of some monstrous historic volcano with a crater an hundred miles as vast as that possessed by Etna of Vesuvius to-day. Then, arising his head above the sea, belled and sared, perhaps for other ages, and then and back beneath the waves. The waters

gleaming above it to-day are those of the Gulf of Naples. The broken volcano's edges, still standing, mark the semicircular heights above the city of Naples, the long, splendid arm sweeping around to the south below which is Salerno gulf, and then, out to sea, are its outjutting, showing in Mount St. Contanzo and the island of Capri; and the northern rim is outlined by the heights west of Naples, Cape Misenum and the islands of Procida and Ischia, breaking off grandly to the southwest. More than three-quarters of the rim of this tremendous crater order is thus clearly discerned. As the as 1302 Mount Epomea, in Ischia, hinted of the old volcano furies by pouring out destructive floods of lava; while, dominating the eastern shore of the gulf, and marking the limits of volcanic action on that side of the original mouth of flame, Vesuvius has since stood, grim, silent and a "burnt mountain" at the time of Christ's birth, but in the year 79 burning and crumbling into two great divisions; and, though sending forth no lava, belching such showers of hot and wet ashes, as to hide splendid Herculaneum and lordly Pompeii from sight of human eyes for 1800 years. Then Cape Miseno walking in the Bay of Naples; and you have a picture of its shape and contour if you will imagine a tremendous checkered-back turtle which has crept down a steep bank to a glowing water-side, to bask there in the sun. Its wary head in the Castle dell' Ovo, its fore legs stretch lazily around to the east and west. Its hind legs protrude to the right and left in the countryward streets of Salerno and Foria. And its shining tail is represented by the splendid height of Capodimonte behind, where gleam the walls of that noble pile, the Palazzo Reale. "See Naples and die," is a maxim which must have had its origin in the mind of some enthusiast who approached the city from the north; To the north is the mountainous island, Ischia, its circular shores banded with picturesque villages, and fringed with a network of bakers' sails. Beyond, to the east, lies Procida, dainty and smiling and vine-covered, and the island of Capri, a string of pearl-like villages threading the shore. Circling to the north, across a foreground of bluest waters and brightest sails, is seen a marvellously beautiful shore, dotted by villa, hamlet, church and shrine, and then, around to the north, with Vesuvius ever sending forth its threatening smoke above, lies the wonderfully interesting region of the dead cities—Castellammare, Pompeii and Herculaneum, the latter but a two hours' stroll from the splendid city which reaches even to it in thickly-settled environs embowered in vines and flowers.

Within this still standing almost complete circle of olden crater rim what majestic historic memories are awakened. There where tiny Capri, the ancient "island of gardens," resists against its headland walls the thunderings of the Mediterranean, Tiberius lay concealed nearly a year after the fall of Sejanus; during the Napoleonic wars the island was taken by the English and fortified into another Gibraltar; and was retaken by a brilliant coup-de-main of the dashing Prince Murat. Sorrento, just around within the mainland gulf edge, the ancient Surrentum of the Romans, is the birthplace of immortal Tasso, who after his glorious but inexpressible and pathetic career returned, disguised as a wandering shepherd, and was welcomed and adored by his devoted sister, Cornelia. Beyond is Castellammare, now the sunny resort of the Neapolitan aristocracy just as it was in ancient times when Augustus, M. Agrippa and Antonius Pius sought the cool cloisters of its majestic chestnut groves and enjoyed, as one may now enjoy, the fragrances and sunlight of its orange groves and plantations of mulberry, pomegranate, fig and olive; and where the elder Pliny perished while observing the Vesuvian eruption which buried the city, and with it Herculaneum and Pompeii. But a few miles farther, between the waters of the river Sarno comes tumbling through the vineyards into

the sea and the Bosco, or Wooded Region of Vesuvius, stand the silent walls of Pompeii, every avenue, structure, monument, tomb, palace and habitation nearly as perfect and equally as well directed, as before its seventeen centuries of silence beneath its ashy pall. Herculaneum is found but a few miles northward towards Naples. Around on the other side of the gulf, Ischia, dream of natural beauty and wine and water station, was the Inarime of the ancients. Beneath its volcano Mount Epomeo lay, like Enceladus under Etna, the giant Typhoeus, ever moaning, and occasionally belching, in his awful throes of pain. After Rome's fall Ischia suffered untold vicissitudes. The celebrated general, Marchese Pescara, was born in its castle. His sister, the brave and noble Constance, heroically defended it against the French forces of Louis II. And it was Ischia that the talented Vittoria Colonna, wife of Pescara, the platonic and poetical adorer of Michael Angelo, retired to mourn her kingly husband's loss. Here, in a light of houses in glistening white, of the vine and wine and fishermen, where, during the festival of St. Michael in September, the women don the olden Greek costume of red and gold and dance the tarentella in weird and fantastic orgies, lies between Ischia and the Neapolitan mainland of Cape Miseno, then, Positano, "land of care," where the notorious glutton, Vedius Pollio, built his wondrous epicurean villa, afterwards possessed by Augustus. But the real shrine here is above Positano among the rocky vineyards of the heights. Here in a little vaulted chamber hardly sixteen feet square another immortal dreamed and wrote. There the Georgics and "Æneid" were composed, and here in this old Roman temple, the tomb of the poet's Virgil. Thus at the two extremities of the mainland headlands of the shining Neapolitan gulf lived two of the divinest poets the world has ever known—Virgil among the vines upon the heights at the north; Æneid, of a later and sadder hour, among the chestnut groves and olives of the south; intellectual beacons of god-like power to shine with undiminished flame from the twin headland horns of this wondrous crescent shore through all the cycles of recorded time.

So I believe it is more the mythologic, historic and poetic associations with which all the beautiful environs of Naples are rife, a flavor of which cannot but at some times and in some way be conjured in the thought of every traveler of sympathetic and receptive mind, that have lent such an indefinable charm to Naples itself. Surely it is a splendid and populous city, housing now over a half a million souls. Forming the second circle of the bay, a crescent, it presents from any point of view, either in the bay or upon either sweep of shore a most superb scene to the beholder. Its hundreds of churches are sufficient in their architectural grandeur and simple enough ecclesiastic art, to satisfy the hungriest veneration for all that sort of thing. Its national museum, containing as it now does, the oldest royal collection of antiquities and paintings, as well as the famous collection of the collection of the stores in the palaces of Capodimonte and Portici, and the impressive excavated treasures of Stabia, Cumæ, Pompeii and Herculaneum, is undoubtedly one of the most valuable and interesting in the world now possesses. Its cathedral (Il Duomo) a basilica with aisles of Gothic vaulting, with frescoes by Giordano and Solimena, and its tombs of Charles I., of Anjou, Martel and Andrea, Kings of Hungary, of Innocent IV., and of Pope Innocent XII., is grand and imposing. Its Royal Palace, Palazzo Angri, Garibaldi's residence when dictator, Palazzo Madama, now housing the Bank of Naples, Palazzo Miranda, containing Ruben's "Triumph of Beauty," and other great paintings by Spagnoletto, Guido and Rani, Palazzo Sant'Angelo, and the Royal Palaces at the port side and upon Capodimonte, are such and all tremendous piles, specimens of every variety of architectural magnificence in embellishment during the past thousand years. The Castle Nuovo, begun by Charles I., of Anjou, in 1283. The Castle dell' Ovo, built by William I., and Frederick II., in the 12th century; the castle of Capanno, once the principal residence of Hohenstaufen Kings, of Saint Elmo, with its huge round towers, and of Carmine, now dismantled and used as a military prison, are massive medieval piles, all glorious in pictures, but each valuations for modern defense. Its royal

theater, San Carlo, is one of the most magnificent opera houses in all Italy and is a veritable musical shrine, since the magical numbers of Rossini, Bellini, Mercantini and Donizetti were first given to the world within its walls. And its great thoroughfares—the Toledo, traversing the entire city from bay to mountain heights above, with the splendid streets of the new, or western quarter, the densely-thronged lanes of the old or eastern quarter, the Marina, along the eastern waterside, and the brilliant Riviera di Chiaja, with its fashionable throngs enjoying the cooling winds from the sea, with all Naples within the latter's resplendent Villa Reale at night, repeating the scenes of the Marina at Palermo—are all unsurpassed for diversity of picture, variety of incident and piquancy of colorful ensemble. Yet Naples itself possesses no one grand predominating place, thing or characteristic of surpassing interest. This might, perhaps, be modified by saying it was a city of wonderful contrasts—of the tremendously rich and worldly power of the oldest and best Italian nobility and the most wretched of titled adventurers, of dazzling beauty and most hideous ugliness in women; of most learned savants and the most sudden in ignorance; of the highest virtue and the most disgusting lewdness, so shamefaced that even male devils accost one everywhere with printed tariffs for licentiousness; of the latest modes in dress, and garb among the lowly as ancient as the time of Tiberius; of frightful activity and tropical siesta; of deafening din and solemn hush; of the shrillest and most ceaseless shriekings day and night, and meanwhile the most abject and melodious of tender voicings; of content and despair; cruelty and kindheartedness; loyalty and treachery; and, as all Italy physically seems to be in a flower embowered heaven smiling over a threatening volcanic hell, of laughing-eyed lunatics with hearts in which the worst of human passions forever brood, ready at an instant's kindling for sedition, rapine and murder.

The old Naples of the books, which we have all set in such picturesque framing from travelers' tales and artists' paintings, has wholly passed away. Among the simple fishermen of Procida, Ischia and Capri you will find none of the fiery Muscatellos, like that inspired one who in 1847 cried "Morte al mal governo!" and at the head of his wild followers wrung something like liberty from the cruel Spanish viceroy. There were from 30,000 to 50,000 of these fishermen and waterside lazzaroni once here. A few dreamful-eyed beings in rags are left to utter "signor!" here and "signor!" there as their shabby hands are upraised for alms, and "grazzia—grazzia!" as they get them. But the most of these wretched souls who once made Naples the most notorious, drenched and picturesque are now at work on your aqueducts, in your mines, upon your apartment buildings, and as shining your boots until they reflect the sun like a Tuscan grape, and are tasting the sweets of real liberty in our land of toil and reward. The "sinus of Naples" are no more. Twenty million dollars, furnished by the Italian government, is being expended by the municipality of Naples to utterly obliterate their former foul breeding places; and one-half of the entire Mercato and Portici districts, once housing 108,000 people, chiefly of this class, is being rebuilt along widened streets so that the glorious southern sun may shine in upon 10,000 decent homes. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

THE MODERN PIED PIPER.

It may be out of fashion, but it sometimes seems to me that the very best procession my longing eyes could see Would be led by the piper of famous Hamelin town. Who through our city streets should go, a-piping up and down. 'Till he lured from out the multitude of laughing girls and boys, the most beautiful and priggish Fauntleroyes. With bonnets all too big for them, and trousers much too tight, and with flowing curls—and led them out of sight. And left with us such sensible and sturdy girls and boys. As lived before the Greenways and priggish Fauntleroyes. —M. Gilman Smith in Life.

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FRED H. RICE, Manager. Ground Floor Power Granite Block, Helena, Montana.

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JERRY KINGMAN, Assayer and Chemist, Successor to J. T. Gova. All kinds of Analytical Work and Assaying promptly executed. Foot of Broadway, GALEN BLOCK, HELENA. ORDERS BY MAIL SOLICITED

A high grade school, preparing boys for college, scientific school and for business. First class education through course of study. Ad C. L. HOWARD, Superintendent, Ogden City, Utah.