

# THE PHILIPSBURG MAIL.

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PHILIPSBURG, GRANITE COUNTY, MONTANA, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1895.

PRICE: FIVE CENTS.

## NEW SHEET MUSIC

- Douglas Club (two-step)..... 40c
- Chariot Race, or Ben Hur (march)..... 50c
- Unforgotten Song (vocal)..... 35c
- Sweet Bunch of Daisies (vocal)..... 40c
- Forgive, Forget Those Angry Words (vocal)..... 40c
- Queen of Beauty (instrumental)..... 50c

## NEW TEN-CENT SHEET MUSIC

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- Sleep, Little Pigeon (vocal)..... 10c
- Chicago Girl (two step)..... 10c
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- Waiting for Thee (vocal)..... 10c

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## HER BONES BREAKING

### Suffering From a Peculiar Disease.

### A YOUNG GIRL'S SAD CONDITION

The Case of Miss Scott, of Fall River, Mass., Which is Puzzling the Physicians of New England Her Bones Break Like Pipe-Stems.

Five years ago Miss Sarah Scott of Fall River was budding into a womanhood that promised an exceptional example of feminine beauty. Today she is a bedridden invalid in whom every physician in New England is taking an interest. She is suffering from osteomalacia, a rare disease of the bones.

Her parents were both healthy, and they have another daughter who enjoys a beautiful face and a splendid physique. About 18 months ago Miss Scott complained of a peculiar soreness in her left thigh. While about to step on a train, her right bone snapped at the sore spot, and she was carried into a hospital.

The manner of the breaking was so simple that the examining physician's curiosity was at once aroused. After some of the most expert men had looked into the details it was decided that amputation was necessary to prolong the girl's life. Her nerves were in a shattered condition, but the amputation was successful. It was noted at the time that the bone was of a very unusual composition, but no such results as have followed were expected.

After the wound had been dressed and while she was being turned in a hospital bed the doctors and nurses were astounded by the breaking of a bone in her right thigh almost in the exact spot where amputation had been performed on the other leg.

The fracture was treated immediately, and for eight months the girl remained at the institution under the care of physicians who studied the case anxiously. Then the broken limb healed, and the girl was taken home. Her general health did not improve, and she became a great case to her relatives. One of the surgeons at a Boston hospital, who knew of her case, settled in Fall River some months ago and made a close study of the disease as it developed.

Not many weeks ago, while the girl was resting her foot on the floor trying its strength without the support of crutches, the right thigh bone again snapped about where it was previously broken. That necessitated a total confinement to her bed. A few weeks later she was trying to chew a small piece of meat when her left jawbone broke.

This caused a noticeable swelling, and her pretty features now look distorted. Two weeks ago she was trying to fix a pillow under her head, using her left arm to push it into place. She hadn't reached her hand to the back of her head before the bones of the arm, just at the shoulder joint seemingly fell apart.

She now lies on her back nursing a broken right leg, a broken jaw and a broken shoulder joint. Her left leg is gone, as stated.

### THE PRESIDENT'S NEW WORD.

So Got It From Professor Proctor's Story About an Old Kentucky Negro.

President Cleveland has a new word. When any one comes to see him on a matter of business now, he says, "Well, now, let's 'spute' about it." He got the word from a story Professor Proctor, the civil service commissioner, told him of an old negro down in Kentucky who was very powerful in theological controversy and was looked up to by the colored people of that section as the ablest exponent of the Scriptures, white or black, they had ever seen. The old gentleman had worsted all debaters, and, like Alexander, sighed for new worlds to conquer. Professor Proctor, with a party of friends, happened to visit the plantation upon which he lived, and while they were sitting on the piazza one morning the great controversialist appeared with a pair of horn framed spectacles on his nose and a big Bible under his arm. Shuffling up to the steps, he took off his hat, made a low bow, and in a most dignified and respectful manner said:

"Good mawning, good mawning. I done come up to see if any of you all white gornemans n'd like to 'spute or bout der holy Scriptures dis mawning."

The president was very much amused by the story and has clung to the word, which he now uses freely at cabinet meetings and in social as well as official conversations.

### THE CATTLE CONTROVERSY.

Attempts of Shippers to Crowd Yankee Beef Out of the London Market.

There are some pretty shrewd men among those interested in the Canadian cattle trade, as is shown by their latest move. They are seeking, and with a prospect of success, to change the dispute between the Chicago and New York shippers of meat and the London butchers and importers from its present position of a mere quarrel as to trade customs into a vast American conspiracy to get the control of the entire meat business of this city, with the ultimate design of enormously increasing the cost of food to the poor consumers. "Let us oppose this iniquitous Yankee plot," says a benevolent Canadian cattle agent, "by affording our colonial brethren

facilities for sending their nice oxen into our markets and selling them on reasonable terms. By doing that you get cheap meat and defeat foreign wiles at the same time."

This view is actually being forced upon the attention of the board of agriculture, and American shippers had better understand that the pressure is really influential. Of course the boggy pluro-pneumonia has been raised, but this is to be laid in an artful manner. The board of agriculture object to remove the existing prohibition of the importation of live Canadian cattle because the disease exists in Canada, and they decline to run the risk of bringing it into this country and then having to stamp it out at vast expense. "But," say the Canadians, "we still deny the existence of the disease. But, admitting that there is some risk, we are prepared to take all of it. Admit our cattle, and if you should be able to trace a single case of the outbreak of the disease to one of our beasts we will guarantee to defray the entire cost of stamping it out."

That is the scheme now under consideration. It remains to be seen whether it will tempt the board of agriculture. The probabilities are that its very novelty will induce the board to refuse to have anything to do with it, because, as a rule, newness is on the face of it a distinct disqualification to anything submitted to any British government department.

### HYPNOTISM ON TRIAL.

The Subject Did Not Respond When Sight and Hearing Were Cut Off.

Some experiments in hypnotism which Dr. Luys, the French physician, was recently permitted to try before the Societe de Biologie in Paris have raised a doubt as to the genuineness of the new science. Dr. Luys is a confirmed hypnotist and has made many experiments.

When the time for the public experiments before the French society came, Dr. Luys had a subject who had lost the little finger of his left hand. The man was put in a trance, and then this hand was spread out on a table. Dr. Luys took a pin and stuck it in the table at the place where the missing finger would have been. He repeated the experiment several times, using pins, needles and knives, and each time the patient pulled away his hand and groaned, as though in pain. Just as long as Dr. Luys had the man in hand the experiments were highly successful. Some of the other physicians present objected to his announcing just what he was going to do before each experiment. Dr. Luys turned the patient over to them.

They laid his hand under the table, held a newspaper in front of his face so that he could not see what was being done and then made several jabs with a steel pen at the spot where the little finger should be. Each time the patient groaned and pulled his hand away. Then one of the physicians argued that if the patient was shamming it would be easy enough for him to know just when the pen was stuck in the table, as the scratching noise it made was distinctly audible.

So it was quietly agreed to simply put the pen within a fraction of an inch of the table. This was done, the newspaper still being held before the man's eyes, and he never made a move. Not a groan nor an attempt to pull the hand away followed the experiment.

Dr. Luys was amazed, but attempted no explanation.

### CHOLLY AND THE INCOME TAX.

The Idea is Odious to the Dandies, and They Can't "Make Out" the Papers.

The income tax fellow has been around to see me.

I was out. So he left his card in the shape of a huge printed document as big as a copy of The Recorder.

It is covered with affidavits, and I have signed them all.

I believe I've sworn that I'm worth \$4,000 a year; that I'm not; that I'm a charge on the county, and that I am as rich as Jack Astor.

It's the most muddled up paper I ever tried to read and understand.

I believe that I am what is called a person of ordinary intelligence, yet I can't make the thing out at all.

What show will the chappies have who don't come up to my high order of intellect?

There is some frightful penalty, "with boiling oil in it," provided for any one who distorts the truth in making his returns, but how to tell the truth is what bothers me.

The whole idea of an income tax is odious to us dandies.

It makes us begin to think how we live anyhow, when the whole joy of life is in not knowing anything about such things.

"I suppose I've got money," said Dottie Onativin yesterday, looking over his high collar at his varnished boots and smart clothes, "but I'll be hanged if I know how much. I will ask my man if he has any idea."

But "his man" didn't know and reminded Dottie that his wages for the last few months had not, etc.

Hugo Still Untombed.

Complaint is made in Paris that Victor Hugo's remains are neglected. When the great man's remarkable funeral was over, the coffin containing his body was solemnly placed on two improvised benches in the Pantheon. There it remains just as it was left, no attempt having been made to prepare a tomb for it. And nothing more is heard of the great Hugo memorial for which subscriptions were solicited just after the poet's death.

## NAPOLEON IN EGYPT

### His Desert Campaign During His Career.

### VICTORY OVER THE MAMELUKES

The Expedition in the Nature of a Forlorn Hope—Desperate Struggle of the Army in the Desert—The Barbary Cavalry Destroyed.

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APOLLEON made no two campaigns alike. Not one but is a marvel, not one that would serve as a model for the others, or, taken alone, illustrate his martial genius and energy. That in Egypt stands out as his first really forlorn expedition.

French history declares that the republican directory was so glad

to be rid of the rising young soldier, whose sudden fame and restless personality was a menace to their usurped authority, they permitted him to carry away the strength and flower of the nation. It is a fact that he cut loose from France, from Europe and placed his army in a position, as he afterward said, where it must die or do things "as great as the ancients." With him went 30,000 soldiers and for leaders of divisions and brigades Kleber, Davoust and Reynier, Caffarelli, Murat and Lamar, Marmont, Bessieres and Joubert, every promising warrior on the list who possessed youth and daring.

A piece of good fortune inaugurated the campaign. The English fleet in the Mediterranean, which under Nelson, was to bring disaster upon the expedition at a later stage, was blown away from the African coast by a hurricane and for the time being dispersed. Then the French set sail from the rendezvous at Toulon. The sun arose in splendor, and the incident was one of many when it seemed to burst forth as an omen of victory for this brilliant and imaginative soldier. Again and again during his career the day of great achievements was ushered in by a "Napoleon sun."

The squadrons were imposing, and the spectacle at Toulon had in it that element of the picturesque and dramatic which Napoleon managed so effectively to inspire in his followers. The battleships stretched out in a single line three miles, and the convoy of transports formed a vast semicircle, six leagues around the bow. Napoleon and the son of Josephine embarked on the Orient, the mammoth ship of the fleet, which mounted 120 guns. The signal for hoisting sail was moved by the future emperor from a balcony overlooking the roadstead of the harbor.

The first conquest was a bloodless one, that of Malta, an island well nigh impregnable if well defended. While at Malta word came that Nelson's fleet had united again and was searching for the French. It was still a secret in the expedition what the ultimate destination would be, and when the English entered the harbor to find it empty they didn't know which way to sail. Meantime Napoleon was in front of Alexandria, the first point for conquest, and Nelson had left there only two days before for the Hellespont. Without losing a moment's time troops were put ashore on the desert beach three leagues from the ancient city. The coast did not admit of landing horses and cannon, but as the utmost haste was necessary Napoleon risked the issue with men alone.

Acting on the rule that every hour of time gives a chance for misfortune, he led forward the first 8,000 soldiers in person to the walls of Alexandria, stirring them to the highest enthusiasm by his energetic bearing. Seeing that Caffarelli, who wore a wooden leg as a memento of Creuznach, was on shore, he told him to wait until a horse was landed for his use. "No, no," said the hero, "I go with my men if I go on crutches," and took his place at the head of column to make the painful march. At daylight the three small divisions of Kleber, Caffarelli and Desaix stood under the walls, halted and seeking to make parley. Overtures from the French were answered by a volley from the cannon on the ancient battlements, and Napoleon instantly ordered a charge. Kleber was struck in the head by a shot, but his followers pressed on against the towers, whose occupants held out well, and then into the streets, where the Turks resisted hand to hand. There were many French wounded in the assault, but only 80 killed. These Napoleon caused to be buried at the foot of Pompey's pillar and their names engraved on the tablet, a coronum witnessed by the whole army and evoking that enthusiasm their leader knew so well how to arouse and, what is more, to direct. At this point the troops and the warships parted company, never to meet until disaster had overtaken the expedition through the destruction of the fleet in Aboukir bay. But the flotilla conveying the artillery, provisions and ammunition passed along the Mediterranean shores to the western branch of the Nile, where it was to ascend and meet the army 30 miles below Cairo.

Meanwhile the soldiers had 60 miles to march in the burning summer season over the dreary desert, barren, waterless and sun parched. There, too, they encountered in all their barbaric fierceness and strength the herds of Mamelukes.

The Mamelukes at the close of the eighteenth century resembled the terrible Janizaries of Turkey—except that the former were mounted—and the Praetorian bands of Rome. They were at once the protectors and the terror of the sovereigns. At the time of the invasion Egypt was divided into 24 districts, each ruled by a bey. The bays each maintained a force of 500 or 600 horsemen, originally bought as slaves from the borders of the Caspian and Black seas and trained to war, after embracing Mohammedanism. They always fought on horseback and in line. Being completely armed, intrepid and skillful, they formed the best cavalry in the world, while their gross and mercenary natures and unsparing cruelty made them the real lords of Egypt, the oppressors of the people. Sir Walter Scott thus describes their meeting with the French on the march from Alexandria to Cairo: "The whole plain was covered with Mamelukes, mounted on the finest Arabian steeds and armed with pistols, carbines and blunderbusses of the best English workmanship, their plumed turbans waving in the air, and their rich dresses and arms glittering in the sun. Entertaining a high contempt for the French force as consisting almost entirely of infantry, this splendid barbaric cavalry watched every opportunity for charging them, but did a single straggler escape the unrelenting edge of their sabres. Their charge was almost as swift as the wind, and as their seven-banded shields were half or whole their horses at full gallop, their retreat was as rapid as their advance. Even the practiced veterans of Italy were embarrassed by this mode of fighting."

Napoleon promptly adapted his formation of lines to the Mameluke style of warfare. The divisions were drilled to throw themselves into five squares, six ranks deep on the fronts, with the artillery at angles and cavalry, with baggage in the center. These squares moved across the desert intact, all facing in one direction, the side columns marching by the flank. When charged by the Mamelukes, the masses came to a halt and the side and rear lines fronted, thus facing the foe in all directions. In close action the front ranks knelt so that the rear rank could fire over them. Several small encounters on the way to Cairo brought the army to high efficiency in repelling or attacking the Mamelukes.

On the tedious march Napoleon strode on ahead, giving his men an example of hardihood and determination. Though his face was habitually gloomy and sallow, his restless activity could not arouse enthusiasm, and enthusiasm was needed. The soldiers grumbled at their hardships, and the officers openly expressed disgust. Murat and Lamar, the future favorites of their chief, trod their cockades in the sand and railed at the mad folly of the expedition.

Finally the column reached the Nile and united with the flotilla. Seven days later it reached Cairo, where Murat Bey, the chief of the Mameluke herds, had assembled 12,000 followers, each having two armed slaves to fight on foot. The latter, numbering 24,000, were placed behind intrenchments on the western bank of the Nile, covering the city opposite. After deploying his squares on camelion, or like steps, with the right flank of each refused, Napoleon marched upon the trenches, but discovering that the cannon of the Egyptians were in stationary rests and not on carriages, he turned right or left, he directed a flank movement to escape their direct front fire.

Murat Bey instantly saw the danger and gave the order to charge. With a yell the Mamelukes swept from their places on the flanks of the batteries and circled around the advancing lines. Napoleon allowed them to ride up within half pistol shot before opening fire. Meanwhile he harangued the legions, calling upon them to stand fast. To the division in front of the pyramids he exclaimed, "Soldiers, from you lofty summits 40 centuries look down upon you." His face beamed with the ardor of combat as the veterans remembered it from Italy, and the squares stood the shock like invincibles. Musketry, grapeshot and shells from the lines and the angles mowed down the fierce riders of the desert, and with unparalleled desperation they forced their horses through the

(Continued on 8th page.)

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