

TOLD BY TARS.

Nautical Anecdotes Five Hundred Years Old.

Lieutenant Barrett in United Service.

In a selection of stories from manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there is a jeu d'esprit turning upon the conduct of fishermen at sea during a storm. A certain passenger, while almost every one else was weeping or praying, began to eat his fill of salt meat, as if he expected a famine. When asked why he did so, he replied: "I will have to drink a great deal of water presently, so I must eat salt meat."

The following humorous story is upon the same theme. A priest was told cumbering that he should not despair in a storm, so long as the sailors blasphemed, but if they cursed each other and sought mutual forgiveness for their offences, he might fear the worst. Hardly was the ship at sea when a storm arose, and the pious father, seeing a better to be seen at the hatch to the conversation of the crew. "Ah! my God! good father, all is lost," said he on his return; these wretched men swear horrible oaths; and their shoulder to their throat; their blasphemies alone have the power to sink the ship. "God be thanked!" said the good priest; "all will be well."

So one of these anecdotes turn upon the ability of the sailor to outwit the landman in the technique of his own craft. There is the story of a sailor who applied for a berth on an East Indian ship, to whom one of the examining board said that it was extremely doubtful whether he could box the compass. "I know how to do it," said the sailor, "but whether you know how to say the Lord's prayer." A trial of skill was at once arranged, with a wager of fifty shillings on each side. The mariner at once said: "I know how to say the Lord's prayer."

The contestant, having repeated the Pater Noster, claimed the stake. "I did not say that," said the sailor. "Thereupon he said over all the compass points backward, which his competitor could not do with the Lord's prayer, so the sailor won his wager and got his berth."

In an interesting sixteenth century work is an anecdote of another contest of wits, in which the man of the sea again triumphs. A passenger on board of an East Indian, thinking himself more of a philosopher than one of the crew, said to him: "My friend, when did your father die?" "In a shipwreck," replied the sailor. "And your grandfather?" "While out fishing a sudden squall came up and upset his boat, whether the water was your great-grandfather?" "He also perished in his ship, which struck a rock."

"How, then, dare you go to sea, where all your ancestors have perished?" "My Philosopher," said the mariner, "have the kindness to tell me where your father found death?" "Very peacefully, in his bed." "And his ancestors tranquilly, in their beds." "Ah, then, how can you dare to lie down in your bed, since your ancestors died there?"

There is equal humor in the song of Didbin's, in which two old "sea dogs" pity those ashore during the storm, endangered by chimneys and other perils of the land tempest. The sailor is further credited with outwitting Old Nick. There is a German tale of a certain old salt who, in return for valuable services, was bound to serve the devil after 50 years. Upon the appearance of Satan to claim his victim, Jack induced him to pump the sea dry first, but so arranged the pumps that when the water ran back into the sea again, until the disgusted demon was willing to depart without his victim.

THE LONGEST HOUR.

Nervousness of Actors Just Before the Curtain Rises.

New York Times.

A party of young men who are given to the discussion of deep philosophic questions met in the lobby of a theater up town a few nights ago and drifted into a discussion of the perplexing question, "What is the longest hour of a man's life?" There was an interesting diversity of opinion. The hour which was occupied in waiting for one's best girl, the hour before it's time to get paid when you haven't had anything to eat that day, the hour spent in waiting for a belated train, and other hours that were mentioned as examples, but they did not seem to fill the bill. Finally, comedian James Powers, of the Casino, who was one of the party, said: "The longest hour in a man's life, if he is an actor, is the hour before the curtain goes up on the first night of the performance of a new piece. No matter how familiar with the stage some men are, they are always awfully nervous before the show begins. They worry the life out of themselves fretting over their part. It is always so with me, and the funny part of it is that the fear begins to leave me just as soon as the curtain goes up. Another time when actors and actresses get very nervous, no matter how experienced they may be, is when they are called on to take part in impromptu concerts and recitations. I saw a good instance of this coming over on the City of Paris a few weeks ago. Among my fellow-passengers were Miss Marie sinwright and Tony Pastor. Some of the passengers got up a concert in the cabin, and Miss sinwright and Tony Pastor were among those who were called upon to take part. Miss sinwright was first, and recited a poem. She agreed, but before her turn came I noticed that she grew pale and trembled so that she could scarcely stand up. Of course this all left her as soon as she began to recite, but it goes to show how new surroundings will effect even the most experienced of actors and actresses."

FIGURES FOR 1889.

Official Statistics Relative to Railroads in the United States.

Advance sheets of "Poor's Manual of the Railroads of the United States for 1889" show that of the total railway mileage of the world the United States now possesses nearly one-half. At the end of 1888 the aggregate length of all lines in the country was 126,062 miles, all built in sixty years, the average mileage constructed per year being nearly 2,000 miles. The Manual says that the share capital of the mileage completed at the end of 1888 equaled \$4,463,411,242, against \$4,103,692,920 in 1887, the increase equalling \$359,718,322, the rate of increase being about 8.5 per cent.

The funded debt of all the lines at the close of the year aggregated \$4,624,055,023, a total of \$171,643,567 in excess of the total of 1887 (\$4,452,411,456), an increase of nearly 3.5 per cent.

The gross earnings or receipts of all lines (including elevated railroads) from which returns were received for the year

equaled \$80,256,270, of which \$25,356,167 were received from transportation of passengers, \$35,923,723 from transportation of freight, and \$18,966,380 from the transportation of mails and express matter, profits of leased lines and other miscellaneous sources of revenue. In the latter sum are included the gross earnings of elevated roads.

The gross earnings of all lines for the year ending December 31, 1887, equaled \$80,256,270, the increase for the year 1888 equalling \$20,105,968, or 2.44 per cent. The earnings in 1887 from transportation of passengers equaled \$29,542,875; from freight, \$39,688,222; from transportation of mails and express matter, etc., \$12,025,173, against \$29,639,380 for 1888.

The earnings per mile from which full returns were received in 1888 equaled \$6.50, against \$6.81 for 1887, the decrease equalling \$31 per mile.

The net earnings of all the lines for 1888 equaled \$30,633,358, against \$34,988,119 for 1887, the falling off equalling \$4,354,761, the rate of decrease being about 10 per cent.

The amount of interest paid in 1888 equaled \$20,124,288, against \$20,790,362 in 1887, the increase being \$666,074, the rate of increase equalling more than 1.63 per cent.

The amount paid in dividends in 1888 equaled \$90,243,041, against \$91,573,458 in 1887, the falling off equalling \$1,330,417, the rate of decrease being about 1.24 per cent.

The number of persons transported in 1888 by all lines was 451,353,655, against 428,225,313 for 1887, the increase for the year being 23,128,342, the rate of increase equalling 5.4 per cent.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Which Caused Justice to be Done to the Extent of Nine Dollars.

From the New York Sun.

In the smoking car, along with half a dozen others of us, was an engineer who was going down to Peoria, and after a time the judge tried to draw him out by saying:

"I presume you have had your share of close shaves along with other engineers?" "I have, sir," was the reply.

"Been in many smash-ups?" "A full dozen, I guess."

"Any particular adventure that might be called wonderful?" "Why, yes I did have one," replied the man, after relighting his old cigar stump. "I didn't think it any great smash-up, but the boss cracked it up as something extra."

"Let us hear about it," said the Judge as he passed him a Havana. "It was about three years ago, I was coming West with the lightning express and was running to make up lost time. Down here about twenty miles two roads cross, as you will see, and there are a lot of switches and sidetracks. I had just whistled for the crossing and put on the brakes when the coupling between the tender and the baggage-car broke."

"I see, I see," murmured the Judge. "At the same moment something went wrong with old No. 40, and I could not get off steam. She sprang away like a flash, and as she struck the crossing she left the track and entered a meadow filled with stumps."

"Good heavens!" "She kept a straight course for about forty rods, smashing the stumps every second, and then leaped a ditch, struck the rails of the D. and R. road, and after a wobble or two settled down and ran for two miles."

"Amazing! Amazing!" "Then, at a crossing, she left the metals, entered a cornfield and bearing to the right, plowed her way across the country until she came to her own road again. She had a long jump to make over a marsh, but she made it, struck the rails and away she went."

"You don't say so?" "I was now behind my train, and after a run of two miles got the control of the engine, ran up and coupled to the palace car, and went into Ashton pushing the train ahead of me."

"Great Scott! And was no one hurt?" "Not a soul and not a thing broken. The superintendent played a mean trick on me, though."

"How?" "Why, the farmer who owned the meadow paid the company \$18 for the stumps I had knocked out for him, while the cornfield man charged \$9 for damages. The superintendent pocketed the balance of the money."

"The scoundrel! And how much are you paid a month?" "Twenty dollars."

"That's for running on the road?" "Yes."

"And nothing for lying?" "Not a red cent."

"That's an outrage. The superintendent is an old friend of mine, and I'll see that you get the \$9 on the stumpage and the salary of \$200 a month as long as you live. It is such men as you who make the line popular."

TREATED BY A DUKE.

Hundreds of Suffering Poor Relieved by a Royal Doctor.

From the New York Tribune.

His royal highness Dr. Charles Theodore, duke of Bavaria, assisted by his wife and by Dr. Von Zenker, has been for eight weeks freely treating patients among the poor of Meran. That well-known health resort of the Austrian Tyrol is now year by year frequented by crowds of the humbler class of patients who are afflicted by disease of the visual organs, attracted thither by the cure or alleviation they gratuitously receive at the hands of his royal highness. Just before the Whitsuntide recess no fewer than 1,091 of these had been under treatment, in quaternary disease, but recommending him for the post. The mining and pastoral population around the Tegern-See welcomed their "Duke Doctor" and his assistant, Dr. Von Zenker, whose skill in ophthalmic disease had recommended him for the post. The mining and pastoral population around the Tegern-See welcomed their "Duke Doctor" and his assistant, Dr. Von Zenker, whose skill in ophthalmic disease had recommended him for the post. The mining and pastoral population around the Tegern-See welcomed their "Duke Doctor" and his assistant, Dr. Von Zenker, whose skill in ophthalmic disease had recommended him for the post.

Propeller for Lifeboats.

From the New York Telegram.

An ingenious contrivance is about to be brought out by Captain Woodward, of the Royal mail steamer Don, by which it is proposed to do away with oars as a means of propelling ships' lifeboats. It consists of a hand-power screw propeller, which enables the boat to be driven along by any one in it, though unacquainted with rowing. This, Captain Woodward points out, will obviate the chance of passengers who may get away from a stranded ship finding themselves in a boat without anyone skilled in their use. The machinery takes up little room and seems to be both efficient and simple.

BERRY WALL'S MONEY.

His Brother Leaves Him Another Large Fortune.

Saratoga Letter in Troy Times.

A. Berry Wall, the former king of the swells, has come into another large fortune by the death of his brother, William Wall. Although Berry abdicated the kingship soon after he married his charming wife, he is paid the honors due to one who had held the exalted station, and the young men who are rivals for the still vacant position have a sharp set in these heresies for the original monarch of swiftdom. Berry had been running very close to shore before his brother's death, which made him \$200,000 better off, though it is in the shape of a trust fund, which is guarded by trustees and from which Berry is only permitted to draw interest. William Wall was a slightly built, consumptive youth of 26 years of age, and he was almost as well known in fashionable and sporting circles as his more distinguished brother.

The tastes of Willie, as he was always called, did not turn to dress, and his attire was generally as plain as Berry's was fanciful. Willie was a constant attendant at the races and was never engaged in business. Like Berry, he had been left the sum of \$300,000 by his father at the latter's death several years ago. The elder Wall was once mayor of Williamsburg, now a portion of Brooklyn, and was the original proprietor of the well known Wall carriage works and the old rope walk in the place. After his death the boys took their portions and started in to have a good time and make their mark in society. Berry, a year or so ago, found that he had spent all of his money, and the demands of his creditors began to pour in upon him. Society was shocked to learn that Evanberry Berry Wall was practically a bankrupt, and he was hauled up on several judgments obtained by tailors, florists and other tradesmen. A few were satisfied and Berry announced his intention to pay off the remainder as soon as he got the money.

Willie Wall found his health failing, and he resolved to pass the winter in Southern California. Before he left New York a conference of the Wall family was held, and it is said that Willie decided to leave his property in case of his death to his brother Berry. The legacy is understood to be now in the hands of trustees. The property consists of real estate and the interest in the Williamsburg cordage business and other property, including valuable diamonds and other property.

Mrs. Wall, the mother of Berry, is living and is wealthy. It is apprehended that Berry will have considerable trouble with his creditors when he comes into final possession of his property. A whole stack of judgments is said to be in the sheriff's office of New York county, whenever it is thought that Berry has money the deputies try and collect one or two, but don't intend to press him without reason. The creditors of young Howell Belmont found they could not satisfy their claims upon trust funds to satisfy their claims, and if the matter is taken to the courts, it is likely that Willie will be awarded the sum of \$200,000. Berry has been in Saratoga alone for about a week. He came here "tight" after a fight with a gallant of his own type, Long Branch, in which Berry "bested" his opponent.

The Turning Point of the War.

Mal. Thomas J. Newsham in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

I met General Sherman two years ago at the Lindell hotel, and in the course of a long conversation I asked him what he considered the critical event or turning point of the war. His reply was that what he considered the most critical event of the war was a little incident that occurred in the woods of Tennessee a short time after the battle of Corinth,—the intended resignation of General Grant. Sherman had been on special duty with his command, and had returned to report to General Halleck. While at Halleck's headquarters he was informed that Grant had determined to resign. He (Sherman) got on his horse and rode direct to Grant's headquarters some distance away. He found Grant with a number of papers before him on an improvised table. Grant and Sherman shook hands cordially. Sherman asked Grant what he was doing and also told him that he thought he (Grant) was going to resign. Grant handed Sherman a paper, which proved to be his resignation already written out. "I can stand this no longer," said Grant, alluding to his ill-treatment by his superiors. "If I can't command a brigade or a division I can carry a musket." There was a great deal of sadness in those words as Grant spoke them. Sherman asked Grant if he would do him a favor. Grant replied that he would do anything in his power for Sherman. Sherman took the written resignation, tore it into fragments, and said that the favor he asked was that Grant would withhold his resignation for two weeks. Grant agreed to this and the resignation was not heard of again. Halleck was removed in a few days and Grant was restored to his command. "That," said Gen. Sherman, "I consider the turning point of the war."

Kiss the Fool and Let Him Go Home.

From the Marietta (Ga.) Journal.

The story goes that a certain society young man, noted for his handsome bearing and winning smile, accompanied a young lady to her home, and as all true lovers do, lingered yet a little while at the gate to have a lover's tete-a-tete with his fair companion. The night was beautiful, no one about, and the young man, above all, he loved! Why shouldn't she kiss him? With true maidenly modesty she refused. He implored. She still withheld from him that which would fill his cup of happiness. The request was repeated several times, and so engrossed did the young man become in his wooing, he failed to notice the approach of the parental step. The old gentleman who had been there himself and did not care to intrude upon the happiness of the young couple, quietly stepping behind a convenient rose bush waited, thinking the young man would soon leave. In this he was mistaken. The lover tarried over the request until the patience of the old gentleman was exhausted. A voice the couple well knew aroused them from their happiness in a tone of impatient anger by saying: "Daughter! how long will you and this fellow go on?" It is reported that the young man only hit the ground in high places in his endeavor to comply with the old gentleman's request.

At Sir Ralph's Evening Party.

From Puck.

Captain F. (I brought by a friend): "Old Stick-in-the-Mud does the thing well, doesn't he?" "The supper alone must have cost him a guinea a head."

Lady: "Two and sixpence, sir. I can give you the exact figures."

"Why, how; what do you mean?" "Merely that I am Old Stick-in-the-Mud's daughter."

No Prohibitionists.

From Pick Me Up.

New Yorker (to Colonel Bourbon): Colonel, what do you drink mostly down in Kentucky?

Col. Bourbon: Drink! Why, whiskey of course. What do you think we drink lager? We're not prohibitionists.

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