

NORTHWEST NEWS.

Topics of General Interest in the Four New States and Elsewhere.

MONTANA.

Thomas F. Casey, a well known attorney of Helena, died Friday night.

The body of Charles Mudgett, who was drowned in the Missouri below Fort Benton, has not yet been found.

Paul McCormick of Bozeman, has received the contract for government transportation in the National park this year.

Black Pine was flooded Tuesday with almost a cloudburst. The water rushed in torrents down the road from the mine to the mill, sweeping the dirt and gravel down by the wagon load, literally burying the scales at the mill dump.

Chief Plenteous and twelve Crow bucks passed through Livingston Monday enroute to the reservation. The Indians had been on a visit to the Nez Perces and had brought back a small band of ponies which had been presented to them by the Nez Perces.

The New Northwest says Joseph Toomey arrived home night before last from his trip after the 800 sheep stolen from Idaho. He recovered the sheep about twenty-five miles this side of Deadwood, Dakota, but he and Conley are remaining silent for the present about the thieves who took the property.

The First National bank of Boulder this week received its blank notes of issue to the amount of \$12,500. The notes came in sheets of four notes each, and after receiving the signatures of President Gaffney and Cashier Berendes they were cut into single notes and were then ready for general circulation.

Hon. C. F. Blakely says that he has one hundred acres of grain just west of Bozeman which usually has to be irrigated twice, but that this year, owing to the plentiful rains, he would not plow any irrigating ditches in it.

A daughter of John Kuskinen of Livingston had a narrow escape from death Thursday evening, while drawing water from a well on Lewis street she fell into the well, which is over twenty feet in depth. She was quickly rescued and taken home, but an examination only revealed a few bruises as a result of her trouble.

Louis Lair, who was in town this week, and who spends most of his time in the saddle on the hills and in the dales and valleys, says that the grass for grazing this year is the finest he has ever known within his five years' experience in Montana.

John Low, the leading clown and press agent of the Robinson circus, has been in the business 30 years, this making the 25th year with the Robinsons. Mr. Lowlow crawled under the canvas of the Robinson show, the first he had ever seen, down in Georgia and became infatuated with the business he has since followed.

W. D. Ellis has a force of men at work boring for water on his Boulder ranch. A diamond drill is being used and at a depth of 100 feet the water has risen to within fourteen feet of the surface.

The "Major, the smallest man on earth," who came here with John Robinson's side show, loaded himself with an abundant supply of Livingston blood warmer Saturday night and then sat down in a main street saloon to rest himself and his jaw.

Charley Smith returned from a business trip to the Cheyenne agency last night. While there on Monday last, a special inspector of the Indian department named Gardner arrived who will relieve Major Upshaw.

The Helena Journal says for several weeks complaints have been frequently made at police headquarters in that city that a middle aged man had taken possession of an empty house on Sixth avenue, and upon the approach of little girls, would make an indecent exposure of his person.

Mr. Vaux Makes His Mark. From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Without the least degree of indorsing or disputing—until we have official report—what Richard Vaux said in congress yesterday in opposition to the bill proposing further government interference in elections for federal officers, we can say that the close attention given to his forcible argument, the repeated outbursts of strong applause, and the general demonstration at the close, show that the house has a realizing sense of the fact that a strong intellect, as well as distinctive individuality, is again in the house of representatives from the third Pennsylvania district.

A Bid for Immigration. From the Philadelphia Times. It is said that the watermelon crop of the South will amount to ten millions. Perhaps this announcement is a scheme to induce colored immigration from the North.

Railway Technicality. From the St. Joseph News. "Why, George," she exclaimed tremulously, as she felt his arm stealing about her slender waist, "what are you doing?" "Trying to operate a belt line, dear."

Yellowstone will be the hardest part of his journey, but with steam he ought to be able to make great speed and at the same time steer his craft clear of the dangerous rocks of the rapids. Mr. Hite is looking for a congenial partner to share his trip and will undoubtedly find one who will desire also to share the honor of being the first to navigate the Yellowstone and Missouri from so close to their sources to the great gulf that receives their waters. Mr. Hite first intended to put his craft into the Missouri at Gallatin, this county, but concluded that the journey around the falls was too long.

THE TWO DAKOTAS. The North Dakota prohibition law went into effect July 1.

A series of races will be held at Spearfish, commencing July 17. Tariff reform clubs have been organized at Britton and Andover. An effort is being made to secure the pardon of Henry Frawley, who in 1888 was sent to the penitentiary from Deadwood for manslaughter.

The state board of agriculture of North Dakota has decided not to attempt to hold any state fair this year on account of the legislature failing to provide any appropriation.

A Fargo man, driven insane by the warm weather, created great excitement Saturday by appearing on the street in a buffalo overcoat, fur cap and arctic overshoes. He will make his next appearance before the commissioners of insanity.

During an electric storm at Terraville the other day a bolt of lightning struck the residence of Thomas Pepper, followed the stove-pipe down, demolished the stove, tore a hole six feet wide in the floor and knocked Mr. Pepper, who was standing by the stove, through the hole into the cellar. Strange to say he escaped injury.

A section of cedar log, twenty-eight inches in diameter, taken from the upper Cheyenne valley, is on exhibition at Pierre. The Indians and settlers build their houses of these logs along the Cheyenne, and at Noble they are building a two-story hotel of this timber. The deep canons in many places along this valley contain thousands of cords of this splendid timber that endures almost as long as granite. The heaviest timbered regions lies in Sterling and Scooby counties.

Mrs. Amelia Johnson was adjudged insane at Sioux Falls the other day and will be sent to the asylum. She labored under a peculiar hallucination, believing that she was starving, and that she had to sweat or she would die. She was found in a small room in her shanty, with the doors and windows tightly closed and ventilation entirely shut off. She thought her little children were in the same danger of starvation and treated them to the same rigid course she herself was undergoing, refusing to allow them to go out of doors and feeding them on mouldy bread and spoiled meat. When found the little ones were almost suffocated.

A tragedy was enacted at Standing Rock agency the other day which may result in the death of one of the most widely known Sioux braves in the west, second only to old Sitting Bull. It appears that Chief Rain-in-the-Face and his squaw, a handsome young woman, quarrelled about another woman to whom the chief was paying undue attention, to the neglect of his lawful wife. The chief left his tent and withdrew to another part of the camp. That night his wife entered his tent while he lay asleep and plunged a knife into his chest and side, making several terrible wounds. She then gave herself up, saying she was sorry she had not killed him. She is now kept under a strong guard, awaiting the outcome of her husband's wounds, and great excitement prevails at the agency. Rain-in-the-Face is the Indian who boasts that it was by his hand Custer met his death.

IDAHO. Mr. Lee of Cornwall has for exhibition a stool of wheat from one kernel that contains 210 stalks, each bearing a good head of wheat.

The Hailey Hot Springs will soon change hands, as Mr. E. R. Strahorn has retired and his successor is looked for from Chicago.

J. E. Stearns of Nampa, who has been appointed commissioner to the world's fair, is collecting an assortment of ores from Idaho to exhibit at the fair.

Thomas Kirby of Kendrick, recently brought to Moscow to have stuffed a monster white pelican, measuring nearly five feet from tip to tip of the wings. It was killed on Snake river. These birds come up the river only as far as the sturgeon, as their food is principally young sturgeon.

The Chinamen employed in mining on Loon creek, Custer county, have been getting up an almost fatal row. The last number of the Messenger gives an account of a free fight they had among themselves, using guns, knives, etc., resulting in several of them being badly used up and three of them being incarcerated in jail.

Never in the history of northern Idaho has the outlook for a prosperous season been so bright. There is no speculation in regard to the agricultural interests; the frequent rains have rendered an abundant harvest a certainty. Mining properties are yielding rich returns; the stock raisers report horses and cattle to be in a fine condition, and the stamp of prosperity rests on every branch of industry.—Kootenai Courier.

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ELI PERKINS IN PARIS

The Real Estate Boom is Unknown in the Gay City.

Americans Who Make Frenchmen Laugh, but American Jokes Not Appreciated—Bronze vs. Stone Monuments.

It seems strange to be in a place where there is no boom. Real estate agents do not come to us in Paris with options on suburban property, writes Eli Perkins to the Chicago Inter Ocean. There is but two real estate men in Paris, and they are as quiet as pall-bearers. One of them told me to-day that he had rented a good many flats at from \$40 to \$200 a month, but he had never sold a house.

Bill Nye writes me that he is living just opposite me in Tacoma and Seattle, and that real estate there is brisk. He says that having exhausted Oregon for suburbs, they are going to bore through 8,000 miles and locate choice corner lots in France. While they are building houses in Tacoma, enterprising citizens are tearing them down here. That is the difference between a new and an old country.

I have seen but one drunken man in Paris in two weeks, and two gendarmes marched him straight to the police station and locked him up. It was so unusual a sight that a great crowd followed the poor man through the streets. One cause for this temperance is the fact that the average French laboring men can't afford to get drunk. It takes about a bottle and a half of ordinary wine to get a man drunk, and that costs 30 cents. A man cannot get fighting drunk on French wine. When a Frenchman wants a great spree he puts absinthe in his wine or brandy, which gives him sweet visions and then puts him to sleep.

But wine drinking is diminishing. In fact more Munich beer is drunk in Paris than wine. Twenty years ago the people sat in rows four deep on the boulevard evenings, all drinking wine, smoking cigarettes and sipping coffee. Now the beer mug is everywhere. Twenty train-loads of beer arrive from Munich every day. When Paris surrendered to the Germans it also surrendered to German beer. Munich beer is thin. It is impossible to get drunk on it. It is really a prohibition drink. After a man has drunk several gallons he goes home stupidly sober. He don't get drunk; he gets full and sends for a cab to take him home. He don't fight and discuss the tariff question. He simply loses his identity and oblivion sets in.

Twenty years have made sad havoc with Versailles. The beautiful trees planted by Louis XIV. have grown scraggy. The splendid Louis XIV. palace and the gorgeous fountain which bankrupted the treasury of France to build are crumbling away. The Madeleine and the Arc de Triomphe will stand 500 years; but the only monuments that will stand forever are the bronze columns of Vendome and July. The sphinx has lost its nose, the Coliseum has been patched up, the palace of the Caesars has gone to decay, the obelisk in Central park, and the Obelisk of Luxor in Paris are crumbling, but they stand in Rome the bronze column of Trajan. There is the picture of Remus and Romulus, Alexander and the Caesars, and the history of Rome, written on that bronze column, will outlive the pyramids.

The Paris column of Vendome was modeled after the bronze Trajan column in Rome. In erecting a monument to Grant it is foolish to use stone. The Parthenon of Athens and the Forum of Rome are in ruins. The Trajan Column still stands. Grant's monument should be of bronze—a bronze column with the history of the Republic from Columbus to Grant engraved upon it. On it should also be medallions in bas relief of all the Presidents, and Grant and his corps commanders. In solid bronze should be engraved the Declaration of Independence, and Lincoln's proclamation of freedom to 8,000,000 slaves. Let it be a succinct history of the Republic up to 1900, and, if in bronze, it will live a million years. If in stone, 500 years will see it crumbling into dust. Nothing would be surely known about early Rome, were it not for her bronze monuments and her coins.

In London six years ago the boys used to point to the marble statue of Queen Anne, in front of St. Paul's and say: "H, Maester, that be the gret Queen Anne before she dropped off 'er hear and nose!" Poor Queen Anne! if they had made her in bronze she would have still been as beautiful as the bronze statue of Louis XIV. at Versailles, or the gilded statue of Prince Albert in Hyde Park.

Let America put up no stone or marble monuments. To-day I met M. Bricaise, the humorist of France. I tried hard to get to the bottom of French humor. We exchanged our best stories. I find they have a different idea of humor than we Americans have. All French stories are true. They never exaggerate, and the paradox is not funny to the Frenchman. It exasperates him.

I asked M. Bricaise to tell me the funniest thing he could think of. "You Americans," he said, "are always funny to us. You do such unnatural things. Why, an American recently came here with a steam fire engine. He was wild to have Paris adopt it. We said, 'why, we never have any fires. Our buildings are fireproof.'" "No fires?" he said. "No fires in Paris?" "No, never."

"Pshaw," he said, "you are behind the times. It's because you have no steam fire engines. Get the engines and the fire will come." He made me laugh, ha ha ha.

"He was like a Frenchman," continued the humorist, "who claimed to be a great inventor. When the academy asked him what he had invented, he said: 'I have discovered now to take the salt out of a codfish.' Ha ha,—that is our best joke."

Then I told him a lot of our old stories, but he never smiled. He would only shake his head and say: "C'est impossible!" Then I told him my story on Ben Butler in the hospital during the war. "The general," said I, "passed by the cots where lay many sick and wounded men. Coming to a soldier who seemed in great pain, he said: 'What is the matter with you?' 'I have gangrene,' moaned the soldier. 'Gangrene,' said the general. 'Gangrene—that is a terrible disease. I never knew a man to have gangrene that it didn't kill him or leave him an idiot; I've had it myself.'" "C'est impossible!" exclaimed M. Bricaise. The paradox was too much for him.

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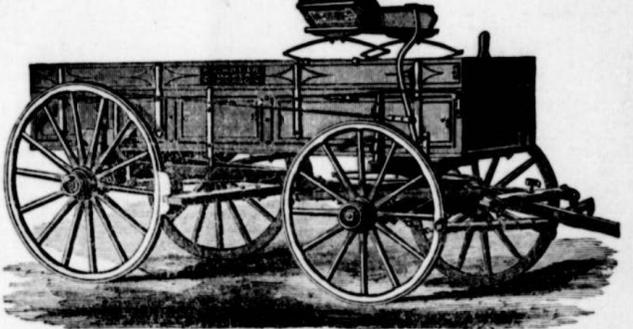
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