

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

Topics of General Interest in the New States and Elsewhere.

FIGHT WITH A STURGEON

A Siwash Has a Desperate Struggle With a Big Fish—Dr. Talmage Denies He is a Brother in Seattle.

The proprietors of the Helena gambling houses have decided to close hereafter on Sunday.

A Grand Forks man sent all the way to Scotland for a hired girl, after having a varied experience with the native queen of the kitchen.

A gang of boys has been found at Pierre who make it a practice to steal everything they can lay their hands on. They had a cave where they stored their plunder.

John J. Jacobs pleaded guilty in the district court at Helena to the charge of selling lottery tickets. Judge Hunt fined him \$200 and required him to pay the \$75 costs, making \$275 in all.

There cannot be the least doubt but the Flathead valley is one of the richest and most productive in the Northwest. The average yield of wheat for the past five years has been thirty and wheat thirty-five bushels per acre. Oats have run as high as 110 bushels to the acre, and wheat as high as seventy. Potatoes run as high as 780 bushels per acre—Demerillo Inter Lake.

A few days ago the Seattle Press published an interesting story related by one Charles M. Talmage, a hotel runner, who claimed to be a brother of the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage. He was, he said, a younger brother of the great divine. Mr. Talmage, not content with this, added other corroborative detail, intended to give verisimilitude to an otherwise bold and unconvincing narrative. In connection with the hotel runner's pleasing but highly imaginative tale, the following letter has been received by that paper from Rev. Mr. Talmage: "Some one sends me a page of your paper containing an interview with some one who calls himself Charles M. Talmage, and says he is my brother, and his mother is still living in Milwaukee. This is wrong. I have only two brothers living—both of them clergymen and living in New Jersey. My mother has been in heaven twenty-seven years."

George Stone, an 18-year-old boy, whose parents reside on the outskirts of Pontiac, on the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railway, Monday proved himself a mighty hunter and a nerveless shot. He had been out for a morning, taking with him a lasso rope to use if the animal proved contrary. The boy had gone several miles on his way, when, in the midst of thick woods, he came suddenly upon a black bear with its left hind leg broken, either by a bullet from some hunter, or by some mishap of its own. The bear was very savage, and realizing its bad condition for running, the animal charged on three legs after the boy. Young Stone thereupon gave his lasso several good whirrs and landed the lasso squarely over the bear's head. George quickly tightened the noose, at the same time carrying the end of the rope around a tree, to which he securely fastened it. Then the lad ran home for his rifle. Returning in a short time, George shot the bear dead, it having in the meantime beaten back and forth in the small circle to which it had been confined by the length of the rope.

There is no better known mining expert in western Washington than Prof. Charles F. Blackburn, whose opinion carries weight in any mining circle. He has been investigating the Cascade region thoroughly, and, as the result of his conclusions, addresses the Seattle Press the following communication: "Having spent seven months in the Cascades engaged in prospecting and developing mines, I am prepared to announce that our mineral resources are immense. Millions of dollars are going to be realized from the mines of this grand old range. The mines are here. They are numerous and rich. I have seen large veins of gold, silver, copper, lead and iron right here in King county. The veins are in a short time and contacts. Some are large and well defined. They contain the metal in good paying quantities. There is every indication of these lodes being permanent. The formation is slate, granite, porphyry and gneiss, with other crystalline and metamorphic rocks. I am speaking of the Snoqualmie district. In this region there are also some igneous or eruptive materials. The latter is usually in dykes. There are a few extinct volcanic craters. The absence of fossiliferous or sedimentary formations is remarkable. Especially is this so in the range proper. There may be such strata in the coal region along the lowest foothills. Archean granite exists here in mountain masses. The latter is the oldest rock here found. Some of the gold and silver lodes in this section have granite walls. All the lodes of the Snoqualmie river wash down gold, but only a limited area contains placer gold in paying quantities. The latter, so far as I have found, are side gulches. There is a good show for the existence of fairly good places in these mountains. From the geological evidence I have seen I would say it would be almost marvelous if such places do not exist. The writer has discovered the golden grains in paying quantities at two places only, and secured claims. There may be other gulches. The region is not one-ten-th prospecting."

The New Westminster Columbian says: "Faithful Jim is the name of an old Siwash in the employ of W. H. Vianen. Jim looks after the fish house, cleans house, runs the delivery barrow, breaks ice, and performs numerous other little duties of an easy and pleasing nature. Faithful Jim, as his name would indicate, is a very trustworthy and honest Indian and he takes really a wonderful delight in performing every one of his little duties with an exactness and care that would make the eyes of the strictest disciplinarian glitter with pride and pleasure. The other morning a number of fat and hand-some sturgeon were landed on the slip, apparently dead and without power of motion, and Mr. Vianen ordered Jim to carry them inside and clean them. Jim carried the first two inside and laid them carefully down beside the water hole, and he was just about to deposit the third, a 50-pounder, when the fish, coming suddenly to life, gave a tremendous wriggle

and almost slipped through Jim's hands into the water hole. Faithful Jim took a strong hold and was about to drag him from the water, when the fish gave another jump, causing the Siwash to slip, and like a flash the fish and the man shot through the hole into the river. Then there was a commotion in the depths that betokened that a gigantic struggle was in full swing, and the lookers who had seen the accident felt very anxious for Jim's safety, for they knew he would never let go while life remained in his body. The terrible struggle lasted fully a minute, and Jim's long shaggy hair came to the surface, swirling and twisting and lashing the water into foam. Mr. Vianen seized the hair and drew Jim's body above the water. As he did so the Siwash gave vent to a squamous warwhoop, which startled the whole neighborhood. "Me Faithful Jim," he said, and sure enough when they dragged him out the fish was found locked in the strong embrace of his arms, and as peaceful as a snail after the long struggle. Then, Faithful Jim seized a heavy club, and, after dancing a species of Siwash war dance over the tired sturgeon, belabored it until it was extinct.

THE CIGAR TAX. A Few Facts of Interest to the Grand Army of Smokers. The McKinley bill is a hard blow to that little considered class of American citizens, the men with fixed incomes. The unfortunate man of salary will not only have to spend a great deal more for his own and his wife's clothes, but will find his smoking bill run up to a figure that will force him to give up his cigars.

"Oh, a little raise in the cigar duty will not bother me," remarked a young man to an agent of an importing cigar house in the hearing of a reporter. "You must be a millionaire, then," said the cigar man. "Why, no; I don't suppose I make, one thing with another, more than \$2,000 a year."

"Smoke much?" "Ah, yes; a goodish lot." "Would it surprise you to know that you pay the government 10 per cent of your whole income, or \$200, for the privilege of smoking?" "Indeed, it would." "Well, you do."

"The tax is 10 per cent. Take that card and figure." The young man took a card and figured and so did the reporter, and he, too, got a surprise. "A good poor man's cigar is the Manila, which we have been selling at 10 cents and three for a quarter," said the cigar man. "Now look at the situation. Put this down: Manila cigars, cost per 1,000 in Manila or Hong Kong \$12.50 Duty at \$4.50 per pound on 14 pounds to 1,000 cigars, 20 cents per cent, on \$12.50 2.12 Stamps 3.00 Total \$17.62

"Now, what do you think of that? A cigar that only costs \$12.50 a thousand has to pay duty of \$9.12 per thousand. A rich man wants a better cigar than that. Do you think that the government gives you a square shake when it makes you pay \$9.12 duty on a \$12.50 article or resort to smoking Chinese stinkers?"

"But you do not smoke Manillas eh?" "No, I do not smoke."

"And you smoke say eight a day. Then you will pay the government more than I said for the McKinley bill."

"Yes, know it. Take your card and figure."

THE DUTY ON A BIT CIGAR. 1,000 Pattis cost in Havana \$4.00 25 cents weight at duty \$4.00 25 cents per cent ad valorem 1.00 25 cents per cent ad valorem 1.00 Stamps 3.00 Total \$12.00

"Total. You see, said the cigar man triumphantly. 'Your cigar costs 4 cents to make and the government charges you 67-10 cents duty. Now, suppose you smoke eight per day, you pay the government the enormous sum of \$193.35 per year for the privilege of smoking \$18.80 worth of cigars. It does not matter whether you buy them one at a time or by the box, that \$193.35 has to be paid or you don't smoke, and you'll not get any thanks for it, and no one speaks of you as a prominent taxpayer as they would if you paid that much in taxes on a piece of land."

"Now look at the better grade of cigars. See how much you have to pay," continued the cigar man. "Take the kind that sell at three for a half. The average cost in Havana is \$70, the weight per 1,000 is 14 1/2 pounds. The tariff and revenue charges were formerly \$26.55 on 1,000 cigars. The McKinley bill increases the government charges \$29, the consumer having to pay \$55.55 in taxes for smoking \$70 worth of cigars."

"Suppose a smoker uses \$1 worth of 'three-for-a-half' cigars per day, he will in a year pay a tariff and revenue of \$188.01 for smoking \$183.30 worth of cigars, a tax of 12 1/2 per cent. 'If he uses 'two-bit cigars,' say \$2 worth daily, the showing is still more startling. Such cigars cost in Havana an average of \$125, the average weight of 1,000 is 14 pounds. The McKinley bill makes them \$104.30, and the actual cost of the cigar which has been sold for 25 cents will be 22 3/4-100 cents, a margin which is prohibitory to the dealer. 'The user of \$2 worth of the cigars daily will pay the government \$804.55 to pull away \$800 worth of tobacco. 'Extreme duty on cigars means that the owners of many brick blocks, and much more than substantial landowners in the country. 'What will be the effect on the cigar trade?' was asked. He replied: 'I think the McKinley bill raised the tariff on cigars with a view to protecting Connecticut, Wisconsin and Michigan growers, together with those of the South, from what is known as Sumatran tobacco, grown in Sumatra, which is owned by Holland. The leaf is very common in quality, but is of good texture and is economical for use as wrappers. 'It is only used in 5-cent cigars. It may be that the bill will do a little for local growers, but its ultimate effects upon average cigar smokers will certainly be lamentable and must cause its revision. Under its provisions legitimate dealers will be compelled either to reduce the size and weight of their cigars or to charge more money for them, if maintaining their excellence. The bill will affect the lower grades of cigars much more, in proportion, than those of high cost. The average consumer of 5-cent cigars will certainly protest when he has to pay 7 or 8 cents for the same cigar, and it is not improbable that congress will find such a host of smokers of 5-centers as will compel a change in the tariff.'"

A GREAT PHANTOM CITY

Origin of the Muir Glacier Explained By a Prospector.

A TOWN BUILT OF ICE

The Frozen Metropolis of the Yukon—An Awful Stillness Surrounding a Strange Scene.

Since the great story of the Muir Glacier mirage first became known your correspondent has made every effort to get substantial news concerning it, but beyond the statements of Professor Wiloughby and the word of one or two who had seen the mirage, nothing tangible until yesterday could be obtained, says a Victoria letter in the Juneau Times.

By the steamer Eider, which arrived here on Saturday from the north, came a miner who left the vessel at that port and did not go on to San Francisco as he at first intended.

From this miner, who is a very intelligent man, a most remarkable story was obtained by our representative, and the first description of the Silent City is here given.

George H. Kerahon is the name given by the narrator of the tale. He says he is a native of England but left that country when a lad for the gold fields of Australia, where several years were passed. New Zealand, Cape Colony and California were also visited, and in his fortieth year he joined a party of miners who were bent on exploring the secrets of ice-bound Alaska.

Kerahon is a hardy-looking man, with a well-knit frame, indicative of an ability to withstand physical hardship, while his clear, blue eyes are sure to stare at whoever he undertakes he will carry through. "Yes," he said, "I think I am the first white man who ever gazed on the frozen city of the North. You would like me to tell you about it?"

"In the summer of 1888," Kerahon said, "I was one of a party of six who left here to go north prospecting. Of the other five, I know not where they are. We took the steamer to Juneau, where we left her, buying a small sloop to take our kits up to Yukon. Any mention of the troubles we had in ascending that rapid stream I need not tire you, but will say that after several weeks of awful toil we reached a fork.

"I was for going up this fork and prospecting, but the other five were against it; but as I was determined to go I left the party, engaged an Indian canoe with two bucks and started up off this unknown creek. We had a terrible time. The stream narrowed in between high cliffs and shot with dizzy swiftness down the gulches, making it necessary to tow the canoe by means of a line from the banks, two doing this while the third rowed. We progressed necessarily slow, and for many days we toiled before the range of hills and mountains were passed. Once a 100-foot waterfall had to be crossed and it took three days to get around it.

"After this it was a bit easier. The river broadened out and the country was more level. The banks were well wooded and game was plentiful. We kept on like this, always going north, when after six weeks a range of mountains was sighted. I believed this to be the head of the river, and pressed on to reach it before the cold weather set in.

"Snow was now falling very often and it was evident that the summer was nearly done. At length we reached the wild country again, and the stream had been subdividing itself into lesser ones, soon became too difficult to navigate. This was almost at the foot of the mountains, and the river here was terminated to camp for the winter, and good quarters were found. Everything was made snug, as the weather up there is something awful, but we were in a deep ravine, overhung by high cliffs, which broke the fury of the winds, and the bear was made of it. Game was plentiful, and large quantities of moose and bear were shot and frozen for use during the long winter months.

"Before long the cold came, and at times it was impossible to stir from cover. Especially was this the case when the winds blew. At other times it was fairly comfortable, although the lack of sun made it gloomy enough. Toward the end of winter it began to get lighter and the angles were less frequent.

"One day I determined to try to scale one of the mountains near us, as I got so tired and weary with being penned up in such a confined place. This idea I put before the Indians. One of them said he would go with me, but the other would not risk it, so he was left in camp. A storm shortly arose, blowing heavily for three days, but as soon as the weather had settled myself and the Indian started off on our trip.

"We went right up the line of the frozen river, which, being a solid mass of ice, made a good roadway. Following this for about twenty miles, at a pretty steep rise, we reached a level between the foothills and high range. Here the stream ended and we started to climb one of the big hills. After a lot of hard work we reached a point near the summit, and a wonderful view was had from here, but the strangest thing was a city in one of the valleys below.

"You may bet I was surprised to see it. At first I thought it was a mirage, but the arrangement of the ice and snow which had assumed the form of a city, but examination with a glass showed that such was not the case, it being too regular in appearance.

"It was a city sure enough. 'Determined to see more of it, I commenced to work downward—although the work was rather frightened, he evidently not considering it 'good medicine.' After several hours of hard work I reached the outskirts of this mysterious city, and found that this place was laid out in streets, with blocks of strange looking buildings, what appeared to be mosques, towers, ports, etc., and every evidence of having been built by art.

"The whole was of solid ice, though, or seemed to be, but blows from a hatenet on one of the walls disclosed the fact that beneath this barrier of ice was some sort of building material. It looked to be wood, but of a stone-like hardness, and apparently petrified.

"The silence around the place was something ghastly. Not the slightest sound broke the awful stillness of the place, which, added to the weird look of the empty streets, made it gruesome enough. I soon got tired of investigating the city, as the streets were blocked in many places with huge masses of ice, rendering passage almost impossible. The buck, too, became uneasy, and we started on the return trip, reaching camp the next day, tired but satisfied that we had been the first men to gaze on that silent city for centuries.

"After spring had broke I made some strikes in nugget gold at the headwaters of the river, working with the Indians through the summer months, leaving camp for the Yukon about the end of August. We reached the river all right, the trip down being easy, and in due time I got back to Juneau, where I took the steamer for the south.

"It was while I was at Juneau I saw newspapers with an account of the mirage seen at Muir glacier. I did not make allusion to it, though, as I did not think anyone would believe me, but I am positive that the mirage of Muir glacier is the reflection of the frozen city found by me."

COLORED WOMEN'S CLUBS. Their Object is to Give a Good Funeral and a Shiny Coffin.

From the Indianapolis Journal. What the colored woman of Indianapolis most desires is membership in a society that insures care in sickness and respectable burial when death comes. Her chief object in life is apparently to have her mortal remains disposed of in good style.

The great majority of negro women as well as men in this city pay weekly dues into some "lodges" treasury, and sleep sweet dreams of peace in consequence. That in its best development they may not have, but a falling in this direction is not to be held to their blame, since for so many generations they were not permitted to depend upon themselves nor required to take thought for the morrow. Though in many cases their forethought extends to the limits named and no further, it is a step in the right direction and an augury of better things in future.

"Just what do the societies do for you?" was asked of an old "aunty"—one of those relics, so fast passing away, of the time before the war.

"If we done got sick," was the reply, "a committee comes to look after us. Ef we is jes' poverly an' flibble, they send the doctah. Ef we get right down sick a bald, they send somebody to take care of us. Ef you up an' die, they gives usin funeral."

"What kind of a funeral?" "Wha' kind? A good one, a mighty good funeral. Nice black, shiny coffin, cainin' all the members of the lodge who can anyhow be thar, and a selmoun. Laws, yes, got to have a selmoun, and a good funeral. Wha'for you reckon we gwine pay 25 cents a week, dues an' not have some style when we lay away?"

"If your husband or children are able to take care of you yourselves does the lodge do anything?" "Yes, the sarns, rich or pore; the lodge is bound to provide for every member who keeps her dues paid reglar."

"Most members is might reglar. Dues is only 25 cents a week, and anybody kin git thar, though women with big family of chillun finds it right smart hard to spar. I knows a heap of lazy triffin' niggah gals who will work to get 25 cents for lodge and then go home and nagged rest of the week in the lunary."

"Any men allowed in your lodges?" "Men? Go way! Haint got no use for men folks in our lodges. They done stay where they belong in their own 'societies. And the scorn of the male sex and its financial ail expressed in the tone of the ample matron's lip, and the loss of her head cost not have been exceeded by any member of the Proprium.

"What are the names of your lodges?" "They's a powerful lot, an' I'm mighty apt to disreectlect some, but they's Stan Temple, Deborah (probably Deborah), Temple, Daughters of the Rising Sun, Sistahs of St. Mary, Sistahs of St. Dereth, Sistahs of Chahity, the Jubanilles (Jubanilles), Doves of P'fection. 'I'm a dove, honey—Honey Ruth, Sistahs of Samahitans, Nupted (United) Sistahs, Independent Daughters of Honah and Queen Estah's Court. Daughters of Honah are a branch of the Sons of J'wanah, and Queen Estah is a branch of Old Fellows. Mighty fine they think themselves, layin' back in cahnges at funerals, with purple ribbons on their hats an' purple velvet coats. Most of the members is white. The likes of the Valley an' the Daughters of the Mohning had lodges in Ind'nap'lis, but they got broke up."

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The Smith Drug Company, DRUGGISTS, READ'S OLD STAND.

W. M. THORNTON, FIRE Insurance Agency

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