

THE LOST JEANNETTE.

A Story Connected with the Ship—A Los Angeles Lady's Love Among the Crew.

For more than eighteen months past a beautiful and accomplished young lady of this city—the lovely and romance-inspiring Jeannette of the angels—has been in a constant state of hope and despair. The news received night before last from the wandering Jeannette has sent gladness and sorrow to many a heart; but to the young lady in question it has created the most anxious fears. Yesterday just before the San Francisco train pulled out, a matronly old lady might have been seen supporting a heavily-veiled young woman. They were evidently mother and daughter, from the tender and motherly manner in which the elder lady looked after the slightest want of her companion. A Times reporter, noticing the couple, surmised that the young lady was laboring under some great mental sorrow. He looked towards the coach from which the ladies had just alighted and saw that it was a private carriage. His curiosity was aroused. He approached and cautiously interrogated the driver. The old coachman was very reticent, and the news-gatherer was about to give up in despair, when an idea struck him. He put it into execution at once by telling the old man that his interest in the two ladies had been aroused from the fact that he believed he saw a family resemblance between himself and them. "I just arrived here the other day," said the reporter, "and I have every reason to believe that the elder lady is a very near relation of mine."

This had the desired effect and the poor old man unfolded a story of romance in real life that never occurs more than once in a century. It seems that Miss — was visiting friends in San Francisco during the winter of 1878-79. She met Lieutenant Danenbower, of the United States Navy, a noble specimen of manhood. The father of Los Angeles. They fell often and the sequel was soon evident in a desperate love affair. But the old, old saying that true love never runs smooth was never more plainly illustrated than in this case. For several months there was not a happier pair in all San Francisco. This earthly bliss could not last long, however. The Lieutenant was under orders to sail with the ill-fated Jeannette.

As the time drew near the sweet girl grew sad and pensive, and it was a common thing for her to meet her lover with tearful eyes. She told him her fears, and pleaded with all the eloquence only known to a lovely maiden, but her lover had been ordered by his country to go to almost certain death, and his honor would not permit him to break his word, even for the best he worshipped. The sad day of separation finally arrived and the two devoted lovers parted, possibly never to meet again in this world. This is the sad story told in brief by the old coachman, who related his tale with tears in his eyes. "Yes, sir," said the old fellow, "she has been a different girl ever since. They had only known one another a short time, but I don't believe two people ever loved as did this devoted couple. Why, sir, her mother said that when the Lieutenant came to bid her good-by it took two of his brother officers to separate them when the moment of parting came. She fainted almost as soon as he was out of the house. When she revived she ordered a carriage and immediately repaired to the C. I. House. As soon as she arrived there she took a stand where she had a good view of the Golden Gate. Neither commands or coaxing could move her until she was satisfied the vessel had passed out to sea. After returning to Los Angeles she led a retired life, having been convinced from the first that she would never see her lover again. She has never failed to be up by daylight since the Jeannette sailed in order to read the telegraph news. That, sir, has been the only thing that has ever interested her. When she got the Times this morning and got the news from the Jeannette you might have heard her screams a mile off. The whole family were in bed at the time. When they reached her she was in a faint, and everybody thought she was dead. But God was not kind enough to put the poor girl out of her misery. The first thing she said was 'mamma, take me to San Francisco at once.' She don't seem to know what she wants, but her mother would start for the spot where the Jeannette was lost if her daughter would ask it."

"How old is she?" "She was nineteen last October, but to look at her now you would think she was at least thirty."

The young lady is well known in this city, and up to within the last two years was one of the brightest and most beautiful of the Los Angeles belles. Her name is suppressed for the present, and her unfortunate love affair is known by but few, as the family has made every effort to keep it quiet. For the sake of the girl, if for no other reason, it is most devoutly hoped that in the their boat with the gallant Lieutenant and his brother officers will be saved.

This is probably one of the saddest stories that has ever been chronicled on the Pacific coast. The young lady's sad history is very similar to Lady Franklin's, and she will undoubtedly receive great sympathy from the feminine portion of the whole country.—Los Angeles Times.

True Home of the Vermont Merinos.

The Philadelphia New North West truthfully remarks: The fact that the deer killed in mid-winter on the Northern Pacific land belt in Dakota and Montana, are invariably fat, belongs to the class called pregnant. It proves that all grass-eating animals can there get abundant food in winter, and that the food is of invigorating and enriching quality. If it were necessary, it would be proof also that the belt is north of the snow line, otherwise the animals could not get at their food. Nature has perfected this region for the cheap production of cattle, sheep and horses. The increase in the weight and fineness of their fleeces proves that the Vermont merinos never reached their true home till they got to Dakota and Montana.

THE FOUR'S CORNER.

[Note.—The ending poetry after last time last night just before the following editorial notice was received. In the absence I have inserted in full this beautiful poem. If necessary, I will hand in my resignation when the editor returns. REVUE.]

SONG.

YOU'LL FORGET ME BYE AND BYE. Lives to E. T. C., by W. E. Wilson. You may call me sweet and pretty, Tell me I am so content; You may say my disposition Is the purest of my kind. You may praise the hue and sparkle That you witness in my eye; But your worship will diminish, You'll forget me bye and bye.

YOU MAY SAY I AM PERFECTION, say you love to see me smile. You may tell me that you love me. They're just jesting all the while. You may whisper loving pleadings, Woo me with a gentle sigh, But your vows like chaff will scatter, You'll forget me bye and bye. You may ask my hand in marriage, Name perhaps the wedding day; You may say that you will take me On a journey far away. You may give me precious tokens, And my virtues glorify; But your promises will wander, You'll forget me bye and bye, E. T. C.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PHIL'S SECRET. I know a little girl, But I won't tell who! Her hair is of the gold, And her eyes are of the blue. Her smile is of the sweet, And her heart is of the true. Such a pretty little girl!— But I won't tell who. I see her every day, But I won't tell where: It may be in the lane, By the thorn tree there. 'T may be in the garden, By the rose-bush fair. Such a pretty little girl!— But I won't tell where. I'll marry her some day, But I won't tell when! The very boys Make the very biggest men. When I'm tall as a tower, You may ask about it then, Such a pretty little girl!— But I won't tell when. —[Laura E. Richards.]

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE.

Yes, I'm going to burn it. Her picture Which, held in a dainty gilt frame, Has been on my mantel a fixture, Goes under it, into the flame. And one last, farewell look I am taking; If ever I loved her, 'tis o'er, And yet, at my heart is an aching, To think that I will see this no more. In this picture, how well I behold her, Her bright eyes and sweet, pretty face, Her white arm and one dimpled shoulder Half-buried in a soft cloud of lace; The other plump shoulder just glancing Through rich ebony tresses is seen, By Jove 'tis a vision entrancing! No wonder they call her "the queen," And all the young fellows adore her— And some not so young, too, maybe— And he who has not knelt before her Is thought an eccentric. Ah me! It really seems wicked and cruel To make of this rare gem of art. That once I so prized, merely fuel. I turn the card o'er and my heart Is steered. There is written, "Thine ever, With love, Araminta." That line Seals the doom of the picture. It never Must meet any eye, now, but mine. So here goes the picture with so row, Sounds one sweet dream of my life. For I'm going to be married to-morrow, And that picture, if kept, might make strife. —Chicago Tribune.

He Terrorizes the Staid People of Springfield.

Springfield, Mass., is agitated about the presence in that law-abiding community of a desperado, whom the Republican calls "one of the most dangerous men in the country." He was formerly a shop clerk, but attempting to kidnap a railroad magnate's daughter, he was sent to prison for ten years. After serving part of his term, he succeeded in making his escape, freeing half a dozen other prisoners at the same time. A standing reward of \$200 was offered for his rearrest, money he recently returned from the West, where he pitched his tent after making his escape from prison, and began to victimize the charitable citizens of Springfield by appeals for pecuniary aid, representing himself as an unfortunate, reformed convict. Three of Springfield's police officers have been attired in citizens' garb and set upon his track; but there are grim rumors afloat that he carries a "cocked revolver" around with him, and "would as soon shoot a man as look at him;" and the officers have somehow not managed to lay hold of him as yet. He was seen at the railway depot the other day by one of them, and, in the language of the Republican, the "trembling officer" followed him through Main street, but no attempt was made to arrest him, and he has not been seen since. Should he re-appear an Arizo Sheriff will probably be telegraphed for to take him into custody.

Edward Fee was jilted by Maggie Sinclair in Louisville ten years ago. He quitted the city soon afterward, and did not return until within a month. Miss Sinclair was still unmarried. He told her that he had grown wealthy in Texas, that he had never ceased to love her, and that he had come to renew his offer of marriage. This time she consented and the wedding was held at once, Fee saying that he could not be long absent from his extensive business. The pair stayed a week in New Orleans, on their way, as the bride supposed, to her father's home in Texas. Then her husband deserted her, and she was not long in ascertaining that he had treated her thus for the sake of revenge.

ANCIENT MINE.

The Customs Case in Vegas in the Arizona Mines.

Arizona Ore.

The methods in vogue among the ancients for the development of mines, were in many respects far different from those in use at the present time. In the country to the south of us the descent and ascent of shafts were made by means of notched logs. These were from 20 to 30 feet long, extending from level to level. The logs or ladders were climbed by the bare-footed miners, the Aztecs, and were recently by the Indians, who were engaged in the dislodgment of the precious metals. The ore was placed in rawhide bags containing about a bushel, this same being rested upon the back while it was held in position by straps extending across the shoulders united in front and fastened through its own weight upon the forehead.

If a mine were overflowing with water, the troublesome fluid was removed in these bags, in the same manner as the ore, by the miners, who tediously climbed the notched poles, and whose notches answered the place of wider steps. The ore was removed in a manner almost as tedious. Fires were built against the walls of the mine, and as their surface became calcined, the incinerated portions were dislodged by stone hammers. The melting was as equally as cumbersome, being effected with charcoal and bellows. Yet mining was profitable under these crude methods. It is not surprising therefore, that wonderful reports continue to reach us of the richness of the abandoned old mines of Sonora, which, with the introduction of modern machinery, worked by energetic and experienced Americans, will soon astonish the world with their rich productions.

In the early days of the Comstock we have seen the notched poles in use in the Mexican mine of this city; also the rawhide sacks. However, they used picks and shovels and blasted out the ore instead of burning it out. The ore was worked in arastras, and by the ratio process—indeed the ratio process was in use here for years, and not alone by the Mexicans. Horses were used for treading these poles to stir up the pulp, and in a short time the poor beast presented a pitiable appearance. The blue-stone in the pulp took all the hair off their legs and covered them with sores, while the quicksilver salivated and poisoned them. It was said that the horses became so charged with mercury that it oozed from their eyes.

The Willing Witness. CHICAGO, Jan. 9.—Dr. A. McFarland of Jacksonville, Ill., who was anxious to testify on the Guiteau case but did not get an opportunity, is very positive the assassin is insane. It was charged some years ago in the course of a legislative investigation that Dr. McFarland was insane on the subject of insanity.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the County of Silver Bow, Maria H. Russell, plaintiff vs. Jesse S. Russell, defendant. The Territory of Montana send notice to Jesse S. Russell, defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the County of Silver Bow, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons; if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint. The said action is brought to obtain the force of said court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between you and plaintiff. The grounds upon which this action is based is your desertion and abandonment of plaintiff on or about the 1st day of April, A. D. 1885, and your continued deserting of yourself from plaintiff ever since. And you are hereby notified that, if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will take a default against you and apply to the court for the relief demanded in the prayer of plaintiff's complaint. Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Second District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the County of Silver Bow, this 15th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one. GEORGE W. IRVIN, II, Clerk. ROBINSON & STAPLETON, Attorneys for plaintiff. 1500W5L.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the Probate Court of Silver Bow County, Montana Territory: Notice is hereby given that Arthur P. Johnson, the administrator of the estate of George B. Johnson, deceased, has rendered and presented for settlement and filed in said court his final account of his administration of said estate, and that Saturday, the 4th day of February, A. D. 1892, being a day of a term of said court, to-wit: of the January term, A. D. 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court room of said court, in Butte City, M. T., has been fixed by said court for the settlement of said final account, and for the distribution of the same, at which time and place any person interested in said estate, may appear and file in its exceptions to the said final account, and to the distribution thereof, and cont as the same. CALB E. HAYES, Probate Judge and ex-officio Clerk. Dated Butte City, M. T., January 4th, 1892.

Sheriff's Sale.

G. S. Lewis, plaintiff, against John E. Walker, defendant. To be sold at Sheriff's sale, on the 1st day of February, A. D. 1892, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 3 o'clock p. m. in front of the Sheriff's office, the following described property to-wit: All the right, title, interest, and demand the defendant had on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1891, in and to Lot No. 22, in Block No. 41, in Butte City, Montana Territory, according to the official Plat and Survey thereof on file. Also all the improvements on said lot consisting of a House in course of construction. Dated this 23 day of January, 1892. THOMAS M. LOWRY, Sheriff of Silver Bow County Montana. By C. A. SMALL, Under Sheriff. 1500W5L

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