

TELEGRAMS.

THE TRIAL.

Continuation of Porter's Speech.

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The Trial.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—As soon as the court opened Judge Porter was about to resume his speech when the prisoner forestalled him and called out from the dock: "I desire to say that some crank has signed my name to a letter that appeared in a paper this morning. It was without my authority and I repudiate it. I also want to say in regard to a couple of cranks whom I understand have been arrested for hanging about here. If they undertake to harm me they will be shot down. I want every one to understand this."

Judge Porter who had paused to permit this preliminary announcement began by saying the prisoner as usual has made the opening speech. After thanking the court and jury for their consideration yesterday which had made it possible for him to appear before them today, Judge Porter said: "His defense has been a shame and an imposture which was supposed to have gained a strength of credence from the retention of the truth. The assertion by this defense is that truth which is written with effrontery and enforced by persistence; duplicated by reiteration is truth which they assert in opposition to that truth which you are to ascertain and disclose. In my remarks yesterday I showed you how the prisoner had belied himself by the account of the character given him by his counsel. I showed you that he had been a liar, a swindler and a murderer at heart from the beginning, and that this man has grown worse every year of his life. We have all seen and know—"

Guiteau—"That's bosh and you know it Porter."

Judge Porter continued to depict the character of the prisoner and the fallacies of his defense when Guiteau again and again interrupted him, at one time calling out that Gen McVeigh wouldn't have anything to do with it.

Judge Porter, half replying to the prisoner and said: "This Christian gentleman would have you even believe that Attorney General MacVeigh had dipped his hands in Garfield's blood."

Guiteau—"Oh, that is very fine. A moment later allusion having been made by Judge Porter to the present attorney general, Guiteau bawled out: "He is a high toned gentleman and you are a wine bibber. I've got your record, Mr. Porter."

Judge Porter, with great deliberation; "Well perhaps I am."

Guiteau, with drawing accent, "well I guess you are Mr. Judge Porter."

Judge Porter said, "This Christian gentleman, who pray every night and every morning, would have you believe I am a wine bibber." With great effect and Judge Porter emphasized by an anecdote which he related, the distinction between the spirits of love and woe, the latter being expressed in the life and character of the prisoner.

The first serious outbreak of the morning occurred when Judge Porter, alluding to the statement of the prisoner's counsel reiterated the assertions of the prisoner himself that the notes of the stenographer Bailey were destroyed by the prosecution because they would have benefited the defense. He denied the right of the defense to expect or demand to see papers prepared by the prosecution for their own use.

more, said Judge Porter, there was not contained in them anything as asserted by the defense, that would have improved their standing in this case. Scoville insisted upon being heard, and demanded that the court stop counsel from making any such statements on his own authority as to the contents of papers which had not been in evidence before the jury. Judge Porter insisted he had a right to deny statements of the same character made by the other side. Judge Cox thought counsel had no right to make any statement as to the contents of such papers.

Judge Porter, with such feeling, protested he had been a practitioner longer than the Judge and had never before heard such a ruling. He, Porter, was of course debarred from taking legal exception, but he must protest against the unfairness of the position which would admit all sorts of statements from the prisoner and his counsel, and yet would deny the prosecution from all opportunity of rebuttal.

Read with considerable excitement said: "If I was Judge Cox I would put him under arrest. Such insolence to the court should be punished. Judge Porter resumed his argument and proceeded to discuss the question of reasonable doubt as an element of the defense of insanity. Referring to Judge Martin's decision in New Jersey, which had been re-inforced by a decision in Ohio, he was again interrupted by Scoville who desired to know if arguments were to be heard again upon law points. A sharp colloquy between counsel ensued when Judge Porter removed the objection by handing his authority to Judge Cox, saying it will answer every purpose of mine, your honor, if you should have occasion to rule upon these points. Returning to the crime and its commission, Judge Porter said, "Who killed Garfield?" Guiteau—"The doctors." Porter—"The doctors?" Guiteau—"Yes; the Lord let them do it to confirm my act."

What a 20-Year-Old Girl Did on Northern Pacific Land.

The smartest girl I've met in Iowa. I met yesterday, at Nevada, Story county, northwestern Iowa—Miss Belle Clinton. Miss Clinton is a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of about twenty, as full of fun and health and vigor as a good girl can be. Two years ago, Miss Clinton was a schoolteacher. Saving up by her teaching she had \$100, she last spring borrowed a span of horses from her father, rigged up a "prairie schooner," and taking her little brother, started for Dakota. Miss Clinton says, laughingly to-day, speaking of her trip: "Why, I never lived so nicely in my life, and I never had such an appetite, and such courtesy I received everywhere. Rough, as you would come up to our camp, and after I had talked to them a while, offer to build my fire and actually bring water to me. We went up through the wheat country, they call the 'Jim river' country. It's 100 miles east from the Missouri at Fort Sully. I homesteaded 120 acres of land. Then I took up a timber claim of 120 acres more."

"What is a timber claim?" "Why, I hired a man and we set out ten acres of trees. This gave me 160 acres more; so I have 320 acres now. I must tell you about those trees. They were young locust, apple and black walnut sprouts. I saved a peck of locust seeds, a pint of apple seed and two bushels of black walnuts in our garden in Iowa last year. These sprouts were little fellows and we could set them out fast—just go along and stick them in the ground. But they are just as good. I believe my 3,000 little black walnut sprouts will be worth \$15 apiece in ten years, and \$20 apiece in fifteen. My locust trees will some day fence the whole country."

"Then what did you do?" "We built a shanty and broke up five acres of land; and this fall we came back to Iowa to spend the winter and here we are. In the spring I'll go back with more black walnut and locust sprouts and take up 160 acres more. The trees are just what I want to plant, anyway, and they'll pay better than any wheat crop that could be raised—only I've got to wait for them ten or twelve years; but I can wait."

Here is a girl who owns in her own right 320 acres of splendid black prairie soil now, and who will own 480 acres in the spring, every acre of which will bring \$5 within three years, and \$10 in five years and \$20 within ten years. Her black walnut and locust trees will be worth as much more. At thirty she will be worth \$25,000.—Letter to Chicago Tribune.

Denver Tribune: Next to Colorado the biggest mining prospects are in Utah. Mining began there in 1870, and already the output has been \$56,000,000.

The shipment of metals east yesterday comprised one car of bullion to St. Louis, seven of bullion to Chicago, two of matte to Baltimore and one of matte to Argo, Colorado.

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Montana Dialect.

BAD LANDS.—A generic name for the jagged, sterile, alkali hills west of the Missouri river which present geological phenomena in sudden contrast to the rich and beautiful wheat prairie.

BELLYACHE.—To grumble without good cause. Employees "bellyache" at being overworked or when they find themselves overworked, &c.

CINCH.—To subdue—to forcibly bind down and overcome. Thus it is said that the Kansas Pacific Company intends to "cinch" the settlers by exacting large prices for its lands. Query, from Latin, *cingere*?

COOLEY.—A gully. Every ravine short of an inhabitable valley is called a "cooley." From French *cooley*.

CUSS OUT.—To subdue by overwhelming severity of tongue. "He cussed that fellow out," i. e., he annihilated him verbally.

GO-DOWNS.—A cutting in the bank of a stream for enabling animals to cross or get to water.

LIGHT OUT.—Same as "skin out," &c.

OUTFIT, (noun).—A comprehensive term, variously applied. An expedition of every sort, large or small, is an "outfit." So also a haying or lumbering party, etc. Likewise a person in a business or one pushing a wheel-barrow. Indifferently applied to a party as a whole, or to its means of travel, its subsistence, etc.

OUTFIT, (verb).—To outfit is to fit out for any purpose whatever. "We outfitted at St. Paul."

PILGRIM.—A person recently transplanted upon frontier soil. A new arrival. A greenhorn. About equivalent to tenderfoot.

RUSTLE.—Grappling with circumstances. Rising superior to all contingencies of "luck." Cattle, in winter, "rustle" for food by nosing through the snow to the dried grass beneath; a corruption of "wrestle."

RUSTLER.—One who never succumbs to circumstances. This is about the highest compliment that can be paid to a man who, falling in one thing, finds something else available for his support.

SAND.—To have "sand in one's jaw." To be determined or plucky. Equivalent to "grit."

SHACK.—A log cabin. The average "shack" comprises but one room, and is customarily roofed with earth, supported by poles.

STAND OFF.—To hold at a distance, as to "stand off Indians" with one's rifle. From this belligerent meaning comes the expression to "stand off" a creditor; a dun; &c.

SKIN OUT.—To leave secretly and hastily, as when pursued by an enemy. Sittling Bull "skinned out" from the Yellowstone Valley and sought refuge in Canada.

TENDERFOOT.—A new-comer, fresh to frontier ways; one who has not been long enough on the tramp to become hardened. It is said that in Colorado an Eastern man is called a "tenderfoot" until he has been stabbed, shot at, engaged in a free fight, fallen down a mine, been kicked by a mule, or chased by a vigilance committee. No such dreful import attaches to the phrase in Montana, and it would seem that in adopting the word Coloradoans have colored its meaning with local significance peculiar to their own institutions.—Overseasman, New York Times.

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New York "Press" Finances.

INQUIRER.—We cannot say positively whether Talmage is or is not the one agent for Satan's fire-escape.

Beecher has taken it all back again. Now, why doesn't he come forward and say that Tilton was right?

The Duchess of Marlborough is said to be the John A. Logan of England, whenever grammar is to be slaughtered.

To a young town in the Far West, that hasn't yet started its cemetery, General Burbridge may be eminently useful.

Skate-dealers, sleigh-makers, and livery-stable men will soon hold a meeting to take some action as to the weather.

It may not be true that many young women have taken to smoking, but most of them are on the lookout for a good match.

Dakota wants to come into the Union as a State.

They have the Deadwood on us. Guiteau says he intends to take the lecture field next year and clear \$50,000. So he may, but it will be a warmer climate than this.

Dana sits very hard on the Civil-Service reform prospect.

That settles Dana with this Administration.

He will now have to wait until John Kelly is elected President.

P. M. Tim O. Howe has removed twenty-three clerks from the Post Office Department.

Next week he will likely make places for sixty or seventy friends.

Let the reform movement spread! Why isn't there a movement to send the Northern Bourbon to the rear.—Atlantic Constitution.

My dear, sir—why really—you cannot understand the situation.

The "Northern Bourbon" has been in the rear for a long, long time.

Mr. Hayes says he has no desire to re-enter public life.

An end to know you are resigned, the clergyman to the dying reprobate, "and I may say that all the neighbors are."

Oscar Wilde will never know the truly beautiful inwardness of the North American after the secret of life until four schooners of beer meet and bow to each other beneath his white satin vest.

Shakespeare's Story of the Bond.

Whether it is the record of a natural occurrence, it is alike immaterial and impossible to determine. Certain it is that both the facts and the law of the case are substantially historical. They exactly represent views concerning contract, criminal liability and law reform, which, however absurd they may appear to us, have widely prevailed, and must be regarded as characteristics of certain early stages of intellectual development. In the bond itself, as it was regarded by interested parties, we recognize the substance of the debtor's life-pledging contract which filled so large a place in the commercial economy of ancient societies. As a means of securing the payment of debt, the pledging of one's life and the lives of the members of one's family, in the history of many races, preceded in the order of development the pledging of property—the right to legal process against the person likewise becoming established as a means of collection before process against property known as law. It was so with the Romans. The persons, the lives of the debtor and his family were long considered by them as the creditor's normal security. It was fully four centuries before the foundation of the city before the Roman creditor was entitled to resort, without the creditor's consent, to any portion of the latter's property, except such as had been delivered to the creditor in pledge. It would be interesting to inquire why remedies against the person thus preceded those against property; and though too remote and obscure a problem for treatment here, we may hazard, in passing, the conjecture that the explanation is to be found in the generally communistic form of primitive property. When all property was vested in the village, tribe or gens, the individual really did nothing he could call his own except himself and his family. The idea that the creditor's remedy was exclusively against the person, being thus engendered, would, through the sluggishness of the creditor, continue to subsist long after its original cause has been removed by the institution of individual property.—William H. Johnson, in Popular Science Monthly for January.

A Benevolent Monopoly.

The following is from the Philadelphia *New Northwest* of the current month:

"A benevolent monopoly," was the courteously sarcastic name given to the controllers of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company and its kindred enterprises, by the journalists of the Columbia River basin. They nicknamed better than they dreamed of, for in the recent small-pox scourge which has beset the continent with sorrow and death, those corporations came generously to the help of the sufferers in a way unprecedented in the history of chartered companies. In one quarter, and by one paper, its humane services are thus recognized by the Dayton, W. T. Chronicle:

The offers of assistance made by the O. R. & N. and O. Improvement Companies during our recent small-pox epidemic will long be remembered by our people. We trust we fully recognize the power of the monopoly which now Northwest, in its potent grasp, but we confess we fall to see in these generous actions any signs of those grinding propensities which are proverbial with such immense corporations. Surely those at the head of the companies named, in addition to being shrewd, far-seeing business men and financiers, are actuated by the common feelings of humanity in an eminent degree.

The Herald says that a reward of fifty dollars is offered for the arrest of "Broncho Tom," who escaped from "He Hellsen Jail."

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the Democrat and Chronicle, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith re-published entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle.

SIR:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most descriptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which I had fastened upon myself first began. Still I noticed, that I had a peculiar and unusual amount of energy, and that I could do more than I had ever done before. I had probably taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come and go and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from Malaria, or do doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were very large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled on the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger usually brings a person to his senses even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And Oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders, the little twinges of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 227 to 135 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutching the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in dulling the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-penitence horrors constantly. My urine was filled with tubercles and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages. While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and decided the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use the first day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hemorrhages ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music of this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopeless condition of my disease, and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained twenty-six pounds in flesh, became entirely free

from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's Disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's Disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity,) but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will excite the surprise and possible indignity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENSON, M. D.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1881.

Social Notices.

A. O. U. W. The Ancient Order of United Workmen will meet every Friday night at Good Templars' Hall, W. H. ELLIS, Sec. 10075 CHAS. E. MILLER, Rec.

OYSTERS. They are receiving Fresh Oysters (Booths) daily by express, at the Virginia Chop House. Families will be supplied by the car at the very lowest rates. 10075

U. G. P. Grand Council No. 2, Germania, meets at their Hall in Good Templars' building on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. Visiting members cordially invited.

FREDERICK GILBERT, Recorder. 10075

I. O. O. F. Fidelity Lodge No. 8, meets every Thursday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, corner Main and Granite streets, at 7 o'clock, p. m. Sojourning brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

A. C. WILKER, N. G. JAMES M. MOORE, Sec.

A. F. & A. M. The Regular Communications of Deer Lodge Chapter No. 3 will be held at 7 o'clock, P. M., at the hall, Butte, Montana, on the second and fourth Fridays of each month. Sojourning brethren are cordially invited to attend.

A. P. BARRETT, H. P. D. N. DELLINGER, Sec.

A. F. & A. M. Regular Communications of Butte Lodge No. 22, A. F. & A. M., are held on the 2nd and 4th Saturdays of each month at 7 o'clock, P. M. Visiting brethren are invited to attend.

PATRICK TALENT, W. M. A. MCKINNON, Sec.

A. O. H. DIVISION F. O. G. M. This order in charge of the A. O. H. Division No. 1, will be held at the Solon House, Walkerville, W.