

The Semi-Weekly Miner.

Historical Society X

VOLUME 5,

BUTTE, MONTANA: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 305.

LITERARY ITEMS.

Julius Leffebvre is painting a picture to be called "A Roman Marriage," on the order of W. H. Vanderbilt.

Sunset Cox is about to publish an illustrated volume of travel, entitled "From Paris to Pyramids by way of Palestine."

Mrs. Mary Clemmer, the authoress, is about putting the finishing touches to another book. She is said to be about to marry again.

The judges at the late Mechanics' Exhibition in Boston have decided that one of the pictures exposed were worthy of the gold medal.

The publication of M. Zola's "Nana" in Danish translations has been prohibited at Copenhagen, and criminal proceedings have been instituted against the translator.

The London *Morning Post* is enthusiastic in its praise of the "Homer Martin" pictures of American scenery, and among the "finest works of art his country can boast."

Prince Leopold, the heir to the throne of Belgium, has published at the Imperial Printing Office in Vienna a posthumous description of his Eastern wanderings, "Elue Orientreise."

Munkacsy's new studio in the Avenue de Villiers, Paris, will cost 200,000 francs. On its completion Munkacsy intends to commence painting his "Calvary," a companion to the celebrated "Christ before Pontius Pilate," which is to be exhibited in New York.

The authorities of the South Kensington Museum will soon exhibit at Bethnal Green a fine collection of water-colors of famous paintings by Raphael, da Vinci, Titian, Velasquez, Murillo, Cano, Holbein and others. There are sixty-five of them, and they were made by Herr Stohl for the Empress of Russia, whose daughter, the Duchess of Edinburgh, has deposited them with the Art Department for public use.

Anne Brewster writes from Rome in glowing praise of Story's last sculpture, "Electra," which she believes a noble companion to his early "Electra" and as more recent "Clytemnestra" and a worthy embodiment of the grand trilogy of Eschylus. Orestes, after avenging the death of his father, Agamemnon, by killing his mother, the murderer, Clytemnestra, flees to the temple of Apollo to escape the terrible wrath of the avenging furies. Story has taken for his statue the supreme moment when Orestes thrusts out his right hand to touch the altar, while his left is shaken in defiance of his unseen pursuers. The figure, lithe and muscular, is bent forward with every muscle of the body quivering with tension, to make the last gasp; the face is young and beautiful, but bearded with sorrow and fatigue, and showing clearly the great grief which is just given place to the assurance of safety.

Teaching Tenderfeet.

"How long have you been in this country, sir?" inquired a newly-arrived case-man of a gentleman who was sitting in a hotel-saloon yesterday enjoying the glowing fire.

"About ten years," was the reply.

"I guess you know the country pretty well, don't you?"

"Well, I should think I did! I have been all over, from the top line of Colorado down into Arizona."

"Well, what do you think of the country?"

"It was up, I tell you. There is no such place to feed sheep and buy tenderfeet in the United States as this Territory."

"Do you give me any information in regard to the various towns?"

"Certainly, I know them all."

"How big a place is Albuquerque?"

"It is a fine place, with 20,000 inhabitants."

"Is it any doctor?"

"No, not a Harvard doctor, and the people are dying by the hundreds. I don't see it is the finest place for a doctor in human form in the country."

"You can't get a sick man to cure, you can't get a job to unchoke somebody by clearing the sand out of his gullet. The population of the town would be doubled four times during the past year, and it is still choking business. There is a fortune there for anybody who knows anything about medicine."

"I think I'll settle there," said the case-man, and at this point the reporter with his mind full of wonder at the gross ignorance of old timers to the facts of the Territory.

Railway Building.

The Boston *Journal*, a safe and conservative journal, is not afraid of discussing the matter of railway construction. It has the following article on the subject in hand: "There is a general opinion of railway building in this country. There are always those who will complete the rate of speed at which we appear to be going in this direction, and a reaction of the disaster of 1873, or less confidently predicted, but the actual facts show that the actual distance of 2,500 miles to the same end of the year. This building has been done at a comparatively small cost. Ten years ago our total mileage was a little under 40,000,000, and in that year 7,379 miles of new road were added at the current rate of building, not much over 5,000 miles in that year. That does not look like the country's going to smash on railroads."

Puts, Calls and Straddles.

There are the most common methods of Wall street dealing at present, and are now so widely understood that explanation is hardly necessary. Twenty years ago there were but little in use, but as the rage for speculation increased they came into common parlance. It is now said that there are 2,000 puts, calls and straddles sold daily, and Russell Sage, who is the principal dealer, makes the business highly profitable. The price of a "put" or "call" for 30 days on 100 shares is generally \$100. A straddle, which combines the above privileges, is of double price. "Options" are much the same as the above, but the term has a more respectable sound. Hence, when we read of "100 shares buyer 30," it is optional for the buyer to call any day within the specified time for his stock. The board limits puts, calls and options to 90 days, which, indeed, is long enough for all ordinary speculation. When a man has bought a "put," the question with him is, is his stock going to decline? If so he will wait till he thinks the lowest mark is reached, and will then make the tender. If the stock, on the other hand, advances, his investment in the purchase of the "privilege" is lost. If a man buys a "call" he waits till the stock advances. When any one is under the full power of the Wall-street fever, he will generally continue as long as a dollar is left, and a very striking instance of this is found in J. Howard Welles, the gray-headed blackmailer, who was driven to such crime by the frenzy of speculation. Such are the men who enrich the broker; the latter makes every effort to keep up the supply of victims by such advertisements as the following:

All active stocks and bonds bought and sold for cash or carried on satisfactory margin, in small or large lots. Fractional lots, from ten shares up, a specialty. Puts and calls secured at low rates. Sharper & Co., Wall street.

Here is another intended to attract business from the country:

IMPORTANT—Valuable stock exchange information mailed confidentially and inquiries answered on receipt of \$5.

PRIVATE SECRETARY
See how accommodating this man is: W. S. Ray buys and sells railroad and miscellaneous securities. Where parties cannot buy 100 shares, I take amounts from \$25 up, combine them and buy 100 to 1,000 shares, dividing profits to interests invested; person with \$25 has same chance as one with larger amount.

One statement in the above I can readily believe: "A person with \$25 has the same chance as one with larger amount," but what that chance is worth in either case is the question. Personally speaking, I prefer to keep my \$25 in my pocket, and recommend the reader to do the same. Here is another highly accommodating offer:

A GENTLEMAN, having ten years' experience in railroad stocks, would give the benefit of his experience to ladies or gentlemen investing from \$50 to \$1,000; now is the time to realize profit; small commission.

"Now is the time to realize profit," says the advertiser; to which I reply now is the time when wise men will attend to regular business, and close their ears to Wall-street syrens. Plodding industry will bring solid results, while the history of Wall-street speculation may generally be summed up in that brief proverb concerning the fool and his money.—*Hermit in Troy Times.*

SIBERIAN SKETCHES.

Some Facts From a Philo-Russian Source.

About 18,000 exiles are sent to Siberia per annum, but this number includes wives and children who desire to accompany the exiles. Of these nearly 8,000, on their arrival in Siberia, are set free to earn their own living, about 3,000 of them being sent to Eastern and about 5,000 to Western Siberia. The hardships of the exiles on their way to Siberia are not greatly lessened by the railroads and steamships. In former years they walked the whole way. Now they assemble at Moscow and are sent by rail and steamer to Ekatarinburg; thence by vehicles they are conveyed 200 miles further to Tomsk. Now begins their distribution. Those condemned to Western Siberia are assigned to particular towns by water or on foot. Those condemned to Eastern Siberia are placed in a barge and taken to Tomsk, where their walking Eastward begins. The knout is a thing of the past, but the pieta, a short-haired whip, is still retained for the worst offenders, who are sent to Eastern Siberia. No free man, by Russian law, is condemned to corporal punishment, and those punished in this way have gone through deportation, prison, etc., and retain honor. Books like "Elizabetha" or "The Exiles of Siberia," "Buried Alive, or Ten Years' Penal Servitude in Siberia," by De-toevsky, misrepresent the facts. As I know from good sources, in the year 1871 only seventy-two political offenders were sent to Siberia, which number includes nearly forty condemned to the mines during the year 1875, 1876, 1877 and 1878, but who had been detained meanwhile in the central prisons of the Kharkoff district. The story about the quicksilver mines is untrue, because no quicksilver mines exist in Siberia. Silver mines exist, but a great deal is exaggerated about the prisoners there. Drunkenness is directly or indirectly the cause of the crimes of half of the number sent to Siberia, and those are the most troublesome. In Russia only a military tribunal can award corporal punishment, and that for a very limited number of offenses. In West Siberia, in Tobolsk and in Omsk, where the Governor-General of West Siberia resides, as well as in Tomsk, where the Governor-General of East Siberia resides, you will find as good society as in New York. Schools are opened everywhere, and the telegraph runs through the country, and railroads will soon make their appearance.—*Father Bjering in the New York Telegram.*

Mlle Nilsson's Troubles.

TELLING THE STORY OF HER HUSBAND'S ATTACK OF INSANITY.

Attacked by Unmanly Journalists.

M. Rouzeaud's Affliction Attributed by Them to an Unmentionable Cause.

Where a Cowhide Would do Good.

R. H. Haynie writes from Paris to the Philadelphia Press under the date of the 3rd ult.:

The Bourse, fortunate enough in having better friends than the Gambetta Cabinet, fortunately did not present such a terrible crash as at one time looked inevitable. But the financial disorder which commenced in Lyons, and soon reached Paris, has resulted in the ruin of many dealers on the Bourse, speculators in a small way, through the assistance of the *agents de change*, who are the only recognized brokers of France. Among those who have suffered most from the "mad dance of millions" is M. Rouzeaud, the husband of the famous prima donna, Christine Nilsson. He has gone mad, and is shut up in a private asylum in the Rue Pincus. Most of the *chroniqueurs* of the Parisian press have a contempt for anything like reportorial work, and, without taking the trouble to call in Mlle Nilsson to ask her the real cause of M. Rouzeaud's malady, they have attacked her most shamefully on the strength of mere reports, the origin of which they are quite ignorant of. Two or three journals go so far as to say that the cause of his malady is not financial disaster, but phenomena of a different order, which figure in a disgusting French novel called "Mlle. Giraud na Femme," and the truth of which could no longer be kept from him. I am in a position to give the exact facts in this sad affair, as related by Nilsson herself. She said:

"You wish to know under what circumstances my husband has gone mad. I will tell you, notwithstanding the grief in which I am plunged. You must first know three things. The first, that M. Rouzeaud has already had

PREVIOUS ATTACKS OF INSANITY.

This was some six years ago, while we were in the United States, and I cured him. The second is that insanity is a family disease, an uncle and a cousin both having succumbed to it. The third is that the last attack of my husband came on after he had lost some money, which was all his own, and which he had himself earned. My money had nothing to do with it."

The grand *chateau*, now alone in the world, deprived of a friend and companion whom she adored and who fully returned her affection, briefly related the history of her life with her unfortunate husband: "When I married M. Rouzeaud he was a stock broker. I had a fortune of 2,000,000 francs and he was earning from 50,000 to 100,000 francs per year. It should not, therefore, be said that he married me for my fortune. M. Rouzeaud, being a Frenchman, did not want me to sing in France; it was to honor this susceptibility of an upright man that I have constantly refused all engagements offered me here, and it is for the same reason that I endure the grotesque as well as

ODIOUS CALUMNIES

that have been printed against me. During our voyage in America, my fortune, through unskilful speculations, was diminished by a million. I personally lost this large amount, acting entirely against the advice of my husband. I can still hear him saying to me with a sad smile: "You are doing well, Christine, but you will do better to remember that you are the wife of a Paris *Coureur*." He did not feel this loss of mine in any extraordinary way, but from that time he became still more absorbed in his work. There was no danger of his speculating; he had never done so, and his stock operations brought him only his broker's commission. He was a quiet man, cool and of an even temper. We lived most happily together, like good *bourgeois*, neither of us having any ambition, and looking forward to the future without fear. You see one does not need many millions in order to lead this quiet home life of mine. One day, it was about a month ago, a friend came to M. Rouzeaud, and said: "There is a million which can be gained through the house of Bontoux; take your savings and recover the money that your wife has lost in America."

"He hesitated a long time, and then he allowed himself to be carried away by the examples which surrounded him.

HE SPECULATED,

and he lost a comparatively unimportant sum, and which was entirely his own, not mine. He closed out the transaction at once, saying:

"I prefer to losing two fingers than my whole hand."

"I think that he had become entirely reconciled to this loss, when one evening he said to me, in connection with some other things:

"Ma petite Christine, you will sell out all that you own, your properties in America and England, and I will start an affair that will be very much stronger than the Bontoux one, and we will make a mad lot of money."

"I was somewhat surprised at this, as he had never before made me such a proposal, and I said to him, laughingly: "It is thou who art mad to even think of such a thing."

"Mad," he shouted, "why only look in the mirror, *not there*, it is you who are mad. You no longer know what you are saying, and your eyes are popping out of your head." He rushed to

ward me, seized me by the wrists, dragged me into the parlor, and said: "Calm yourself, Christine, I am going to send for a doctor."

"At that moment I did indeed feel myself becoming mad, feel my mind wandering, because of the misfortune which I saw was threatening us. However, I took courage on seeing him become calm again, and especially when I saw how intelligently he talked about business affairs. At the time of the fall in stocks there was such a rush of customers to our rooms that I could scarcely find a minute in the day to be alone with him. Then at night he used to make me sit up with him, he dictating to me until morning the detailed plan of his.

THE REMOVAL TO AN ASYLUM.

"Fearing to irritate him, I yielded to his wishes, and it was argued that I should turn everything into cash for his great enterprise. This continued for five days and five nights. I was almost dead with fatigue, while he never slept for a single instant, and even ate nothing whatever. It was no use for the doctor of the hotel to give him chloral, or to try other means to give him a little rest. When I would beg him to go out with me for a little air, he would always answer, 'Wait, wait, ma petite Christine, fortune is there, and he would point to the voluminous document of nonsense that I had obediently written under his direction. Finally the hotel doctor could stand it no longer, and he said to me:

"Madame, I cannot attend your husband, he has got an idea fixed in his head, and it is not there that he can be cured."

"On the advice of certain physicians who had made a special study of cases of insanity I resigned myself to allow my husband to be taken to the private hospital of Dr. Goujon. When he was once shut up he insisted on going out to attend to his business, and, without knowing where he was, protested against being detained, asserting that he was thereby losing a fortune. Every day I go to the Maison de Sante, but Dr. Goujon

WILL NOT LET ME SEE MY HUSBAND.

"He is not allowed to see any one; but here is a letter which I have just received from the physician:

"DEAR MADAME.—I have a good piece of news to give you. Your husband is better. He no longer asks to be allowed to go out. The cure, will, perhaps, be more rapid than I dared to give you hopes to expect. Accept, dear madame, the assurance of my devotion.

DR. GOUJON."

"May God hear him and help him," added Mme. Nilsson, with the deepest emotion. "At all events, I will not stir up here until he comes out, and then I'll take him far away from Paris and from business, where he can convalesce and live apart from all that may remind him of his horrible nightmare. I do not believe that it is anything else than a temporary aberration, and the doctors are of the same opinion. I have heard that my husband is the third or fourth person who has been attacked by madness as a result of this financial disorder, and all of them are now in Dr. Goujon's hospital."

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A New Mining Region.

The chances are becoming numerous that the new silver-mining region in the vicinity of Fort Maginnis, M. T., will attract a big stampede in the spring. Five miners and prospectors, the discoverers and early pioneers of that camp who have been East, have arrived here on their return. During a conversation with one of the number, we learned that the new mines are located about six miles from Maginnis in the Judith Basin, in the Snowy Mountains, between the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers. The first silver ore was struck last May, and now there are 2,000 inhabitants in that section, many of whom are from the Black Hills. The largest town here is called Maidenville. It supports about a dozen business houses. It is the opinion of our informant that the mines in this belt will prove the richest ever discovered in Montana. He had a number of assays which were made from ore taken from the leading developments in that camp. A lead called the Florence produced some ore that assayed \$20,000. The streak that yielded this rock was probably a fifth seam. Our informant, however, assured us that there were several mines there that contained quartz which assayed from \$800 to \$2,000 per ton, and that the Collar mine at a depth of eighty feet, was in solid vein matter that averaged \$5,000 per ton. The above is the statement of an interested miner, not ours. We simply give it for what it is worth. No doubt every statement he made is founded on facts; but like all miners he is evidently given to extravagance, and overcolored the prospects of the Ft. Maginnis silver region. We are satisfied the precious metal has been struck in paying quantities in the new camp, but when it is alleged that there are mountains of gal-

ena there, running from \$2,000 to \$20,000 per ton, we want the privilege of allowing just so much of it as we can digest, and no more. However we believe that the Fort Maginnis region will enjoy a boom in the spring.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

Something About Journalism.

Rothecker in Denver Tribune.

The worst feature of the press is, the miserable time in which it is done, and its routine continuity. The only people who have the same hours as newspaper men are policemen, hack-drivers, thieves, prostitutes and loafers. They are the children of the night. The distinctness of the profession is its reversal of hours. It involves a contempt for society and a defiance of physiology, and it encourages idle people to hang about the offices. When the rest of the world gets through, the newspaper man begins; and, as a consequence, he is always pestered by unattached social entities, who regard an introduction as unnecessary and an invitation to drink as a sufficient credential.

There is no necessity for an atmosphere of mystery about it. It is as methodical and plain and as practical as any other calling. It is always the green man in the office who talks outside about the "devil" and wild demands for "copy" and crawling up back stairs to overhear a conversation, and abnormal hunger, and who chuckles over a fished manuscript or a free lunch. He it is who is responsible for the idealistic idiot who comes into your office, picks up a pair of scissors and slippers that antique imbecility about its being the chief editor, and who sneezes with conscious discovery when he sees you cut out a piece of miscellany as though he had caught you stealing an editorial. It is the Young Person who is the inspiration of such stuff. But for him the fresh fools who imagine that they can go into an editorial room without paying an admission fee of a cheap cigar, or a drink of bad whiskey would not be so numerous. They would keep their mephitic breath and loud vulgarity in the dives which harmonize best with them, and allow honest men to attend to their business in peace. They used to tell in New York of one of these *Malapropos* sap-heads who greeted Horace Greeley in his den with the cheerful salutation: "Come out and have something. I never knew a newspaper man to refuse a drink." The explosion of astonished profanity which burst from the old man blew the fellow all the way down stairs and out on Beckman street.

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