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Miscellaneous Telegrams.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—It is very positively stated that Attorney General Brewster will read the opinion of the cabinet meeting to-morrow declaring the Chinese bill will conflict with our treaty obligations. Frelinghuysen, it is understood, will also present a resolution against signing the bill. The latter gentleman received letters from Boston and New York urging him to oppose the bill in the cabinet.

NEW YORK, April 3—The *Tribune's* Washington special says it is reported to-night the Attorney General has prepared a draft of a reason why the Chinese bill should not be approved which will be read at the Cabinet meeting to-morrow. A congressman who had a talk with the President on the subject said he believed the bill would be vetoed.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The Cabinet is said to be about equally divided on the Chinese bill, a fact which it is said explains in part at least the delay in the Cabinet nomination. It is an illustration of the strict reserve of the President that while a number of his close friends are inclined to expect a veto, another of them said to-day he believed the President would finally allow the bill to become a law without his signature.

The Cabinet is reported to stand as follows: For approval, Howe, Lincoln and Kirkwood; for an unconditional veto, Frelinghuysen; for approval, if the twenty years' provision can be reduced to ten years, Brewster; absent and unknown, Folger; on the fence, without a definite opinion, Hunt. Of course it is not to be understood that this classification is official, and it may be in some particulars erroneous. It is certain that Frelinghuysen opposes the bill absolutely. Brewster has been understood to agree with the main principles of the bill, but there is a rumor now that he desires its modification. Folger and Brewster are reported to occupy common ground.

S. P. Rounds arrived to-day. He expects confirmation as public printer Tuesday.

NEW YORK, April 2.—Cornelius J. Vanderbilt, brother of William H. Vanderbilt, shot himself at the Glenham Hotel on Fifth Avenue this afternoon at 2 o'clock and died from the effects of the wound at six o'clock. From the time of the shooting until his death Vanderbilt was unconscious. Many of his friends and members of his family were present when he passed away.

CHEYENNE, April 2.—A dispatch says Thomas Bagnell, who arrived yesterday from Charles river, southeast of Pueblo, Colo., brings intelligence that three more victims have been hanged by the vigilantes. He says the victims were being dragged towards a thicket by a number of men and blood was streaming from their mouths and nostrils from blows received. The lynchers very decidedly requested Mr. Bagnell to move on and not interfere. As he turned away he could plainly hear the dying men's vain appeals for mercy.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—In a conversation with Congressman Berry to-day a correspondent called his attention to the statements in several California papers that he will be a candidate for renomination for Congress and that he will not be a candidate for nomination as Governor. Berry emphatically replied that the facts are precisely the reverse of these statements. He says it is well understood by his friends that he will not allow his name to be used again as a candidate for Congress. He further says that although he had desired to announce himself as a candidate for Governor his friends in California fully understand his views on that subject also and will present his name to the Democratic State convention for that position and should he be renominated by his party, to uphold their ticket as Governor and he will accept the nomination and make a vigorous campaign for election. He also freely said to-day that he believed the statements above referred to, to have emanated from persons who prefer that he should not be a candidate for Governor.

The *Congressional Record* of yesterday contains a speech which Berry obtained leave to present as his remarks on the question of extending National bank charters.

In Berry's prepared speech he elaborately argues that Congress should pass a law substituting Treasury notes for National bank notes; redeem Government bonds to the extent of the present bank circulation and discontinue all banks of issue at the end of 20 years from date of the laws under which they were organized. He also takes ground that we should promptly revise the tariff on a just and equal basis, neither in the interest of free trade nor of protection, but with a view to producing the greatest amount of revenue and to maintain an internal revenue tax, especially upon whisky and tobacco and extinguish National banks at the earliest day possible.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—A Stockton special says a fire this afternoon destroyed Sperry & Co's large flouring mill and warehouse containing an immense quantity of grain, also several other buildings and contents; total loss estimated at $300,000; Insurance, $80,000. Several men were severely injured during the fire.

TROY, N. Y., April 3—A statement made by Johnnie Roche, Paddy Ryan,s trainer is made public to-day, accusing Ryan of selling the recent prize fight in Louisiana. Roche says: "One day Ryan said to me John do you know this would be a good selling fight? A man could make $20,000 if he would throw this thing and no one would be the wiser."

SEWARD, Neb., 2.—A. C. Patrick shot his wife through the head last night, then fired at each of his two sons slightly wounding them. Patrick had trouble with his wife in the east and she came here and engaged in farming. He followed and for some time has been loafing about town and drinking whisky. The murder was evidently premeditated. Patrick escaped.

LONDON, April 2.—The *Observer* to-day says we are authorized to state that at the request of President Arthur the secretary of state has respited Dr. Lamson until the 18th inst, pending the arrival of certain evidence from America. Sir Wm. Harcourt is always willing to afford adequate time for an examination of the circumstances alleged on responsible authority in favor of the convicted under sentence of death. The prisoner, however, has been distinctly warned the reprieve granted under these circumstance is no presumption of a final reprieve or commuttation of his capital sentence. It has been the practice when respites are granted for the purpose of further inquiry into the matter, either of law or fact, that where the inquiry shows no sufficient grounds for interference, the sentence takes its course.

CHICAGO, April 2.—Police Officer John Harrohan with a comrade, arrested a burglar early this morning, and while he was being conveyed to the station the prisoner drew a revolver and shot Harrohan inflicting a serious wound. The prisoner ran but was recaptured.

A burglar early this morning entered the residence of Mr. Geo. West on Monroe street; the latter being aroused opened fire with a revolver shooting the intruder, who will probably die.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 2.—The two assassins of General Strelnkoff were not hanged. The Czar did issue an order for their immediate execution, but he subsequently countermanded it. The murderers of General Strelnkoff received copies of the indictment against them yesterday. A council of war met at Odessa last night to try the prisoners, and sentence of death was pronounced at midnight. The body of General Strelnkoff was buried this morning with full military honors.

CHICAGO, April 2.—At midnight tonight John McDonald keeper of a saloon in Covington, Ky., near the approach to the Suspension bridge, cut his brother Thomas McDonald so seriously that he cannot live. They quarrelled and Thomas raised a chain to strike John. Both were under the influence of whisky.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—John N. Massey and James Hamblin, two well known sporting characters engaged in an altercation this morning resulting in the latter shooting the former three times, killing him almost instantly.

Manifestations of Fear.

It is said that Emperor Charles the Fifth, reading an epitaph, "Here lies one who never knew fear," remarked, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers." It is certainly a somewhat absurd, though a favorite claim of the popular hero, that "he never knew fear." No one possessing human nerves and brain could say this with truth. That a brave man never yields to the emotion may be true enough; but to say that at no period of his life he experienced fear is impossible. As Lord Lytton expresses it:

"It shames man not to feel man's mortal fear
It shames man only if that fear subdues"

There is a story of a young recruit in the Thirty Years' War going into action for the first time in his life in the highest spirits. "Look at Johann," remarked one of his comrades, as the troops were drawn up ready to charge, "he is full of jokes; how brave he is." "Not at all," replied the veteran addressed; "he knows nothing of what is coming. You and I, old comrade, are far braver; we sit still on our horses though we are terribly afraid."

Fear is certainly one of the most irrational of the passions. It is not always excited by the presence of danger. Men who can be cool and collected in case of real peril will tremble at some fanciful alarm. The Duke of Schomberg could face an enemy with ready courage, but fled from a room if he saw a cat in it. A very brave French officer fainted at the sight of a mouse. The author of the "Turkish Spy" states that if he had a sword in his hand he would rather encounter a lion in a desert than be alone in a room with a spider. Many people have similar fanciful antipathies, which excite their fears in a manner real danger would be powerless to do. Fear of infection is a dread that embitters the lives of many sensible people. There is a legend of an Eastern dervish, who, knowing that the plague was about to visit a certain city, bargained with the disease that only a specific number of victims should fall. When twice the number perished, the plague explained its apparent breach of contract by asserting that "Fear killed the rest." In all times of epidamics doctors can tell similar tales. During the great pleague of 1665-66, an unfortunate man died purely from fright; a practical joker who met him in the street pretended to discover the fatal "spots" upon him, and the poor man went home and died, not of the disease, but of sheer terror. A long obituary list might be compiled of the victims of fear from the criminal in the Middle Ages; who, reprieved after he had laid his head on the block, was found to have died ere the ax could touch him down to the poor nun mentioned by Horace Walpole, whose distinguished reputable abbess literally "frightened her to death" by visiting her at night, and telling her that she was dying.

Brevity.

The King of Zulu-land is said to have recently address a note to the British office at South Africa as follows: "Excellency—First came the missionary, next the consul, now the army. Cetywayo." This brief letter recalls some short speeches and curt correspondence which will doubtless be delightful reading in these times of long harangues at Albany and Washington. A western judge once upon a time, addressed the grand jury in these words: "Gentlemen: The weather is extremely hot; I am very old; you know your duty—perform it." Another American judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing, from the pile of papers in the lawyer's hands, that a certain case was likely to be a long one, he asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars, your honor," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money; "call the next case." An English judge was more patient. He listened for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, and finally observed, when they were done: "Brothers, that act was repealed a year ago." One morning a woman was shown into Dr. Abernethy's room. Before he could speak she bared her arm, saying, "burn." "A poultice," said the doctor. Next day she called again, showed her arm, and said, "better." "Continue the poultice," was the response. A few days afterward she came again; then she said: "Well, your fee?" "Nothing," said the great physician; "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw." Lord Berkeley, wishing to apprise the Duke of Dorset of his changed condition, wrote: "Dear Dorset: I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive. Berkeley." The answer came: "Dear Berkeley: Every dog has his day. Dorset." The editor of a Chicago newspaper, wanting the details of a terrible inundation in Connecticut, telegraphed to a correspondent at Hartford: "Send full particulars of the flood." The reply came quickly: "You will find them in Genesis."

Printing Office Secrets.

A properly conducted printing office is as much a secret as a Masonic lodge. The printers are not under oath of secrecy, but always feel themselves as truly in honor bound to keep office secrets as if triple-oathed. Any employe in a printing office who willfully disregards this rule in relation to printing office secrets would not only be scorned by his brethren of the craft, but would lose his position at once. We make this statement because it sometimes happens that a communication appears in a newspaper under an assumed signature, which excites comment, and various parties try to find out who is its author. Let all be saved the trouble of questioning the employes of a printing office. They are "knownothings" on such points as these. On such matters as these they have eyes and ears, but no mouth; and if any fail to observe this rule, let them be put down as dishonorable members of the craft. It is the same in job printing and other departments. If anything is to be kept secret, let proper notice be given, and you might as well question the Sphinx as one of the printers.

The "Uniform Toilette for Ladies.

A new fashion of which many leaders of society speak as likely to prevail, is the so-called uniform toilette for ladies. Already the idea has been "aired" at several great entertainments, and it is said that the Queen of Italy is responsible for the change. When the Queen was at Vienna, a special ball was given in her honor, at which all the Viencse ladies appeared in white, emulating the hue of the daisy or marguerite, after which the Queen is named. Queen Margherita herself was in white satin, trimmed in silver grauze, and beflowered with exquisite gardenias, the effect of the whole being enhanced by the splendor of her pearl necklace, King Humbert's latest gift. When the Queen returned to Italy and gave a ball she let the invited ladies know that were expected to appear in white. The Roman ladies were not backward of course, and appeared in gorgeous white costumes, in most cases enlivened with stars or daisies in diamonds. Since then, at several receptions held in Paris, notifications have been given out with the invitations that ladies were to appear in certain shades of color. The fashion, of course, affords play to the wildest extravagances, each woman being anxious to make an effect in the standing combinations and contrasts of materials, but to the ordinary observer it is by no means attractive, and uniformly becomes monotony.—*London Drapers' Trade Journal.*

We learn from Ike Bingham (just in from Rocky Bar) that Rube Lester, the mail carrier between Rocky Bar and Atlanta, was overtaken by a snow slide while making his pre-arranged last trip in the U. S. service as a carrier. He was gliding along with the sack about four miles out of Rocky Bar on what is known as the "boiler grade," when a tremendous quantity of snow from the mountain above swallowed him up. Mr. Lester's wife was stopping in Rocky Bar, and they were about to start for Southern California there to reside in future.—*Wood River Times.*

Robert Lother, from the vicinity of Cable, serving a term in the county jail at Deer Lodge for forcibly entering a private residence in Deer Lodge, committed suicide at about 10:30 o'clock Friday night in his cell in the jail by cutting his throat with a pen knife. He was about thirty years old. An inquest was held and a verdict was rendered in accordance with the above facts.

J. C. Word, of Benton, familiarly known as "Dixie," died on the 10th inst. at Warrenton, Mo., of consumption. He came to Montana in 1864.

SERVANTS HERE AND IN ENGLAND.

Differences in the Treatment, Their Work and Their Wages—Why English Servants do not Like America.

In a recent article condemnatory of vails to servants, a New York contemporary alluded to the low rate of remuneration for domestic service in England as being an excuse which could not be pleaded here for "tipping" practice. Wages there do not it is true average nearly so high as they do here, but they are higher there than in any other European country, and the wages of upper servants and of cooks would compare favorably even with those here. Besides this, it is fair to add that the condition of servants in gentlemen's families there is for the most part decidedly superior to that in houses of the same class here. A significant proof of this is found in the fact that good English servants, with the exception of grooms, rarely care to come here. We have Irish, Germans, Swedes, and Italians in plenty, but few English. A wealthy New Yorker who imports his man servants direct from England, after most careful inquiry as to character, can rarely get them to stay more than a couple of years. They miss what are to them the joys of life.

There is in fact no doubt that an English man servant coming here, while he gains in money loses in all else. In the first place duties are usually exacted from him which in England are performed by women, and which he despises as women's work. He is expected to sweep a room and wash doorsteps, tasks from which his soul recoils. Then he has to do twice as much work as he would have to do at home; for the first thing which an Englishmen notices in an American household, even of the wealthiest grade is what seems to him the extraordinarily small number of servants, and the *en papillottes* condition in which the houses of many rich men are when taken a little by surprise. A visitor to New York, going to leave a letter of introduction at the house of a very fashionable millionnaire in Madison square, rang twice before the door was opened by a dirty drab of a char woman, who imprinted her soapsudsy autograph on his card, whilst she left him standing in the passage, to his indignation and amazement. Nor is this so an extreme a case as many might imagine. A lady living in the wealthiest and most fashionable New York society says that in half the houses on Fifth avenue, if she should chance to call on a non-visiting day, the establishment would probably be in this sort of *dishabille.*

People who would in England keep at least a dozen servants, here have four, or at most six, and the work is very apt to fall very heavily, when much company is kept, on a single-handed man servant; he is continually interrupted and taken off his work. To a man busy in plate-cleaning it is a serious grievance to have to slip on his coat and answer a bell every ten minutes; still worse to be sent out on messages. A servant thus interrupted cannot come to the door looking as neat and trim as servants look in good London houses. A first-rate servant in England would not stay a week in a house where he had to endure this sort of thing. Servants in good English houses are treated with far greater consideration in this and many other respects. They live quite as well if not better than servants here, and enjoy more opportunities for taking "outings." In proximity to the fashionable squares are snug little public houses with cosey glittering bars. These are the special evening haunts of the "Jeamses," and they enjoy themselves just as much as their masters do at the club—play cards, smoke their pipes, eat tripe and onions, washed down with "XX," and discuss the events of the day. The solitary English waiter on Fifth avenue misses sadly such jolly good fellowships, and turning with desiderium to the cheery evenings he spent over pewters of "'arf and 'arf," at the "Admiral Vernon," in Grosvenor Mews, drowns his dulness in solitary drams.

As for the women, they are still more creatures of habit, and care even less for high wages, apart from comfort or association. Very few of them would undertake the combination of duties demanded in most American households. A cook with any just claims to a knowledge of cookery would, unless the family were exceedingly small, be aghast at the idea of having no kitchen maid, whilst she would give warning on the spot if expected to assist in the family washing, which, unless a laundry maid be kept, is almost invariably put out.

Many persons here are so much given to grumbling about servants, that it is as well to point out that there is another side to the question. We are too apt to regard high wages as a compensation for everything. Many excellent servants prefer a comfortable, homelike place, with moderate wages and sympathetic treatment, to one without the latter, though carrying far more liberal remuneration.—*The American.*

Trueman Vine, who drives the Bozeman stage from Big Timber to Gage's, came near being killed last week together with two passengers, says the Coulson *Post.* As he was driving up the steep hill bordering Sweet Grass canon his horses gave out and stopped, whereupon the driver attempted to apply the brake but for some reason was unable to do so, and consequently the coach and horses backed over the precipice into the deep canon below. Fortunately a pine tree about twenty-five feet from the brink checked their progress, and the passengers escaped with one broken collar bone. The canon is almost 1,000 feet deep and but for the tree the result is fearful to contemplate. The horses were not hurt.

There only remains about one thousand nine hundred yards of rock work in Silver Bow canon.

North and South Before and After the War.

In "Oddities of Southern Life," contributed by Mr. Henry Watterson to the *Century* for April, the author hits off in the following happy manner the changes in sectional feeling since the war:

In those days there were no bloated bondholders. We had not even risen to the dignity of the insurance agent. Capital was really timid, and, for the most part, was represented in the South, as far as the East was concerned, by the peddler, the colporteur, and the vender of lightning-rods. These, who made themselves familiar with Southern thoroughfares only, were impressed with the manners of our swaggering hero; they stood abashed before his bullying; they were amused by his vulgarity; being for the most part unversed in the ways of the world, except that of trade, they were bound to fall into mistakes. Not unnaturally, therefore, they mistook the Southern swashbuckler for the Southern gentleman, and carried home a daguerreotype of Southern life taken from their adventures, which, as we may conjecture, were rarely of the nicest. The South, on its part, got its view of the North from the wandering middlemen who were best known to it; and thus a mutual misconception sprang into existence—taking its ideas and examples, not from the better classes of society, but from the worst. The truth is, that behind these the people, the good people, of the North and South lived, moved, and had their being; in the one section, relying on personal thrift and industry to build up fortunes; in the other section, victims to circumstance rather than design, accumulating debts as they accumulated slaves. I am sure that I am not mistaken in this; and, indeed, events are verifying it. After years of contention and war, the obstructive forces are passing away, and what do we see? Why, in the South, looking Northward, we see a race, kindred to ourselves, a little less effusive, but hardly less genial, already disciplined and equipped to struggle against the winds and the waves. In the North, looking Southward, the philosophic observer sees, not a huddle of lazy barbarians, composed in large part of of murderers and gamblers, but a great body of Christian men and women, who have had a hard struggle with fate and fortune, but who have stood against the elements with a fortitude that contradicts the characteristics formerly imputed to them; he sees the master of yesterday the toiler of to-day; he sees the mistress of the mansion, still a gentlewoman in the truest sense, striving and saving, patching, piecing, and pinching to make both ends meet; he sees, in short, a people, born to the luxury of a rich soil and a warm climate, and inured to nothing except the privations of disastrous war and unexpected poverty, throwing themselves bravely into the exigencies of real life; nowhere indolent and idle; nowhere demoralized; everywhere cheerful, active and sober.

It is not of these, however, that I shall speak of in these pages. The homely story of their ups and downs will pass into the humor of the future. I wish to introduce here a lower order—to talk of the conticalities and whimsicalities of Southern life embodied in the exploits of the "howling raccoon of the mountains" and the musings of the epic hero who, describing himself, said: "I am a fighter from Bitter Creek; I'm a wolf, and this is my night to howl. I've three rows of front teeth, and nary tooth alike; the folks on Bitter Creek are bad; the higher up you go, the wuss they are; and *I'm from the head-waters.*" This type is the offspring of a class, and, as humor itself springs from the nether side of nature, he must needs play a considerable part in the veracious chronicle of Southern life.

The Demon of the Sky.

One of the most interesting sights in the sky, and one that can be watched without a telescope, is the variations in the light of the star Algol, whose Arabic name means the demon. It is sometimes called the winking demon. This wonderful star is now in a good position for observation, being nearly overhead at nightfall. It is the brightest of the little cluster called the Head of Medusa, which according to the old fable Perseus carries in his hand as he rushes to the rescue of Andromeda. For a little over two days and a half Algol shines as a star of the second magnitude. Then its light begins to fade, and in about two hours and a third it sinks to the fourth magnitude, glimmering so feebly that a casual observer would be unable to distinguish it from the other faint stars in its neighborhood. Thus it remains for eighteen minutes, and then it brightens again, and, in the same time that it occupied in growing dim, attains its former brilliancy. From one minimum to another is two days, twenty hours and nearly forty-nine minutes.

The fact that a star thus brightens and grows dim at regular intervals is in itself wonderful, but it appears all the more wonderful when we are told that Algol is a sun, having an enormous large body revolving around it with a tremendous rate of speed. Some astronomers think this mysterious body will fall into the star, producing an outburst of light and heat that would be fatal to any living being that might exist within millions of miles of this distant sun. Such a catastrophe would be visible in the splendor of the star.—*Chicago Times.*

Another Montana "bach,"—not exactly an old "bach," however,—has tired of single-blessedness and changed his condition. This time it is Mr. E. W. Bach, bookkeeper for the Gregory and Boston & Montana Gold Mining Company, who was married on the 30th of March, at Pueblo, Col.

Many new buildings are being constructed in Maidenville, but owing to the repeated break downs at Dexter McAdow's saw mill the supply of lumber is far short of the demand.

Southern Humor.

Mr. Henry Watterson writes in the April *Century*, upon the "Oddities of Southern Life," introducing the subject as follows:

Every people is known by its jokes. Men are least restrained in their mirth, and give therein the largest play to their likes and dislikes. The humor of Harry Fielding, Thackeray tells us, is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lanthorn. The same may be said of the humor of Rabelais, though the objects of its ridicule are not always cheats and scamps. The difference between *opera bouffe* and Anglo Saxon farce represents the difference between the life of the French and the life of the English. With Americans it is not the snob and the husband who are satirized; our domestic jocosity embraces chiefly the small boy, the widow, and the mother-in-law, reserving for its most palpable hits the bully, the visionary speculator, the gamester, and the commercial agent. Thus American humor may be divided into two classes—that which relates to fighting and that which relates to money. In the South this general classification grows still narrower, gaining, however, in whimsicality and local color what it lacks in breadth.

There can be no mistaking the origin of the old story of the traveler who asked a Mississippian whether it was worth his while to carry a pistol, and was told: "Well, stranger, you mout move around here more'n a year an' never need a pistol, but ef you *should* happen to need one, you'd need it powerful." Equally characteristic is the record of a well-known Tennessee case. The principal witness for the commonwealth testified that he was sent to get a fresh pack of cards, that he got them, and returning, sat down in the grass. Here he balked in his testimony, and would go no further. At last, after cross-questioning and coaxing had been exhausted, the Judge threatened him with fine and imprisonment, whereupon he said: "Please your honor, if I must tell why I dropped in the jimson weeds, I suppose I must. It was just, your honor, *to look over the cards, and mark the bowers.*" The following incidents no less reflect the local color of the ante-bellum days. Two Kentuckians went to settle their bill at a hotel in Boston. There being a dispute about the amount, one of them grew angry and began to swear, when the other said: "Remember, John who you are. Remember you are a Kentuckian. Pay the bill and *shoot the scoundrel.*"

Hope Ahead.

A committee of stockholders who waited upon the superintendent of a California mine to ask why in "" the mine hadn't paned out anything but assessments, were graciously received, invited to be seated, and the official explained:

"Gentlemen, you are all aware of the fact that we had scarcely begun work when the mouth of our mine was blocked by a land slide. That put us back a month."

They nodded their remembrance.

"Then we just got in shape to take out 4,000 tons of ore, worth $2,000 per ton, when the mine caved in. You recall it?"

They did.

"Once more we bent ourselves to the burden of reaping $500 for every $10 invested, when the mine was flooded by a subterranean river."

That was true also.

"Then we had just got the water out when we discovered that our mine was located on another man's claim. We had him shot to prevent trouble, and once more we were about to declare a dividend of 200 per cent., when the dead man's heirs put in an appearance. There were three of them. We chaced one over the range, had another hung by the vigilance committee, and I am happy to inform you that I have four men out after the other, and am every hour expecting to hear that he has tumbled off a cliff. Gentlemen, there is hope ahead—golden hope. Please come up and drink with me; after which there will be another assessment of ten per cent.—*Exchange.*

They Never Saw a Colord Man.

Most of the Jewish refugees arriving in this country never saw a colored man until they landed.

"What's the matter with those men?" asked one of the refugees of a committeeman in Philadelphia.

"Nothing," was the answer.

"Ain't they sick? was asked.

"No," the committeeman answered.

"Well, what makes them so black?" the inquiry came.

"They are negroes," replied the committeeman.

The foreigner shook his head and proceeded to examine the colored men closer. A crowd soon gathered around and enjoyed the sight immensely. Some of them shook hands with the Africans, but the most of them refused, and shrunk when the dusky hands were offered them. The children and some of the women ran in alarm when the colored men approached them. The youngsters clung in terror to the skirts of their mothers, while the adult females were not so certain, but that the darkies were sent into the room to scare them or eat them up. The young colored men enjoyed the sport themselves, and tried to talk gibberish to the exiles.—*N. Y. Press.*

Mr. Ed. S. Larabie returned last week from a short visit to the States. "Ed." purchased a number of fine horses in the States, and a lot of Shetland ponies. One of these, two years old and weighing 168 pounds, was shipped by express

General and Mrs. W. H. Penrose, of Fort Missoula, came up to Deer Lodge a few days since to meet their sons H. G. and C. W., of Butte. This is the second time they have come together in thirteen years, and the reunion at the McBurney House will be pleasantly remembered.