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THE YOUNG LADY'S BAGGAGE.

An Hopes that Was Suddenly Crushed—A Story With a Moral.

Erasmus T. Ruggleson, a young man of Saxon lineage, brought on a farm here in Yellow Spring township. He was not rich, but was industrious and just too pretty for anything. So the daughter of the farmer for whom he wrought. She was wealthier than Erasmus, but not proud. When the chores were done on the winter evenings she went with him to the evening school, and she walked by his side to church. She loved him; she had never felt so sure of her case in the gloom of night as when she was with him. He had a way of looking at her that made her feel as if she were the only person in the world. He had a way of looking at her that made her feel as if she were the only person in the world. He had a way of looking at her that made her feel as if she were the only person in the world.

Naturally, the young people were determined to fly. Their plans were laid; the night was set. So was the ladder. At its foot waited the ardent Erasmus Ruggleson, gazing at the widow for the appearance of his love. Presently the widow opened and a face he loved appeared.

"Florence!"
"Yes, dearest, shall I drop my things right down?"
"Yes, love, I will catch them. Let the bundle fall."
The glittering starlight of the clear March night fell on Erasmus' glad and open face. So did a trunk, four feet high, four feet wide, and about 8 feet long. It weighed about 2,700 pounds. It contained a few "things" that no woman could be expected to have without, and Florence had spent three weeks packing that trunk for the occasion.

Erasmus Ruggleson did not scream. He did not moan. He couldn't. He had no show. Florence came down the ladder, having first, with maidenly sense of propriety, requested her lover to turn his back and look at the barn. He was busily engaged in looking at the bottom of that trunk, and thinking how he would yell if ever he got his mouth out of doors again.

Florence reached the foot of the ladder.

"Did you get my trunk, Erasmus?"

"Oh yes," said a hoarse mocking sound from her elbow, "Oh yes, has got it. Got it, too."

She turned, knew her papa, shrieked twice, again, once more for the boys, and fainted away.

"I never worried about it a minute," the heartless old man told his neighbors the next day, "though I knowed well enough what was goin' on all the time. I've been married twice, an' I've married off four daughters and two sons, an' I don't know what baggage a woman carries when she travels, by this time. I'm too old to learn."

And, Erasmus Ruggleson! The jury found in a verdict that he came to his death by habitual drunkenness, and the temperance papers didn't talk about anything else for the next six weeks.

By Burdette in Burlington Hawkeye.

PICKINGS

From the Pilot's Railway Intelligence.

[Golden Pilot, April 22.]

The first through train with air brakes on the Utah & Northern left here yesterday. The brakes worked splendidly, and they will hereafter be used on all of the passenger trains on that road.

The Utah & Northern received to-day the cars of lullion from Butte for Pope, Co., Baltimore; two cars of ore destined to Clark, Dodge & Co., New York; and forwarded five cars of merchandise to Butte City; three cars of merchandise to Dillon; one car of merchandise to Silver Bow.

Sheriff Homer, of Oneida county, arrested six men at Beaver Canyon yesterday, charged with robbing freight cars which were wrecked on the 17th instant, near Pleasant Valley Station. He took his prisoners to Butte for a preliminary examination before a Justice of the Peace. They were hard-looking customers, and evidently tramps. The evidence against them is said to be conclusive.

The truck of the Utah & Northern Silver Bow is being laid with iron rails fifty-two pounds to the yard, instead of thirty-six, which is the size used on the lower portion of the road. The men say that there are great advantages in a heavy track. It makes the traction of the wheels greater and faster time can be made with greater safety.

MONTANA MINER.

The St. Louis Commercial Gazette of April 6th contained the following very interesting information concerning the Hope mining property, which is located at Phillipsburg, in this Territory: The Hope Mining Company, of St. Louis, has declared a second dividend of \$1.50 per share, making \$25,000 since the first of January, and has 40,000 in the treasury. The capital of this company is \$2,000,000, and has 40,000 shares of \$50 each, or \$2,000,000. Its property consists of about forty claims in Montana, covering an entire mountain. These grounds are inexhaustible. The ore is free milling, and that worked at present mills \$70. One of their prospects has developed an immense amount of \$30 ore, held in reserve for large milling facilities. Only ten stamps are now used. The company has ordered one of the largest-sized Thompson pulverizers. The output now is only limited by their milling capacity. It is believed this property will prove another Ontario, and if a check in New York the stock would be in request at \$1,000,000, instead of going at par, as it does in St. Louis.

The growth of the new mining town of Maiden is a matter of marvel. A gentleman recently from there informs us there are six or eight stores now in full blast and saloons without limit almost. Mr. O'Toole, from Ft. Keogh, recently arrived with sixteen wagon loads of goods and has opened an extensive store, carrying a line of general merchandise. Mr. O'Toole is an old timer in the West, and knows to a dot the wants of Western people. He has manifested an enterprising spirit and deserves success. Large numbers of pilgrims and Black Hills miners are arriving daily, and it cannot be long until Maiden is a booming town. It might be said that the town is now three miles long, extending from McAdow & Dexter's mill to Maiden gulch, but the principal business point is near the head of the gulch. A wagon road has been made into the camp and excepting the last two miles the road is in very fair condition. Benton is the principal supply point of the camp, being less than 100 miles distant, while Miles City and Glendive are almost twice as far over a trail instead of a road. As a consequence Benton will enjoy a big patronage from Maiden and points adjacent this season.—River Press, 19th.

W. D. Knight, of the Yellowstone Journal, who recently returned from Maginnis to Miles City, gives a glowing account of the new mining district. He states that the placer diggings are at work every day and will run \$40 to the man in gold. Most of the quartz mines are silver but of a very high grade, averaging from \$5,000 to \$12,000 to the ton and free milling. The gold quartz have not opened very extensively yet but enough to know their true value. The best developed mines are the Chollar and Montana, both of which now have over \$100,000 on the dump awaiting machinery. The principal town is Maiden, situated at the head of Warm Spring creek, about four miles from Fort Maginnis, and town lots have advanced in value from \$50 to \$1,500 within the past two or three weeks. There is a low in this place about 100 business houses and enough of saloons and other things usually found on the frontier for a city of 20,000 in the East. They have one good hotel over 100 feet long and this with all others is crowded. Carpenters get \$5 per day, miners \$5 and \$0 and common laborers \$4 per day. At Andersonville there is a large saw mill just three miles down the gulch and orders enough are now in sufficient to start another St. Paul or Minneapolis.

SIDE DISHES.

New ulsters are loose.

Red parasols remain in favor.

Parasols of watered silk for full dress.

Gold-washed buttons are used on new dresses.

Full apron skirts, looped very high on the hips, have been revived.

White dresses are embroidered all over the waist and skirt.

Dress parasols have the entire top covered with artificial flowers.

It is said that Titian red hair is to be the favorite shade during the season.

Long undraped redingotes appear beside bunched up Watteau polonaises.

"Plats" and shepherdess straw hats will be worn by little girls this season.

Children's hats and bonnets are as varied in form and trimming as their elders.

Few of the spring fashions are new; most of them are revivals of styles worn only a few years ago.

Color in table linen, china, glass, and ornaments is the feature at society dinners, suppers, break fasts and luncheons.

Amber satin toilets are imported trimmed with panels and revers of pale blue velvet, embroidered with amber beads.

A Parisian novelty is the use of white canvas with square meshes for dresses, and for trimming it, appliques of gay cretonne.

The new bouquets de corsage grow larger and larger, some of those on important costumes being of mammoth proportions.

Pigeons are now used in Paris as Paris ornaments for bonnets. One dealer has ordered 30,000 pigeons from Berlin for this purpose.

Openwork embroidering of black silk on net, in patterns over six inches in depth, will be much used for trimming black grenadines and veillings.

The sunflower and the lily are seen in printed dress fabrics, and in millinery ornaments, lace-pins, bangles, and fancy buttons of enamel under crystal.

A masculine caprice in handkerchiefs is for white printed figures. Arabs on rated with rapid motion, dogs chasing hares, and similar devices in coloring are artistically executed.

THE WESTERN OUTLAW.

A Missourian Who Says that Jesse James is not Dead.

His Wife's Denial and His Mother's Evocation of an Important Question. Was it a Job to Obtain the Reward?—Governor Crittenden.

A curious story concerning Jesse James is told by a resident of Missouri to a reporter for the Washington Critic. This gentleman says that Jesse James is not dead, and gives his reasons at length. The reporter asked him, "Do you know the James boys?" He replied, "I do."
"How long have you known them?"
"I have known them since 1861."
"Are they as bad men as they are reported to be?" "As to that I cannot say. I have no means of knowing anything about the alleged murders and robberies with which they are charged."
"What is your candid opinion on that subject?" "Well, the general impression in Missouri seems to be that they are, to a certain extent, guilty of many of the outrages with which they are charged."
"If it is not impertinent, Colonel, may I ask you how long it has been since you saw the James boys?" "Well, it has been about three months since I saw Jesse. I have not seen Frank for about a year."
"Where was Jesse when you saw him last?"
"In Jackson county."
"Colonel, what do you know about the alleged killing of Jesse a few days ago in St. Joseph, Mo.?" "Allied is a good way to put it; but, really, I do not know anything except what I have read in the papers."
"Do you believe that it was Jesse James that was killed?" "I am satisfied that it was not Jesse James that was killed."
"Why do you think that?" "Because it is not like Jesse James to go to St. Joe, a city of 50,000 inhabitants, and live. That, in, I do not believe he would go to any town or city with a view of staying there himself. Then you take all the published accounts of the killing, the evidence of his identification, and it is decidedly a very weak story. In the first place, this was the first time that he was ever accused of horse stealing in Missouri. He could not afford to steal a horse, because the horse would be sure to give him away; besides, when a man loses a horse in Missouri, he and his neighbors turn out and they never stop until the thief is captured or killed in the attempt and the horse got back. Then, take the circumstances of his killing; it is not reasonable to suppose that Jesse James, who had learned to doubt every human being on earth, except his mother, brother and wife, would disarm himself and put two well-armed men, although belonging to his gang, between himself and his arms, when he knew there was a price of \$10,000 on his head, dead or alive. And beside that, he knew that men who had been with him—men whom he had known for years, too—were betraying him every day. No, sir; that is not Jesse James. Then we are told by the Ford brothers, that he and his wife had separate sleeping apartments. Why should they? Then they tell us that one of them had been with Jesse but a few weeks, and he disarmed himself and put them between himself and his arms."
"Colonel, does the description given compare favorably with Jesse?" "Only tolerably well."
"Are there any other reasons that lead you to doubt that the murdered man was Jesse James?" "Oh, yes. You see the authorities did not call in anyone whom the country recognizes as competent, especially us Missourians, who were not interested parties either in the reward or in Jesse himself to identify the body. You see that neither Jesse's father-in-law nor any of his wife's people were summoned or requested to identify the body; nor was his step-father, Dr. Samuels, nor anyone else that is known to be acquainted with him."
"But his wife says that it was Jesse."
"If you have read the published accounts you will, perhaps, recollect that at first she denied that it was Jesse James. Subsequently she said it was him. That she should have played her part well is not strange. I tell you no one has identified him except those interested in the work."
"But his mother said it was Jesse."
"Mrs. Samuels, his mother, is a very shrewd woman. She is the very woman of all women who do that. But I call your attention to the fact that when she was asked at the inquest if that was her son Jesse, she replied: 'Would to God it were not.' So you see she evaded a direct and positive answer. I tell you, sir, that the man murdered in St. Joe, and palmed off for Jesse James, is a fraud. It is not Jesse James. No doubt but somebody was killed; who, I have no idea, but I venture that it will not be a month before the country will be satisfied that it was not Jesse James."

NOT JESSE JAMES.

The reporter met Governor Crittenden of Missouri, at Willard's and asked him a few leading questions about the killing of the notorious train robber, Jesse James. It soon became very evident to the reporter that the Governor knew very little about the affair. The reporter asked him if there was any arrangement between himself and Ford in the matter of the capture of Jesse James.
"Put that in writing and let me answer it in writing. I will not let you gentlemen answer that question for me," said the Governor.
"Was there any understanding or arrangement between you and Ford in regard to the killing of James?" The Governor evaded a direct answer to the question, pleading hunger and a desire to eat, after which he assured a lot of anxious newspaper friends that he would talk to them as much as they wanted.
"When did you first meet Ford?"
"On the night of February 23d last he called on me and proceeded to set forth his plans for the capture of Jesse James."
"Does the State put up the money to pay the reward?" The Governor said rather reluctantly: "No, my friends, THE RAILROADS FURNISH THE MONEY."
Saying this the polite and affable Governor, who won his way into the Governor's office by kissing all the babies in Missouri that he could get hold of, passed into the dining room to refresh the inner man, after which he entertained some half-dozen newspaper men in his room.

The Habit of Late Suppers.

Speaking of fashionable customs in New York, a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat writes: Another striking indication, in a small way, is the liberality with which the many expensive restaurants, Delmonico's the Brunswick, etc., are patronized. The man who has already spent \$30 to \$40 for a couple of seats to hear Patti or to see Sarah Bernhardt will, of course, not hesitate to wind up the evening with a supper which will cost \$5 or \$10 or more. Perhaps no more vivid illustration of this phase of New York life can be obtained than by repairing, after the theatre or opera, to Delmonico's. The scene there is really extraordinary and unequalled by anything to be witnessed in Paris and London. Delmonico's and the Brunswick face each other, and a number of large electric lamps flood Fifth avenue at this point with light, while the large electric post tower from Madison square increases the glare of the illumination. The avenue is completely blocked up with carriages and the shrill calls of the attendants bawling out numbers, and the shouts of the coachmen asking each other to move on, keep up a din till after midnight, and when there are balls at either place, such as take place every night during the winter season till 4 o'clock in the morning, the crash in the restaurant is something lost from the theatre ten to one you will be unable to obtain a seat, and richly dressed ladies may be seen patiently standing in the lobby of Delmonico's and in a violent draught which must cause many severe colds, waiting for the privilege of sitting down at these festive tables. On Saturday night, when many wealthy Hebrews are out in full force, is at its worst. The lobby then is at jammed with ladies as the secret meeting of a Fenian society is with Irishmen, and they stand about as comfortably in their heavy silks, satins, and furs as the people riding home in a densely packed horse-car. And, indeed, while many a poor hungry wretch passes by, casting an eager, hopeless look at the tempting spectacle within through the splendid, broad plate-glass windows the merry laughter and light repartee of the gay supper parties affords a striking picture of one of the brightest shades of New York life. How many of these dames and swallow-tailed "swells" may be withering next day in the pang of indigestion is another question. That after picture is not touched up except by inference. And though it is a very pleasing sight this nightly enjoyment by a large circle of favored human beings, it is not to be taken as a recommendation of the indulgence. But what bright medal has not its reverse?

DENONCED AS AN OUTRAGE.

"What do you think of the means adopted to capture Jesse and Frank James?" "I think it an outrage, and as detrimental to good order and law as any of the alleged crimes of the James boys; just as hurtful to the State. If the Governor can put a price on the head of an alleged outlaw, and have him killed for money, at the same time publishing to the world that the law officers of the State are powerless to execute the processes of the court, it is about time for all good citizens to get out of the State and offer a reward for the body of Jesse James, dead or alive, than he had for yours. The Ford is ought to be hung, and the Governor of

GAMBLING IN RESTAURANTS.

A Foreigners View of a Strange Feature of American Life.

The fashion in gambling changes like the fashion in spring clothes or light novels. Some years ago faro-playing was all the rage in New York, and the metropolis was known to out-of-town people as the great city a centre for the game. Every restaurant was a gambling house. Of late, the public taste in games of chance have changed. The fashionable restaurants are still gambling houses, but faro has been supplanted by poker. The former is now restricted to the gambling halls. The latter is universal in private houses, hotels, restaurants, and clubs.
The reflection that certain property rights are now more frequently based on a hot-tail flush in poker than on a miniature pyramid of ivory chips in faro was brought quite forcibly to the mind of the polyglot scribe of the Press this morning upon meeting Monsieur L., an old acquaintance from Paris, Monsieur had recently arrived and had never been in America before. Talking in the demonstrative manner characteristic of Frenchmen, he remarked:
"What excessive poker-players you Americans are!"
"Indeed," said the scribe, "and may I ask what leads you to this conclusion?"
"Oh, nothing particular!" returned Monsieur pleasantly, "only the very day I landed I lost a trifle of \$1,500. Losses and gains like these seem to be characteristic of you Americans."
"And, pray, tell me how you lost this money," asked the reporter, a little surprised that Monsieur should think the losing of so considerable a sum an amenity of American life.
"Well, if you want to hear about it: Among my letters was one to the keeper of a large restaurant up town—a most gorgeous restaurant indeed. Upon reading my letter this gentleman received me with great cordiality. He invited me to dinner, and insisted upon my sharing his box at the theatre, and was stopping, with much interest, where I was staying within a stone's throw of his place, at the St. James Hotel. As we were about to start to the play two or three other gentlemen, evidently guests at the restaurant, came down from upstairs and remarked that they were going to the same theatre. They were introduced to me as prominent stockbrokers and Wall street men, which I do not doubt they were. They were very pleasant indeed. How delightful you Americans are! They were so entirely generous, too. After visiting the theatre we all came back to my host's restaurant, in a very merry party, and had an elegant supper and a convivial time."
"Well, after a while, it suddenly struck me, with much interest, where I was sitting, that there was a game of poker going on upstairs. My new-found friends were surprised to hear it, but one of them proposed in a jocular way, that we should go up-stairs and watch the game. We did so. It was a most interesting phase of American life. My friends joined in the sport in a hearty way. I did so, too, presently at the suggestion of the host. Draw-poker seems to be really characteristic of you Americans. I wonder that you find any time for carrying on your wonderful business pursuits since you all play poker. In this game I won and lost. So did my friends. Sometimes I was so much ahead that the whole jolly company laughed at me. Love of draw-poker is evidently a great national trait. I finally got up from the table I had lost. It was a mere trifle, a matter of \$1,500, as I said before. The next day I found the party as jolly as ever. I then lost \$200. The restaurant keeper was a most delightful gentleman. He lent me \$50 until I could cash a draft. Draw-poker is a phase of American life, which to me has an agreeable interest. It is so characteristic of you Americans."

WHAT GOV. CRITTENDEN SAYS.

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WHO IT WAS KILLED THE TIGER.

How a Mysterious Marksman Shot a Royal Bengal Man-Eater Nineteen Feet Long.

Not many miles from the Falls of Niagara is stationed a Canadian custom official, an ex-Major, or, as he would say, Major—of Her Majesty's service. In '01 of fact he served in a regiment of Irish militia, and then crossed the Atlantic to take a berth in the customs department. This, however, does not prevent him from descending at length upon his startling experiences in India, the Crimea and various other parts of the world whenever he can obtain an audience. Another veteran, whose skill with the weapon of the old English yeoman was remarkable, General E. visited Canada not long ago, and a party of prominent politicians, aware of their fellow falling, contrived a meeting between them at dinner where the conversation became speedily animated and took the direction of personal adventure.
"Very remarkable, indeed!" observed the General, as, by way of a "starter," one of the party told an anecdote of an escape from an infuriated buffalo; "in fact, it reminds me of a most singular occurrence that happened to myself in India. Hem! It was about 1847, and the Forty-eighth—the 'fighting Forty-eighth,' as it was called—was stationed at Candahar, up in the Bogomaroo country, when one day a delegation of headmen came in to ask the Colonel Sahib to allow one of his officers to go with them and kill a royal Bengal man-eater that had been infesting their district for years. It was a very lonely, out-of-the-way place, and no European had ever visited it, and, being rather an adventurous young chap, begad, gentleman, I volunteered for the job and accompanied the poor devils back through the jungle. Well, the eventful day came; they marked down the brute in a patch of jungle, and the whole able-bodied population turned out with tom-toms and mungoes and other musical instruments to make him break cover. The way to the jungle was up a mullah—the dried-up bed of a mountain stream."
"Dongas, we used to call 'em in South Africa," interjected the Major.
"Precisely. Well, I was walking in front and a dozen shikarries were following carrying my guns, ammunition hookah, and so on, when, gentlemen, we heard a roar like a catarrh, and begad that royal Bengal man-eater came bolting out of the jungle and charged down that mullah like a whirlwind. Nineteen feet from nose to tail, and as tall as an elephant, begad, the cowardly shikarries gave one whoop and cut it, and there was yours truly facing the infuriated beast with no other weapon than a bamboo cane. It was the tightest place I ever was in; but the honor of the Caucasian race and the fighting Forty-eighth was in my hands, and I advanced on the brute. About forty feet from me he gathered himself for a spring, and at that moment, gentlemen, there came a shot from a cluster of plantain palms on the right and that royal Bengal man-eater fell dead at my feet—shot through the eye."

Very remarkable, indeed.

"But, gentlemen, the remarkable part of the story is yet to come. We hurried to that clump of trees to see who this marksman could be, and not a trace of him could we find. The headmen swore by all the incantations of Vishnu that no European Sahib had ever been in their country, and from that day to this I have never known to whom I owed my preservation."
"General," said the Major, solemnly, "I was the man!"
It was a terrible shock to the General, but he recovered promptly to embrace his preserver and invite him, whenever he was passing through Candahar, to stop at Castle Carnifex and see the skin of the royal Bengal man-eater, nineteen feet from nose to tail, begad.

THE LANDLADY'S BUGBEAR.

Extraordinary Eating Capacity of the Newly-Arrived Chinese Giant.

When Choung Chi Lung, the Chinese giant who recently arrived in this city from Peking, sat down to his dinner in his boarding-house in Ninth street yesterday, an almost immediate panic seized the remaining guests. He ate like the Coney Island belle described in Brehm and Backus' humorous song. The rapid disappearance of a boiled ham, two hot pies, a peck of baked potatoes, and a basket of bread, not to mention a fruit cake of extraordinary dimensions and two dozen raw oysters, alarmed the landlady and threatened a famine to the other boarders. The giant only speaks a little English, but was heard to say that he had lost his appetitance he left Peking.
Choung Chi Lung is eight and a half feet high, which is six inches higher than Chang, the Chinese giant who was here last winter. His weight is five hundred pounds. In China he was a silk weaver and shoemaker. Four years ago he traveled over Europe, and was there exhibited in the principal cities. Among those who have seen him are King Alfonso and Emperor William. His wife is a sprightly little Chinese woman, with feet the size of a doll's. The couple have two children, who are of ordinary stature. The interpreter accompanying them was formerly a sailor before the mast, but he speaks all the languages of continental Europe.—A. Y. Press, April 12.

New evening shoes of pale blue, lilac, fawn, or black velvet, are laced up the fronts with slender cords of gold or silver, and the pointed toes are covered with embroidery worked in gold or silver threads, intermingled with silk, gold and amber beads. They are made over Spanish lasts, and have high French heels.

HISTORICAL ITEMS.

Butter was used by the early Romans as medicine, not as food.

Toward the end of the eighth century the sale of slaves beyond their native provinces was in most countries forbidden.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century the church for the first time gave permission for the dissection of human bodies.

In the year 630 A. U. C., Caius Gracchus caused a law to be made supplying the poor with corn at a price that was little more than nominal.

At one porcelain manufactory in Japan the clay pits have been worked for more than 2,000 years, and the deposits seem scarcely more than scraped.

Sir Francis Drake called his own plunder of towns in the West Indies, and destruction of ships on the sea, "singing the beard of the King of Spain."

Hats for men were invented at Paris by a Swiss in 1404; they were first manufactured at London by Spaniards in 1510. Before that time both men and women in England commonly wore close knit woolen caps.