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CURRENT NOTES.

Colorado is said to have more "formal" of Kansas men" than any other State.

The managers of the musical festival in New York believe the receipts will reach \$25,000, and that there will be a handsome margin for profit over all expenses.

The narrow gauge railroad bridge over the Des Moines River, which is 2,040 feet in length, was put in use May 4th. The track is 101 feet above low water mark.

General J. R. Steedman has been elected Chief of Police of Toledo, Ohio. His command comprises sixty-four men, considered to be an ample force for a city of about 60,000 population.

The proposed new commercial treaty with the United States is receiving more attention just now in France, where it is believed that this country is inclined to adopt the policy of high tariffs.

Kansas claims a former citizen in President Arthur. He went to Leavenworth in 1857 intending to locate, bought some town lots and lived in Kansas about a month. Then he returned to the more settled life of New York.

The proprietor of the side whiskers in the White House says little," remarks the *Daily Arkansas Gazette*, that every turn of the appointment clock places another Stewart in position, and sends a Half-Breed to the rear.

Orton M. Camp, when a lad of four years, was stolen from his mother in Waukegan county, Wis., by a band of Pawnee Indians. An elder brother recently found him with the Indians at Royalton, Wis., and identified him after an absence of eighteen years.

A Washington correspondent avers that no city in the country invests so much money each month in lottery tickets in proportion to its population as Pennsylvania's capital, and says that it is the opinion of a gentleman who has made this subject one of careful study, that the sum of \$30,000 a month is paid out to lottery companies.

The arrival of 500 additional Italians at the garden on the 4th, served to show that they are being imported by thousands by Giuseppe Brattali, who keeps a labor bureau in Baxter street, and who has grown rich by bringing over his countrymen. He receives \$5 a month for a year for their passage, and puts out their places of work.

Reports from Louisiana indicate that the cane which was covered by the floods is not so much injured as there is reason to fear that it would be. This is accounted for by the low temperature at the time of the floods, which retarded the growth of the young cane instead of rotting and killing it. In the sections which escaped inundation the prospects for a large crop of sugar are favorable.

One hundred and forty-one citizens of Northern Mexico and the Territory of New Mexico were massacred by Indians within a period of two weeks, and \$75,000 worth of property stolen or destroyed. It is believed that by the recent prompt and vigorous action of the United States and Mexico military authorities the outrages of the hostile savages have been suppressed, at least for the present.

Female Irony.

A very delicate specimen of feminine irony is given in the following story from the *Texan Siftings*:

Kosciusko Murphy, who is remarkable for his large generous ears, has had a falling out with Miss Esmeralda Longcoffin, an Austin belle, toward whom he had been suspected of entertaining matrimonial intentions. Somebody asked him the other day why he and Miss Longcoffin were not out buggy-riding as much as usual, to which Kosciusko replied that he did not propose to pay buggy hire for any woman who called him a donkey. "I can't believe Miss Longcoffin would call any gentleman a donkey," was the reply. "Well, she didn't come right out and say I was a donkey, but she might just as well have said, 'She hinted that much.'" "What did she say?" "We were out riding," and it looked very much like rain, and I said it was going to rain on us, as I hit a maindrop on my ear, and what do you suppose she said?" "I have no idea." "Well, she said, 'that rain you got on your ear might be two or three inches off.'"

Newspapers.

Americans are a newspaper reading people, and it is impossible to exaggerate the influence of the press as one of the great educational forces. Thousands of men, immersed in business, from year to year, never find time to look into a book, but a part of each day is invariably devoted to reading the newspaper, for they not only depend upon it for current news, but for information in every department of knowledge. The American family must be impoverished indeed that does not subscribe for at least one newspaper. No true American can pass the day without consulting a newspaper—even though poverty compel them to borrow their neighbor's.

AN INFATUATED INDIAN.

How an Arizona Redskin Fell in Love with a Washington Belle.

Among the delegations of Indians recently on a visit to this city was a young and good looking chief. He was fond of society and mingled quite freely in the social gatherings to which the braves were invited. His name was Ko-wa-che. He possessed to the fullest degree the peculiar knack of getting on the right side of the woman folks, with whom he was a great favorite. The fact that he was the idol and head of a band among his own people, and in the clime of the cactus counted his conquests by the dozen, didn't in the least interfere with his mashing proclivities while in this city. His features are regular, and when in rest, had a stern expression which, easily melting under the beaming glance of an attractive girl, were quite handsome.

He, with the other chiefs, attended innumerable social gatherings and was everywhere lionized. Ko-wa-che was petted to an extent that made even the medicine men envious. But such a thing as the bronzed savage being susceptible to anything like sentiment was not for a moment thought of by the ladies, and they patronized him to manifest the interest they felt in this dusky Lelache.

The unsophisticated brave, it now appears, didn't look at the affair in exactly the same light. The warrior from the primal forests of the land of the setting sun was madly, passionately, head-over-heels in love, and the object for which his soul now yearns is a bright young girl of this city. She is well known a society favorite. She met the young chief at a social party given at the home of the Indian's host. The interest she took in him differed in no way from that manifested by her sisters, and she led him around, admired his dress and talked pigeon-English to him because it was the fashion to do so. Ko-wa-che began to build aerial habitations under the supposition that the overpowering attractiveness of his imposing presence was getting in its work in the most effective manner. In his bosom the soft passion burned, and the ties that hitherto bound him to the wigwams of his people were soon rent in twain. Although he was of fierce temperance he could have been led like a lamb to the slaughter, but being jealous of his dignity he let concealment, like a worm, gnaw at his bosom and told his affection to no one. In a few days after meeting the young girl, he and his companions had to leave the city to return to their tribes. He felt that rather than be separated the pale-face maiden would avow her feelings and leave the city with him. This much he ventured upon his reputation as the red masher of his tribe. Though he aged and delayed by various excuses the final departure of the delegation, to his chagrin and disappointment she came not. At Carlisle, where the delegation had stopped for a season, he suddenly concluded to return to Washington. He felt that something had gone back on him, and in the mental paralyzation that followed he rashly determined on starting at once for the home of his innamorata; for the things that formerly pleased him had ceased to be attractive, and the smiles of the young people who crowded around had lost their charms entirely. With the departure of his faith in his own fascination, had gone his appetite, and he felt very miserable, indeed. It was a great way to the capital city, but distance didn't enter into his calculations. He wanted the pale-face beauty, and he could recognize no law that kept her away. He would have her if he had to emulate the heroic feat of Loehlinvar. The members of the Committee on Indian Affairs received word that Ka-wa-che had made his contemplated effort to escape the vigilance of his companions, and had been caught sliding out the back entrance of the hotel in the guise of a waiter. He was promptly collared, and as the information went to the committee, is now under the surveillance of the others of the party, who are making for the back-woods country with their prisoner as rapidly as their tedious course will permit.—*Washington Post*

An Austrian Thief.

The following story exhibits the cool audacity of an Austrian rogue, who secured a pocket-book thereby:

A carriage in the train bound from Vienna to Pesth contained one evening lately five passengers—An Englishman, two Magyars, a mild-looking man of sixty and a handsome young German who seemed dreadfully sleepy. The Englishman observed that the sexagenarian essayed to chat with the young German, who, however, yawned and soon slumbered. The sexagenarian became garrulous, and lamented his son's carelessness in money matters. "See him now going to sleep in a carriage full of strangers. I think I'll give the young man a scare for once in his life," and lifting up the lapel of his coat, he laughingly drew out a large pocket-book. At Pressburg the careful father said he must get out for a minute, but when the train moved on he didn't return. When the young man woke up they told him that his father had got out and taken his pocket-book. "My father!" he shrieked, and clutching his empty pocket burst into a volley of most unflattering imprecations. "I have not got a father," he bawled out. "I never saw the old scoundrel before. That pocket-book contained three thousand dollars. He must have seen it when I bought my ticket." Not unlikely. That genial parent has not yet been heard from. One cannot be too careful among strangers.

Judge Hilton's failure in Stewart's dry goods business suggests the ancient reason—that he couldn't get Jews to it.

Bowing on the Continent.

Perhaps one of the most agonizing incidents of foreign travel is the practice of universal salutation—standing with one's hat off when out of doors, when addressing a lady, or in the presence of government functionaries, capping people you never knew because they happen to know the friend they are walking with, bowing to the shoeblack at your hotel, to the scullion in the yard, to the chambermaid on the stairs, to the secretary, to the shop-girl, to the indefinite female character seated at the desks in all the cafes, to the people at the table d'hote, in the railway and omnibus, and I know not where besides! Well, I thought all this was understood abroad; I went about saying: "How beautiful is this custom! How much we have to learn in politeness!" I did a little of it with great difficulty myself, and pretended to like it, and looked surprised and shocked when any one voted the whole business a bore! Judge, then of my astonishment upon reaping the following note in the *Paris Figaro*:

"Ought one to salute on entering a railway, omnibus, etc.? This question, which we have submitted to our readers, has been answered differently by many of our correspondents. Out of twenty, eight are affirmative, twelve are negative; we select the following replies: Affirmative—'When you get into a train, you enter a private or a public place, whichever you may choose to consider it. In raising your hand to your hat, you simply act in a polite manner to strangers who will do the like to you when they alight; 'tis a simple rule of good company.'"

"Here is the negative: 'Never whilst I live! I have paid for my seat; I take it, and occupy it like the rest; they are prepared to growl at me the instant I get in, it is needless to salute them.'"

"Here is another negative: 'No; no more need to bow in a railway than at a cafe or restaurant; you might as well bow on entering a circus! notice the people who bow; they look nervously timid, silly, or like people afraid of the police.'"

But the most remarkable sentence is this closing opinion of the editor of the *Figaro*: "This last negative opinion is on the whole our own." Now, upon this truly awful and complex subject of Continental bowing I almost hesitate to pronounce an opinion, but one of two things is clear. Either bowing is essential to politeness, or it is not; if it is, the influence of the crude Briton is rapidly correcting the polite Frenchman, who evidently won't go on bowing without return, in which case the Briton is an importer of bad manners; or if all this bowing is not essential to politeness, why then the Briton is a public and courageous benefactor, a model of good sense, and the Frenchman ought to be thankful for being corrected. I should like to believe this, but I have some qualms. As naturally practiced abroad, a certain almost universal grace of manner, of which this bowing is a part, seems to me to add sweetness and dignity to life. I don't think it can be imported into England, but I confess I should be sorry to see the Frenchman or Italian give up his bow in imitation of the Englishman (as the editor of the *Figaro* seems to propose), as I should be annoyed to see the English shopkeeper adopt the foreign practice of laughing over the price of his goods. Alas! how truly some one has said, "When nations meet, they exchange their views, not their virtues!" Personally, as to bowing at home, I intend to err steadily on the wrong side; but when I am in France and Italy, I intend to do as much like the foreigner as I can, short of wearing out my hat or wagging off my head.—*R. H. Havelin in Belgavia*.

Starting a Paper on Cheek.

During the past year several individuals publishing obscure and well nigh worthless sheets and others designing to start such, have written to persons of note in the editorial fraternity, soliciting free contributions. In response to such an application the following reply was sent by Bill Nye:

"Your favor of the 7th inst. is received. It was a glad surprise to me, because I had been asked to contribute a fanciful article to a paper only 26 times since the annual holiday business began to boom. I have estimated that in case I had complied with all these suggestions I would have written \$3,000 worth of gurgling mirth within four weeks. I could not have worried through it without having ground out at least ten columns per day. When you come to add my other duties you will readily see that the exercise would at times be irksome. I am the managing editor of a daily paper that requires at least eight hours a day. I am also a police justice, with an average of five plain, undecorated drunks and two assaults and batteries per day. I am also United States Commissioner and member of the vestry of St. Matthew's Church.

"By the time I get up and cook my breakfast and do the housework and bring in some coal and do some marketing and feed the hens and deal out \$11 worth of justice and write a leader or two and read a few proofs and do the chores around and get my dinner and attend a vestry meeting and write ten or twelve columns of sidesplitting mirth on the half-sheet and go home and hold the baby a couple of hours, breakfast is ready, and I don't have to go to bed at all. This saves the wear and tear of a night shirt and keeps a man out of mischief.

"If you think this letter will throw any light on the subject, you are at liberty to use it. It may do a great deal of good. BILL NYE."

The highest price ever paid for a piece of land in New York, is supposed to have been the \$103,000 which J. M. Glover has just paid for a lot 30x16, with building thereon, at the southwest corner of Wall and Broad streets.

Horace Greeley's Shoes.

St. Louis Bulletin.
About the year 1870, Arthur Barrett was President of the Fair Association. Mr. Greeley accepted an invitation to deliver the annual address in the amphitheatre at the fair grounds. Colonel Todd was chairman of the reception committee, and after the close of the address escorted the speaker to his room at the Southern Hotel, where he bade him good-bye, as Mr. Greeley was to leave the city early on the following morning. Before leaving him, however, Colonel Todd said:

"Well, Mr. Greeley, I trust that during your stay here everything has been done for your comfort and that everything has been satisfactory to you."

"Yes," replied Mr. Greeley slowly and with considerable hesitancy. "Everything has been as pleasant as I could have desired, except"—here the old gentleman looked sadly down at his feet, and after a brief pause resumed—"except that some one stole my shoes last night!"

"Stole your shoes!" echoed Colonel Todd in astonishment, also surveying Mr. Greeley's feet.

"Yes," replied Mr. Greeley with a sigh and moving his feet uncomfortably. "Yes, I left them outside my door last night and some one walked off with them. But a new pair was left in place of the old ones, and that's what troubles me. The old ones were easy and comfortable, but the new ones hurt my feet."

"One might be pardoned," said Col. Todd, "for wanting to step into your shoes. Perhaps some one wanted them as souvenirs."

This was intended for a compliment, but Mr. Greeley was too much interested in his feet to notice it. He only said: "Perhaps so, but I would very much prefer my old ones to these, and wish they had taken something else as a souvenir."

The next morning the old gentleman limped down stairs and took a carriage for the depot, carrying away with him probably a very unfavorable impression of the souvenir hunters of St. Louis.

Several weeks elapsed before the mystery of the stolen shoes was solved. It was then ascertained that a colored man named Wilkinson, who was one of the barbers at the Southern, had really taken Mr. Greeley's shoes as mementoes of the man who had worked so actively and earnestly for the freedom of the negroes. In speaking of the matter to Col. Todd, Wilkinson said that he was walking along the hall near Mr. Greeley's room, and seeing the shoes standing outside the door, the idea struck him that they would be just the things to give to the children to remind them of him who had done so much for the colored man. He therefore took them, hurried out of the hotel and went to a shoemaker, where he purchased a pair of much better shoes of the same size as the old ones, and returning to the hotel, put the former where the latter had stood. He thought that a hair exchange was no robbery, and felt that he was giving much more in actual value than he was receiving. Wilkinson is dead, but the shoes are probably now in St. Louis. It is understood that several relic-hunters are looking for them.

Brimstone and Treacle.

From the New York Press.
Jesse James was a Republican and a stalwart. One less vote for '84.

Grant is growing very stout. He says he is fated to become so.

Hayes is suggested as Congressman-at-Large from Ohio. Some people are always making jokes.

"No protective tariff is needed for Southern manufacturers," declares the *Savannah Morning News*.

A great many people want to see (Gul-treau out of curiosity, but very few want to see him out of jail.

When a burglar makes a raid on the dwelling of a Texas editor, the only thing the burglar takes, when he leaves, is his departure.

The *Chicago Times* calls Blair "as inconsequential a creature as can be found in Congress." That is a good estimate of what he amounts to.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

Philadelphia Times.
General Gordon now receives considerable attention from the Georgian papers. Among the many bits of gossip about him is as follows: When he was about to assault Fort Steadman and Haskell, he and General Heth went into a little building to pray. While they were kneeling in a corner they saw Adjutant-General Sol Heth standing a little way off. Gordon beckoned young Heth to join them. The latter held up his canteen, and, shaking it, said: "No, I thank you, I've just got hold of some."

The Wives of Legislators.

Washington Letter to the Providence Press.
It is true about many men here, especially men new to legislative power and responsibility, that they affect democratic views for themselves, but like their wives to have the reputation of being a little aristocratic and exclusive. They think it gives the family a flavor of superiority: "Oh, yes, indeed, I'm a man of the people, through and through, but (deprecatingly) my wife has views of her own about some things. Brought up that way you know." Those very women are the most indignant of all if their names and toilet are by chance omitted from the report of Secretary A's party, or unmentioned among the "blue room ladies" at the last Presidential reception; and they are the very ladies whom it pays the poorest dividends to know. Afraid to have their plain country origin or their defects of early education made manifest, their manner and bearing are artificial if it is your dreary lot to be left to a moment's conversation with them; and if you fathom the shallows of their natures for something genuine to anchor to, it isn't there.

"There are women and women," says the French proverb, and there are many ladies found in office-social life here who fill their sphere royally and well; women whom it were a work of supererogation to pity a man for having to spend his life with, even after the bloom and heyday of their youth are gone. I could name many such from your own New England, and from our bigger and broader West. Mrs. Keller, wife of the speaker, is notably such a one. Tall, and a little round-shouldered, with many household cares, a woman older than her husband, she looks it, and wholly unswayed hitherto to Washington circles, many misgivings for her were indulged in when she came this winter to take up the heavy social burden incumbent upon the speaker's wife. But her excellent sense and spirit, her *capit de corps* toward all the other members' wives, her native courtesy and kind sincerity, her tirelessness in fulfilling every social obligation, have made her name beloved almost with reverence. When it became known that her absence from Washington's privileges and opportunities during the four previous winters of her husband's stay, had been to minister to the infirmities of a mother nearly ninety years of age, who preferred her care to that of any other of her children, her lack of being known here socially became a crown of honor to her.

Mental Visions.

Dickens used to say that he sometimes heard the characters of his novels speak to him. A French novelist declared that while writing the description of the poisoning of one of his characters, he had the taste of arsenic as distinctly in his mouth as if he himself had been poisoned. Artists sometimes have this power of making a mental representation seem real; but it is a dangerous power to use. The mental vision may haunt the man until he becomes insane.

Dr. Wigan tells of a skilful painter whom he knew, who assured him he had once painted 500 portraits in one year, was that he required but one sitting, and painted with wonderful facility. "When a sitter came," he said, "I looked at him attentively for half an hour, sketching from time to time on the canvas. I wanted no more. I put away my canvas and took another sitter."

"When I wished to resume my first portrait, I took the man and put him in the chair, where I saw him as distinctly as if he had been before me in his own proper person—I may almost say more vividly.

"I looked from time to time at the imaginary figure, then worked with my pencil, then referred to the countenance, and so on, just as I should have done had the sitter been there. When I looked at the chair, I saw the man.

"Gradually I began to lose the distinction between the imaginary figure and the real person, and sometimes disputed with sitters that they had been with me the day before.

"At last I was sure of it, and then—then—all is confusion. I suppose they took the alarm. I recollect nothing more. I lost my senses—was thirty years in an insane asylum. The whole period, except the last six months of my confinement, is a dead blank in my memory.

PERSONAL.

The King of Sweden, who signs himself "Your ever affectionate Oscar," has written a letter of sympathy to Mme. Nilsson.

Mr. Blaine's rheumatic gout is getting the better of his political ambition, and it is not expected that he will resume his former activity in politics, for the present at least.

Prince Camillo Massimo, Rome, is going to sell his valuable historical library, including his copies of the earliest editions of the Greek and Latin writers printed in that city.

The Siamese Envoy, Prince Prisdang, has been sightseeing in London, and will probably make it his business to look into matters of interest in this city, when he arrives here.

A peculiarity of the new Chinese Ambassador, Chung Tsao Ju, is that he looks steadily at a person in speaking, but also while the interpreter is repeating the speech in Chinese. He has a portly and military carriage, and is about 50 years old.

Further gossip concerning Sarah Bernhardt's husband makes his name Damalas, his first name being Aristides, and it is reported to be the son of a former Mayor of Syria, who left \$50,000 to each of his children. He served in the Greek military and diplomatic services, ran through his fortune and satisfied his life-long affection for the stage by getting into Bernhardt's company.

HE CLUNG TO HIS OLD COAT.

How Two Dutiful Sons Were Sadly Thwarted by a Father's Speculation.

From the Philadelphia Times.

A good deal of amusement has been caused in dry goods trade circles during the past few days by the leaking out of a little story, at the expense of two young gentlemen who are widely and favorably known in the trade. The father of these young men is a prominent Market street merchant, noted for his large wealth, shrewd business ability, and great economy, particularly in the matter of wearing apparel. The sons, who are models of elegance and taste in dress, have for a long time borne a particular antipathy to a certain venerable parent for many years, and often tried by persuasion to induce him to sell it to the rag man and buy a new one, but the old gentleman's inviolable reply was: "You boys spend money enough for clothes for one family. Dis coat is good enough for me." At length, knowing their father's fondness of a bargain, they thought of a ruse by which to induce him to lay off the old garment and get a new one. Taking a coat their father had worn, they went to their tailor and instructed him to take it as a pattern as to size and fit and make the finest coat he could. "We will," said one of them, "get father down here on some pretense or other and then you must sell him the coat. No matter what he offers, you take it, and we'll pay the balance." In due time the sons received word that the coat was finished—price \$80. The next morning at breakfast, the eldest son casually remarked: "Father, you will be going near the tailor's today, and I wish you would stop and tell him to be sure and send home my new coat to-day for I have a party to attend to-night."

"Very well, my son, I will do so, but I don't see that you boys want with so many new gents."

The old gentleman delivered his message, and the tailor's opportunity had come. Flushing the venerable garment he remarked persuasively: "You ought to have a new coat. It is a shame for a rich man like you to wear such an old garment as that."

"Thank you very much, but this coat is good enough for me."

"I have got something," persisted the tailor, "that I believe will fit you, and it is the greatest bargain you ever heard of. I made it for a customer, but it was a misfit. The price of the coat," said the tailor, producing the garment, "is \$80, but it won't fit the man I made it for, and I'll let you have it for next to nothing. Try it on."

The coat was tried on and proved a perfect fit.

"You'll never get such a bargain again if you live a hundred years," said the tailor. "You may have that coat for \$40."

"I'll give you twenty-five," said the old merchant, who knew both when he saw it.

"Take it!"

Carrying his old coat in a bundle, the purchaser went out arrayed in the \$50 coat.

At supper that night he appeared in the familiar old coat and in excellent good humor. To his sons he said: "I made a nice little thing to-day. Now I was at the tailor's I bought a coat—a nice, fine coat. The price was \$80, but I got it for \$25. I put it on and had not gone a square before I met a friend. He noticed my new coat, and spoke about it, and I told him about how I got it so cheap. He offered me \$20 for the coat and I took it—made \$5 in five minutes."

"Yes," said the sons doubtfully, in a chorus, "you've made \$5 and we've lost \$50." Then they explained. "My gracious that is not," said the old man when he comprehended the situation; but let this be a lesson to you, my children. Never try to deceive your father."

Newspaper Instruction in Schools.

It is the practice in some of our public schools, says an exchange, to read selections from the daily newspapers, not only as a reading lesson, pure and simple, but also as a means of instructing the pupil in contemporary history. It must be a fearful wrench to the boys' veneration for the brilliant names of history to read that one great man takes a bribe who never gets into bed with an unfailing regularity as often as once a week, that a third sells his country for a pile of guano, that a fourth is a general of gigantic proportions, and that generally they are one and all the meanest specimens of humanity that ever crawled between earth and heaven. It must be fearfully trying to a school teacher to reconcile the history of the books with newspaper history.

Gold Discovery.

Mrs. Louis Grostein on Tues. by morning had a tame duck killed and in dressing it found in the gizzard some 36 scales of gold, some of them were a full tenth of an inch in diameter. The duck had been running in the yard near the house at the foot of the hill at the head of Montgomery street, about four months. It was bought from parties on the Asotin. There was a quantity of coarse black gravel in the gizzard with the gold different from the gravel in the vicinity of the yard where the duck had been kept, and appearance indicate that both gold and gravel must have been in the duck before it came from Asotin. What annoys Mrs. G. most is the fact that the duck is killed that produced the golden egg.—*Leavenworth Teller*.

Mr. John F. Slater, who has provided so liberally for the education of colored children in the South, is held up by the *New Orleans Picayune* as an example for other millionaires to follow.