

The Semi-Weekly Miner.

VOLUME 5, BUTTE, MONTANA: SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1882. WHOLE NO. 337.

SEMI-WEEKLY MINER.
 Published Every Wednesday and Saturday Morning.
 BY THE
Miner Publishing Company.
 J. T. BROWN, Business Manager
TERMS—BY MAIL:
 One copy one month..... \$ 05
 One copy six months..... 2 50
 One copy twelve months..... 5 00
 Delivered by Carrier, 25 cts. per month; payable to the Carrier each month.
 Advertising rates will be furnished on application.

Moses Taylor, First and Last.
 To-day they bury Moses Taylor, the richest man ever laid in Greenwood. The next richest man buried there was Stephen Whitney, who, though considered a great capitalist, was not worth one-eighth as much as the recently deceased bank President. I remember both of them as leading business men, but their pursuit of wealth is over, and they have taken their place in the silent city of the dead. During my boyhood Moses Taylor was the admiration of business circles in Front and South streets, but he had not then become a Wall-street magnate. His success often astonished his father—Jacob B. Taylor—who was for many years the plodding agent and rent collector in John Jacob Astor's hand office. Astor, himself, was also astonished at the young man's progress. It may be added that Moses Taylor was a special favorite with the great capitalist, but he knew enough never to ask for money. Old Jacob B. Taylor had a salary of \$1,200 a year, which was then considered good pay. How little could he have dreamed that his son would be a richer man than even Astor himself! Real estate owners in those days were subject to peculiar annoyances. Times were hard, and it was difficult to collect rents, while, at the same time, the assessments and taxes were a heavy expense. Moses heard these difficulties so often discussed that he became prejudiced against real estate, and always gave preference to personal property. He owned more, indeed, of the latter than any man in this city, next to William H. Vanderbilt.

Moses Taylor has been the most active of our business men. Even since he became old it was marvelous to see the facility with which he glided amid the Wall-street throng. He enjoyed business, and hence never wished to discontinue. He felt an appy at the very thought of losing a day in Wall-street. To such a man the idea of a vacation was merely ridiculous. Other people went to Europe, but what was Europe to a man who lived only in the din of financial battle? The furthest his friends could get him a way was to Elbeon whence he could come to this city and return without the loss of an hour in the financial world. During all this business career, which began with the ventures of the clerk and only ended with the last illness (a period of nearly sixty years) no one ever heard of a bad movement or a misfortune happening to Moses Taylor. There seemed to be a run of luck constantly attending him, and if he ever had any mishaps they never reached the public. His health, too, was uniformly good, and enabled him to endure close application late in life. He loved business to that degree that he spent hours in calculations at his house after dinner, and when his family induced him to attend the opera he would gladly leave the box and go into a lobby to talk with some friends on business. These facts are a sufficient explanation of that immense fortune which he leaves, and which has chiefly been made since he left commerce for finance. If money making be the chief end of men, then Moses Taylor was pre-eminently successful in fulfilling human destiny, but there is another side to the question.

The famous cemetery contains the graves of a number of our most distinguished merchants, including George Griswold, Jonathan Goodhue and Stephen Whitney, but it will be a long time before it receives a capitalistic rank with Moses Taylor. Its most distinguished name, however, is that of a man who died poor, and yet was one of the greatest of public benefactors. I refer to Whit Clinton, who was sold out by the sheriff even after he had enriched the country by his efforts in behalf of the Erie Canal. Clinton's grave is marked by a fine statue, representing the statesman in the attitude of an orator. His dress is that of his day, and the cloak which hangs loosely from his shoulders adds grace to the massive form. On the sides of the pedestal one sees the canal in various stages of progress, and it had but recently been completed when its great advocate was removed by sudden death. This statue was paid for by a subscription, to which Howland & Aspinwall, Ben Aymer, and even the avaricious Stephen Whitney contributed. Moses Taylor, however, was not a contributor. He had little conception of the debt due to patriotism or to public service, and now he, too, is brought to this last home, the contrast between the poverty-stricken statesman and the former owner of fifty millions is the more vividly impressed.—*N. Y. Cor. (Herald's Troy Times, 27th v.)*

A fashionable novelty in perfumery is a "book of soap." Each leaf is enough when torn out for one good wash. The books vary in sizes—the smaller ones are the hands only—they are no larger than pocketbooks. The leaf is soaked in a basin of water for three seconds, then it floats and is placed in the centre of the hand, where it soon, with gentle friction, froths. A pinge of soap sounds strange, and stranger yet, the soap is excellent; it is not unlike an ivory tablet. A fond saying tells that inventions always reveal the particular want of a nation; in this case cleanliness is a want in Austria, for the soap pocketbook was invented there.

Bearded Faces.

Thirty years ago a few persons of foreign birth appeared on the streets with hair on their upper lip, and were subjects of curiosity and ridicule. In 1850 some of the young swells of the metropolis began to wear mustaches, but for some time no clerk would venture to imitate them. In one case a merchant on Vine street, who had just engaged a clerk for twelve months, or during good behavior, discharged him for wearing a full beard, claiming that the adoption of the fashion laid the clerk open to discharge under the good behavior clause of the contract. About the same time a number of the leading merchants gave notice that they would employ nobody who wore hair on the upper lip. As late as 1851 the senior proprietor of this paper made his cashier shave off an incipient mustache, and soon after brought his own son under the razor. In the church of Dr. Bethune, on Brooklyn Heights, an elder who was suffering from a lame wrist allowed his beard to grow rather than submit to a barber. The habit, beginning in necessity, continued on account of the increase of comfort which it afforded, and the elder flouted his beard before his congregation constantly. The result was laughable. The brethren called upon the pastor to insist on doing away with such a scandal as a full-bearded elder. He led them to his library and showed them how some of the early fathers had pleaded against cutting off the beard. He turned to Lactantius, Theodore, St. Augustine and St. Cyprian, who had stoutly contended for the growth of a full beard. He quoted from Clement, of Alexandria the assertion that "nature adorned men, like a lion, with a beard, as a mark of strength and power." When one of the visitors asked him how he would like it if the clergy assumed the mustache, Dr. Bethune referred him to a decision of the Fourth Council of Carthage (A. D. 252, can. 44), in which it was positively enacted that a clergyman shall not shave his beard, and to a statement made by Luther in discussing martyrs were burned in their full beards. This did not settle the matter for subsequently the ladies of the congregation put in their protest. But in a few months a venturesome lawyer let his beard grow after the manner of the elders, and in a little while smooth-shaven faces were no longer the rule, but were the exception.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

The Smartness of Worms and Fish.

"I have made some of my most interesting studies of nature in the morning," said Seth Green. "That is the time to see the insects at their best—to see the mud wasps stinging the spiders without killing them, and packing them away where they are kept alive for weeks to be used when needed. I have seen a small green worm hanging down on a web. An ant, stationed on the limb above, pulls up the web and, just as the worm comes within reach of its tiny claws, down drops Mr. Worm. The ant pulls up again and again and the worm lets out another reef and goes down. This sort of thing continues until finally the ant grasps the worm and both go down together in a grand scramble, in which the worm manages to shake off the ant. This leaves the worm on the ground. His web is so strong that the other end is still fastened to the limb above. What does Mr. Ant do? Give it up? No, sir. I have seen him go up the trunk of that tree, crawl out on to the same limb and go to work again pulling up the same web. Then after another battle I have known the ant to get the better of the fight and lug the worm off to his hole, over three rods away.

"Why, talk about reasoning powers! The perseverance and instinct of these little creatures is wonderful. People go out to fish. They splash around, stand up in the boat, drop their lines three feet away, and wonder because they don't catch trout. They forget that the trout can see. Fish learn the tackle and fish are, as a general rule, local in their habitation. There are not as many gypsies among fish as among men. Any man who will take the pains to study fish—or will remember a title of what he reads about them, can catch them. They are smart, but our brains will beat them. I remember once of fishing for salmon trout for a long time and taking nothing. Finally I concluded to get down and look into the water, and so, throwing my coat over my head, I got the required shade and peered down. The salmon would sail up and look at the minnow. Then, with a quick dart, he would close his teeth around one-half the minnow, and half of the severed body would drop to the bottom. When it had fallen to the bed of the lake the salmon would go down leisurely and eat it. The next time when I dropped my hook and felt the quick bite of the trout, I let out enough line to send the hook to the bottom, and the result was that when the salmon went down for his meal he was fooled and I had him."—*(Troy Observer.)*

What He Prayed For.

A young man with a very bad voice, but who finally and steadfastly believed that in the article of voice he was the superior of Bignoni, engaged a teacher to give him lessons. When asked how he liked his teacher, his reply was that he was a good master, but he was altogether too religious for him.
 "How too religious?"
 "Why, while I am practising he walks up and down the room wringing his hands and praying."
 "What is his prayer?" What does he pray about?"
 "I can't exactly say, but I caught the words, 'Heavenly Father! how long must I endure this?' There was doubtless something the matter with him."—*Ky. State Journal.*

FASHION NOTES.

Colored Spanish lace is extremely popular. Few undershirts are worn and those are not starched. The capote of Medium size is the bonnet of full dress. There is no limit to the use of black and brown Spanish and twine laces. The fashion for bouquets worn now quite under the chin has become a mania. It is now clear that by the word tea-gown is meant a very ornamental peignoir. Upon Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris rests the responsibility of having made brick-red gloves popular in Washington. Ladies with aesthetic tastes are having dresses made of Madras muslin window curtains in Oriental designs and colors. Nearly all children's garments have the addition of small shirred capes, as they are very useful to have for sudden changes in the weather. The terra cotta glove is a success, notwithstanding its startling color, and it is now sold by houses that condemned it when it was first introduced. Heavy laces are more in demand than light ones. They imitate the embroidery now so fashionable, and are frequently combined with it in dress garbure. Baby dresses without waists, the skirts attached to the yokes or bands around the shoulders, will be popular summer garments for little girls under ten years of age. All conspicuous jewelry, especially ear-rings and necklaces, is avoided by young ladies; bracelets of the slenderest shape and valuable rings are the more favored pieces. A large, loose, sagging puff is more fashionable for the bottom of dressskirts than plaited or shirred flounces. One very narrow plaiting is used, however, to support the puff. Round short skirts, no bustle nor crinoline, variety and picturesqueness in hats and bonnets, cloth top and lace boots, long gloves and much lace, are the features in summer fashions.

Small "Greenaway" figures are all the rage and adorn almost everything. They surround sunshades, decorate fans, are on the four corners of handkerchiefs and are even designed on skirts. A pretty fashion, now very popular among young girls, is two little curls in the coiffure behind each ear, dropping on the neck. To some faces the caprice is very becoming and charming. Tucked gathered ruffles are used on mull dresses for ladies wearing mourning. For very simple dresses, such as young girls should wear at school commencements, parties, etc., sprigged or dotted muslin is used. Worth's black dresses are combinations of two or three fabrics, and have often a color introduced. One special novelty is a black grenadine made over white moire, and trimmed with Spanish lace and moire ribbon. The new veils are rather longer than the scrap of mask lace which covers the eyes, to their injury, and leaves exposed the mouth and chin, generally the least beautiful part of a woman's face. The veils have a border around them, but no beads! A favorite combination for a young lady's costume is ceru Chuddah cloth for the overdress, with a pleated skirt of invisible green satin duchesse. The collar and cuffs are of dark green satin, covered with ceru embroidery, and there is a plaiting of the embroidery at the foot of the green skirt. The ancient Gallic emblem of a cock bismagin used for decorations. You see it everywhere—woven in wool or printed on linen, embroidered in silk or shaped in a sparkling diamond ornament for the hair. Cocks stare at one from the cover of "bon-bon" boxes, or peep out of the uster pocket from the corner of the daintily embroidered handkerchief.

The Code, Out of New York.

On Sunday at Montgomery we were talking about duels, and when the names of several parties who had gone out in past years to satisfy their honor, were mentioned, the judge knocked the ashes off his cigar and said: "Gentlemen, it may be mentioned right here that I have been there myself." "Were you challenged?" "I was. It was over in South Carolina, and I called a man a liar. He sent me a challenge, and I set out for the next morning. We met at 7 o'clock the next morning. It was just such a morning as this—bright, beautiful, and full of life." "And how did you feel?" "Very queer. I shall never forget the sensations as I saw my rival, and he seemed to be as visibly affected. We couldn't either of us say a word." "Was it in a grove?" "Oh, no; it was at the depot." "At the depot? Why, you didn't fight at the depot, did you?" "Well, no. The morning express trains passed there at 7, and he took one, and I took the other."

A Dinner of Duellists.

Dinners are not often given on such occasions as one given a short time ago in Pesth. A noted "fire-eater" celebrated in this way his twenty-fifth duel. No one was invited who had not fought at least twelve duels. The only guest from Great Britain and Ireland was the O'Gorman Mahon. It was a scented assemblage. The guests bore tokens of their favorite pastime in silk ears and hands, and scarred cheeks, and hands short of the common number of fingers. The host was especially distinguished by the number and variety of his personal and inseparable decorations. It would not be hard to find a similar dinner party among the students in Germany, where attendance at dueling meetings is made more compulsory by the students than attendance at lectures is by professors. Prince Bismarck himself, when at college, earned the sobriquet of the fighting student from his constancy and success in dueling.

CURRENT NEWS NOTES.

It is reported that Mme. Adolina Patti is about to be married. Gen. Robert Toombs of Georgia, is in falling health, and nearly blind. Sergt. Mason has been put to work in the shoehop of the Albany Penitentiary. General Hazen is fitting out a supply expedition to go to Lady Franklin Bay, on his own responsibility. Laura Vest, a brave girl of Lincoln county, West Virginia, has saved five children from drowning.

A gum has been discovered in Texas said to be quite as valuable as gum arabic, and is possessed of similar qualities. Wise gossip, says the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, estimate ex-Secretary Blaine's wealth at \$10,000,000. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is to have a grand reception given her by friends in Boston on the seventieth anniversary of her birthday, Wednesday, June 14. Of the 25,000 wild black cherry trees planted on the prairies near Omaha three years ago, 22,000 are reported alive and flourishing.

Senator Jones of Florida, will next month receive the degree of Doctor of laws from Georgetown University, an institution not lavish in bestowing honors. A French lawyer has a scheme for dredging perpetual springs in England and France by constructing a dyke 680 miles long across the sea from Ireland to Norway to keep out cold currents and flooding ice. Moody, the evangelist, will remain this month in Glasgow, Scotland, where his son is at school. Sankey is now traveling in Germany with his son, for the benefit of the latter's health. Mrs. Francis M. Scoville, the unfortunate sister of Guitau, has written another letter. It is addressed "to the public," contains a petition to the President for a stay of the execution of the assassin. The first "fact" upon which the petition is based is that "the shooting of the president did not necessarily cause his death."

Henry Clay and Mme. de Stael.

In looking over some old family papers the other day, General James Grant Wilson came upon the following unpublished sketch, written for a lady in March, 1829, by Henry Clay, and sent it to the *New York Tribune*:
 "You desire, dear Madam, some line of friendly remembrance. What shall I say? You have asked me to record something of the celebrated Madame de Stael. She was the most extraordinary woman of this or any other age, blending the philosophy of our sex with the imagination of yours. She seems to have been bestowed on our race to vindicate the equal claims of the female mind to intellectual excellence. I knew this remarkable woman in Paris. I first met her at a ball given on the occasion of the Peace of Ghent at the banker Hottenguer's. 'Ah! Mr. Clay,' she said, 'the English have been much incensed against you. I have lately been pleading your cause at London. Do you know they contemplated at one time sending the Duke of Wellington to command their armies against you?' I told her that I was aware of the exertion of her eloquence in our behalf, and thanked her for it. I added that I wished the British Government had sent the Duke. 'Why,' she inquired with surprise, 'because, Madame, had we beat the Duke, he would have should have lost none but we been defeated by the conqueror of Napoleon.' I next saw de Stael at her own house, where she introduced me to the Duke of Wellington, and related to him the above conversation. He remarked with much apparent feeling and grace that he should have placed a most noble feather in his cap had he beaten so gallant a people as the Americans."

Green and Strawberry Fashion.

"Myrtle, dear!"
 "Yes, George, what is it?" replied the girl, glancing shyly upward.
 The radiant glory of a summer moon shone down upon the earth this June night, bathing in all its mellow splendor the leafy branches of the sturdy old oaks that had for centuries shaded the entrance to Castle McMurtry, and laughed defiance to the fierce gales that every winter came howling down in all their cruel force and fury from the moorlands lying to the westward of the castle. One the edge of the broad demesne that stretched away to the south stood a large brindie cow, and as the moonlight flicked with silvery lustre her starboard ribs she seemed to Myrtle a perfect picture of sweet content and almost holy calm.

"Is it not a beautiful night, dearest?" murmured the girl. "See how the moonbeams flutter down through the trees, making strange lights and shadows that flit among the shrubs and flowers in such a weird, ghost-like fashion. The dell is indeed clothed in loveliness to-night, sweetheart."
 "Yes," said George W. Simpson, "this is the boss dell,"—and then, looking down into the pure, innocent face that was lifted to his, he took in his own broad, third-base palm the little hand that erstwhile held up Myrtle's poison. As they stood there silently in the bosky glade, George passed his arm silently but firmly around Myrtle's waist.

"The noble girl did not shy. 'Do you love me, sweetheart?' he asked in accents that were tremulous with tenderness. Myrtle's head was drooping now, and the rosy blushes of Calumet avenue innocence were chasing each other across her peachy cheeks. George drew her more closely to him, if a mosquito had tried to pass between them then it would have been bad—for the mosquito. "Can you doubt me, darling?" he whispered. "You surely must know that I love you with a wild, passionate, who-Emma love that can never die. Do you love me a little in return?"

For an instant the girl did not speak. George heard the whistling of the brindie cow's tail break in rudely upon the solemn stillness of the night, and ever and anon came the dull thud of the bull-frog as he jumped into a neighboring pond. Presently Myrtle placed her arms about his neck, and with a wistful baby's-got-the-cramp look in her sweet face, she said to him: "I love you, George, with a deathless devotion that will evidently keep you broke." And with these fateful words she adjusted her rumpled bang and fearlessly led the way to an ice-cream parlour.—*(Chicago Tribune.)*

Children's Best Food.

Interview with Prof. Chandler, in the *New York Herald*.
 "What are the greatest desiderata in taking care of children in the summer?"
 "Plenty of fresh air—these rivers and early hours and good food."
 "What is the best food for children?"
 "Milk and cereals, bread, oat-meal, cornmeal and cracked wheat are the best food. Poor people often give their children corned beef and cabbage when they are only 2 or 3 years old. That is simply frightful."
 "Are not veal and pork almost equally indigestible for children?"
 "They are very trying, indeed, to their digestion; beef, mutton and fowl are by far more nutritious and easily digested."
 "How as to fruit, green apples and the like?"
 "Fruit if it is ripe, is healthy, but green apples are to be avoided; they often produce cholera infantum."
 "And our national, omnipresent pie, Prof.?"
 "That is the very worst of all. Pie of all sorts is very bad because the crust is so indigestible, but mince pie and lemon pie are especially diabolical."
 "And candy?"
 "Candy eaten in moderate quantities is not bad if taken after meals. The trouble about candy eating by children is that it generally takes away their appetites for wholesome, strengthening food. There is no staining, of course, in sugar. It is simply a heating food, and won't make brain or muscle."
 "His Memory Failed Him."

Did Not Long Survive Him.

An actor at the Carlo Theatre, in Vienna, has just passed away, who had held a life engagement with the monkey in pantomimes, and who was singly in responsible in such parts as required remarkable agility and suppleness. When he was a young man and called on the manager to seek an engagement, he was very busy, and paid no attention to the young actor's plea that he did not know what he should do to earn his bread were employment refused him. Sadly and silently the youth turned away, and passed at the door in deep dejection, as if he hoped the manager might reconsider his decision, but the manager made no sign, and with a melancholy sigh, the actor languidly scratched his ear with his foot, as if in perplexity what to do next. Every one burst into uncontrollable laughter at this unexpected action, and he was engaged instantly.

The Passion Play.

The number of people in the United States who have not been tortured with the diabolical inquisition known as the cantata of "Queen Esther," is about equal to those who have drawn capital prizes in the Louisiana lottery. The plot of the play, or cantata as it is called, is founded on the book of Esther in the Bible, and is fully as sacrilegious, if not more so than the "Passion Play," whose performance was forbidden in Chicago several years ago, when James O'Neill was so anxious to assume the character of Jesus and be crucified between two Chicago thieves. The cantata of Esther is sacrilegious because it burlesques one of the most beautiful female characters in the Bible. Yet in the face of all this we have known some of the strictest ministerial divines to assume parts in it, particularly that of Ahasuerus, the King, which requires a good physique and a bass voice. The play is usually put on the boards for the purpose of raising funds for some financially embarrassed country church, and this is the reason why so many ministers come to be mixed up in it in the character of Ahasuerus, which, by the way, is the star part. Of course, it is never expected that good singing and good acting can be mixed up in a musical burlesque, so about all the performers in Esther have to do is to stand up like a row of tree boxes, open their mouths and howl.

As we said before, Ahasuerus must have a bass voice, or else he don't count much in the game. One of the Cottonwood, Nebraska, churches concluded to get up the play of Esther, but found out that they would be obliged to call on Joe Connor for help, as he had the best and most portly form in town, as well as the deepest, down-in-the-well bass voice north of the Platte river. Connor was not a church member, by the way, and more given to trading horses and shaking dice than to spiritual matters. But he had the bass voice, and as long as he was in the habit of straying into church about once in six months, the committee put him down to sing Ahasuerus, with the ulterior motive that he would also draw a big crowd of the world's people to the ecclesiastical howl. The eventful night arrived, and when Joe Connor in a long blue dressing-gown and a tin coronet on his head marched on to the stage, accompanied by about twenty-five young girls as chorus singers, one of Joe's chums in the audience sang out: "Now, Joe, cut it fat and hold your end up with the rest of 'em." For a moment Joe was completely paralyzed. He had just emerged from a rather dark little dressing-room and coming suddenly into the brilliant glare of the footlights, he didn't know for awhile but that he had got some of his king tazzery on wrong side up, or inside out, so he stopped and made a minute examination of his gorgeous apparel. Seeing nothing out of the way with his clothes he turned on the audience and said something entirely irrelevant to the performance and not found in the text of the play.

"Now, before we go any farther with this little affair, I wish to say to Pete Davis, over there in the southeast corner of the room, that while I'm up here, I'm King Ahasuerus, but when the circus is over, and we've got Hamlet hung to a telegraph pole, and Mordecai excited to purple robes and a white shirt, that I'm plain Joe Connor and will proceed to join Mr. Davis' head down in among his shoulder blades if he injects too many of his ambiguous and sarcastic remarks into the body of this play as now written by the original author. These side bets will also apply to any other Jim Crow snoozer who wants to take it up and make a specialty of the matter. The supes will now roll in the silver throne and then the chorus can go out and help Queen Esther do up her back hair while I sing a solo."

EXTRACTS FROM EMERSON.

Nature is a rag-merchant who works up every shred and odd end, and into new creations.—*Beauty.*
 But the people are to be taken in very small doses. If solitude is proud, so is society vulgar.—*Society and Solitude.*
 One of those connected prizes who value nature only as it feels and exhibits them is equally a pest with the masterless.—*Clubs.*
 Every genuine work of art has as much reason for being as the earth and the sun. The gayest charm of beauty has a root in the constitution of things.—*Art.*
 Every man is not so much a work man in the world as he is a suggestion of what he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age.—*Circles.*
 Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is riddle and the key to a riddle is another riddle. There are as many pillows of illusion as there are in a straw storm. We awake from one dream into another dream.—*Illusions.*
 Did Not Long Survive Him.

An actor at the Carlo Theatre, in Vienna, has just passed away, who had held a life engagement with the monkey in pantomimes, and who was singly in responsible in such parts as required remarkable agility and suppleness. When he was a young man and called on the manager to seek an engagement, he was very busy, and paid no attention to the young actor's plea that he did not know what he should do to earn his bread were employment refused him. Sadly and silently the youth turned away, and passed at the door in deep dejection, as if he hoped the manager might reconsider his decision, but the manager made no sign, and with a melancholy sigh, the actor languidly scratched his ear with his foot, as if in perplexity what to do next. Every one burst into uncontrollable laughter at this unexpected action, and he was engaged instantly.