Historical Society X

SEMI-WEEKLY MINER.

Published Every Wednesday and Saturday Mornings,

—BY THE—

Miner Publishing Company.

TERMS—BY MAIL:

One copy one month.....$ 50
One copy six months.....3 00
One copy twelve months.....5 00
Delivered by Carrier, 50 cents per month; payable to the Carrier each month.
Advertising rates will be furnished on application.

# Semi-Weekly Miner.

VOLUME 6, BUTTE, MONTANA: WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1882. WHOLE NO. 359.

THE DAILY MINER

PUBLISHED BY THE

MINER PUBLISHING CO.,

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One Year (postage prepaid).....$12.00.
Six Months " " .....7.00.
Three " " .....4.00.
Delivered by the Carrier at 25 cents a week, payable at end of each week.

### Battle in Egypt.

ISMALIA, August 26.—The enemy's loss is estimated at 4,000. The first shell fired by the enemy passed a few feet over Gen. Wolseley's head, and took off the leg of a horse ten yards behind him. The enemy throughout the fight declined to come to close quarters. The two gunners killed were struck by a shrapnel near Wolseley's position. The troops behaved well, and were all day without water or food, after marching ten miles through heavy sand. The enemy's cavalry swept around the British right flank, but did not come within striking distance. The Egyptian fire was too hot for the life guards to cross the open space towards them. The British infantry passed the day lying down behind banks and in ditches. After the engagement Gen. Wolseley rode to Ismailia and returned late in the evening. Reinforcements arrived during the night but guns did not arrive until early next morning. They had great difficulty to get through the sand. The Egyptian artillery fought well and fired much more accurately than at Karif Eldewar. The infantry were contemptible and the cavalry little better. Many of both these arms were observed breaking from the ranks and dispersing under our fire of shells. After the fire of shell, at 1:30 this morning, the enemy approached our lines apparently endeavoring to cut off the British outposts in the rear of Mahmondieh canal, but retired.

An alarm being given two Irisean merchants who escaped from Kfr El dewar, arrived here. They declare the country generally is thoroughly discontented with Arabi Pasha, and are anxious for peace. This applies particularly to Cairo.

### Going to the Front.

ISMALIA, August 26.—All troops except the Irish fusiliers and three batteries of artillery have gone to the front. Two squadrons of Indian cavalry have arrived and have also gone forward. On Thursday the British gunners were so exhausted after some hours of continuous work that they were obliged to lie down while the drivers worked the guns.

ALEXANDRIA, August 26.—It is stated that there is an unexpected hitch in political matters. Riaz Pasha, who was summoned by the Khedive to form a new ministry, refuses to take office if the chamber of notables is restored, as he considers such an institution as unsuited to Egypt as to India.

### Egypt Blockaded.

ALEXANDRIA, August 26.—It is stated on good authority that two thousand Albanians have enlisted for service in the Egyptian quarantine, as it is feared the native troops cannot be trusted. Troops are urgently required at the quarantine station at Moses' Well near Suez, as the attitude of the Bedouins there is threatening. A blockade of the Egyptian Coast was established yesterday.

### More Troops for Egypt.

LONDON, August 26.—The *Standard* has reason to believe that General Wolseley has applied for more troops. This probably means that the third division of army corps is non-mobilizing at Aldershot.

### Water Spout.

ALEXANDRIA, August 26.—A terrible rain or water spout caused the head of Beamue creek, above Stephensville to overflow on the 24th. destroying property amounting to from $40,000 to $100,000 dollars. Mrs. Hart was drowned, her house being dashed to pieces. Other families were saved by climbing on roofs.

### The Bolter Singleton.

CHICAGO, August 26.—A Quincy, Illinois special says, General Singleton published a letter to the voters of the 12th congressional district explaining and vindicating his independent candidacy; but, though tacitly endorsed by the Greenback and Republican conventions, he makes no allusion to them or any promise as to independent action in Congress. The letter is rather directed to a vindication of his Democracy in bolting the regular nomination.

### Louisiana Politics.

NEW ORLEANS, August 26.—A special says, A. J. Damont, President of the Republican State Central Committee writes a letter endorsing the candidacy of W. P. Kellogg for Congress and predicts his triumphant election. It is generally believed that Kellogg will get the solid republican vote. Yesterday's developements were to that end.

### Jobbery in Rowing Match.

AUBURN, N. Y., August 26.—The Advertiser will say: Courtney told his friends he was going to win at Saratoga, and they backed him heavily in the pool box, where the Union Springs people lost thousands. One young man's losses reaching $3,000. All the sporting men here pronounce the race outrageous jobbery.

### Miscellaneous

WASHINGTON, August 26.—Secretary Lincoln will leave next week for Colorado Springs.

ALEXANDRIA, Aug. 26.—The Austrian boat's crew of the frigate Nautilus, captured by Egyptians, has been liberated.

LIVERPOOL, August 26. — The steamer Alaska with the British Rifle team on board, sailed to-day for New York.

SARATOGA, August 26.—In the first race, mile dash, Monarch was first, Weddingday second, Farce third. Time 1:44.

CONSTANTINOPLE, August 26.—Lord Dufferin, British Ambassador, has promised pilgrims to Mecca to be permitted to traverse the Suez canal as usual.

NEWPORT, August 26.—The Cliff House, a summer hotel, was burned this morning and two adjoining cottages run in connection with the hotel were badly damaged. Many guests were in bed but were aroused in season and saved the greater portion of their effects.

Mr. Rufus Hatch did not purchase the 750,000 acres of Yellowstone land as reported, nor will he start the big city on the Yellowstone.

## HEROES OF THE PRIZE RING.

### Social Status of Early English Pugilists—Sketches of Some of the Hard Hitters—The Marquis of Queensberry.

Recent pugilistic events in New York have awakened a temporary public interest in what its admirers claim to be the manly art of self defense. James Figg is the first British pugilist who acquired fame by his skill with his fists and cudgel play. Figg's compatriots speak of him in terms of the highest admiration, and the "young bloods" among the gentry made Figg's headquarters a place of daily and nightly resort. Hogarth painted his portrait, and Godfrey hung around him with the devotion of Boswell to his Johnson. Godfrey wrote poems about him, and the essayist of the day gave him prominent mention in the *Tatler*, the *Guardian* and the *Craftsman*. The well known expression of contempt, "a fig for this" or "a fig for that," sprung out of this pugilist's fame, for his cartoons were hurled at the Gallic race with the motto attached: "A Figg for the French!" Figg's academy, as it was called, was opened in Tottenham Court road in 1719, and there the nobility and gentry were accustomed to expend their admiration at the shrine of brute force and skill.

Contrast one of Figg's advertisements with some of those which at the present day announce a "set-to" in Madison-square Garden, and the contrast will mark a considerable difference in the times. After entitling himself "Master of ye noble Science of defense on ye right hand of Oxford road near Adam and Eve Court, teacher of gentlemen in ye use of ye small back-sword, and quarterstaff at home and abroad," he invites all and sundry to attend his booth, "for money, a broken head, love, or a belyfull." Likewise, "the booth is fitted up in the most commodious manner for the better reception of ye gentlemen." Figg fought many battles. His most formidable antagonist was "Sutton, the Pipemaker of Gravesend," who fought him three times, and was not fairly conquered until the third. This champion died in 1734, and the press of the day praised his great powers in "stops and parries." Hogarth's picture shows Figg as a large, strong-featured man, with square jaws, and a head as bald—doubtless it was shaved—as a brook pebble or a Dutch cheese.

The next great light in the British fistic arena was Bob Wittaker, whose time was about 1733. His greatest triumph was achieved over the "Venetian Gondolier." This Venetian had been brought over to England by an English nobleman, and was remarkable for his enormous strength and reach of arm. The nobleman boasted that his gondolier giant was invincible. A company of "bloods," anxious to preserve the honor of their country, called a meeting in Slaughter's coffee house, and asked Figg if he couldn't find a man who would "knock out" the big Venetian. Figg replied that he could do that easy enough—"For his part he was afraid of no foreigner fellow." Figg then arranged that Wittaker should tackle the giant, because he "was a man whose jaw could not be broken with a sledge-hammer." Wittaker's jaw must have been something like "Tug" Wilson's head. The match came off before a crowd of noblemen and gentry. The greatest excitement prevailed, and money was bet to a large extent. When the fight commenced the gondolier rushed at Wittaker as if he intended to demolish him with one blow. Wittaker was knocked clean off the platform and down a considerable distance to the floor beneath, much to the astonishment of the pugilist and spectators, but to the intense delight of the noble lord who had hired the Venetian. Wittaker scrambled up the platform again. He saw that his only chance with his long armed foeman was to get to close quarters, so he "sailed in" with a vigor which astonished the giant. A spectator says: "Wittaker, with one English peg in the stomach, quite a new thing to foreigners, brought him (the Venetian) to his breech." A few more rounds knocked the giant out of wind and time, and the Venetian's backer threw up the sponge.

Tom Pipes and George Gretting were prominent pugilists between 1724 and 1734, and between 1734 and 1758 George Taylor (by no means the colored light weight of that name now in New York) had champion honors pretty much his own way, although he had one severe tussle with "Prince Boswell," a gypsy of magnificent physique but defective stamina. But by far the most famous pugilist at this period was Jack Broughton, who enjoyed a reputation as great as Figg did in his time. His memory is still cherished by the prize fighters of the present day, who regard him as the founder of the modern style of pugilism. There was a neatness and quickness in his defense which far distanced his competitors, and drew enormous crowds to witness his exhibitions. He introduced the art of "stopping" and parrying blows, then getting away. Before his time, fighting with the fists was scarcely anything else but face-to-face and toe-to-toe hammering. He had a very effective "stomach blow," and his "lunge under the ear generally produced terrible consequences to his opponents." His expertness in the cross-buttock was also great, while "his attitudes in a fight were fine and impressive." He set up business for himself in a new building adjoining the Oxford road, near the spot where Hanway and Oxford streets now meet. Here he taught young gentlemen how to use their hands, and when he had established an aristocratic connection he promulgated a regular code of rules of prize fighting, which were the first of the kind published, and were at once accepted by the sporting fraternity. His portrait was in demand among the nobility, who placed it in their halls alongside stags' heads, stacks of arms, old armor, and colored prints of famous horses. Broughton seems to have been a more worthy man than the majority of prize-fighters. He fought chivalrously, if not determinedly, and he took pleasure in teaching his pupils, which always made them talk of "old Jack Broughton" with respect. He fought numerous battles, but was never badly beaten until he met Jack Stalk, who flourished as a noted pugilist between 1730 and 1760.

At the time when Broughton published his "Code," pugilism had taken a strong hold upon the sporting affections of the British public. High and low were attracted by it. The consequence was the arrangement of a series of prize fights which have since become famous in the annals of pugilism. The fashions for sprigs of the English nobility and gentry to hob-nob with prize-fighters did not die speedily. It has not died yet, if all reports be true to the effect that the heir to the throne of England has been seen, chevroot in mouth, in the course of his quiet midnight adventures, enjoying bouts between professional boxers in rooms well known to the London sporting fraternity. Lord Byron, when he was a man about town, knew a good deal about prize fighters, and his lordship was no mean proficient with the gloves himself. The professional trainer in pugilism is a privileged character. He is put on a kind of footing of familiarity with his pupil the moment he cuffs his ears or hits him on the nose. His aprobation is received with gratitude, and his displeasure is a calamity to the aspirant for pugilistic skill. Even when he tells an out-and-out blue blooder, "What a pity ye've been born a gentleman, for you might have made a very honest livelihood in the ring," the dubious compliment is received with such feelings of pride as a young lieutenant might have who had been spoken kindly to by his commanding officer. Like horse-racing and a certain kind of connection with the stage, pugilism is a great leveler of social distinctions. Some gentlemen who would scorn to be seen with a respectable bricklayer would think themselves famous if they were seen in the company of a notoriously successful pugilist.

This patronage of pugilism by all classes past and present has had certainly the effect of developing a great amount of reliance upon physical resources. Once upon a time the unshaven, vulgar louts, who care nothing about getting into a row imagined that well-dressed people were afraid of them. The chances nowadays are that if a rough were to insult a gentleman he would find himself confronted with more skill and pluck than his own. Many a Corinthian who is accustomed to kid gloves knows all about boxing gloves and would be just as ready to bring the one into play as the other. The traditions about boxing are innumerable, but there is one story current in sporting circles which illustrates this very point. A slim dandy, with tight-fitting gloves, silk hat, gold eyeglasses, etc., was passing along a London thoroughfare when his fancy little terrier ran in to a butcher's shop, and speedily came out again yelping and limping. The dandy walked into the shop and politely asked the butcher if he had kicked the dog. "Yaas, and if yer don't get out o'here blamed soon I'll kick you too." In a twinkling the dandy had doubled up his fists and the butcher was on his back. The crowd hooted at the swell, expecting the butcher to kill him outright; but the big butcher had no skill, while the gentleman had both science and "wire." Down went the butcher again and again. At length he apologized. Then the crowd, which is always pliable in its sympathies, cheered the swell, who walked off with his little "dwag," as if nothing had happened. The swell was a young Irish Earl belonging to an Irish family. Professor Wilson, the jovial, robust, whole-souled author of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," was a powerful athlete nearly all of his life. As a student at Oxford he performed prodigies of jumping, running, walking and boxing, in later years, when he had become the holder of a position of mathematical respectability as a Professor in Edinburgh University, he astonished his celebrated "cronies" not only by his convivial powers, but also by his prodigious capabilities as a tourist, whether among the lakes and hills of Wordsworth's country, or fishing on the banks of the black Till or the brighter Tweed. "Christopher North" had several battles with fisticuffs during his university career. His daughter, in her recollections of the leonine Professor, narrates a fight which took place between him and a bargee. The bargee was a big, powerful, coarse fellow, the terror of his comrades on the towpath, and a man who was always ready to bully a person better dressed than himself. His turbulent fate drove him against Wilson. The fight they had was terrific, for the bargee had plenty of brute strength and pugnacity. But finally the student won. The bargee was carried insensible off the field, and Wilson put on his jacket and went about his business whistling. That bargee and all his bargee acquaintances entertained a lasting respect for Wilson, and got rid to some extent of the delusion that a well-dressed gentleman cannot fight just as well as an ill-dressed blackguard. The Marquis of Queensberry, who is now accepted as an authority upon glove fights, was a grand pugilist in his heyday. The stories that are told by old "sports" about his prowess are innumerable. He went about seeking adventures as zealously as the so-called "good Haroun al Raschid, and the tougher the adventure the more guste he had in encountering it. He was a kind of Guy of Warwick with his fists. The story about his driving a four-in-hand drag full of ladies and gentleman is well-known. A brewer's dray blocked the way. The brewer a powerful, surly fellow, refused to move out of way to allow the drag to pass. The Marquis handed over the ribbons and whip to a companion, took off his coat, leaped down from the box-seat, "sailed in" at the drayman, thrashed him in two or three rounds, compelled the man to move away his dray, then jumped back on to the drag, put on his coat, apologized to the ladies for the trifling interruption, and drove away while the drayman, wiping his ensanguined nose, looked after the party and muttered, "Blowed, but that must be either the Markiss or the devil."—*N. Y. Times.*

Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom better than any other what you are yourself; for you show me then what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of a man you long expressively to be.—Carlyle.

When I hear it said of a man whose body is being conveyed to its last resting place that "he has not an enemy in the world," I feel like attaching this epitaph to his tomb: "Here lies buried a flint that never struck fire."—Henry Ward Beecher.

You've got to save your own soul first, and then the souls of your neighbors, if they will let you, and for that reason you must cultivate not a spirit of criticism, but the talents that attract people to the hearing of the word.—George MacDonald.

## M'CLOSKEY'S BRAVERY.

### A Girl's Determination Made on a Wending Tour.

"Be brave, Beryl."

The north wind was howling fiercely through the cordage of a stanch vessel as she dashed madly through the seething waters that stretched away from her on every side in desolate fury. Now poised on the crest of a great green billow, and anon plunged into a watery depth that seemed to end only in the bosom of the earth, the good ship struggled bravely with the mighty forces of the tempest; but though her timbers might groan in almost human agony, there was no parting of the seams, no weakening of the bolts that held deck and bulwark together in so firm a clasp.

It was Beryl McCloskey's wedding trip. Two days agone she had been joined in wedlock's holy bonds to George W. Simpson, and her mother had consented to go with them on their bridal journey. It was her loving arm that supported Beryl now, her kindly voice that spoke the words with which this chapter opens.

"George cannot love me, mamma," the girl said, in low, mellow tones, "or he would be at my side now, when I need him so sorely."

"Do not judge hastily, my child," replied the mother. "George is very busy. Even now I see him leaning over the vessel's side."

Is he then so very very sick?" asked Beryl.

"Quite, very," replied Mrs. McCloskey.

"Has he thrown up his situation?"

"No, my darling."

"Then;" said the girl, a holy love-light illuminating her pure, young face, "I will never leave him."—*Chicago Tribune.*

### A Stage Anecdote.

Among the attractions booked for the Opera House was Annie Pixley, with M'lles. In the last act of this piece some set trees and a set fountain are used. As the curtain was about to go up on this act on the first night, Mr. F. noticed to his amazement that each of these objects was held up in its place by a negro standing behind it instead of the usual stage brace. "Hi! you there!" he called to them.

"Fix the braces and come off quick!"

"Dat's all right, sah," responded the Ethiopian who was sustaining the fountain cooly.

"We's dem."

"You're what?"

"De braces, sah."

And so they were. there was not a brace in the house, and Mr. N. had pressed them into service to sustain the picturesque illusion of the scene. F. stormed and made things warm generally, but it did him no good. It was "niggers or not set pieces," as Mr. N. put it, and the latter he had to have.

"Well, sir," he says in telling the story, "the act is about forty minutes long, and you can imagine those coons did not take root during this time. For the first five minutes they were steady enough. Then the fun began. First, one of the trees began to wobble; then the brace put his head out from behind the other to see what was going on between him and the footlights. As for the fountain, it began to sway steadily forward and back with a regularity of motion like the pendulum of a clock. My wife got onto it, and she says to McD. between speeches:

"What ails the scenery, Mac?"

I'll swear I don't know," said Mac, "but I'd freely—take my oath either me or it is drunk."

"Here the nigger looked out from behind the nearest tree and Annie saw him. 'You rascal!' she hissed, 'how dare you, sir. Get off the stage this minute.'

"'Can't, mum,' said the coon, with a grin like a whale, 'cept I take the tree wid me, mum.'

"Mac had just got some of his lines off. She took her cue, and as she finished another wooly head bobbed into sight around the second tree. The audience, who had noticed that something was wrong, saw it now, and commenced to snicker. She pinched herself to make sure she was not dreaming; and Mac hurried on with one of his long speeches to prevent an outburst in front. As soon as he paused, a husky whisper, audible throughout the house, said:

"'Hurry up, Missee. 'Foh God! ef I don't get home afore eleben o'clock, de ole woman 'ull lam de hide off'n me, suah.'

"'You black villain!' she cried, in an aside. 'Get off, or I'll kill you.'

"'All right Missee,' was the reply. 'I'se gwine right away.'

"And in a couple of seconds more the tree walked of into the wings. The audience commenced to applaud and the fountain stopped sea-sawing, and with a hob, as if it was making a bow, fell forward with the brace sprawling on top of it. The scoundrel had fallen into a doze, and, being aroused suddenly, had lost his ballance. As he fell, his side partner coolly leaned the only remaining tree against the flat, and came down the stage to help him up. McD. made a kick at him, but aimed short and only upset himself. Annie leaned against a wing, nearly dead with rage and laughter, and the curtain ran down on the tableau amid a round of applause M'lise had never listened to before, and I hope never will again."—*Dramatic News.*

### Extracts From Emerson's Letters.

A Fine engraving of French's bust of Emmerson is the frontispiece of the July *Century*, and Miss Emma Lazarus contributes a short and suggestive article on "Emerson's Personality," containing the following characteristic extracts from Emerson's private letters:

Emerson, as is evinced by his indifference to Shelley, remained ever deaf to lyrism, the frank sensuousness of its appeal to the ear rather than to the soul repelled the austere spirit. Nor, even when it addressed the soul through the ear, could he be easily reached through this medium; music was to him a sealed volume. And yet, nowhere in his public works do I find a more eloquent description of the poet's prerogative than in the following words, which I am fortunately enabled to quote from a private letter, wherein he uses the musician's symbols: "I observe that my poet gains in skill as the poems multiply, and may at last confidently say, I have mastered the obstructions, I have learned the rules, and now every new thought and new emotion shall make the keys eloquent to my own and to every gentle ear. Few know what treasure that conquest brings, what independence and royalty. Grief passion, disaster, are only materials of art, and I see a light under the feet of Faith herself." I take the liberty of enriching my page with yet one more quotation from a letter written by Mr. Emerson: "Books are a safe ground and a long one, but still introductory only, for what we really seek in every comparison of experiences—to know that you have found therein what alone I prize, or, still better, if you have found what I have never found, and yet is admirable to me also. Books so tyrannize over our solicitude that we like to revenge ourselves by making them very secondary, and merely convenient as hints and counters in conversation. Yes, and I hold that we have never reached their best use until our own thought rises to such a pitch that we cannot afford to read much. I own this loftiness is rare, and we must long be thankful to our silent friends before the day comes when we can honestly dismiss them."

## FASHION NOTES.

Many costumes are wholly made of moire.

Chenille bids fair to have a long run of popular favor.

The fashion of bouffant sleeves for full dress is gaining.

Bronze kid is in favor again for house shoes and slippers.

Old tapestry shades of color are most in favor for summer toilets.

Persian mauve is a color which keeps its favor in the world of fashion.

Woolen dresses, to be tasteful, should be made as plain as possible.

It is said that the first fall dresses will be made of a single material.

Nearly all shoulder capes have a thick ruche of lace or material around the neck.

The wraps adopted by young American girls are abroad of masculine cut and tailor finish.

The New York *Sun* says that very few first-class society women in New York wear tournures.

Close-fitting jackets of fancy red or blue cloth are worn with dark woolen or silk skirts at the seaside.

Incomin: fabric for fall wear are enriched with delicate metallics forming mixtures, dots and stars.

A crescent brooch has a cross-bar in fine pearls and in owl's head formed of pearls, relieved by eyes of emeralds.

Yellow flowers remain in fashion for corsage clusters; the double yellow hollyhock is just now the favorite.

Some of the newest panniers on imported dresses are formed of great plaits that stand out as if they were wired.

White scarfs of crinkled silk Japanese crape are worn round the neck instead of the white Spanish lace used last summer.

Turkis stuffs of gauzy texture, looking as faded as possible, are cut into bits to aid in decorating fashionable bonnets.

The half-fitting princess dress, with its super-imposed draperies, flounces and trimmings, holds its ground for children's toilets.

White clematis, lilacs or geraniums form the crown of dressy lace bonnets, and there are entire bonnets made of these small flowers.

Daffodils, dandelions, yellow tulips and buttercups are the fashionable flowers for the hair. White lilies are the choice for house decoration.

Tan-colored slippers, ornamented with tiny buckles, are made to match the tan-colored Swede gloves that are worn with light evening dresses.

Even Worth has gone stark mad over that ugly monstrosity, the tournure, but he has little influence over the English esthetes and their American cousins.

Large collarettes and shoulder capes of lace and embroidery are much worn. A new fancy is to decorate them profusely all around with hoops of satin ribbon.

Osier bonnets made of brown wicker are worn in Paris. They are shaped like an inverted basket, and are trimmed with cherries, berries and other small fruits.

France, which used to lead the world in the matter of fashion, now follows any "craze" imported from London, and in Paris it is "chic" to be English in tone and style.

Shepherds' check in black and white twilled wool is a favorite material for tailor-made traveling dresses. It is braided with black Hercules braid and made in severely simple fashion.

New fans are made of a single large flower—a red popy, with a black heart; blue morning glories striped with colors, a pansy, a dahlia or a large sunflower—the stalk of the flower serving for a handle.

The combination of lilac and pale rose is still fashionable, but one of these two colors must be more carefully employed, merely as a relief to the other, in the trimmings and various adjuncts to the toilet.

Corded silk is fast replacing satin. One of the most successful toilets at a Newport dinner party was white corded silk trimmed with Spanish lace and worn with dark red silk slippers, long red gloves, red moire fan and Jacqueminot roses.

Of all the modes of bonnets introduced in the beginning of the season, the one which has proved the most popular is the trim little French bonnet of last year, in various modifications; the capote, the jaunty little princess, and a shape resembling much the Marie Stuart bonnet, but not so pronounced in its pointed dent upon the brim.

### Small-Pox in Birds.

In the *British Medical Journal*, Dr. William Gayton, medical superintendent of the small-pox hospital at Homerton, says: "Apropos of 'small-pox in birds,' I may, perhaps, mention the fact that some years ago, a former steward of this hospital was in the habit of breeding a large number of canaries. As these arrived at maturity it was a common occurrence to find many of them dead and presenting evidence of having suffered from some eruptive disease. It was further observed that when the hospital contained a somewhat larger number of patients, the mortality among the birds increased, and vice versa."

## TERRITORIAL NEWS.

### Culled from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Glendive will have a bank.

The Masons of Benton talk of building a temple.

It is reported that Fort Maginnis will be discontinued as a military post.

Buffalo are numerous just across the river from Glendive, and hunting parties go out daily.

The Odd Fellows building association of Benton advertise for bids for the erection of their new hall.

W. H. Palmer has a contract for furnishing 200,000 bushels of coal for the smelter in Barker district.

C. M. Alexander, a foreigner, was run over at Miles City on the 15th, and horribly mutilated. He died in twenty minutes.

Joseph Ellis and Maj. Borchardt, members of the Miles City firm of J. Ellis & Co., had a little misunderstanding last week in which six-shooters played a prominent part. Nobody hurt.

Leopold, on the Qu'Appelle, has been selected as the new capital of the Northwest Territory. Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney is there now, selecting a site for the proposed public building.

The Gloster mill, on Little Prickly Pear, keeps eighty stamps running constantly. It is said that the mine is clearing from sixteen to eighteen thousand dollars per month over and above expenses. As a result of a run from the 1st to the 15th a $15,000 bar was brought into Helena Tuesday.

One company of cavalry and two of infantry have returned to Assinaboine from Major Kellogg's command in the field. Two companies of infantry and one of cavalry still remain near the head of the Big Bend of Milk river. There is some talk of establishing a small post at or near that point.

A "2-7-77" organization in Billings drove out in a body the entire lot of roughs, vagabonds and female nuisances the other day, and it is reported that they are all headed for Miles City. If this is the case a warm reception should be prepared for them, and a vigorous order given to move on.

A quarts boom is reported at Yogo. Joe Hinkle has a gold lead showing a vein seven inches wide, and on which he has sunk several feet, the lead showing up nicely. There is talk of erecting an arastra at the mine. John Madden and others have also some fine prospects at that place, and it is probable that Yogo will yet come to the front.

Miles City was much excited when the report was brought in town last Sunday that David Roberson, a well known rancher on the Porcupine river, had been found murdered and his scalp torn from his head. Judge Woods and Jack Conley left for the Porcupine river immediately and an inquest was held. The jury found that "the deceased came to his death at the hands of Indians, supposed to be the Crow tribe recently seen in that vicinity."

### A Titled Porter.

The marquis of Westminister, father of the present duke was a most penurious man. He always dressed in a very shabby manner, and was in the habit of taking his shoes himself to the cobbler's to be mended. On one occasion while walking in the vicinity of Maidenhead station, near to his river seat at Cliveden, he encountered a boating man, who had just arrived by a train from London. The latter was looking around for somebody to carry his satchel, and the old marquis caught his eye. Not recognizing the eccentric lord, the boating man asked him if he wanted a job, and offered him a sixpence to carry his valise to the inn, a quarter of a mile distant.

"Make it a shilling, and I'm your man," said the marquis.

"All right," said the other, and the marquis trudged on in front with his burden. Arriving at the inn, he received his shilling and walked slowly away. The donor's astonishment when informed by a bystander of the rank and wealth of his porter, may be better imagined than described.—*Philadelphia Press.*

### A Fight with Montana Wolves.

A son of S. A. Thompson, of Mounds View Township, Ramsey County, is now in Montana Territory. In a recent letter to his parents at St. Paul, he narrates some of his hunting experiences. He finds game plentiful, and with his trusty rifle brings down an occasional deer and antelope. He also finds in large numbers several varieties of large prairie birds, the names of which he does not know. He details a rather startling adventure with wolves. He had pursued a wounded deer some three miles from his camp, when the darkness of night overtook him. On his way back to his camp, where he had left his companion, he found himself suddenly surrounded by a numerous pack of large, black Montana wolves. The moon was shining brightly. He could not tell how many of these yelping curs of the forest there were, but he could see there were a good many. He fired on the gang in as rapid succession as possible, and thus kept them at bay, though at times they came within ten feet of him. He finally reached the camp in safety, having shot as he thinks, more than twenty of the wolves.—*St. Paul Globe.*

### Brother Bromley's Presence of Mind.

The people of a little town in Warrick County have been hanging right over the brink of a church scandal, but are not aware of the fact, nor will they be until this copy of the *Argus* reaches its readers over there. Just before the close of the services last Sunday a good brother walked forward to the pulpit, handed the minister an announcement, as he thought, and asked him to read it to the congregation before he dismissed them. Just before time was called on the doxology, the minister said:

"Brother Bromley has handed in the following," and in a clear voice he read the note, which ran as follows:

"*My own Pet Brom*:—Are you never coming to see me again? I am dying to see my darling once more and gaze into his beloved eyes. The old mummy that calls herself your wife will never find it out. How can you endure her? Come, darling, to the one who truly loves you. Your own and only MARY.

The good brother had handed in the wrong announcement. At the close of the reading the minister looked horror-struck, the congregation stared at Bromley with cold, hard stares, and his wife rose up in her seat and glared at him like a tigress. He was equal to the occasion, however, and rising calmly and with a look of perfect resignation upon his face, said:

"Brothers and sisters, it may appear strange to you that I should ask our beloved pastor to read such a terrible thing as that from the pulpit, but the best way to fight the devil is to fight him face to face. The writer of that vile note is unknown to me, but it is evidently some depraved child of sin, who is endeavoring to besmirch my Christian reputation. I shall use every endeavor to ferret out the writer, and if discovered, will fearlessly proclaim her name, and hold her up to the contempt of all good Christian people."

He sat down amid murmurs of approbation and sympathy.—*Evansville Argus.*

### Speak Pleasantly.

The habit of speaking in pleasant tones to the sensitive hearts within our care is of the utmost importance. If we would have them learn to speak gently and kindly to all we must teach by precept and example in their early years, while their minds are so elastic as to be led to pattern after the influence which surrounds them.

I will relate a little incident of my own experience. I was unusually busy one morning preparing for company to dinner. My little son of four years was amusing himself with his playthings about the room. He, too, seemed hard at work building bridges, block houses and churches. He was continually coming to me asking questions and requiring assistance. After a little time I noticed he had left his play and was back against the wall under the table, sobbing as though his heart would break.

I said, "George, dear, what is the matter?"

No reply.

When I repeated the question the answer came in broken sobs, "you didn't speak pleasant to me."

"Well," said I, "don't cry, come and tell me about it."

So he came to me; I took him upon my lap and asked him to tell me just what I had said. Years have passed since then and I have forgotten all but the impression it made. A few pleasant words, the tear kissed away and he was comforted and happy and soon at play again, but I had learned a lesson never to be forgotten.

### Emerson's Gift of Elocution.

I have never met with any allusion in print to Emerson's gift of elocution, and yet no one who heard him read a stanza of poetry was likely to forget it. He indulged in no elocutionary tricks, no studied intonations, but his voice took on an added sonority, the verse seemed to flow from his lips with a mingled force and sweetness which thrilled through the listener's every fiber. It was my good fortune to hear him read one evening Mr. Stedman's ballad of "Ossawatomie Brown," which was an especial favorite of his. So powerful was the impression created by the subdued organ-tones, the majesty of his delivery, and the heroic ring with which he narrated the stirring tale and chanted the refrain, that I confess to having been then and since utterly unable to form a critical estimate of the poem itself. Whether it be one of the noblest lays ever sung by men, or a modest and unpretentious ballad, I leave it for unbiased critics to determine; for my part, I am glad to give it the full credit of the magical effect produced by its adequate interpretation.—*Emma Lazarus, in the July Century.*

### The Cleanliness of Italian Cities.

The city of Florence, Italy, is probably the best paved and cleanest city in the world. In reckless, easy-going Naples, where rags and riches, hunger and plenty, and honesty and thievery, seem to live in such pleasant, promiscuous fellowship, the system of prim cleanliness and faultless order falls far short of the high Florentine standard, but the street paving itself is almost as good. The material most used is lava, which, after its issue in a melted condition from the crater of Vesuvius, near by, becomes a grayish stone, compact and hard as granite, apparently. It is cut with precision into large blocks, all of equal dimensions and is well laid in sand or under cushions of macadam.

The stone curbing to the sidewalks here, as in Florence and other Italian cities, varies in thickness from ten to fourteen inches. It is set with great care and solidity, and that the huge blocks may remain forever immovable they are prepared and fitted closely together at the meeting ends with a projecting half round and a fitting hollowed half round respectively. They never sink nor bulge out of line. The love of the beautiful, it would seem, does not abandon the Neapolitan, even in the sterile construction of a street.—*St. Louis Republican.*

## SIDE DISHES.

The Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen, has four living great grandmothers.

Edison pays Dr. Siemens a royalty for the use of the principle which he employs in his armature.

President Arthur has been formally invited to be present at the opening of the Exposition in Milwaukee, Wis., in September next.

Lieutenant Danenhower, it appears, is the son of a Chicago bookseller who did business at No. 123 Lake Street, in 1850. The family moved from Chicago to Washington.

The present Sir Robert Peel, says London *Truth*, is popular in society, a telling speaker, a clever man, a fair whist player, a bold but unlucky better, and the lord of 10,000 acres.

A carriage and horseback tour through the Scottish Highlands is to be undertaken by Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague and her children, visiting the places made familiar by Sir Walter Scott.

Cardinal Manning has just entered upon his seventy-fifth year. His health is still vigorous. On the day following his recent birthday he preached two sermons and officiated in three different churches.

The flowers found in the royal mumies, recently discovered in Egypt preserved their original colors, and were blue larkspur, yellow mimosas, or acacias, and the white lotus, besides which a moss was discovered in the coffins resembling a kind found only in Greece.

Trenor W. Park is at present entertaining a party of forty-two children, sent out by the New York *Tribune* Fresh Air Bureau, at his residence in Bennington, Vt., and they will remain there one month.

Should the next child of the King and Queen of Spain be a boy, he will bear the name of Alphonso or Ferdinand, or both. If a girl, she will be named Maria Theresa, after the famous Empress, who was the great great grandmother of Queen Marie, and the great great great grandmother of King Alphonso. The royal pair are, by the way, also both descended from Louis XIV of France.

It is said that Meissonier, the celebrated French artist, has presented a portrait of himself, executed in water colors, to the physicians who took care of him during his late illness. The picture is a full-length of small size. The artist has chosen to represent himself in his sick-room apparel, enveloped—that is to say—in a long red dressing-gown. The work is thought to be worth at least 60,000f. Meissonier is more grateful than most men to the invaluable doctor.

### SUMMONS.

In the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the County of Silver Bow.

Jennie Ryland, plaintiff, vs. Lucius M. Ryland, defendant.

The people of the Territory of Montana send greeting to Lucius M. Ryland, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the County of Silver Bow, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county, or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to dissolve the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between you and plaintiff, and to award to plaintiff the custody of Hattie Unice and Lizzie Nillie, two minor children, the issue of your marriage with plaintiff. The grounds upon which this action is based is your having wilfully absented yourself from plaintiff without cause, and against her consent, for a period since April 1st, 1882, and your desertion of her on said 1st day of April, 1882, and your departure from the Territory of Montana at said date without the intention of returning.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will take a default against you and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the prayer of plaintiff's complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Second District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the County of Silver Bow, this 20th day of July, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-two.

{SEAL} GEO. W. IRVIN, II, Clerk.
KNOWLES & FORRIS, Atty's for Plaintiff.
jul26w5w

### SUMMONS.

In the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the County of Silver Bow.

Sophronius Marcheseau and Peter Valton, plaintiffs, vs A. R. Mallioux, defendant.

The people of the Territory of Montana send greeting to A. R. Mallioux, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiffs, in the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the County of Silver Bow, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover of defendant the sum of $638 35, with legal interest from June 17, 1882, alleged to be balance due owing and unpaid from defendant to plaintiffs on account for goods, wares and merchandise sold and delivered by plaintiffs to defendant at Butte City, M. T., between February 2, and June 17, 1882, at defendant's special instance and request, and costs of suit. The property attached in this action, and out of which it is sought to satisfy this claim, is described as follows: One wood chute or flume, situated in Mallioux canyon, about three miles easterly from the Butte City Race Track; about forty cords of wood, more or less, situated near the lower end of said wood chute; also all money in the hands of the Parrot Smelting Company (about $35.00), and all money in the hands of the Bell Silver and Copper Mining Company.

And