SEMI-WEEKLY MINER

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13, 1882.

Local News.

From the Daily of Tuesday.

Who won that doll?

It is nice to be a father.

District Court meets next Monday.

If you want nice fresh candies go to Gilbert & Tyler's.

Gilbert & Tyler received yesterday 1,000 pounds of choice fresh candies.

The Territorial Fair at Helena commences on the 25th inst. and closes on the 30th.

A word to childless married people: If you have no children, raffle for them.

Somebody was most beautifully joshed last evening, but the lady wasn't.

The season of dust blizzards preceding the equinoxial, seems to be the order of the day.

Her name is Evangeline Venus Persephone Ceres Philomela Minerva — a beautiful blonde.

September 14th is the Jewish New Year, and is universally observed as a holiday by our Israelitish friends.

There is now a four-horse coach running between Missoula and the terminus of the Northern Pacific. It made its first trip last week.

Our friend Todd was made happy last evening by Mrs. Todd winning the beautiful doll baby at the raffle at Mrs. Smith's. Oh golly! Great golly! Oh golly!

The new postoffice building is now up nearly ready for the roof. It will be an imposing structure and add much to the appearance of upper Main Street.

The regular registration day in Utah under the law of the last Congress occurred yesterday, and the whole of Zion was in commotion over the event.

Miss Helen P. Clarke has been nominated by the Republican County Convention, of Lewis and Clarke, for the position of County Superintendent of Public Schools.

Jim Winslow raises the boss potatoes and Bob Foster buys the prize chicken; but a certain family in the city gets away with them. For further information, etc.

A man named Givens met with a painful accident Sunday evening, while chopping in the Park. By some chance he struck the axe in his foot, nearly severing it just below the instep.

A mathematical problem: If it cost a man twenty-five bottles of beer and ten bottles of champagne when his wife did not win a doll baby, how much would it cost him if she had won it? Answer next week.

The upper floor of the two-story brick building two doors west of the MINER office has been secured by Messrs. Word & Baldwin for a law office and office of the Montana Railway Company. They will move into the new rooms this week.

The meeting of the board of equalization is a matter that many of our taxpayers are watching with some interest. The time when has not been officially published, but it is understood to be on the third Monday of September.

We hear that a large number will take advantage of the excursion rates to-morrow. Some mathematically inclined individual has figured it out that he can go to Ogden and return by an excursion ticket cheaper by ten dollars than the regular fare will cost him, even if he choose to go no further.

Hon. Samuel Word telegraphed to the Republican chiefs in Deer Lodge this morning that the courtesies of the Utah & Northern road would be extended to the delegates coming to convention at this place Wednesday. The Democratic delegates had like courtesies extended to them, and at the close of their labors seemed to be in a very thankful frame of mind, thanking everybody; but somehow the railroad was overlooked.

The MINER Publishing Company intends to keep fully abreast of the times in its effort to make a first-class newspaper and one worthy of the confidence and support of the public. It has secured the services of one of the best job printers in the West, and will have on its editorial staff this week a gentleman to take charge of its local department, who comes highly recommended as a brilliant writer and cultured gentleman. If the new man proves to be a scavenger of filth, a retailer of thin slush, an editorial writer on the local page whose opinions are worthless, and one whose capacity manifestly adapts him to be chambermaid in a livery stable—he will be fired. A long-suffering public will not be called upon to bear any such infliction.

From the Daily of Wednesday.

Mrs. Wilson will give an elegant ball at Kingsbury's hall next Monday. Her reputation as an accomplished caterer is an assurance positive on the occasion.

Mr. H. B. Hill, business manager of the Benton *Record*, arrived in the city night before last. Mr. Hill is a delegate to the Territorial Republican Convention which meets in the city to-morrow.

"In the Twilight," Gavotte, by J. Ostil, is one of the latest and most popular publications from the press of Sherman, Clay & Co., San Francisco. The composition is of the kind that clings to one after being heard. The price is 40 cents, for which it can be had from any music dealer.

The Vienna (Idaho) *Reporter* says that paying tar diggings have been found recently on the middle fork of Salmon river, abou fifty miles below Stoddard's camp and eighty miles from Cape Horn. The stampeders go to Stoddard's camp and from there down the river.

From the Daily of Tuesday.

FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Immense Destruction of Wood.

From Mr. B. F. Catching, who came in from Blacktail yesterday, we learn that a disastrous conflagration occurred at that place last Saturday. The fire is supposed to have originated from a teamster cooking his dinner. The Colorado smelter lost about 600 cords of wood by this fire, and others lost smaller lots.

From Chance L. Harris, who came in from the Park late last evening, we learn that a fire broke out on the summit, west of the Park about 11:30 a. m. yesterday. When first discovered it did not have the appearance of being more than an ordinary camp fire, but the wind blowing a gale at the time, the whole side of the mountain was soon a sheet of flame. The fire originated about 100 yards from Billy Morrison's wood camp. It was unquestionably the work of an incendiary, as Mr. Morrison had no fire about his camp since morning. Morrison loses about 150 cords of wood and his wood chute 500 feet long. Geo. A. Curtis lost 150 cords of wood and his chute 800 feet long. Mr. Curtis was pitching wood at the time and before he was aware of the presence of the fire his shirt was burning. He barely escaped with his life.

The fire was raging at a late hour last night, and unless there is rain or "Blucher" or something else, there is liable to be immense destruction in the Park before the end is reached. The fire is ascending the mountain side, and the wicked flames are surging and roaring in the direction of the extensive wood ricks of the Silver Bow and Montana Company, and of private individuals. There is a strong presumption that thousands of cords of wood will disappear in smoke in the Park within the next few days.

When the fire was first discovered Judge Sherman organized a force to stay its ravages but in the face of the gale and the parched-up timber, their efforts were impotent. The heat was so intense that men could not approach the scene of the conflagration.

At the time this fire was raging the wind was blowing great guns everywhere in that region. Three houses were unrooted, and a team hitched to a load of wood was blown back on the road about 350 yards. A building belonging to Ed. Currie was blown down completely. Two loads of hay coming from the Park to Butte were completely overturned, the wheels of the wagon being where the hay ought to have been. Pretty much all the windows on the west side of houses were broken out from flying sand and gravel. The road, which before the cyclone had about four inches of dust, was swept clean and was as hard as a pavement.

It is reported that a cloud burst occurred below the Park in the vicinity of the saw mills, which brought down huge rocks and boulders.

These fires, occuring at this time are liable to seriously complicate the wood question this winter. Our mills and smelters have not satisfactorily succeeded in finding a substitute for wood, and it is indispensible for household and heating uses in the city. It is to be hoped the situation is not near so serious as it now appears.

LATER.

The fire is still spreading and working towards Yankee Doodle.

Coroner's Inquest at Boulder.

A coroner's inquest was held at Boulder, over the body of a man found dead in Wm. Deasecy's stable, about 6 o'clock p. m. Sept. 8. He proved to be an Englishman by birth, named Wm. Smallwood, who had lived in the valley with Mr. Joseph Potts for eight or ten months past, being an uncle of Mrs. Joseph Potts. The evidence showed that he had been drinking with boon companions during the day, and after he became pretty well intoxicated he was taken to Deascey's stable by one of them, and left there in a comfortable position. A few hours after, the party who took him to the stable returned there in company with another and found him dead. The verdict of the jury was that he died from apoplexy, the primary cause being the excessive use of intoxicating liquers.

Are Horse Thieves Around?

Robert Denney, of the Park, advertises in another column a lost horse. The circumstances indicate that the horse was stolen. He was sweaty when first seen in the morning, having evidently been ridden all night, and the thief had probably gone into the brush to sleep during the day. The horse ran with Mr. Denney's herd during the day, and at night followed into the corral. During the night the dogs commenced a furious barking and Mr. Denney and another gentleman who was encamped near him, on going to the corral, discovered a man skulking away in the darkness. The horse was then put in the stable, under lock and key, and the evidences about the premises for two or three nights showed that efforts had been made to break into the stable.

Was It a Joke?

We are informed that a young lady and gentleman well and favorably known in this city were joined in the bonds of matrimony last Sunday afternoon on Ewing street. The contracting parties were inclined at the time to regard the ceremony as a joke but as matters have assumed a more serious aspect they are now seeking some means of sundering the tie.—*Herald.*

From the Daily of Tuesday.

THE FIRE ON PARK STREET

The City Escapes Another Conflagration.

Last Sunday afternoon the citizens of the town were again aroused by the cry of fire and the blowing of whistles. While several men hurried to the hose house, others, attracted by the smoke, rushed to the scene of the fire, which proved to be in a building on the south side of East Park street, occupied by one of the "girls" known as "Sailor Jack." The fire had obtained considerable headway before water was turned on it. This was done by a couple of small lines of rubber hose used for street sprinkling purposes, which in this instance served the purpose of a well-manned engine. The wardrobe, bedding and furniture belonging to the occupant were completely destroyed, the loss running well up into the hundreds. A sealskin cloak, costing upward of $600, being one of the articles consumed. The fire originated, we understand, from a lighted match used by a visitor in lighting a cigar, and thrown carelessly aside, dropping into an open bureau drawer and setting fire to some lace curtains and other inflammable articles contained therein. The occupant had left the premises to go to her dinner but a few moments before the alarm was given, and immediately returned to see all her worldly possessions going up in smoke. Had it not been for the water at hand, nothing could have saved that portion of Butte from the devouring element. The fire was extinguished before the hose truck reached the corner of Main and Park, but the race which the boys had with it conclusively proved that that very necessary adjunct to the fire department was located too far from the centre of the city to be called into immediate service when required. So far Butte has been very gently dealt with by the fire fiend, but unless the steps which are now being taken to procure a suitable building near the centre of the city for the housing of the hose, cart and other implements of the fire department, are encouraged by our citizens, the several warnings recently received will have been thrown away. The city cannot expect to be always as fortunate as it has been. The time may soon come when a single spark or a lighted match will sweep away the better portion of the town, unless thorough preparation be made to meet and conquer fire. The sooner our citizens appreciate the real danger of the present situation the better it may be for them. There is but little use in locking the stable door after the horse is stolen.

Hose and Engine House in Ruins.

During the gale yesterday the building in which is kept the engine, hose, and hooks and ladders, was knocked into pi, burying the fire apparatus in the ruins. The extent of the damage done cannot be ascertained until the debris shall have been cleared away; but the wreck gives emphasis to the fact that the citizens did not commence any too soon to move in the matter of a safe and convenient structure for these appliances to stay the ravages of fire. We have had two very distinct reminders recently that Butte is a sort of slumbering volcano that is liable to belch forth any day in a storm of conflagration. But fortunately no such gales as were among yesterday's visitations, marked these occasions. We must fortify ourselves with adequate preventions, and the public spirited men of this city must go diligently at work to house this property and take care of it, and see that there is a force always in readiness to man it.

Small-pox at Missoula.

According to the *Missoulian*, there is liable to be a very general spread of small-pox at that point. There were two cases there recently, both of whom have since died. One of them was in a crowded lodging house, and the other was in the back room of a much frequented saloon, and had lain sick there four days before he was removed to the pest house. Then two drunken men were in the habit of visiting the pest house and afterwards mingling with the citizens. The keeper of the saloon is Mike Collins, formerly of Butte, and one of the men who died was Matt Hayes, an old resident, and well known throughout the Territory.

Almost a Fatal Accident.

As Mr. Thomas Gulley, an old-time settler in Butte and miner who has escaped the many perils that environ a miner's life, was walking down West Broadway, yesterday, a large iron fire door, that had been set up in the space between Mrs. Smith's millinery store and Brown's butcher shop, was caught by a gust of wind and thrown upon the sidewalk, striding Mr. Gulley on the right side of the head, inflicting a painful and somewhat serious wound. Fortunately he was knocked away from the falling door, or it would have crushed him. He is now at the Girton House, under a surgeon's care.

Trouble at the Ripraps.

O. B. O'Bannon, Esq., who came up on the construction train from Warm Springs yesterday availed himself of the opportunity to ride with the engineer to the repairs going forward at the scene of the Washout on Big Hole at the mouth of Moose Creek. He there found the repair camp in some commotion, their horses having been taken up and held for breaking into the pasture of a resident there known as "Sod" Jennings. An officer went out with a writ of replevin this morning to regulate matters down there.

Assessable Mining Stocks.

The Directory of the Amy and Silversmith Mining Company have recently addressed circulars to the various stockholders of that company to ascertain their wishes in regard to a voluntary assessment. In the case of this company it is confidently believed that all the stockholders will assent to the arrangement. This company was organized, like many of the Butte mining companies, with treasury stock as a working capital. At the present condition of the stock market, it would be the height of financial folly to throw this stock on the market for the purpose of developing the mine. It is a valuable property, and if properly managed, will unquestionably yield handsome dividends to the stockholders at some future time. The directors do not care to "wreck" it or swamp it so hopelessly that it will be forced to pass into other hands.

The case of the Amy and Silversmith is not alone in an embarrassed condition by reason of the non-assessable stock plan. Some of the best mining properties in this city are paralyzed by this statutory inhibition. Many lawyers who have investigated this question are of the opinion that assessments can be levied on stock notwithstanding the law. They certainly could be under the joint-stock plan, but that would increase the liability of stockholders.

This is a question of the most vital importance to the mining interests of the county, and mining men and men interested in mining properties should see to it that candidates for the next Legislature should be right upon this question. The Bell mine would be adding to the production of the camp to-day if the stockholders could pay a sufficient amount to extricate the company from its difficulties. So would the Stevens and other mines in which men with means would be willing to invest if they could have any assurance that they had any protection in their investment.

The non-assessable stock plan was incorporated into our statutes as a sort of bid for Eastern capital; but it has proved to be disastrous without attaining the ends aimed at. All men doing business in this place, as well as miners, are interested that the fullest development should be constantly going forward in the resources by which they are surrounded. This development cannot go forward with the Chinese wall of non-assessable stock surrounding every incorporated mine. Over a year ago the MINER, in the interest of men engaged in legitimate and honest business, pointed out the consequences that subsequent events have shown to be a necessary sequence of the statutory plan of stocking mines; and its opinions at that time seemed to bring upon it the wrath of stock manipulators and moneyless adventurers. Without any unusual assumption of foresight, the MINER can point to the mining history of the past year to substantiate the correctness of its position upon this question. It then predicted that real estate values would shrink, business stagnate, and men vainly seek for employment while the present corporation law stood. The law must be changed.

The A. O. U. W. in Montana.

J. W. Kingsley, Deputy Grand Master of Workman, for the jurisdiction comprising Montana, Nevada, Utah, Idaho and Wyoming, has, after concluding a very successful work in Utah, began his work in Montana.

The object of Mr. Kingsley's visit to this Territory is to extend the membership of this very worthy benevolent order. Within the past three months ten new lodges have been instituted in Utah, adding over 200 new members to the fraternity.

The citizens of Dillon are now to have the opportunity of having a lodge instituted there, after which other points will be visited by the organizing officer.

There are at present six lodges of the A. O. U. W. in Montana, and it is thought that several more may be added to the list.

But one death has occurred within the membership in Montana—that of Edward B. McKean, who was a member of Butte Lodge No. 1, of Butte. Mrs. McKean received the $2,000 to which her husband's membership in the Ancient Order of United Workman entitled her, through the banking house of Walker Bros., Salt Lake.

Mr. Kingsley informs us that his address for the present will be Dillon, and parties in this Territory desiring information as to the Order, or the formation of lodges, may address him there.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. Ross Clark, cashier of the bank of Donnell, Clark & Larabie, leaves for Denver and the Exposition this morning.

Mr. John Butler, of the firm of Richardson & Butler, of this city, leaves for Denver on the excursion train this morning.

Mark Musgrove, who has had charge of the local side of the MINER for some time, retires, having other business ventures in view.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockey and children leave for Denver this morning. Mr. Lockey will remain there a few days and take in the Exposition, and Mrs. Lockey and children will pursue their journey eastward to visit friends.

Hon. Cornelius Hedges paid the MINER sanctum a very pleasant call last evening. Mr. Hedges, we understand, has no Congressional aspirations, but he is one of the few Republicans in the Territory who could represent Montana with honor to himself and to the people of the Territory.

The Mountain Fires.

From parties in from the Park to-day we learn that the amount of property liable to be destroyed in that locality will not be near as great as was apprehended yesterday. A great deal of the wood that has been cut has been banked in the neighborhood of the road, and is in no danger whatever. The danger is only to the scattered bunches of wood in various parts of the forest.

The loss occasioned by these fires is not a present loss, but one this community will feel for years to come. The standing timber which would be a reserve for a great length of time will be rendered unfit for use as fuel by fire. The importance of the wood problem has seemed so great that the Legislative authority has placed on the statute book a stringent law against setting out fires in the woods. Public sentiment is so pronounced on this point that the man who is guilty of this crime is held to be an outlaw and abandoned person.

It is stated on good authority that the fire in the Park was purely accidental, and was neither malicious nor the work of an incendiary. The cyclone raging there Monday carried sparks from a wood-chopper's cabin and ignited the loose matter lying on the ground that had been trimmed from the felled timber. It had run some distance before the wood-chopper, who was cooking his dinner, discovered it.

Our California Trade.

Since the cessation of hostilities between the two Pacific roads, we notice quite a number of representatives of first-class California houses making efforts to regain their former trade in Montana. There are many things to be had from California that are indispensible to our comforts—the fruits, woolen goods, coffees, sugars, and (not an insignificant item) the winter butter of California. The best butter of that region is when the winter rains begin to fall and the hills are clothed with verdure, and it is the business of railroads to equalize the inequalities of rail and climate. We are sending what we produce to other regions, and in the natural distribution of things must look to other localities for a full supply of our wants. It is admitted by all Californians that the Central Pacific made a grievous mistake in not capturing the trade of Montana years ago with a branch from its main line. The completion of the Northern Pacific and branches from the Union Pacific has now placed the opportunity beyond the reach of the Central Pacific. That road can do much, however, by a liberal and sagacious policy to increase its receipts and build up the commercial interests of San Francisco. And such a policy will help not only San Francisco and the railroad itself but the consumers of Montana who always desire the option of a diversity of markets.

The New Waltz Songs.

Now Mr. David O. Calder, of Salt Lake City, the enterprising music dealer, sends us two of the most brilliant and captivating waltz songs of the day, just issued by him—"Rose Leaves" and "Orange Blossoms," composed by the eminent musician, Adam Geibel. They are illustrated with finely executed foreign pictures in colors. The introduction and accompaniments are exquisite and the songs are gems and sure to please the lovers of good vocal music. Price 50 cts. each in postage stamps. Also Baby's Lullaby," one of the most popular songs of the day, and sung with great success by T. B. Dixon. This song has only recently been issued and its sale already exceeds 10,000 copies. Price, 35 cts.

The Town of Stuart.

The sale of lots in the town of Stuart is advertised in this issue of the MINER. It is a favorable point for investment, and one that the investor need not wait until his grandchildren reach their majority to realize from. Aside from its natural advantages, it is so pleasantly located and is such close proximity to this city that, as soon as we have our morning and evening trains, people doing business here will make their home in the town of Stuart. It is so fortunately located and of such future promise that sagacious individuals will see it to their interest to secure a spot of reality in the new burg.

The Lewis and Clarke Delegation.

The following gentlemen comprising the Lewis and Clarke County delegation to the Territorial Republican Convention, which meets in this city at noon to-day, arrived in the city yesterday, and last evening: Messrs. A. C. Botkin, A. H. Beattie, W. F. Sanders, R. Lockey, J. P. Woolman, W. A. Chessman, M. A. Meyendorff, Joseph Davis, C. L. Vawter, B. F. Hooper, J. G. Sanders, Cornelius Hedges, Moses Morris and William Sims. The gentlemen are all well known, prominent citizens of Helena and are welcomed here by a large number of friends in the Silver City.

Roshashona.

This evening the Jewish New Year, *Roshashona*, begins at sunset and closes at sunset to-morrow evening. 5,643 is the year they enter upon. Our Jewish citizens will close their places of business this evening at six o'clock and keep them closed until seven p. m., to-morrow.

He is an ungallant thief that stole the shelving from Miss Jennie Mitchelle, the West Park street cigar dealer. Ninety days on bread and water would be too easy a punishment for him.

RAILROAD TIES.

Progress of the Iron Horse in Montana.

A large force of graders are at work on the Northern Pacific line.

The tracklayers on the Utah & Northern have reached Lost Creek.

On the 6th, Northern Pacific stock was quoted in New York as follows: Common, 50¾; preferred, 92¾.

Horace White and other boomers of the Northern Pacific in Wall street predict dividends on the common stock before the end of 1883.

The gap between the two ends of the Northern Pacific is now but little more than 500 miles, and is being closed at the rate of three miles per day.

Hon. L. B. Hedges, superintendent of the Northern Pacific tree planters, arrived in Dakota last week, and expects to plant 2,000,000 trees for snow breaks along the line.

Chief Engineer Anderson, of the Northern Pacific, was in St. Paul last week with the intention of accompanying the government commissioners on their trip to inspect the newly laid track of the Northern Pacific.

It is the intention of the Northern Pacific management that the western end of the road shall reach Missoula, and the eastern end Bozeman, by the close of the present year. This will leave but little more than 200 miles to be built. It will be completed, if no mishaps occur, by October, 1883, at farthest.

Louis Stettheimer looked in and said good-by last night.

Duke Dutrielle, of Benton, is in the city as a delegate to the Territorial Republican convention.

Mrs. Geo. Woodward left Monday morning for Fayette, Ohio, and will be absent four of five months.

Joel Harrington has removed with his family to Butte, to give his children school advantages this winter.

A postal card was received here yesterday on which was written, "Please change my paper to Bozeman, M. T."—no signature or mention of the place where written. Newspaper men are expected to know a thing or two, but a problem like the above is altogether too intricate for the ordinary journalistic brain.

The following is the ticket put up by the Republicans of Deer Lodge: Sheriff, J. J. Kennedy; Treasurer, Lew. Coleman; Clerk and Recorder, R. L. Davis; Assessor, V. B. McQueston; Probate Judge, Orren Emerson; County Commissioners, R. H. Zenor, D. Dingwall; Superintendent Schools, T. W. Catlin; Coroner, J. W. Eastman.

The quickest time on record between Deer Lodge and this place was made Monday. Dr. Musigbrod, accompanied by W. W. Dixon, Esq., left Deer Lodge at 4:20 and came in a buggy to the Springs, where they took lunch, boarded the construction train; waited at the Junction until the regular train, and reached here at 8:30. The actual traveling time, excluding stoppages, was less than three hours.

Rather a good one was played on one of our popular restaurateurs the other day. The clock was turned forward one hour; dinner was made ready, and the smiling host put himself in a position of Christian resignation to greet his customers at the time indicated by the lying clock. None of them appearing, he exclaimed: "My God! what is the country coming to?" At the regular hour his tables were full, and his face returned to its accustomed serenity.

TERRITORIAL NEWS.

Culled From the Columns of our Exchanges.

Bozeman is chock full of snide gambling games.

Thieves got away with two horses at Ubet last week.

There have been about fifty quartz leads located in Deer Lodge county, since the 1st of January.

R. H. Brown, a Bozeman bar-keeper, died suddenly last Monday of apoplexy of the stomach.

It is reported that a Washington Territory man is on his way to Missoula with a newspaper outfit.

A one-third interest in the War Eagle mine, near Cooke City, Clarke's Fork, has been sold for $8,000.

It is said that bears have been very troublesome to the ranchmen and stockmen on the Upper Yellowstone, this season.

It is charged that the clock creek fire originated through the wantonness or carelessness of Helena hunting or fishing parties.

Indian Agent Armstrong, of the Crow Agency, is taking in the Yellowstone National Park, in company with distinguished Eastern tourists.

Out of respect to the memory of Nick Welch, who died at Benton last week, the District Court adjourned Wednesday afternoon until the next day.

The water in Alder gulch is at low stage and ground-sluicing is almost over. The balance of the season will be taken up in cleaning bed-rock and large clean-ups are expected.

A man was brought up to Bozeman from Stillwater last Tuesday charged with having committed a highway robbery. He is a candidate for the Deer Lodge penitentiary with fine chances of election.

Lewiston is the name of the new town laid out at Jeannotte's place on the Judith. It is about the thirteenth town that has been commenced in the Judith country within the past year and a half.

A couple of Dakota men are negotiating, with fair prospects of success, with Acting Secretary Joslyn, of the Interior Department, for the necessary grounds in the National Park upon which to construct roadways and erect hotels and other building for the accommodation and convenience of visitors.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing and making one's self loved is to be cheerful; joy softens more hearts than tears.

A Parisian Artist's Revenge.

From the London Echo.

One of the most eminent painters of Paris was lately commissioned to paint the portrait of a lady who was some years ago a famous beauty, but who is now nearer her fiftieth than her fortieth year. She wished the portrait to be exhibited in this year's Salon, and gave the artist endless trouble over its details. When it was finished, however, she was far from contented, and declared that she could not recognize her own likeness in his conscientious piece of work. The painter said that she need not have the picture if she did not think it to be a faithful one, and it remained in his *atelier* as his own unsold property. Meanwhile he was determined to have his revenge for the insult done to his pride as an artist and the loss to his pocket as one who lived by his art. In order that the picture should not remain a piece of dead capital, he resolved to transform it from a portrait into a subject. A few days before the private exhibition the lady in question was informed by a well-instructed friend that the artist had introduced a number of accessories into her portrait which were likely to compromise her reputation. She drove off in great haste to the painter's studio and asked to see the picture. The wish was promptly gratified. There she stood upon the canvas, life-like and life-size; but the cruel artist had thinned her hair to semi-baldness, and in one of her hands she held two long tresses of false hair. Upon the table at her side, which he had changed into a toilet-table, were ranged a number of bottles, labeled respectively with the words, "Milk of Lilies," "Beauty Water," "Elixir against Wrinkles," "Golden-hair Dye." The lady cried out that such treatment was infamous. "You have really no complaint, madame," said the artist. "You have already declared that the picture is in no sense a portrait of yourself. I accept your opinion, and, as I cannot afford to lose so much hard work, I have treated it as a fantasie piece, and as such I shall introduce it to the public. I mean to call it 'The Coquette of Fifty Years.'" "What!" exclaimed she. "You mean to exhibit it?" The lady immediately begged him to accept the stipulated sum for the portrait and, after she had seen the compromising accessories obliterated in her presence, took out her check-book and bought the picture on the spot.

The Upas Valley Story Exploded.

Another romantic tradition has been refuted, another thrilling illusion dispelled, by Dr. Otto Kuntze's discovery that the lethal capacities of Pakamaran, the renowned Javanese Death-Valley, are as utterly fabulous as the Norwegian Krankan or Richard of Gloucester hump. It is no longer permitted to us to believe that the effects of the subtle poison given off by the "Deadly Upas Tree" have bestrewed that dismal vale with countless carcasses of savage beasts, serpents, and birds, or that a certain death awaits any foolhardy traveler attempting to cross it; for the eminent German explorer has paid Pakamaran an exhaustive visit, and reports it to be as healthy as any other part of the island. In the way of corpses, he did not so much as see a dead fly within its precincts. He describes it as a small circular depression in a gorge of the Dieng Mountains, about seven square metres in size and forlorn in vegetation. It is approached by two footpaths, winding down from the hills by which it is surrounded. By one of these paths Dr. Kuntze entered the Death-Valley despite the entreaties of his guides and servants, one of whom repeatedly strove to hold him back by force, and, having traversed Pakamaran in every direction, quitted it by the other path. The natives had assured him that he would find the valley choked up with skeletons, as even the swiftest birds flying above it would drop down stone dead, slain by its poisonous exhalations. In vain, however, did he look about for a single bone; nor could he detect the least unpleasant odor. Dr. Kuntze pronounces Pakamaran to be an imposture, the offspring of ignorance and superstition. Unable to dispute his sentence, we are bound, not altogether without regret, to relegate the death-dealing vale to the limbo of exploded myths.—*London Telegraph.*

Still Waiting.

"Good-by, papa."

The plump, white arms of Erica Brown were thrown about her father's neck, and the pretty face with its radiant mouth and cunning dimples was pressed closely to the bronzed cheek of the farmer as he stood in the kitchen door-way a moment before going out to his daily toil.

"I am going to plow the south meadow this morning, my darling," he said to the girl, "and when noon comes you must have my accounts as Treasurer of the church all arranged, because the Building Committee will be here after dinner and I am to turn over the money in my hands, so that the erection of the new church in the little dell just beyond where we buried that house-colored heifer two years ago last spring can be commenced at once" and kissing his daughter again, Farmer Brown took a lot of hard tobacco and went away into the clad sunlight.

The petals of the June roses had fallen like a pink carpet along the edge of the woods, contrasting prettily with the vivid green of the grass and leaves. Above the hum of insect and the twittering of the birds rose the sturdy voice of Farmer Brown, swearing at the old mule. "Get up dam it!" he said. But the mule only waved its ears in a pensive, long-eared fashion, and looked wistfully across the meadow where stately cows were grazing and the old sorrel horse that had a splint on her near fore leg was quafling the fresh water of the morning day. Picking up a short stick, the farmer advanced and struck the doubtful mule a cruel blow just aft of its midship ribs. Stretching out his hind legs in a moment farmer Brown was sailing in the far blue overhead.

The little church in the grassy dell is not complete yet, and the Building Committee is anxiously waiting for the Treasurer to come down.

Yesterday morning refined bullion to the value of $35,350.67 was shipped east by the Pacific Express Company. Of this amount $14,843 was the product of the Gloster's last run, and the remainder was of various small lots which had passed through the hands of the United States assayer.—*Independent.*

A meeting of the Shonkin district Stock Association was held at Ben on last Saturday evening, and the following officers were elected: President, John Lesley; Vice-President, Richard Mee; Secretary, M. F. Milner; Treasurer, J. H. Green; Executive Committee, Thomas H. Martin, W. T. Morrow, G. G. Fish, William Jones and Martin Connelly.

At the meeting of the Shonkin District Stock Association at Benton last Saturday, the officers were authorized to hire a force of men to fight prairie fires whenever occasion requires.

AN UNWELCOME PRESENT.

How Mrs General Lew Wallace Received the Sultan' Gift of a Circassian Beauty.

The Sultan of Turkey has presented General Lew Wallace, the American Minister, with a beautiful Circassian girl.—*Press dispatch.*

This is all the modest telegraph consented to say about the occurrence, though the San Francisco *Wasp* found ever so much more to be told. The fact is that Mrs. Wallace was sitting at the front window of her Constantinople house, on the verge of going down to the bazaar for some embroidered stuffs to send home, when a cavalcade drew up before the door, a huge eunuch arrayed in Sultan's livery, knocked at the door and salaam-salamed, and two eunuchs a size smaller, brought in and deposited on the inside doormat a big-eyed, beautiful Circassian girl, whose lustrous orbs and sparkling jewels were but little obscured by the flimsy gauze veiling that covered her from head to foot. Mrs. Wallace stared at the girl in dumb amazement.

"What do you want?" she said.

The girl shook her head.

"Mustaby, Mustaby?" cried Mrs. Wallace, sharply. "What does this mean?"

Mustaby came from the door below, where he had been polishing some knives with Bristol brick. He dropped knife and brick when he caught sight sight of the visitor.

"Ah, ah!" he ejaculated, with satisfaction, as he saw the imperial insignia; "it is a present. His Highness has smiled upon my master and has sent his choicest slave."

"And what is his choicest slave going to do in this house, I would like to know?" continued Mrs. Wallace, with a vinegary gleam of sarcasm.

"She will bring my master's coffee to him when he awakes in the morning and effectionately superintend his morning ablution."

"She will, will she?" remarked Mrs. Wallace, as she gritted her teeth very hard. "She will affectionately superintend his morning ablutions, will she?" and she stealthily fingered a bric-a-brac shelf and glared at the offending present.

Then she walked straight up to the beauty on the door mat, pointed her index finger out the front door and remarked, "Go 'way!"

The Present started at her stupidly.

"Go 'way, I tell you. You're a shameless hussy to come intruding on a respectable family in this way."

The Present did not look as if she had done anything particularly infamous, and showed no disposition to move.

Mrs. Wallace could contain herself no longer. She flew at the Present, grabbed it by the shoulder and was hustling it down the stairs when General Wallace came around the corner rather flushed from his rapid walking. He took in the situation at a glance.

"Oh, Lewis!" cried his wife, with accentuated horror; "Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

Lewis did not look horrified, though he evidently was. He evidently had heard of such things, for there was a doubtful look on his face.

"I don't think, Marie, that I would put it out in the street. It's not to blame, you know."

There was a faint snap in Mrs. Wallace's eyes, but she nodded and led him no further.

"You see it's a present, and you can't give away or throw away a present, you know. If we could send it back, saying we had no use for it, or that we had one already, and couldn't make it something else, it would be the best way. You have to consult custom and etiquette in these things, you know."

"Yeees," said Mrs. W., with a sinister sweetness in her compliance.

"Besides," he continued, as he carelessly took hold of the Present's hand and began stroking the Present's bow in a gentle and fatherly way, "I don't really know if it would be safe to send it back at all. You see these foreign Powers are mighty touchy, and I don't know but if I was to send this present back and turn up my nose at it in such a way they might be mad enough to declare war on the United States right off and massacre us all."

"You would, would you?" remarked Mrs. Wallace, in a voice like the first rumblings of a rising typhoon, "Afraid to send it back, are you, you bald-headed old fraud! Afraid of international complications are you, you salacious old wretch! Now you can just under-stand this, sir, and right now. If that Present doesn't go back to that old beast that sent it in less than ten minutes, I'll show you what kind of a Bulgarian atrocity you're married to, I'll show you," she hissed as she flew at the Present and inaugurated a picnic in dry goods and hair pins and Circassian spasms and male profanity, and finally hysterics, as General Wallace called a corporal and packed the girl off at last.

Then he went in and caught it—caught it so hot that he remarked to the Vice Consul that sooner than go through the like again he would see the whole continent bathed in blood and the American eagle bombarded until it moulted a pen feather to its nature.

Produce Market Report

Bozeman, M. T., September 12, 1882.

The following are the wholesale prices paid by merchants and hotel keepers for the commodities enumerated, delivered from the wagon. Price list carefully corrected every Saturday:

Flour, Bully Valley, XXXX, $4.00 per cwt.
" Mill Creek, XXXX, $4.00 per cwt.
Mill Creek New Process, $4.25.
Gallatin, $3.75 per cwt.
Union Mills New Process, Cream of the Valley, $4.00
Bully Valley, new process, $4.15.
Union Mills XXXX snow flake, $4.
Utah Common, $3.75
Utah Choice, $3.50.
Graham, $4.00.
Wheat per lb., 2½ cts., fair demand.
Oats, $1.25.
Butter, per lb., 40 cts.
Eggs, per dozen, 30@35 cts.
Corn Meal, 70.
Beef, on foot, 5 cts.
Lard, 3½ cts. per lb.
Hay per ton, $27@30.
Cheese, 22 cts.
Barley, $2.50@2.75 per cwt.
Dried beans, Montana, 7 cts.
Mutton, 8 cts.
Pork, dressed, 11 cts. per lb.
Veal, 11 cts. per lb.
Chickens, $6@7.50 per dozen.
Wood, $7@9. In demand.
Bacon, 20 cts. per lb.
Potatoes, $1.50@1.50 per cwt.
Sausage, 20 cts. per lb.

MARRIED.

SLOSS—SHUTT—In this city, September 10th, 1882, at the Centennial Hotel, by the Rev. J. Joy Garvin, John C. Sloss of Cody, to Miss Nell Shutt of Birmingham, Iowa.