SEMI-WEEKLY MINER.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1882.

Local News.

From the Daily of Friday.

One of the frail but fair was arrested late last evening and put away to cool.

Most of the visiting delegates to the Republican convention left for their various homes yesterday.

W. Pinkham has established a business on West Broadway that will prove advantageous to buyers and sellers.

Messrs. Hanswirth,(Simon) & Tonkin have opened a saloon in the building formerly known as the Bocca Beer Hall.

Main street had something of a Sunday appearance yesterday, our Jewish fellow-citizens all having their places of business closed until six o'clock in the evening.

The Silver City Cornet Band discoursed inspiring music at the opening of Messrs. Hanswirth & Tonkins' new saloon on Broadway last evening.

Word reached Butte last evening that Mr. P. Hoyt, proprietor of the Race Track House, Deer Lodge Valley, was married yesterday, the fortunate lady's name being Mrs. Bellis.

Mr. Samuel Word yesterday removed to the upper story of the new brick building two doors west of the MINER office, he having secured the exclusive use of the whole floor for office room and sleeping apartments.

Barring the logic in the speeches of Messrs. W. F. Sanders and W. H. Clagget, Thurday evening, their utterances were well received. Everybody likes to listen to the "old warhorse" and the "silver-tongued orator of Montana."

The new owners of the St. Lawrence mine have ordered hoisting machinery to duplicate that now in operation at the Anaconda, which we understand is to be delivered in a few weeks. A new three-compartment shaft will also be started at once.

We understand the work of building the telephone line between Deer Lodge and Helena is rapidly approaching completion. Also that as soon as the railroad reaches Deer Lodge the Western Union Telegraph company propose putting up a new line from that place to Helena.

A correspondent at Hell ate canyon sends the MINER an account of a fight between Tom Zester and a black bear on Sunday, in which Zester came out first-best, but not till he had put eleven bullets from his Winchester into Bruin's anatomy. The bear weighed 450 pounds, which is said to be the largest animal of the kind ever killed in that vicinity.

The Board of County Commissioners of Silver Bow county will sit as a board of equalization on Monday, Sept. 18th, legal notice appearing elsewhere in the columns of the MINER. All those who think their property has been too highly assessed must then appear before the board and make their grievance known or forever after hold their peace.

Mr. Thos. Traidor and two other gentlemen have a coal mine about twenty miles from Spring Hill Station on the Utah & Northern road, which, we learn from Mr. Traidor, is showing up splendidly. The vein is fifty feet in width, and so far as developed displays a body of coal, which after being pretty well tested, is said to burn well, producing a good heat, besides being well adapted for coking.

We understand that "Jack" Langrishe, of whom old residents of Montana have a kindly remembrance, is in correspondence with Mr. Robert Renshaw in reference to securing his hall for the coming winter. Should satisfactory arrangements be made and the old favorite again appear before Montana audiences, he will be greeted with large houses and hearty applause, as it is said he has lost none of his abilities to please during his long absence from the Territory.

The through stage was stopped and fired into, Tuesday evening last, at 8:15 p. m., between Sawtooth and Vienna, but immediately returning the compliment to the would-be pillagers, was permitted to pass on unmolested. About $20,000 were in the treasure box.—*Wood River Times* 9th.

From the Daily of Saturday.

If you want a good time go to the Social Hop at Centreville Hall tonight.

Owsley, Valiton & Co's 'bus brought up thirty passengers from the incoming train last night.

The new postoffice building is assuming imposing proportions. The vault is finished and floors are being laid.

We understand Mr. Mark Musgrove has accepted a position as traveling agent for the *Inter Mountain*. He will make a good one.

The *Journal* says Judge Conger will have his hands full of business at the term of court at Miles City. There are nearly a hundred cases on the docket.

Henry Jacobs & Co. are receiving their fall stock of Clothing, Boots and Shoes, etc., and will enter the field vigorously and with bottom prices for the fall trade.

Mrs. L. C. Manning will, on Monday next, open with a stock of fruits, confectionery, produce, etc., in "Doe' Rain's building, one door east of the Mount Vernon House.

A fire broke out in the Palace Saloon, Park street, about four o'clock yesterday morning, but as usual the flames did not get much beyond the building in which they originated. The fire company was promptly on the ground and the fire speedily extinguished.

From the Daily of Friday.

Recaped from Jail.

Three prisoners confined in the county jail effected their escape some time night before last, (Sunday) by prying two of the bars of the cage apart sufficiently to allow them to pass through. They then climbed out of one of the windows. The escaped men are Daniel McHugh, who was held for murdering his partner in Montana District a few months ago, Nick Weimer and Daniel Gallagher. Sheriff Jefferis offers a liberal reward for their arrest, or for information that will lead to their arrest. The men are described as follows:

Daniel McHugh—About 5 feet 7 inches high, about 130 pounds weight, dark short hair, dark moustache, about 30 years of age.

Nick Weimer—About 5 feet 6 inches high, dark complexion, very dark bright eyes, short black hair and moustache, weighs about 140 pounds, about 24 years of age.

Daniel Gallagher—About 5 feet 8 inches high, sandy complexion, sandy moustache, weighs about 150 pounds, bony face, about 40 years o age.—*Independent' 12th.*

Horse Thieves About.

Earl E. Warren returned from Big Hole last night, having gone as far as Gibbon's old battle ground. Himself and Jack Hammer, Jourd Williams and Mr. Jones found two men and thirty-five head of horses about twelve miles below the battle ground. The party had received information that the men with the horses were supposed to be horse thieves, and they kept watch of the supposed thieves for a week; but not being able to obtain any evidence of guilt they let the men and horses go. As Mr. Warren was returning he met J. A. Abel, from Deer Lodge Valley, and another man, in search of twenty-three horses branded "A," which corresponded with the horses in possession of the thieves. There were other horses in the band branded "N V" on the shoulder. The names of the men who had the horses were Murphy and Brown. Abel and companion were about twelve hours behind the men with the horses, and will probably overtake them.

H—ll or What?

It is stated that near the line of the Oregon Short Line railroad across the Snake river lava fields, strong sulphurous vapors have been escaping during the past week from clefts in the lava, and that the columns of smoke can be seen for miles around. The boiling springs, which occur at irregular intervals, are especially agitated, and many of the laborers at work on the railroad grade in that vicinity are leaving the country terror-stricken. The phenomena occur over an area of twenty-two square miles, from all parts of which little jets of flame and columns of smoke arise, giving the extent of country referred to the appearance of being on fire. The smoke is carried up Wood River valley, past Bellevue and Hailey, toward Ketchum, where it attains considerable elevation and passes on over the mountain tops.

The Nellie Boyd Troupe.

Mr. A. S. Bailey, the gentlemanly advance agent of the Nellie Boyd Troupe, paid the MINER office a pleasant visit yesterday. He gave us several interesting items concerning the troupe. After playing throughout Oregon and Washington Territory Miss Boyd purchased horses, wagons, etc., at Walla Walla and traveled through Idaho playing at the principal points on the route. The troupe was at Glendale last night, and will play at Helena during Fair week, when it will come to Butte and remain a few days. The troupe consists of sixteen persons; the brass band of twelve pieces and the orchestra of four. Miss Boyd is deservedly a favorite in Montana, and we bespeak for her a cordial reception whenever she may appear.

Lion Hill.

A gentleman in Butte yesterday from Lion Hill, states that the Hecla company's mines at that place never looked better than at this time. The company is working only sixty or seventy men in their various mines at present, that number being all sufficient to supply the smelting works at Glendale with all the ore they can possibly handle. The ore bodies now in sight are said to be immense, and very little labor is required to keep the ore bins well filled. The small number of men employed make business a little slack for merchants and others in the town of Lion City.

"Castle of St. Goar on the Rhine."

The above is the name of a painting, a copy of which is being transferred to the new drop curtain by Mr. Ed. Paxson for Renshaw Hall. The copy from which Mr. Paxson is working is simply a small photograph which conveys a very meagre impression of the original; still he has made a most creditable job, indeed. McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, has the same scene upon its drop-curtain, and we venture to say that Mr. Paxson's effort is fully as good as the Chicago artist's work. It is a credit to Mr. Paxson, and Montana as well.

Freight Shipments.

The following freight was shipped north over the Utah & Northern: To Butte, 1 car of brick, 1 of beer, 2 of hay, 2 of coke, 3 of merchandise, 12 coal; to Dillon, 1 car of sugar, 1 of fence wire, 3 of merchandise; to Silver Bow, 1 car of machinery, 2 of merchandise; to Blackfoot, 2 cars of machinery, 1 of merchandise; to Logan 2 cars of merchandise—*Ogden Pilot.*

Precautions Against Fire.

The now too frequent fires which have recently occurred in the city, suggests to all thinking men that some steps should be taken to place our Fire Department upon an effective working basis. This cannot be done unless a radical change be made in its present incomplete condition. For this incompleteness the Department cannot be held responsible. It has no buildings in which it can safely house even a hose cart, much less take care of all the necessary apparatus which, to be effective, it should possess. We understand an offer has been made by Helena to purchase the fire engine now owned by the Department. The sale may be consummated, and with the funds thus obtained, added to the amount subscribed, and which may be further subscribed for the use of the Department, all necessary hose, hose carts and rooms in which to house them may be secured. We further understand that advantageous offers have been made by several parties to furnish rooms for the safe keeping of fire apparatus. This matter should be attended to at once, and our citizens should give it that encouragement which its importance demands. There is another thing to which they should turn their attention. An observatory or watch-tower should be built upon some commanding position near the heart of the city and a day and night watch men employed to watch for and sound the alarm of fires. These matters, to be properly completed, require some effort, but if our citizens will unite heartily in the enterprise the division of labor will render it comparatively easy upon each one. The attention of our citizens cannot be too strongly urged in this direction. Butte is mostly built of inflammable material and unless we can receive the aid of a well organized and effectively supplied fire department she is at all times at the mercy of the devouring element. Let us then have united action among our leading citizens to the end that immediate and effective measures may be taken to place the city beyond its present danger.

Main Street Improvements.

Main street has been greatly improved this season, not alone by the erection of a number of fine business houses, but by the removal of the unsightly awnings which ornamented(?) the front of nearly every building upon the street, and the establishment of a uniform grade of both sidewalk and roadway. Some few of our business men "kicked" considerably when notified by the city authorities that they must remove the old wooden awnings in front of their premises, and it could not well be expected they would comply without a murmur, as many of them had expended considerable money in their erection. Again considerable sums had been spent in procuring and fitting iron shutters to protect the lower openings in their buildings, and these were rendered useless by the tearing down of the awnings, as most of them were so arranged that they could not be used unless the awnings remained in place. Notwithstanding the actual pecuniary loss suffered, and the additional expense incurred in tearing up old walks and putting down new ones in accordance with the established grade, besides the annoyance and inconvenience every one was put to, it is safe to say that there is not a man or firm interested but whom is now perfectly reconciled and proud of the change thus brought about. It is no uncommon remark to hear from some citizen every day: "What an improvement in the looks of the city the removal of the old awnings and the grading of Main street has made." And non-residents notice it too, and that favorably. Broadway and Park streets are considerably improved in looks for the same reasons, but these streets will not have the trim and neat appearance which Main has until every old weather-beaten, rickety shed is pulled down from in front of the buildings.

Marital Infelicity.

The MINER of yesterday mentioned the fact of a woman being arrested the night previous and lodged in the city prison. Her name proved to be Josephine Godchaux, a resident of Galena street. She remained in prison until morning, when she was released, and went to the house of a friend and went to bed, where a fiend in human form calling himself her husband found her, shortly after, and proceeded to beat her unmercifully. The man was arrested and taken before Police Magistrate Wilcox, when he waived an examination and his bail was fixed at $1,000. At a late hour last night he had failed to secure the required bond, but the chances are the woman will forgive the brute, mortgage her property and put up the amount necessary for his liberation, she being accredited with being worth three or four thousand dollars in her own right.

City Marshal Smith received rather severe treatment at the fire yesterday morning. The man holding the nozzle attached to the hose from one of the fire plugs accidentally turned the stream so it struck Mr. Smith fare and squre in the back of the neck. He would not have went to the ground quicker if he had been struck by a round shot fired from a 20-pounder Parrot gun. However, the consequences were not the same as would have resulted in the latter case. The Marshal was not hurt, but he was very mad.

Messrs. Owsley, Valiton & Co. yesterday tendered, free of charge, to the Butte fire company space in their stable in which to keep a hose cart. It is needless to say on behalf of the fire company that the generous offer will be accepted.

Distinguished Tourists.

On the 7th instant, says the Yellowstone *Journal*, the John Pender party arrived in Miles City en route to the land of wonders, and after a brief stop here went on to Minneapolis, where the Northern Pacific train was boarded last evening. The persons comprising the party were John Pender, of England, member of parliament, president of numerous telegraph companies and interested financially in about all the electric wires that circuit the earth; President Villard, Senator Bayard, A. S. Hewitt and son and S. S. Birge of New York; Lieutenant Commander Gorringe of obelisk fame; J. W. Fuller, secretary of the District Cable company; Wm. Paton, of Mobile, St. Johns; William Booth, Thomas Osborne and H. Derby, all of the District Cable company. These gentlemen declared that their mission to the northwest was to have some fun and discover whether Sir John Rose and Uncle Rufus Hatch were simply unconscionable, or whether their apparently marvelous yarns were that sort of truth which is stranger than fiction.

PERSONAL.

Henry R. Hoyt, New York city, is in Butte.

J. B. Wilson, the Salt Lake *Tribune* representative, returned to Butte last night.

Messrs. Elton Hoyt and Henry C. Rouse arrived in the city last evening and register from Cleveland.

Albert Harris, Bellevue, Idaho; D. B. Hauck, Omaha; and J. J. Crocket, Detroit, arrived by last night's train, and are stopping in the city.

From a private letter received in this city yesterday, it is learned that Mr. Robt. E. Strahorn had been seriously ill in Denver for some time past, but is now recovering.

Mr. Ed. Waterbury writes his father, E. B. Waterbury, of Butte, that he has located in Denver, and has taken a position in the *Tribune* office. He speaks very enthusiastically about Denver, and thinks he will send for his family and make it his future home.

Ogden Iron.

A quantity of iron from the Ogden Iron Works has lately been received and tested by the U. O. Foundry, in Logan, Utah. Mr. Wilson, business manager of the foundry, and Mr. Affleck, foreman of the machine shop, pronounce the iron to be far superior to most that is made in the United States. The pigs contain a smaller percentage of dross than any iron received from the East by the foundry. It makes a tough casting, but is soft and easily worked. Thin castings made of common iron often chill and become so hard that a file will scarcely touch them, but such is not the case with the Ogden iron. The foundry people are enthusiastic in praise of this iron, and think it the greatest bonanza ever developed in Utah.

Theatre Comique.

This place of amusement continues to be well patronized. All the favorites, which include the whole company, are always enthusiastically received and wear well as performers. A change of programme is made twice a week now which furnishes a variety of entertainment seldom witnessed in the far western towns.

RAILROAD RACKET.

The Montana Iron Horse on the Rampage.

Jay Gould has been elected President of the Texas Pacific railroad.

When completed the Northern Pacific will have 9,350 feet of tunnels.

Passenger traffic to the Yellowstone country over the Northern Pacific is enormous.

The Northern Pacific is building an immense coal platform on the Crow reservation.

The government road from the Northern Pacific railway to Maginnis will be from Miles City, and not from Glendive as has been reported lately.

The largest locomotive ever built has just been completed at Paterson, New Jersey, for the Central Pacific railroad, and twenty-four more will be constructed. Their weight will be sixty-two tons each, and they have eight drive wheels.

Col. Pike informs us that the railroad will reach the second crossing of the yellowstone above Stillwater, October 1st. He further states that it is the intention of the management to put the road into Bozeman on or before January 1st, 1883.—*News.*

A few evenings ago Mr. Frank Thompson, general manager of the Pennsylvania Central railroad, with several friends, passed through Miles City going west. They occupied Mr. Thompson's business car and a passenger coach. They will pass a month in hunting, etc., in the National Park.

According to some of the newspa per reports, Rufus Hatch, since his return from over the line of the Northern Pacific has become an enthusiastic boomer of the great Northwest. To his eye the course of the star of empire is along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad, and he looks upon this road as the greatest commercial artery in the country, and he thinks this road the most valuable property in the world. He is preparing a detailed statement of his views of Montana for publication.

On Thursday evening Col. Pike, of the Engineer corps of the Northern Pacific, arrived, to locate the side track, freight and passenger depots for Cross River. The Colonel is of the opinion that Cross River will make a large place. It is so located that the trade of large areas are sure to center here—and it is thought by the railroad engineers and surveyors that it will be the end of a freight division.

Chas. Rowe, of Benton, has commenced suit against Dr. W. E. Turner for $20,000 damages, alleging malpractice by the doctor when attending Rowe's recently deceased wife.

TERRITORIAL NEWS.

Culled from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

A telegraph office will soon be opened at Benson's Landing.

The Benton public school opened last Monday with eighty pupils.

Work will be resumed next week on the Baptist church at Helena.

The District Court of Choteau county, it is expected, will adjourn to-day.

Deadbeats from Deadwood are flocking to Billings, at which latter place they find plenty of their kind.

The Helena fire brigade propose giving a grand ball on the last evening of fair week.

A large number of horses have already arrived at Helena and are in training for the Territorial Fair races.

One of Bozeman's citizens expects to locate a fine lead of Anthracite coal in the neighborhood of that town.

The Benton *Press* says a fire was raging on Sage creek on the 10th inst. and was doing a great deal of damage.

Pure bituminous coal in limitless quantities has been found near Muir City, some of it within two miles of the town.

A Mr. McGuire has put fifty men at work on the Northern Pacific railroad contract recently forfeited by Thos. Rock.

Stock is being subscribed for the building of a Masonic Temple, plans and specifications for which have been submitted.

Mr. E. Sharpe, at the head of the new National Bank, to be started in Helena, arrived in that city from the East on last Tuesday.

The electric light failed in Helena about half-past eight on Wednesday evening. The cause was attributable to the engine getting out of repair.

A woman living on the reservation, one of the late and memorable Missouri colony, and said to be fifty-eight years of age, gave birth to a child recently.

A buffalo put in an appearance at George Patterson's ranch on the Shonkin Sunday. The boys gave him a chase and soon succeeded in getting his hide.

Mr. M. Wright, father of Thomas D. Wright, traveling representative of the *Independent*, is lying dangerously ill at Benton, with little hope of recovery.

George Clark, who struck Jack Morgan in Chicago Joe's dance house, Helena, Tuesday night, was arrested on Wednesday and both parties arraigned and assessed $5 each.

J. D. Weatherwax has resigned the office of County Commissioner for Choteau county, giving as a reason that he has too much private business to attend and that his time is fully occupied.

The Choteau county Grand Jury returned four indictments, among them one against Lombard, an Italian harp player for mayhem, his offense consisting in biting the lower lip off of Mickey the Mike.

On Tuesday last Mike Lynch brought to the Helena Assay Office 51 ounces of gold retort, the result of a 24-ton run of ore from the M. L. Mine, the ore being worked in Vestel & Leahy's arastra.

F. R. Knapp, one of the prominent stockholders of the Boston and Montana and the Gregory Consolidated companies, arrived in Helena recently from Boston, and will make a personal inspection of the mines.

Father Joseph Damiani, S. J., left Benton last Monday for Judith Basin, by way of Spring Creek, Utica, Fort Maginnis, and probably other places, stopping to hold religious services a short time at each place.

Nelson Murray has established a saw-mill on Big Timber about 18 miles from Cross River and for the present the town will be supplied with building lumber from this mill. Another mill will put in a lumber yard at the place in a few days.

A man named Wm. Fulton met with a serious accident on Sunday last at Sanford & Evan's saw mill. He was engaged with another man in felling a tree when his companion's axe slipped from the handle and struck Fulton on the instep, inflicting a painful wound.

There is a fire raging in the timber near Holter Bros'. mill on the upper Missouri, and is doing a great deal of damage. It is supposed that the fire was set out by a night herder in that vicinity, and the fact that the fellow has left for parts unknown gives color to the charge.

The new boxes and other materials to fit up the Benton postoffice, M. A. Flannagan, Postmaster, are now coming up the river on the Butte and upon arrival at Broadwater's Landing will be freighted the remaining distance. It is expected there about the latter part of this month.

Mr. I. B. Porter, Democratic nominee for Superintendent of Public Schools of Lewis and Clarke county, has withdrawn his name from the ticket. The nominee on the Republican ticket is Miss Helen P. Clark, and Mr. Porter desires to leave the field in her favor. A very chivalrous action indeed.

A petition has been sent in to Sheriff McKinzie, by the citizens of Cross River, requesting the appointment of a Deputy Sheriff at that place, and W. O. Whitney is named. The place needs a law officer and Mr. Whitney has had the experience necessary for a successful discharge of the duties of the place.

Judge Dunham held court in Van Horn's Hall, at Cross River, on Sept. 4, this being the first case ever tried in the new town. The case was the Territory of Montana vs. Frank Petit. Frank wasn't held for Petit larceny; it was grand larceny coupled with assault and battery, which caused the Judge to bind him over, and made Deputy Sheriff Bailey transfer him to the Bozeman jail.

The case of the Territory vs. Thomas Harwood, for assault and battery with intent to kill, H. K. Edwards being the prosecuting attorney, occupied the attention of the District Court yesterday. The particulars of the affair are well known to most of our readers and need not be set forth here, furtner than to say there is a woman in the case and that woman Harwood's wife, with whom Edward's relations are of the intimate order. Harwood got after Edwards with a Winchester and shot him in the leg and they have had other encounters of a like character. The case yesterday occupied the entire day, the jury retiring about five o'clock and bringing in a verdict of acquittal a few minutes afterwards.—*River Press, 8th.*

A good time is expected at the Centre ville soiree to-night.

A CONVENIENT CANDIDATE.

The candidacy of Judge Folger for Governor of New York evokes the following from *Truth:*

We feel strongly inclined to favor the selection of Judge Folger as the standard bearer of the Republican party in the approaching contest.

He is the possessor of many admirable qualities, and probably, if elected would make a very nice, very genteel, highly respectable, dignified and affable Governor.

He would look at once aristocratic and benevolent at church fairs, county dinners and bucolic gatherings.

It would be impossible to get him into a game of blind pool, and he would not be likely to attempt to borrow money on dubious security. He would not probably be drawn into friendly alliance with Al Daggett or Jimmy Husted of stepladder notoriety, with Lo Sessions, the lobbyist and briber, or Wood-Pulp Miller, the jobber and supporter of the River and Harbor steal.

All these are great advantages, even if he has not married well or does not possess a good slice of the State farm.

But there are other cogent reasons why we should like to see Folger chosen. From a journalistic point of view he is as full of controversial meat as an ostrich egg.

He can be either supported or condemned, as the fancy may decide.

He can be recommended to the people because he was considered good enough to be Secretary of the Treasury.

He can be condemned because he is, therefore, an Administration man.

He can be urged favorably because Mr. Conkling does not favor his nomination, as some papers declare.

He can be assailed because he belongs to the Conkling wing of the party.

He can be recommended because if successful he will be an obstacle in Arthur's way in 1884.

He can be rejected because if he is not elected he will remain in the Treasury, and so help to thwart Arthur's ambition.

He can be condemned because if elected he will represent the Blaine faction in this State.

He can be condemned equally well because the Half-breeds will have no Arthur man.

He can be supported because he is an upright man, with a clean, immaculate record.

He can be condemned because of his association with Boss Tweed.

Taking Folger altogether, it must be admitted that he is about the most convenient candidate that could be named, and if Arthur really wants to satisfy the Half-breeds the best thing he can do is either to express a decided preference for him or to avow his determination to defeat him, or, failing that, to leave the matter alone.

Either of which courses will be equally effective with the Garfield Republicans.

A True Alligator Story.

It is related of two prominent men residing in Orange county, Florida, says the Florida *Times*, that once upon a time fell out. Neither of them kept a graveyard, but both were men of undoubted courage. Why they fell out is not pertinent to the present true story. They had not spoken to each other for years, although they often met. On one occasion the eldest, whom we will, for the sake of brevity, call Col. Morgan, submitted his dexter palm open as the day, to the other, designated in this chronicle under the style of Gen. Alexander. The general, instead of seizing hold of the outstretched open dexter palm, as is customary in such cases, threw his entire weight upon one of his heels, and while in this position performed a species of military tactics known as "left wheel, march," remarking as he slid off that as yet his conscience was not ripe for conciliation, or words to that effect.

Time flew on. Its whirligig brought these two prominent men to this city, where they met at a sociable gathering one night. Throughout the entire sitting they spoke not to each other. When the meeting broke up they went their diverse ways, Col. Morgan going first. As he was passing along Bay street, about 1 o'clock in the morning, he came upon a large alligator which had escaped from Greenleaf's menagerie, and was making its way to the river, but had paused a moment on the sidewalk to rest and to cogitate upon man's cruelty to animals. The colonel stopped—short—and stepped behind a post to see the effect of a collision about to take place between the alligator and a gentleman who was rapidly approaching from behind.

The rapid walker came thundering on, calculating on the possibilities of to-morrow's ventures, or—slap—bang—

"Who in the blank is this lying here drunk?" And he picked himself up on the opposite side from that on which he went down, attempted to arouse the supposed inebriate, and realizing the nationality of the sot, cried out:

"I'm blanked if it is not an alligator."

By this time Col. Morgan was laughing his usual hearty laugh, which can be heard a mile away on a clear, still night.

"Is that you, Morgan?" asked Gen. Alexander, who indeed it was.

"Yes," responded the jolly colonel.

"For heaven's sake don't you ever give this away!" and arm in arm they retired to the hotel. Thus was an old feud settled, which continues settled until this day.

Lot's Wife.

A certain Dr. Bull, having preached a tedious sermon from the text, "Remember Lot's Wife," and having, after a brief interval revisited the church and given out the same text, a sturdy farmer cried out:

"Haven't forgot her since you were here last time."

This text is painted over the inside of the chief door at St. Peter's Church Droitwich, England. But some of the people overlooking the lesson intended to be conveyed in the injunction, have imagined that the text was selected to convey a delicate compliment to the salt trade of their town. Another person, reading the text, wrote the following epigram:

"What did Lot do when his wife turned to salt?"
"Got a fresh one."
When Lot's old wife was salted found,
He lost no time, but looking 'round,
He thought 'fore Heaven 't were no transgression
That he should take a young and fresh un!

The proposed narrow gauge road to Bullion, which has so often received mention in the *News-Miner*, was surveyed this week, and will undoubtedly be constructed as soon as the Wood River branch of the Oregon Short Line's broad gauge reaches Hailey.

Mrs. Garfield is under Dr. Boynton's care. She is suffering from malaria.

The Bastile.

It was on the 14th of July, 1789, ninety-three years ago, that the Bastile was captured and destroyed by the people of Paris. Had the dull, leaden-minded King, then sitting uneasily on the French throne, been able to understand and conform to the signs of the times, or been able to separate himself from the courtiers who urged him to resist the rising tide of popular feeling, the awful events that followed the capture of the famous prison might have been averted, and France and the world spared a chapter of history the like of which was never known before and has never been known since. But Louis XVI. would not, perhaps could not understand. Even the taking of the Bastile was a warning he failed to interpret aright. He and the assembly were at Veisailles engaged in the game of demands and petitions on one side and refusals or insincere concessions on the other, which had been protracted till the country was weary of it. It was a time of painful suspense and anxiety. The courtiers were endeavoring to persuade the irresolute King to let loose the army on the people. The assembly were in constant apprehension of being arrested and thrown behind the grim and pitiless walls of the frowning fortress prison which stood at the gate of St. Antoine where so many a gallant spirit had been immured before. There was no adjournment. The sessions were kept up day and night, lest, if the assembly left the hall, its doors would be closed and the body dispersed. All communication with Paris had been cut off, and the news of what had been going on there could not be brought, though the booming of cannon heard through the day told plainly that work, and warm work too, was going on. It was not till night that the King and the Assembly learned that the people of Paris had seized the arms in the arsenal and stormed and captured the Bastile. The King was irritated. "It is a revolt!" said he, resentfully. "Nay, sire," replied one of his most frank attendants, "it is a revolution." And so it was—the beginning of that frightful reckoning with the execrable misrule, falsehood and rotten pretence which for a hundred years had been heaping up wrath against the day of wrath till the angry and menacing structure was toppling over the head of the King and court. The impulse which brought the exasperated populace of Paris against the Bastile was an instinct. As a French historian remarks: "It was an act of faith." There was no reason in it. The walls which connected the eight lofty towers of the fortress were forty feet thick at the bottom and ten feet thick at the top, and nearly a hundred feet high. It was absolutely safe against the musket balls which flattened themselves against its black and ancient front and the shots from two light pieces of cannon which merely dinted the stones. The garrison of eighty-two French and forty Swiss soldiers, had they been disposed, might have held it easily against the assault of the mob of 100,000 men and women arrayed round it on that hot July day. But the infurated populace were bent on making a beginning and they acted more wisely than they thought when with one consent they drew up before the embrasures of the hated prison four hundred years old, fit type of the dismal and detestible regime they were determined to overthrow. The spirit of revolution had been at work in the army and the French soldiers of the garrison sympathized with the people and refused to fire upon them. They even went further. After the attack had lasted for five hours without making an impression the French soldiers hung white flags in token of surrender along the top of the walls and opened the gates to the mob. "Properly speaking," says Michelet, "the Bastile was not taken, it surrendered. Troubled with a bad conscience, it went mad and lost all presence of mind." The populace were moderate in the hour of their triumph. They cut off the head of Le Launey, governor of the prison, and stuck it on a pike, did the same for Flesselles, the treacherous Mayor of the city, and hanged two Swiss soldiers, who had been active in firing on the people, to a lamp-post. But it was a warning which, unheeded, was to be followed by the cutting off of heads enough to make a mountain and the shedding of blood enough to form a river.

Attempts have been make to show that the Bastile was not the awful abode of tortue, crime and despare the French people held it to be—that it was a very respectable and properly conducted prison. Be this as it may, the French people have never ceased to regard it as the symbol of the most unenviable misgovernment of modern times and to celebrate its downfall as marking their deliverance from a detested *regime.*—*St. Louis Republican.*

Use of Stimulants by Literary Men.

The Abbe Moigno's response to a circular sent out by Arthur Reade, who has been collecting information as to the use of stimulants by literary men, relates a singular personal experience. By way of introduction the venerable Abbe, who is more than eighty years old, gives a summary of his accomplishments. He has published 150 volumes and has learned twelve foreign languages by a method of his own. Twenty years ago he was in the habit of smoking three or four cigars a day, and about that time he renewed the practice of taking snuff, and when preparing his calculus of variations, a very difficult mathematical work, he would empty his snuff-box, containing twenty-five grammes, in a day. But one day he was surprised to find himself painfully unable to recall the meaning of foreign words and remember dates with which he had been familiar. Thereupon he formed a heroic resolution, and since August 31, 1863, when he smoked three cigars and took twenty-five centimes worth of snuff, he has, up to the 25th of June, 1882, touched neither. This was, for him, a complete resurrection, not only of memory, but of general health and well-being; he has had indefinite capacity of work, unconscious digestion, perfect assimilation of food, etc. For the rest, he mentions that he takes a small cup of black coffee in the morning, and to the last quarter of it adds a small spoonful of brandy or other alcoholic liquor. This is his ration of stimulants. He goes to bed at nine, and rises at five, "full of vigor."

Some boys at Tucson, Texas, undertook to make a statue, and their plan for getting a mold was to cover a playmate's face thickly with mud. They tried it, giving the subject no breathing holes, and he was suffocated so nearly to death that it was with great difficulty the doctors finally saved him.

King Cetewayo's wool is thick and is turning gray. He wears a short mustache and a California chin beard. His gloves are No. 12 and his nails are half an inch long. The length of his foot is 12 inches. He drinks nearly a bottle of Irish whiskey after dinner.

A TURKISH BATH.

The Experience of a Lady Correspondent Graphically Discussed.

The lady correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* has taken a Turkish bath. She says: "I went straightway to one of the several large establishments during the hours when it it sacred to my own sex. Not a man was to be seen about the place. A woman took my $1.50 in an outer office and let me into the next room, which looked like the cabin of a Hudson river steamer. It was long and low, with a soft carpet upon the floor and a row of doors at the sides, opening into little dressing rooms. I was told to go into one of them and disrobe.

"Must I take off everything?" I asked.

"Everything? Oh yes," said she; but you will find a sheet to wrap yourself in."

Just then a ghostly figure, wound in a sheet, just emerged from a room and disappeared through another door at the further end of the cabin. She was a tall, thin woman, with a bloodless face, and her black hair hung loose. I wouldn't have liked to meet her in a grave-yard at the dead of night; but she was completely enveloped, and that gave me comfort, for I had felt

BLUSHINGLY SQUEAMISH.

I might have been seen ten minutes afterwards coming sheeted out of my room, and slinking towards the entrance of the bath. I pushed open the door, and had scarcely seen that I was in a mere ante-room, when whisk went the sheet, and I was in the condition of my grandma Eve before she took to aprons. An attendant had grabbed off the covering.

"Here," I said, huddling myself together, "I want that."

"Oh, none of the ladies wear anything," was the response in an expostulatory tone.

Well, it wouldn't do kick against the fashion, and I allowed myself to be pushed into the bath-room. What a sight met my astonished eyes! Just about one hundred and fifty nude women were in that big room, lounging in willow chairs and sofas, walking about, chatting with acquaintances, and perspiring like squeezed sponges. The temperature was 120, the dry heat pouring in from registers on all sides. I was awfully ashamed at first, but the unconcern of a great majority gradually reassured me, and at length I ventured out of the corner in which I had taken refuge.

The scene would have disenchanted, I vow, the most ardent admirer of my sex. There were many comely bathers to be sure, with fine forms and smooth, white skins, but the revelation of hollow-chested maids and flabby matrons, of spindle shanks and hairy arms, of corns and bunions, and of various unshapeliness, was something beyond my power or desire of description. An old walrus of a woman waddled her red three hundred pounds around with a lank, rib-displaying wearer of eye-glasses. I saw several persons whom I had seen before, and, bless me, how altered they looked without clothes! One of these was the popular actress of a theatrical company, and I knew her by sight, because of having seen her half undressed on the stage. I was called by name by some one, and I, with greater difficulty, recognized the face of an acquaintance. Perhaps the assemblage was not fairly representative, but, taking it as a standard, not more than one in ten of us is reasonably good in finery, and not one in fifty would do for statuary. The best figure in the lot was that of a woman who could not have been less than forty-five years old, and it was perfection itself in every curve and proportion; but, as a rule, the women of 25 to 30 excelled in form, the younger ones being scrawny, and the older ones either gaunt or flabby. As for the cute little aprons, sashes and rudimentary skirts which I had expected to see, and which I have since been told are worn, though rarely, by parties of swell women when they hire the whole establishment for their exclusive selves, not a shred was to be seen. The only wearers of anything were the dozen attendants, all slender, sprightly young women. Each had a towel wrapped around her body from waist to hips, another over one shoulder and across the breast to the opposite arm-pit, and a third wound turban-like around the head. They looked jaunty and agreeable. It was their task to show bathers how to use the cold water douches, pools and showers, and to scrub them with brushes as they lay on marble tables. I liked the bath well enough, but I am sorry I saw the naked women, for they rather disenchanted me.

Produce Market Report.

BUTTE, M. T., September 14, 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, Ruby 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, $6.00
Ruby Valley, (new process) $4.15.
Union Mills XXXX Snow flake, $4.00.
Utah Common, $3.75
Utah Choice, $3.50.
Graham, $4.00.
Wheat per lb., 2¼ cts., fair demand.
Oats, $3.25.
Butter, per lb., 40 cts.
Eggs, per dozen, 30@35 cts.
Corn Meal, 5c.
Beef, on foot, 8 cts.
Beets, 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, 14 cts. per lb.
Veal, 11 cts. per lb.
Chickens, $9 @ $12 per dozen.
Wood, $7 @ $9. In demand.
Rutabagas, 2 cts. per lb.
Potatoes, $1.35@1.50 ⅌ cwt.
Sausage, 15 cts. per lb.

DIED.

BARLOW.—On the Rosebud, Custer County August, 1882, John W. Barlow, aged about 41 years.

Mill Creek Mills,

One mile east of Sheridan, has been fitted up entirely new, and the flour made is as

GOOD AND BETTER

Than any in the Territory. If you want good bread

Buy Mill Creek XXXX FLOUR.

Graham and Feed always on hand and for sale Address,

Chas. Pletsch,
Sheridan, Montana.
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