THE SEMI-WEEKLY MINER.

BUTTE, AUGUST 15, 1885.

LORD COLERIDGE shows symptoms of returning reason: he yesterday married an American lady.

BUTTE now has a population of more than 12,000, and is constantly increasing. Butte is the greatest mining camp on earth.

TO-MORROW'S MINER should find its way into every home in Butte. The SUNDAY MINER is the most readable paper published in Montana. Buy it.

THE output of Butte for 1885 will exceed that of Leadville by $3,000,000, possibly $4,000,000. And it isn't a very good year for our mines, either.

THE large house that greeted Miss Kellogg at the Butte Grand last evening was creditable alike to Butte and to Miss Kellogg and her company.

IT takes New York telegrams a week to reach the *Inter Mountain*. Our slow-going evening contemporary should put on an ox-team to carry its messages.

THE *Inter Mountain* last evening re-published most of THE MINER'S first page of last Sunday morning. The *Inter Mountain* should wake up and show some enterprise.

THE *Inter Mountain* was guilty of the r... journalistic act of ma... pr... dispatch from Billings, concerning the Indians, as specially wired to it. Small business.

THE papers do not pay so much attention to the health of Samuel J. Tilden as they did several years ago. But the grand old man is still in apparently robust health—mentally and physically.

GENERAL HARTRANFT, the strongest Republican in Pennsylvania, has expressed the opinion that the Republican party has outlived its usefulness and will not again come into power. There seems little doubt that the gallant soldier and successful politician has correctly diagnosed the case.

THE New York *World* puts a great truth as follows: "Samuel J. Tilden lived long enough to be elected President of the United States by a majority of more than a quarter of a million in the popular vote over his Republican opponent, who is now known in history as a hen-raiser out in Ohio."

POSTMASTER JONES, of Indianapolis, turns out to be all right. The whole affair was "a tempest in a teapot." He unceremoniously "fired" some incompetent clerks and replaced them with honest and competent men. The men who were "fired" were Republicans; hence the howl. They have joined the grand army of martyrs.

OUR unenterprising evening contemporary is now receiving its telegraphic news by freight. It published the details of the Grant obsequies on its third page, last evening, under date of "New York, August 8th." The *Inter Mountain* readers must be just wild for news a week old. The readers of THE MINER had all that report and much more on Sunday last.

GOVERNOR EATON, Colorado's granger chief Executive, is in New York. In an interview with the New York *Times* he suggests Senator Henry M. Teller for the Presidency. The land-grabbers, cattle kings and railroads with land grants would all jump to his support. They would rally around the standard of free and indiscriminate land patents. Tellerism is dead.

THE Republican press does not seem to be as bitter against Appointment Clerk Higgins as it was. Higgins is holding his own and we are glad of it. Higgins is the sort of a man we believe in. We would like to see a Higgins, "with," in the language of legislative bodies, "full powers to act," in every bureau under the Government. What the Cabinet officers need above all things, now, is an army of first-class "bouncers." Higgins is our ideal. Then, too, while the bushwhacking press is pelting Higgins the balance of the Government escapes.

THE Republicans of Ohio are short of money. John Sherman has contributed two-bits and now threatens to hie himself down into Virginia "to fight the country's battles" with Wise. John didn't go down into Virginia to fight battles more than a score of years ago; he confined his fighting then to his mouth; John always fights on the safe plan. He doesn't want to help Foraker, yet he feels that he must appear in the swim somewhere. So he goes down into Virginia, where he can do no possible good, but where he will gain more prominence than he could possibly get anywhere else. Pursuing this course, he cannot possibly be held responsible for the defeat of Foraker, which is certain. Sly old coon is Sherman.

THE Clayton (Mo.) *Democrat* is dissatisfied with the indolence and inertness of Senator Cockerill and calls, in common with many papers of the State, for a new man. For the position as the colleague and peer of the talented Vest, the *Democrat* on behalf of St. Louis county, presents her favorite son, Thomas Thoroughman. No man is more generally known or highly respected throughout the State, or would do more in connection with Senator Vest to give the State before the Senate and the world the position she richly deserves. The *Democrat* says: "As the representative and exponent of Democracy in St. Louis county, we declare first, last and always for Thos. Thoroughman, and although not the first to declare itself, we will be outdone by none in the warmth of our support." Mr. Thoroughman is the brother-in-law of our enterprising townsman, Mr. J. R. Boyce.

THE MINER this morning publishes a letter from Helena which shows to what depth the three or four men who "run" the Butte Printers' Union will descend to injure the paper that declines to bow to their unreasonable dictation. Nonpareil Assembly, Knights of Labor, has acted wisely in the matter. The cause of labor has no firmer or truer friend anywhere than THE MINER, and we are sorry that the assemblies of Butte have seen fit to pass such resolutions as they did without first making a thorough investigation into the troubles. We are making no war on labor; we simply decline to allow half a dozen men who have nothing at stake to tell us how we shall conduct our business and whom we shall employ. Our office is conducted upon a Union basis. We are paying more than Union prices. We measure all work by regulation standard. The office is open to Union men. We are ready to go into the Union absolutely, at any time that the blackguards who are now conducting it will step down and give way to sober and reputable workmen. We ask only that the workingmen and workingmen's organization judge THE MINER by its attitude towards labor. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it." In due season the Knights of Labor of Butte will learn who their real friends are and will acknowledge the error they made in their haste. THE MINER thanks Nonpareil Assembly of Helena for the manly course it has pursued. Some of its members must know "the kickers" who are now "running" the Butte Typographical Union. Their contemptible and scurrilous publication would, however, condemn them in any community.

THE *Inter Mountain* in a newspaper controversy reminds us of a small boy in his first fight. It snaps and snarls and snatches; it strikes out at random; turns and runs, stands and blindly thrusts again, hoping for general results, though it has no idea what it is doing, nor seemingly to care how ridiculous and undignified it may appear. It don't seem to realize, in its grand but unconscious acrobatic act, that the prominent portion of its anatomy is exposed, and that it is making a holy show of itself. The *Inter Mountain* the other day said that the permanency of this camp was still involved in doubt. That the veins narrowed, grew poorer and became baser as they "went down." Such was in effect its article. Whatever the writer may have meant to say, that was the impression it left on the mind of the reader. Coming from an apparently reputable newspaper, such statements were calculated to do much injury to the camp, to the value of property and especially to poor men who hold claims which they are not able to work and of which they have been trying to dispose fractions. THE MINER felt impelled to combat the assertions. We denied that the veins grow "narrower and poorer" as "they go down." We cited mines in all sections of this country and England, in like formation, in support of the general theory that the *Inter Mountain* was wrong. We instanced the Anaconda mine as in point. That ledge was four feet wide at the top; it is 80 feet wide now at the 800-foot level. To-day we give the experience of the Parrot mine. Instead of meeting the issue squarely, the *Inter Mountain* entered upon personal abuse of the gentlemen connected with this paper. ... who has ... him I was aware of the fact, and he w... ... from ... to the Comstock, since he was eight years old,) could not tell "a piece of ore from a piece of soap," This was cheap wit and borrowed, but it had no bearing upon the subject under controversy. It was an attempt to escape meeting the main issue. We will agree to place our mining man upon an examination as to general knowledge and practical experience in mining with the Wiseacre of the *Inter Mountain*, for money. Superficiality and fussy smartness have seen their day in Butte. The politics of THE MINER and of its attaches was made another pretext to escape meeting the question. Finally, there was a square back-down, in which the "I-didn't-do-it" act was introduced. The guileless journal denied having said anything of the sort and cried most piteously because we had "misrepresented it." "Like the dog, it returned to its vomit." No one can hold an argument with such a paper; a thing that doesn't know its own mind for a day at a time and that will with unblushing effrontery deny to-day what it said yesterday. We cannot afford to bandy words with such a concern; life is too short and we are too busy trying to give Butte a newspaper. We will leave the rattled old thing to the business men and poor men whom it has endeavored to injure so cruelly and maliciously. We will drop it as we would its type in the animal kingdom—the *mustela putorius*, which it resembles very closely in its method of warfare. No man can touch filth without becoming defiled: so no man can hold a controversy with the *Inter Mountain* and maintain his self-respect.

COMPARISONS are somewhat odious, but instruction comes only from comparison. Knowledge is derived in no other way. It is, therefore, worth while to compare our material prosperity with that of the mother country, next to our own the busiest and most prosperous in the world. The following figures have been carefully prepared, and are believed to truthfully represent the comparative mineral production of the two countries: The value of the mineral product of the United Kingdom in 1884 is stated by the London *Economist* as £61,232,028, the valuation being at the mine. This contrasts with a valuation of £64,635,834 for 1883. The largest item in each year was 160,000,000 tons of coal of the value of £46,000,000. The next largest £8,850,854 of stone, and the next £4,463,275 as the valuation of 16,137,887 tons of iron ore. To make a fair comparison with the United States mineral production, one should add to the above about £9,000,000 as the difference between the value of iron ore and the value of the manufactured pig iron, of the iron production of the United States is retorted, not in the ore, but in the pig. This would give a total value of about £70,000,000 or $350,000,000 for the mineral product of Great Britain. The mineral products of the United States for 1884 were valued at above $400,000,000 or $50,000,000 more than Great Britain. A few of the items may be contrasted, as follows: Great Britain produces no gold or silver. The United States rolls out $50,000,000 of silver and $30,000,000 of gold. Great Britain produces $1,000,000 of copper, while the United States turns out $18,000,000 of the finest in the world. Great Britain produces 160,000,000 tons of coal, valued at $230,000,000. We produce 106,000,000 tons valued at $143,000,000. Great Britain, with its iron grip on the world, yielded in 1884 but 5,526,000 tons of pig iron of the value of $68,000,000; while the United States produced 4,100,000 tons, of the value of $74,000,000. Great Britain yields for her own illumination less than $2,000,000 of oil shale, but the United States gives to the world 24,000,000 barrels of petroleum, of the value of $20,000,000. In all the minor productions—lime, salt, cement, limestone, mineral waters and natural gas—we far surpass our English cousin. We don't go much on lead, but we get out $10,000,000 worth while Great Britain produces $2,000,000, and our zinc product, valued at $3,400,000, is just ten times the value of the English product. It therefore appears that Great Britain now leads us only in the quality and value of her coal, in the quality of her iron and in tin (15,000,000 tons of the value of $3,000,000) which we are not yet ready to mine. With the mineral production of the United States thus measured at $400,000,000 per annum, as contrasted with $350,000,000, the product of Great Britain, we may consider ourselves as at least on an even footing with John Bull, and viewing the extent of our domain, the imperfect development of our known wealth and the rapid expansion of our population, may we not soon regard ourselves as established as a mineral producer, with good prospect that hereafter we shall hold the lead among the nations of the earth in mineral production as well as in the yield of the soil.

SOME of the papers throughout the West are quoting the following beautiful extract as from an oration by Bob Ingersoll on General Grant: "Being weary for a moment he lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet it may be best, just in the happiest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close become a tragedy as sad and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death." This extract is from Colonel Ingersoll's beautiful oration at the grave of his brother, Colonel Eben C. Ingersoll, who was buried in Washington, a few years ago. It is a beautiful thing, and would fit almost any occasion, but is not the sort that Ingersoll would be apt to use in an oration on Grant. By the way, Colonel Ingersoll would be able to deliver a masterly eulogy on the great warrior.

IN alluding to the death of James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, which occurred at Coloma, on the 10th inst., the San Francisco *Chronicle* gives the following biographical sketch of the career of the famous pioneer: "He was born in Hope township, Hunterdon county, New Jersey, in 1812. He received the plain education then obtainable in the ordinary country village schools, and at an early age learned the trade of a coach and wagon builder. At the age of 21 he caught the infection of what was then known and still sometimes designated as the "Western fever," and after traveling through Indiana and Illinois, settled on a farm which he bought, on what was known as the Platt purchase, near Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The climate or the condition of the soil did not agree with him, and at the end of that time his health had become so poor that his physician advised him that nothing but change of air and surroundings could save his life. Acting upon this advice he sold his farm, and on May 1, 1844, at the age of 32, he joined a train of 100 wagons bound for the then almost unknown land of California. After a weary tramp across the mountain and desert the party camped at Cache creek, about forty-five miles from the present site of Sacramento, on June, 1845. There the party disbanded, Marshall going to Sutter's fort, Sacramento county, where he entered the service of General Sutter. Subsequently he took up a tract of about two squares of land and went into the business of stock-grazing. At the breaking out of the Bear Flag war he left his ranch and served throughout the campaign, until the signing of the treaty of 1847 recognizing the independence of California. After his discharge he gave up his farm and made arrangements to start in the lumber business at Coloma, General Sutter, as a silent partner, furnished the necessary capital. Work on the mill was begun in August, 1847. On the eventful morning of January 18, 1848, Marshall, who was superintending the building of the mill-race, shut off the water and went to the end of the race to notice the progress that had been made in the removal of sand and gravel. Looking down at the mass of debris, his eye caught the glitter of something shining in a crevice of the rock which had been exposed by the action of the water. Beating it with a hammer on a flat rock, he found that it was malleable, and concluded that it must be gold. A further search, continued for several days, resulted in the discovery of several ounces of the precious metal. He took the specimens to Fort Sutter, where his own opinion as to the value of the discovery was confirmed. The news spread, and soon from every quarter of the habitable globe there poured into California a vast army of adventurers in search of the yellow metal. The history of the mad rush of 1849 is an old and oft-told story. Marshall's land was forcibly "jumped" by a crowd of miners, who squatted on his property and appropriated his horses and cattle, and marked out land into town lots and claims which they distributed amongst themselves. Robbed of his property he became a prospector, but never met with much success. In addition to his other misfortunes he was persecuted by his neighbors, who believed that he knew the sites of rich deposits of gold and withheld the information. His title to the land which he had purchased prior to his discovery of gold was litigated, and its loss finally reduced him to absolute poverty, from which the slight financial aid which he received from the State did but little to relieve him. At the time of his death he was 72 years of age. His declining years were spent at Coloma, within a short distance of the scene of his great discovery."

THE Helena *Independent* and some other newspapers seem to have a disposition to find fault with Col. Fred. Grant for what he has and has not done. We fail to see any just grounds for such a course. Col. Grant is a young man, whose life is before him. He has been placed in a trying position because of the prominence of his father. There is nothing of the snob or the upstart about him and those who know him best will bear testimony to his many good and manly qualities. The writer has known him in Washington and messed with him in the Ute country and always found him the same manly and unassuming officer. He has accomplished more than his illustrious father had at his age. To blame him for the Ward failure as the *Independent* does, is most unjust, as he did not have any but an incidental connection with the firm; his brother, Ulysses, the son-in-law of Senator Chaffee, was the active partner with Ward. Col. Grant lost as much as anyone by that failure—he lost all he had. No young man could be placed in a more delicate position than that held by Col. Grant during the illness and after the death of his father. He was constantly by the side of his father. No deprivations were too great; no labors too arduous; sleep was snatched at odd moments. After death, he stood between that little family within the cottage on Mt. McGregor and that great family of mourners all over the land. The great dead man belonged to the people almost as much as to his immediate family. Col. Grant fully recognized this fact and acquiesced in the demands of a grateful people. In our humble judgment he acted nobly and with excellent judgment, and is certainly not deserving of censure. If the country will only give the eldest son of their idol a chance in life, and will not continually remind him of his origin and the greatness of his father, he will be a useful member of society and will reflect honor upon the great name he bears.

THE Republicans are once again building their hopes of success upon Democratic dissensions. Vain hope. There are no dissensions. The party never before was so thoroughly united. The days of dissensions and blunders have passed for the Democracy. On the other hand, the Republican party is hopelessly divided. The Blaine and Conkling wings will never be able to unite. Logan and Blaine have drifted wide apart and the Edmunds-Arthur crowd stand aloof, aping the old mugwumps, nearly all of whom have by natural development been absorbed by the Democratic party. The outlook for the g. o. p. is anything but cheerful.

THE MINER sympathizes with the *Town Talk* in its loss of Saturday morning. There seems to be no doubt that the fire was of incendiary origin; if this be so, it is to be hoped that the guilty wretch may be discovered and brought to speedy punishment. In a small sheet issued yesterday the proprietors speak of "a dastardly traitor" applying the torch, which would indicate that they have some idea who committed the crime. There is no more heinous crime than that of arson, and no quarter should be shown a man guilty of it.

PLYMOUTH, in Pennsylvania, is an unfortunate city. A score of years ago more than 300 of its people were killed in the great Avondale mine disaster. In the spring more than 700 died of typhoid fever produced by impurities in the water supply. Now the city is being depopulated by dysentery, which prevails in epidemic form. It would seem that after such experiences a city would be induced to look very closely after its sanitary condition. But the people of Plymouth seem rather to enjoy being killed off.

MAXWELL, the murderer of Preller, denies that he is guilty of murder. Indeed, that it was no murder, only a joke; that it wasn't Preller who was found in the trunk, but "s'mother man." Maxwell's ghastly joke will most likely end in a choke.

"H. H.'s" DEATH.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON, better known in the literary world as "H. H.," has passed across the dark river from "whose bourne no traveler returneth." Though she had been sick for some months, her death was unexpected, and caused a great shock to her relatives and a wide circle of friends. Mrs. Jackson is widely known because of her literary work, and especially for pleasing and graphic contributions to the *Atlantic* and *Century* magazines. Literature sustains a great loss in her death. The West, to which section she was so ardently devoted, will especially miss her pen in the magazines. Her works will live for good. They are good seed that will germinate and produce good results. Her first book was "Bits of Travel at Home," which proved a great success. Her tale of "Ramona," written in the interest of the Indian, is a beautiful story, and has produced an impression not soon to be forgotten. Her most recent work was a very interesting description of Los Angeles, California, in the *Century*, entitled "Echoes from the City of Angels." Her income from her literary work averaged about $3,000 a year. Helen Hunt was the wife of W. S. Jackson, a prominent resident and banker of Colorado Springs, Colorado, and the present receiver of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. She had a taste for travel, to which she gave liberal rein. She was a lady of luxurious tastes and her home at Colorado Springs was a sort of mecca for her literary friends. She went to California several years ago, under an appointment from the Secretary of Interior to study the Indian question in Southern California. The result was given in several magazine articles and in "Ramona." It was while on this work that she was taken ill with cancer of the stomach, with which she suffered greatly. Her husband was with her at her death. For many years "H. H." has justly held a foremost place in our literature, for the purity of her thoughts and the loftiness of her purpose. Her diction was forcible, but pure, and in fiction her execution was faultless. She never put her pen to paper unless she had something to say, and in passing before her Maker for judgment she would have expunged but little that she gave to the world in print, if she had had the power so to do.

THE New York *World*, having succeeded in raising $100,000 for the Bartholdi statue, now announces that it will receive subscriptions from the people for a statue to Grant. The *World* realizes that it will be difficult to raise the large sum that will be required for this purpose and goes direct to the masses: the rich will never build the monument. Anywhere from $500,000 to $1,000,000 will be required. No sectional jealousies should prevent the erection of a suitable monument over the grave of the hero. Whatever may be done elsewhere, the whole country should contribute to the New York memorial. The statue at Washington should be erected by a Congressional appropriation; that over the actual grave of the hero by the people. THE MINER hopes that the generous people of the Northwest will contribute liberally to this fund. We will be pleased to receive, acknowledge and forward to the *World* the contributions of such persons as may find it more convenient to leave their mite with us than to forward it direct. Everybody should give something, no matter how little.

THE Omaha *Herald* says: "Those whom the world decides to have been great soldiers have not been numerous. Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Marlborough, Wellington, Grant." This is a very incomplete list. It should include Hannibal and Von Moltke if not others abroad, and certainly Washington in America. It is also quite certain that Sherman and Sheridan and Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson will take rank in the annals of the world as great soldiers.

THE South wing of the Deer Lodge Penitentiary should be completed by the first of the year, so that all criminals serving sentence within the Territory may be cared for at home. The plans and specifications have been completed and now only await the approval of Sec. Whitney. It is to be hoped that his approval may not be long withheld and that the work of construction may be begun very soon.

IT HAS been discovered that the Government has paid, within ten years, to the Pacific Mail Company, the enormous sum of $5,000,000 in subsidies. The total investment of the company is but $10,000,000, so that the Government has contributed 50 per cent. of its stock in trade. No wonder the company is angry with Postmaster-General Villas for cutting off this revenue.

IT IS said that Gail Hamilton is accredited with setting afloat reminiscences in the domain of politics, with a view of injuring the Logan boom. The Democrats will be perfectly willing to have Logan killed off, especially by Abigail. It will so nicely cement the g. o. p. The harmony that now prevails in the Republican party is too beautiful for anything.

SAM HONG WONG is a St. Paul laundryman. He married a 15-year-old German girl. This so incensed two German policemen that they abducted the bride. Now there is blood upon the moon of that celestial face and fire in his oblong eyes. He has engaged counsel and means to make it warm for the meddlesome policemen.

THE most absurd newspaper canard of the last fortnight is the one detailing how Vice-President Hendricks was about to wage a factional war upon the administration. Mr. Hendricks is too loyal a Democrat to pursue any such course and he is a man of sense and judgment, who understands that in that direction lies political suicide.

IT is rare indeed that a London paper will surrender as much as two columns to a matter of news, but on the day after the funeral of General Grant the London *Times* published three columns descriptive of the obsequies, all cabled from New York. This indicates the interest the entire world took in the death and burial of the great soldier.

THE few blatant socialists in New York and Chicago, who principally work their jaws and their elbows in raising mugs of beer to their cavernous mouths, do more harm to the cause of labor than all other agencies combined. The workingmen of the country should "sit down" on these creatures.

THE excuse made by Austria for not receiving Minister Keiley is that his wife is a Jewess. Austria should wake up and join the procession of nations to a higher, a better and a more liberal civilization.

BUTTE is to-day the most prosperous camp in the world. It is a hive of industry. Its people are employed at good salaries, which they receive regularly, and this gives a wholesome momentum to trade.

SENATOR EUSTIS is irreconcilable. He is still angry with the President, because he doesn't run the Administration upon the Eustistic plan. Poor Eustis!

WHAT the young man of the *Inter Mountain* should become acquainted with at the earliest opportunity is a *salt* mine. He is so very, very fresh.

RIEL is writing his memoirs. The thing is becoming epidemic.

THE Grant monument should cost at least $1,000,000.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

FOR Butte the week has been a successful one in a theatrical way. The first four nights of the week were devoted to Denman Thompson, who presented his old-time play of "Joshua Whitcomb." The attendance throughout the engagement was large, and the people seemed to be pleased. The play is somewhat attenuated, but it is a vehicle that gives Mr. Thompson scope for his specialty; he makes the people laugh and that makes the play go. The best feature of the show was the song and dance by Martinetti and Miss Murilla, his wife.

* * *

ON Friday and last evenings Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's concert company delighted our people. We have already spoken at length as to the merits of this company and upon their individual capabilities and it would be useless to do so again. Suffice it to say that the entertainments they gave were thoroughly artistic and most enjoyable. There was nothing "draggy" or tiresome in the programme and the members of the company seemed to vie with one another in giving a perfect performance. The programme for the first night, which proved so acceptable, was excelled by that for last night, which ended in a perfect blaze of glory—the *Miserere* scene from "Il Trovatore." It was a beautiful performance and one long to be remembered. Butte will always be glad to welcome Miss Kellogg and her company.

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"ONLY a Farmer's Daughter" company will open at the Grand to-morrow evening for a week. The play is said to be an attractive one, and the company specially fitted to present it. The press everywhere speaks in the highest terms of the play and people.

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HARRIGAN is making a noble effort to bring to his new Park Theater, in New York, the prestige and patronage enjoyed by the old Comique. I trust that he may realize all his expectations, but fear that he will not. The magic charm that seemed to hang about the old name and to hover over the old Comique has been broken, and is, I fear, lost forever. Then the Park has, from the very outset, been a perfect "Jonah."

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JOHN A. MACKAY, more popularly known as "Pop" Mackay, from his long and successful connection with Rice's "Pop" party, has had the misfortune to lose a child by death, as we learn from our New York correspondent. I am extremely sorry to learn of the affliction that has thus fallen upon one of the best and most genial of men and his good wife, and desire to mingle my regrets and genuine sympathy with those of his thousands of friends throughout the country.

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MONSIEUR SARDOU emphatically denies that he intends or ever did intend to visit America. He says it is his business to write plays, not to advertise the actresses who aspire to play them. Thus another of Bartley Campbell's great schemes has gone to pieces. Sardou is too great a man to come to America to direct the rehearsal of an adaptation of one of his plays.

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CHARLES WARNER refused $600 a week to come here in support of Mary Anderson. He feared it would damage his chances during his American tour as a star. Charles made a mistake; $600 a week is more money than he will ever make in this country. The days when fair stock actors can come over here and expect to make a fortune on our gullibility has passed. Charles, you have made a mistake.

* * *

FANNY DAVENPORT'S dream of happiness is o'er. She has already learned that lust is not love and that evil to others, like a curse, is sure to recoil upon the offender. The trouble which she now has does not surprise me. Time makes all things even; there was bound to be a retribution for the wrong committed when Fanny Davenport and Price were married some years ago. It was inevitable, only it has come sooner than I looked for it.

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DAVENPORT has been making considerable money during the last two seasons. "Fedora" has been a financial success. Ned Price has been handling the box receipts. I'll wager a copy of THE DAILY MINER against Arthur Moreland's weekly salary down at the London, on the Bowery, that he has more money than he had when he shook his wife and children to take up with a woman like Davenport.

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THE spirit of another affair very like this hovers like a cloud of evil omen over a theater not far from Madison Square. As certain as the movements of the planets, is the law that retribution will o'ertake the man who invades the domestic happiness of another. The profession has had so much evidence of this that we wonder it has not been incorporated as one of the tenets of its professional superstitions.

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THE Lyceum seems to be a Jonah. Gus. Frohman is the only person who has made a penny out of it and his share is a handsome farm up in Connecticut. Gus. "caught on" early to the school-of-acting racket.

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THE veteran Couldock had a great reception in New York on the revival of his master-piece, the "Willow Copse," but the revival proved a disappointment, as was to be expected. Not that Couldock is not still a great actor, as subtle, finished and powerful as of yore, but the play has outlived its time. The "Willow Copse" as an "old-timer," made up of material motives and situations which took the town in Mr. Boucicault's and Mr. Couldock's younger days, but which adaptor, actor and public have outlived. There is no question that the "Willow Copse" is a good play and has deserved its vogue, but its complications of plot have been adopted and adapted by the burlesque stage, and its numerous and varied villains are become pivots on which to turn the scenic machinery of elaborate spectacular melodramas of the contemporaneous sort. The revival was a failure, but it gave many of the present generation of theater-goers an opportunity of seeing the old veteran, perhaps for the last time, in his great creation of *Luke Fielding*. But the melodrama has killed off all such plays.

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SPEAKING of revivals brings to my mind the fact that Lester Wallack has actually entered upon the preparations for a "farewell starring tour." He will play "Diplomacy" and "Rosedale." They were once great plays; they are now, to speak in the language of the profession, "chestnuts." Wallack and the plays have "lingered superfluous upon the stage." I predict that the farewell tour will prove a failure—artistically and financially.

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BOUCICAULT, too, has once more grown ambitious in his old age. He has starred across the continent, with indifferent success and after testing the endurance of San Francisco to its limit, has sailed for Australia, a land that is not altogether "flowing with milk and honey," as many a stranded star can attest. His plays have preceded him and "the play's the thing." Still, I trust that "the old man" will be "in the swim."

* * *

I AM informed by a friend in San Francisco, a person usually well posted, that Boucicault has left instructions with his lawyers to push the divorce from his wife. His anxiety upon this point is said to have been occasioned by his love for Miss Thorndyke, his leading lady, who accompanies him abroad. His love for this accomplished woman seems to be genuine—but, love under such conditions is scarcely worthy of the name.

* * *

IT gives me unfeigned sorrow to learn, as in a whisper only, yet so confidently that its true meaning is not to be mistaken, that Bartley Campbell, the successful playwright, is in trouble—of a mental character. His conduct recently has been an enigma to his friends and he has in various ways shown symptoms that have caused his friends much anxiety.

* * *

THE symptoms of softening of the brain are not to be mistaken. They are well-defined and show themselves early.

* * *

POOR McCullough's malady was apparent to his friends long months before the collapse came and for months they tried to make themselves believe contrary to the evidence daily presented to their eyes.

* * *

WHAT a singular unfortunate lady Miss Kate Forsythe really is. She was poor McCullough's leading lady up to the time of his troubles, and for a season she has been associated with Campbell!

* * *

I AM pleased to learn that it has been definitely decided that Miss Minnie Maddern shall re-open the Lyceum theater, New York, with her new play, "Jacquette," on August 27th, under the personal management of Steele Mackaye. Miss Maddern is beyond a doubt one of the most talented ladies in the profession. She comes from a talented family, the members of which, alike on the mother's and father's side, have been ornaments to the profession. She has ability, grace, beauty, experience and unbounded ambition and with a fair chance will take a place in the front rank of the profession. I shall watch her debut at the Lyceum with the intense interest that will pervade thousands of her friends throughout the country.

* * *

OUR New York correspondent announces that the once proud and dignified Union Square theater is to be occupied by a company of variety actors under the management of Henry Miner. The decay is complete. Soon the Square will be deserted. The profession will have to seek another Rialto, and even the hash-houses and beer saloons will have to be moved up town.

* * *

THE latter-day actress has learned that it is easier to "dance into the affections of the people" than by mere acting. The actress who neglects the art of fancy dancing must depend upon her costumes entirely.

* * *

MISS EMMA ABBOTT will add "Lakme" to her repertoire next season, just as though she wasn't inflicting enough bad music on a long-suffering public. Abbott has made more money on poor music than any operatic fakir in the country. Instead of adding to her repertory she should retire and give some real singer a chance.

* * *

FROM away off in Seattle I have a letter from William W. Randall, an old-time advance manager, who writes: "We will play with Manager Maguire in Butte on August 31, September 1, 2 and 3. * * * We are doing great business everywhere. In Butte we will play 'The Private Secretary' on August 31, September 1 and 2, and 'The Rajah' on Sept. 4." Mr. Randall represents the original Madison Square Theater Company, headed by Mr. William H. Gillette, the author and creator of the character of *The Private Secretary*. It will be a rare treat to see the performances of this company. The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, in speaking of Mr. Gillette and "The Private Secretary," recently said: "It is not saying too much of Mr. Gillette to place him in the front rank of comedians, and to concede to him the credit of being able to portray the part of *The Private Secretary* as few, if any others, could present it. The role is studiously considered by the actor, yet played so thoroughly in accordance with what might be considered consistent with the unsophisticated tutor, as to give it naturalness that is truly wonderful. 'The Private Secretary' will always be entertaining as long as Mr. Gillette invests its title role with his genius."

* * *

A LETTER from W. W. Kelley, the famous mute manager, informs me that his star, Grace Hawthorne, is having phenomenal success wherever she goes. She will follow "The Professor" Company at the Grand in Butte, in her entire repertory. She has been doing a marvelous business East and South, and has played three enormous return engagements at Denver, one of the most critical towns in the country.

* * *

SPEAKING of the personnel of Miss Hawthorne's company, the Denver *News* says: "Myrtie and Tottie Loring, the wonderful child actresses, who are performing with the Grace Hawthorne company, have during their Denver engagements excited the wonder and admiration of their audiences by the fidelity with which they represent the parts assigned to them. Mr. Garey, the young actor who performs so acceptably the old men's parts in the company, and whom the children, for this reason and because of their attachment for him and appreciation of his almost fatherly care over them, call "grandpa" at all times, says that they are always letter perfect in their parts, having what is known in stage parlance, "wonderfully quick study." This was perfectly demonstrated in the parts given them in "Miss Multon." Little 5-year-old Tot in a little comedy part, where as *Paul*, she places a lead pencil behind her ear and declares that she will become a lawyer like her father, is grotesquely funny and cute, and never fails to get the applause of the house. In the succeeding scene Myrtie as *Jeanne* and Tot as *Paul*, the motherless children, reach the heart of everyone in the audience by the touching, life-like sorrow they manifest in their lines and actions in strewing flowers on their dead mother's grave. Both children are phenomenal in their precocity, and if they live and improve the natural gifts with which they are endowed are destined for wonderful things in the future."

* * *

MANAGER MAGUIRE has engaged the Baldwin Theater Company of San Francisco to appear in Butte in the fall. Joseph Grismer and Phœbe Davies, who are well and favorably remembered in Butte, are members of this company. During their engagement this company will produce "Called Back" and "Dark Days," two plays drawn from Mr. Fargus' (Hugh Conway's) now famous novels of like titles. These plays are now in the courts in New York and will be the features of the show business this season. Butte is indeed very fortunate to be able to see them produced so early and by so excellent a company.

* * *

THE patrons of the Butte Grand Opera House appreciate the excellent work that Mr. Paxon, the scenic artist, is doing. Mr. Paxon is comparatively a novice, but he has done some very fine work, and especially in his later sets. The wood scene, put on during the Wallack engagement, is a very fine one and would do credit to any stage. He has now completed only 24 sets, so that we may expect new sets from time to time for months to come. The appreciation the people show of his work must be very pleasant to the arsist as it is gratifying to the management.

* * *

NEGOTIATIONS are now pending with a view of bringing the Grau grand opera company to Butte in September. It is to be hoped that the negotiations may be successfully consummated.

* * *

PROF. ROSNER'S orchestra is giving the patrons of the Grand some very fine music. The playing of cornetist Wright is much admired.

NOTES.

Miss Kellogg's company is an American one.

Miss Kellogg is greatly pleased with Butte.

It is to be hoped that Manager Maguire may secure the Grau Opera Company for Butte.

"Only a Farmer's Daughter" at the Grand to-morrow night. It is said to be a good show.

The climate did not seem to affect Major Pond at all, though he carries considerable avoirdupois.

The genial Harry J. Sargent may be looked for this way with his star, Miss Alma Stuart Stanley, in a few weeks. She stars in "Paintin' 'er Red."

Says the Deer Lodge *New North-West*: "A telegram from Manager Maguire last evening announced that Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, one of the greatest American singers, will be here next Monday evening with a small but choice supporting company, and give one concert at O'Neill's Theater. This is quite a distinguished and unexpected treat, and the Hall should be filled to hear the great songstress. Tickets will be on sale at Coleman's."

Here are a few truths by Captain Mills, of the *New North-West*: "We visited the Grand Opera House, Butte, a few evenings ago. It is superb. Butte may be justly proud of it, and should patronize it. It is a veritable Thespian Temple, where the people of Butte can have dramas as correctly presented as in the larger cities, where there is room, properties, scenery and facilities for actors; comfort, elegance and good hearing for auditors. The better element of Butte should not permit a lower grade of entertainments than Mr. Maguire presents to draw better houses."

VARIETY NOTES.

The Varneys—Ed. and Ida—are at Seattle.

William Maurittus, the clown, is resting for the summer.

Pavillio and Rousillia will arrive from England the latter part of August.

Ida Siddons' Burlesque and Specialty Company is still at the London, in New York.

The Comique continues to give an excellent show, but with a decided sameness of people.

The Marzelos, acrobats, of England, will in all probability come to America this season.

Williams & Arthur, who made so great a hit at the Comique, in Butte, are now at Smith's Bijou, in Seattle.

Carrie Swain is now under contract for five years with Frank Gardner. His dream is to have her play "Jack Sheppard" in one-night towns, where she is powerful in drawing money.

The programme at Theiss', New York, now inclues Maud Beverly, a clever "character artist," and Ella and Annie Caldwell, English singers, who are making their first appearance in America.

The opening of the McNish, Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels last night at Patterson, New Jersey, was to all accounts a genuine success. Manager Cleveland says that they "turned 'em away every night."

The following artists sail from England for America during the present month: Vern and Vault and the Maxon Brothers August 24; Ramzo and Arno, the 29th; and the Raynor Brothers, the 19th.

The box-system is the curse of the variety stage. It destroys the happiness of many homes and ruins the reputation of many a good, pure and virtuous woman. The box-system should be abolished by law.

Harry Sanderson is resting with his family at Sheepshead Bay and is as brown as a berry. He will return in time to assume the management of Tony Pastor's traveling company, whose season reopens at Saratoga August 17.

Howe and Earle have made a great hit at the Arion. Mr. Howe's after-piece has been the talk of the town. He will present "Joshua Whitcomb Among the Can-can Dancers" this week. The mere announcement will fill the house.

James Tierney, late of Harrigan & Hart's company, died on July 30, of cholera-morbus, at St. Louis, Missouri. His remains were taken to New York and interred in the Elk's Rest, Greenwood cemetery. Tony Hart, William West, and James Fox took charge of the funeral, which occurred on Sunday last.

I am grieved to announce the death of the popular comedian and author, Harry G. Richmond, who died of consumption on Sunday last at the summer residence of John Wild, Sand's Lake, New York, where he was spending a short vacation. The variety stage has lost not only a talented actor, but one who had the ability to write. The news of his death was received with great regret in the profession.

THE MINER is in receipt of a large red-and-blue poster announcing that Thomas Wade, well-known in the variety profession, will, on August 27, give a grand "fiesta de San Augustine," at Levin's Park, Tucson, Arizona. There will be a pavilion for 2,000 people and "five of the most famous bull fighters in Mexica have been engaged;" also the "San Xavier Raw-Hide Band." The many friends of Tom. will wish him well. But what is a fiesta, Tom? And what a dandy fist you'll make at a bull-fight. Keep your eye on him, Trixie, keep your eye on him. Trust him not with those Spanish damsels.

One of the best teams in the variety business is that of Cassidy and Pearl. Both of them had established reputations before Cupid joined them in matrimony and professionally. Miss Mabel Pearl is well known all over the country, both on the legitimate and the variety stages, as an accomplished and graceful *artiste*. She is a beautiful serio-comic singer and excels in operatic ballads. Her conduct on and off the stage is always that of the lady and the accomplished *artiste*. She grows in favor as her audience become acquainted with her. Mr. John H. Cassidy is almost as equally well known as a genteel actor, in songs and dances, white or black, and his eccentric dancing, which has proven so popular here. The double turn of this team is the acme of art, and there appears to be no end to their sketches, burlesques, etc. Singularly, too, the last always seems to be better than the preceding one. These artists have now been at the Arion for fifteen weeks (they came for six) and the large audiences now await their appearance more eagerly than at any period of their engagement. Their costumes, like their business, seem to be without limit. Burlesques and sketches succeed each other most rapidly, yet they are never duplicated. It is a genuine pleasure for a lady or gentleman to witness the clean and pure acts of Cassidy and Pearl; they shine like diamonds among white quartz. It gives THE MINER genuine pleasure to know that our friends are profiting by the hard work they are doing, and that besides diamonds and jewelry so essential to the stage, they are putting considerable money into safe real estate investments, looking to a rainy day. The team has been upon the coast for more than two years and has improved steadily all that time, so that they are more popular to-day than they were when they came. This is demonstrated by the fact that when they leave here—and their stay may be indefinitely extended—they have an engagement awaiting them at the Fountain, in San Francisco.

OUR friends of the Helena *Independent* seem to have lost their temper. They say: "It is a wonder that the Mormon journal of Butte should so far lose its base instincts as to speak well of Mr. Napton, a Missourian. All Mormons hate Missourians because the Missourians would not allow them to practice their deviltries in that State, and drove them out." The *Independent* then very justly, and not in the least flatteringly, says: "Hon. Thomas D. Napton is mentioned as the successor to Judge Galbraith. Mr. Napton would made a first-class judge. His general education, his habits of thought and his legal attainments eminently fit him for judicial work. His father was one of the best judges of the country; and the son is so much like his father as to presage for him great success in the line of work in which the senior Napton was so eminent."

SAYS the Helena *Herald*: "Butte wants direct railroad communication with Helena." No it don't. Butte wants direct northern rail connection with a trade-center like St. Paul; it has no use for Helena, which is destined to become a mere water station on the highway to Butte. The Northern Pacific Railway is not foolish enough to attempt to build a branch into Butte over the mountains, by way of Wickes.

A CHANGE of proprietors has taken place in the *Town Talk*, Mr. Rivers having withdrawn from the concern. R. M. Cobban and W. C. Oakley have associated themselves with Messrs. Davidson and Molinelli, under the name of *The Town Talk* Publishing Company.

BAR SILVER was yesterday quoted at $1.06¾.

IN THIS CITY.

The Celebrated Specialist,

Dr. MINTIE!

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Is in Butte City and will remain for a few days only. Dr. Mintie is well known over the entire Pacific Coast as the foremost specialist of the age. He is permanently located at San Francisco, where for years the success of his practice has been a wonder to all, making cures in many cases pronounced incurable by others. His specialty includes the following:

NERVOUS, PRIVATE AND CHRONIC DISEASES.

Such as Lost Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Prostatorrhœa, Impotency, Gonorrœa, Gleet, Syphilis Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Heart and Stomach, Premature Decline in Men Female Weakness in Women, and all Functional Derangements that result from youthful follies or excess in later years.

MICROSCOPIC EAXMINATIONS A CHEMICAL ANALYSIS

of the urine, are made in all cases, where treatment is taken, so that whatever the complications may be, the Microscopic or Chemical reagents in analyzing the urine, surely discovers them.

Cures Guaranteed.

The Doctor has for many years had published a standing offer that he would forfeit

FIVE HUNDERD DOLLARS

for a case of these troubles he undertakes and fails to cure.

Dr. Mintie is the sole proprietor of the Great English Remedy.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER'S

VITAL RESTORATIVE.

A supply of which he has with him, and will be glad to furnish it at advertised rates.

Female Weakness.

Dr. Mintie's peculiar treatment of Prolapsus Uteri (falling of the womb) Leucorrhea, (whites), and all kindred female troubles symptoms of which are, backache, burning pain on top of the head, feeling of debility, general weakness, lassitude, low spirits feeling of languor and nervousness is the most sensible radical, successful and legitimate known to medical science. No humiliating personal examination necessary and disgusting speculum practice so prevalent in the treatment of these diseases is entirely done away with as not only being of no benefit but positively injurious. This fact has been demonstrated in San Francisco and surrounding country, which have been permanently cured by Dr. Mintie after the old speculum plan had failed.

CONSULTATION FREE.

It will cost you nothing to consult the Doctor, and if your case is curable he will frankly tell you, and if not curable he will not undertake it. Thorough examination and advice, including microscopical examination and chemical analysis of urine, $5.00

Call on or address Dr. Mintie, at his office on Utah Street, between Granite and Broadway, near H. L Frank's liquor store Office hours, 9 to 8 daily; evenings to 8. Only one call necessary; balance of treatment till cured conducted from his office in San Francisco, Cal. 84-tf

Summons.

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

John Caplice and Charles H. Smith, doing business under the firm name of Caplice & Smith, Plaintiff, against W. J. Shelton and James Cunningham, defendant

The People of the Territory of Montana send greeting to W. J. Shelton and James Cunningham, defendants.

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 obtain a judgment of this Court against you for the sum of Four Thousand five hundred and thirty-two and sixteen one hundredths dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid upon your certain promissory note of August 15, 1885, made and delivered to plaintiff on said date for $4,287.53. Also for a further cause of action plaintiff alleges that defendants became indebted to the Butte Hardware Company for goods, wares and merchandise sold and delivered at their (defts') request, in the sum of $244.63; that said account was sold and transferred to plaintiff before the commencement of this action; and for interest, and for cost of suit and interest, all of which will more fully appear by reference to plaintiff's complaint herein on file.

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 complaint and for costs of suit, and for interest.

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 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Eighty-five.

[SEAL]

F. L. DAVIS, Clerk.

By CHARLES J. WARREN, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN H. CURTIS,

Atty for Plffs. 8 19-sw-4w

RETURN OF MAXWELL.

A Crowd Receives Him at the St. Louis Depot.

ST. LOUIS, August 17.—Walter A. Lennox Maxwell, alias T. C. Dangier, alias Hugh M. Brooks, the supposed murderer of C. Arthur Preller at the Southern Hotel in this city on the 5th of last April, arrived here about 7 o'clock this morning from San Francisco in charge of Detective Tracy and Officer Badger of the St. Louis police force. A crowd of from two to three thousand men, women and children were at the depot when the train arrived, and there was a great scramble among them to get a view of the prisoner, but good order was preserved. Maxwell and his custodians were met by Chief of Police Harrigan with a detachment of police and were placed in a patrol wagon and driven to the court, where, after a short stop in the detectives' room in the police headquarters, he was put in the "hold over," and is being held under an alias warrant, which was sworn out last Friday by the proper authority. The accounts given by the reporters who rode in from Halstead, Kansas, on the train with Maxwell, and who had free access to him and the officers in charge of him, are to the effect that he absolutely refused to talk about his case, and positively asserted that he has at no time or place made any statement in regard to it or in any way acknowledged that he had anything to do with Preller's murder or knew anything about it. He says all stories to the contrary are wholly untrue.

ANOTHER LARGE STRIKE.

The Knights of Labor and the Wabash Road at War.

ST. LOUIS, August 17.—Last Friday there came to this city four members of the General Executive Committee of the Knights of Labor. The mission of these gentlemen was to have a conference with Colonel Talmage General Manager of the Wabash Railroad, in regard to the relations existing between the members of the Knights of Labor and the company, which are said to be in quite a disturbed condition. Talmage being out of the city, that gentleman was telegraphed requesting him to state where and when a conference could be had. To this Talmage replied that he saw no reason why he should meet the committee for the purpose named; that he was not aware of any dissatisfaction existing among the employes of the road and declined to confer with the committee. As an apparent outcome of this there was promulgated at Moberly, where the Wabash has extensive shops, an official order commanding all Knights of Labor of the Wabash system at all points to quit work on Tuesday, August 18th, at 12 o'clock noon, and remain out till further orders from the General Executive Board. The order is signed by Frederick Turner, Secretary of the Board. It has created quite a sensation in Moberly and the strike ordered is looked on as one of the most serious for many years.

Killed at Last.

BERLIN, August 18.—Advices from Zanzibar state that Dr. Reichard, the sole surviving German of the International Exploring Expedition, is reported to have been killed while fighting the natives during the progress of the Ugogo expedition.