THE SEMI-WEEKLY MINER.

BUTTE, SEPTEMBER 2, 1885.

ONCE more it is confidently reported that peace is assured between England and Russia.

THE suspension of the Chicago *Current* kills off E. P. Roe, temporarily. So much to be thankful for.

THE *Inter Mountain* is very like a snapping spaniel—it would be as poisonous if it could—or dared to be.

THE smallpox in Canada has not yet scared any of the American bank defaulters back into the States. They are a set who are not easily scared.

RUSKIN will be busy for some time to come revising his own obituaries. He may not be overly pleased with some of them, for he is a very eccentric man.

THE Prohibitionists are making a very aggressive fight in Ohio. The Republicans have done themselves no good by beginning a campaign of personal abuse on the Prohibition candidate for Governor.

THE Anaconda ledge was four feet wide at the surface; at the 800-foot level it is 93 feet wide. No knife-blade or pinched-out veins in this camp. The *Inter Mountain* should reflect on this fact.

IT would seem as if the case of ex-Consul-General Bokelen's treatment by the Haytien government should receive unusual attention at the hands of the State Department. But for the firm position taken by Mr. Bayard, Mr. Bokelen would probably have died in his vile and loathsome prison.

"IMPORTANT, if true," would be a proper label to put on the Wilkesbarre dispatch of this morning in relation to the appearance there of Preller, the man whom Maxwell is supposed to have murdered. We fear, however, that the dispatch lacks that great essential, truth. Wilkesbarre journalists are nothing if not sensational.

YESTERDAY there were 3,575 new cases of cholera in Spain and 1,190 deaths, the average of one death in three cases being thus maintained. The State Department has been advised that the dread disease has made its appearance in Japan. The small pox carried away 20 persons in Montreal, yesterday. These facts are spurring the large cities of the East to renewed sanitary precautions.

The Dillon *Tribune* has the following in reference to THE MINER'S Press Association edition: "During the session of the Press Association at Butte, the DAILY MINER showed great enterprise in issuing an edition containing over eleven columns of solid minion type, giving the complete proceedings of one day. It was a daily edition that would have been a credit to any of the big papers in the Eastern cities."

FLORIDA has conceived the idea of sending a return gift to France for "Liberty Enlightening the World" in the shape of a colossal statue of Washington. The idea is to place the statue in front of the main entrance to the Pantheon, as a perpetual reminder of the freedom it typifies. The idea is a good one, but would it be wise to include upon it the figure of any person who served in the army against the Union?

THE silver men will have to develop a better organization than has marked their campaigns of the past or silver coinage will certainly be suspended. The enemies of silver are thoroughly organized, are unscrupulous and well supplied with a corruption fund. They are working for big money—the greatest incentive in the world. They realize that the suspension of the coinage of silver will advance the price of all securities, of which they are large holders.

THE Associated Press has noted the fact that the demand for silver dollars is growing very rapidly in all parts of the country and that the weekly issue from the mints is already in excess of the coinage. This is undoubtedly due to the wise action of Secretary Manning in suspending the issue of one and two dollar bills. Let the Secretary persevere in this course and the "piles of silver" of which we see so much in the New York journals will soon disappear.

THE *Missoulian* expresses its belief that Butte is the chief city of Montana as follows: "The treatment of the association by the press of Butte, the Silver Bow Club and a number of private citizens could not be surpassed. We hope they will receive their reward. Certainly the visitors were deeply impressed with the wonderful resources and growth of the Silver City, and we think there will be no doubt expressed in the journals of Montana that Butte is our chief city and that it is full of enterprising and liberal people."

THE West Side races, which begin on September 9th and continue four days, will be the most interesting that have ever taken place in Montana. The association has made the purses sufficiently large to attract the best horses in the Territory and the Northwest and the result is that the entries are very large. These races are certain to attract many persons to Butte and our people generally should take a lively interest in the meeting. The saloons, hotels and restaurants are especially benefited by such gatherings, and THE MINER has no doubt that they will do everything in their power to encourage the enterprise.

THERE is an almost universal demand that Roscoe Conkling shall deliver an eulogy on General Grant. The great oration on Grant should be delivered next winter at Washington, in the halls of Congress. Conkling should speak on Grant where Blaine delivered that magnificent oration in the martyred Garfield. Who as fit to enact the *role* of *Marc Antony* to our dead *Cæsar?* Grant had no better friend, no truer counsellor than Conkling. The country has no more polished rhetorician, no more eloquent speaker than Roscoe Conkling. Let Congress invite him to become the eulogist of the soldier, the statesman and the great citizen.

A CORRECT and complete directory of Butte, Anaconda and Deer Lodge is badly needed. Mr. George A. Croffut, the publisher of Omaha and Chicago, announces that he now has in preparation such a work, which will be ready about October 1st. It is to be hoped that the canvass for this work will be thoroughly made and that the name of every resident of the camp may be included in it. The canvassers for the directory should be given every facility to gain a perfect knowledge of the camp and keepers of boarding and lodging houses should prepare full lists of actual residents at their houses. Receive the canvassers kindly.

NINETY THOUSAND dollars is the snug certainty given to Bernhardt to make a tour of America next season. The telegram does not inform us who the manager is who thus binds himself, but it is safe to predict that he will lose money largely. Bernhardt will not have sufficient draft to warrant the payment of any such certainty.

SULLIVAN'S fight with McCaffrey, at Cincinnati, yesterday, did not add to the Boston pugilist's prestige. He did not "knock out" his antagonist as easily as he thought and boasted he would and won the fight only on a foul. Physically McCaffrey is no match for Sullivan, but he has cunning and some staying qualities.

THE ADMINISTRATION.

It was not to be expected that the Administration would escape the malice of the opposition press. That its mistakes would be magnified into crimes was to be expected. That its appointments would be condemned without sense or reason was equally certain. That whenever a rascal should be turned out of office the whole press would howl and plead the tenure of office law was so confidently expected that it excited no wonder. Yet, it is a pleasure to note that so independent a newspaper as the Boston *Herald*, despite its strong Republican leanings, has only commendation for the course Mr. Cleveland has pursued. His policy has exhibited a wise statesmanship and all his efforts have been in the interest of the public good, rather than the advancement of party interests.

IN a truthful and well-considered editorial regarding the reforms begun by the Administration, the New York *Times*, not specially partial to the President, and absolutely independent in matters political, tersely says that the result thus far has fully justified the popular judgment. There has been so much contention over offices and appointments that the work of reforming abuses has attracted much less attention than it would otherwise have done. But the work has been begun, and if we take the trouble to look over the record we will find that very substantial progress has been made. The Secretary of the Navy has taken up his share with special vigor. He has not allowed any question of appointments to hinder or delay him. He has treated that as a mere incident of his work and has dealt with it on the same business-like principles that have characterized the rest of his efforts. He has taken up the contracts for the construction of vessels for the purpose of enforcing their requirements with a strict regard for the interests of the Government. He has taken the navy yards out of politics, and is still engaged in ferreting out the corruptions and irregularities so long concealed in their recesses. He has shown up the gigantic frauds perpetrated in the repairs of vessels, and bids fair to put an end to the rottenness that has infected alike the vessels of the navy and the administration of the department. The way the administration has taken hold of the Indian troubles and the abuses of the land office is another indication of its purposes and its probable achievements. The ultimate causes of the trouble with the Indians has been inquired into and a determination has been shown to remove them. Dishonest agents are displaced and intruders upon the Indian lands are firmly taken in hand and sent out of the reservations. Those who have fenced in vast areas of public land to graze herds of cattle upon without a shadow of legal right are notified to remove their fences and find pastures without stealing them. A beginning has been made toward rectifying the enormous abuse of their rights by land grant railroads, which have kept settlers from large sections of the public domain to which the corporations have acquired no legitimate title. This work of reclaiming the public lands from interlopers and thieves has barely begun, but the spirit exhibited by this beginning gives promise of great results before it is finished. The Treasury Department has uncovered the rottenness of the Coast Survey bureau and begun the process of cure. It has been engaged for some time in examining into the irregularities of the customs service, and promises to bring order out of chaos in the business of appraising merchandise. The Secretary of War has found an opportunity for the correction of old abuses in sending back to their regiments officers who have been permitted year after year to occupy attractive positions at Washington on account of the social and political influences exerted in their behalf and giving others a chance for an agreeable change. The President has been working in the same line in his refusal to recognize similar influences in favor of appointing civilians to army offices. Thus we see that the long-desired reform has been taken up in a manner that gives promise of the correction of old abuses and the purification of the administration of public affairs. Enough has been accomplished in five months to give earnest of what may be expected before President Cleveland's first term has ended.

TERRITORIAL CONVICTS.

No proposition looking to transporting Territorial convicts for safe keeping beyond the limits of the Territory should receive a moment's consideration from those in authority. No countenance should be given to any scheme looking to the upbuilding of Dakota or any other necessitous Territory. The Deer Lodge *New North-West* is eminently right when it says that if the cost of keeping convicts were alone to be considered, the several States and Territories, or all united, would probably find it a saving to establish penal colonies like Botany Bay or Siberia, rather than the next thing—exporting to any other outside prison that will keep them cheapest. If cheapness alone were the desideratum, the United States would have selected a central place for a huge prison, into which it would have gathered convicts from all over the country, instead of erecting prisons throughout the different Territories.

We are utterly opposed to any scheme looking to contracting our convicts to any other penitentiary, and are especially opposed to the Bismarck scheme. That penitentiary was erected when there was no earthly demand for it and was an outgrowth of the fierce division fight in that Territory. The scheme of those who conduct that prison and those who are nursing the factional fight there is to impress upon the Government the necessity for its existence and to give them an excuse to ask for an appropriation to extend the buildings. Montana cannot afford to lend itself to any such scheme.

There is no good reason why, with proper facilities, the care of convicts at Deer Lodge should cost much more money than at Bismarck. The difference in cost would certainly be very trifling, not sufficient to cover the cost of the transportation of prisoners, expenses of visiting officials and junketing legislative committees, mileage of sheriffs and the thousand and one items of expense that would be sure to arise under such a system.

But one of the most serious objections to any transportation scheme is that it is repugnant to our institutions, inasmuch as it removes the convict beyond the jurisdiction of the court which sentenced him, and places him in the power of officials who can in no manner be held accountable for the care and the treatment which they accord him. No punishment shall be unnecessarily cruel, but there would be nothing to prevent foreign officials from making slaves of our convicts. Surely no convict should be sent beyond the limits of the Territory and beyond the jurisdiction of our courts.

The sentiment of the people and the press is against any scheme looking to the care of Montana convicts elsewhere than in a Territorial penitentiary, and any official who may lend himself to any other plan will dig his own political grave.

IT HAS been ascertained that there are 650 fraudulent pensioners upon the roll of the Chicago agency. These will all be stricken off and thousands of dollars will annually be saved to the Government. More than 1,500 fraudulent names have been stricken from the rolls since General Black has taken charge of the Pension Bureau, mainly at the Chicago, Philadelphia and Washington agencies.

THE health of the city is remarkably good, thanks to the efficient work of the Mayor, the City Marshal and Alderman Pinkham.

THE RACES.

The forthcoming meeting of the West Side Racing Association promises to be the most interesting and largely attended event of its kind ever witnessed in Western Montana. E. W. Wynne, the secretary, has just returned from Helena and reports that all the best animals that participated in the Helena meeting are already on their way hither. Teams and men are at work on the track; new stables are being put up and every preparation is being made to accommodate the immense number of horses and people that will be in attendance. There has been a good deal of rivalry developed by the Helena races, and most of the owners of horses and those who won and lost money on the results, are looking forward to a renewal of the contests at this place. The betting will undoubtedly be very lively, and the time made will probably be the best ever recorded in the Territory. It is always customary here in the West for the business men of the town to contribute towards the purses to be given away, as it is generally conceded that no event brings so many outsiders to a place, or puts so much money in circulation as a racing meeting. There is a very large expense connected with the meeting aside from the purses, such as putting the grounds in order and keeping things in condition during the progress of the meeting. To meet this the gentlemen having the matter in charge will call upon our business men—as in the past—for contributions. Give them a cordial reception and a liberal subscription, and rest assured you will reap a corresponding benefit in the increased trade which will result from the influx of people to witness the sports.

AN agent of the Union Pacific Railway Company is now in the city making a thorough investigation into the salt question. The present rate on salt is $26 per ton. It is asked that the rate be reduced to $16. The question will undoubtedly be settled within a few weeks favorably to the camp. The investigation that is now being made will be thorough and complete, and will give the officials of the company all the data necessary to enable them to arrive at a reasonable and just conclusion. The Union Pacific company is showing a disposition to deal fairly and justly by the camp and its great interests, and if there is any process by which the idiotic vaporings of the *Inter Mountain* may be stopped the reduction of the rate on salt will, no doubt, be made.

CLARA MORRIS, the greatest actress of the age, opened her season at Chicago, last evening. Miss Morris is an American and for that reason creates no furore, but it is unquestionably a fact that she is to-day the greatest artist upon any stage. She is not only perfect in her art, in the technique of her profession, but she has been endowed with that divine spark, genius, which goes beyond all art. May the season be as pleasant as the two past have been; may her health be strengthened to carry her through the season and may this gifted *artiste* be spared many years to adorn the stage and shed rays of sunshine upon her beautiful home on the banks of the Hudson and upon those select few who have the privilege of visiting there.

THE most efficient embassadors of the devil are hypocritical ministers and those given to polemics. The escapade of the Rev. W. W. Downes, of Boston, who was found in the bedroom of a female parishioner with his coat, vest and shoes off, adds another to the list of those who disgrace the brightest human calling, and form the greatest obstacle in the way of the advancement of the divine cause of true religion. That this should not be the effect is true, since the clergymen are only human, but the public is not given to reasoning, and so the cause of Christ naturally suffers from the misdeeds of those who preach His gospel.

THE contract for the stone work of the public building at Denver has been awarded to a local firm, Hayes & McGilvray, at their bid, $57,000. Colorado stone is to be used. This shuts out the firm who have contracted for the prison labor of Illinois, which they expected to employ upon the building. Secretary Manning has taken a very sensible and very determined stand against convict labor, a fact that the workingmen of the country will appreciate. The contractors are thoroughly reliable and first-class builders, who will give the country a first-class job.

THE proposition which is now gaining friends in England to unload the fallen women of that country upon the United States, in order "to give them another opportunity in life," is simply monstrous. We have more than enough of vice in America, without having shiploads of bad women unloaded upon our shores. A decided stand against this scheme should be taken by the authorities. The care of our paupers and criminals is a very heavy charge already, and we have no desire to import either class just at present.

THE Chicago *Telegram* tells a solemn truth or two in the following excerpt: "The same disgusting spectacle of women, pretending to be ladies, making a hero of a murderer is again shown in the Maxwell case. The fool-killer is a long way in arrears of his business. Women would be in better business carrying flowers to the sick in the hospitals than in bestowing their garlands on a man who, if guilty, is one of the vilest of assassins and who, even if not guilty, has no special claims to such attentions."

THE MINER wears the collar of no corporation, clique or person. It is as nearly independent as a newspaper can be, and it will be found as fearless as it is independent. We have no hobbies, and no favorites; no friends to reward and no enemies to punish. We shall endeavor at all times to publish all the news, and our comments shall be in tenor and effect as the best interests of the public may seem to demand. The course of the paper will speak for itself.

THE Republican committee of New York and its "organs" do not seem to be in accord. There is, indeed, great discord and things seem to be sadly out of tune. The "organs" are damning the mugwumps and are loud in their boast that none need apply, for any purpose, while the committee graciously embraces "the erring brethren" and invites them to come back into the fold. The committee and its hand-organs should harmonize.

THE entire community will sympathize with Mr. and Mrs. Largey, in the loss by death, of their beloved child. Their consolation in this dark hour can be found only in the fact that He who gave has simply taken His own, to the upbuilding of His kingdom, which, He has left upon record, is comprised of such as her whom He has called hence from this now distracted home.

THE campaign in Virginia is a very warm one, but there is no reason to doubt the triumphant election of General Lee. Both candidates are comparatively young, are exceedingly popular and have an extensive personal following. The fight will be an exciting and interesting one.

TOM. OCHILTREE, now that his Congressional term has ended, should join the staff of the Texas *Siftings*. He is the most original and ingenious liar outside of the *Inter Mountain* office in the country, and *Siftings* needs a boost in this line.

THE Toledo *Blade* is just now "pulverizing the rum power" by opposing the Prohibition ticket in Ohio. Petroleum always was a funny "cuss."

THE SALT QUESTION.

That the freight rate on salt should be reduced is true beyond a doubt, and we have every reason to believe that it will be. The Union Pacific Railway Company is making a thorough examination into the subject through a special commissioner, and prompt action may be expected upon the report. The Union Pacific Railway Company has shown a disposition to deal fairly by the camp, and we have the assurance of President Adams that whatever advantage can be given to Butte and Anaconda shall be extended. The company has long since given ample earnest of its good intentions. It is now examining into the demand for a reduction of the rate on salt, so strongly urged by our mill men. The affairs of the company are conducted on business principles. Mr. Word belongs to the department of justice. He would be promptly consulted on law points, but scarcely on mere traffic matters. Mr. Scott is the General Agent of the company here and on matters pertaining to freight, rates and rebates he would be an authority, but scarcely on a scientific subject. The company has a desire to know how much salt is used per ton by the various mills of the camp; how much the cost per ton of ore and to what extent the reduction would assist the mills. These data are now being gathered and will be submitted to the officials in due season. A mass meeting is no more essential to bring about a change of rates than a brass band is to a rabbit round-up. The idiotic vaporings of a newspaper, without argument or statistics to base an argument upon, can accomplish nothing. The history of the *Inter Mountain* is such as not to inspire the confidence of honest people. Its mere say so does not count for anything and its unsupported assertions will have no weight whatever with the Union Pacific management.

The mill men of the camp have made their representations to the company, giving in detail their grievances and desires. The company is now verifying these statements and seeking new information. This accomplished, it will be able to act intelligently and fairly, as it no doubt will, so far as it can consistently with existing contracts. THE MINER believes that the company will reduce the rate on salt to $15 or $16, but it is convinced that vituperation and abuse can accomplish nothing. The gentlemen interested most deeply in this matter did not approach the officials of the company in that spirit and have no desire to do so. The paper that pursues the policy of abuse does not represent the active element or the intelligence of the camp.

THE MINER does not wear the Union Pacific collar. Indeed, it does not stand in very great favor with the powers that be in the company, because it has seen fit from time to time to criticise adversely some of the company's affairs at Butte. The paper is not upon the courtesy list of the General Passenger Agent and pays its way on the road, and consequently is under no obligations whatever, but all this will not prevent it from dealing fairly with the management. We believe that the present management means to foster the industries of Butte and to assist in every possible way in the development of the camp. We recognize that it has a right to make a close and independent inquiry into complaints, and that in consequence of the pernicious system of pooling it is somewhat tied up and cannot act as promptly as it would if it held an independent position. That it will see the necessity of cutting down the rate on salt, as it did on matte, and that it will extend the desired relief in due season, we firmly believe. Abuse of the company and its officials can accomplish nothing.

THE IMMACULATE SHERMAN.

That is a rather ugly story that comes from Washington involving the Hon. John Sherman, the immaculate statesman from Ohio. While Secretary of the Treasury he had the plans for his house in K street, in Washington, prepared in the Supervising Architect's office by government draughtsman, who worked upon his drawings during ordinary office hours, and who received from him, in fact, not one cent for the services. Mr. Sherman's friend Hill, late Supervising Architect, took general charge of the work for him, and it was superintended in detail, both at the Treasury Department and at the house itself, by A. G. Thompson, Chief Computer. After the completion of the house, which Mr. Sherman so thriftily contrived to have planned for him at public expense, he recompensed Thompson by making him "Inspector of Public Buildings," without change of duties and increasing his pay (July 27, 1880) from $9.60 per diem, working days, to $10 per diem for each day in the year, including Sundays, (upon which no service was rendered), making a total annual increase of $633.80. This rate and kind of pay Thompson continued to receive until February, 1884, after Supervising Architect Hill had been forced out of office by an investigating committee, when attention was called to the illegal Sunday pay given by Sherman and to other official misconduct of which Thompson had been guilty, whereupon he was discharged from office. In February, 1885, through the intercession of Sherman and Don Cameron, Thomson was again appointed "Inspector of Public Buildings" under the Chief Clerk of the Treasury Department, but was once more dismissed under the present administration in June last, John Sherman's voice being no longer potent in the Treasury Department. The facts concerning the preparations of drawings for Mr. Sherman's house by Government employes very nearly came out during the Senate investigation of the expenditure of the contingent funds of the several executive departments, and the cautious Sherman, becoming uneasy, went so far as to draw a check to Thomson in alleged payment for his services; but under skillful Republican manipulation the committee was prevented from getting at the bottom facts. Other well-known public men besides Mr. Sherman have built fine residences in Washington, and it is now stated by Treasury employes that a portion of the architectural work upon at least two of these was done in the Treasury Department during the term of office of Supervising Architect Hill.

These facts are given on the authority of a Washington correspondent, of unquestioned veracity and one who is in position to know whereof he speaks. While Mr. Sherman is on the stump in Ohio waving the bloody shirt, he should try to reconcile his official acts with those of an honest man. No honest man would employ a Government official to design and superintend the erection of a private residence—at public expense.

SILVER CITY.

Butte prefers to let outsiders do its puffing; the local papers are too modest to do much in that direction. We take pleasure in reproducing the following from the Livingston *Enterprise*, so ably edited by Mr. Hendry, whose oration on the occasion of the meeting of the Montana Press Association was a model of composition. Mr. Hendry says of Butte: "Of Butte, the 'Silver City,' a volume might be profitably written. She is without doubt the greatest present mining camp in the world. It is claimed that including her environs she now has a population of 15,000 persons but this may be a slight if pardonable exaggeration. But those figures will certainly be within bounds in a short time for Butte is growing constantly with the further development of her mines. Unless appearances are grossly deceptive she has not nearly touched the climax of her prosperity. When it is remembered that few of her most productive mines have been developed to a greater depth than five hundred feet, that only a small fraction of her most prosperous looking lodes are yet being extensively worked, that those in operation show no signs of exhaustion or deterioration of the quality of the ore in the lowest workings—when these facts are considered it may be reasonably presumed that this city of mines and mills and smelters is almost a dwarf compared with the growth she is to attain. In 1884 Butte added $16,000,000 to the wealth of the country; her production this year is expected to reach $20,000,000. As a railroad station Butte paid $5,000,000 to the Utah & Northern in 1885, and with her offspring, Anaconda, contributed one-tenth of the gross revenues of the Union Pacific system. Butte is now shipping 12,000 tons of freight per week. The city now has fine business blocks and public edifices, and more are being added at a rapid rate. Except for the crowded condition of the streets, and the general appearance of rushing activity, there is little of the look of a mining camp about the city itself—nothing ephemeral. Her people are very enterprising as well as hospitable. They have the 'boss' mining camp and they know it, and want everyone else to know it."

THE new Superintendent of the National Bureau of Engraving and Printing has succeeded in making changes that will cause a saving of $200,000 a year in that department alone. Such a saving may look "picayunish," as some Republican journals assert they do, standing alone, but in the aggregate the reforms will save many millions of dollars. This administration is conducting the affairs of the Nation upon a business basis.

WALKER BLAINE, like his illustrious father, will, no doubt, be able to find "various channels in which to make himself useful," now that he has been bounced from a sinecure.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND will soon return from his summer vacation, refreshed and reinvigorated. The rascals who still remain in office are already beginning to feel uneasy.

WALKER BLAINE has had to take a walk out of a soft berth. If "pa" had been elected, Walker would have been advanced in official life. Such is the fate of the politician.

THE soft-place brigade of the army is moving Westward. Secretary Endicott declines to make any exceptions and few of the favorites feel like resigning.

EVERY Democratic State Convention thus far held has enthusiastically endorsed the President. It is this that makes the Republican journals so weary.

ASSAYER HARRISON, though convicted of serious dereliction of duty, still clings to the public teat. "Pa is a Senator," you know.

STEVENSON and Higgins are a team that delights the Democratic soul. As skillful decapitators they have no rivals.

THE Ohio Republicans are short of campaign funds. They should assess Rutherford B. another "bit."

THE most sensational and readable article in yesterday's *Inter Mountain* was the letter list.

EVERYBODY is looking forward for a jolly time at the races. They will not be disappointed.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS.

It is stated that the Texas *Siftings*, the *Police Gazette* and the *Christian at Work* are all printed on the same press in New York City. Is it a religious or a satanic press? The pressman must be a sort of a polyglot.

The Buffalo *Telegraph*, the cheap and nasty little sheet that first printed the Halpin scandal in the last campaign, has suspended publication. Its sensation was a boomerang that killed it. Some other papers that published the filth are not feeling very well, either.

A peculiarity of most of the Paris papers is that they rent out the financial column by the year to anybody who wants it. A well known banking house pays the *Figaro* 160,000 francs a year for the use of their financial column, and puts in whatever it pleases. It has a ten-years' contract.

Fred. Wilson, formerly connected with the Helena *Herald*, and lately warden of the Penitentiary, has taken charge of the editorial and local columns of the Bozeman *Avant Courier* for one month, Mr. Alderson intending to be absent for that length of time at Cooke in the interest of his mines.

The plan of licensing the newsboys adopted in Detroit is a capital one. The fee for a badge is a mere trifle. No boy can sell a paper on the street unless he has this badge, and it is forfeited if he tries to dispose of objectionable papers. At least one dirty sheet has thus been compelled to stop.

The most profitable newspaper in the world, the London *Times*, is valued at $25,000,000, and the most profitable in France, the *Petit Journal*, earns $600,000 a year net, although a dozen years ago it was insolvent. The London *Standard* is valued at $10,000,000, the *Daily News* at $6,000,000 and $5,000,000 would not buy the *Telegraph*.

We fail to understand why Andrew Carnegie's English newspaper syndicate which claims to have made so many millions out of its journals should exhibit such unusual activity in selling them out. Their herculean efforts remind one forcibly of the desperate attempts of a country publisher in the United States trying to shift his losses on to the shoulders of some aspiring county politician.

THE Jefferson county *Sentinel* has made its appearance at Boulder. It is edited and published by S. A. Robertson, formerly connected with THE MINER. It is ably conducted and neatly printed and is calculated to do credit to the people of Jefferson county. If the people will give Mr. Robertson the necessary encouragement we feel confident that he will give them a newspaper that they will be proud of and that will do the region much good. We wish the *Sentinel* all possible success.

Says the Deer Lodge *New North-West*: "The *Inter Mountain* and MINER fairly eclipsed all previous newspaper enterprise in this Territory last week by their speedy preparation and presentation of the Press Association proceedings. The *Inter Mountain* had the address and a large portion of the history, with the proceedings, on the street in two hours after the session adjourned; and THE MINER next morning appeared with eleven columns of nonpareil matter relating to the convention, the banquet, etc. It was the best, most complete and speedy presentation ever made in the Territory of the proceedings of any convocation; and the next day Mr. Read of the *Inter Mountain* said Mr. Ziegenfuss of THE MINER wasn't feeling very well, either."

The country newspaper is the most useful of all the agencies which stamp the impress of progress upon villages and inland cities. Without the aid of the local newspaper, towns are, as a rule, thriftless and dead. It is common for small great men to speak with contempt of the local newspapers, but the village newspaper makes more great men out of less material—more bricks without straw—than any other factor in politics, and it is the one ladder on which men climb to local distinction as the beginning of wider fame. The advent of the local newspaper has always dated the increased thrift of the community. The local newspaper is the life of the locality, and the measure of its support, as a rule, measures the advancement of the people.

A MEXICAN LOVER.

It was while sitting under the cloudless blue of southern skies with rugged summits lifting around us, and the thread of clear water issuing from the rocky basin at our feet, and making for itself a ribbon of green down the bare and sterile Arizona mountain side, that I listened to the following story told by my guide in connection with the Sundown Spring:

"It was in the early days of the railroads and lumber and mining excitement in this section, and San Pablo was still a military sub-post, the troops occupying for barracks a part of the old Mexican town, and the chaplain holding service in what had been a Roman Catholic mission church, and ringing to call to Protestant preaching the same bell that the old Spanish monks had used to call their Mexican and Indian converts to mass."

"At the time of which I am telling, Captain Reynolds was the commander of the post, and with him was his wife and daughter Annie. And Annie Reynolds was just a picture. She was, maybe, 18, with hair of a crinkly yellow that was always dancing and shimmering as though it was full of sunshine; her eyes were blue and innocent as a baby's, and her cheeks used to make me think of the peaches that grow in our old Connecticut garden, they were so soft and pink. But her ways were more than her looks. She had a smile and pleasant word for everybody, and one of the kindest, most pitiful hearts you ever saw, and I guess there wasn't a single one of the soldiers, or any other man for that matter, that knew her who wouldn't have gone through fire and water any day to have saved Annie Reynolds from danger.

"All the ladies of the garrison were fond of horseback riding, and one day as Annie and two or three more were riding through the town, her horse frightened at something and began to rear, breaking at the same time the saddle girth. Half a dozen of us who saw the accident sprang forward, but before we could reach her a young Mexican, Juan Manuelito, had caught her in his arms. I had seen the fellow time and again loafing about San Pablo, just one of those ordinary, shiftless, good-for-nothing Mexicans, about as poor timber of humanity according to my ideas as you can find anywhere. And I didn't suppose that anything short of Gabriel's trumpet would arouse him any. But I wish you could have seen his face as he set Annie down. He looked at her as I have sometimes seen them look at pictures of the Virgin, as though she was almost more than mortal. And when she blushed and smiled and thanked him in her sweet, pretty way, his face fairly seemed to shine.

"By this time a group had gathered around her. Juan was pushed one side, and I never should have thought of the affair again, but that afternoon, as I was going down to Captain Raynolds' headquarters on an errand, I met Juan Manuelito coming out. 'Yes,' said the captain, with a laugh when I spoke of his caller. 'And I don't believe you could ever guess his business.' And then he told me that Juan had come with all the Mexican formality and asked the hand of Annie in marriage. 'And did you kick him out as he deserved?' I asked. But the captain, who was an easy-going man, said no, he told him that he could not allow his daughter to marry a poor man. And when Juan had asked how much he must have first, had answered, $10,000.' I thought,' said Raynolds, 'that would answer as well as though I said a million, so he thanked me and went away, and probably that will be the last of him.'

"I thought so, too, but, if you will believe me, the fellow took Captain Raynolds at his word, and immediately set to work to secure the amount needed. In that part of Arizona water is literally as precious as gold. You have seen how it is hauled in barrels for miles and sold like any other commodity, and men go out prospecting for springs just as miners search for croppings of ore. Well, the very next morning Januelto had loaded a mule with provisions and started out to search for water, and he didn't give it up at the end of a week, as you may suppose and as I did, but stuck to it with a dogged perseverence I wouldn't have believed possible, week after week and month after month, in all seasons and weathers.

"I had seen plenty of men what is called 'in love.' At one time of my life I thought I knew something what it was myself, as I presume you have, but never before, nor do I ever expect to again, see love like that of Juan. Why that Mexican that I had thought almost too lazy to live, worked like a beaver from daylight to dark, lived like a miser on the coarsest food and denied himself almost the necessities of life. Usually, once a week, on Sunday, he would come to town, go to mass, walk down past the captain's for perhaps a glimpse of Annie, and then contented start back to his toil again.

"Yes, he was successful. I've often wondered if it was luck or his desperate set purpose, but he seemed to be a genuine water witch, and if there was a stream of water as big as your finger among the hills he would find it. At first he used to bring it to San Pablo or the nearest camp and sell it himself, but that was too slow, and so he would sell the springs, usually for some mining or mill purpose. He found the springs from which the water is pumped through to the Pine Fork mills seven miles away.

"But the strangest of it all was that Annie Reynolds was wholly ignorant of Juan Manuelito's labors in her behalf. Her father had never told her of his proposal, and if she saw him as he walked by the house she thought nothing of it; and after he began to make formal calls on the Captain to inform him that he had gained one, and two, and three thousand dollars of the stipulated sum, he was more than ever anxious that Annie should hear nothing of the matter; for though he confessed to me (who I guess was the only one besides he troubled him greatly, still he did not believe that Juan would reach the ten thousand, and in the meantime he might be ordered away, or Juan might die or find a new object of affection, or any number of things might occur. For Annie would never under any circumstances have married Juan Manuelito, never. Why, she was a lady, accomplished, and delicate as one of my mother's blush roses, with all the pretty dainty ways that ladies have. And I used often to think, as I saw her so bright and gay, and utterly unconscious of any cloud that might be rising to mar her happiness, of the fate that had so strangely linked her life with that of Juan, who was not only coarse and ignorant, but utterly devoid of the good looks which some Mexicans possess; a great swarthy fellow with only one idea in the world, to accumulate money enough to win the object of his passion, and with a heart as hard as iron for anything that stood in his way.

"This was most clearly shown while he was prospecting for the springs for the Pine Fork mill. Tim Cooley and Johanna, his wife, a poor Irish couple who had in some way drifted to this corner of the world, had made them a little home up in the foothills by the side of a little stream. Not much of a stream it would have been called in a country that had creeks and rivers in plenty, but it was every drop of water they had, and for two or three years they had worked to lead it in irrigating ditches into their little garden and field. But the spring was quite a bit above them, and old Jim had never thought of laying claim to it or dreamed that the water course would ever be disturbed. The first they knew, however, Juan Manuelito was at work turning it into his pipes. People have not depended much on law in Arizona, so the old man did not think to appeal to the courts, as he would in an older community; and as he was sickly and feeble he couldn't fight him off, and all that remained was to plead with him not to ruin them. But he might as well have talked to the rocks.

"But though the old man had tried in vain, Johanna determined to make an effort. She told Juan of all their trials and sufferings; how hard they had worked to make their little home, and how, weak as Tim was, it would be his death if he was driven away from it to destitution, and then she begged of him on her knees not to turn the water away and ruin them. But all Juan would say was that they could keep the spring for two thousand dollars—not otherwise—and even refused to leave it till their crops were ripe. And then old Johanna turned and cursed him. I chanced upon them as I was coming down from a mining camp in the mountains; the figure of that old woman, tall and gaunt, with her arm raised, her eyes flashing and her white hair flying in the wind—'Curse you,' she cried, shrilly; 'may you live to eat the bread of sorrow and despair; may your dearest hope blast and wither before your eyes; may your money cut your heart like a canker; and may God forsake you in your hour of need!' But Juan only laughed. He cared no more for the old woman's curse than he did for her prayer.

"So over two years passed when one Sunday, as Juan was making his Sunday visit to San Pablo, he heard that Annie Reynolds was to be married Thursday morning to Lieutenant Devoe, a young officer stationed at the garrison of Fort Yuma. As soon as Juan heard the news he went to Captain Reynolds and demanded to know if it was true.

"'But she has been promised to me,' he cried, when answered in the affirmative.

"'Only on condition,' answered the captain, 'and I have waited nearly three years for you to claim her. I can wait no longer.'

"'But,' urged Juan, 'I have almost the sum. I have over $9,000. Give a little more time and I shall have it all.'

"'No,' said the captain, frightened to think how nearly his carless promise had brought him to serious trouble. 'I cannot wait any longer.' Juan turned away, his face dark with rage. 'You have promised!' he exclaimed, turning back at the door, 'and if I bring the $10,000 before Thursday I shall have her.'

"'I am afraid,' I said, when Reynolds told me of the interview, 'Juan has set his heart on this and even if he don't go mad from disappointment he may be desperate.'

"'I know,' was the answer; 'but once get Annie married and away and I will face the rest.'

"Juan hastened back to his task, and in the days that followed, in his eagerness, hardly gave himself time to eat or sleep. It could not be that he should come so near the prize and miss at last. The thought made him feverish, and haggard, and wild-eyed; he hurried on and on like a driven spirit.

Monday and Tuesday passed with no result. The fortune that had attended him hitherto seemed to have forsaken him in his greatest need. So near and yet to fail. Monday night he could not sleep for the thought, the awful fear gnawing in his breast, and Wednesday morning as soon as the earliest light he was up and still on. At last, late in the afternoon, he unexpectedly came on a cool spring rising among the rocks. The saints had heard his prayer. The prize was won. There was yet time, for he had kept within a circle of San Pablo, and straining his eyes he could dimly see the tower of the old mission church shining in the setting sun.

"The afternoon was fast waning, but he threw himself down and took a long, deep draught of the limpid water that meant to him everything—Annie, bliss, his heart's desire. His heart swelled with exultation; it was a moment of triumph such as few can know. But the sun was sinking lower, and was it his fancy or a horrible phantasm of over excited nerves, that the stream was growing less.

"But hark! a peculiar sound filled the valley, and echoed as far from the mountains. He sprang to his feet in affright. The water was surely sinking in the spring, and as the sun disappeared behind the mountains, with a loud gurgle it was gone. A loud mocking laugh rang in his ear; it was old Johanna Cooley standing a little above him. The little cabin by the dry water course was a deserted ruin; broken-hearted Tim was in his grave, and she was a homeless stray drifted about from camp to camp. Juan turned his dull eyes toward her for a moment, and then with a despairing cry threw himself face downwards in the still moist bed where so lately the water had been running.

"Brightly the stars came out and shone down on that motionless form. It had been a long and terrible strain, and now that the tennison cord had so suddenly snapped he lay with strength all gone, crushed with the numbness of utter misery. Sharp pains racked his brain; a liquid fire seemed creeping through his veins and a crowd of fantistic visions flitted before him. Gold was heaped around him; he was plunging his arms in the glittering treasure; springs were gushing on every side, clear and limpid; Annie was standing by his side before the old high altar smirting up into his face as she had the brief moment he had held her with such rapture in his arms. But the gold burned his hands and changed into a crowd of mocking demons; the streams were only tossing whisps of long white hair, and betwixt him and Annie there was ever thrust another face, old and wrinkled and horrible with a jeering smile.

"But the sky reddened in the East; objects again became visible; the sunshine gilded the mountain tops and flooded the lower hills and valleys. A murmur sounded in his ears; something cool touched his parched and feverish cheek. It was water; water for his awful thirst, water to give him, yes, his bride. But there was no time to lose; he must hasten to claim her. He strove to rise from his little pool-like depression into which he had worked in his restless tossing to find himself as though chains had bound him to the ground. And still the current of the stream was growing stronger and the water was rising slowly but steadily about him. Was there nobody to help? Good God! He made another effort and fell back dizzy and faint. There was a momentary struggle and