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A PRACTICAL SERMON.

The Rev. E. J. Grœneveld's sermon at the Presbyterian church in this city on last Sunday evening, in which the crime of prize-fighting was severely handled, is a beginning of a move in the right direction, and it is one that should have the co-operation of every clergyman and of every good citizen in this community. Mr. Grœneveld's sermon was practical in every particular, and because of its practicability and the absence of stereotyped scriptural phrases it had the ring that caught and enchained the public ear. Every consideration and every interest that deserves a place in the public thought demands the suppression of crime and vice in this community. That a town like this should be suddenly transformed from a pocket edition of hell to a suburb of the new Jerusalem is not to be expected, but that a united effort upon the part of men and women, who believe in the right and who recognize and who fear the dangers to them, their prosperity and their homes which the present demoralization of our social conditions present, can accomplish much is as certain as that the presence of vice is due to the efforts of those who traffic in it. The history of every great reform demonstrates that it was born in the throes of agitation, and an agitation not on the part of those who make reform necessary, but on the part of those who demand it. The people of this city will wait a long time, should they wait for the prompters of vice to legislate or agitate themselves out of business. There is a great work to be done here and the people are equal to the occasion, but they can't sit on the fence and expect that God will visit Butte in search of employment. He causes the rains to descend, mellows the sunshine and the crops grow but the mowing machine and reaper have come to stay. The present demands heroic action and the sooner it comes the sooner will the tide of travel from this city set heavenward, and the sooner will a better prosperity be ours and the happiness of families be made more secure. The Rev. Mr. Grœnveld announces a series of discourses or sermons upon the many vices in our midst. Their delivery will begin early in the new year, and it is to be hoped that they will awaken the interest which their importance demands.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

For a newspaper to overlook the Christmas festival would be as unpardonable as for the embryo poet to turn his back in disgust at the approach of spring. Indeed, the observance of Christmas should be perpetuated while time shall endure; not only as commemorative of the birth of Him, who ushered in a new and higher civilization, but also, because of its hallowed traditions and beautiful social customs. The Lord of Misrule, the Yule log, the wassail bowl and the mistletoe are all in the shadow that dims the past but there is in the observance of the present all that is in consonance with "Peace on earth, good will to men."

There is in its present observance a reign of good cheer that pervades every household throughout the length and breadth of the Christian land; that gladdens the heart of father, mother, sister and brother and the cherished recollections of which linger and linger to be renewed by each succeeding recurrence of the day until the last Christmas comes and goes and the soul takes its flight through starry space till lost in sweeet forgetfulness.

There is in its present observance all that tends to foster and develop the noblest impulses which Christianity implants, and without which humanity would soon be compelled to struggle for an existence in the chaos which inhumanity would decree. There is in this observance all that tends to dissipate the vicissitudes and heart-aches of life and to wreath the present and the future with a garland of flowers that bloom with the culture of love's labors; all that tends to the restoration, renewal and strengthening of friendships, the reunion of homes and the renewal of the many and varied vows that make up the links in the endless chain of social and family relations. This Christmas eve, in all parts of the habitable globe, wherever the beautiful story of the manger in far-off Bethlehem has been told, families and friends will gather under the mistletoe and by the Yule log's warmth and the place will be religion, for the heart will run o'e. with joy. The silvered hair of age and the golden locks of youth will be there, and the memories of the past will be welcomed by the one and the bright visions of the future by the other. Age never becomes too aged to recall with pleasure the merry Christmases of the long ago, so that in the observance of the day and of the eve there is not only a present joy but one that will forever live to bedeck with jewels the brow of retrospection. But of all who welcome Christmas eve, childhood is ever the first to extend the hand, the last to say good-bye, and whose greeting is the most joyous and heartfelt, and therefore most deserving of the highest recognition. Indeed there would be no Christmas eve without the innocence that dimples the sweet and confiding face of childhood; without that beautiful hallucination that robes Santa Claus in a great coat of fur, seats him in a sleigh surrounded by every childish charm and that confides to him the reins of innumerable reindeers whose feet patter upon the shingles of every housetop as the little ones lie sleeping in the palace and the cottage, while angels guard their sleep and dictate their dreams which await the fulfillment of the morn. Blissful childhood, beautiful hallucination! even the wisdom of age salutes thee with reverence!

There could be no Christmas eve without the stockings in the chimney corner, nor could there be any Christmas morn which should not record that the good old man had visted the scene during the silent watches of the night. THE MINER trusts sincerely that every little dreamer in this city will awaken to-morrow morn to find that the brightest glimpse of dreamland pales in the light that streams through the window and throws upon the floor the shadow of dreams fulfilled.

BRAZIL.

The transition from empire to republic in Brazil is not yet complete if Senator Sherman's remarks in opposition to its recognition by this government are entitled to any consideration. The manifesto which compelled Dom Pedro to abdicate his throne and with his family to seek exile in foreign climes was so sudden and unexpected that the effect upon those in sympathy with royalty was practically the same as that upon royalty itself and compelled an acquiescence which it seems was mistaken for unanimity in the demand that the change in the form of government should take place. It was the boast of Republicanism throughout the world that the clamor for the change was so universal and sincere that it was accomplished without bloodshed or even a passive opposition. That was the true aspect, but when the consternation of the moment had subsided and the imperialists had recovered from their surprise, organization and all of the forces of opposition which they could command were summoned to attack the stability of the new government, and so well have they succeeded that even Senator Sherman advises delay in its recognition, that the tide of success may first be determined. It is true that turbulence exists throughout the entire country and that revolution and anarchy run riot in some of the provinces to the destruction of life and property, still even this does not justify the indifference of this government to the struggles of a people for self government. This government can ill afford to deny recognition to a sister republic whose geographical position is an additional reason demanding recognition, for upon that recognition depends largely the attitude of the monarchies of Europe and the success of self-government in Brazil.

A POSTAL SUGGESTION.

THE MINER is in receipt of a communication from Black Pine, signed by a number of miners, which is a strong protest against the Republican administration at Washington for its failure to establish a postoffice at that place. Congressman Carter is held primarily responsible, as the communication recites that he has been frequently petitioned in the matter and has as often treated it with silent contempt. There are not less than 250 people at and in the vicinity of Black Pine, and as there is no postoffice nearer than Philipsburg, they are certainly entitled to such postal recognition as they claim, and they would get it if Montana's representative in congress should pay more attention to the people and less to a few corporations. Carter realizes, however, that he owes his election to corporate boodle and influence, and he further realizes that corporations have more boodle than the people and that they are more willing "to give up" liberally to men who are in a position to serve them well. If the miners of Black Pine should address a petition to Cheap John Wanamaker and incorporate a clause therein obligating each and all of the parties thereto to patronize the mail order department of his bargain lay-out in Philadelphia, it might result in the establishment of a postoffice as therein prayed, at least, during the continuance of the contracting clause conditioned, of course, upon its faithful observance. The postmaster at Black Pine might be asked to act as the agent of the commercial bureau of the postoffice department, receiving therefor a small commission, but this would not be witthout precedent and for which reason it would at least stand upon higher ground than our lieutenant-governor's recent 7x9 decision in our own state senate. Cheap John and Brother Rickards are both said to be very pious men but both were schooled behind the counter where thumbs sometimes contract the yards and both can therefore see a dollar or its equivalent when its presence would not be apparent to the casual observer. The scheme which THE MINER has outlined is worthy of the attention of the miners at Black Pine and it is, therefore, respectfully submitted with a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

AT HELENA.

The Republican gun at Helena has hung fire and no amount of tinkering has been able to get the old blunderbuss to open its mouth and spit out its arsenal of destruction. Even the mandamus case which was to have been heard before Judge Hunt yesterday has again been postponed until next Saturday and even then it may not be determined that a court has the right to build a judicial bonfire of the ballots of a free people and elect certain men to office in opposition to the voice of such ballots. If courts of law have the right to elect, or, more properly speaking, to appoint men to office in opposition to the expressed voice of the people and in opposition to the written and unwritten constitution of the nation and state, then let the fact go upon record as a precedent, and the sooner popular elections, which are conducted at a great cost to the taxpayer, are wiped out of existence the more honorable it will be. Such an usurpation would not be tolerated by any government in the world, unless, indeed, this shall prove to be the exception. But why those postponements? Let the issue be joined and the decision reached, that the people of this commonwealth may know if there is any backbone to the expression "We are the people," or if it is but an empty phrase invented to impose upon the credulity of citizenship.

ONE DEADLOCK BROKEN.

Although there is nothing new in the legislative situation at Helena THE MINER is glad to announce that there is something new in the district court situation in this county. Yesterday the rival Judges McHatton and Hamilton both tendered their resignations to Governor Toole and both were accepted. The power of appointment now resides in the governor and as the resignations referred to were unconditional there are no strings on him and it is therefore probable that he will appoint Judge McHatton, as that will conform to the wishes of the people of this county as expressed at the polls on Oct. 1. The judicial deadlock is therefore broken, and it will be hailed with satisfaction by all, especially those whose interests have directly suffered by the absence of a court of recognized authority. Both gentlemen are to be commended for the regard which they have thus shown for the public welfare.

HOLIDAY SOUVENIR.

The holiday souvenir published by the Inter Monntain of this city is typographically a work of art, and it is replete with reliable mining and other statistics pertaining to this city which entitle it to a wide circulation both at home and abroad. The superiority of the publication as compared with the political features of that journal is so marked as to be the subject of universal notice and comment, and it certainly suggests a field in which the Inter Mountain may yet find resuscitation from the dry rot incident to the depravity of its political professions. It may prove to be a success as one of the prompters and abettors of state stealing, but it should remember that trade hath her victories and virtue her reward. As a book-bindery and as a factory for the speedy and artistic production of circus posters the Inter Mountain would deserve well of the public and it would be in better accord with that eternal fitness to which success must ever bow. THE MINER in conclusion extends the congratulations of the season to its esteemed but very wicked contemporary, and trusts that it will sin no more, but will walk uprightly and cease to follow the tortuous ways of political crookedness.

The Main street organization is still mopping the perspiration from its sharply receding forehead and exhibiting its horny fists to prove that it is an honest son of toil. It has not yet been seen on the street with a pick and shovel, but it is likely to be—with a ball and chain attachment and within the range of a Winchester. If it would hold up its hands and exclaim: "These hands were not made for work!" it would score the first point for veracity in a long, long time.

Tom Carter is indulging in another bluster about lead. It is to be hoped that he will achieve something, but when his promises made before the election are reviewed, it doesn't tend to invest hope with much certainty. Mr. Carter has an inexhaustible supply of promises for gratuitous distribution, and he is ever ready to dispense with a lavish hand.

Although Brother Rickards is an aspirant for the senate, the knowing ones know that the Hon. Lee Mantle will be the west side man upon whom the Republicans will bet their sesterces. He will go through like a flash but his credentials will hardly run the gauntlet at Washington.

If there is any more "representing" to be done in this district, give the job to the Inter Mountain, as it assumes to be longing for manual labor. But keep your weather eye open or you will have the experience and the Tunnel precinct manipulator will have the claim.

As the devil is said to be able to quote scripture with great fluency, it will surprise no one to know that the Helena Journal and our own Main street organ are also candidates for the head of the bible class.

There wasn't a single "hold up" in town last night. Is the foot-pad neglecting his business or has he "broke" the town?" This matter deserves the immediate attention of the police.

Reed, as the speaker of the national houses of representative, has already begun to discriminate against Democrats, in violation of parliamentary law. Rickards should be able to give him some pointers.

Brother Rickards is making a strong play for the United States senate, and his friends say that he is on top. He seems to possess all of the qualifications which Republicanism in this state demands.

It seems that Republican politics in Montana can snatch a man out of a pulpit bald-headed and utilize him for the basest purpose better than any other material.

Remember that you were once a child, so do not forget the little folks to-day. Give them all that they can eat and break up, for to-day is Christmas, and it comes but once a year.

Those who have watched Brother Rickards' career in the state senate must be convinced that when a good man goes wrong he goes head foremost and with a rush and yell.

The Inter Mountain seems to be booming Brother Rickards for the United States senate. Is it because 7x9 credentials will probably be repudiated by the senate?

If the old Republican blunderbuss at Helena shall continue to hang fire much longer, a good many people will conclude that it is not loaded to the muzzle.

Brother Rickards has certainly earned a bouquet, but only as yet the bud of a senatorial hope peeps through the vista, and that has already been nipped.

The Russian influenza is en route here and it should now be in order for the dry goods stores to arrange for special sales of handkerchiefs.

Rickards and Fisher are floundering around in the soup and they are liable to go to the bottom locked in mutual embrace.

The star of the East will glitter tonight, and let us hope that its benignant rays will fill the world with gladness.

He went down from Jherico, and not only fell among thieves, but he became one of the leaders of the gang.

The uninitiated are at a loss to know whether the Inter Mountain is editing the Helena Journal or vice versa.

The time for good resolutions is almost at hand. It might be well to experiment in advance of the time.

Under the friendly branches of the mistletoe will be the favorite trysting place this Christmas Eve.

Brother Rickards believes that he draws considerable more water than the constitution of Montana.

Have the Republican bosses and tricksters any other tight-rope performance to thrill the multitude?

Christmas is the gladdest festival of all the year. Be happy to-night, but don't get "full."

THE MINER trusts that none of the little folks were overlooked by Santa Claus last night.

Brother Rickards will discover when too late that his Brutus is on the trail of his ambition.

Hang up your stocking to-night and may the souvenirs of friendship gladden your heart.

Brother Rickards needs no ear trumpet to hear the buzz of the senatorial bee in his bonnet.

The United States senate or "bust" is now the text of Brother Rickards' devotion.

The senate chamber has now a direct connection with the Helena sewer system.

The altitude of the United States senate is rather lofty for a 7x9 conscience.

THE MINER wishes all of its readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

The season for bouquets in the bogus house at Helena has evidently absconded.

Uneasy will lie the little heads tonight, but bright will be the visions.

The Lord is said to have a divine affection for the cheerful giver.

Brother Rickards might begin to turn over the new leaf now.

Remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Blatherskite Fisher never knows when he has had enough.

Brother Rickards has joined the legion of rainbow-chasers.

Rickards now registers as a bad man from Bodie.

THE MINER wishes everybody a merry Christmas.

Light the yule log and fill the wassail bowl.

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

ANOTHER LODGING HOUSE ROBBED.

Arrest of a Man on Suspicion of Being the Burglar.

Some time during Monday afternoon a burglary was committed in the lodging house up stairs in the Little Joe block, on West Park street. Several rooms were entered and quite a number of valuables carried off, chief among which was a gold watch. The lady who conducts the place at once notified the police and gave them a description of a man who had been seen in the hall of the house and whose actions had arroused her suspicions. A sharp look out for the party was kept and soon a man was under arrest who answered the description of the man the police were looking for. He was taken to the house and identified by the lady as the man she had seen in the building during the afternoon. The prisoner gave his name as Roger Madden, and strongly protested his innocence. He was arraigned before Judge Newkirk and shortly afterward released on bonds, a prominent business man furnishing the bail. Madden's friends do not believe him guilty, and say that it is a clear case of mistaken identity.

A Wagon Load.

Dave Jones, the "trusty" arrested last Monday for a wholesale robbery of dry goods and clothing, will have a hearing before Judge Newkirk some day next week. The charge opposite his name is petty larceny, and an attempt is made to enumerate some of the articles he stole. The officer making the entry could, of course, not give the entire list, but merely jotted down what he actually knew Jones had lifted. The memorandum, however, is sufficient to show that Jones was not at all backward. It is as follows: "Forty-eight pairs of socks, several pairs of shoes, some quilts, blankets, etc." If Jones is not cinched for grand larceny instead of mere petty larceny, he will have good cause to congratulate himself.

Barriere's Preliminary Hearing.

The preliminary examination of Joseph Barriere for the murder of his wife, took up its seventh day before Judge Newkirk yesterday. A number of witnesses for the defense were examined and, of course, gave strong testimony in favor of the accused. Several of the witnesses at least would have made a sorry showing had they been cross-examined with the severity shown by a good many attorneys. As it was, some of their statements were very gauzy, and would not have held over a barrel or two of water. Examination will be concluded to-morrow, at least so it is thought.

SLAVIN THE CHAMPION.

The Pelican Club Condemn the Action of the Referee and Smith.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—At the meeting of the Pelican club last night it was resolved to send a letter to Slavin, the Australian pugilist, expressing sympathy for him in the treatment accorded him in the fight with Smith and the admiration for his courage. The club decided to recognize Slavin as the champion of England, and present him with a belt and purse. Fleming, who acted as Smith's umpire, and who is a member of the club, was suspended from membership, pending an explanation.

In an interview Fleming said he was not acquainted with the roughs who caused the trouble, but that they were doubtless friends whom Smith had hired to interrupt the fight in the event of its going against him.

Greeted Enthusiastically.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—Upon his arrival in London Slavin was given an enthusiastic reception by a large crowd which gathered to welcome him. He visited the stock exchange to-day and members subscribed £150 for him on the spot.

GERMANY'S ATTITUDE.

How the Emperor's Subjects Will Receive Stanley.

BERLIN, Dec. 24.—The Vossi che Zeitung has an interesting article on the German attitude toward Stanley, in which it says that if the German enthusiasts for colonial development should attempt to follow the lame attacks upon England by assailing Stanley they would prove themselves mean spirited people in the lowest sense of the word. In the reception of Stanley the people of Berlin should not allow themselves to be influenced by any other feelings than that of admiration for his courage, resolution and achievement. They must honor him as a guest of the emperor and as the greatest living African explorer.

Unity in the Church.

ROME, Dec. 24.—His holiness the pope received to-day the sacred college of the cardinal supreme council, or the senate of the church. In addressing this chosen body of advisers, the pontiff said: "In these times, when the church is assailed and persecuted because it is the great stronghold of faith and truth, it is a consolation to know that among the children of the church themselves there is perfect unity. His holiness announced that he would shortly issue an encyclical letter defining the duties of the Catholics in this crisis.

Spurgeon Very Sick.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—The throat ailment of Spurgeon has assumed a grave aspect. The doctors diagnose the case as gout. Spurgeon also suffers with a pain in the knee.

Receives an Inheritance.

PARIS, Dec. 24.—Madame Bonnemain, a enthusiastic supporter of Gen. Boulanger, has just inherited $1,500,000, the bulk of which she will devote to the general's cause.

To Resume His Position.

BERLIN, Dec. 24.—As soon as the Samoan question is finally settled, Knappe will resume his position as the German consul there.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

An Innocent Man Kept in Prison for Twenty Years.

LA PORTE, Ind., Dec. 24.—George Stottler is a life convict in the Michigan City penitentiary. He has done penal service for the state since 1868. Stottler's friends have been tireless in their efforts to secure his release and it begins to look now as though Stottler was convicted on perjured testimony, and that the state will be obliged to release from its service an innocent man.

The crime for which Stottler was sent up was a terrible one. He was a countryman near Anderson and was always looked upon as a tough character. The crime was committed in 1868. Stottler, it is alleged tried to borrow a horse from an old man named Isanoget. It was refused him. He then went to Anderson, bought a knife and got drunk. Returning in the evening he went to the Isanoget residence and started a row in the house. Isanoget had two sons, whose ages were 20 and 16 years respectively. The older of the boys started to put Stottler out of the house, but the young man was stabbed through the heart. The younger boy attempted to prevent Stottler from killing his brother and started to interfere in his behalf. Young Isanoget had no sooner got within reach of the infuriated and blood-thirsty fiend than he too received a stab through the heart which killed him instantly. Stottler then threatened to kill the whole family, which consisted of the old man Isanoget, his wife and two or three small children. The old man, who was an invalid, saw that it was a question of life or death for all of them, and by a desperate effort overpowered the fiend and disarmed him. He was sentenced for life.

Stottler has protested his innocence from the time he was arrested on the terrible charge, claiming that he was a victim of mistaken identity. It appears that the testimony of the Isanoget girl was what convicted Stottler. The girl died last spring and now comes the attorneys for Stottler who claim that they have her affidavit stating that the testimony she gave during the trial was false.

CALLAHAN IS MAD.

The Man Who Wants Powderly Arrested Writes a Letter.

SCRANTON, Pa., Dec. 24.—Edward Callahan who achieved so much notoriety through his efforts to have General Master Workman Powderly arrested, to-day wrote a letter directed to Judge Archibald, P. J., but the contents were addressed to Alderman Fuller. It is in part as follows:

"SCOTTDALE, Pa., Dec. 24.—ALDERMAN F. FULLER, Scranton—MY DEAR SIR: Your failure to endorse the warrant for the arrest of Powderly, is a flagrant violation of your oath of office. The charge of conspiracy is specific and clearly and distinctly set forth in the information made before Squire Kener of Greensburg, Pa. I can prove the charge, and as for Powderly bringing counter charges against me, tell him I will be only too glad to confront a scoundrel like him. If the warrant for the arrest was in accord with my sworn information, I shall hold you and Judge Archibald responsible for obstructing an officer in the discharge of his duty."

Sold to Mackey.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—The Commercial Telegraph company was to-day sold at sheriff's sale to John W. Mackey and Edward C. Pratt of the Nevada bank, for $155,000.

RESIGNED HIS POSITION.

Mr. Booraem Retires as General Manager of the Blue Bird Company.

Silver Mine Owners and Silver —Old Alder Gulch Still Yielding Largely.

From Wednesday Daily.

Nothing of great importance has transpired in mining circles during the past few days save the announcement that Mr. Booraem, general manager of the Blue Bird mine and mill, had handed in his resignation as manager of the company's property near this city. The reason for this move on the part of Mr Booraem is continued ill health, he having been feeling badly during the last six months. In retiring from the management of the company, however, Mr. Booraem does not relinquish his associations with the Blue Bird, as it is the intention of the company to prevail upon him to remain as consulting manager or director after the resumption of operation at the mine and mill. Mr. Booraem is a practical miner and a gentleman, and the Blue Bird company cannot well afford to part with his services.

The Old Alder Gulch.

Mining and Scientific Press: Mr. L. A. Fenner of Alder gulch, Montana, an old subscriber of the Press, is in San Francisco on a visit with his family. Mr. Fenner has been mining in Montana for twenty-five years, and this is his first visit to the metropolis. In fact, he says he never saw an electric light until he got to Ogden the other day. Mr. Fenner has lived in the territories all his life and never had a chance yet to vote for a president of the United States. He is going to Nevada and Placer counties to look at the mines and may invest in some land in that section for his boys.

Mr. Fenner says about 120 men are working over the old ground in the famous Alder gulch which yielded about $75,000,000 in gold in 1863-4-5. The early-day work was done by sluicing, but the miners then were good judges of ground, for the men now make more out of the old worked ground than the patches which were left. The gulch was originally divided up into 100-foot claims, but now many claims are owned by one person. Some companies own a mile, and Mr. Fenner himself owns half a mile of the gulch.

He says they ought to have a company with half a million of capital to bring in water from the Madison river, and it would be a good investment. Thus far the miners have failed to interest any one, and the claims are only worked by flumes and primitive methods. The gulch has been worked for 15 miles. At the upper end the gold is coarse, and some nuggets worth $600 to $700 have been found. The lower eight miles of the gulch yield gold that is comparatively fine, a nugget of $7 or $8 being a rarity.

Mr. Fenner is the inventor of a machine well adapted for working this class of ground, since it removes all the rocks, carrying them out of the way. He uses it on his claim, and has done better than any of the other miners this year. It does not require very much water to operate it, and would be a useful device in portions of this state. Mr. Fenner will spend the winter in California.

Silver Mine Owners and Silver.

Mining and Scientific Press: The Granite Mountain mine of Montana, a famous silver mine, disbursed in dividends to stockholders the last fiscal year the sum of $1,900,000. They mined 37,248 tons of ore and milled 35,711 tons at an average cost for milling of $10.61 per ton. Of the average cost of treating a ton of ore, $2.73 goes for salt, $1.90 for fuel and 74 for quicksilver. They used 5,123 tons of salt last year. It will be seen that the mine is a pretty big one, and that it is paying well; but it ought to pay better. To show the interest silver mine owners have in the free coinage of silver, the case of this single mine may be cited:

Up to the close of the last fiscal year the company had paid fifty-five dividends, amounting to $6,700,000. Since then four more have been paid, including the one on the ninth of November, making $7,600,000, or $19 per share. Tools were first sent to the mine Oct. 8, 1880. Expenditures of all kinds up to July 31, 1889, were $4,052,512. This includes the cost and working of the property and all kinds of expense. During the period the mine produced 10,989,859 ounces pure silver and 6,521½ ounces pure gold, realizing the gross sum of $10,938,800. Under the free coinage law in operation prior to February, 1873, this product would have netted the sum of $14,335 135, showing that the company has lost $3,334,835, or 30 per cent. of its gross income, because of the inability to get silver coined on the same terms as the gold. Had there been free silver coinage during this interval, instead of $6,700,000 in dividends, stockholders would have received over $10,000,000. And yet the "gold bugs" cannot see why the Western owners should make such a fuss over the silver question.

Concentrates.

The Orphan Boy, which belongs to the Anaconda company, has shut down for the present.

Henry Jonas et ux. have sold to Barbara Louis a half interest in the Peterson lode claim, the consideration being $400.

Ten affidavits of annual labor and improvements on mining claims were filed for record yesterday. They were for the Taffy, a two-third interest in the Little Narrow Gauge, Julian, Santa Rosa, Ohio Girl, Jennie D., Otisco, Kerry Eagle, Mullinger and Rory O'Moore.

A mining deed containing figures representing $17,500 was filed for record yesterday, Silas F. King being the party of the first part and William P. Mosby the party of the second part. The ground transferred by Mr. King is a placer claim containing 124-59-100 acres, it being the north half of the southeast quarter and a fractional lot, No. 3 of section 17 in township 3, north of range 7, west of the principal meridian.

MEANEST MAN IN NEW YORK.

A Unique Story About a Person Who Syndicated Himself.

Richard Frothington, handsome, clever young and reckless, was "on his uppers." This, in his opinion, was not his fault, but was due to the cold injustice of a cruel world. It is true, he realized that he was indolent by nature and extravagant by habit, that he had neglected certain golden opportunities and had been careless where he should have been attentive; but in his present mood he did not dwell upon these unpleasant facts, but shook his fist at the throng of humanity beneath his window and denounced society, civilization, law, order and everything which in the most remote degree tends to reward effort and punish laziness.

Then he lighted a cigar, sat down upon the edge of his bed and counted the change which remained from his "absolutely fare-well" dollar. He figured thus:

Breakfast	.60
Two cigars	.25
Newspaper	.02
Total	.87

"I ought to have 13 cents left, and I find only three. O, yes; I remember—I gave a beggar 10 cents. Gad, that was foolish! He's now seven cents richer than I am. But away with these gloomy thoughts. I'll read my paper and forget my cares."

He drew his only chair to the window and gazed down upon the crowded street for a moment. Then, with a calm indifference to his wretched financial condition, he began his perusal of the day's news.

"Rubber Trust," he murmured, between puffs. "Corner in Wheat, "Talk of a New Salt Syndicate," "Reported Consolidation of Southwestern Roads."

Throwing down the journal, he watched the smoke from his cigar musingly.

"Monopoly," he soliloquized, "that is the key-note to success. Control something that everybody wants—put up the price—and there you are. What can I get hold of? I own nothing but myself—hardly in the list of available assets. Nobody wants me. There is no demand for me. I can't sell myself to an English syndicate.

"I can't even pawn myself. But, hold! Don't these capitalists work in a narrow groove? They monopolize only those things for which there is a great demand. Why would it not be practicable to corner something that nobody wants? For instance, the world has no use for me. Why not make the world pay for my absence? By Jove, I'll syndicate myself! Talk about Napoleons of Finance! Ye Gods, I'll be Alexander, Cæsar and Sergeant Gilhooly all combined! Whoop! Where's my pen? Here's paper! Good! Now for it!"

Thereupon he wrote the following:

"We, the undersigned, knowing Richard Frothington, pronounce him the meanest man in New York city. He has taken from the hands of hungry babes, robbed blind beggars and treated his friends to domestic cigars. Even in as large a place as the metropolis his presence is considered a public calamity. Beware of him!"

Carefully brushing his hat and overcoat, seizing his cane and casting an amused glance at himself in a small mirror, Frothington left the room, locked the door after him, dodged his landlady in the hall and was soon in the street. He looked like a young man of wealth and leisure as he strolled along, a smile on his well-cut face and an air of self-satisfaction in his jaunty step. He entered a famous uptown bank, after a short stroll, whose president he had known in happier days.

"Will you kindly sign that, Mr. C——?" asked Frothington, stepping boldly into the president's room and thrusting his paper before the busy capitalist. The president looked up, recognized Frothington, glanced over the paper without seeming to grasp its significance, scrawled his name beneath the legend: "Beware of him," answered the young man's "good morning" with a bow and was at once hard at work again.

Frothington smiled more gayly than before as he returned to the street. He realized that a most important step had cost him but little effort. Going at once to the lobby of the R—— hotel he sent up his card to a celebrated politician. A few moments later his paper bore a name of national reputation. The politician had not even looked at the screed, having read the name of the bank president at the first glance.

Frothington's task was now an easy one. Before business hours were over his document bore twenty seven signatures, each one of them a name known to all men from Maine to Texas. Nobody had read his scroll in such a way as to gather its full meaning. He had been questioned now and then, but his smiling countenance had reassured all doubters, and the first name on his paper was a magnet not to be resisted.

And now a horrible thought entered his mind as he turned homeward. Had he enough stamps to complete his design? For the first time since he set out the confident smile left his face, and his features grew set and stern as he quickened his pace. Rushing to his room, he nervously unlocked his door, threw open his desk and found—O, joy!—fifty two-cent stamps and a pile of writing-paper and envelopes. Seating himself as though for a long effort, he drafted the following letter:

MR. MAYOR: Will you kindly inform your advisers that I, Richard Frothington, pronounced by Messrs.—here he inserted his list of names—to be the meanest man in New York city, intend to take up my abode in your town at once unless I receive by the next mail the sum of $50. I inclose the full text of my credentials. I am a blight to any community. Positively no reduction for cash.

He worked away for hours writing letters, addressing envelopes and cudgeling his brains for the names of growing towns in the West and South. Finally his task was completed to his satisfaction. He mailed his letters, pawned his cane and sleeve-buttons and ate a hearty dinner. When his cigar was smoked out he returned to his room, sat in meditation for a while, and then, weary with the sustained effort of the day, went to bed and was soon sound asleep.

How he existed for the next few days it is hard to tell. "I lived on my uncle," he would have said himself, and it is a fact that even his overcoat fell a sacrifice to his vulgar craving for food—and cigars. He told his landlady that he expected a remittance from the West, and from the way in which he watched the postman she was inclined to believe him. A week went by and he began to fear that his syndicate was a failure. "Collapse in the Richard Frothington Trust," he imagined as a headline in the newspapers, and a wan smile overspread his pale face at the thought.

One day, as he had just arisen and was wondering where he could obtain credit for a breakfast, a rap came to his door and a servant handed him three letters. One was from a town in Alabama, another from an ambitious town in Nebraska and the third from Bigtown, Mont. His heart beat rapidly and his hands trembled as he opened the epistle from the South. It was very short.

"MR. FROTHINGTON: SIR—Your communication received. Go to the devil.

By order of the Common Council."

"Whew," exclaimed Frothington. "Is this southern courtesy? But I'll have my revenge. I'll obey the order of the common council."

Then he opened the letter from Nebraska. It was not quite so harsh as the preceding:

DEAR SIR: Thanks for your favor of the —th. Cannot entertain your proposition, as our funds are completely exhausted by our effort to obtain the World's Fair of 1892. Might make you a feature of the show, if we get it. Keep us informed of your future movements.

This was not so bad, but could not be turned into cash.

Heartsick, Frothington opened the communication from Bigtown, Mont. To his delight and astonishment—for he had lost faith in his scheme—a check for $50 fell into his hand. The letter read:

Mr. Frothington.

DEAR SIR: As our town now holds the meanest man in the West we feel that your presence would be ruinous. Please send us at once a sworn affidavit to the effect that you will never visit Bigtown.

Frothington jumped about the room in ecstasy. He had sent out forty-five letters. If he obtained $50 apiece from one-third of them he would have $750 at his command, enough to last him until again inspired.

That afternoon, however, his delight was somewhat dashed by the receipt of two letters threatening him with prosecution for blackmail. But with them was another epistle containing a $50 check, so he cast dull care away and spent the evening at the theatre.

Ten letters reached him in the morning. Only three of them contained money. One town in South Dakota sent him $25. "Not," said the mayor, "because we recognize your claim, but as a reward for originality."

It was not until two days later that he was handed the communication which decided his fate. It was dated from Slashington, Kas., and ran as follows:

Richard Frothington.

Honored Sir: You have doubtless heard of the riproaring push and get-there energy which characterizes our town. We have now a church, three drug stores, eleven houses, fourteen aldermen and a mayor. If you are, as your letter asserts, the meanest man in New York, we want you to come here at once. Your services are needed in booming this place and selling town lots. Inclosed you will find a ticket from New York to Slashington. Telegraph us when you leave and we will have a band ready to meet you.

The letter was signed by the mayor and fourteen aldermen.

Frothington looked pensively from his window. "What is New York to me that I should weep for her?" he mused. "Farewell, metropolis, I go to Kansas, to Slashington, where appreciation, fame, friends and fortune await me."

Then he went forth, redeemed his overcoat, paid a few bills, telegraphed to Slashington, and started for the West.

Richard Frothington is now one of the richest men in Kansas, and under his guidance Slashington has become a great town. He is convinced that it sometimes pays to corner a thing the public does not want.

EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

Malignant Diphtheria in Dakota.

ABERDEEN, S. D., Dec. 24.—The superintendent of the state board of health has gone to Eureka, the center of the great Russian settlement, to take measures for the suppression of the malignant diphtheria now raging among the Russians. Thirty deaths have already occurred.

In Brussels.

BRUSSELS, Dec. 24.—Influenza is rapidly spreading; 30 per cent. of the school children are suffering and the schools are closed. The disease has spread to all government officers and many of the officials are prostrated.

MADE IT A STAND-OFF.

Judge McHatton and Judge Hamilton Agree to a Draw and Both Resign.

Gov. Toole Accepts Their Resignations and Will Fill the Vacancy.

From Wednesday Daily.

A profound surprise was created in judicial circles last evening when it was learned that Judge McHatton and Judge Hamilton had visited Helena during the day and tendered their resignations to Gov. Toole, who acquiesced to their requests and accepted their propositions to abandon further claims to the position of judge of the district court of Silver Bow. It is understood that the action of Messrs. McHatton and Hamilton was dictated by a mutual desire to straighten out the present unfortunate tangle in the courts of this county and pave the way for Gov. Toole to make an appointment and thus put the court in motion for the disposition of urgent business pending at present.

There is an enormous amount of litigation awaiting disposal, and judge, juries and sheriff will find themselves busily occupied for the next six months. Forty-five or fifty prisoners are confined in jail desiring trial, while several hundred civil cases are docketed and ready for hearing. The lawyers, who have been lying on their oars for six weeks past, will soon busy themselves again, and words of eloquence and pleading will break the silence that has reigned undisturbed in the court room for so long. There is no intimation upon whom Gov. Toole will bestow the judicial ermine, and no one could be found who would venture a reasonably accurate guess as to where lightning would strike.

The intended resignations of Messrs McHatton and Campbell were kept a close secret, and the first known about the matter was last evening, when it was learned that they had carried their resolutions into effect.

THE EPIDEMIC.

Forty Thousand Victims to the Influenza in St. Petersburg.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—George W. Wurts, in charge of the affairs of the United States legation at St. Petersburg, has sent the state department an account of the prevalence of influenza in Russia, with interesting comments.

He states that about the middle of November public attention was called to a large number of persons falling ill with much the same symptoms of fever—severe pains in the head, back and limbs. For the lack of a better name, he states, the malady has been called influenza, but it shows signs of a typhoid character, though not of a malignant nature, and up to the date of the writing, Dec. 5, no fatal cases are reported. The illness in most cases is very light, and last but a few days, seldom longer than two weeks. It leaves, however, all the persons who have been touched by it, in debility and a great depression of spirits. In fact, the after effects are rather more unpleasant than the complaint itself.

The cause of the epidemic has not been satisfactorily explained. Most persons ascribe it to the abnormal warm weather of the past month, but that would not account for its appearance in Siberia, where it burst out in several places, the weather there having been cold as usual this season.

Now, that the winter seems to have fairly set in here, it is expected that the malady will disappear, but meanwhile nearly every one is affected. There is no exaggeration in printing the number of sick at fully two-thirds of the population of St. Petersburg. Not a house has escaped its visitations. The emperor was very ill with it for several days and scarcely a member of the imperial family has been free from it. More than 40,000 cases have been medically authenticated, but these represent a small portion of the sufferers.

The Epidemic Increasing.

PARIS, Dec. 24.—The epidemic reigns and rages. A conference of lawyers, which was convened yesterday, did nothing because the majority of the speakers were ill. Reports from Berlin are to the effect that there is no abatement there. In Brunswick it assumed a malignant