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## THE WEEKLY HERALD.

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### The Romance of Medicine.

It really appears, says an English magazine writer, that men may have serious attacks of disease and know little or nothing about it. Here is a curious instance: Some gentlemen had been supping together, and had afterwards taken to pipes. One of them laid down his pipe and said he was struck with paralysis. His friends declared that they could see nothing of it, but he persisted that his mouth was drawn on one side, and he asked a friend to accompany him home. This friend called to see him next day, but found him very angry with his barber for not seeing any change in him. But in the course of the day his unbelieving friends saw him to be manifestly worse, and he died in about six months. It is not unlikely that there are many cases of incipient paralysis which are quite unnoticed by the sufferer.

The case of Mr. Humphrey, one of the leaders of the Midland Circuit, in England, was a very remarkable one. He suffered from a peculiar cancerous affection, the nature of which was not discovered until after the performance of an operation. The case was so rare that an anonymous account of it was published in a medical work. At this time Mr. Humphrey was to all appearance established in perfect health. He happened to read the article and recognized it as his own case, whereupon he proceeded to put his affairs in order, dying within the predicted time in the midst of his family, with the fortune of an ancient Roman.

It is probable that each condition of life may have a tendency to develop some form of physical danger as its shadow. Thus we have the miner's lung, the painter's colic; the artist's dropped wrist, the clergyman's inflexible dress, the clergyman's sore throat. The number of odd remedies is always increasing. Both petroleum and chlorhydrate are prescribed for sea-sickness. The homeopaths say that petroleum is, in fact, a specific. The white of an egg is used medicinally. It seems that opium, although it has often been called a doctor's confession of weakness, might be used, in moderate doses, to a greater extent than it now is. When Mr. Winn went out to see the war in France, he was in the habit of administering heavy doses of fifteen drops of laudanum, even when it had been refused by the surgeon, and found it a very efficacious remedy to many poor sufferers during the campaign.

The subject of sympathies and antipathies is extremely curious. Boyle fainted when he heard the splashing of water; Scalliger turned pale at the sight of watercresses; Erasmus became feverish when he saw a fish. A curious story is told of a clergyman, that he always fainted when he heard a certain verse in Jeremiah read. Zimmerman tells of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk or satin, and shuddered when touching the velvet skin of a peach. Julian tells of an officer who could not endure the sound of a drum.

### Trial of a Communist Heroine.

A heroine of the Commune, Mademoiselle Louise Michel, a schoolmistress, of high attainments and position, who had sixty pupils belonging to good families, who is 35 years old and very handsome, has been tried, by a Versailles court-martial as an accomplice in the acts of the Commune, as having personally fought in uniform, and as having written articles in the *Organe du Peuple* inciting to the assassination of the two Generals.

Her manner was simple, calm, modest, and unassuming; but she defied her judges, saying that she respected the social revolution—she respected the Courts more than the Committee of Pardons, which judged in secret. She stood face to face, she said, with avowed enemies, who she knew must condemn her. She admitted that she attended the Commune, and declared that the Commune was honest and innocent, and had no thought of murder or arson. She would have shot the two Generals with her own hand, had she seen them on the scene of action, but she repudiated as a dastardly deed when they were prisoners. She had proposed as a strategic means of opposing the advance of the Versailles. She had exhorted Ferro to invade the Assembly, and regretted that he had not done so. She meant two lives to be sacrificed at Versailles, those of M. Thiers and her own.

M. Marchand, the counsel assigned to her, declined to speak for the defense, by express order of the prisoner. She said: "All I ask of you is to send me to Satory. Shoot me there, and let me sleep beside my beloved Ferro. The Public Prosecutor is right; I have no place in this world, at a time when an ounce of lead is the portion of the lovers of liberty and right."

The President stopped her harangue, and after a few moments' deliberation, the Court sentenced her to imprisonment for life in a fortress.—*Paris Corr. of the London News.*

The highest breeding come round to the Indian standard—to take everything coolly.

## A CHINESE FAIRY TALE.

SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Many years ago, during the Tang dynasty, there lived in the town of Peen-chow an old maid named San. No one knew where she came from. All that her neighbors could say about her was, that for the last thirty years she had kept the cake stand on the wooden bridge, and that during the whole of that time she had lived quite by herself, employed neither man-servant nor maid-servant, nor had any relative been known to visit her. But, notwithstanding this, report pronounced her to be rich. Her house was a large one, and she had mules in abundance. In order to save her guests part of the local carriage tax, she made it a practice not to receive their equipages, a proceeding which was highly approved of by them, and in consequence, of those who had once put up at her hostelry, many repeated their visits. Now it happened that about this time the Emperor "Great Harmony" sent General Chaon, surnamed the "Slender and Kind One," on an expedition to the eastern capital, and the general, passing through Peen-chow with his six or seven servants, put up for the night at the shop on the wooden bridge. The servants were soon accommodated in a common room, and the "Slender and Kind One" was lodged in a separate apartment adjoining the dwelling-rooms of San. San paid the greatest attention to her guests; and when night came on served them with wine, and helped them to drink it, making merry with all. The "Slender and Kind One" alone abstained from tasting the wine, but joined in the talking and laughing.

When the watchman announced the second watch, and when most of her guests were sleeping the sleep of drunks, San betook herself to her domicile, barred the door, and put out the light. In the middle of the night, as the "Slender and Kind One" lay tossing from this side to that side, unable to sleep, he heard a noise in San's room, as though she were moving things about. His curiosity being excited, he peeped through a crevice, and saw her light a candle, and take out from a cloth bound box a plow, a little wooden man and a little wooden ox, each about six or seven inches high, and put them down in front of the fire-place. She then poured water on them, and they instantly began to move and live. The little man harnessed the little ox to the plow, and set to work plowing up part of the room in front of the bed. When he had prepared enough ground, San gave him a sack full of wheat, which he sowed. In a very few minutes it sprouted through the ground, and grew up until it flowered, brought forth fruit, and ripened. The man then set to work to reap and thresh it, and presented to his mistress a crop of seven or eight pints of grain. This done, he was made to grind the corn in a small mill, and was then thrown, with his ox and his plow, into the box again. San now began her share of the work, and having well kneaded the flour, transformed it into baked cakes. At cock-crow the soldiers began to bestir themselves, but San was up before them, and had lighted their lamp and laid out the hot cakes in tempting array on the table. The "Slender and Kind One" was not very comfortable after what he had seen and heard; so he went outside the house, but, determined to see the end, he peeped through a crevice in the door. Suddenly, while he was watching his soldiers seated in a circle, in the act of devouring the nice hot cakes, he heard a sound as of neighing, and to his horror, he saw them in an instant all transformed into mules. The change was no sooner effected than San drove them into the yard at the back of the shop.

The "Slender and Kind One" told his wife what he had seen, but pondered much over the adventure in secret; and when, at the end of a month, he was returning by the same road, he again put up at the shop on the wooden bridge. But before entering the inn he provided himself with a number of cakes in size and form exactly like those he had seen so miraculously made. San professed herself delighted to see him, and, as he was the solitary guest, lavished attentions upon him. When night came she diligently enquired his wishes. "I have business before me," said the "Slender and Kind One," "therefore call me at daybreak." "Without fail," said San; "but please to sleep soundly." About midnight the "Slender and Kind One" arose, and witnessed a repetition of what he had seen on a previous occasion. In the morning San was up early, and having laid out her guest's breakfast she set before him the hot cakes; he knew so well. While, however, she was away getting other things, the "Slender and Kind One" managed to exchange one of the cakes he had brought with him for one of San's, and, apologizing to her, said he had supplied himself with cakes of his own, and therefore should not want any of hers. San waited attentively on her guest, and when he had finished eating, brought him his tea. The "Slender and Kind One" then addressing her, said, "Let me beg my hostess to try one of my cakes," at the same time handing the one he had taken in exchange for his own. San accepted it with thanks, but hardly tasted it when she fell down to the ground, neighing, and was instantly transformed into a fine, strong mule. The "Slender and Kind One" saddled her, and then went to search for the little wooden man and ox. He found them, but not knowing the spell, could do nothing with them. So he mounted the mule and returned home. His new acquisition carried him remarkably well, and made nothing of going one hundred miles a day. Four years after these events, the "Slender and Kind One" was riding on his mule to the Hwa yo Temple; he passed an old man at the side of the road, who, on seeing him, clapped his hands, and laughing, said, "Why, San of the wooden bridge, how is it you have come to this?" Then, taking hold of the mule, he said to the "Slender and Kind One,"

"Although she was originally much to blame, she has done you good service; have pity on her, and allow me to set her free." With that he opened the mule's cheek, and out jumped the old maid, looking the same as ever. Then turning to the old man, she made him a grateful courtesy, and walked off. What became of her I don't know.

### Profligacy of London.

A London clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Machonchie, head of the Ritualistic movement, gives a dreadful account of the profligacy existing in the British metropolis. Speaking of his own parish, he says: "It is no exaggeration for me to state that I am surrounded by 8,000 prostitutes and thieves; the remainder is made up of the poorest class of vendors of fish and vegetables, a springing of Irish, and numbers of Italians, and other foreigners. Young and old, male and female, eat, drink and sleep together indiscriminately, in places so filthy that a farmer would consider them unfit for pigs." His hearer inquired if the dwellings of the people were not under the surveillance of the police. The parson said: "No. I look upon this dreadful system of living as the bottom of nearly all the evils in our social system; from it spring all the other evils by which we are afflicted, but the government seems unwilling or unable to assist us in putting it down."

"I could not describe to you," says the same reverend gentleman, "the scenes of horror which might be constantly witnessed from our own window, and nothing short of a cry of murder brings the police to our aid. So long as decency and order reign in the great thoroughfares, they seem to care nothing for the deeds of darkness which are perpetrated in open day in these back slums. The other day I was compelled to witness acts of dreadful brutality. I sent for the officers, who seemed to treat the matter very coolly, and when I expostulated with them for permitting such acts of horror and inhumanity, they actually told me that it 'served us right,' and that we had 'ought to have known better than to build a church and schools in so low a neighborhood.' A state of affairs such as this preceded the first revolution of France in 1789, and much of the brutality of this arose from the neglect with which the suffering of the poor had been previously treated."

The New York *Star* adds to the above: The upper classes meanwhile are revelling in wealth and luxury almost incredible. The Queen with the fortune of \$35,000,000 which she had amassed, is the only one who exhibits any sign of thrift or economy. The Prince of Wales is head and shoulders in debt, and the Dukes of Hamilton and Newcastle, with many of the other leading nobles, are involved in bankruptcy by their extravagance, while the authorities vie with them in showing utter indifference to the condition of the poor.

### The Indian's Dream.

When the Indian went to see the white man, he staid with him all night. In the morning he says to the white man: "Me have dream last night."

"Ah! what was it?"

"Me dream you gave me your gray mare, and that you gave me rifles, that you gave me much powder, much ball, much shot, with it."

"Did you, indeed, what a dream!"

"Yes, me dream it all."

"Well, that's bad, for my wife always rides the gray mare, and she thinks she can't ride any other horse; but if you dream it, why I suppose you must have her. And my rifle too, my old favorite rifle—dream I gave you that too?"

"Yes, me dream rifle too!"

"Well, if you dream it, why I suppose you must take that too; but it is very singular."

So the white man gave them all into the Indian's possession, but persuaded him to tarry another night.

In the morning the white man says to the Indian: "I had a dream last night."

"No! did you?"

"Yes, but I did, though! I dreamed that you gave me all the land between Ponjunker river and Catapunch mountain,—about three thousand acres of the most beautiful land imaginable."

"Ah! Bones of my father! Well, if you dream it, why I suppose you must have the land—but me never dream with you any more."

We do not vouch for the truth of the following, which we clip from an exchange: There is a banker in Philadelphia by the side of whose handwriting even the penmanship of Horace Greeley seems symmetrical and beautiful. Well, this banker was persecuted by a life-insurance agent who wanted him to take out a policy. The victim stood it for a while, but finally one day he kicked the agent out of the office. Then the tormentor began to send notes to the unhappy wretch, explaining the endowment system, and asking if any of his aunts ever suffered from torpidity of the liver. At last the banker wrote to the heartless fiend as follows: "You diabolical scoundrel, if you send another line to me I will come around to your office and blow out what little brains you have!" When the life-insurance man received this he turned it up and down, and held it sideways and stood before a mirror with it, and examined it with a microscope, and called in six or seven experts; but, after all, he couldn't determine with any degree of certainty what it meant. To ascertain, he presented it at the paying teller's desk in the bank, and that worthy, without a moment's hesitation, paid \$5,000 on it, believing it to be a check for that amount. There is one agent less in that city than there was a week or two ago, and one more banker who betrays symptoms of insanity when the subject of life-insurance is mentioned in his presence.

There are now 13,000 Dakotah Indians under missionary influence.

### Our Newspapers.

A writer of an English magazine remarks: Of daily newspapers there are one hundred and twenty in the United Kingdom, of which eighty-eight are in England; one in Wales; eleven in Scotland; nineteen in Ireland; and one in the Channel Island. Sixty-one are penny, and thirty-four are half-penny newspapers.

Now turn to America, with a population not much greater than our own. There are, at least, five thousand two hundred newspapers published in the United States, of which five hundred and fifty are daily papers. It is difficult to give the exact number, as many perish every year.

But what of the quality of American journalism? I have no hesitation in affirming that, on the whole, it is as high as our own. They have no daily paper like our *Times*, but they have a hundred as good as our best papers, except the *Times*. The "leveling up" effect by education and public opinion, which has raised the mass of the American people above that of England, has also raised the press to a higher average standard. It would be easy to contradict this by citing many examples of coarseness, scurrility, and bad taste, culled from five thousand papers; but the fact remains as to the general high tone, both intellectual and moral, of the American Press. I affirm this from personal study of the best journals in the great cities, and comparison of their leading articles with those of our own London and provincial press. I do not deny the too common exhibition of the worst features of journalism, especially in some of the papers which have the largest circulation. The leading journals of all the great towns throughout the States are, with a few exceptions, marked by high moral tone as well as intellectual ability.

### Explanation of Blebbing.

An emotion—sometimes pleasurable, sometimes painful—takes possession of the mind; and thereupon a hot flush is felt, the skin grows hot, and according to the intensity of the emotion the changes are confined to the cheeks only, or extend to the "roots of the hair," or "fall over."

What is the cause of these changes? The blood is a red and hot fluid; the skin reddens and grows hot because its vessels suddenly contain an increased quantity of this red and hot fluid; and its vessels contain more because the small arteries suddenly dilate, the natural moderate contraction of their muscles being superseded by a state of relaxation. On the other hand, in many people extreme terror causes the skin to grow cold, and the face to appear pale and pinched. Under these circumstances the supply of blood to the skin is greatly diminished in consequence of an excessive stimulation of the nerves of the small arteries, which causes them to contract, and so cut off the supply of blood.—*Heath and Home.*

ENERGY OF WILL.—It is energy of will that is the soul of the intellect; wherever it is, there is life, where it is not, all is dullness, despondency and desolation. People who have no experience of it imagine that it is destructive to the nerves, exhaustive of the animal spirits; that it aggravates the wear and tear of life excessively. But this is an idle notion, as idle as the habits and humors of those who entertain it. We leave it to any man who knows its real effects, to strike the balance—to compare an exhaustion of an indolent day with that of an active one; to say in which of the two cases the subject is in better heart for work and fitter to undergo it. Whatever we may be about, one thing we believe is certain; that if the spirits are spent by energy they are utterly wasted by idleness; at worst energy can only end in relaxation—it is superior to it for a while, and possibly at last may fall into it; whereas idleness is actual relaxation from first to last, and can be nothing else. But even this view, favorable as it is, is yet not favorable enough to be just. The fact is that violence is not necessary to energy any more than tyranny is to kingship; on the contrary, it is the greatest energy that does the most work. Energy, literally from the Greek, means inward-working; the blooming of the flower is energy; the increase of fruit is energy; the growth of the body is energy; yet, in all these there are no violence; the efficacy is not destructive, but vital; without it the whole frame must fall at once into corruption, with it, instead of corruption we have life. But this, it may be said, is a refinement. It may be so, but it is true in fact, nevertheless. The gainsayer will find it difficult to produce anything from the subject of surer or more essential truth.

PATAGONIA INFANTS.—Their superstitions make them regard as divinities all phenomenal children, principally such as are born with a larger number of fingers or toes than is natural. According to their belief such a child is a presage of great happiness for their family. As to those that are altogether deformed—such cases are very rare—or whose constitution does not appear to fit them for the kind of life they would have to lead, they make away with them, either breaking their limbs or smothering them; they then abandon them, without burial, to the wild hogs and birds of prey. If the innocent little creature is considered worthy to live, it becomes from that instant the object of the entire love of its parents; who, if necessary, will submit to the greatest privations to satisfy its least wants or exactions. They place their new-born on a small ladder, which serves it instead of a cradle. The upper portion of its little body rests on the cross pieces or rungs, ranged close together and covered with sheepskin, while the lower part is enclosed in a sort of hollow, formed by other cross-pieces below the uprights. The child is held in this position by soft cords wound above the skins, which serve it instead of linen.—*Three Years Among the Patagonians.*

—The first Prince of Wales—Jeremiah.

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—For railway-travelers—When the engineer whistles "down brakes," look out for a break-down.

—The new theatre, Vittorio Emanuele, at Rome, is to be roofed with glass, for day performances.

—An Indiana editor says: "We leave tomorrow for the county hog show, and hope to take the prize."

—Lecturing is at a very low ebb in England. Only noblemen or very distinguished parties can draw an audience.

—Germany, it is said, has not a single retail book house which sells as much as \$25,000 worth of books a year.

—A Western editor speaks of a cotemporary who is "so dirty that every time he goes up stairs there is a rise in real estate."

—A rural poet indited a sonnet to his sweetheart, entitled "I kissed her *and rosa*." The compositor knew better than that, and set it up in printer's Latin, "I kissed her *and rosa*."

—A man in Nebraska said he could handle a rattlesnake the same way as a snake charmer. The churlishness of the undertaker in demanding pay in advance delayed the funeral four days.

—Paris fashion correspondents speak of some new things in colors; for example, Paris blue, ash gray, burned love-letter tint, Paris bombarde, carrier-pigeon, snute, tawny stone color, etc.

—"Cast iron shins, all sizes," is a legend at Hartford plumber inscribed on his outer wall. "Well, who in thunder (hic) said it didn't?" was the inquiry of an inebriated man of sin to the plumber aforesaid.

—A Florida man lately offered to fight an alligator with a butcher's knife for \$500 a side. As the challenge has been open a month, and no alligator has come down with his money or an acceptance of the challenge, the man claims to be the champion alligatorist.

—A Troy divine, while making his pastoral round recently, called to administer a little spiritual balm to a suffering parishoner. In the course of his stay he learned that the sick man had the small-pox, and he abruptly left off consoling to go home and plant his clothes.

—A little boy was recently presented with a toy trumpet, to which he became greatly attached. One night when he was about to be put in his "little bed," and was ready to say his prayers, he handed his trumpet to his grandmother saying, "Here, gran'ma, you blow while I pray."

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, sentenced to the State Prison for life, for rape on a little girl less than six years of age, was yesterday removed from the county jail to his new quarters at Warm Springs. A crowd of near a hundred men had collected about the jail. The prisoner was heavily ironed. As he was passed from the jail to the carriage which awaited him the crowd hissed and hooted him terribly. He seemed much frightened—probably fearing that the crowd would seize upon him and string him up. As those present surged to and fro, and sung out to him: "Oh, you wretch!" "Oh, you—!" he cast quick, wild glances to the right and left, and made for the carriage as fast as possible. In passing through Gold Hill, where the crime was committed, he was again greatly alarmed, but the strong guard about the carriage escorted him safely through. Doubtless he is already beginning to calculate how soon he may venture to talk of a pardon.—*Territorial Enterprise.*

A WONDERFUL BRIDGE.—The bridge now in process of erection across the Mississippi at St. Louis, is one of the wonders of the age. It is to be a tubular, cast steel, arch bridge, supported by the abutments and two piers; the latter are 515 feet apart, and 437 feet from its nearest abutment, making three spans of about 500 feet. Its greatest span is the same as that of the Kellenberg Bridge over the Leck, an arm of the Rhine, Holland. Telford's suspension bridge across the Menai Straits has a span of 570 feet. The Victoria tubular iron bridge of Montreal exceeds this greatly in length, being 6,000 feet (one and one-fourth miles), but it rests upon twenty-four piers, and its spans are mainly only 275 feet. The suspension bridge at Niagara spans 831 feet above the water. The East River bridge will span 1,900 feet at a height midway of 180 feet.

FLORENCE, the comedian tells a capital story of a waiter at one of the London taverns who was sadly given to drink. A party of young men determined to reform him, and one day read an imaginary paragraph from the paper relating to a terrible accident in which an inebriate, in blowing out a candle, was killed by the flame igniting with the fumes of his breath. Jerry pricked up his ears at this, and requested that the paragraph might be read to him again, which was done, to the evident horror of the poor man, who immediately went in search of the cook to borrow a prayer book. Returning with this, he expressed a desire to take a solemn oath upon it, beseeching the fact that he had been a sorry tippler and was bringing himself to ruin, and then swore that never again, so long as he lived, would he attempt to blow out a candle!

A HIGHWAYMAN named Balland, in Newgate prison, London, sent for a solicitor to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered: "By getting an apothecary to make an affidavit of your illness." This was accordingly done in the following manner: "The deponent verily believes that if the said J. Balland is obliged to take his trial at the ensuing session he will be in imminent danger of his life." To which the learned Judge on the bench answered that he verily believed so too. The trial was ordered to proceed immediately.