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STILL WATER.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

He wrote and wrote, but could not make a name;
Then cursed his fate and called the world to blame—
The world, that knew not genius when it came.

"The world," he cried, "that crowns us in a night
For nothing; but that damns us, wrong or right,
Rather for sheer indifference than for spite."

One of his friends would slyly smile to hear.
"Ah! second-hand Byronics!" one would sneer.
One said: "Give over." One said: "Persevere."

One said but little, though she thought and thought,
Through the long weeks and all the work they brought.
While the wife toiled and while the mother taught.

There went a story that he might have wed
An heiress, this poor scribbler for his bread,
But took a little, meek-eyed girl instead—

A little meek-eyed girl without a cent,
Who scarcely knew what half his writings meant—
Loved him reverently, and was content.

And now she mused and mused upon a way
To brighten his dull face again. One day
Her slender hand along his shoulder lay:

"Write this!" and then she told him what to write
In just a few feet words, and stole from sight
With smiling lips, but with a look of fright.

He laughed at first; yet in a little space
The languid laughter died from out his face,
And left mute meditation in its place.

If I mistake not it was this same year
That suddenly men knew him, far and near,
As having won the world's capricious ear.

And she? Why, if she had not seen so plain
How soon the laurels cured his longing pain,
She might have held them even in mild disdain.

But now she blesses Fortune's kind decree—
Proud, glad through him, though still, for all we see,
The same small, meek-eyed wife she used to be.

NOT A KNICKERBOCKER.

The dinner had reached that point at which it is considered incumbent on the ladies to retire.

Little Mrs. George Vanderburgh, sole representative of her sex at the table, looks doubtfully across to her husband, and obedient to the glance of approval she sees in his eyes rises to depart. Jack Raymond, their guest, who completes the small party of three, also starts to his feet, anticipating the ponderous movement of the venerable family retainer and flings wide open the heavy mahogany doors through which the little lady must make her way to the hall. Mrs. George smiles at him; then blushes as her small feet entangle themselves in her train and finally passes through the lofty arch, dragging foamy billows of Valenciennes lace and azure silk in her wake. Mr. Raymond gazes after her with a stare of admiration for which he would never have forgiven himself if it had fallen upon his hostess' fair face instead of her back hair.

Jack resumes his place at the other's right hand.

"I say, George, where did you find her? Who is she?"

"My wife."

"Obviously; but I don't understand. When I went to Europe two years ago I left you lying in the attitude of prostrate adoration at the feet of the imperial Judith Delmar, belle of the avenue and Queen at Saratoga, with every prospect of an immediate wedding—"

"My dear fellow, I got up."

"And now I come back and find you married to an angel. How on earth did it happen? Who was she?"

Jack's enthusiasm is checked by a warning glance from his host. He looks up, and his eyes meet the sable countenance of the ancient servant of the Vanderburgh family, and discover there an eager curiosity that even exceeds his own. Poor Jacob! He has lived with the family, man and boy, for nearly eighty years; his reverence for the Knickerbocker blood is as strong as his faith in the New Testament, and now in his old age he is compelled to serve a mistress whose name he does not know. Now perhaps there is a chance that the secret may be disclosed. Alas! no. George Vanderburgh quenches his African with a glance. "Jacob, attend to your business. Put the cigars on the table, and go."

"I beg your pardon, George," begins Mr. Raymond, as soon as they are alone. "You need not, Jack. Mrs. George Vanderburgh is—Mrs. George Vanderburgh; and for the quinquages of society that is enough. But you, old friend, companion of my boyhood and truest-hearted of men, shall hear the story if you like."

"Not unless you like."

"But I do." Then the cigars are lighted, and the two young men settle themselves comfortably in their chairs, the one to hear and the other to tell a story.

"Now, Jack, if you have an imagination, fancy how the bones of all my Dutch ancestors must shake when I announce that the last of their line has married a woman whose name was Smith."

"Either that or none. Do you know anything of New England, Jack?"

"Have heard of the place—a land of wooden nutmegs. There is a small settlement on the coast called Boston, where the people eat Greek roots instead of bread and butter."

"Exactly. But New Hampshire is the scene of my small love story. It was at the foot of one of those glorious granite mountains I picked up my daisy, my Margaret, my pearl. You remember the summer when you sailed for Europe. The same week I received commands from the imperial Judith to follow her to Saratoga, or rather she insinuated that my presence there would give her pleasure. I took the hint and followed, and after the manner of other devotees before the altar of fashion we exchanged the monotonous weariness of fashionable life in New York for a second edition of the same thing at a watering-place. We danced and we rode and we walked. I was the imperial Judith's devoted cavalier. I had quite made up my mind to lay my hand and fortune at the lady's feet; and although I felt it would not do to encumber her with my heart, as she had never displayed the smallest interest in that part of my personality, it nevertheless pleased my fancy to think of the queen-like grace with which she would preside over the hospitalities of the Vanderburgh mansion, and I concluded to be satisfied. But one morning as we were walking toward the springs, the fair hand of royal Judith lying on my arm, a sense of the importance of the step I was about to take began to oppress me. I felt a longing for a few weeks of perfect peace and quiet before I undertook the manifold responsibilities of a married man. Business became my excuse, and in the afternoon I fled toward the East, only a couple of hundred miles, and found myself in a little New England town lying at the base of a great, peaceful-looking mountain. The landlord of the cozy little hotel, a small building all white paint and green blinds, received me graciously; and I liked the old man immensely in spite of the fact that his hair stood on end when I asked him for a sherry-cobbler. I spent the night there, and in the morning the old gentleman offered me his horse and his fishing-rods to help me pass away the time, and then suggested that perhaps I would like to visit the mills. By the end of the first day I had exhausted the horse and the fish, and bored myself pretty thoroughly, and on the next morning I determined to try the mills. Did you ever see a cotton-mill, Jack, one of those enormous, red-brick structures reeking with steam and heat and dampness and horrible noises? I saw the proprietor, and he took me through the building. I looked at the great looms, the whizzing spindles, and all the ingenious machinery which man has devised to supply the necessity for clothing brought about by the transgression of Eve; but what most attracted my attention was the pale faces of the operatives standing about those terrible machines, the children, prematurely old and haggard, breathing that terrible dust and sweltering in that awful heat. I passed through the files of languid children and weary women on my way to the office, where the proprietor offered me a chair. As I sat down I saw, in one corner of the room, a small figure bending over a great pile of heavy, business-like books. She turned her head as her employer spoke and I saw another pale face—so pale, so gentle, with great violet eyes that seemed to ask everything they rested upon, "Why am I so unhappy?" The same eyes, Jack, my boy, that smiled at you so brightly over your dinner half an hour ago."

"Not a factory girl!"

"Not exactly; one of those girls you find so often in New England, thoroughly educated and lady-like, but impelled by necessity to work. She was employed as assistant bookkeeper by the great firm of Watson & Co., that owned the mills. All at once, Jack, I became interested in cotton. I used to haunt that great, shrieking Bedlam of a mill. I investigated all the processes the plant went through from the time it enters the mill in great fluffy bales until it goes out in smooth white muslin. I think the proprietors took me for a dry goods clerk or a politician. I became so learned that I knew all the grades from paper-cambrie to sheeting, and I discoursed upon the tariff and the necessity of protecting American manufactures like a member of Congress. I even made researches into the art of bookkeeping. And all, Jack, for the sake of a pale little factory girl with blue eyes—I, the last of the Vanderburghs! How I used to lean over that great, gawky, ink-stained desk, and watch the small figure in the shabby alpaca frock! How I used to intercept the little girl on her way back and forth to the great mill, and watch her blush when her great, blue eyes met mine!"

"Had you made up your mind to marry her?"

"God forgive me, I had not thought about it."

"You scoundrel!"

"Ask Pearl if I am a scoundrel, Jack?"

"I have no doubt she worships you, you most unworthy wretch. She looks like just such a sweet, foolish little darling."

"I am ashamed to confess it, Jack, but for two hours in my life I was a villain—only two, though, and I am thirty-five years old; the proportion isn't so bad, is it? One morning it dawned upon me all at once the mischief I had been doing. And that very hour I told little Pearl I was going away, and bade her good-by."

"What did she say?"

"Not a word; only put her little hand in mine for a moment, and turned back to her great ledger with a brave look like the true New England girl she is. Then, Jack, I knew myself to be a scoundrel. But there was the imperial Judith waiting at Saratoga, worthy mate for the heir of all the Vanderburghs."

"At four that afternoon I jumped aboard the train bound westward. The mills were two miles below the station, and we must

pass them on our way. My heart ached terribly when I thought of the sweet little girl I was leaving behind me, and I chose my seat in the car so that I could see the great building as we passed it, and perhaps catch a glimpse of her. As we neared it there seemed to be a great bustle and confusion—people running hither and thither, women screaming, and the clouds of steam and smoke that usually floated around the building seemed increased a hundredfold. A curve in the road brought us full in front of the mills, and in a moment I saw that the largest of them, the one where my little Pearl spent her weary days, was on fire. Dense clouds of smoke mingled with tiny tongues of flame were issuing from the windows, frightened operatives were rushing from the burning building, trampling each other under foot in their mad haste, and the whole scene was one of unutterable horror and dismay. The train was stopped. In a moment we were all on our way to the burning mill, I among the first. Ah! Jack, think what I felt when I heard a terror-stricken group of men crying out: "Where is Miss Smith? She is nowhere to be found!" She was known to have been in the office when the alarm of fire was given, and had not been seen since. One prayer for safety from lips all too unaccustomed to such exercise, and I was in the midst of the burning building. Up the stairs I rushed like a madman, burst through the door of the office, and there, with her hands clasped and her head lying on the open page of her ledger, lay the girl I loved. In a moment I had my coat off, wrapped it over her, and clasped her as closely as I could lest those demoniac darting tongues of flame and falling cinders should touch her, I carried her down the burning, crackling staircase safe into the fresh air. What a cheer they gave us, Jack! Then there was a dull, rumbling sound, a crash, and myriads of sparks went shooting up like stars into the smoke-clouded air. One of the walls had fallen. But I do not remember anything further until I woke up and found myself in bed, with a little blue-eyed nurse bending over me with tender hands, one of which I kissed and captured and never lost sight of until I had decorated it with a wedding ring. One day, Jack, when we were first engaged, I asked her why she made no attempt to get out of the mill when she heard the cry of "Fire!" What do you suppose she told me? That I had gone away, and she thought it would be easier to die there in the fire than to live her life without me. Think of it, Jack. Just fancy the fair Judith allowing herself to be burned to death because her lover had left her! Ah, my little wife, my country daisy! I wish you could have seen her when I brought her home, so frightened at my munificence, so overawed by the grim-visaged Dutchmen looking down from their perches on the drawing-room walls. I was obliged to reassure her by telling her that if she persisted in being so frightened I should have to dispose of my ancestors as Charles Surface did. Fancy the first settlers knocked down at auction, so much per head!"

"But the imperial Judith?"

"The fire had burned all recollection of her out of my head. The pride of the Knickerbockers had also disappeared in the flames, and when I learned my little Pearl's sad and simple history I think I loved her all the better for her humble, nameless birth. Her mother was a farmer's daughter, who married a strolling vagabond by the name of Smith. She afterwards had reason to think the name was assumed, but she clung to him faithfully until he was found drowned under the mill one day; and then she died herself, just after Pearl, or Margaret, as she called her, was born. Judith, friend Jack, still retains her maiden estate, though she replaced me in two weeks by a French Count. Now, if you are looking out for a wife—"

"Don't, my boy. Are there no more burning mills in New England? Those blue eyes haunt me. Hark! isn't that a baby's cry?"

"Of course it is; a bouncing youngster belonging to wife and I."

"Let's go and take a look at him."

Arm in arm they go up stairs, where a little woman who is not a Knickerbocker kneels in maternal adoration before the cradle of a young tyrant who is.

Wrecked.

[From the Buffalo (N. Y.) Express.

"Married, married married, do you say?" and with a wild light of insanity creeping into the haggard eyes, and voice pitched painfully high, she repeated, "Married, married? No; do I look like a happy married woman? Oh, my God, why don't he come? See, we are all waiting for him. There are the guests, there is father and mother by the fire-place, talking with our clergyman, and now the girls are placing the wreath of flowers upon my head. But they're snakes, they're snakes; they are crawling into my bosom! O, take them away! Take them away! They are twining around my neck! they choke—O—O," and frothing at the mouth, her features fearfully distorted, poor Margaret sank down upon the station floor, and shrieking with the most agonizing terror at the horrible shapes her excited imagination conjured, she was borne to a cell and the doctor summoned.

"It's the tremens," he said, "the worst form of delirium tremens."

This was all, and yet ten years ago this outcast, was a loved daughter of a well-to-do physician in the central part of the State. She had a lover, the engagement ring was placed upon her finger, and surrounded by happy relatives and friends she awaited the coming of the bridegroom on her bridal night. He never came, and a few weeks later the girl stole away from her home and cast her lot among strangers. Since then the road has been fearfully steep.

"Well, my boy," asked a gentleman of a little eight-year-old, "what are you crying for?" "Cause I can't find my dad. I told the old fool if he went off too far he'd lose me," was the final reply.

THE SECOND OF THE KIND.

An Extraordinary Surgical Operation Upon the Carotid Artery.

[From the Detroit News.]

The public have not forgotten the terrible powder explosion which occurred in Ann Arbor about the middle of August. All of the wounded are about their business save Henry Ortman, the step-son of Mr. Herz, in whose store the explosion occurred. It will be recollected that his right eye was supposed to be destroyed, and that the right side of his neck was badly lacerated. His eye, it is now thought, will be saved, if he recovers from his other injuries, which, however, are of a nature that renders his case still extremely doubtful.

It seems that a scale of glass or some other foreign substance had made quite an incision into the common carotid artery. For a time this foreign substance was held upon the wound so tightly by the fascia or the neck that the outward flow of blood to any great extent was prevented until a sac had formed about the arterial wound. The sac grew in size rapidly, the blood latterly spurting into it from the artery at every beating of the heart, until when the operation was performed on Thursday afternoon it had reached the size of a man's fist with a liability to burst at any moment.

The nature of the case was such that the artery could not be ligated below the sac, as has been done in some instances, as the sac came within a quarter of an inch of the collar bone. Therefore, after a sufficient dissection to enable the proper pressure to be brought to bear upon the artery, the sac was opened and the ligation successfully performed. Some dozen arteries, besides carotid, had to be ligated during the operation.

The operation was performed by Prof. Geo. E. Frothingham, of the Medical Department of the Michigan University, who has had charge of the case from the first, assisted by Prof. McLean, Prof. Cheever, Dr. Knapp and several medical students.

It is the second operation of the kind upon the carotid artery on record. The other case was performed by the late Prof. Syme, of Edinburgh, Scotland, some twenty years ago.

The loss of blood was so small that transfusion, which had been in contemplation, was not resorted to.

The patient was doing as well as could possibly be expected twenty-four hours after the operation, with about an equal chance between life and death.

Falling Off in Marriages.

[Albert Rhodes in December Galaxy.]

Within the last few years the marriages in the lower classes have become fewer, and in the upper comparatively rare, owing to the depression in business and the expensiveness of housekeeping. The man would like to be married, but he cannot see his way financially, and is obliged to restrain his matrimonial tendencies. The imprudent or much loving man does it, and the chances are two to one that he gets into difficulty. The general abstention in the way of marriage naturally has a corrupting influence, for man's passions are strong and the flesh is weak. Attractions and forces bring the man and woman together in spite of themselves, and consequences result therefrom not necessary to describe. In a well regulated society marriage should be within easy reach of those who want to marry; that is, the wants of the couple should be easily supplied in the money they possess, or in the work they can perform with their own hands and hands. If they have neither capital nor capacity for work, the union sanctioned by law is denied them. In this case the passive nature of the woman may contain itself within the bounds of a well ordered life in accordance with the principles she has been taught. The positive nature of the man is not so easily curbed and held in subjection, and it asserts itself in a way that tends to increase the number of that body of dissolute women which marches close in the rear of every civilization. This lawless legion, in a word, grows in the same ratio as the number of marriages decrease, and recruits are constantly being added to it through love, misery and the passions of men without marital ties.

In our late exchanges we find an extract from Bishop Bourget's pastoral letter *in re* Guibord, telegraphed from Montreal. It would appear from this that the worthy Bishop was disposed at last to come to a sort of compromise. Instead of cursing the grave of the "rebellious brother" outright, he apparently confined himself to removing the blessing or consecration from it. He is satisfied to make it "a profane place"—an ordinary piece of ground.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ky., has had a sensation. A well-known physician, with a wife and an adopted daughter, discovered that a literary gentleman who boarded with the family had gained the affections of his wife while he himself had become enamored with his adopted daughter. A mutual separation followed, and this culminated in a union more suitable to the new order of things. The physician gave his wife to his friend and accepted the hand of his adopted daughter. A divorce was obtained, the marriages were legalized, and the four now form two families.

PHILADELPHIA'S "crack" (Centennial) hotel is to be the Grand Union, with 850 rooms and accommodations for 2,000 people. It is also to contain—strange as it may seem—"ninety elegant dwelling houses." The location near Fairmount is elevated, and the prices are already fixed at \$2.50 to \$4 per day.

A HIGHWAYMAN'S CAREER.

The Secret That Was Infringed to a Keen Politician.

[From the New York Sun.]

William Hill, a patient in a private asylum near Glasgow, Scotland, died a few weeks ago. Many years ago there lived in Iredell county, North Carolina, a respected Presbyterian minister named Curry, the pride of whose life was an only son, Nixon by name, in whose training the good man took peculiar delight. The young man won the affections of a young girl attending the same school, and so ardent was their attachment that no rival was suffered to come between them. When the girl reached the age of 15 her devotion to young Curry became so manifest that her parents, wishing to secure for her what they viewed as a better alliance, forbade further intercourse between the two. As a natural consequence, clandestine meetings were resorted to, and continued for three years. At the expiration of that period, the hand of the young lady was sought by the son of one of our Southern statesmen, and her parents tried to compel her acceptance, whereat she eloped with young Curry. The couple were overtaken. Then the young man turned and shot his rival, who fled the pursuit, killing him instantly. The couple then renewed their flight. After a long and heated chase, Curry took refuge with his betrothed in the Allegheny Mountains, near the headwaters of the Catawba, and there, outlawed from society, he became a highwayman, and speedily achieved a dreaded notoriety by the number and character of his daring exploits. The Governor of North Carolina offered \$5,000 for his arrest, and many, lured by the tempting offer, tried to hunt him down. Suddenly he was missed from North Carolina. It was supposed that he had died, or that he had changed his base of operations.

One day, at the time of the first settlement of the fertile delta of the St. Francis river, in what is now Arkansas, an immigrant appeared in the district calling himself John Hill. He was a handsome, amiable man, and though having only moderate means, extended a generous hospitality to all who visited his beautiful little home, rendered doubly attractive by the presence of a lovely wife. In a short time he became the most popular man in the settlement. He was repeatedly elected to the Legislature, and there he was distinguished for powerful and impassioned eloquence. He became a leader in the ranks of his party, was a member of the convention that framed the State Constitution, and represented his district in the Senate of Arkansas.

Hill's most intimate acquaintances were the Strongs, four brothers, men of wealth and ambition. A close intimacy sprang up between them, and Hill, in an unguarded moment, made the eldest Strong conversant with his previous history, telling him that he was the notorious Nixon Curry, of North Carolina. Strong then requested Hill to resign his seat in the Senate, but Hill refused, and the brothers conspired to ruin him. Sending to North Carolina they procured a requisition for his arrest and a copy of the reward offered for his capture. The four brothers, powerful and determined as they were, well knowing the character of the man with whom they had to deal, secured the assistance of a dozen men, and surrounding his house, attempted to effect his capture. On approaching the main entrance and demanding his surrender one of them was shot dead and three others were dangerously wounded, and the attack was abandoned.

The Governor of Arkansas published an additional reward for Hill's arrest, and hastily packing a few articles he set out with his wife and children for Upper Arkansas, where he knew of the existence of a band of desperadoes whose members he had reason to believe would protect him. He was overtaken at Conway Court House, and halting his wagon and admonishing his wife and children to keep their places, he stepped forth in the face of his pursuers, and in a few eloquent words told them why he quit North Carolina, at the same time assuring his pursuers that he would not be taken alive. The gallantry of the action operated in his favor, and the pursuit was abandoned. Constant pursuit had already made him morose and quarrelsome, and he began to drink heavily and resort to the gambling table as a means of support. One day in September, 1845, while seated at breakfast, he told his wife that he had a premonition of death, and felt that he should be killed that day before sunset. Calling his son William, a bright boy of 14, he made him swear to kill the man who should kill his father.

The Circuit Court of Pope County being in session, he attended it with a young man named Howard, who was engaged to his eldest daughter. As soon as they reached the village Hill began to drink, and exhibited an unusual disposition to quarrel. He insulted every one he met, and finally threatened to clean the Court House; he dashed into the court room, to the consternation of judge, jury, and lawyers. Young Howard tried to restrain him, but, glaring like a tiger, he turned upon the youth and felled him to the floor, at the same time drawing a pistol he exclaimed: "Kill me, or I'll kill you!" The man, in a moment of extreme anguish, drew a knife and buried it in the bowels of Hill. He died soon after.

Howard quit Arkansas, and several years later was heard of in San Antonio, Texas, where he joined the Confederate forces under the command of Colonel Long. At the close of the war he was met by William Hill, who, remembering the oath he had taken at his father's instance, shot the former and fled to Europe. He joined the French army, and served through the Franco-Prussian war, but was subject to fits of temporary insanity. Finally his case became hopeless, and he was placed by his friends in an asylum near Glasgow, Scotland, where he recently died.