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DIAMONDS, CHERRIES AND KISSES.

A million little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees,
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel, if you please,"
But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.
—[Marquis of Lorne.]

A million bright red cherries
Hanging on the trees,
And all the little urchins said
"Oh, ain't they held the cheese?"
But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the cherries red,
The good old farmer's dog appeared
And the little urchins fled.
—[New York Evening Express.]

A million soft, sweet kisses
Beneath the spreading trees,
And still she whispered softly,
"Go on, dear, I you please,"
But while I held her hand in mine,
And clasped her closer yet,
A policeman stole upon us
And ordered us "to get."
—[Boston Post.]

FULFILLMENT.

Sometimes, I think, the things we see
Are shadow of the things to be;
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In Heaven shall be fulfilled.

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclad and dumb;
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embodied evermore,
And wait for us to come.
—[Phoebe Cary.]

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

Gas-makers get light pay.
An upstart—Beginning to prosper.
Tramps have gorge-us times, says Puck.
Is not Lent a good season for the loan fisherman?
How to acquire short-hand—fool around a buzz-saw.
Trees begin to die at their tops—Men begin to dye their, too.
Sweet meats—sugar-cured hams.—Cleveland Sunday Voice.
Life is a "Mr."y to a sober man, and a "mizzier"y to a drunkard.—Puck.
Camel's hair shawls are probably woven on a hair-loom.—Boston Traveller.
It takes a broth of a boy to make an Irish stew.—New Orleans Picayune.
We can never bridge the Styx with the span of life.—Turner's Falls Reporter.
It is finally decided that W—ster's dictionary is the best.—Philadelphia Times.
"One of the lost tarts," said a scholar, picking up a cherry pie in the street.—Steuenville Herald.
A thieving boy, who the other day was apprehended for stealing a pigeon, said he took it for a lark.
It is an old sheep that cannot renew his youth in the hands of an enterprising butcher.—Boston Transcript.
A stationary engine is a common sight, but did you ever see a rolling mill or a walking beam?—Chicago Tribune.
Market quotations do not affect the price of liberty, which always remains at eternal vigilance.—New Orleans Picayune.
Many people who invoke the aid of Divine Providence want Providence to do the job up inexpensively.—N. Y. Herald.
The wages of sin are not paid in trade dollars.—Exchange. Old Nickel pay them in his own coin.—Cincinnati Commercial.
Now that the thunderstorm season has arrived, the reckless small boy will be more prompt at prayers.—New Orleans Times.
—The fashion for ladies' hair has not changed this spring. They will continue to wear interrogation marks on their foreheads.
The fall of Adam was not as humiliating as it might have been. There was nobody around to say, "Come here, sonny, and I'll pick you up."
M. Robert Mitchell, the Bonapartist Deputy, called at the Elysee recently and saluting M. Grevy remarked:
"I am very happy to be able to offer you my congratulations on your accession to the Presidency."
With a smile M. Grevy replied:
"I am very happy to be able to accept them."
The balmy breeze
Thro' budding trees—
Here we touched the spring of the trap-door.—Vox Humana.
Rheumatism, colds, pneumonia,
Seize upon each living thing;
Now, with true diphtherial mildness,
Comes the gentle breath of spring.

Birds Must Die and Children Starve.

[London Letter to New York Times.]

The other day I came upon a new store in the city. The windows were fairly dazzling with color. A stray sunbeam falling upon them, the shop front flashed back a rainbow of blue and green and red and yellow, indigo and vermilion, amber, black and white. I paused to gaze. It was a store devoted to the modern fashion of adorning ladies' hats, bonnets and dresses with birds and butterflies. All the corners of the earth had been ransacked to satisfy this new craze. Whole birds, birds' wings, tails, breasts, were here by the thousand. Butterflies and humming-birds vied with each other in wealth of color and beauty of arrangement. It is true there are lots of stores in London devoted to specimens of "natural history," where these things may be purchased; but here is a shop full of them, not as studies or specimens, but as articles of adornment. Travelers and others tell me that bird slaughter as a trade has now reached proportions which threaten the very extinguishment of some of the rarest, as well as gayest, species. One can understand this when it is stated upon authority that a German dealer in this city recently received a consignment of 32,000 dead humming-birds, 80,000 aquatic birds of several varieties, and 800,000 pairs of wings. This to one dealer alone; while at the same time all the other traders are increasing their orders for foreign shippers. There is something very sad in these figures. Surely our women cannot think about the subject, or they would never promote this sacrifice of bird life for a mere freak of fashion. The rage for feather trimmings has almost annihilated the ribbon trade of Coventry. Men, women and children in that once busy city are starving because fashion has produced a new style of ornament. So that to please the latest whim birds must die and children must starve. You may stand "on the bridge at Coventry" now and see scores of people loitering there who, but for supersedure of ribbons by feathers, would be busily at work in the locked up mills.

Heading off a Lawyer.

Rufus Choate, in an important marine assault and battery at sea case, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper ship Challenge, on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour that at last Dick got his salt water up and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries. At the beginning of his testimony Dick had said that the night was "dark as the pitch, and raining like seven bells." Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him:
"Was there any moon that night?"
"Yes, sir."
"Ah, yes! A moon—"
"Yes, a full moon."
"Did you see it?"
"Not a mite."
"Then how do you know that there was a moon?"
"Nautical almanac said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world."
"Ah—you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."
"What in blazes have you been grinding me this hour for—to make me dull?"
"Be civil, sir. And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator in?"
"Sho, you're joking?"
"No, sir! I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me."
"I shan't."
"Ah, you refuse to answer, do you?"
"Yes, I can't."
"Indeed! You are chief mate of a clipper ship and unable to answer so simple a question."
"Yes, 'tis the simplest question I ever was asked in my life. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew there ain't no latitude on the equator."
That shot floored Rufus Choate.

Writing at "Arm's End."

A real telegraph has been invented by an English mechanical engineer. A writer in London moves his pen, and simultaneously at Brighton another pen is moved in precisely similar curves and motions. The writer writes in London, the ink marks in Brighton. The pen at the receiving end has all the appearance of being guided by a spirit hand. The apparatus is shortly to be made public before the Society of Telegraphic Engineers.

The following is a description of the pneumatic tubes to carry messages from the Western Union office to the great daily journals of New York: A separate brass tube will run from the telegraph building to the office of each of the six journals. The internal diameter of the tube is one inch and three quarters; the messages sent will be enclosed in a round box fitting the tube, made of gutta percha covered with felt. When a box deposited at the telegraph office is forced through the tube by a pressure air-pump, it will strike a mettle finger at the other end, thereby closing an electric circuit, which will set a bell ringing at each end. Attention will thus be attracted to the arrival of the message, and when it is taken out the fact will be indicated at the telegraph office by a cessation of the ringing. When messages or empty boxes are to be returned from the newspaper offices, the pressure of a button will convey an electric signal to the telegraph office through a wire overhead, and a vacuum pump will be applied to the tube.

A FRENCH physician has performed a remarkable feat in the art of the transplantation of teeth. He extracted an incisor (projecting under the tongue) in the lower jaw of a young woman of 26, and placed it in the upper jaw in place of a decayed tooth just removed. In a few weeks the tooth was firmly fixed. This successful experiment opens up a new field for dentists.

Diamonds Unearthed.

Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.
To live without a purpose is to lead a restless unhappy life.
It is the rugged highway that calls out one's strength, not the valleys of sensuous ease.
A faith in sympathy is the genius of the heart—more, the kernel of Christ's religion.
There are inscriptions on all human hearts which are never to be seen, except at low, dead tide.
Friendship in some people is cruelty, like feeding a thirsty man with the ceaded foam in the wine cup.
If there is anything more poignant than a body agonizing for want of bread, it is a soul which is dying of hunger for light.
There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way we do things.
A gentle person is like a river flowing calmly along; while a passionate man is like the sea, casting up mire and dirt continually.
Some people never have a story to tell, because of their quicksand natures, from which every new wave washes out the old impression.
The force, the mass of character, mind, heart or soul, that a man can put into any work, is the most important factor in that work.
Having a home that is all preaching and no pleasure—all duty and no fun—is a dull old tread-mill which will drive the children away sooner or later.
Being sometimes asunder heightens friendship. The greater cause of the frequent quarrels among relatives is their being so much together.

Not Taken Here.

A big chap with half a bushel of whiskers sauntered up to the stamp clerk's window in the postoffice yesterday with a letter in his hand, and his eye at once caught the sign: "Canada money not taken for stamps." Reading it over twice to be sure he was right, he said to the clerk:
"Can I buy some stamps with Canada money?"
The clerk pointed to the sign.
"Young man, won't Canada money buy postage stamps here?" continued the man.
"What does that sign say?" replied the clerk.
"I demand to know," persisted the man raising his voice a good deal—"I demand to know if Canada money won't buy postage stamps at this window?"
"No, sir, it won't."
"Do you tell me that if I hand you a Canadian dollar bill you won't give me stamps for it?"
"I do, sir!"
"Well, I wouldn't if I were you!" quietly observed the stranger as he laid down three Yankee cents for a letter stamp and humbly received and licked it on.

The Niceties of French Law.

A Paris journal says: A gentleman is stopped on the street at midnight by a thief. Drawing a pistol from his pocket he forces the man to walk quietly before him to the station. Arriving there he tells the chief what has occurred.
"Very well," replies that officer, "but have you permission to carry arms?"
"No, sir."
"In that case I must put you under arrest."
"But without the arm which I happened to have I would probably have been assassinated."
"That is possible, but the police ordinance exists, and it is necessary that it be obeyed."
"Is it allowable to carry arms which are not deadly?"
"Certainly."
"Then look at my pistol. It has no hammer. To oblige a friend I was going to take it to a gunshop to have it repaired."
"Oh, if I had only known," cried the thief.

A Peculiar Man.

Louis Schneider, the late amanuensis of the German Emperor, was a man of odd notions. The pillow on which his head rested in his coffin was the work of his own hands, and he had been engaged in making it for thirty years. It was stuffed with his own hair, which he had preserved from the clippings of his lifetime. In color it varied from the light brown of youth to the snowy white of age. In his will, Schneider prescribed in detail the way in which he wished to be buried, and wrote out the epitaph that he desired to have placed upon his tombstone.

Odd Thoughts.

"Our secret journeys and flights have to be allowed for as much as those open departures we make with many farewells, and baggage and tickets and noisy bustle."
"There is often a moral, a suggestion far beyond the passing moment, and to that we must cling if we would not weary and sicken of the dull disappointments of life."
"Unscrupulousness gets rid of much, but not of toothache or vanity, against which, as the world at present stands, there is no security, but a thoroughly healthy jaw and a just, loving soul!"
In the course of current investigations now in progress in New Orleans it has leaked out that the Howard Lottery Company, of that city, was mulcted to the tune of \$25,000 or \$30,000 in 1876 and 1877, the money thus obtained having been used, as it is charged, in procuring the overthrow of the Packard Legislature, inducing returning board members of that body to join the Nicholls Legislature, and subsequently in the election, so-called, of "Senator" Spofford.

TO LATE FOR ROGER M'PHERSON.

Mark Twain Apologizes for Not Making a Speech.

Mark Twain was recently at a dinner of the Stanley Club in Paris, and, being called upon for a speech, is thus reported by the *Continental Gazette*: "Mr. Ryan said to me just now that I'd got to make a speech. I said to Mr. Ryan, 'The news came too late to save Roger M'Pherson.' It is sad to know that some things always come too late, and when I look around upon this brilliant assembly I feel disappointed to think what a nice speech I might have made, what fine topics I might have found in Paris to speak about among these historic monuments, the architecture of Paris, the towers of Notre Dame, the caves and other ancient things. Then I might have said something about the objects of which Paris folks are fond—literature, art, medicine, (then taking a card from his vest pocket as if to take a glance at his notes), and adultery. But the news came too late to save Roger M'Pherson. Perhaps you are not as well acquainted with McPherson as I am. Well, I'll explain who McPherson was. When we sailed for New York there came on board a man all baggard—a mere skeleton. He wasn't much of a man, he wasn't, and on the voyage we often heard him say to himself 'The news came too late to save Roger M'Pherson.' I got interested, and I wanted to know about the man, so I asked him who was McPherson, and he said, 'I'm McPherson; but the news came too late to save Roger M'Pherson.' 'How too late,' I asked. 'About three weeks too late,' he replied; 'I'll tell you how it happened: 'A friend of mine died, and they told me I must take his body on the cars to his parents in Illinois. I said I'll do it, and they gave me a card with the address, and told me to go down to the depot and put it on a box I'd find there, have the box put on the baggage car and go right on with it to Illinois. I found the box all right, and nailed the card on it, and put it on the cars; then I went in the depot and got a sandwich. I was walking around, eating my sandwich, and I passed by the baggage room, and there was my box, with a young man walking around looking at it, and he had a card in his hand. I felt like going up to that young man and saying: 'Stranger, that's my corpse.' But I didn't. I walked on, ate my sandwich, and when I looked in again the young man was gone; but there was that card nailed right on that box. I went and looked on that card. It was directed to Colonel Jenkins, Cleveland, Ohio. So I looked in the car and there was my box all right. Just before the train started a man came in the baggage-car and laid a lot of Limberger cheese down on my box; he didn't know what was in my box, you know, and I didn't know what was in his paper, but I found out later. It was an awful cold night, and after we started the baggage-master came in. He was a nice fellow, Johnson was, and he said: 'A man could freeze to death out here; I'll make it all right.' So he shut all the doors and all the windows, built a rousing coal fire in the stove; then he took turns fixing the car and poking the fire, till I began to smell something and feel uncomfortable, so I moved as far away from my corpse as I could, and Johnson said to me, 'A friend of yours, did he die lately? This year, I mean.' Says I, 'I'll fix it; so I opened a window and we took turns breathing the fresh air. After a while, Johnson said, 'let's smoke, I think that'll fix it.' So we lit our cigars and puffed a bit, but we got so sick that we let 'em go out again—it didn't do any good. We tried the air again. Says Johnson, 'He's in no trance, is he? There's a doubt about some people being dead, but there's no doubt about him, is there? What did he die of?' We stopped at a station, and when we started off again with a bottle of disinfectant, and says, 'I've got something now that'll fix it.' So he sprinkled it all around, over the box, limberger cheese, and over everything; but it wouldn't do, the smells didn't mix well. Johnson said, 'Just think of it, we've all got to die, all got to come to this.' Then we thought we'd move the box to the other end of the car; so we stooped over it; I took one end and he took the other, but we couldn't take it far. Johnson says, 'We'll freeze to death if we stay out on the platform, we'll die if we stay in here.' So we took hold of it again, but Johnson, he could not stand it, he fell right over. I dragged him out on the platform, and the cold air soon brought him to, and we went in the car to get warm. 'What are you going to do?' asked Johnson, and he looked ill. 'We are sure to have typhoid fever and half a dozen other fevers. We're pizened, we are!' At last we thought it was better to go out on the platform. In an hour and a half I was taken off that platform stiff, nearly frozen to death. They put me to bed, and I had all them fevers that Johnson spoke about. You see the thing worked on my mind. It didn't do no good to learn, three weeks after, that there had been a mistake—that my corpse had gone to Colonel Jenkins, Cleveland, and that I'd taken his box of rifles for decent burial to Illinois. The news came too late to save Roger M'Pherson—about three weeks too late." Amid roars of applause, Mr. Twain closed by saying: "When I'm not prepared to speak, I always apologize, and that's the reason I've told you so much about Roger M'Pherson."

PROFESSOR GAMBER's scheme to "freeze out" yellow fever has not yet been abandoned. His latest idea is to put Charles Francis Adams in command of the projected refrigerating ship and thereby make the assurance of frigidity in the surrounding atmosphere doubly sure.

ALL SORTS.

CALIFORNIA is importing onions from Chicago at a cost of \$17 50 per 100 pounds.
WITHIN the past year eight Mormon girls have married colored men in Salt Lake.
MR. E. L. GODKIN, of the *Nation*, has been lecturing in Boston on "Some of the Remedies for Socialism."
REV. S. HALL YOUNG, a Presbyterian missionary in Alaska, says the natives are not savages, but are of superior intellect and anxious to be taught.
FOURTEEN million of the twenty-seven million inhabitants of Italy can neither read nor write. The Democratic party could carry Italy every time.
COL. MAPLESON, of "Her Majesty's Opera," has leased the Academy of Music, New York, for the ensuing three years, and will give two seasons each year, commencing in October and February.
It is now thought that Rev. Dr. Buddington, of Brooklyn, will wholly recover his health. The cancer which was removed from his face early in the winter shows no signs of returning.
SENATOR Kellogg says the emigration fever has reached the Louisiana sugar parishes, and that the negroes are leaving in such numbers as to excite the most serious apprehensions regarding the sugar crop.
The population of cities is sometimes estimated by the number of votes cast. The three principal Western cities have all had elections this spring, and here are the total votes: Chicago, 57,000; Cincinnati, 43,363; St. Louis, 29,000.
The other day a lady, trying to explain the mysteries of geography to Mattie, a rose-bud of Carson valley, told her that the earth on which we live was round, and then asked, "What do you live on, Mattie?" "Grub," said the child. The gravity of that school was disturbed for a moment.
GENERAL MITE and Lucia Sarate, the two midgets who were on exhibition in Chicago a short time since, are to be married. The General weighs nine pounds and Lucia a trifle less than five pounds. As Rip would say, "Here's their good healths, and their families, and may they live long and prosper."
BOB INGERSOLL is reported as offering to give \$1,000 at once and half his income for the next five years, in aid of the colored refugees; and Zach Chandler as saying that he will give homes and employment to 100 of them on his property in Michigan, and that thousands of them will be gladly welcomed and well employed in that State.
The holders of 10-40s are now being called upon to shell out. The "bloated bondholders" are suffering. This is what the inflationists have been demanding, but this is not the way it was proposed to punish them. It is not repudiation or forced depreciation that troubles the bondholders, but the high credit of the government which has made easy the refunding of the debt at 4 per cent.
THE *Chicago Times* suggests: "The best disposition that could be made of Cannon and his law-defying Territorial organization, would be to legislate him out of office, and let it out of existence. A partition of the Territory between the States of Colorado and Nevada would at least relieve Congress from the presence of persons of the Cannon sort, and put the people under a government based on civilized ideas."
THE *Atlanta Constitution* comes out in favor of the Blaine amendment to the army appropriation bill making it a penal offense, punishable with fine and imprisonment, for any person to appear armed with a deadly weapon of any description within a mile of any polling place at any special or general election for Congressional representatives. The *Constitution* hopes that some such amendment will be passed and the law strictly enforced.
WATERBURY rises equal to the occasion and exclaims in the *Courier-Journal*: "Surely if Kentuckians ever expect to get their State out of a rut, and send her spinning along the ringing grooves of progress by bringing immigrants and capitalists within her borders, the law must be made supreme. The revolver must become recognized as a mark of reproach and shame, like the indelible brand fixed on the brow of the murderer Cain. He who bears weapons habitually must have a stigma set upon him."
A young lady was sitting with a gallant captain in a charmingly decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece, placed there *pour les convenances*. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me too." Any one can imagine what had just happened. "You should say twice, Ethel, dear; two is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder. Clever girl, that.
THE *New York Tribune* says: The poor Democratic party is in hot water again. The old feud between the East on one side, and the South and West on the other, between hard-money and soft-money, has broken out once more, and the West and South and soft-money have carried the day. The House of Representatives has decided, through the union of these elements, to allow the Committee on Banking and Currency, Coinage, Weights and Measures, and Ways and Means, to report at any time, and to allow a majority to fix a day for the consideration of a public bill. This ends all hope of a brief extra session, and removes the last barrier to general legislation. Already the plans of the inflationists and silver lunatics are forming, and Eastern Democrats nervously await the deluge. If Republicans considered such events solely from a partisan point of view, they would be very glad of this vote, for it is another nail in the Democratic coffin. But, unhappily, it may mean untold disaster to the country.