

JOHN X. BEIDLER.

A Christmas Reminiscence of the Road Agent Days.

BY COL. GUIDO ILGES.

Owing to the sparsity of settlements in Montana some twenty-five years ago, and owing to the presence of a great number of horse thieves, stage robbers and murderers, crime held high carnival in the Territory and defied all attempts of law officers to arrest and punishment. These criminals, called road agents, were well organized, under the leadership of Henry Plummer, Sheriff of Banack, who, being unsuspected for a long time, with his deputies committed these very outrages under the guise of law. Against such a combination the honest miners and farmers were at first helpless, but in 1862 men of nerve and determination organized a vigilance committee. The members were bound together by oath, and their campaign of exterminating these criminals was as sudden as it was unrelenting. Every suspected character was hunted down, given a fair trial, and if found guilty, executed at once. Many of these vigilantes (or regulars) of those times are still living in Montana, and as successful business and professional men enjoy the respect of their fellow-citizens.

A small volume, entitled "The Vigilantes of Montana," was published by Thomas J. Dimsdale in the year 1865. In the description of the acts and more hangings, which took place under the operation of Judge "Lynch," there always appears a mysterious personage as executioner, who provides the graves, pulls the ropes and handles the bodies. On these occasions, my dear friend, were a mask, and for obvious reasons, his name has been kept a secret for many years. But in the winter of 1880 the Legislature of Montana removed this veil of secrecy and by a joint resolution thanked Deputy United States Marshal John X. Beidler for his eminent and far-reaching public services in the extermination of the desperate road-agents. Mr. Beidler, or X., as he is universally called, is now nearly sixty years of age, but well and hearty, and he promises to continue a terror to evil doers for many years to come. He is of small but compact frame, with a handsome face, bright eyes and bushy, graying, hair, and his movements are quick and cat like, although somewhat impeded by a gunshot wound in the left hip, which he received during the border troubles in Kansas. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., and is a brother of the gentleman who is now the proprietor of the Marcoe House in that city. He is of fair education, forming over with witty and quaint sayings, and considered the best talker between Bitter Root and Last Chance Gulch. He is without fear, instantaneous and unerring with the trigger, but childlike and kind of demeanor. He is probably the best known and most quoted man in Montana, and I am afraid that some of his crisp sayings have become more popular than prayers with many of the frontiersmen. During my twelve years of service there, I saw a great deal of X., and became very fond of his occasional visits in search of criminals.

I will endeavor to give, from some of my notes, one of his reminiscences, and as far as possible, in his own words. "I started," began X., "in December, 1863, from Virginia City, Montana, to Snake river, Idaho, for the purpose of hurrying along Kings loaded ox-train—then en route for our burgh. Supplies were down to bedrock, and the boys were living on bird's nests and ice cream. Prices were high! What little there was left sold for a dollar a pound—ham, flour, sugar, coffee and Tom and Jerry. I rode a big fat mule by the name of Tom, and we two stopped the first night in the woods near Bedrock creek. The snow was knee deep, and more coming down. I gave Tom the benefit of my green blankets and kept myself prancing around all night, thinking of sugar-plums and Christmas trees at home. In the morning my blankets were gone, and from the appearance of Tom's stomach I knew that the damned old fool had eaten them for new material. Being despondent by their color. In the evening I reached Banack Junction, where I found Joe Patty putting up a shanty.

"Where are you from, stranger?" he asked.

"Virginia City," I said.

"Have you a wagon?"

"Haven't got any."

"Haint you got any bedding?"

"Yes, lots of it."

"Where is it?"

"In Virginia City" (about one hundred and ten miles distant).

"I soon crawled into a wagon-bed and slept through the long and cold night on an empty stomach. On the following day I crossed the range into Pleasant Valley, passed Beaver Tollgate crossed Camas creek, and found the look-out train on Snake river on the fifth day of my journey. Having delivered my message to the train master to push through at all hazards and regardless of expense, and having secured for my own use some hard tack, bacon and a bottle of gin, I started on my return trip, and in due course of time, reached the tollgate, where I found a tall, villainous-looking white man, accompanied by a Banack Indian. I did not know either of them, but kept my weather eye open. The white man (it was Dutch John open, in company with Steve Marchland, had attacked Forbes' train a few days previous) had both hands badly frozen, and when he knocked them against the table they sounded like rocks. I filled a goldpan full of ice water from the creek and told him to put his hands in. He kind of fainted, and I tipped my gin bottle and brace him up. While I was working him I said: 'How do you like the road, you great big lumbax freeze and that half nacked Indian is all right?' He said he didn't know at the time that he was freezing. I asked him why he didn't flap his arms like wings, and he gruffly said he didn't want to. After drinking the gin, and feeling somewhat better, he asked where I lived and being told, wanted to know if I had been present at the hanging of George Ives. 'Yes,' said I, 'I was on guard all through that racket.' He went on and asked all about what George had said and done, and told me that his rifle stood guard over the door, watching his mother. In the evening John asked me if I had heard that Forbes' train had been attacked. I said, 'Yes, and I am looking to find the fellows dead on the trail, as they were both badly shot. I'll take Dutch John's leggings, as I need a pair very much.' John's eyes snapped like bullet-moulds, and he asked me if I really would take them. 'You bet your boots!' said I, although John did not wear any boots. Soon after we went to sleep. All through the night the Banack Indian, with his rifle, stood guard over the door, watching his mother. In the morning John's hands were blistered. I went down among the fir trees and collected balsam, got some cotton out of my coat, made bandages and wrapped them around his fingers, not knowing that he was wounded through the arm or that he belonged to the gang. The fellow was caught a few days after by some of the boys, tried, sentenced and hung, having his fingers wrapped up in the identical rags I had put on. He wrote a pitiful letter to his mother before he died, and I felt that I should lose my patient in such a summary way, before I had fully cured him. Steve Marchland, his partner, who had been shot through the chest, we caught and strung

up about the same time at the Big Hole creek, on our way to clean out the Hell Gate gang. Upon returning a few days later his body was still hanging to the tree, and now it was crumpling his faithful shepherd dog, howling mournfully and gnashing his teeth at us. But I will return to my journey.

"Before reaching Pleasant Valley divide I met Dick Hamilton of Fort Bridger, Capt. Nick Wall and Ben Peabody of Banack; Col. C. A. Broadwater, of Helena, and a dozen more men on their way from Virginia City to Salt Lake. Loaded down with gold dust. They asked me to pick up a sick mule they had left on the road. I told them that that was the kind of a job I was looking for. They then asked if I had seen anything of Dutch John, describing him. I said, 'Yes, by God! I loosened up my bottle of gin on the...'

Then I knew at once why the fellow couldn't flap his arms to keep from freezing. I soon reached Patty's. It was bitter cold, and there was no fire in the cabin. I asked him why he didn't get some wood, and he said he had sent an Indian out after some. While sitting there shivering and shaking, Indian Sam, who had been sent after wood, returned empty-handed. Upon my inquiring, he replied: 'They wasn't chopping to-day!' I asked him: 'Who?' 'Why, the beavers!' he replied. It seems that he had been in the habit of gathering in the sticks which the beavers had been gnawing during the night, but that sagacious animal had dropped on the lazy Indian's racket. Met George Hildebrand and two other men, who had been banished by the vigilantes at the time Ives was hung. They, not knowing what business I was on, and who might be behind me, were scared half to death, and one exclaimed: 'My God, X., what is the matter?' I said: 'Nothing, boys, keep right on, and don't you look back.' On the following day I reached Banack, and stopped at a hotel called Buffalo Corral, and kept by Mr. Sayers. Going down the street, I met Buck Stinson, Haze Lyon, and a number of my left hand, while I kept my right ready for explosions. They asked where I had been, and the probable time of my departure for Virginia City; and I gave them an evasive answer, inviting them to proceed to Holes. Whilst playing a game of cards at Danard's saloon, I was advised by Gilman, an old friend of mine, to go to my hotel and to stay there. I understood him at once, paid for the unfinished game of billiards, and invested four dollars in the purchase of a bottle of brandy. I told Mr. Sayers that I thought the game was about both hot and cold, and he admitted my one on the house in search of me without first calling me. Nothing happened, however, during the night. Early the next morning I started for Rattlesnake Station, and the first man I saw was Buck Stinson with his gun, who had evidently preceded me during the night. They were brand of brand, and asked me to join them in a drink. I thanked them and produced my bottle of brandy, which they proceeded to loosen.

"It must be remembered that on the preceding 4th of July I had dug the grave for both Ben Stinson and Haze Lyon, at Virginia City, when the mob took them from us. They did not, therefore, entertain kindly feelings toward me. Buck soon said to me: 'You are the... who dug a grave for me once?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'and I never changed your name since.' 'I did the same ever time you put my hand to my little gun. This passed off in a general laugh, and I had the best of him. They canvassed the hanging of Ives and others, and the doings of the vigilantes until late into the night. Andy Loose-Eye (a good citizen) whispered into my ear that they were going to kill me. There was only one large room in the shanty. Andy and I put our blankets together in a corner against the wall and laid down on the floor. Buck Stinson placed a heavy table against the door to make a barricade against such sudden attacks as they were likely to make. 'What's the matter with you? What are you afraid of?' He said he didn't want any vigilantes to come upon them unawares. If they did they would make it hot for me. Three times during the night Buck and Haze got up and snored. I did the same every time and laid down again when they did. Finally Buck asked: 'You d—d bound, haven't you been asleep yet?' I told him: 'Oh, yes, I have slept plenty.' There is no doubt that nothing but my vigilance saved my life on that occasion. 'I was simply dazed and almost blind while my eyes were open, for they knew that some one else was likely to get hurt besides me. The fact is, that I did not close my eyes on that night. In the morning I declared that I would remain, as I was too tired from my hard ride. They then left me, and I was out of sight Loose-Eye Jim and I saddled up and started for Virginia City, by way of Bob Dempsey's ranch on Stinking water. We soon met a party of eight horsemen. The foremost hailed me from a distance with the command: 'Get up on your hands, X., we have got you! Get up!' I threw 'em, you bet I did! I thought at first that they were Buck and his party, but soon discovered that they were friends. We shook hands all around, and would have taken a drink, but the whiskey was frozen in the bottles. They were the boys of Enstasy, the negro known as Reddy, whom we soon after found close by, and took to Dempsey's. Here we caught and arrested George Brown, who was known as the literary chap of the Plummer gang. On the next day we took the two prisoners to Loraine's place, where we gave them the usual trial, and hung them at sundown. They confessed many of their crimes, and Reddy gave me much information, whilst Brown was sulky and died cowardly.

"On the following morning I reached Virginia City, and reported about the approach of the train, which was gladdened the hearts of the boys. Back, Haze, Plummer and their gangs were hunted down soon afterwards. While Haze was having the cracker box kicked from under him, the former said cheerfully: 'Good bye, pard, I'll be with you in hades in about five minutes.' The foregoing was related to me in December, 1883, by X., as a Christmas story; but unfortunately I cannot reproduce his inimitable and droll style, which is both thrilling and amusing. I see by late papers that he has been offered ten thousand dollars to give an Eastern public lecture, and he will be on and relate his experiences, so that they can be written up for publication.

"The indications are that Lord Hartington will soon join the Tory government and carry with him a section of the Liberal Union party, but by no means all of it. There is no place or room for three parties. The onward sweep of public opinion will wipe out such an unnatural condition of affairs. Conservatives will get together and do their best to stem the tide, but there is no such thing as blocking the wheels of progressive liberalism. The longer the demands of home rule are denied, the surer they are to come in larger measure. Its success does not depend upon the brittle thread of Gladstone's life.

"We notice that the North Dakota members of the Legislature are going to take an excursion to Tacoma. They will pass through Helena and ought to be switched off and entertained here. How would it do to get them to investigate precinct 3?"

THE INDIAN COMMISSIONER.

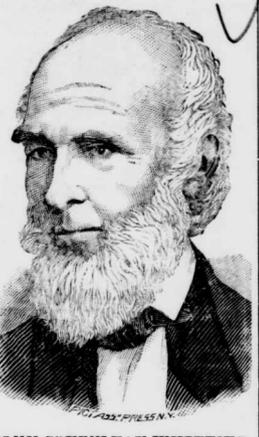
According to the New York Tribune, a determined effort is being made to defeat the confirmation of General Morgan as Indian Commissioner, on grounds that are complimentary to him and ought to secure, not only his confirmation, but his hearty support. The administration of the Indian department has always been more or less corrupt, rather more than less, and we are sorry to say that it has not improved very much in the hands of the churches, to which it has been remitted. It was supposed that the churches would take hold of the work rather as a benevolent charge for the money in it. But we are sorry to say that the general results have not justified the expectations, but have demoralized the churches more than the Indian has been improved. It is to be said for General Morgan that he has a definite object in view. He believes that the Indian is to be merged into the nationality to be prepared for citizenship as much as possible and as soon as possible and take his chances to survive or perish as other elements of our nation.

This involves the breaking up of the reservation system, the dissolution of tribal relations, the settlement in severally, their education with distinct reference to self-support and the assumption of the duties of citizenship. It may be that the Indian will perish in the process of civilization. He is perishing anyway and in the present process is perishing ignobly in idleness for want of something to do. We have suggested, and believe it would be sound policy to open for him a place in our military service. As a farmer or mechanic he has never shown any taste or ambition to promise success, but for military service he has natural qualifications if not superior genius. The reservation may be sold for the benefit of the Indian and the interest paid in the shape of pensions. The Indian does not want these reservation lands for any purpose, and the country does need them for settlement and productive industries. The attempt to Christianize the Indian before civilizing him is an impossibility. He wants a career opened to him that will be suited to his taste and which will arouse his ambition. We trust Gen. Morgan will be allowed to carry out his sensible views on the Indian question and that all the waste, extravagance and corruption of the old reservation and agency system will soon end.

UNDER PROTECTION. WHILE Cleveland is serving up his platitudes about the beauties and benefits of free trade at public dinners wherever a platter is set before him, the World is gathering up data to show that during the past ten years, under the Republican tariff the wealth of the country has been increased by about twenty billions, an amount equal to about the entire wealth of the country in 1860. The World did not make this showing for the benefit of the tariff advocates, but it serves their purpose all the more. England under free trade can make no such showing. With all her manufactures and commerce, with money loaned out at high rates to all the poor dependent States all over the world, England has not in the same time accumulated one-fourth that amount of wealth. Her people are emigrating continually to other countries that believe in and practice protection. Her men of wealth come over to this country to invest their money in mines, breweries, flouring mills, and almost every branch of industry. Trusts spawn in every inlet and outlet of business. Strikes are perennial. The poor are getting poorer, till we have seen it stated that one-fifth of the people on the British isles are paupers. And the English people are a grand, proud, self-reliant, industrious, pushing, thrifty race of men and women that can live and prosper under conditions where other races would starve. It is considered a wonderful triumph of finance if the government gets through the year without running behind. We are the only nation on earth that is now or ever has been troubled with a surplus in the treasury. All of these things speak solid arguments in favor of a policy that has produced such results.

THE death of so prominent a leader and exponent of the new South as Henry W. Grady is a great misfortune. His views of the race problem were not much in advance of those generally held at the South, but he was outspoken against violence and was a genuine apostle in the matter of building up new industries and developing the energies and enterprise of the Southern people and the resources of the country. In carrying out these purposes the time will come when the Southern whites will realize that it will be necessary for success to improve the condition of the blacks, to make them skilled laborers, contented and ambitious for improvement. When the South finds that capital and immigration of a desirable class of whites turn away from all its alluring offers, on account of the social condition with its intolerance, persecution and defiance of legal rights, there will come a time when other more humane and sensible principles will find a footing, and social and political despotism will no longer as now hold its blighting sway. Grady went as far as he could in the present condition of things around him. Those who follow after him and undertake to carry forward his work will go farther and come nearer attaining success. Grady had all the eloquence of Southern statesmen, but in addition he had practical views on industrial questions far in advance of those predominant in his section.

THE new provisional government of Brazil has fixed upon September 10 for a general election and November 15 for the meeting of the Constitutional Assembly. It looks very much as if the new government was not ready to trust the popular vote and contemplated doing some missionary work in the meantime. Those who have suddenly come into power like to hold on to it, and have gone into the business of banishment and confiscation, which is liable to be played with a liberal hand in the next nine months. The circumstances justify caution and delay in too effusive a recognition of the new government.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. The Quaker Poet, Eighty Two Years Old Dec. 17th.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born at Haverhill, Mass., on December 17, 1807. His boyhood and youth until he was 20 were spent on the farm which his ancestors had till for several generations. At the specified time he went to Boston, where, after a time, he assumed the editorship of a publication known as the American Manufacturer. He was about 23 when he took charge of the office of this paper. The occurrence of his residence in the State Legislature. His activity in the agitation against slavery was recognized by his appointment as Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. This necessitated his removal to Philadelphia, where, in 1838-39, he edited the Pennsylvania Freeman. A mob burned the office of this paper. The occurrence stimulated and strengthened Mr. Whittier's anti-slavery convictions. He had begun the composition of verse in 1828. Both his prose and poetry were effective to the increase of feeling against the institution of slavery. The poet removed to Amesbury, Mass., in 1840, then, as always, a bachelor. His present home is at Danvers, Mass. A few years ago the marriage and removal of his niece, who had been his housekeeper, influenced him to make his permanent home with some relatives at Danvers. He spends much of every summer on the Isle of Shoals, the New Hampshire mountains and his large home at Amesbury. His residence is large, plain and old-fashioned, but not wanting in dignity. It is secluded and screened by noble trees. The poet is well preserved. His figure is tall and straight. The crown of his head is bald, and his hair is glossy silver, but his black eyes are clear, bright and piercing. His dress possesses the Quaker simplicity. The old man is still able to converse with animation.



LAWRENCE BARRETT. Off Duty and Under the Surgeon's Knife.

The greatest Casus of the American stage is lying in Boston, it is hoped recovering from an operation to which he had found it necessary to submit. Now that a morbid growth has been removed from his throat, the expectation is indulged that after an adequate rest, the great actor will be able to repeat his successes of the past. Lawrence Barrett was born of Irish parents. At sixteen years of age he was put into a Detroit dry goods house. He soon left that employment and secured a place at the Metropolitan Theatre as a supernumerary. His salary was \$2.50 a week. His first speaking part was Murat in "The French Spy." He was so nervous, it is said, that he was unable to speak a word. Hisses were heard. This stirred him to an effort, and he succeeded. Subsequently he went from Detroit to New York, where he made his first hit as Sir Thomas Clifford in "The Hunchback." He soon afterward played in Boston as the leading man at the Howard Athenaeum. It was not, however, until the revival of "Julius Caesar" in New York that his performance of Casius won him the general recognition he so long sought. During the twenty-eighth Massachusetts Regiment. He is a man of considerable attainments and a good writer.

CERTAIN newspapers are announcing a series of articles on the Civil War, by Lord Wolsey, which it is said "will appear in an American Magazine." The have appeared. They were begun in the May number of the North American Review, and are concluded in the December number of that periodical. More than this, they have been comprehensively reviewed by Gen. James B. Fry, in the same magazine, and have been noticed by almost every paper in the country.

THE Mexican government has adopted the decimal system in its coinage to go into effect on the first of next July. Meantime all the old fractional coinage will be called in and exchanged for the new. Whatever opposition to the change may arise, it will prove a great reform and convenience in the end. It is one great step towards assimilation. We shall see the day when there is a virtually one system of coinage for the whole continent. Our decimal system is the best ever devised, and is destined to eliminate all others the world over.

THE Congressionalist's annual Handbook has become a necessity to the denunciation. It supplies in small compass, and at the nominal price of \$1.25 per 100 (less than cost), a variety of matter that should be in the hands of every Congressionalist in the country. The edition for 1889 was over 100,000 copies.

CARTER'S SUCCESS.

Some of our home critics of narrow, partisan caliber can see nothing but self-seeking in Representative Carter's course in supporting Reed for Speaker. They concede his sagacity in discerning the winner, but insist that he betrayed the interests of his section and constituents because he did not support one of the Western candidates. Having expressed our preference for Reed and the hope that our Representative would support him for Speaker, before the election, Carter's course in doing so met with our heartiest approval and the wisdom of his action has been already triumphantly vindicated, not so much in the personal advancement of Mr. Carter as in the substantial advantages that Montana and her leading interests have secured.

In answer to the charge that Speaker Reed is an enemy of silver, we need not simply say that we know the charge to be false, but for better proof we point to the composition of the committee on coinage. To say that Reed is an open advocate of the free coinage of silver would not be true, any more than is the assertion that he is an enemy of silver. Reed is a bimetalist, as sound and true as any in the country, and only differs from the most advanced friends of silver as to the means of reaching the same end. He belongs to that great middle class to whom the friends of silver have to look for recruits and assistance to secure success.

What a supreme piece of folly for the silver men to separate themselves from this great body of sincere friends in order to thin their own ranks, and drive into opposition those through whose ultimate support success is possible. Let us not imitate the folly of the prohibitionists, who have but one remedy and will work on but one line to check the evils of intemperance.

It needs no argument to convince the residents of the silver-producing States to advocate free coinage of silver. Their interests mingle with and give force to all that is said in favor of the white metal. But the producers of silver are comparatively few by the side of that larger class who make daily use of coin. The large majority of the people of this country are by interest and conviction bi-metallics and the true policy is to bring them to act together. Everything is working favorably both at home and abroad, and the good end will only be endangered and deferred by those who want to push on too far and too fast.

Those who charge that Carter's course has been dictated by personal ambition would impugn the motives of the purest and best men that have ever lived. Mr. Carter's course is just as consistent with the aim to secure a position where he could serve the best interests of his constituents. If after gaining such positions he did anything more, perhaps, should be charged might be considered established. But so far, in what he has done, it is the exact line of the most valuable service to Montana. Instead of Tom Carter individually being selected out of all the representatives from the new States for the chairmanship of an important committee, the more generous and just way to regard it is that Montana, the greatest of all the mining States, has been selected through her representative, and by his prudent conduct to be the head of the committee on mines and mining. In securing the position for himself he has in the only way possible secured it for the State he represents, and the honor is as much ours as his.

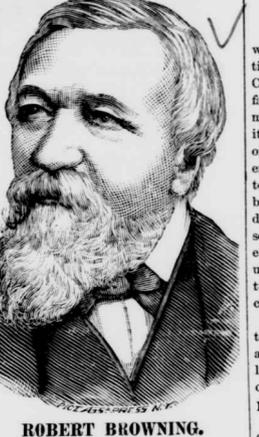
To our thinking it was not only proper but the duty of our representative to seek the position he has attained. If anybody consumed with jealousy prefers to think that it was wholly and only to gratify personal ambition, let such an one fondle his mean ambition in the secret asylum of his own contracted soul. The vast majority of our people without distinction of party will feel a just pride in what their representative has done, and will feel honored when he is honored; and they have faith to that he has sought the position in order that he might better serve their interests. Any one who knows the duties and labors of a committee chairman, well knows that the honor is slight compensation for the work and responsibility involved.

The foremost question that immediately interests our people is how to prevent the Northern Pacific railroad from acquiring title to a large share of our mineral lands. We want such legislation as will render this impossible, and any legislation for this purpose must come from and through the very committee of which Carter is chairman. If the favorable legislation our leading interests require comes at all it will be through Representative Carter's course, and the advantage ground he occupies. Had he done less or otherwise, then some acrimonious critics would have been louder still and more plausible in their complaints. Modesty and diffidence are out of place in a representative. He should regard only the interests of his constituents, and take every advantage of his position to push those interests. Whatever honor or advantage Carter may acquire will be shared by every citizen of Montana. He has entered upon his duties with an energy and devotion that promises to realize even more than his warmest friends dared to expect. Without any assistance as yet from senators who should be representing Montana at this time, he has achieved more than any one else, and with such support as he may expect are long, we may be sure that he will accomplish still more.

DEMOCRATIC newspapers still continue to speculate upon the Montana Senatorships, and in every case their speculations are confined to Republican candidates, thereby conceding the right of the Republicans to elect Senators. With Democratic consistency, too, they yield this point in one column and deny it in another.

MONTANA will be measured by the caliber of men chosen to represent the State in the National Senate.

DETROIT Tribune: It looks very much as if it were the Democrats who were trying to steal the Montana legislature and Gov. Toole had contracted to do the job in person, regardless of constitutional restrictions.



ROBERT BROWNING. The Famous English Poet, Recently Deceased.

Robert Browning, poet and dramatist, whose death was cabled the other day, was born near London, England, in the year 1812, and educated at the London University. When 24 years of age, his drama of "Paracelsus" was given to the world, and made for its author immediate distinction. "Strafford," his next production, was produced on the stage, unsuccessfully, even though the eminent Macready impersonated the hero. In 1855 appeared "Men and Women," Browning's greatest work, containing poems which, writes a competent critic, "for depth and subtlety of conception, profound analysis of the human mind in its most delicate and impassioned conditions, and abstract speculative insight, are unsurpassed in the English language." If as some think, in vigor and brilliancy of thought Browning is above Tennyson, he does not nearly equal him in melody of versification and artistic beauty of style. He is often obscure, and perhaps as often Shakespearean in the lucidity and aptness of his expression.

Mr. Browning was married in the year 1846 to Elizabeth Barrett, better known as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the greatest English poetess. She died in 1861.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY. Chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means.

McKinley is the leading Western Protectionist. His was the hand that wrote the strongest passages in support of the protective principle, which appeared in the Republican Platform last year. He resides at Canton, Ohio, and was born at Niles, in the same State, on February 26, 1844. In May, 1861, he enlisted in the United States army as a private soldier in an Ohio regiment. At the close of the war he was mustered out as a Captain of the same regiment and Brevet Major. Returning to civil life he devoted his abilities to the study of law. He held the office of Prosecuting Attorney of Stark county, Ohio, in 1869-71. Mr. McKinley was elected to the Forty-fifth Congress as a Republican, and to the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh. He received a certificate of election to the Forty-eighth Congress, but his opponent was given the seat by the House. In the next three Congressional elections he was successful. As leader of the Ohio delegation to the Republican National Convention of 1888 he remained true to John Sherman, when he might have been nominated for President. He is known as the Napoleon of Protection.

The resolutions adopted by the provisional committee of the non-partisan Women's Christian Temperance Union have the ring of good sense about them and deserve the acceptance of all good temperance women. The course pursued by the officers and majority of the old organization in recognizing but one way to promote temperance and that by legal prohibition, condemns it in our opinion as wholly impractical and really obstructive to the cause of genuine temperance. By refusing to join efforts with those friends of temperance who believe prohibition not only impracticable but impossible, in favor of high license and maintaining a separate organization and working on a single and exclusive line, these obstructionists virtually become allies of the free rum party, and might as well vote with them directly. We are glad that there are good women in the country sensible and independent enough to repudiate such narrow-minded and destructive policy, and we predict that the new organization will gather to itself the best elements of the old organization and accomplish vastly more for the good of sound temperance principles. No permanent national party can be built up and endure on a single idea and purpose. There is such a wide range and diversity of public questions that a political organization must deal with that a one-idea party has no place or chance for existence. The day for prohibition may come sometime, but that day is a long way off and the battle for temperance must be fought and won on other grounds.

THE HERALD, following its custom and the example of the Christmas-observing Legislature, will adjourn over to-morrow Thursday evening it will greet its readers as usual.

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

It would be inexcusable neglect if we were to omit to take advantage of our position to extend a hearty wish for a Merry Christmas to every reader of the HERALD, far and near. Though wishing may not make it such, if every one sincerely wishes it for others, it is the best method we know of to make it such. There are things enough to growl and grumble about always to one so disposed. The past season has been one of unprecedented drought, and the deplorable division of our Legislative Assembly hangs like a blighting pall over every material interest of our new State undermining our credit, stifling enterprise, turning aside capital and immigration and consuming our scanty revenues.

But there is no use for desponding or thinking that everything is going irretrievably to the bad. Every cloud has a silver lining, and in a country as rich in silver as ours these clouds are doubly lined and copper-bottomed.

Notwithstanding the drought of the past season, our stockmen on the whole have done as well as in the average of seasons. Wool has brought a better price and the prospects for the future are encouraging.

Though we have been sorely checked and disappointed in our immediate expectations of satisfaction and benefit from Statehood, yet we have secured Statehood with all its permanent powers and advantages. Our boundaries are fixed, and within them we know that we have as rich resources as any State or empire in the world. We have railroad connection with the world, not by one single line, but by several as unwillingly tributaries, but by several competing lines so circumstanced that their combination for our subjection to extortionate rates is impossible.

The winter that predicted and feared by many one of unusual severity has thus far, through the month of the shortest days, proved to be one of the mildest and most favorable. The snows that have fallen in the mountains promise a good supply for our streams when the spring opens. The bow of promise spans every outlook, and the misfortunes that we have experienced and are enduring are slight compared with those that have fallen on other sections and cities of our own country. Our crop is reasonably full of both positive and negative blessings, and if it does not overdo, and if our joy is chastened by unfortunate political divisions, paralyzing for a time all legislative functions, it is no reason why we may not rejoice soberly and even for the occasion be merry. The sun in his annual round has reached his farthest point of departure, and now sets out on his return. It is the birthday of a new year. Sunshine and life go hand in hand. Though we do not share the dread that always haunted the Pagan world that the sun might depart never to return, yet its return to us brings infinitely more blessings and fruits to us than it ever did to the ignorant and barbarous nations of the earlier ages.

But the special significance of the Christmas festival is commemorative of an event more important than material and physical benefits and blessings. It celebrates the birth of the world's Saviour, who came to bring peace on earth and good will to man. And this great work is going on steadily and surely. Mankind is constantly rising in the scale of intelligence, true manliness and practical charity. The sway of reason and law is becoming extended and established year by year. Human want and suffering are being better relieved year by year. Wars for plunder, conquest and power are disappearing from history and wrothier ambitions are filling and firing the human heart. The heaven that was introduced into the human race by the birth of the Saviour is lifting up the entire mass and permeating every where and everything. The sweet anthem sung by the herald angels over the lowly manger of Bethlehem, some nineteen hundred years ago, is every year repeated by a larger chorus and in still sweeter tones. Let us watch and listen closely till we not only catch the song but the spirit of the singers.

ON Sanders' account our Democratic friends are worried all along the line. With the Colonel out of the way, the Big Four conspiracy might yet accomplish the theft of the State and the Senatorship be theirs as part of the political spoils.

MISSOULA and Great Falls are the rival boom towns in Montana just now. "You pay your money and takes your choice." Whatever your choice may be, there is no disputing the fact that you pay money if you are a real estate purchaser.

Peculiar advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Text includes: 'Many peculiar points make Hood's Sarsaparilla superior to all other medicines. Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, the only medicine Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom. Peculiar in its strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine which can truly be said, "One Hundred Does One Dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla. Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its "good name at home"—there is now a solid foundation of Hood's Sarsaparilla in Lowell, where, than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, has no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time. Peculiar in its popularity and confidence among all classes of people so steadfastly. Do not be induced by other preparations, but be sure to get the Peculiar Medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar'