HELENA Historical Association X

RATES OF ADVERTISING

	Card.	1 inch.	2 inches.	3 inches.	4 inches.	6 inches.	12 inches.	25 inches.
Time	$	$3	$5	$7	$8	$10	$20	$30
"	3	5	6	10	12	15	25	40
"	4	7	8	12	14	20	33	48
1 Month	5	8	10	14	16	25	38	55
"	7	10	12	18	21	35	60	75
6 "	9	12	15	22	30	50	70	100
1 Year	11	15	25	35	50	75	100	160
"	16	25	40	55	70	90	140	250

Regular advertising payable quarterly, as due.
Transient advertising payable in advance.
Special Notices are 50 per cent more than regular advertisements.
Local advertising 15 cents for the first insertion; 10 cents per line for each succeeding insertion; lines counted in Nonpariel measure.
Job Work payable on delivery.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS.

A. S. HIGGINS.
ATORNEY-AT-LAW,
—ANACONDA, MONT.—
Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory. 718

O. B. O'BANNON,
Land Agent and Attorney
Deer Lodge, - - Montana.

G. A. KELLOGG,
County Surveyor, Civil Engineer and U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor,
Deer Lodge, - - Montana.
Office with O. B. O'Bannon. Orders for Surveys of Mineral and Agricultural Lands will receive prompt attention. Orders can be left with Mr. O'Bannon in my absence. 519.

JOHN R. EARDLEY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER,
AND
UNITED STATES LAND AGENT,
Willow Glen P. O. - - Montana.
808

H. B. DAVIS,
Civil Engineer, Deputy U. S. Mineral Surveyor
DEER LODGE, M. T.
Orders left at the office of R. L. Davis, or addressed to me at Deer Lodge P. O. will receive prompt attention. 832

DAVIS & BENNETT,
ASSAYERS,
BUTTE - - - MONTANA.
PRICES—Gold & Silver.....$2 50
Silver.....2 00
Copper.....3 00
Sample sent by mail promptly attended to
51-

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

A. H. MITCHELL, M. D. GEO. C. DOUGLAS, M. D.
MITCHELL & DOUGLAS,
Physicians and Surgeons,
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
Prompt attention given professional calls in town and surrounding country.
OFFICE—OPPOSITE THE SCOTT HOUSE.
859

JOHN H. OWINGS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office—Kleinschmidt Building, formerly occupied by M. M. Hopkins.
Deer Lodge, - Montana.
Calls in town or country will receive prompt attention. 643

DR. H. H. WYNNE,
HELENA, MONTANA.
Eye, Ear and Throat Surgeon.
Recently attendant upon the large eye, ear and throat hospitals of Europe, (Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London and Edinburgh.)
The eye, ear and throat a special and exclusive practice.
Spectacles scientifically fitted to the eye.
Catarrh of the nose and throat successfully treated.
OFFICE—JACKSON STREET. 859 1yr

HERBERT HOLLOWAY,
Veterinary Surgeon,
Deputy Territorial Veterinary Surgeon,
Having located in Deer Lodge will promptly attend all calls for diseased stock. Refers to Phil. E. Evans, W. E. Miller, S. E. Larabie and others. Charges reasonable. 832tf

A. J. DUFFY,
DENTIST,
Office Opposite the City Hotel.
DEER LODGE, MONT.
843 tf

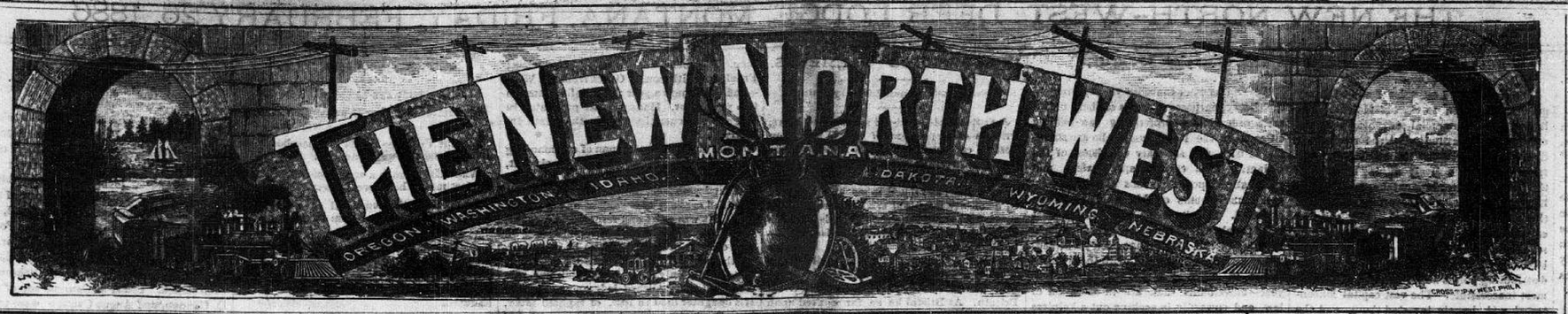
BANKS AND BANKERS.

W. A. CLARK, S. E. LARABIE,
CLARK & LARABIE,
BANKERS,
DEER LODGE, M. T.
Do a General Banking Business and Draw Exchange on
All the Principal Cities of the World.
NEW YORK CORRESPONDENTS.
First National Bank, New York, N. Y.
776

First National Bank!
HELENA, - MONTANA.
Paid up Capital.....$500,000
Surplus and Profits $325,000
S. T. HAUSER, - - President.
A. J. DAVIS, - - Vice-President.
E. W. KNIGHT, - - Cashier.
T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT, - Ass't Cash.
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
We transact a general Banking business, and buy, at highest rates, Gold Dust, Coin, Gold and Silver Bullion, and local securities; Sell Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers, available in all parts of the United States, the Canadas, Great Britain, Ireland and the Continent. Collections made and proceeds remitted promptly.
Directors.
S. T. HAUSER, JOHN CURTIN,
A. M. HOLTER, R. S. HAMILTON,
JOHN H. MING, C. P. HIGGINS,
E. W. KNIGHT, A. J. DAVIS,
T. C. POWER, R. M. PARCHEN,
T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT. 1503

Scott House.
DEER LODGE, MONTANA,
Sam. Scott, Proprietor.
Board Per Day $2.00. Single Meals, 50 c.
650.

THE FAVORITE SALOON
PETERSON & CONNIFF, Prop'rs.
Main & Second, DEER LODGE.
Thoroughly Overhauled, Repaired and Renovated.
All Drinks and Cigars, 12 1-2c Each.
Ph. Best's Milwaukee Beer ON TAP.
ALWAYS PLEASED TO SEE OUR FRIENDS.
829



VOL. 17, NO. 35. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, FEBRUARY 26, 1886. WHOLE NO. 868.

THE TRYST.

Sweet as the change from pleasant thoughts to sleep,
The silver gleaming melted into gloom,
Then came the evening silence rich and deep
With mingled breaths of dew-released perfume;
The few first stars shone in the azure pale,
Soft as a young nun's glances through her veil.

Was it for darkness that thou waited, sweet?
Ah, though thy face was dusk in night's eclipse,
Thy heart betrayed thee in its quickened beat;
I needed not the light to find thy lips,
Nor in the balmy hush of even-time,
To hear one word more sweet than any rhyme.

—Charles L. Hildreth in Town Topics.

IVY.

Green leaves, green flowers, green berries, gothic fret
Of woven green, from year to century,
On ground, wall, wayside, mountain crag, old tree,
In town or wilderness, the living net
Of ivy richly clothes bare poverty,
Adds to the stateliest house a beauty yet.
Pathos to ruined arch and parapet,
With cottage, church-tower, tomb, can well agree.

No luck misfits thee, Ivy, great or mean,
Mirthful or solemn; right for Pluto's bower,
Bacchus' jolly garland. Now, serene,
You welcome winter, choose for time to flower
The misty month when most things couch and cower;
You wear Hope's color. Hail, Prince Evergreen!

—William Allingham.

For Wives Only to Read.

[Chicago Herald.]

Don't impose on your husband just because he is good enough to assist you a little in your housework. Don't leave the stove handle in the red hot stove, and don't ask him to empty the ash hod. Draw a line on the ash hod, and don't run a free horse to death.

Don't monopolize every hook in the closet. Graciously tender him one nail for his very own—and then, in mercy, hang your "Mother Hubbard," your pelerine, your shopping bag and your bonnet some other place.

Don't be inexplicit in giving directions. When you ask him to go up stairs for your portemonnaie, tell him it is either on the table, or in the further corner of the left hand side of the upper bureau drawer, or in the pocket of your brown dress in the closet. He will have no trouble in finding it—if you can tell him just where it is, especially the pocket.

Don't ask him where he has been the moment he enters the house, or where he is going if he starts out for a walk before breakfast. It nettles him, and men hate to have such pointed questions sprung upon them. Besides that, we live under a free flag.

Don't ask him to walk the floor with the baby half the night. A man who tramps industriously around a billiard table three nights in the week can't be expected to be on duty at home the other three nights. Have mercy on him and give the man an opportunity to recuperate.

Don't leave hair in the comb or your neck curls where they will stick to his hair brush.

Don't mind his hosiery with cotton having knots in it larger than a pea.

Don't scold him because he leaves ashes in his pipe. One of the privileges of a married man is to leave an old pipe full of ashes in just the position to empty the contents or the window sill or the mantelpiece the moment it is touched.

Don't indulge in flights of temper when your husband suggests how his mother did. If he objects to having eggs boiled in the tea kettle, and prefers them washed previous to cooking, endeavor to please him by indulging him in his fancies. In the meantime bring your sons up as carefully as you can, and when they are married, you yourself will doubtless be held up as as an example of virtue; and revenge is sweet.

Don't be too prodigal in the use of kindling wood. There is no fruit of his toil that man guards as jealously as he does his kindling wood. He would fain put it where thieves break not through and steal. So, just because you have free access to it, don't burn up enough to last a week in one day.

King Milan's Coat of Mail.

When Servia first began to ferment dark rumors were heard that King Milan was constantly in dread of assassination, and that he had taken to wearing a coat of mail next his royal skin. Whether the king fears assassination or not it seems to be perfectly true that he wears armor, for some interesting particulars thereto regarding have been obtained from the Vienna firm which manufactured it. The coat of mail is hardly what a Norman warrior would have understood by the phrase. Next the body it is of the softest silk. Over this is a thick, tightly compressed layer of eider down, upon which again is a layer of wadding; the outer surface is of the toughest leather. This armor reaches from the neck to the knees, and covers the arms as far as the elbows. The cost of King Milan's dagger and bullet proof case was £50, which seems to be remarkably cheap. It is no doubt very comfortable wear in winter, but it would be an inconvenient attire for a summer campaign.—Galignani's Messenger.

Private Detectives Used in Politics.

"One more thing and I'll finish this yarn," said the ex-detective. "I doubt if any one outside of professional wire-pulling politicians knows to what an extent private detectives are used in politics. And they must be expert men, too, for every effort is used to throw them off the scent and once they are spotted they cease to be useful and must be replaced. Politicians of importance are shadowed by the other side and it is astonishing what shrew guesses are made as to their plans simply from a knowledge of the places they have visited, the people they have received and the consultations they've held. Many a would-be candidate has to withdraw from a contest by reason of facts about him learned through shadows, and this is true of men in high places as well as low ones."—New York World.

Judge Kelley and the Comedian.

Congressman William D. Kelley and Stuart Robson were recently introduced to each other in Philadelphia. "So you're the father of the house, are you?" remarked the actor admiringly as they seated themselves at a table. "I am very glad to meet you, indeed. I was in the Thirty-first congress myself." "You were in the Thirty-first congress?" exclaimed Judge Kelley, as he regarded the actor with a look of blended wonder and incredulity; and then continued: "Why, I am old enough to be your father, and my service only began with the Thirty-seventh congress." "Yes, but you see you began as a member," replied the comedian, "while I was but a page. However, that shan't stand between us. Once more I iterate I am very glad to meet you."—Chicago Tribune.

German Bureaucracy and Red Tape.

The widow of a German army officer went to the pension office for the purpose of drawing her pension. She presented the usual certificate of the mayor of her village to the effect that she was still alive.

"This certificate is not right," said the doctor.

"What is the matter with it?"

"Because it bears the date of Dec. 21, but your pension was due Dec. 15."

"What kind of a certificate do you want?"

"We must have a certificate that you were alive on Dec. 15. Of what use is this one that says you were alive on Dec. 21—six days later?"—German joke.

GLADSTONE'S MEN.

PORTRAITS OF THE "G. O. M.'S" NEW CABINET OFFICERS.

A Notable Collection of Scholars and Gentlemen—Several Literary Men Among Them—All Devoted to Their Master, Gladstone—The Burning Irish Question.

The grouty old lady who is the alleged head of British affairs has grown more grouty and grumpy than ever, lately. The events of the past month in her realm are little to her taste. Her mouth naturally turns down at the corners. Rumor declares the angles have received an additional droop since she was forced to summon Mr. Gladstone to form a cabinet again.

Several members of the new Liberal cabinet themselves are not quite happy, it seems. For dignified high officials of a monarchical government they are acting amazingly like the fellows who are left out of our plain, common quadrennial republican cabinet when a new president comes in. It was a bitter pill to her majesty to take Mr. Gladstone again, but in their small way some British statesmen had to swallow as bitter a one.

GLADSTONE.

The full official title of Mr. Gladstone is prime minister and first lord of the treasury. He has taken the helm of government again lightly and gladly. He is not only hopeful, but jaunty. He wears his 76 years as lightly as most men wear half a century. When all is said and done, if the population of empires is counted, Gladstone is really the most influential of living statesmen. And he is really a splendid old man. His public services began in 1832, and have continued, in one capacity and another, without a break, ever since. He is not only a statesman, but a politician. The large outlines of his career show him always on the side of liberality in thought and action. He has consummated some of the most important measures for the freedom of the British people in modern times. Let us hope that he will live to give home rule to Ireland.

The bigwig here delineated is the new lord high chancellor. He gets a salary equal to that of the president of the United States and a life pension. The office carries with it, besides, the elevation to the rank of the peerage. This position is facetiously called the woolsack because the lord chancellor in the house of lords sits upon a square bag of wool covered with a red cloth. It has no back or arms.

SIR FARRAR HERSCHELL.

Sir Farrar Herschell is not so old as he looks, having been born in 1837. He is the son of a clergyman, and was not born a knight, but was made one in 1880.

The lord president of the council is Earl Spencer, by name John Poyntz Spencer. He, too, has held high offices. He was born in 1835, and is the fifth earl of his name. He was lord lieutenant of Ireland under the Gladstone government that went out a few months ago.

EARL SPENCER.

The gentleman appointed to the office of home secretary is the Right Hon. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers. He, too, is the son of a clergyman, of Yorkshire. He is a Cambridge university man's a wart and strong looking, like a big western American. Mr. Childers is 58 years old. He has filled many high places.

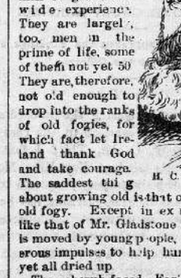
One point that strikes an American reader in glancing over the names of the new Gladstone cabinet is the number of responsible offices they have filled. They are men of grave and wide experience. They are largely, too, men in the prime of life, some of them not yet 50. They are, therefore, not old enough to drop into the ranks of old fogies, for which fact let Ireland thank God and take courage. The saddest thing about growing old is that one gets to be an old fogy. Except in extraordinary cases, like that of Mr. Gladstone himself, the world is moved by young people. In them the generous impulses to help humanity have not yet all dried up.

H. C. E. CHILDERS.

The cherub-faced Earl Rosebery is the new secretary for foreign affairs. He it was who married Baron Rothschild's daughter Hannah. He was born in 1847 and is, therefore, not yet 40 years old. Besides having a cherub face and a billionaire wife he has a private name that is pretty enough for a novel. It is Philip Archibald Primrose. He is fifth earl of Rosebery, and succeeded to his grandfather's title in 1868. He appears younger than he is, and sitting in his place in the stupid old house of lords he looks like a rose among last year's beans' talk. He did not take a prominent public place other than his seat in the house of lords very early in life, but has advanced rapidly since he did come into notice. He is rather a favorite with the premier. He held office under the former Gladstone government. He is plainly one British lord who knows which side of his bread is buttered, and takes the Liberal side. All whose senses are not dulled by prejudice, scent in the air marvelous changes to come for England. The dissolution of the house of lords is one.

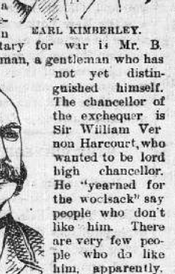
EARL ROSEBERY.

Earl Granville is secretary for the colonies. His private name is Granville George Leveson Gower. Except the premier himself, Granville is the oldest man of the new council. He is heavy laden with honors, having gone into office as an M. P. in 1836. He was a member of the last Gladstone cabinet, and is one of the disappointed members. He wanted to be secretary of foreign affairs, as he was before. He is said to be intellectually the weakest man of the cabinet.


EARL GRANVILLE.

Another point that will strike the American reader is the large number of university graduates in this British cabinet. In our Yankee cabinet and congress the college graduates are the exception. In England the members of parliament and the government council, who are not such, are the exception.

The Oxford men are in the majority among Mr. Gladstone's present councillors. There are several Cambridge graduates, and one alumnus of London university. Earl Kimberley, the new secretary for India, is an Oxford man, born in 1826. Among the offices he has filled are those of ambassador to Russia and lord lieutenant of Ireland. He is not a born earl, but a made one. He received his title in 1866. The secretary for war is Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, a gentleman who has not yet distinguished himself. The chancellor of the exchequer is Sir William Vernon Harcourt, who wanted to be lord high chancellor. He "yearned for the woolsack" say people who don't like him. There are very few people who do like him, apparently. Mr. Gladstone does not, for one. He once remarked sneeringly that Sir William was a man of "portentous erudition." He is a very learned man, of long descent, and proud of it. He won his reputation as a journalist. He used to be a leader writer for The London Times, which is enough to make any one hopelessly dull for life. He wrote many articles, also, over the signature "Historicus."


EARL KIMBERLEY.

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

He is now a born "sir," but was knighted in 1873. His wife is an American, daughter of the lamented historian, John Lothrop Motley. It is to be hoped he is better natured to her than he is to his associates in parliament, or else the lady does not have a particularly good time. He is 58 years old, is said to be domineering and quarrelsome, and he is not handsome. He is dreadfully afraid of dynamiters besides.

SIR W. V. HARCOURT.

The first lord of the admiralty, the "Sir Joseph Porter" of the new administration, is the Marquis of Ripon, K. G. Nobleman have names like common people, and Ripon's common name is plain Robinson—George Frederick Samuel. He has had more experience as a diplomat than most of Mr. Gladstone's men. He has served his country many years in India, in various high capacities. Under the last Gladstone government Ripon was viceroy of India. He was converted to the Roman Catholic faith in 1874.

MARQUIS OF RIPON.

Mr. Mundella is president of the board of trade, which in Great Britain is a government and cabinet position. Mundella started in life a factory boy. He is a self-made man. He is now a manufacturer of Nottingham, a good, iron-sided, bulldog Englishman, who can neither be coaxed or driven, but rather likes to drive others. He is full of strong, wise common sense.

A. G. MUNDELLA.

The appointment of Mr. Morley to be chief secretary of Ireland gives much satisfaction to all who have hope for that country. He is one of the most distinguished literary men of Great Britain. He is outspoken in favor of home rule. A person of the name of Smith was secretary for Ireland just two days under the recent Tory government. He was appointed Monday, and on Wednesday marched out to make room for Mr. Morley.

JOHN MORLEY.

As editor of The Fortnightly Review John Morley first became known to fame. Afterward he became editor of The Pall Mall Gazette, which he is at present. He changed it from a Tory paper to a high class Radical one. He is editor also of the series of books called "English Men of Letters," well known in America. He is 47 years old, a man of power and will. He it was who drove "Buckshot Forster" from the chief secretaryship of Ireland. He is the intimate friend of several of the Irish leaders.

Much is to be hoped from Morley in reference to the Irish question. Eight million dollars go out of the United States every year to Ireland to pay taxes and relieve poverty. Therefore the Irish question is interesting to Americans.

But the most disappointed man of the thirteen is Joseph Chamberlain, Esq., president of the local government board. This is a very small office for a man who in dreams saw himself in the great Gladstone's shoes. But Mr. Chamberlain slopped over on the Irish question during the last campaign. In a bitter, abusive speech he declared that England would never, no never, grant home rule to Ireland; that the very proposition was treason. The speech sealed his doom with Parnell and the Irish party. Besides that, it is believed strongly that this ambitious commoner has been intriguing to undermine Mr. Gladstone. Therefore the G. O. M. does not like him.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Chamberlain is the duke of this cabinet. He dresses elegantly, and wears an orchid in his buttonhole. He is a man of great wealth, being the son of a rich Birmingham bolt and screw manufacturer. Except on the Irish question, Mr. Chamberlain is a radical of the radicals. He goes in for disconnecting church and state, for abolishing the house of lords, and stopping the vast sums voted to the royal family. Heaven only knows what he would not abolish if he had his way. He is a fine speaker, a man of great brain and ambition and only 50 years old. He will go on. The little set-back he has just received will teach him a thing or two.

Mr. George Otto Trevelyan is the secretary for Scotland. He is a distinguished literary man, and nephew of Lord Macaulay. He wrote, among other things, a life of Charles James Fox. He has been in parliament since 1865. Once he made a speech in which he said that some troublesome Irish peasants should not be relieved of certain causes of complaint till they had felt the pinch of hunger. For a good while after that he was called "Pinch-of-Hunger Trevelyan." He is opposed to home rule for Ireland, but would give that country local self-government.

G. O. TREVELYAN.

ELIZA ARCHARD.

Senators on Exhibition.

It is astonishing the extent to which the senators pose for the galleries. There is one senator from the south who appears to make this almost the sole object of his service on the floor of the senate. He is dressed in a full black suit, with his frock coat buttoned across his breast. He strikes many attitudes, but he never retains one of them long at a time. He will sit in his own seat; then he will go in to the lobby; soon he returns and walks back and forth behind the rows of benches; then he takes the seat of another senator; then he rises to promenade again. He seldom talks with other senators; he is just on exhibition. Another from the west is not so tall, so large, or so handsome, but he is almost equally conscious. He looks so different from the rest that the visitor's eye rests on him at once as it surveys the senate board, and generally the inquiry is made as to who he is.—Boston Herald.

Chicago's Grant Monument.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 10.—The design for a monument to Gen. Grant has been selected. It is the one submitted by Mr. Whitehouse, of this city. It will cost $50,000 and is to be erected in Lincoln park.

BROADSIDE VIEW OF STATUE.

The principal features of Mr. Whitehouse's design are a solid terrace wall pierced by a massive granite arch which passes beneath the elevated roadway. This arch is to be 60 feet long and constructed of granite, and connects the Lake Shore walk with the many walks surrounding the artificial lake in the center of the park. This arched way affords a beautiful vista, looking east and west, and is faced by a granite terrace 150 feet long, with two flights of steps connecting the lower walk with the roadbed above. On this roadbed, and above the footway of it, is a massive granite constructure 50x18 feet, forming a covered terrace, through which the footway passes. The side walls of this terrace are pierced by small arched openings, giving a fine view of Lake Michigan from the one side and the park from the other. Surmounting the whole is the solid granite base for the colossal bronze statue of Gen. Grant, making a total height of 42 feet from the lower roadway to the bottom of the statue. The entire work will be solid and massive and constructed exclusively of blocks of granite, a durable emblem of the character of the man in memory of whom the memorial is built.

VIEW SHOWING ELEVATED ROADWAY.

From the terrace, where carriages can stand as well as pedestrians, will be a view almost unique, as looking to the west one sees the spires and high buildings of the city, while to the east is seen the lake, making a beautiful background for the sharply cut outline of the statue. Work is to be begun as soon as the weather will permit.

About forty plans were submitted, and this design was selected on account of its originality as well as general excellence. The committee has $45,000, and say they will need about $5,000 more, as it is proposed to have the best bronze statue that can be procured. It is estimated that the statue alone will cost $15,000. The remaining $35,000 is to be expended on the terrace.

ANDREW J. BOTHWELL.

To Be Warm and Well in Winter.

"If you want to keep warm," said an old physician, "you must get lots to eat. There wouldn't be half the sickness there is in the winter time if the people would eat more good substantial food."

"What sort, for instance?" asked a reporter, who was listening.

"Why, plenty of meat, that's the article that keeps your blood warm and rich, and your flesh vessels fat. A man who starts out these cold mornings with a good big breakfast concealed about his person is not going to suffer from the weather. Yes, indeed, the colder it is, the more you want to eat. You can't eat enough to hurt you, in the winter time; the more you eat the warmer, and the happier you feel."—Cincinnati Times Star.

Making Boarding House Chicken Soup.

This is the usual method. If the bird was on shorter stilts the soup would be too strong and the boarders would get the gout. The chicken is made to pass through the water very rapidly.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Time When the Mercury Fell.

"Deep in the satin recesses," his letter ran, "of this fairy box you will find a ring. I had it made for you, to inclose, as it were, my sentiments on this joyful occasion."

Her heart stood still.

"How beautiful!" she murmured, as she took up the box. "How simple and poetic a way of a king me to be his wife, and so direct. Ah!" and she kissed the bluish paper and tenderly untied the string.

"I tremble, she whispered. "Will it be a diamond, or a ruby, or a——"

It was neither. It was a napkin ring.—San Francisco Chronicle.

BILL NYE INVITED TO WASHINGTON.

He Regretfully Declines—His Eagerness to Emancipate Women From Thraldom.

HUDSON, Wis., Jan. 29, 1886.

DEAR FRIEND: I have just received your kind and cordial invitation to come to Washington and spend several weeks there among the eminent men of our proud land. I would be glad to do as you suggest, but I cannot do so at this time. I am passionately fond of mingling with the giddy whirl of good society. I hope you will not feel that my reason for declining your kind invitation is that I feel myself above good society. I assure you I do not. Nothing pleases me better than to dress up and mingle among my fellow man, with a sprinkling here and there of the other sex. It is true that the most profitable study for mankind is man, but we should not overlook woman. Woman is now seeking to be emancipated. Let us put our arms strong arms around her and emancipate her. Even if we cannot emancipate but one, we shall not have lived entirely for naught.

I am told by those upon whom I can rely that there are hundreds of attractive young women throughout our joyous land who have arrived at years of discretion and yet who have never been emancipated. I met a woman on the cars last week who is lecturing on this subject, and she told me all about it. Now, the question at once presents itself, how shall we emancipate woman unless we go where she is? We must go right into society and take her by the hand and never let go of her hand till she is properly emancipated. Not only must she be emancipated, but she must be emancipated from her present thraldom. Thraldom of this kind is liable to break out in any community, and those who are now in perfect health may pine away in a short time and flicker.

WOMAN MUST BE EMANCIPATED.

My course while mingling in society's mad whirl is to first open the conversation with a young lady by leading her away to the conservatory, where I ask her if she has ever been the victim of thraldom and whether or not she has ever been ground under the heel of the tyrant man. I then time her pulse for thirty minutes, so as to strike a good average. The emancipation of woman is destined at some day to become one of our leading industries.

You also ask me to kindly lead the German while there. I would cheerfully do so, but owing to the wobbly eccentricity of my eye one leg it would be sort of a broken German. But I could sit near by and watch the game with a furtive glance, and fan the young ladies between the acts, and converse with them in low, earnest, passionate tones. I like to converse with people in whom I take an interest. I was conversing with a young lady one evening at a recherche ball in my far away home in the free and unfettered west, a very brilliant affair, I remember, under the auspices of Hose Company No. 2. I was talking in a loud and earnest way to this liquid-eyed creature, a little louder than usual, because the music was rather forte just there, and the base viol virtuoso was bearing on rather hard at that moment. The music ceased with a sudden snort.

AND SO DID MY WIFE,

who was just waltzing past us. If I had ceased to converse at the same time that the music shut off all might have been well, but I did not.

Your remark that the president and cabinet would be glad to see me this winter is ill-timed.

There have been times when it would have given me much pleasure to visit Washington, but I did not vote for Mr. Cleveland, to tell the truth, and I know that if I were to go to the White House and visit, even for a few days he would reproach me and throw it up to me. It is true that I did not pledge myself to vote for him, but still I would hate to go to a man's house and eat his popcorn and use his smoking tobacco after I had voted against him and talked about him as I have about Cleveland.

So that even if I go to Washington I shall put up at a hotel and pay my bills just as any other American citizen would. I know how it is with Mr. Cleveland at this time. When the legislature is in session there people come in from around Buffalo with their butter and eggs to sell and stay over night with the president. But they should not ride a free horse to death. I may not be well educated, but I am high strung till you can't rest. Groceries are just as high in Washington as they are in Philadelphia.

I hope that you will not glean from the foregoing that I have lost my interest in national affairs. God forbid. Though not in the political arena myself, my sympathies are with those who are. I am willing to assist the families of those who are in the political arena trying to obtain a precarious livelihood thereby. I was once an official under the Federal government myself, as the curious student of national affairs may learn if he will go to the treasury department at Washington, D. C., and ask to see my voucher for $9.85, covering salary as United States commissioner for the second judicial district of Wyoming for the year 1882. It was at that time that a vile contemporary characterized me as "a corrupt and venial Federal official, who had fattened upon the hard-wrung taxes of my fellow-citizens and gorged myself for years at the public crib." This was unjust. I was not corrupt. I was not venial. I was only hungry! Yours, as here2 4,

BILL NYE.

—Boston Globe.

Uncle Eck's Wisdom.

Wit and humor are born of sober parents.

A little authority is a dangerous thing. A terrible fellow to meet is a country constable with half a dozen subpoenas to serve.

The man who can't find anything to do is generally afraid he will.

The more a man knows, the more he suspects what he has already learned.

If the devil were as lazy as many Christians are, he could count his proselytes for each year on his fingers.

A man has a right to his opinions as long as he keeps them to himself.

Flattery is like treason; we like the treason well enough, but we despise the traitor.

The lion and the lamb may lie down together, but I don't think the same lamb will do it the second time.

A man may be a fool for yielding to the importunity of his passions, but if he had no passions he certainly would be a fool.—The Century.

For the Mission Fair.

"Oh, by the way, pa, dear," said a Hartford young lady as she bade him good morning, "don't forget when you come home to bring one of those—one of those—one of those—you know, those potato mashers."

"Oh, no indeed. Anything to encourage you in the household arts. Are you going to be the cook?"

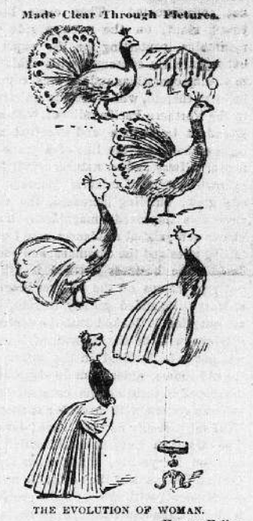
"Why, no; but you know I'm going to paint a lily of the valley on the masher end, and a clematis vine on the handle and send it to the mission fair."

"Huh!"—Hartford Post.

Hunting for Heroes from Life.

The writers of Sunday-school books are beginning to complain that they find it an upgrade business to draw their heroes from life.—Chicago Ledger.

Made Clear Through Pictures.


THE EVOLUTION OF WOMAN.
—Funny Folks.

The Texan Redbug.

The redbug is by no means as large as a grizzly bear, but he is twice as ferocious. There are many instances on record of a grizzly bear running from a man, but no man has ever seen a redbug exhibit anything but the most clinging affection. He sticks to the man of his choice like a brother, and even cruel treatment seems to make no impression on his mind.

Redbugs are about as large as one of the periods used in punctuating this article. If you can use them for that purpose I will send on a newly married pair, and by the time they get to New York you will have enough to punctuate your entire paper for a year.

That portion of the soil which is not claimed by the mezquite and catcus is pre-empted by the redbugs. They marry and settle down anywhere and scratch and worry along until they have about 10,000 or so in the family. Then they form themselves into a little ball on the end of a leaf or a blade of grass and cling together until a man comes along. The moment he shakes the leaf or blade of grass they drop on him, and then each takes a different direction and finds a suitable spot in which to sink a shaft. Once safely beneath the skin they defy eviction by any means provided man by nature. Thus, if a man feels himself redbugless and lonely in this section all he has to do is to take a brief walk through the grass or lean against a tree or bush for a minute and then return with more companions than he can rid himself of in a week.

There is only one means known to science of serving a writ of ejectment on a redbug, and that is by literally applying kerosene. In consequence of this you will observe on arriving here that the most eminent citizens smell like a cracked lamp, and more coal oil is used here for bathing purposes than for illumination. Kerosene seems to deflect the redbug's intellect from his connubial and his mining pursuits and induce him to back out to light and judgment. Unless kerosene is brought to bear, this retrograde idea never seems to occur to him, and he burrows and works up the census with an alacrity and cheerfulness worthy of emulation. He is capable of going for a year without food or shelter, but when offered hospitality works it for all it is worth. A volume might be written about the redbug and still leave his energies half unsung. He is not done justice in the few lines I have devoted to him. He is not done justice by any one. A few fluent talkers here have tried to do him justice in the interests of kerosene baths, but have failed. The subject is too vast.—Henry Guy Carleton in New York Times.

Lo, the Poor Indian.

I was in Fort Smith during a session of the United States court, some time ago, and was amused at the manner in which the proceedings were conducted. The court room is immediately over the prison, and the prisoners, when wanted, are brought up through a trap door. At a sign from the judge a deputy marshal raised the trap door, reached down, felt around as if "grabbing" for a fish under a rock, and, seizing an Indian, said: "Come out, old fellow."

"How did you know that you had caught the right one?" I asked.

"Oh," replied the deputy marshal, "I couldn't make a mistake; for you see it doesn't make any difference which one I get. They've all got to be tried."

"Yes," said I, "but some are charged with murder and some with misdemeanor."

"I know that," he replied.

"Then, a man guilty of misdemeanor might be convicted of murder."

"That's all very well, but there's just this about it: About half of them must be hanged—it makes no difference which half—and the sooner we get through with the work the sooner the court will be prepared to take a much needed rest."—Opie P. Read.

What Is Expected of a Newspaper.

[Life.]

Mrs. X. (in an aggrieved tone)—This is the fifth day in succession I have looked over the "Died" column, and I have not seen the name of a single person I know.

Plain Talk to Farmers.

Never give greasy dishwater to pigs; it's too rich for their blood. Feed it to the hired man.

The best way to raise potatoes is with a table fork. Some use a case knife; but as its sharp edge is liable to convert a commonsized mouth into an alligator-like abysmal grub-trap, that method should be avoided.

A farm barn should have all the modern improvements. Place a nice roof over it, and a good fence around it. Then put a big insurance for double its value on it, and some dark and windy night shove a lighted torch under it.

Always postpone threshing until a propitious time. If you've got a grudge against a 200-pound neighbor, wait till some day when he is sick, or has his back turned to you. Then jump onto him with a club and thresh the life out of him, if you want to.

Be sure to harvest and sell your eggs before they become overripe. Consumers prefer to meet the egg in the heyday of its existence, and ere it has outlived its usefulness.—"Jef. Joslyn."

Marriage Notes.

Some men will work harder to get a divorce than they ever did to support a family.—Chicago Ledger.

In this state a man can marry his mother-in-law. The law is not mandatory, however.—Philadelphia Call.

A Chicago man made his wife a nice New Year's present this time. He had all her divorces elegantly bound in red morocco, with an illuminated title page.—The Rose-leaf.

UNIQUE WASHINGTON RESIDENCES

Joaquin Miller's Log Cabin and Haywood's Airy Castle.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—There is one man in the capital who is gradually rising. Though he now finds himself at night on a plane far above his fellow townsmen it is a question whether his ambition is as yet satisfied. He is Mr. A. B. Haywood, who held a position in the pension office. When a soldier from New Hampshire, during the late war, his left arm was taken away by a shot nearly to the shoulder. Since then he has had more or less pain in the part left after amputation, and has discovered that he suffers less when removed some distance from the ground. He first built a cot four feet above ground, later still he erected one twelve feet from the ground which was very picturesque. The predatory inroads of tramps and negroes gave great annoyance. So he bought a plot of undulating land covered with oaks, and proceeded to build a habitation lofty enough to satisfy the most aspiring.

AIRY CASTLE.

His present habitation is called Airy Castle. It is situated on a hill about three miles north of the Capitol. From this hill a magnificent view of Washington, the Potomac and the Virginia mountains may be obtained. As will be seen by the picture a platform has been built away up in the trees, with supports extending from the ground. Below one portion of the platform hangs one apartment, the cellar or basement as it were to his home. A steep but strong stairs leads up to the platform, which is forty by seventy feet and is forty feet above the nearest point of ground below. The first thing one realizes after the trap door closes which covers the top of the stairway is the solidity of the whole structure. The