Historical Association

THE NEW NORTH-WEST

MONTANA · OREGON · WASHINGTON · IDAHO · DAKOTA · WYOMING · NEBRASKA

VOL. 17, NO. 42. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, APRIL 16, 1886. WHOLE NO. 875.

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Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory. 718

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County Surveyor, Civil Engineer and U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor,
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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.

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PRICES—Gold & Silver........$2 50
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MITCHELL & DOUGLAS,
Physicians and Surgeons,
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
Prompt attention given professionall 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

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

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CLARK AND 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
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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. 839

Job Wagon and Teaming.
I have a Job Wagon on the streets of Deer Lodge during working hours every day, and am prepared to deliver Trunks or Packages to and from any residence promptly and at reasonable rates. Also do heavy teaming and Job Hauling at low rates. Leave orders at A. Kleinschmidt & Co's.
809-tf GEO. TUCKER

ALPHABETICAL HINTS ON HEALTH.

As soon as you are up shake blankets and sheet;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
Children, if healthy, are active not still;
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;
Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;
Garments must never be made to be tight;
Homes will be healthy if airy and light;
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keep your rooms always tidy and clean,
Let dust on the furniture never be seen;
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air,
Now to open your windows be ever your care.
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
People should see that their floors are well swept;
Quick movements in children are healthy and right;
Remember the young can not thrive without light.
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain;
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train.
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
Xerxes could walk full many a league.
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

—Trinity Card of Home Hygiene.

THE ART OF BOOK-MAKING.

Some of the Odd and Vulgar Fashions Which Have Crept in.

Within the last few years many publishers have been tempted to issue holiday and other volumes bound in new and unique materials. Some of these experiments have been pleasing to the eye and appropriate to the contents of the book, but many, very many, more have been the worst of taste. Prepared leather, which in former years was only used in the manufacture of sachels and trunks, has been laid under contribution by the book-binder, and the result is shown in a hideous array of "alligator" and "tiger skin" volumes, offensive to every sense. It was proper enough to make wallets, pocket-books, scrips, and even memorandum books of alligator skin, and a book of southern travel might look appropriate in the same binding, but to find art books, fiction, poetry, and everything else bound indiscriminately in it is an evidence of degenerate taste.

More daring vulgarities than this have been perpetrated, as any book store will give evidence. One line of poets has been bound in "tiger skin," a horrible, mottled leather with some material inserted between it and the boards so as to form a soft, squashy cushion. The bulging appearance of these books is most unlovely, and we hope they will all have disappeared by next winter. In searching for a variety of colors in which to bind the commoner cloth volumes the dyers have struck upon a number of neutral tints which, however pretty, are not durable, fading often while in the shop window. The art of binding books has well nigh become a lost one. Few of the books now being made will be found in so perfect a condition 400 years from now as are the "fifteeners" we now see. The books in the libraries of Chicago which were printed and bound in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries compare favorably with the best productions of to-day. Not only as regards binding are they superior, but in the printing also. Few books are perfectly made in one day.

How many of the average sized books of to-day can you open flat upon a table and read without holding as you can those made in the past. Very few indeed. The 12mo books of to-day, if opened suddenly in the middle, will be irretrievably spoiled. The cheapening of labor and the introduction of machinery is responsible for this. The use of the wire binding is proper for magazines and pamphlets, but should not be tolerated in bound volumes that are intended to last any time. The sharp wire cuts the paper and before you have half finished your book the pages are as loose as a pack of playing cards. In London and Leipsic, the great book marts, much taste is displayed in printing and binding. Often the material, texture, color, marks and symbols of the cover will be suggestive of the contents. In point of typography but few firms in this country can compare with the English and German bookmakers.—Chicago News "Rambler."

Art Students in Paris' Academy.

Every new student, who, by the way, is called a nouveau by his class-mates, is expected to be the slave of the studio in which he is enrolled. He has to do all the drudgery, from chopping up the dry clay to running out and bringing biscuits, rolls and cigars for the older men. A nouveau who is good natured gets along well enough, but if he chances to be an irascible fellow he meets with more trials than he can account for. His work is tipped over, he is sent on foolish errands, and he is the victim of all kinds of jokes. He is frequently assaulted with a storm of wet sponges, as are visitors who enter the studio without removing their hats and making a polite salutation. In the painting studios new students are compelled to strip and fence with long brushes dripping with red paint until their bodies are thoroughly bespattered.

Yet with all their pranks the boys are good-hearted. Although most of them are poor I've seen them contribute cheerfully to the assistance of an old model in distress or to the relief of one who was unfit for work. The life is essentially Bohemian, those of the students who can afford it having little studios of their own in which they sleep along with their clay, tools, and models.—Chicago News Interview.

Whiskers Are Half the Battle.

Don't you know that if I could raise a beard my practice would be twice, and possibly three times, as large as it is? I have tried everything to bring the hair out on my face, but it will not come, and I have about given up all hopes of ever adding whiskers to my numerous attractions. Although I am 26 years of age, and have been practicing several years, I find the greatest difficulty in making people believe I am not a minor just starting out in business. I tell you, in our profession whiskers are half the battle. Everybody pictures the physician as an old, sage-looking individual with long, full beard.—"Physician" in Globe-Democrat.

Rules By Which a Poet Works.

Bear in mind some of the technical rules by which Browning works. He uses the smallest number of words which his meaning allows, is sparing of adjectives, uses the largest relative number of Saxon words, uses monosyllables wherever possible, treats consonants as the backbone of the language, and hence as the essential feature of a rhyme; uses the measure most appropriate to his subject, taking no liberties with unusual measure, and eschews all vulgarisms or inaccuracies which custom has sanctioned, both in prose and verse, such as "I had better," or had rather."—Clara Doty Bates.

Details of a Policeman's Duty.

Few people know anything about a policeman's duty. He has to examine every house on his beat, report doors found open, insecure cellar doors, burst water pipe, filthy alleys, changes of saloon ownership, the characters of suspicious persons on his beat, dead dogs, cats and other animals on their beats, cases of destitution, plugged up key-holes of alarm-boxes, robberies, thefts and accidents, and besides keeping their eyes open for all these things have nearly every day special matters to look after.—Police Secretary in Globe-Democrat.

A Kind of Flax Harvester.

A Minnesota invention is a machine for pulling flax in the field—a kind of flax harvester working with opening and shutting hooks or grippers.

ABOUT PICTURE FRAMES.

AN IMPORTANT ELEMENT OF MURAL DECORATION.

A Self-Evident Fact That the Frame Should Fit the Picture—Appropriate and Artistic Designs—In Harmony with the General Effect.

We are not prepared to say that any picture gains in artistic value from its frame. Indeed, we believe that quite the contrary idea prevails among artists and connoisseurs. But pictures are generally regarded not only as works of art but of decoration as well, and as such require appropriate framing in order to individualize them, on the same principle that the beauty of any manner of wall decoration is greatly enhanced by the distinctive outline which separates an ornament from its ground. A soundly painted picture may be quite satisfactory viewed in the simplicity of the easel, but when placed upon the wall the case is widely different. It then becomes a decorative object, and requires a setting to render it agreeable to the eye.

It is a self-evident fact that the frame should fit the picture. It should be selected with judicious care in its relation to the work it surrounds. The elaborate finish of a gorgeous frame will but serve to show up the deficiencies of a simple sketch, while a mere strip of gilded bronzed wood around a completely finished picture is equally incongruous in effect. But put the plain, unpretentious wood around the sketch, and complete harmony is secured. The reason for this is plain: The frame should always be of secondary importance to the picture. It should not be of such a character as to attract the eye first, but in such keeping as to be noted merely as an accessory. Thus it is that the rich frame kills the sketch, while the ugliness of the plain frame is apparent before the beauty of the elaborate picture catches the attention.

AN ELEMENT OF MURAL DECORATION.

As we have said, frames constitute an important element of mural decoration. When they are of brilliant tones they impart a decided aspect of cheerfulness to an apartment; if of dark or subdued tints they afford a pleasing contrast to sparkling colors. But whether simple or elaborately ornamented, slender or massive, dark or light, they provide gratification only when appropriateness is secured in form, proportion and color.

Gold, which is the most general coating, has a softening and mellowing tendency, and may as a rule be employed with the most assurance of satisfactory effect. Every one has noticed how a gilded frame will brighten up a landscape, or water scene, and invest flowers with the appearance of blooming in the sunshine. These effects are the more apparent where the inner sides of the frame sweep down in concave form from a narrow rounded ridge. Good effects are also often obtained by the use of the flat bronzed frames which have of late years been much used. A band of color next the picture is frequently admissible with these frames. It is hardly necessary to say that however pleasing they may be as a setting to engravings, etchings, simple water-colors and the like, they are sadly out of place for the more pretentious painting.

It must be borne in mind that the surface colors of a frame should be in harmony with the general effect of the painting, and as pictures are frequently inspected by artificial light it is worth while to consider its influence upon the coloring of the frame. But, above all, remember that it is the picture and not the frame that is for show, and that if it properly supplements the picture it is enough. The observance of this rule will be found a sufficient preservative against any serious errors of taste.—Philadelphia Record.

Lunching De Lesseps at Southampton.

Southampton's farewell to the great excavator was in one respect a lamentable exhibition of bad breeding, thick-headedness, thick-skinnedness, and gaucherie all around. Mr. Mayor Coles and the local notables made no allowance for the fact that M. de Lesseps was no less innocent of English than they of French. This was inexcusable, considering the sympathetic admission which one of them had just been making in regard to the insufficiency of mongsoor's education. Yet for nearly two mortal hours they bombarded their distinguished but helpless guest with heavy artillery of ecclesiastical, parliamentary, and parochial topics, which would not have interested him in the smallest degree even had he been proficient in the insular vernacular. What would he have cared for "the bishop and clergy of the diocese and ministers of all denominations?"

As far as poor De Lesseps was concerned, the notables might have been talking in Choctaw, and about the party fidelities and tergiversations of the house of Chingagook. The plucky little man stood it bravely. He gazed slowly around at the hilarious assemblage with a half expression of amused curiosity. He fixed his elbows on the arms of his chair and contemplated his shoe points. He took up his glass, sipped it, put it down, fumbled with his curedent what time he gazed at the ceiling—in a brown study, as if he thought with the nude navvies of Panama, and not with the conscript fathers of Southampton in their spangles and feathers. Luckily for M. De Lesseps, he had in Lord Montagu a right-hand neighbor who spoke French. In justice to the Southampton fathers, it must be said that the luncheon was a magnificent triumph in the art of cookery, and the wines were worthy of the "wittles." It was the oratory that was all wrong.—London World.

A Warning to Wheezing Humanity.

"Gough drobs, five ceds a backidge! Greatest thig id the world for a gold id the 'ed? Odely five ceds a backidge!"

A red-nosed, watery-eyed man, with a flannel muffler around his neck, stood on the corner the other morning offering cough drops for sale.

"Why don't you take some yourself?" asked the reporter. "You seem to be pretty well stopped up in the head."

"The bad I worg for wode led be," was the reply.

"What, won't let you take the medicine you sell to others?"

"Doe, sir. He pays be eggstra dot to dake ady."

"What for?"

"Oh," was the answer, "so I cad stad oud here as a horrible eggsable!"—Philadelphia News.

How a Woman Pays Her Car Fare.

Said the conductor, "when a lady takes her seat in the car she rests her sachel on her knees, opens it and takes from it a handkerchief and closes the satchel. Suddenly she reopens it, takes from it her purse, again closes the sachel, opens the purse, takes from it a dime, then closes it and returns it to the sachel, which she again closes. As soon as she receives a nickel in change she reopens the sachel, takes out the purse, closes the sachel, opens the purse, drops in the coin, and after snapping her purse once more opens the sachel and drops the purse into it, after which she sits back with a self-satisfied air, and rides to her destination.—San Francisco Call.

A Directory for Street Beggars.

The last Parisian publication which has been seized by order of the prefect of police is neither a naturalist novel nor an anarchist pamphlet, but a simple directory. It is one of a very special kind, as it only gives the names of those of the inhabitants of the city who are noted for their philanthropic disposition and their readiness to relieve distress. The compiler turns out to be a well-known street beggar, who thus puts into methodical shape, for the benefit of the younger members of the profession, the information which he has amassed in the course of his long career.—Boston Transcript.

Two Hundred Pictures for a Lottery.

Rosa Bonheur, Meissonier, Gerome, and many more prominent French artists, have contributed 200 pictures for a lottery, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the erection of a monument at Nancy to Claude Lorraine.—Inter Ocean.

BILL NYE'S LETTER.

HIS REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS WHO SEEK ENLIGHTENMENT.

Confucius a Humorist—Essentially a Self-Made Man—Remarks Upon His Death—Concerning the Halo—"German Self-Taught"—Not a Linguist.

Young Historian—Confucius was the Latinized name of a king of Chinese humorists whose name was really Kaing-fu-tse. This name translated means Reverend Master King. He was a great man, and many of his sayings have been embalmed in history and handed down to the present time. His style of humor was of the profound variety, but his style of penmanship was like that of F. E. Spinner, who did some paragraph work at one time for the treasury department. Confucius is said to have been a kind of Chinese Moses, and people who knew both of these gentlemen say that they had many strong personal characteristics in common.

He was born in Loo on June 19, 551 B. C., and when he went back there once to lecture, after he had become a great man, he had only $7.50 in the house. His old neighbors said that he had been very much overestimated, and that they knew him when he was a boy.

Confucius lost his father at the age of 3 years, and so had to rustle for himself, as he says. He was essentially a self-made man, and never wore suspenders, even in the best society. He wore a style of dress which has since become very popular in China, consisting of wide pantaloon and oolong cutaway coat. His complexion was a little on the yellow order, and his eyes were similar to each other, though a little inclined to sag at one corner. He became a school-teacher in the graded school at Loo, and carried cold fried pork and rat sandwiches for his dinner.

Confucius was a great man and the leading humorist of his day. He published a small paper at one time, doing all the typographical work himself with a marking brush. His signature was a marvel of individuality and looked like the footprints of a kangaroo that had been scared out of a mudhole and lit on a pillow-sham.

But death has claimed him. Like the man who had done his chores and ejected the cat and blown out the gas, he lay down to enter into the dreamless sleep which comes alone to those who have done their work well. Not in the midst of clashing arms, beneath the clouds of war, amid the shouts of victory and frantic yells of defeat; not on the rough frontier with his boots on, or in the hospital chased by the phantoms of delirium tremens, but in a calm and dispassionate manner, Confucius accepted his doom. The Chinese papers very truthfully said: "His death has cast a gloom over our land and filled a long felt want."

REPLIES TO OTHER INQUIRIES.

James—The halo which you say you see in so many pictures is not worn at the present time anywhere, especially in this climate. In the early history of the world people went bareheaded, then they began to wear the halo, and after that gradually adopted the laurel-wreath, and later on the plug hat.

People seem to have grown less and less robust as the country grew older and civilization advanced farther and farther. A cherub would fly for days with a pair of light summer wings and never feel the cold, but gradually people began to leave their measure at the orchard for fig-leaf clothes, and then the next jump was chest-protectors and fur overcoats. It's all habit.

O'Rourke—"German Self-Taught" will cost you 25 cents. You could then learn a style of German that would aid you in absorbing beer but you couldn't enter the best society in Germany and entertain a lagging sociable very well. Still, most young people in the United States who learn German do so not so much for the purpose of conversing with other Germans but mostly in order to astonish their parents who do not generally speak German fluently. Nothing can be more entertaining in a family than an accomplished young lady who can toy with eleven German words, and who insists on doing so in the presence of self-made men. If you want to please a self-made man talk to him freely in your cigar-box Spanish or mangle-wurzel, kindergarten German. It will generally tickle him almost to death. It is also very entertaining to a real German. I do not speak the German language myself. That is, not with a pure accent. People who heard me talk it would discover at once that I was not a native of Germany. I am not a linguist in the strictist sense of the term. I have tried it some, but I find that I can be sufficiently dull in my own language.—Bill Nye in Chicago News.

The Right Hand and the Left.

Some of the facts connected with right and left are curious and interesting. If one offers the right hand to an European adult, the propensity to extend the right hand in return is so strong as to be almost a reflex action. A Bokhara sheik, who suspected Wolff of being a Frank, applied the test of offering him his hand; fortunately for himself, Wolff did not grasp the hand, but responded with a salaam in correct Oriental fashion. But in children this propensity is either not yet developed, or else is overcome by an innate law of least action.

I have tried the experiment of offering my right hand to scores of little children; they invariably give the left, which is nearest, and do not cross the right hand over. If I offer my left they return the right, again swayed by the law of least action. In sliding on ice, my schoolfellows used to put the right foot forward almost invariably. Though the word Benjamin means Son of a Right Hand, yet the tribe seems to be notoriously left-handed. The name may have been euphemistic, like Euonumos and Aristera. Von Miklucho Maclay says the Papuans are always left-handed. I should very much like to know something about the Papuan innominate.—British Medical Journal.

A Trait of the Human Mind.

The other day a journalist sat before Brother Moody, writing a brief long-hand report of the sermon. A young lady, overcome with curiosity, made bold to ask how it could be possible the reporter could take down in short-hand the speech of a man who spoke with the impetuosity of Brother Moody. The scribe explained to his charming questioner that he was merely writing in long-hand. Ah! that explained all. The young lady settled back to catch the thread of the tale Brother Moody was rattling off. Three hundred words a minute, fully written out, of the hardest stuff to report—that was natural and practicable. The wonder was how any one could do it in short-hand. This trait of the human mind to accept the impossible as a matter of course and to view the familiar or practicable with an eagle-eyed suspicion, is what fattens mountebanks and breeds charlatans.—The Current.

A Reply That Wasn't Printed.

A patent medicine manufacturer, having sent to the wife of a prominent Newport, Ky., man a bottle of his medicine for trial, after a suitable length of time had passed wrote him as to wit:

DEAR SIR—Please write over your own signature what effect the medicine had on your wife.

The reply was as to wit: "She only took one dose of it, and it nearly killed her. Another would have had the desired effect, but I couldn't get her to take any more;" and though the man signed his name in full to his reply, for some reason or other it was never printed in any paper by the patent medicine man.—Kentucky State Journal.

A Weak Point in Human Nature.

If you want to please a man just slap him on the back after he has delivered himself of some commonplace observation and say, "What a cynic you are!" Unless he is very much unlike the rest of mankind, you can borrow $5 from him right off with impunity.—Somerville Journal.

A "young lady" advertises in a New York morning paper for a situation to "clean and sweep out offices."

TERRESTRIAL HEAT.

AN ENGLISH SCIENTIST TELLS HOW IT MAY BE UTILIZED.

The Earth Likely to Go the Frigid Way of the Moon—Boring for Hot Water—Heat Constantly on Tap in Every Household—A Great Scheme Suggested.

Geologists and astronomers inform us that this earth upon which we live, move, and have a being is in a transition state. A few million years ago, more or less, it was "all aglow," as some of the heavenly bodies are presumed to be at present. After a time it began to cool down till the temperature allowed salamanders and similar creatures to exist on its surface. Finally the fires got so low both in situation and degree of intensity that ordinary animals, including man, could live very comfortably upon it. Recently they began to feel uncomfortable on account of lack of sufficient heat. According to the theory of these very wise men, the future is not very promising in respect to temperature. They state that the earth, which was once as warm as the sun, will "eventually, if not sooner," become as cold as the moon, which is declared to be a played-out planet, destitute of heat and probably without water or even air. Some state that it is simply a compact mass of ashes, good for nothing except to reflect the light of the sun.

This earth is gradually cooling down. It is pretty cool in some places now, especially on the tops of high mountains and in the regions visited by Arctic explorers. The interior, however, the scientists state, is still a molten mass capable of affording sufficient heat to all the creatures that live on the surface of it. They live on a burned crust of variable thickness. In some places, as in the vicinity of volcanoes, it is quite thin, and people derive considerable benefit from the fires that rage beneath them. In other places, however, the crust is so thick that the people suffer from the cold. This crust is constantly becoming thicker, and in process of time, it is believed, will become permanently frozen.

A scientific sharp in England, who has a practical turn of mind, asks: "Why not utilize the great amount of terrestrial heat that is beneath our feet for the purpose of warming our dwellings, cooking our food, and running our engines?" He states that the Americans have obtained oil by sinking deep wells into the reservoirs that contain it. They have also obtained gas by the same means. In portions of the world where the crust is quite thin there are hot springs. In some places the water of these springs is at a boiling temperature. At Pesth and Paris the water is quite warm. At the former place it is proposed to continue the borings till boiling water is reached. This boiling water will be used to warm dwellings and green-houses, for washing clothes, and for various other purposes, and the steam issuing from the same well will be employed for running engines.

In the opinion of this man, boiling water can be obtained by sinking wells to the distance of about 10,000 feet. If you want heat that will burn brick, roast beef, and melt iron, you must go deeper for it. That there are stores of heat of any desired degree all ready to be tapped, every geologist is ready to admit. It is conceded that it will cost considerable to bore a well several miles deep, but everyone can see that it would be very profitable when completed. The cost of fuel is now very great, and many people suffer for the lack of something to burn. With a constant supply of hot water in every house the expense of living would be greatly reduced. This distribution of hot water would put an end to most of our present labor troubles, as there would be no more work for coal-miners, coke-burners, or stovemakers. Forests would soon re-establish themselves all over the country, and our coal merchants could retire on the fortunes they have amassed.

It is recommended that every great city in the world undertake the boring of one or more wells for the purpose of supplying boiling water. In this city the revenue derived from the sale of "fire-water" might be used for the purpose of sinking wells for obtaining boiling water. Our municipal authorities may frown on the scheme as fanciful, and declare that "there is no money in it," but they may rest assured that "there is millions in it."—Chicago Tribune.

Dog Worship in San Francisco.

Dog worship in San Francisco has been brought to the most sacred heights. That is to say, it has been brought to the heights of exclusive society. In other cities of the world—not all others but some others—this adoration of the canine species is confined to those fascinating ladies who comprise the "half world." To them alone is confined the outward demonstrations of tenderness, the jealous care of these precious pets, and the custom of hiring a bonne in cap and apron to tend to their snarling wants and gratify their growling caprices.

In San Francisco, it is ladies of unimpeachable position who indulge small terriers or dote on pugs. They take them shopping under one arm, balanced by a long smelling bottle in the other hand, or send them forth under the charge of a colored coachman to take the morning air. They are fed on especial dishes, from particular platters; they are painted in oil and hung on the walls of their mistresses bed chambers; they are over fed, spoiled, pampered, petted, ill smelling, nasty little nuisances, and they have the one virtue of dying early, when they are usually buried in the family lot at Lone Mountain.—San Francisco News Letter.

The Chinese Do Not Eat Rats.

A young lady interested to the Chinese Sunday-school connected with Emmanuel church writes that "the Chinese feel very much aggrieved at the popular idea that they eat rats." A few days ago an intelligent Chinaman, who has lived in this country for a number of years, spoke of the annoyance, and said he would like every one to know "that the Chinese do not eat rats but squirrels." The popular delusion that rats constitute a great article of diet among the Chihese is due no doubt to the fact that a school-reader which was formerly in use, and may be now, contained a picture of a Chinaman having upon his shoulder a bamboo rod from which are suspended, by their tails, a number of rats. In the reading beneath the picture it is stated that in China rats are eaten. The Chinamen in this city are in the main a very cleanly folk in their attire and homes, and their food appears to be chiefly rice, which is a cheap though very wholesome article.—Baltimore Sun.

Samples of French Humor.

IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

A countryman goes to the railroad depot: "Give me a ticket."

"For what place?"

"That's none of your business!"

INDEPENDENCE.

A husband who had incurred the anger of his wife, a terrible virago, seeks refuge under the bed.

"Come out of that, you brigand, you rascal, you assassin!" screamed his gentle companion.

"No, madame," he replied, calmly, "I won't come out. I am going to show you that I shall do as I please in my own house."—Paris paper.

A Striking Resemblance.

Wife—Can you tell me, my dear, why a widower is like a young baby?

Husband — H—m—er—because—because—

Wife—The first six months he cries a good deal, the second six months he begins to take notice, and he always experiences great difficulty in getting safely through his second summer.—Life.

Profit in the Choir.

"Rufus, wuz yer to de chu'ch dis mornin'?"

"Dat's jist where I wuz, Clem."

"I hope yo' drawed in much profit from de sarbice, Rufus."

"What yo' mean, sah! Jus' yo' take notis Mr. Clem, dat w'en we play keerds in de quiah during sarbice we jus' play for 'musement, an' nuffin' mo'."—Texas Siftings.

THE LIFE OF A RANGER.

MONOTONOUS IN CAMP, BUT LIVELY ENOUGH ON THE TRAILS.

An Existence of Hardship, Privation and Danger—When an Alarm Is Given—Falling Into Line—Rations and Camp Equipage—Chasing the Enemy.

The rangers are nearly all young men and every state in the Union is represented in their ranks. Many of them are trained and practiced plainsmen. The pay of a private is $30 per month, rations and medical attendance for himself and forage for his horse. A corporal gets $35 per month, a second sergeant $40, a first sergeant $50, a lieutenant $75 and a captain $100. The men are required to furnish their own horse, saddle, bridle, blankets, clothing, a Winchester rifle, a Colt's revolver, a hunting-knife and the necessary belts and equipments. The state furnishes tents, pack-animals and ammunition. The men enlist for the term of one year, but they can usually obtain a discharge at any time if they can give a good and sufficient reason therefor to the commanding officer.

A RANGER'S UNROMANTIC LIFE.

There is absolutely no romance in the life of a ranger. His existence is one of dull routine in camp, hardship, privation and danger on the trail. The rangers are not bound down by such strict discipline as prevails in the regular army, for the men are too independent and risk their lives too unselfishly to be hampered by the stilted martinetism which makes the life of a private in the regular army little better than slavery. The scouts are held together by a mutual dependence each upon the other, and when in camp rarely have quarrels among themselves or break the few rules that are laid down for their guidance. When I was connected with the rangers our principal employment was hunting Indians, and when in an Indian country no man was allowed to leave camp night or day without permission from the commanding officer, and no one was allowed to fire a gun or pistol within one mile of camp without permission. The men are frequently granted furloughs from reveille to retreat, but they can come in later if they give a good excuse for their absence.

No card playing is allowed in camp, and drunkenness is punished by a dishonorable discharge. A discharge for the violation of these two rules, however, does not debar a man from re-enlistment in the service, but if he is discharged for cowardice he can never become a ranger again. The men have no drills to attend, and there is only one inspection a year. They are divided into messes and do their own cooking. There are two guards detailed every morning. The first or principal guard, consisting of four men, has charge of the horses during the day, when they are turned loose to graze. Two men "circle" the herd in the morning and two in the afternoon. They are not allowed to take the horses more than a mile from camp and at the first intimation of danger are required to "round up" the animals and stampede them back to the corral, at the same time discharging their rifles to alarm their companions in camp.

When an alarm of this sort is given the entire force turns out under arms and as soon as the herd reaches the corral each man is expected to catch saddle and mount his horse. If the cause of the stampede proves to be an Indian attack, the men sally forth to meet the red men. The night guard is a camp patrol of four men, who stand reliefs of two and one-half hours each. In case of danger the camp is alarmed as when attacked by day. So nicely trained is the ear of a ranger that, no matter how soundly he may be sleeping, a single shot from the guard will arouse him, and I have known a company of seventy-five scouts to be in line dressed and armed for a fight, two minutes after the alarm shot was fired.

IN SEARCH OF INDIAN SIGNS.

The ranger is rarely happy in camp and longs to be on the trail, despite the danger and privations which he knows he will meet. Suddenly a scout, who has been coursing the country in search of Indian signs, comes riding into camp at a gallop and hastily dismounts in front of the commanding officer's tent. The Apaches are on the war path. He makes his report to the commanding officer and the men fall into line. A detail is made to pursue the red enemy. Rations for a five, ten, twenty, or thirty days' scout, as the case may be, are issued, and the men break ranks to prepare for the coming campaign. In the meantime a man has been dispatched to the herd, and soon the animals come galloping into camp. The men who have been detailed for the scout catch their horses and a sufficient number of pack mules. The balance of the herd goes slowly back to the feeding-ground, and the men who are to remain in camp return to their letter-writing or reading with sighs of regret.

The detailed scouts are very busy. The rations are placed in sacks together with a sufficient number of skillets, frying-pans and coffee-pots, and are packed on the mules. Each man carries a tin cup on his saddle and a hunting-knife in his belt. On the trail the ranger carries sixty rounds of ammunition for his rifle and thirty rounds for his revolver. He places one pair of blankets and his overcoat on the pack mule. His "slicker," a long coat made of oiled canvas, is tied behind his saddle. On the right side of the saddle-horn he slings his Winchester rifle scabbard, and from the left side hangs his canteen and stake-rope. In his saddle-pockets he carries a supply of tobacco, occasionally a book or newspaper, some horse shoe nails, pack thread and a little case containing absorbent cotton, bandages, a torniqut, a level, some adhesive plaster and a few simple remedies.

In a half hour after the alarm is sounded the scouting party is ready to take up the trail. Led by the man who first discovered the Indian sign, they ride rapidly to the place where the redmen have passed and the scout begins. During the daytime no halt is made. With the tireless persistence of sleuth hounds they follow the trail of the enemy across llano and mesa, over mountain and through canyon, until finally, after days of weary search, the haunt of the redmen is reached, their camp is quietly surrounded, and when all is ready the scouts dash down upon the unsuspecting foe with a loud cheer. There are wild shouts, terrified screams, a deafening crash of firearms, moans of pain and despairing death-cries. High above all is heard a wild cheer of victory, as the daring men, smoke-begrimed and bloodstained, count the bodies of the slain and prepare to tear from the heads of the dead foe those ghastly trophies of ranger conquest—scalps.—New Mexico Cor. Philadelphia Times.

No Matter Which Governor.

Stories of Fannie Smith Rice, the woman who was shot in St. Paul the other day by the husband she had deserted, are as plenty in society as apples in autumn. The most amazing escapade that is narrated of her in Albany is that she once frightened a governor into signing a bill in which she took an interest. She had called on him two or three times, and he had treated her lightly and chaffingly, as a busy man might treat a spoiled child. Suddenly during her last visit she is said to have flung herself in his lap, with an arm around his neck.

"Now, governor," she said, "I'll give you one minute in which to sign that bill. Of course I do not need to tell you what would happen should anyone happen in here and see me seated thus."

The governor signed the bill. He is alive now, and no good could come of saying which governor it was.—N.Y. Letter Cin. Enquirer.

About Tea and Coffee Drinkers.

I see it is stated that while Englishmen drink five times as much tea as coffee, Americans drink eight times as much coffee as tea. This is in a great measure due to the coffee that is sold in the United States, being less adulterated than ours. To a certain extent it may also be accounted for by the fact that Americans are richer than we are, for there are a good many more cups in a shilling's worth of tea than in a shilling's worth of coffee.—London Truth.

LEARNING TO BE ARTISTS.

A FEW RANDOM SKETCHES TAKEN IN THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE.

Something About Models and the Queer Expressions that Become Second Nature to Their Faces—The Charm of a Studio—Old Man Business.

It isn't everybody that can join the Art Students' league. You have to know something—and a good deal—of art subjects before the privilege of working under these instructors is given you. The league is an offshoot from the old Academy of Design. Some of the younger and the more advanced artists of the academy broke away from their old shool and founded this new league. If you want to study under good tutelage, so as to make the most of your talent, you join the league. That is, if the league will have you. The examination once passed you are put through a regular course of study, rising every six months to higher things. And all the while, if you really care for your work, you are having a good time and can wear an apron as coquettish as the one in the picture above. Not only that, but you can go without bangs and wear the oldest hat in your collection or do lots of queer things, and everybody will excuse the departure from the conventional and say how becomingly original you are in dress and envy your artistic taste, wishing they could go and do likewise. So much if you are a woman. If you happen to be a male student you have the privilege of resting, hemmed in by a bevy of nice girls.

MONOTONY OF THE MODEL'S WORK.

The models do not have quite so much fun. Their business smacks of trade and is not as wildly exciting as one might wish. At times there is even a touch of the monotonous about it. To stand for ten minutes in an Ajax-defying-the-lightning position, then rest for a moment and then jump back into the Ajax attitude is not as thrillingly interesting as it sounds. One queer feature about nearly all models who have been in the business a year or more is interesting. The expressions of their faces become as set as an eight-day clock. Take the interesting young woman who does the Merry-Little-Mountain-Maid act for the students. She has sat so long for them and so often in an Alpine hat, with an expression of virgin innocence spread over her countenance like cold cream on the chapped face of a city belle at night, that in off-duty hours she goes about with her mouth half open, as if a genuine Swiss yodel was in the very act of escaping from the parted lips. And when she stops to talk for a moment she stands with her head thrown back and a startled fear in her big eyes, as if she were a chamois poised on some jutting crag away up the mountain, listening to the hunter's horn. It is all a trick, but it is a trick done so often that it soon becomes a real part of the girl's personality. When she gets into a prosaic street car she does it with an air of romantic innocence and and half-frightened country coyness that always secures her a seat, no matter how great the crowd.

There is the kind of artist that usually devotes his entire attention to painting merry little mountain maids and that sort of antique bric-a-brac. He doesn't go about with a sign on his breast like the blind beggar, saying, "I am an artist," but he might as well do so, for his dress tells every one of the glad tidings his long hair and Van Dyke beard, not to speak of his clothes and the portfolio he carries, are so loudly artistic that they fairly shout the news at you. Even the blind beggar could tell by the loud tone that the passer-by was an old-school artist, with a tinge of half romantic, half beery Bohemianism in him. One by one this style of artist is passing from us and soon the race will be extinct outside the covers of the summer novel.

AN ANGEL—"YEARNING"—OLD MAN.

Here a dear little model is young, she knows it, and will probably never recover from the affliction of extreme youth. When a darling little creature of 8 years, with hair made of spring sunshine spun into threads of gold, begins to sit for pictures of angel children, the idea that she is young becomes a part of her nature. Just as Lotta began playing children's parts on the stage twenty years ago and has never been able since to quite convince herself that she is out of her teens, so this little creature will grow up to grandmotherhood in the firm belief that her hair is still a good match for corn silk and that if it were not for rheumatism she would like to get down on her knees and build block houses on the carpet.

Nearly all young artists like to have a model set for them. She has been in the business for five years and has trained her eyes so that they can express undying devotion, while she is calmly thinking out the best kind of trimming to put on her new winter sacque. She represents "yearning;" just what she is yearning for no one knows. Everybody that paints her tries to catch this expression and every one labels it differently. That rara avis, an artist with a religious turn, will picture her kneeling in virgin white, and call his work "Faith;" another will have the same eyes staring out across autumn fields and will write "Hopeless Love" beneath the picture; a third will have her looking across a sailless sea, and when you read the catalogue his picture will bear the record, "He Cometh Not, She said," and she of the yearning eyes goes on yearning at the rate of $1.75 an hour and learns the trick from the artist of painting her slippers blue or pink, to correspond with her dress when she goes to the French ball.

The model who does the old man business, and whose picture we all have so often seen marked "Lear," or "Winter" or "Grandfather," is the most natural of all. He is old because he can't help himself, and the lines that time and care and worrying over artists have chiselled into his face are genuine enough. An artist with a keen eye caught him wandering about the streets one night, and struck by the wrinkled countenance tried him. He did so well that he became a regular stock artist, and now everybody that paints knows him as well as they know Ivory Black or Rose Mather.—New York World.

A Big Item for "Glass" Alone.

Not long ago a gentleman, prominent in New York society and well-known in Boston, gave, on the eve of his marriage, a dinner at Delmonico's to eight or ten of his bachelor friends. The item for "glass" alone on his bill was more than $200. Each wine-glass and tumbler, after it was once used, was thrown over the shoulder on the floor and another taken, so the pile of broken glasses surrounding the table when the dinner was over may be easily imagined.—The Argonaut.

Where Ignorance is Bliss, Etc.

Mrs. Knicklehausen—Fraulien, you remember dot poy, Yacub, of mine, vot used to pe so pat und chead mit dose dree card monte, und blay dot boker kame—und all dose tings!

Mrs. Vanderberg—Yes. Katrine.

Mrs. K.—Vell, he vent ouit vest lately, und has revormed und settled down in the fish bizness.

Mrs. V.—Indeed!

Mrs. K.—Yaw. His fader got a letter vrom him last veek saying he vas "gatching lots oof suckers." Ve vos glat he vos gif oop his old vicket habits.—Chicago Rambler.

She Had a Real Good Time.

"Did you go to the Tibbons party the other night, Mrs. Prinkley?" inquired one woman of another in the jam at a millinery store.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, with eyes fairly snapping with delight.

"Have a good time?"

"Yes, I had a splendid time. The Twomley girls were there, you know, and they didn't have on a thing fit to be seen, while everybody said my new dress was just too lovely for anything. Isn't this delicious weather?"—Chicago Ledger.

A Smaller Tunnel for Ventilation.

Alongside the main Mersey tunnel a smaller one, seven feet in diameter, is carried. This exists solely for the sake of ventilating the larger one, and out of it the air is sucked by exhaust fans with such force that it is said the whole body of the atmosphere is changed every seven minutes.—Foreign Letter.

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WILD HOG OF SAN JOAQUIN

OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN, AND SAFER TO TRAP THAN TO HUNT.

Entrapped Through a Partiality to Barley—Caught by Means of a Deadfall—An Army of Wild Hogs and a Wolf at Bay—A Surprise.

"I dont know whether they do it any more out there or not," said a former resident of California now in this city, "but when I lived in San Joaquin county we used to have more fun than a house afire at the quiet little pastime of trapping wild hogs. No one ever seemed to know exactly where the wild hogs of the San Joaquin tule lands came from, but there they are, at least there they were ten years ago. They probably originated from some runaway domestic stock. These wild hogs were so shy that it was rare that any one ever got a glimpse of one, and then it would be only by accident. They held themselves entirely aloof from civilization, and it was only by strategy that they could be captured. This is the way we used to do it:

A LIBERAL TRAIN OF BARLEY.

"It was no trouble to find where a drove of hogs was feeding, for they left abundant evidences of their presence. I never knew who first found out that they were partial to barley, but they were, and for that reason we thought that it was more than likely that the original stock was escaped distillery-fed swine. Anyhow, some one discovered that if there was anything a San Joaquin wild hog would risk his all for it was barley, and so we took advantage of the discovery and went to tempting the wild hog to his destruction. The first step in the conspiracy against him was the building of a corral, or pen, big enough to hold a dozen hogs or so. In one side of the pen a heavy drop-gate was set, which was raised up and held in position by a rope that extended to the side opposite. The rope was held taut by being fastened to a sort of figure-four drop, which the slightest touch would spring. The corral was placed on the trail of a drove of hogs.

"The next step was to lay a liberal train of barley from the gate of the corral some distance from it along the trail. Barley was scattered about inside the pen, thickest about the gate, and gradually thinned down as the deadfall was approached. As soon as the hogs struck the trail of barley they followed it up, crowding and pushing, and each one trying to get the biggest share, I suppose, just as natural as tame hogs. When they reached the gate in they rushed, the first one stopping where the barley lay thickest, until they were crowded further in by the squealing, greedy lot behind. It was only a matter of a few seconds before some one of the leaders had to be jammed up against the deadfall. That settled it. Down would come the heavy gate, and there would usually be a dead hog or two in under it, and a dozen of choice fat porkers inside. The old fellows we butchered with rifle balls on the spot. If there were any young pigs in the corral we lassoed them and took them home for future reference.

"I never saw a drove of wild hogs loose but once, and from what I saw of them and their methods then I was satisfied to hunt them with barley-baited corrals, and leave the free and open chase to some one else. I was out shooting birds one day, and as I was passing through a dense thicket to get to an open where I expected good sport I heard the unmistakable snorting and tusk-grinding of wild hogs. I thought some one had a corral set near by, and had got the drop on some hogs as usual. I drew toward the edge of the thicket, and then it seemed to me that the snorting was too voluminous and the grinding too far-reaching and penetrating to be made by a dozen penned-up porkers, but I kept on. When I reached the edge of the thicket I peered out into the open. Well, that's all I did. I had no desire to proceed further.

THE WILD HOGS AND THE WOLF.

"Such a sight I never saw before nor since. I think there must have been 1,000 wild hogs, of all sizes ages and sexes, congregrated in that open. They huddled together like freemen at an out-door ward meeting. Each and every individual hog was mad—very mad. Their bristles stood up all the way from their ears half way down their backs. Froth flew about in that undulating mass like foam on a storm-lashed coast. Rage gleamed from every eye, and voiced itself in every snort. I stood there, peering out on the extraordinary scene, wishing myself ten miles away, and not daring to move, for fear the furious mob of hogs would detect me and parcel me up among them. It was five minutes before I discovered what was the cause of this turbulent gathering and the object of its fury, when I saw, in the midst of the wild concourse, a poor, lean, and haggard wolf, gathered together on the top of a stump, just beyond the reach of the biggest boar in the drove, and with the most abject look of terror on his face that it was possible to express. I don't know what the wolf had done to bring this avenging army of hogs down upon him. But there was this vulpine, unfortunate, trembling, and haggard, perched on a pinnacle barely large enough to give room for his four feet, gazing out over this waving sea of upturned tusks. He was a cowardly, thieving wolf, but I felt sorry for him.

"The hogs never let that wolf rest a second. Some big fellow would lift himself up against the stump on one side, with a snort like a thunderclap, and quick as a flash the wolf would turn his face that way. Then another long-tusked brute would jump up and let go a howl, and around the wolf would go toward him like a flash. And so it went all around the stump, and it was a wonder to me how that terrorized wolf managed to keep his footing on the stump at all. By and by I got tired watching the proceedings, and I thought I would try an experiment. I raised my gun and fired in the air. That was the climax. The wolf hadn't calculated on that. With the report of the gun he lost his presence of mind. He leaped ten feet in the air and came down twenty feet away. A thousand upraised tusks were ready to receive him. There was one wild yell. Then pieces of wolf filled the air a second, and the vengeance of the wild hog was complete."—New York Sun.

A Failure.

At a negro baptizing the other day old Flat Foot Dan, who, having renounced the world, the flesh and the devil, was a candidate for salvation, came forward and applied for a cleansing dip. The preacher, a very small man, took Dan straightway down into the water. Dan, with his mind fixed on things not of this earth, did not observe that he was taking the preacher beyond his depth. Dan did not feel the gentle hand of restraint, neither did he hear the warning voice, but he heard a shout which the terrified congregation sent up. Looking around, and not seeing the preacher, Dan, in surprise, exclaimed:

"Look heah, whar dat preacher?"

"Under the water!" some one shouted.

"Wall," said Dan, "reckon I'd better come out an' set down on de bank tell de genner-man gits ready."

The preacher was rescued. After he had revived he told Dan that he was again ready to lead him down into the water.

"No, I reckon not, parson. Thinks I'll hab ter be soused by er big man. Dis little salvation, I'se erfeered, woan go fur ernuff. Yer kain' take me out whar it's deep ernuff ter do me no good. I'se dun er heap er debilment an' I wants ter be soused under sho nuff.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Safes Guarded by Electricity.

Small iron safes for jewelry and other valuables are said now to be made so that a secret charge of electricity prevents burglars from either carrying them off or from breaking the current.

Coons for the New York Market.

A coonery has been established in Edenville, in Orange county, N. J. The business will consist in breeding and raising coons for the markets of New York city.—Chicago Journal.

There were more miles of railroads laid in Missouri last year than in any other state.