GENERATION AFTER GENERATION.

The Pedigree of Immorality—Physical Inheritance of Posterity—A Thought.

Heredity is one of the most absorbing and fruitful studies of the day. Statistics will bear us out in saying that a large proportion of those on whose course of life the world makes its strictures get their especial qualities by inheritance. Take a pedigree of licentiousness such as that set forth in that remarkable little book, "The Jukes;" it would be sheer folly to expect anything but the grossest immorality of conduct from the family. Lapses from sobriety in the highest circles of society will always occur, and these are really the most painful cases. But they are the exceptions. Nine-tenths of those upon whom the stigma of drunkard can be placed come from the lowest, or at least the lower, circles, and from parents who transmit to them their proclivity for drink. We may even go further and say that the poverty-stricken, the ignorant, the depraved, are little if anything more than a direct transmission of primitive serfdom.

With slight differences of name and circumstances this is true all over the world. This class of people for generation after generation have been born, have grown up, and have died in the same social status. Their condition of heart and mind has become not so much an intellectual and moral issue as a physical issue. There is more truth in the old principle of royal blood than many Democratic communities would acknowledge. The spirituality of a Channing, the logical clearness of a James Stuart Mill, the inventive genius of an Edison is just as much a matter of physical transmission as is the love of whisky, the penchant for lager beer, or the bent for ingenious devices. Heredity is an established fact that no man can afford to ignore. The altruistic impulse to look out for the physical inheritance of posterity is one of the most Christian as it is one of the most scientific. There is nothing doubtful about its principles. They are matters of stern, harsh reality.

The intimate connection between mind and body makes it a difficult thing to tell at what point or in how large a degree the wrong thought, word, and deed, or the beneficent thought, word and deed enters into the physical constitution and becomes a matter of physical transmission. But enter they certainly do, and that, too, in a marked degree. This thought is all too frequently forgotten. There is no theology, no depth of philosophy about it. But in the facts of heredity and transmitted influence there is a world of pain and pathos, or joy and benificence. If the selfish, niggardly, unwholesome parents scattered over Christendom were to realize deeply that by generation and transmitted influence they were peopling the world with selfish, niggardly, unwholesome children, who, in turn, beget after their kind, perhaps the higher morality at which church and state both aim, would receive a greater impetus than either church or state can give it. —Cor. Chicago Times.

HOW COFFEE AFFECTS PEOPLE.

One of the Most Powerful Drugs—A Cause of Heart Trouble—A Suggestion.

New York has a doctor of unusual brightness who has busied himself lately writing pithy and scholarly monograms on some of the baptized and indorsed evils of society. His latest manifesto is on "How Coffee Affects People;" and the aim of the paper is to show that coffee is one of the most powerful drugs in the list of medicines. The proof of its power as a drug is shown by the fact that it is used to a greater extent than any other as an antidote for poisons, both animal and vegetable. He urges that he does not desire to reach the ear of the public in general; but of those who have pains in the region of the heart, oppressed breathing and an irregular pulse; those who are exceedingly nervous and unable to sleep at night; those who have a full feeling, dizziness and pains of a neuralgic character in the head; who have nausea and sourness of the stomach without having transgressed the laws of life; who have pains in the liver, a yellow skin, with eyes of the same sort; and lastly, who have hemorrhoids.

If the doctor supposes he has left out one or two of all creation from this list he may be right, but he certainly is mowing a wide swath, and may honestly say he is after the ear of the public. To these he offers one suggestion. Omit coffee for a time, throw physic to the dogs, and find out if the trouble after all is not in the drug used as a beverage. In moderate doses coffee raises the blood pressure and accelerates the heart. Now, says the doctor, heart disease is in the main an easily prevented disease, and it is very frequently due to the excessive use of coffee. He enumerates several instances where he had called to prescribe and had found his patients given up to die, but there was really nothing the matter but the breakfast drug.

He wisely suggests that in this day of sudden deaths we are called upon to review our methods of eating and living in order to get at the cause or causes. "The heart and brain requires rest as well as other organs of the body." If the vessels in the brain are kept distended we have as a warning dizziness and pain, and if the warnings are unheeded, apoplexy. So with the heart. So short are its intervals of rest when beating at 72 to 84 that we can hardly conceive it. Add to this the stimulus that sends it up to 90 and we must produce disease. He concludes that for our regular meals and at evening parties we should substitute the simpler cocoa or bouillon and escape danger.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Shrewd Emperor of Brazil.

The emperor is one of the best friends the United States has. He copies everything good that is American. In fact, all Brazilians are beginning to adopt American customs instead of French, as used to be their way. The emperor is a shrewd old man, and there is little that goes on in his empire that he is not cognizant of. He is a great reader of newspapers, and is said to keep his ministers in perpetual activity by ordering investigations as to the truth of every newspaper article attacking a government official which he sees. The Republican party in Brazil is small but violent. The emperor, however, has a sure and safe way of controlling it. Whenever a man of brains appears in its ranks and threatens to become dangerous, what does the emperor do? Send him to the convict islands? Exile him from the country? Not at all. He makes him baron of some uninhabited waste with an unpronounceable name if he is rich, or gives him a government position if he is poor. Few are the Republicans in Brazil that a title or a fat office will not transmute into Conservatives.—Rio Janeiro Cor. New York Tribune.

Fascination of Phillips' Eloquence.

Nora Perry has written some reminiscences of Wendell Phillips in which she thus illustrates his power as a fascinator." In the old ante-slavery days a southerner, who was visiting Boston, said to a friend that he wanted to hear Wendell Phillips; that he had heard so much about him and his eloquence that he was curious to judge for himself. The friend, with some misgivings, took the southerner to Faneuil hall one night when Phillips was to hold forth upon his favorite topic. The southerner sat stolidly through it all, not an angry gleam apparent in his face, but looking at the orator with a fixed, concentrated attention that never wavered. At the end Boston leaned forward and asked: 'Well, what do you think of him!' Of course he must have offended your prejudices—you couldn't agree with what he said.' 'I don't care a —— what he says. I could listen to him all night,' was the unlooked for response."—Chicago Herald.

India's Moral and Material Progress.

A blue book has just been issued dealing with the moral and material progress of India, which is in effect nearly entirely made up of a series of admirably executed maps of the great eastern empire. There are about a dozen of these maps in it, showing, in succession, India divided from a meterological, a philological, an anthopological, a peismological, an agricultural, and other points of view. One map shows the localities in which the numerous famines of the past fifty years have occurred; another the present development of the railway system, and the third the military divisions of the country. Altogether a most complete Indian atlas is the result.—London Letter.

How Poor Mlle. Rose Sang in Death.

The well-known Felicien David kept a drum in his apartment, fastened by silver nails surrounded by a silver ribbon, on which was an inscription setting forth its history. The parchment—if it can be called so—of the instrument was the tanned skin of a young woman, by name Rose Gailon, once in the service of a medical friend of his. When a piano was played in the room strange music was evoked from this instrument; the skin, having been stretched on wood, became an harmonic table. It was a favorite diversion to him to hear poor Rose, though dead, still speak.—Paris Cor. Independent.

A Half a Million "Hellos."

It is estimated that 50,000 conversations take place over the wires in New York every twenty-four hours. For each message there must be at least five "hellos," which would make 250,000 "hellos" going over the wires daily.

A FINE CELLAR OF WINE.

Not long ago I went to pay a visit to a very old friend of my family, the Rev. Mr. Chantley, who had a living in one of those remote, old-world villages which are scattered along the coast of Norfolk.

I expected the very simplest of fare in the humble house of my friend, and my expectations, so far as fish, fowl, and flesh were concerned, were realized. But when I had tasted a glass of port I was so struck with the extraordinary fineness of its flavor, its body, and its bouquet, that I was obliged to ask him straightly where he managed to pick up such a treasure in these days of adulteration and high prices.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," he replied, "after you have visited my church."

The association of splendid port wine with an obscure Norfolk church seemed to me a little remote, but I knew from the old gentleman's manner that he had a story to tell, so I said no more.

Accordingly the next morning I accompanied him to the church. It was one of those spacious, imposing edifices so frequently to be seen in the eastern counties, built almost upon the verge of the sea. My host showed me a very old tomb with a battered canopy and some half-effaced escutcheons and much delicate tracery.

"Tomb of the first lord of the manor," explained my cicerone. "Name unknown, date unknown, but popularly called 'Sir Dick's slab.' There are lots of similar tombs about here as about everywhere. But you don't see anything extraordinary about the structure of the tomb itself? No? Well, I'm not surprised at it. But look here!"

So saying he placed his thumb on the top of the helmet surmounting the defaced coat of arms, and immediately the whole of the front of the tomb under the slab began to sink below the pavement, at the same time disclosing a dark vault, up which came that damp, earthy smell peculiar to crypts and charnel-houses. Then, stooping down and pressing the little stone helmet again, he caused the stone to ascend to its normal position.

Of course my curiosity was intensified, and I wanted to hear the story at once. But the old gentleman said:

"No, although it's not a long yarn, it can't very well be told as we are standing here; so we'll have it over another glass of that port to-night."

So, when we had drawn our chairs round the fire, and taken our first sips of the famous port, he began:

"I've been here nearly fifty years, and when I was first appointed there wasn't a hotter place in all England for smuggling—except, perhaps, Cornwall or Scotland or Romney marsh.

"I never saw my predecessor, for the very good reason that the living had been vacant for ten years previously for reasons which you shall hear presently. My surprise, therefore, may be imagined when, in the course of my inspection of the premises, I came upon a cellar filled with all sorts of wine and spirits. How it was that they had remained undiscovered and untouched during the ten years' interval between the departure of my predecessor I could not find out, until I took into my service as gardener an old fellow who told me what follows:

"The last rector, the Rev. Mr. Allport, was appointed here in 1812. Not many days after his arrival he came into the church for some purpose or other, and, discovering a curious old register in the vestry, took it into the parsonage pew, which stands exactly opposite Sir Dick's slab, to examine. Over the volume he fell asleep. When he awakened the church was quite dark, and, as it was midwinter, very cold. Of course he jumped up, amazed and not a littled awed at his position, for there was as much superstition in those days amongst educated folk as there is now amongst the lower classes. He was about to grope his way out of the pew, when he was arrested by an extraordinary noise which was not the sound of rats nor of the wind, but which seemed to be suppressed subterranean thunder.

"Suddenly he saw a faint ray of light where he knew was Sir Dick's slab. Brighter and broader it grew, and then, much to his relief, but still more to his astonishment, a human head appeared inside the tomb, followed by the remainder of a very big and burly human body, which was succeeded by more heads and bodies, until a group of half-a-dozen men stood on the pavement of the aisle.

"Smugglers of course they were, and now the poor parson was seized by a dread. The St. Edward's smugglers were notorious as a desperate crew. Many of them had been pressed for the French war, had escaped, and as there was a price on their heads, and their hands against every man's, they regarded desperate crimes as necessary incidents of their calling.

"They were evidently in high spirits, and mopped their brows as they sat, some on the tomb itself, some on the wooden seat near, passing round a big leathern jack of liquor, talking in an almost incomprehensible dialect, and even going so far as to light their pipes. The Rev. Mr. Allport was no coward when dealing with ordinary humanity, and, as he crouched in the pew, peering at the weird group through an opening in the curtains, he revolved in his mind what his next move should be.

"A notion struck him suddenly. The vestry was within a few yards of him, and he could get to it by a door at the other end of the pew. Silently and cautiously he groped his way along, and in a few minutes reappeared with a white surplice. Arranging it so that his face was completely shrouded, he seized the opportunity of a lull in the smugglers' talk, and, standing on a hussock, stretched out one sheeted arm and uttered a sepulchral groan.

"The effect was magical. These big, bearded fellows, who cared for no man, who faced danger with laughs of defiance, were seized with the most ludicrous panic, and tumbled head over heels through the opening in the tomb, leaving the church in utter darkness, and the parson master of the situation. The reverend gentleman, delighted beyond measure at the success of his move, lost no time in getting out of the church and home.

"He knew very well that it was as much as his life was worth not to keep silence about the discovery he had made. Curiosity, however, prompted him to see for himself what earthly object the smugglers could have in making a parish church their trysting-place. So, early the next morning, he let himself into the sacred edifice with his private key, with the intention of examining the tomb minutely. To all outward appearance it had not been disturbed since the day when the remains of "Sir Dick" were lowered into it. There was not a cranny in it wide enough to admit a man's finger, and the most vigorous blows with fist and foot failed to shake the slab in the smallest degree. Suddenly, as he was meditatively leaning on the stone helmet above the escutcheon, the slab slowly descended, and the secret was discovered. The parson squeezed himself into the small dark space, and scarcely had he done so, when the slab rose again to its normal position, and he felt himself dragged by a powerful hand down a flight of steps into utter darkness.

"He would have given a good deal to have been back at his rectory just then.

"Resistance was useless, so he passively followed, aware by the smell that he was amongst the chambers of the dead, stumbling against substances which rang out weirdly hollow, and more than once disturbing with his foot round objects which rolled away with a rattle suggestive of skulls.

"Suddenly a turn in the passage revealed a light, and a group of dark figures who greeted him with a derisive howl.

"'Parson,' said the leader, 'you made fools of us last night, and it was darned clever of you. But look here; we mean business. You've found out by accident what has been a secret for nearly a hundred years. This 'ere passage is cut clean through your buryin' ground, and as t'other end opens on the beach, it comes very handy to us, for the cleverest Preventive man on the coast, and that's Scorby West, of Sherringham, would no more think of lookin' for a runners' cellar in a graveyard than in a market-place. If you're mum about it, all right, and you shall have the finest cellar 'o wine in the kingdom; but if you split, as sure as you're a Holy Joe we'll do for you.'

"What could the poor man say? So he promised that no syllable should escape his lips as to the existence of the smugglers' passage. He was allowed to return, and that very evening he found a couple of hogsheads of port wine in his garden.

"Now there was in the village a pretty, lively girl named Nancy Holliden. Upon her the Rev. Mr. Allport, who was getting tired of single blessedness in such a monotonous place as St. Edward's, began to cast affectionate eyes; for although socially she might have been considered, from a metropolitan point of view, his inferior, she was a most respectable and well-behaved less, who lived alone with her mother in a little white cottage built almost on the sea edge.

"It happened one night that the reverend gentleman surprised Miss Nancy in company with a smuggler, and judged from some bits of conversation he overheard that there was a lover's quarrel going on between them. From that moment he noticed a change in Nancy Holliden. She replied to his salutations with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes; he noticed coquettish touches about her dress as she sat under him in church; she was always at home when he called on her mother; he met her at times and places when and where he least expected her. And, as he was by no means a bad-looking man, besides holding the high position of parson, he made up his mind that Nancy had really thrown over her old sweetheart, and was actually in love with him as much as he was with her.

"Mr. Allport resolved that he would make his formal request for the girl's hand on New Year's Eve—an auspicious date, he considered, when peace and goodwill would be uppermost in the hearts of women as of man.

"The fateful night came—a wild, gusty, night such as smugglers loved and shore-folk feared. The ringers had done their duty in the old belfry, and the simple village folk were streaming out of the church porch, shaking hands, congratulating, and wishing each other everything good and kind, on their way home to celebrate the birth of the New Year with fun and feasting. The parson and Nancy Holliden lingered behind.

"'Of course you can guess, Nancy,' he said, 'why I am keeping you behind the rest?'

"Of course Nancy had no idea, and looked askance at him over her muffler. The parson continued:

"'Well, it's to ask you to be my wife.'

"'Oh, Mr. Allport!' said the girl with well-feigned astonishment. 'I really—oh, I—I—you take me so by surprise!'

"'Tell me, Nancy,' he went on, seizing her little thick-gloved hand. 'Let me have a happy New Year, for I do love you so truly and honestly. Tell me if you will take me as your husband.'

"The girl was silent for a few seconds, and the young man could almost hear his heart beat during the suspense. At length she looked in his face and said:

"'Mr. Allport, you are very far above me. You are an educated gentleman, who might marry any of the squires' young ladies hereabouts. I am only a village girl.'

"'But all that's nothing,' enthusiastically began the young clergyman. Nancy went on:

"'Perhaps not to you. But something else may be. Do you know that I am loved by another man—indeed, I was as good as betrothed to him not a month back.'

"'Yes, I know it,' replied Mr. Allport. 'It was to Ned Blackman, the—the—'

"'The smuggler, yes,' finished Nancy. 'You know it, I see. Well, I'm only a simple village girl—I know it, you know it, every one knows it. But I have a heart, and, Mr. Allport, I have what I've read most women have, a love of revenge. Ned Blackman deceived me. I will marry you on one condition.'

"'Name it, Nancy,' said the young parson, struck by the intense earnestness of the girl.

"'That you will find out for me, or tell me if you know, their secret,' said Nancy—'I mean the smugglers' secret.'

"It was the parson's turn to be silent now.

"'Why do you not answer me, Mr. Allport?'

"'How do you know that I am in possession of the smugglers secret?' he answered evasively.

"'I know that you are; Ned told me,' she replied. 'But he told me nothing more.'

"The young man still hesitated, and betrayed by the nervous movements of his hands and feet the conflict which was raging within him between respect for a solemn promise, by the giving of which he had saved his life, and the intense love he felt for the girl standing before him.

"Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind, and, taking the girl's hand in his, led her into the church. What followed immediately my old gardener did not tell me, for I believe he had a hand in the business; but at any rate neither Nancy Holliden nor Mr. Allport were ever seen at St. Edward's again.

"When I came here, ten years later, I found that the parsonage had never been inhabited since the disappearance of the lovers. As nobody claimed the wine I took possession of it, and I very soon discovered that neither my neighbors nor the sick poor were the less willing to drink it for its having come from a haunted house.

"That's the story of my wine cellar, so suppose you ring the bell for another bottle."—Adapted from Frank Abell in Belgravia.

THE FIGHT AT SPOTTSYLVANIA.

One of the Fiercest and Most Deadly Struggles of the War—Hand to Hand.

In at least one of the many war sketches I have written for the newspapers I said that I had been in but one battle that afforded me any enjoyment, or in which, amid the stirring incidents of the stubborn and bloody combat, almost all sense of danger was forgotten. It was this battle, on the 12th of May, 1864, that I had in my mind. No other battle of the many in which I participated with the Army of the Potomac left behind such an indelible impress upon my memory, many of the incidents of which are just as fresh to-day, over twenty years after, as on the day they occurred.

As a rule in all the battles of our civil war, the men engaged in conflict scarcely saw their opponents. There were bayonet fights and actual personal encounters, but they were few and far between. When they did occur it was with blind fury, where crossed bayonets, clubbed muskets, throwing of stones, and even the fists were brought into play. In this particular fight, the champion pugilist, John L. Sullivan, had he been present, might have figured to great advantage and attained more lasting personal glory than he ever achieved in the prize-ring. At one moment of the battle it was a simple knock-down and drag-out fight, somewhat after the style of a big saloon row among drunken men, and one must needs experience a certain savage joy, provided he was on the winning side.

I would at any time run quicker from a drunken row, scenting more danger than from an enemy with guns in their hands, in legitimate warfare. This is, no doubt, owing to my bringing up. I never found any place in army life which tried my nerves so much, or which called for a higher order of bravery, cool, calm, and deliberate courage, than on the skirmish or picket line when in active campaign. There it was much like two men about to engage in a duel. When on the skirmish line, preliminary to a general engagement, each soldier acts, as it were, on his own individual responsibility, without the excitement of a battle to make him forget the dangers of the situation. At the same time the danger is greater, for each bullet speeds on its mission of death aimed at and intended to hurt somebody.—Lieut. H. S. Wells in Chicago Times.

A Study of the British Races.

Dr. John Beddoe has published the results of thirty years' study of the races which make up the population of Britain. He takes county by county, from the Shetlands to Cornwall, and examines all available statistics after personal acquaintance with the inhabitants, measuring heads and noting the color of skin, hair and eyes. He places great reliance on the latter, thinking that "the color of the hair is so nearly permanent in races of men as to be fairly trustworthy evidence in matters of ethnical descent; and that nearly as much may be said for the color of the eyes." Artists will find a curious conclusion in his volume—namely: that the darker skinned portion of the population of Britain is gaining on the blonde. He holds that the Gaelic and Iberian races of the west, mostly dark-haired, are tending to swamp the blonde Teutonic of England by a reflex emigration. This may account for the wide difference found by the tourist between the average Briton whom he sees and the typical Briton of the pictures.—Chicago Tribune.

The Safety of Registered Mail.

"Some people imagine," said a postoffice official, "that if they register a letter it is the same as putting money in the bank—it's safe. Then there are those who believe that registering is no guaranty. They quote the backwoods maxim that 'the government will trace up a lost registered package and tell you where it is lost and you can get it yourself—if you can.' That is a mistake. The understanding now is that the man who can be proved to have handled the package last before it was lost must make it good. If he doesn't he may hand in his resignation and let his bondsmen get out of it the best way they can. Only last week a package was lost here. There were but two men in the department when it arrived and the agent got his receipt from them. The people who sent the package made affidavit that it contained $500, and the two men made it good rather than lose their places and be disgraced. I guess you'll find the registered mail pretty safe."—Chicago News.

The Best Journal for Busy People.

Busy people require a better journal than do a people whose time hangs heavy on their hands. In this country the newspaper is the almost constant companion of every intelligent man. He carries a paper in his pocket to have handy to read when he is on the cars, waiting in the barber shop, having his boots blacked, waiting for breakfast, after tea, between acts at the theatre, and in fact whenever a spare moment presents itself.—Elgin (Ill.) Every Saturday.

It is estimated that nearly $100,000,000 are invested in the newspapers of this country.

WORKING THE RANGES.

SYSTEM BY WHICH EACH HERD OWNER RECEIVES HIS OWN.

A Company of Cowboys in Each "District"—Representatives in the Round-Up Party—"Cutting Out" the Beef Cattle—Brands.

So much has been written during the past few years upon "round-ups," "roping," "branding," and minor details of range life that our eastern friends must be reasonably well informed upon the subject. For that reason I shall only allude casually to the extensiveness of this system. In receiving, say, 1,000 head of "pilgrim" cattle from the states (of value not less than $25,000), branding them at the stock yards with an X on the left hip for instance, and turning them loose upon the range, the owner either understands the methods of the business or has an unswerving trust in providence. A portion of his herd may be seen occasionally during the season by himself or his cowboys, but other portions may drift away fifty or 100 miles, sometimes more, before the next "round-up." Even then it may be impossible to find them all.

HOW THE "DISTRICTS" ARE WORKED.

The ranges are divided into "districts," and each district is worked by a separate company of cowboys, numbering anywhere from twenty to sixty (more occasionally,) according to the importance of the district. All who have range cattle within the limits of that district are represented, either personally or otherwise, in the round-up party, every member of which exercises his abilities for the mutual advantage of his neighbors as well as for himself. The district may be two miles long and fifty to seventy-five miles wide and the cowboys move from six to tend miles each evening, gather the cattle from the hills surrounding the camp, the next morning divide the stock into bunches each bearing the the brand of a separate outfit, brand the calves with the marks borne by the mothers they follow, and, in cases where the ownership of the calves cannot be determined they, in this territory, receive the brand of the outfit that holds the range upon which they are found.

Now, in the district where those "X" cattle live the representatives of the brand will see, as far as possible, to the holding and branding of the stock belonging to their outfit. They will be on the alert, however, to aid the work of others whenever necessary, and the others will do likewise for them. Then the cattle that are disposed of will be thrown into herds, according to the locality of their ranges and driven toward their regular grazing grounds. Those that belong in the vicinity of the camp will be left there, and the "round up" party moves on.

"CUTTING OUT" THE BEEF CATTLE.

The above has special reference to the spring round-up, which takes from sixty to ninety days. In addition, at the fall "round-up," the beeves are "cut-out"—separated from the other stock—and driven by members of their respective outfits to the points of shipment. It is at these shipping points that the value of the stock inspector is seen. He examines the brands of every animal shipped from his point, and if some of those "X" cattle are being shipped with the beeves of some other party he notes the fact, reports to the secretary of the stock commission—the whole lot goes to market, and in due course the owner of the "X" cattle receives the proceeds of his "strays" on the basis of the price at which the main body of the shipment is sold.

The number of animals thus found is large. "Strays" that belong in Montana have frequently been shipped from points on the Union Pacific in Wyoming and vice versa on the Northern Pacific. It is not considered surprising for cattle to drift 100 to 150 miles from their customary range. Thus are range cattle looked after, and though it may take years for the "X" outfit, or any other, to secure all their stock, they are more than likely to do so eventually, excepting where the "critters" are stolen, killed by wild animals, or die on the range. The inspectors are thoroughly familiar with the brands of the northwest, watch closely for stolen stock, do much toward bringing offenders to justice, and are stationed at the principal stock landing points. The detectives are equally instrumental in furthering the success of this great system. About 5,000 different brands have already been recorded in the office of the territorial treasurer at Helena. Even the Indians have their brands, and, with the multiplicity of devices that are used, under the acts of 1864, to distinguish stock, it is no easy task to keep them all in mind.—Miles City Cor. Chicago Times.

How the Grand Old Man Keeps Up.

At the age of 77, Mr. Gladstone again looms up as the foremost man in England. The wonderful vitality of this eloquent old man is a mystery to Americans. Perhaps the secret of it may be explained by Mr. Gladstone's intellectual and physical habits. He makes politics a business, and for recreation goes to the classics, and writes magazine articles on Homer, Genesis, the Sun, Myth, etc. He lives temperately, and yet denies himself none of the good things of life. While attentive to his church duties, he is seen on the racecourse and at the theatre. He is fond of such gentle exercise as chopping wood, or a walk of a dozen miles. He mingles with young people, and takes an interest in all that interests them. Such a course of life must either make or break a man. It has made Mr. Gladstone. Americans can not be altogether different from Englishmen.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Gossip of the Newspapers.

"I rather think that the gossip of which we are apt to complain," said John Boyle O'Reilly, "is the safety-valve of our security; after all—the balance wheel of humanity, as it were. Formerly men were afraid of the devil and the law; now they shun public opinion and temper their actions because of that irresponsible cuss who goes about with note-book in hand photographing the world as it runs. No; newspaper gossip, while it may be overdone, is the safety of our homes and institutions, and in time what evil there is will cure itself. I am a believer in the freedom of expression and in the mission of a well-tempered press."—Cor. Chicago Mail.

A Speaker on the Hustings.

Few English politicians when on the hustings take off their hats to address their constituents. As a rule mobs hate hats, and the very sight of a good shining one tempts them to "smash" it on the spot. It is related of Mr. Parnell, who thoroughly understands mobs, that in the outset of his career, with characteristic sagacity, he spoke hatless. One day at Enniscarthy, however, he found how hard the instincts of equality are to gratify, for while he stood hat in hand some one got hold of an exposed leg and tried to pull off his new checked trousers, but the Parnell suspenders proved equal to the strain and the mob was baffled.—Philadelphia Times.

Making an English Plum Pudding.

An old legend has it that, when the French cooks tried to make an English plum pudding they served it up in a tureen, like soup, a sort of plum broth, owing to the fact that the receipt given them to work by omitted to mention that the mixture was to be tied up in a cloth before boiling. They know better now. —Exchange.

Bicycling Across the Mountains.

A Bavarian gentleman named Wolff and a pupil have traveled to Rome by bicycle from Trenton in six days, counting in the great delays the snow caused them. They crossed the Alps and Apennines without any damage to their machines.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Terms of District Court.

FIRST DISTRICT.

Dawson County—Glendive, first Monday in February; first Monday in September

Custer County—Miles City, third Tuesday in February; third Tuesday in September

Gallatin County—Bozeman, fourth Tuesday in March; fourth Tuesday in October.

Madison County—Virginia City, first Tuesday in May; fifth Tuesday in November.

Yellowstone County—Billings, third Tuesday in May; second Tuesday in December.

SECOND DISTRICT.

Silver Bow County—Butte City, third Monday in February; third Monday in September.

Beaverhead County—Dillon, second Monday in April; fourth Monday in October.

Missoula County—Missoula City, second Monday in June; second Monday in November.

Deer Lodge County—Deer Lodge, first Monday in May; first Monday in December.

THIRD DISTRICT.

Lewis and Clarke County—Helena, first Monday in March; first Monday in November.

Jefferson County—Boulder City, third Monday in October; first Monday in May.

Meagher County—White Sulphur Springs, first Tuesday in April; third Tuesday in September.

Choteau County—Fort Benton, third Tuesday in April; first Tuesday in October.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice of Final Entry.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Helena, M. T., April 7, 1886.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before the Judge of the Probate Court of Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory,—or in his absence, before the Clerk of said Court,—at his office in the town of Deer Lodge, M. T., on Saturday, May 15 1886, to-wit—

ERIC ELIASSON,

Of Race Track, Deer Lodge county, M. T., who made Homestead Application No 1596 for SE¼ of SW¼ of Section No 4, in Township No 6, North of Range No 9 West; and he names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, to-wit:

George Johnson, Andrew Henriksen, Jens. Jensen and Peter Johnson, all of Race Track, Deer Lodge county, M. T.

874-6t S. W. LANGHORNE, Register.
O. B. O'Bannon, Att'y for Claimant.

Notice of Final Entry.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Helena, Mont., March 11, 1886.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge of the Probate Court of Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, or in his absence before the Clerk of said Court, at his office in the town of Deer Lodge, M. T., on Saturday, April 17, A. D. 1886, to-wit:

JOHN KEENAN,

who made Homestead Application No. 277, for the E½ of NE¼ of Section 27, in Township 10 North of Range 11 West, and he names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said tract, to-wit:

Patrick Toner, William P. Shockley, James McGurran and David Hogan, all of Pioneer P. O., Deer Lodge county, M. T.

870 6t S. W. LANGHORNE, Register.
O. B. O'Bannon, Att'y for Claimant.

Notice to Co-Owner.

TO PAT POWER.—You are hereby notified that I have, in accordance with Section 2324 Revised Statutes of the United States, expended in labor and improvements upon the NORTH STAR Quartz Lode mining claim, situated in Washoe mining district, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, three hundred dollars, for three years ending December 31, 1885; and you are further notified that unless you pay or cause to be paid to the undersigned, within ninety days from the date of this notice, your one-half of said amount, which is one hundred and fifty dollars, all your right, title and interest of, in and to the said mining claim will become the property of the undersigned, your co-owner, who has made the required expenditures. EDWARD GAUL.

Butte, M. T., March 10, 1886. 870 90 d
First publication, March 12, 1886.

Summons.

TERRITORY OF MONTANA, } County of Deer Lodge, }

In the Justice's Court of Philipsburg township, before Frank D. Brown, Justice of the Peace.

James McDonal, Plaintiff,
versus
John Butler, Defendant.

The people of the Territory of Montana send greeting to John Butler, Defendant.

You are hereby summoned to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Justice's Court of Philipsburg township, in said county and Territory, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days [exclusive of the day of service] after the service of this summons upon you, if served within this county; otherwise within forty days, or judgment will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover of you the sum of $29.00, for liquors and cigars furnished you by the plaintiff up to October 23, 1884.

And you are hereby notified that judgment will be taken against you for the said amount of $29.00, together with costs of suit, if you fail to appear and answer said complaint.

Given under my hand this 11th day of March, 1886.

FRANK D. BROWN,
872 4t Justice of the Peace.

Summons.

TERRITORY OF MONTANA, } County of Deer Lodge. }

In the Justice's Court of Philipsburg township, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, before Frank D. Brown, Justice of the Peace.

James McDonal, Plaintiff,
versus
William Shields, Defendant.

The people of Montana send greeting to William Shields, Defendant.

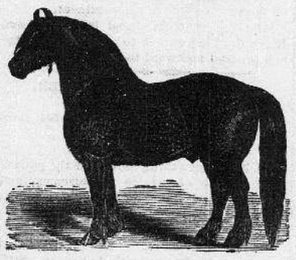
You are hereby summoned to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Justice's Court of Philipsburg township, in said county and Territory, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days [exclusive of day of service] after the service of this summons upon you, if served within the county: otherwise within forty days, or judgment will be taken against you by default, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of $22.75, the value of liquors and cigars sold you by the plaintiff up to October 23, 1884.

And you are further notified that judgment will be taken against you for the said amount of $22.75, together with costs of suit, if you fail to appear and answer said complaint.

Given under my hand this 11th day of March, A. D. 1886. FRANK D. BROWN,
872 4t Justice of the Peace.

LIVE STOCK HEADQUARTERS OF MONTANA.



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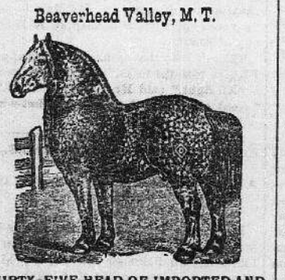

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JAMES MAULDIN,
871 3m. Dillon, Montana.

Notice to Co-Owner.

TO JOHN BUTLER.—You are hereby notified that I have, in accordance with Section 2324 Revised Statutes of the United States, expended in labor and improvements upon the JOHN JAMES Quartz Lode mining claim, situated in Flint Creek mining district, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, one hundred dollars, for the year ending December 31, 1885; and you are further notified that unless you pay or cause to be paid to the undersigned, within ninety days from the date of this notice, your one-half of said amount, which is fifty dollars, all your right, title and interest of, in and to the said mining claim will become the property of the undersigned, your co-owner, who has made the required expenditures. JAMES LEE.

Philipsburg, M. T., March 10, 1886. 870 90d
First publication, March 12, 1886.

LITHOGRAPH PICTURES OF DEER LODGE—On book paper, 50 cents on plate paper $1.00. Sent on rollers to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price. Address, New North-West, Deer Lodge. 770 1

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