HELENA
Historical Association X

THE NEW NORTH-WEST

MONTANA. IDAHO. OREGON. WASHINGTON. DAKOTA. WYOMING. NEBRASKA.

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Physicians and Surgeons,
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Prompt attention given professionall calls in town and surrounding country.
OFFICE—OPPOSITE THE SCOTT HOUSE.
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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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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.
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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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NEW YORK CORRESPONDENTS.
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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

A Bit of Gossip.

There is a young lady of Troy
Most handsome and winsome and coy;
We are nothing to blame
That we don't give her name,
For that might the story destroy.

She got from a lady a letter—
In Buffalo 'twas that she met her—
We don't know her name,
But, then, that's just the same,
And perhaps it is something the better.

This letter declares, it is said,
That Cleveland's decided to wed;
The bride told the news,
Said she couldn't refuse,
And will soon to the altar be led.

There's the story for what it is worth—
You know its career from its birth;
Perhaps you're suspicious,
But of gossip delicious
You'll have to admit there's a dearth.
—Columbus Dispatch.

How a Colonel Received Promotion.

A friend told me how the colonel of his regiment secured promotion. It is a fair sample of how sham military reputation is manufactured. The regiment was in action in the open, this in the southwest under Sherman. The colonel was on horseback in the rear of his regiment, just where he should have been. The Confederate sharpshooters saw an officer on horseback and began to pay attention to him. The colonel, finding that the sharpshooters had selected him for a target, was greatly alarmed, and thought he was to be killed. He did not dare to ride off the field, nor did he dare dismount while under fire, for fear that his men would suspect him of cowardice.

He speedily concluded that he had best be moving, so he galloped his horse up and down behind his regiment. He was nervous and excited, as well he might be, with a score of sharpshooters trying to gather him to his fathers, and, to relieve his feelings, he shouted to his men to "Give it to the rebel —— —— —— ——!" Furiously he rode, expecting to be killed every instant. An advantage gained by our troops in another part of the field dislodged the sharpshooters, and the colonel was at rest. His riding his line and his sham encouragement of his men had been seen from corps headquarters. There his actions were construed to indicate that his regiment was hard pressed, which was true, and that he was gallantly holding his men to their work, which was not true, as they had no intention of abandoning the field. The colonel was recommended for promotion as a reward for his gallantry in action. Speedily a single star shone on his shoulder strap, where the bird of freedom had been wont to roost. And ever after he posed as the fighting brigadier.—Frank Wilkerson in New York Sun.

A Reward for Dignified Honesty.

A very small newsboy stood at the corner of Superior and Clark streets yesterday afternoon. Under his arm was a solitary and bespattered copy of the noon edition of The Daily News. Satisfied either by the plethoric condition of his pocket, caused by a successful run of business, or by the warmth of the sun, he disdained to call his wares.

A rotund and austere officer of the north side street railway company passed. He stopped abruptly, approached the lounging youngster, and said: "News, boy," at the same time slipping a coin into the hand of the urchin, who, in turn, dexterously deposited it between his teeth. Delivering the wrinkled paper the boy sent a dirty hand into his trousers pocket and produced four pennies and a nickel, which he emptied into the extended palm of the dignified purchaser.

"You should be more careful, sir," said the rotund gentleman, glancing at the change and then handing it back to the youngster. "I gave you a 3-cent piece, not a dime."

Not a muscle of the boy's face moved. The same dirty little hand went up to his mouth and returned with the 3-cent piece. Quick as a flash the coin had again changed owners.

"What's this for?" gasped the dignified official.

"Keep der money," replied the boy, with a wave of the dirty hand; "I likes ter reward honesty."

The dignified gentleman blushed to the roots of his hair and stood for a moment gazing at the back of the self-possessed urchin, who had turned on his heel and sauntered away.—Chicago News.

Religious Belief of Ancient Egyptians.

The description of the judgment of the souls of men by Osiris is thus given by Professor Rawlinson:

"According to the side on which the balance inclined Osiris delivered sentence. If the good deeds preponderated, the blessed soul was allowed to enter the boat of the Sun, and was conducted by good spirits to Aahlu (Elsyium) "to the pools of peace," and the dwelling place of Osiris. If, on the contrary, the good deeds were insufficient, the unhappy soul was sentenced according to its deserts, to begin a round of transmigration in the bodies of more or less unclean animals; the number, nature, and duration of the transmigrations depending on the degree of the deceased's demerits; and the consequent length and severity of the punishment he deserved, or the purification which he required. Ultimately, after many trials, if purity was not attained, the wicked soul underwent final sentence at the hands of Osiris, judge of the dead, and being pronounced incurable, suffered complete and absolute annihilation.

"The good soul, having first been freed from its infirmities by passing through the basin of purgatorial fire guarded by the four ape-faced genii, and then made the companion of Osiris for 3,000 years, returned from Amenti, re-entered its former body, rose from the dead, and lived once more a human life upon earth. This process was repeated until a certin mystic cycle of years became complete, when finally the good and blessed attained the crowning joy of union with God, being absorbed into the Divine Essence, and thus attaining the true end and full perfection of their being."—Exchange.

Late Sleepers at the Hotel.

With a regular 11-o'clock breakfast the regular every-day guests of a hotel, otherwise known as drummers, are generally supposed to sleep late, say 9 and 10 o'clock. But they are a much-abused class of men. Take our call-books, which are a sure guide, and you will find that there are double the number of calls at 7 o' clock as at any other hour, or really of all other hours. That seems to be the popular hour for all of them. That gives them time to take a bath, get shaved and eat breakfast and get around as soon as any of their customers are ready to receive them. A few of them, of course, sleep late—9 o'clock, and even 10—but they are the exception and not the rule, and often when you find orders at that hour it is in cases where the men have been called early the morning before to take a train.

It is singular, though, that the people who frequent hotels should, almost without exception, have to be called. One would think that their habits of life would make it impossible for them to slumber beyond a certain time, but it seems to be exactly the opposite. The latest sleepers, as a rule, are the theatrical people. Their work is a constant strain, working them into unnatural feelings and frenzies, and accounts for that. Then they generally take a good nap in the afternoon, too. But really the most tireless sleeper is the politician. I can't describe him.—Clark Harper in Globe Democrat.

The Flag Saves Him.

As long as Mr. Jefferson Davis makes his harangues with the flag of the Union waving above his head his remarks are harmless. The flag makes a speech to the eyes of his auditors which takes all the sting out of the words that reach their ears.—Philadelphia Record.

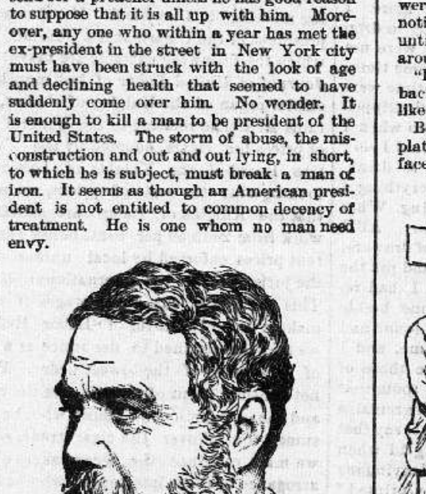
ARTHUR'S ILLNESS.

DISQUIETING RUMORS ABOUT THE EX-PRESIDENT'S HEALTH.

A Poor, But Handsome Boy—Brilliant College Student and Successful Lawyer. His Portrait and Picture of His Residence.

One day the papers announce that ex-President Arthur is preparing to go fishing soon, either at his favorite West island, near Newport, or to Canada, it is not yet decided which. The next day they say he is slowly dying of Bright's disease and heart trouble, and that, in fact, he really has come nearly to the end. Then next day again his physicians or somebody else deny the whole story of Bright's disease, and say the ex-president is not dying, though they do not deny that he is ill. It is a race between the newspapers and the doctors, which on the one hand can tell the most and on the other can conceal the most.

Mr. Arthur seems to be really in an alarming condition. Not long since his old pastor, who preaches in the church President Arthur used to attend in Washington, was sent for to go from that city to New York and visit the invalid. Now, a man does not usually send for a preacher unless he has good reason to suppose that it is all up with him. Moreover, any one who within a year has met the ex-president in the street in New York city must have been struck with the look of age and declining health that seemed to have suddenly come over him. No wonder. It is enough to kill a man to be president of the United States. The storm of abuse, the misconstruction and out and out lying, in short, to which he is subject, must break a man of iron. It seems as though an American president is not entitled to common decency of treatment. He is one whom no man need envy.



EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

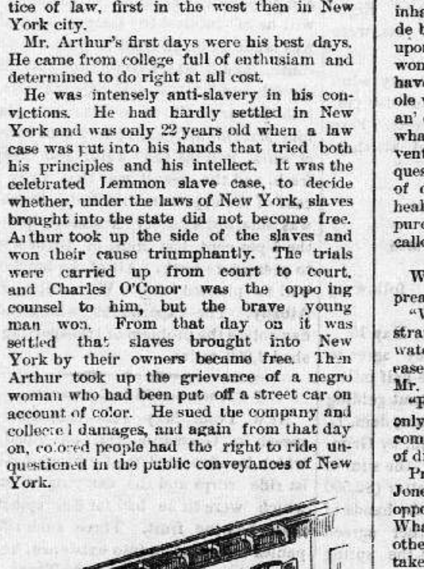
Mr. Arthur is a young man to be dying. There is something painful and saddening in his history. He started in life a dreamer and an enthusiast. His father was a Baptist doctor of divinity and a fine classical scholar. Chester A. was born in Fairfield, Vt., in 1830.

He was a barefoot boy who did farm chores for his living, in his childhood, but he never made any fuss about it. He was a graduate of Union college, N. Y., and paid for his education himself by teaching in other ways. In college he was the most popular of students. Tall, commanding and handsome, his manners were at once dignified and winning. He was courtesy itself to all. He had dark, brilliant eyes and dark, curling hair. He was a first-class scholar, too.

Great things were predicted for him. He studied law, again paying for his education himself. When only 21 he was principal of a boys' academy at North Pownal, Vt. He was strictly economical, obliged to be so. When he had saved $500 he began the practice of law, first in the west then in New York city.

Mr. Arthur's first days were his best days. He came from college full of enthusiam and determined to do right at all cost.

He was intensely anti-slavery in his convictions. He had hardly settled in New York and was only 22 years old when a law case was put into his hands that tried both his principles and his intellect. It was the celebrated Lemmon slave case, to decide whether, under the laws of New York, slaves brought into the state did not become free. Arthur took up the side of the slaves and won their cause triumphantly. The trials were carried up from court to court, and Charles O'Conor was the oppo ing counsel to him, but the brave young man won. From that day on it was settled that slaves brought into New York by their owners became free. Then Arthur took up the grievance of a negro woman who had been put off a street car on account of color. He sued the company and collected damages, and again from that day on, colored people had the right to ride unquestioned in the public conveyances of New York.



HOUSE ON LEXINGTON AVENUE.

As a member of the staff of Governor Morgan, of New York, during the war, it fell to him to equip regiments of soldiers and forward them to the front. He did this admirably, and in this work he got the title of general. The title is a civil, not a military one. He was Governor Morgan's adjutant. Afterwards he was collector of the port of New York and vice-president. It is said to have been directly opposed to his friend, Roscoe Conkling's, wish that he accepted the second place on the Garfield ticket. Conkling hated Garfield so intensely that he thought him not good enough to stand on the same ticket with Arthur.

The split in the Republican party of New York wrecked Arthur's fortunes politically. The bitter and final quarrel that resulted in consequence between himself and his warmest friends, distressed him and rendered his life not pleasant socially. He is said to have a fixed belief that the American people have misunderstood him and not given him his dues, and that those on whom he lavished favor and friendship have turned against him and tried to do him injury. His life has not been a very jolly one since he left the White House.

Mr. Arthur's wife died in 1879. He was devotedly attached to her, and never remarried. He lives alone with his children, a son and daughter, in his house on Lexington avenue. His son Allan, looks like a dude, and is not greatly remarkable, except for having broken a marriage engagement with a charming girl, while his father was president.

So, from having started in life with the highest prospects and aspirations, with all that nature could do for him in the way of physique, and with a fine brain, from beginning with a brave record on the side of liberty and justice, the ex-president is finishing his career in declining health and obscurity, at his home. Until his illness called attention to him again, his name had scarcely been mentioned since he left Washington.

His little daughter Nellie was the sweet, bright flower that cheered his checkered life in the White House. She is now nearing womanhood, and resembles her father in face and features.

In his youth Mr. Arthur was called "an ideally faithful friend," and it was this which caused his overthrow. When vice-president of the United States he went to Albany and worked like a very lobbyist for the re-election of Conkling and Platt to the United States senatorship. He recognizes now that this was the mistake of his lifetime. He has, perhaps, had plenty of time to brood over it since. He is said to be the only one of the Republican presidents who never made a reference to the south in any of his messages.

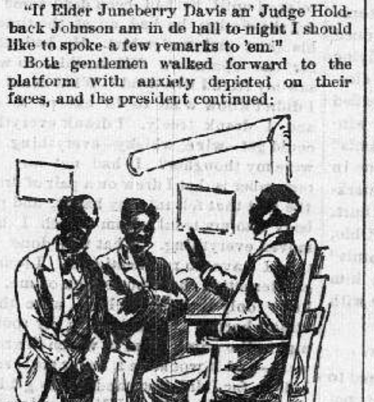
THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Chunks of Wisdom from Brother Gardner—Our Coast Defences.

Just previous to the opening of the meeting Elder Juneberry Davis and Judge Holdback Johnson got into a dispute as to whether the crowbar belonged to the glacial epoch or the drift period, and after some hot words had passed the elder punched the judge on the nose and received a crack on the jaw in return. Brother Gardner came in as they were pulled apart, but he seemed to take no notice of the affair, and nothing was said until the meeting opened. Then he looked around the hall and observed:

"If Elder Juneberry Davis an' Judge Holdback Johnson am in de hall to-night I should like to spoke a few remarks to 'em."

Both gentlemen walked forward to the platform with anxiety depicted on their faces, and the president continued:



BROTHER GARDNER REASONS WITH THEM.

"Elder Davis, when did dat glacial epoch take place?"

"I dunno, sir."

"Judge Holdback, what do you know 'bout de drift period?"

"I reckon dar was a good deal o' driftin' aroun', sah."

"Yes, I s'pose dar was. Didn't happen to drift any 'taters an' meat your way, did it?"

"No, sah."

Elder Davis, did dat glacial epoch pay up any of your back rent or git new shoes fur de chillen?"

"No, sah."

"Dat's 'nuff; you kin boaf sot down. While I blame two old members like you for sottin' a bad example befo' de club, I must at de same time acknowledge dat it am only de weakness of human natur'. Moas' of us would sooner fight over de aige of de world dan to resent a straight insult. We would argy longer to convince a man about de size of Noah's ark dan to convert him to our religun of de present day. We let our chil'en go bar'fut while we hunt fur evidence to convict de Gauls of shiftlessness. We spend hours assertin' an' denyin' dat de moon am inhabited, while fifteen minutes used to fix de bottom hinge on de front gait am looked upon as time frown away. While we sot an' wonder why Sodom an' Gomorrah didn't behave 'eirselves an' escape destruckshun, de ole woman scrapes de bottom of de flour bar'l an' de fiah goes out in de kitchen stove. Jist what aige de crowbar belongs to, or who invented it, or why it was invented, am queshuns which needn't trouble any member of dis club. De fack dat de crowbar am heah wid us should satisfy all. Let us now purceed to attack de business which has called us together."

NOT CARRIED.

Waydown Beebe then offered the following preamble and resolution:

"Whereas, Medical science has demonstrated de fack dat de habit of drinkin' ice water has a tendency to bring on heart disease, lumbago, liver complaint, insomnia and Mr. Bright's disease; now, darfore,

"Resolved, Dat dis Lime Kiln Club not only abstains from ice water doorin' de comin' summer, but it advises de cull'd people of dis kentry to do de same thing."

Professor Ambidexter Smith, Givendam Jones, Samuel Shin and Sir John Skinner opposed the resolution, while Elder Toots, Whalebone Howker, Cæsar Johnson and others favored it, and upon a vote being taken a tie was the result. Brother Gardner said he did not care to take the responsibility of a decision on his shoulders, and suggested as a compromise that Sundown Davis be submitted to a series of experiments from May to October to determine the matter. The suggestion was accepted and the resolution withdrawn.

MILITARY REPORT.

Col. Erastus White, of the committee on military affairs, reported that his committee had carefully investigated the subject of our coast defences, as required by a late resolution, and had reached the following conclusions:

1. In case of war the enemy's fleet could easily bombard any city on the coast. We would therefore suggest that all these cities be moved back fourteen miles.

2. The enemy would have no trouble in landing troops on our shores. The only trouble would be in getting any of them off alive again. The only suggestion we have to offer is that Ben Butler be notified to be on hand early in the morning.

3. If a new Paradise hall be erected it should be placed at least twelve miles from any spot accessible to the gunboats.

4. We don't want a war, but if one happens to fall out of a tree and hit us we shan't run away.

5. It is better to apologize than to get licked. This advice is for such nations as may feel like knocking the chip off our shoulder.

The report was accepted and adopted, and all unfinished business being placed on a shelf to dry, the meeting adjourned.—Detroit Free Press.

A Rise in Values.

"Are you a customs officer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I had a little package sent over to me by the steamer Oregon—just a little, valueless package, not worth more than $10. Has it come yet?"

"Why, man, haven't you heard that the Oregon was sunk?"

"No; was she? By George! I must go right up and put in a bill for that package. There were $12,000 worth of diamonds in it."—Chicago News.

Couldn't Stand Civilization.

A bear broke into the house of a Nevada miner the other night. He was away, and his wife thought he had come home inebriated. She did not wait to light a lamp, but began operations at once. When the bear finally got away, it is said that he did not stop running till he had traveled eight miles into the heart of the mountains, and he was such a sight that the other bears would not associate with him.—Nevada Journal.

The First Electric-Telegraph Inventor.

Junius Henri Clemmons, who claims to have been the first electric-telegraph inventor, is now 72 years old, with abundant white hair and beard and bushy eyebrows, stooping shoulders, and slow step; but his sight is good, his voice firm; and his hand steady. He is clerk of a congressional committee.—Chicago Tribune.

HOMES OF GREAT MEN.

HOUSES WHICH SHELTER DISTINGUISHED NEW ENGLANDERS.

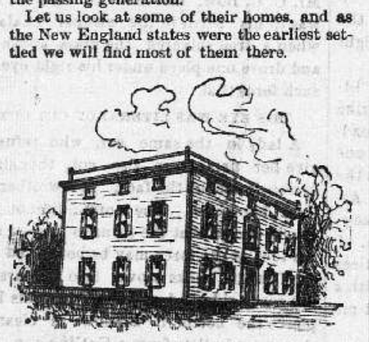
The Contrast Between the Roomy and Restful Homes of the Past and the Oddities of Modern Architecture—Residences of the Adamses.

Our people are paying considerable attention of late years to the subject of beautiful homes. The tendency seems to be to build showy and unique structures with all sorts of surprises in the way of odd shaped rooms and curious nooks, produced by numerous gables. Windows stuck here and there are used more for the architectural requirements of the exterior, than for practical value to the interior. Then the rainbow-hued glass of the windows, the dazzling wall coverings and highly decorated ceilings, all take away from the interior that restive quality which it should be the endeavor to produce.

The nervous man of the present turns from the whirl and rush of business to the quiet of home for rest; but there, in its kaleidoscopic interior, his eye, followed by his already over excited mind, wanders round attracted by the brilliant coloring and the glistening objects, without any opportunity for repose, until often he breaks down under the bewilderment and confusion, without knowing the reason. Then the physician orders rest for him; removal to a quiet farmhouse or a trip across the sea is recommended—and why? Because the monotony of the sea is an antidote to the delirium with which he has been surrounded, while the plain country farmhouse brings rest to his eyes and mind.

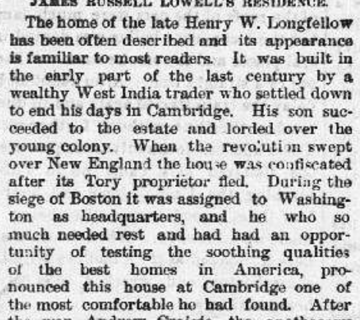
The facts are, that in our endeavor to beautify the home we are overdoing it. We have gone from the simplicity of the Quaker meeting house to imitate the dazzling splendor of a theatre interior. The reaction has not yet made its appearance, but when it does come it is likely we will model our homes more after the stalwart Americans of the passing generation.

Let us look at some of their homes, and as the New England states were the earliest settled we will find most of them there.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S RESIDENCE.

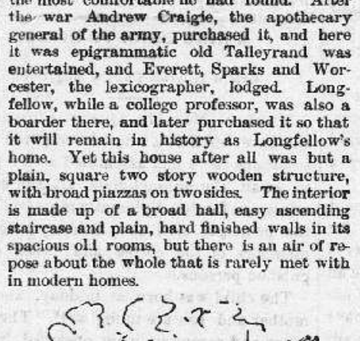
The home of the late Henry W. Longfellow has been often described and its appearance is familiar to most readers. It was built in the early part of the last century by a wealthy West India trader who settled down to end his days in Cambridge. His son succeeded to the estate and lorded over the young colony. When the revolution swept over New England the house was confiscated after its Tory proprietor fled. During the siege of Boston it was assigned to Washington as headquarters, and he who so much needed rest and had had an opportunity of testing the soothing qualities of the best homes in America, pronounced this house at Cambridge one of the most comfortable he had found. After the war Andrew Craigie, the apothecary general of the army, purchased it, and here it was epigrammatic old Talleyrand was entertained, and Everett, Sparks and Worcester, the lexicographer, lodged. Longfellow, while a college professor, was also a boarder there, and later purchased it so that it will remain in history as Longfellow's home. Yet this house after all was but a plain, square two story wooden structure, with broad piazzas on two sides. The interior is made up of a broad hall, easy ascending staircase and plain, hard finished walls in its spacious old rooms, but there is an air of repose about the whole that is rarely met with in modern homes.



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS' HOME.

Then there is the residence of Charles Francis Adams, at Quincy, Mass. This house was built by a rich English planter who also "skedadled" at the outbreak of the revolution. It was purchased by the future president of the United States, John Adams, and it was here, just fifty years to a day after signing the Declaration of Independence, that he passed away. It was also the home of his son, the president, John Quincy Adams. Few houses have entertained more distinguished men beneath its ample roof. During the trying times of the post-revolution period it was the resort of the men who were endeavoring to adjust the wheels of our new government.

How unpretentious the mansion is our illustration shows, but its rooms are large and comfortable, with big fireplaces and chimneys and an air of quiet about the whole interior.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The eldest of the present representatives of the family lives in a house of modern construction, but it has at least the advantage in its site of a commanding view of Boston harbor. This is one improvement we have made on those who have gone before. We are choosing better sites for our houses, for the reason probably that a fine view costs nothing to preserve.

Another house, which to our modern ideas, would be considered a barn-like structure, is the residence of James Russell Lowell. The house was once the home of Elbridge Gerry, another of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and it was here that our poet Lowell was born, reared, and has always lived. Everything about this house impresses one also with that feeling of rest and roomy comfort to be found in these old homes. Would that our modern architects would take some lessons from them.

STEPHEN HENRY

State's Evidence.

An old negro, much alarmed, went to a judge and said: "Judge, dar's er lot er haugs been stold down in my neighborhood lately an' fust thing yer knows somebody's gwine ter be errested. I knows who tuck 'em an' ef yer'll let me turn state's everdence I'll tell yer." "You were concerned, eh?" "Yas, sah, an' ef yer'll let me turn de everdence I'll tell yer zackly who took dem haugs." "All right." "Won't do nothin' wid me." "Not a thing." "Will yer sw'ar it?" "Yes, if necessary." "But will yer put it in writin'?" "Yes." The judge drew up an agreement and when he had read it the old negro said: "Dat soun's sorter like it. Sho' dis dockymint'll stan'?" "Of course it will. Now tell me who stole the hogs." "Won't do nothin' wid me?" "No." "Wall, jedge, I stold dem haugs by merse'f. Good day, sah. I thanks yer fur yer kin'ness."—Arkansaw Traveler.

IN A THUNDERSTORM.

MYSTERIES OF THE WEATHER BUREAU—THEATRICAL ILLUSION.

Something Superior to the Old-Fashioned Sheet-Iron Thunder—The Man with the Lightning—Manufacturing a Deluge by Means of the Rain-Box.

In storm effects good thunder, which, by the way, is much rarer than good acting, is necessary. The old traditional thunder comes from a long strip of sheet-iron suspended from above, and with a handle at the prompt box. This is shaken, and if properly manipulated, gives passable, but not the most satisfactory results. Verdi was always out of patience with sheet-iron thunder. On one occasion he kept postponing an opera for a period of several months, and even then threatened to withdraw it unless better thunder was furnished. One day in passing a building which was being torn down he heard the thunder he wanted. It was caused by workmen emptying baskets of brick down a chute. A similar one was constructed behind the scenes, and the opera came off.

Stage Manager Sharp, unlike the average theatrical director, does not leave this end of the effect for the prima donna and leading ladies who raise thunder as a staple the year around, but has made an exhaustive study of the thunder question with highly satisfactory results. He has had the iron thunder sheet of olden time cut up in armor and battle axes, and now does the realistic thing with a contrivance exclusively his own.

The first act in the great thunder drama is accomplished by piling cobble-stones on a hinged shelf supported at one end by hinges and at the other by a stick. Sheet-iron is placed under the pile, and at the proper cue the stick is jerked out, giving a fearful crash. While the noise is still reverberating among the rafters a muscular young man trots down a platform towing a cart with wheels the shape of the honored shamrock. The cart is loaded with rocks, and the effect of the ornate wheels is to cause a heavy and somewhat even but very realistic roll.

FOLLOWED BY THE RAIN BOX.

As the thunder of nature tapers off into a distant growl, so does this thunder diminish in volume. This is effected by a bowling-alley expert, who rolls a cannon-ball along the platform. Thus elaborate are the workings of the best thunder machine. While the thunder artists are doing their best work, the man with a flash box is required to have the lightning somewhere in that vicinity, just in time to show the heroine in a white dress flit past a window without any glass in it, in her escape from the bad man in a cloak. The most easily worked lightning is magnesia and rosin, pulverized and placed in a box, like the spout of a watering pot. The powder is blown or shaken in an alcohol flame, which causes a very vivid flash.

An instrument, which painfully suggests the grindstone of our youth is what is known to the profession as the rain box. It is similar to a cheese box mounted like a grindstone, though it is sometimes placed above and worked by a rope. Inside are pegs, running laterally from side to side and placed at irregular intervals. A handful of dried peas is then introduced and the machine is ready for the rain on the roof illusion. A turn of a crank starts the peas flying which striking against the pegs and rebounding, create a very respectable rain patter. This is rather noisy and harsh, sounding more like hail than rain unless the machine is placed up in the dome of the stage or on the gridiron, the network of scaffolding near the roof from which the drops are suspended.

A more perfect illusion is produced by the simpler scheme of using a box like a trunk tray lined with thick paper. A quantity of shot is dropped into the tray, at first a few drops and then a steady patter. This requires more skill, but the result is a much closer imitation of nature. These effects are of use only when the scene is laid in a garret or old mill, ruins, or some place where there is either a roof in sight or suggested on which the rain is supposed to fall. Real wet water is necessary for the successful presentation of landscape rain scenes.—Inter Ocean.

Burdette's Bubbles.

APPALLING DESTITUTION.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Clara," continued Mr. La Dedah, giving an account of his travels, "I have been in great perils, don't you know. One time on a railway train out west, don't you know, we were stopped by the train robbahs, don't you know, and one fellow, a terrible brigand he was, you know, he put his pistol to me head, don't you know, and he said, 'Your money or your brains!' an' 'pon me soul, Miss Clara, I had nothing for him."

A COWARDLY INSINUATION.

"Does your cow cringe and curl," asks The New England Farmer, "and appear nervous and fidgety when you sit down to milk her?" Well, not much, she doesn't. She isn't that kind of a cow. She isn't one of your shy, timid, bashful cows. She just fixes her eyes on vacancy with a glare that will raise a blister on an oak knot, sticks her tail straight up in the air, stiff as a poker, plants three feet firmly on the ground and then feels around with the other for the milk pail, milk stool, milk maid; finds them; fires them up somewhere in the blue empyrean, and remarking "Ha, ha," amid the shouting, jumps over a six rail fence and tramples down an acre of young garden. Don't talk about cringing and curling to a cow that has to be milked with a pipe line and a pumping station.

UNUSED TALENTS.

"Lancelot," asked Elaine, looking up from the paper, "How do the strikers 'kill' an engine? I can't understand it at all." "Easy as lying," replied Lancelot, promptly. "You just climb over the tailboard into the cab, open the blow off cock by lowering the connecting rods until the crankpin is level with the crosshead of the fulcrum connections, push in the brass throttle ratchet till it reaches the crown sheet, which lets the water glasses fall into the fire box—" "Oh, now I see," she said, joyously, "and of course that puts out the fire. But, Lancelot, if I knew as much about engines as you do I wouldn't stand at the ribben counter another day. I'd just go out to where the strike is and be a president of a railroad myself." And Lancelot kissed her and said he would, just as soon as his new tennis suit came home.—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Public Display of the Dead.

There are some barbaric customs which cling to us, and bid fair to do so for generations yet to come. This public display of the dead seams to me only a survival of barbarism. I speak only of the general order of conducting the service of the dead. To robe the tenantless clay as for a festival, to openly display the changed and shrunken face: to invite the indifferent gaze of strangers; to bear in a showy hearse the coffin and its freight of dust through the hubbub of streets at noonday. From all this my mind revolts. When I die, wrap me in some downy robe that shall fold me close, and bury me at sunrise or at set of day, I care not which, so there be no curious glance to criticise my helpless clay.—"Amber" in Chicago Journal.

A Young Performer on the Stage.

The youngest performer in the London theatres is the infant that takes part in the baby song in the last act of "My Sweetheart." It is 18 months old, and is the fourteenth child of a gunmaker of Edinburg. It is put to bed every afternoon at 4 o'clock and brought to theatre at 9, and is in bed again half an hour later, earning in this duty, it is said, more than its father.—Chicago Journal.

The Benefits of Weekly Payments.

Weekly payments have become quite general in western Massachusetts, and on the whole the change has proved beneficial, although its results has not been as sweeping or immediate as its advocates anticipated. In some few instances the factory operatives still continue the old credit system in spite of the fact that they are now able to pay cash each week.—Chicago Journal.

BILL NYE ON INDIAN EARMARKS.

Aztec Indians the Originators of the Modern Apartment House.

It has been my good fortune within the past ten years to witness a number of the remaining landmarks left to indicate the trail of the original inhabitant of this country. It has been a pleasure, and yet a kind of sad pleasure, to examine the crumbling ruins of what was once regarded, no doubt, as the very triumph of aboriginal taste and mechanical ingenuity. I can take but a cursory glance at these earmarks of a forgotten age, for a short treatise like this cannot embrace minute details, of course.

We are told by the historian that there were originally two distinct classes of Indians occupying the territory now embraced by the United States—village Indians, or horticultural Indians, and the extremely rural Indians, or non-horticultural variety.

The village Indians, or horticulturists, subsisted upon fruits and grain, ground in a crude way, while the non-horticulturists lived on wild game, berries, acorns and pilgrims.

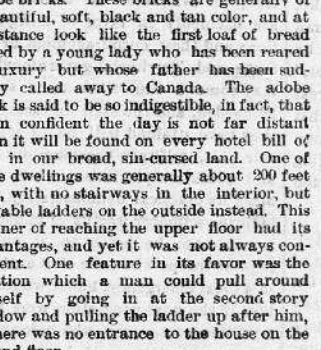
The non-horticulturist Indians lived on Pilgrims.

Of the latter class few traces remain, excepting rude arrow heads and coarse stone weapons. These articles show very little skill as a rule, the only indication of brains that I ever discovered being on a large stone hammer of Mohawk swatter, and they were not the brains of the man who made it either.

The village Indians, however, were architects from away up the gulch.

They constructed a number of architectural works of great beauty, several of which I have visited. They were once, no doubt, regarded as very desirable residences, but now, alas, they have fallen into innocuous desuetude—at least that is what it looked like to me, and the odor reminded me of innocuous desuetude in a bad state of preservation.

In New Mexico, over 300 years ago, there were built a number of pueblos or villages which still stand up, in a measure, though some of them are in a recumbent position. These pueblos or villages are formed of three or four buildings, constructed in the retrousse style of architecture, and made of adobe bricks. These bricks are generally of a beautiful, soft, black and tan color, and at a distance look like the first loaf of bread baked by a young lady who has been reared in luxury but whose father has been suddenly called away to Canada. The adobe brick is said to be so indigestible, in fact, that I am confident the day is not far distant when it will be found on every hotel bill of fare in our broad, sin-cursed land. One of these dwellings was generally about 200 feet long, with no stairways in the interior, but movable ladders on the outside instead. This manner of reaching the upper floor had its advantages, and yet it was not always convenient. One feature in its favor was the isolation which a man could pull around himself by going in at the second story window and pulling the ladder up after him, as there was no entrance to the house on the ground floor.



An Aztec gentleman always pulled the staircase up after him.

If a man really courted retirement, and wanted to write a humorous lecture or a $2 homily, he could insert himself through the second story window, pull in the staircase and go to work. Then no one could disturb him without bribing a hook and ladder company to come along and let him in.

But the great drawback was the annoyance incident to ascending these ladders at a late hour in the night, while under the influence of Aztec rum, a very seductive, yet violently intoxicating beverage, containing about eight parts cheer to ninety-two parts inebriate.

These residences were hardly Gothic in style, being extremely rectangular, with a tendency toward the modern dry goods box. It is believed by abler men than I am, men who could believe more in two minutes than I could believe in a lifetime, if I had nothing else to do, that those houses contained about thirty-eight apartments on the first floor and nineteen on the second. These apartments were separated by some kind of cheap and transitory partition, which could not stand the climatic changes, and so has gone to decay; but these Indians were determined to have their rooms separated in some way, for they were very polite and decorous to a fault. No Aztec gentleman would emerge from his room until he had completed his toilet, if it cost him his position.—Bill Nye in Boston Globe.

A Woman Detective.

When a woman sets deliberately to work as a detective, she knocks the spots off a man almost every time. This is illustrated by the striking achievements in this line of Mrs. L. Cook, a wealthy Louisville woman, who, as she drove home one day in her carriage, discovered a brutal-looking ruffian emerging from a side entrance to her premises, with a well-stored bag upon his shoulder. The man's whole appearance breathed the word "burglar" so plainly that Mrs. Cook whispered to her coachman to shadow him, and the equipage was turned around and followed slowly after the retreating villain. After many devious windings he was tracked to his lair, which proved to be a respectable hotel. The carriage was at once driven to police headquarters, and two detectives, in plain clothes, accompanied Mrs. Cook back to the lair. The brutal-looking ruffian proved to be a garbage collector, and when Mrs. Cook got home she found she hadn't lost anything.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Mussel a Rival of the Oyster.

The mussel has been turned to account for stewing at North Haven, Me., and is already said to rival the oyster for that purpose among local epicures.

Destructiveness of Dynamite Shells.

It is thought that a dozen shots from the new German bomb, charged with dynamite shells, would destroy the strongest fortifications in the world.

One Man's Opinion of Evarts.

A western sight-seer being told that the dried-up man of 110 pounds weight was Evarts, the New York senator, said: "By gosh! I'll bet he boards."

The Philadelphia normal school has substituted cooking for mythology in the studies.

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The Lime Kiln Club.

"I was readin' in de paper yesterday," said Brother Gardner as the meeting opened after the usual style, "I was a-readin' a lament bekase de ole fashun'd man an' woman had died off an' would be seen no mo' on airth foreber. Ize glad on it. De ole-fashun'd man scraped off de measure when he sold wheat; he believed dat any sort of food an' any sort of bed was good 'nuff fur his chill'en; he took de biggest piece of pie at de table; he ate mo' like a hog dan a human bein'; if he had sympathy it was for his cattle instead of his fam'ly. De ole-fashun'd man was a reg'lar attendant at prayer meetin', but he worked his hired help twenty hours out of twenty-four just the same. He'd drive five miles to church on Sunday to show his religun, but doorin' de odder six days of de week he was a bad man to trade hosses wid. It took his wife six months to git up de courage to ax him fur a new kaliker dress, an' mos' of his chill'en growed up an' went away from home widout a reckoleckshun of a dozen kind words.

"De ole-fashun'd man had two recipes fur his fellow-bein's. De fust was hard work; de nex' was boneset tea. He had but two ideahs in regard to boys. De fust was lots o' work an' a leetle schoolin'; de next was lots o' lickins an' no holidays. He had but two ideahs in regard to bizness. De fust was git all ye kin; de nex' was keep all ye git. He argued dat a liar could neber enter the kingdom of heaben, but would go out an' lick a sick ox to death widout any fear about his hereafter. He prayed loudly that the Lawd would increase his crops, but he kept his hired hands down to de lowest possible figger. He made a great show of submittin' to de will of Providence, but if 500 pounds of hay got wet in a rain storm some of de chill'en come in for a lickin' befo' night.

"De ole-fashun'd man an' woman hev departed, an' de world hasn't lost a cent by it. It was a good depart. Wicked as some folks claim de world to be, I feel dat I kin walk into de aiverage crowd an' pick out mo' charity, humanity, religun, sympathy, an' morality dan could be found in a ten-acre lot of ole-fashun'd men. Let us now purceed to bizness.—Detroit Free Press.

A Touch of Superstition.

A curious story was recently told me respecting the queen regent of Spain, which goes to prove that even that intelligent lady is not free from the touch of superstition to which it seems that all feminine minds, even of the strongest, are liable. On the day that the offer of King Alfonso's hand to the Archduchess Christina was officially made known to that young lady, she had, by some mischance, on rising put on garters of different colors. As the great good fortune of her life had come to her on that day, she never henceforward would consent to wear a pair of garters to match. One might be pale blue and the other rose color, or one was white and the other scarlet, etc. Thus it became a habit with the keeper of the royal wardrobe to order at a time several pairs of these silken articles, always of different tints.

But one day, while King Alfonso was very ill, it was discovered by the lady in waiting on the queen that by some mischance there remained on hand only three or four pairs, and they were all of one color—pale blue, if I remember rightly. In the hurry of Donna Christina's toilet, for she was in haste to return to her husband's bedside, this change in the small detail of her attire passed unnoticed. That day the king died, and when the young-widow, woe-worn and heartbroken, was about to retire to rest, she suddenly became aware of the lapse from the small superistition of her happy years. "It was an omen!" she exclaimed, and she wept bitterly.—Lucy Hooper in New York World.

John Bull and His Insularity.

Insularity is in some respects a happy condition, but it fosters a strange blindness toward some very important political truths. I not now speak merely of its narrowing influence. We must all be more or less aware of this. We must be aware that we live in a kind of seclusion, in a kind of half ignorance that other nations really exist, that other languages are spoken. When a nation thus secluded arrives at great wealth and power this narrowness blends with self-satisfaction, and the compound which results is that peculiar character which foreign politicians know by the name of John Bull. They think him very conceited, very self-satisfied, and they are astonished at his ignorance of all the affairs which seem to them most important.

"It is prodigious," said Prince Kaunitz a century ago, "what these Englishmen do not know." If with all this ignorance the English prosper and grow rich, and keep an inviolate soil, when almost every country is trodden at times by foreign armies, these foreigners can not help respecting so much success; but yet they do not admit the explanation of it which commends itself to us; they do not think we are prosperous simply because we are wise and virtuous, for they hold to their opinion that we are ignorant, but they think that our insularity, the cause of our ignorance, is also the principal cause of our prosperity, since it keeps off enemies and diminishes the difficulties of foreign policy.—Professor Seeley in Nineteenth Century.

He Worshipped the Poet Whitaker.

Hero-worshippers have a better time of it than the heroes who have to submit to their worship. The latter (including all distinguished men) are largely at the mercy of a class of admirers who are too obtuse to see any violation of good manners or taste in their pursuit of interviews and autographs.

William Warren tells a delicious story about a St. Louis man who went east last summer, and hunted up the poet Whittier. He found the quiet old Quaker poet trying to hide from civilization in a farmhouse near Nahant. He had gone there to escape just such bores as the St. Louis man was.

At first he declined to see the visitor, saying that he was not feeling strong, but the Missouri man was so persistent that at last Whittier yielded, and he was admitted. He pounced upon the poet and nearly shook his arm from the socket. He declared that he adored the poet's works—in fact, he read nothing else.

He asked Whittier to write his name a few hundred times on a sheet of note paper, that he might distribute the autographs among his friends, and it was all the poet could do to keep the impetuous visitor from cutting the buttons from his coat to carry away as mementos.

"And all the time," said Whittier pathetically as he told his adventure, "he called me Whittaker."—Youth's Companion.

Where Philadelphia Was Ahead.

A Brooklyn gentleman relates the following: After the conferring of the pallium on Archbishop Corrigan I listened to some of the discussion going on among the audience relative to the appearance of the prelates who were present. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, is a splendid specimen of a man, standing six and a half feet in his stockings and possessing the frame of an athlete. His head is covered with hair suspiciously near an auburn tint. The Philadelphians were proud of him. The Baltimoreans, equally proud of Archbishop Gibbons, boasted that other cities might have archbishops, but that Baltimore would soon be honored with the red hat. "The red hat, sir," retorted one of the Philadelphians, "what of it? Baltimore may have the red hat, but Philadelphia, sir, has an archbishop with a red head!" Dr. Ryan's appreciation of this defense is not recorded.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Enterprise Had a Good Start.

In the speculative days following the war several Milwaukee capitalists organized a railroad company, projected a line 220 miles long and came to New York to secure capital. A party to whom they were referred listened to their project and asked:

"Have you secured the right of way yet, made a survey or estimated the cost?"

"No."

"Then you haven't any railroad?"

"Not any actual railroad, but we've been paying ourselves salaries for the last three months, and that's a big start, you know."—Wall Street News.