HELENA Historical Association Y

VOL. 18, NO. 8. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, AUGUST 20, 1886. WHOLE NO. 893.

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Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory.
718

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Deer Lodge, - - Montana.

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

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808

H. B. DAVIS,
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DEER LODGE, M. T.
Office at the Court House, with Probate Judge. 832

DAVIS & BENNETT,
ASSAYERS,
BUTTE - - - MONTANA.
PRICES—Gold & Silver....$2 50
Silver.... 2 00
Copper.... 3 00
Samples sent by mail promptly attended to. 61-

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

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

DR. H. H. WYNNE,
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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.
Spectacles scientifically fitted to the eye.
Catarrh of the nose and throat successfully treated.
OFFICE—JACKSON STREET. 859 1yr

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

First National Bank!
HELENA, - MONTANA.
Paid up Capital.....$500.000
Surplus and Profits $325,000
S. T. HAUSER, - - President.
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DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
We transact a general Banking business, and buy, at highest rates, Gold Dust, Coin, Gold and Silver Bullion, and Local Securities; Sell Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers, available in all parts of the United States, the Canadas, Great Britain, Ireland and the Continent. COLLECTIONS made and proceeds remitted promptly.
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DEER LODGE, MONTANA,
Sam. Scott, Proprietor.
Board Per Day $2.00. Single Meals, 50 c.
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THE FAVORITE SALOON
PETERSON & CONNIFF, Prop'rs.
Main & Second, DEER LODGE.
Thoroughly Overhauled, Repaired and Renovated.
All Drinks and Cigars, 12 1-2c Each.
Ph. Best's Milwaukee Beer ON TAP.
ALWAYS PLEASED TO SEE OUR FRIENDS.
839

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

DAY IS OVER.

Lower and lower the light is falling—
Waves of color that come and go;
Yellow and purple slowly paling,
Flush of pink in the after glow;
Booming bees forsake the clover—
Day is over!

Faster and faster from hazy hollow,
Night is closing on field and wood;
Out of the west the late-bound swallow
Hastens back to the crumpled brood;
Stately-winged, the night-hawks hover—
Day is over!

Forest and fallow grow dark together,
A bell in the distance sounding slow;
Still the light of the rosy weather
Welling up in the after glow;
Now the starry skies discover
Day is over!

—Dora Read Goodale.

The Protected Cow.

O cow, where'er you browse for food,
Assume a bolder attitude,
And turn thy meek and dreamy eye
Triumphantly to azure sky!

At buxom maid switch not thy tail,
Nor overturn in rage the pail;
In short, by action dignified,
Display to man thy proper pride.

Graze on, O cow, and chew and dream!
The milk you give will give its cream;
The cream be given to the churn
Which gives the butter in its turn.

To market will the butter go
In golden balls, in tier and row;
No oil, nor grease, called butterine,
Shall in thy borrowed garb be seen.

Feed on, O cow, in sunshine bask,
Thou hast protection in thy task;
And artful man shall not compete
With thee. Thy victory is complete!

—Columbus Dispatch.

ALTITUDES AND HEART DISEASE.

The Risk Which Some People Run—Dangers of the Higher Levels.

The Medical Journal has just reported a paper read before the American Climatological association, by Dr. A. L. Loomis, of this city, which may be of vital importance to many people proposing to visit mountain resorts the coming summer. Dr. Loomis datails four cases in which heart disease was brought on by a change from a lower to a higher altitude. Two of these cases were persons going to St. Regis lake, in the Adirondacks, at an elevation of only 2,000 feet. One was that of a visitor to the Catskill mountains, and the fourth had gone to Colorado. Though a relief was afforded them by a return to lower levels, they all died within four or five weeks.

As the result of his experience in twenty-six cases, Dr. Loomis concludes that "the risks which one with even slight cardiac insufficiency runs by passing from a lower to a higher altitude is certainly very great; and, if the insufficiency be extensive, such change becomes immediately dangerous." This conclusion, strongly supported as it is by Dr. Loomis' data, is especially important when it is remembered that cardaic insufficiency may exist in those who give no evidence of it while at, or moderately near, the sea level.

It is well known that sojourn at the high resorts of the Swiss Alps is contraindicated for persons suffering from diseases of the brain, heart, or the large vessels. The change in the blood is due to deficiency of oxygen (calculation will show that ordinarily at an altitude of only 2,000 feet 173.48 grains less of oxygen are inhaled than at sea level) would alone explain the perils which many people incur by exchanging tide water for high mountain air.—New York Herald.

The Formation of North America.

The opinion is expressed by an eminent American scientist, in a recent lecture, that the North American continent had the beginning of its formation in islands of matter rising out of the immense ocean, which grew until they finally touched each other. Many of these islands were volcanoes that threw up matter that had formed below the surface of the water, and were larger below the water than above it. The Hawaiian islands have had many volcanoes, and were much formed by them. The whole area above the sea is no more than that of the state of Massachusetts, but their combined bases must be equal to the whole of New England and New York.

Thus the original islands of this continent could easily have been made to enlarge and join each other, and the granite rock is so abundant was once erupted from volcanoes, like flowing lava.

Among the first volcanic islands must have been Greenland, Canada, east of Winnipeg, the Atlantic district, the Rocky mountains and the Sierra Nevadas; but as the islands rose and enlarged great depressions would naturally commence and go on, and in this way the depressions of Hudson's bay, the Mississippi valley, and the Salt Lake and Nevada basins were formed. These depressions would fill with massive sediments, which would eventually become rocks, and the depressions would have a saucer or platter shape.—Chicago Herald.

Markets of a Siberian City.

The markets of Irkutsk are an interesting sight in winter time, for everything on sale is frozen solid. Fish are piled up in stacks like so much cordwood, and meat likewise. All kinds of fowl are similary frozen and piled up. Some animals brought into the market whole are propped up on their hind legs, and have the appearance of being actually alive; and as you go through the markets you seem to be surrounded by living pigs, sheep, oxen, and fowls. But stranger yet, even the liquids are frozen solid and sold in blocks. Milk is frozen into a block in this way, with a string or stick frozen into or projecting from it, for the convenience of the purchaser, who can take his milk by the stick and carry it home swung across the shoulder. So, in a sense which is unknown in other countries, a man can buy his drink with 'a stick in it.'—Central Siberia Letter.

Thousands Like Him.

She (in the morning)—Tom, dear, I wish you'd stop at Johnson's on your way to the office and pay my bill for plants and seeds. It's just $5.

He—Five dollars! Strikes me that's a good deal to lay out for that sort of thing. I should think half as much would have been amply sufficient.

She (in the evening)—Well, Tom, did you pay that bill?

He—No, I didn't. Fact is, going down town I met Bob Barr, and bet him a V that his head was smaller than mine. I lost—his hat came down to my ears—and when I paid him I found myself dead broke. You'll have to save that money out of your next month's allowance for housekeeping.—Harper's Bazar.

Stranger Than Fiction.

Lemme see if my father hadn't died back in '36 he'd be a hundred an' four this comin' spring.

Whew! How come a man of sich vitality ter die?—Life.

THE AMERICAN RHINE.

DOWN THE OHIO RIVER FROM PITTSBURG TO PORKOPOLIS.

Pen Notes and Pencil Sketches—Three Days on a Back Wheeler—A Village Afloat—The Harmonite and the Hoop Pole District—Ohio Grape Growers.

LEFT Pittsburg early in the evening amid a cloud of dense smoke. It is rather an uncommon occurrence to arrive in or depart from that city under any other circumstances.

All about the long wharves, wherever it seemed possible for them to squeeze in, the steamboats were puffing out volumes of black smoke from a veritable forest of tall smokestacks. The condition of affairs upon land was similar.

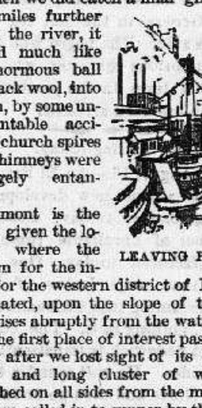
The great furnaces along the base of Mount Washington vied with each other in power to emit the greater amount of smoke and fire from their long line of chimneys. Some one, when taken to the summit of Mount Washington and shown what could be seen of Pittsburg, truly said, "It looks like h—ll with the lid off."

We had taken passage upon one of the largest of the river steamboats that ply between Pittsburg and Cincinnati. As she swung out into the middle of the stream we had an excellent view of the bridge connecting Pittsburg with Birmingham. Mount Washington with its bright green summit, could be plainly seen looming up above the rolling clouds of sulphurous smoke, and up and down its inclined plane the little cars were slowly carrying their loads of human life from soot to sunshine, or vice versa.

Obedient to the ringing bell and calls of the mate to "step up to the capting's office and settle," we procured our stateroom keys and were soon out on deck again.

While we were being booked the big wheel had started the contract to take us 500 miles down the Ohio river, and we rapidly lost sight of Pittsburg.

When we did catch a final glimpse of it a few miles further down the river, it looked much like an enormous ball of black wool, into which, by some unaccountable accident, church spires and chimneys were strangely entangled.



LEAVING PITTSBURG.

Dixmont is the name given the locality where the asylum for the insane for the western district of Pennsylvania is situated, upon the slope of the mountain that rises abruptly from the water's edge. It was the first place of interest passed, and directly after we lost sight of its great central tower and long cluster of wings, which branched on all sides from the main building, we were called in to supper by the tinkling of the steward's bell.

It has always been a matter for wonder to the writer that these river lines of travel are not more frequently used by those who, by the nature of the business upon which they are bound, find time no object.

The saloon of the steamer was fitted out in such cozy style that when lit up by a dozen swinging chandeliers it had a charm that was irresistible. Up through the middle of the saloon the supper tables were ranged and their snowy linen and shining silver service, with the all-pervading aroma of coffee, served to give an appetite to those who lacked it and that was never the fate of a newspaper man.

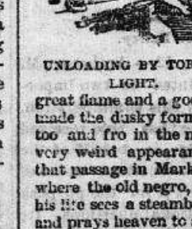
So we greatly relished the nicely cooked waffles and chicken, and when supper was ended wandered back upon deck.

The first object that attracted the attention was an enormous blazing light some four miles below upon the right bank of the river. Upon inquiring of one of the officers of the boat we learned that we were approaching the settlement of the Economites, a community with rather quaint notions of life, and the manner in which they have established themselves at this place, which is called Economy, proves that they thoroughly believe in what they preach. The light which had so suddenly attracted our attention was the flame from a natural gas well upon their property and so near the landing stage that it was unnecessary to use other means to obtain light to load or unload boats at night.

The most singular thing about these quaint people and their still more quaint methods is absence of a single door upon the front of any building in the town, whether that building be used for a dwelling or shop.

The Economites first settled in this vicinity under one named Phillips, who was in a manner their ruler, at some distance down the river from Economy, and the place was known as Phillipsburg. It was finally abandoned to form another colony, with a new leader named Ralph, at a place called Harmony. They became known as the Harmonites. This settlement was also abandoned, and they moved up the stream to their present location. They are industrious and enterprising, and carry on all the various branches of trade that are found in other places. One essential rule is to make a common pool of all material raised or manufactured, and after it is sold to divide equally the proceeds of the sales. Marriage and the injunction from Holy Writ to "increase and multiply" is discouraged, if not entirely prohibited.

Wheeling, in West Virginia, was passed in the middle of the night and during a heavy rainfall. When the curtains of the cozy little staterooms were drawn aside the next day the sun had not yet made his appearance, and the river was clothed in darkness and mist. It was about 4 o'clock, and we had stopped at a small town on the Ohio shore to leave some freight. It was too dark for the colored roustabouts to see to do their work, and the old-style torch was brought into play. This is the perfect fac-simile of a wicker basket. It is made of iron, and has a circular bottom into which hot coals from the furnaces under the boat's boilers are turned. Upon these is laid a mixture of rosin, sawdust and oil, which makes a great flame and a good light. Its fitful blaze made the dusky forms, as they flitted rapidly too and fro in the misty atmosphere, have a very weird appearance, and called to mind that passage in Mark Twain's "Gilded Age," where the old negro, who for the first time in his life sees a steamboat, falls upon his knees and prays heaven to save him from the infernal thing approaching with its two big blazing eyes.



UNLOADING BY TORCH-LIGHT.

Without doubt one of the strangest sights the writer has witnessed in a traveling experience that has reached around the world is the floating villages of the Ohio river. The great floods that have occurred along the Ohio have given rise to such a feeling of insecurity that many families sold their land at a great sacrifice and moved further inland, while others who were impoverished by the floods have built themselves a sort of flat boat, upon which they cook and sleep. But this class, of course, are generally laborers, who, when they work in a town, find this the safest and cheapest manner to live.

The river at certain places was dotted all over with this clumsy little craft, forming a perfect floating village.

The scenery below Wheeling, and especially in the vicinity of Pike Creek bend, is something almost beyond the power of pen to describe, it differs so greatly from anything seen before. As the boat winds in and out the intricate shallow passages of the river the mountains seemingly change from one side to the other. Now they are on the Kentucky shore, and again upon the Ohio side.

The river narrows and the mountains grow taller, until right near the boundary line, where "Old Kaintuck" and West Virginia touch, they seem to have attained such an elevation as to make it impracticable for a man to get a living by farming. Yet there, on their great, scrawny, rocky sides, are seen little green patches, and a small log hut can be found by a little patience, generally placed on a knoll and near the edge of a gully, where they seem balancing upon its verge and ready to topple over at any moment.

Turning to the old pilot, for we had clambered to the wheel house to better enjoy the scene, we asked for information respecting the mode of planting these little patches. His reply was short and quaint.

"Wa'al, stranger, I bin runnin' on this yer river for more'n a twenty year, and I never seed them plant yit, but guess they sit in the house and shoot the seed out over them patches."

He further volunteered to inform us that this was known as the "hoop pole deestrick," where they were supposed to grow nothing but material for making barrel hoops, and also that a "familee war'nt no familee" unless it contained nine children and seven dogs.

At Catlettsburg we got our first look at "Kaintuck," and as we reached there early in the morning this bright little Kentucky town seemed more than usually pretty. Catlettsburg is right at the mouth of the Big Sandy river, and is notable from the fact that Garfield, with his Ohio boys, ascended this river during the recent war of the rebellion and displaced Humphreys, the Confederate general, who held a position some distance up the stream.

A DOWN RIVER LANDING.

Everywhere we stopped, and especially upon the Ohio shore, the landing places were very steep and were paved in many places with square Belgian block, and at almost every place along the river sign boards were tacked upon trees or buildings bearing an inscription which generally began thus:

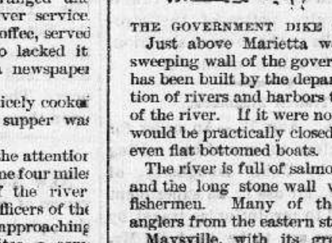
HIGH WATER MARK.

and then went on to give date and year.

The mountain slopes about this portion of the river are being cultivated for grape raising, and as we proceeded further on the slopes were dotted with vine trimmers who were taking advantage of the pleasant weather to get ready for a crop.

There has been so much written about the wine making and grape growing industry along this river that it is almost impossible to say anything that has not already been said.

Shortly after leaving Catlettsburg we passed Ashland, one of the many pretty places along the river, and about ten miles below we ran into Ironton, Ohio, with its great furnaces, which are the largest in the world, and one of these furnaces is so immense that it has never worked entirely as the demand could be easily supplied with one-half its capacity. Marietta, Ohio, with its quaint gabled houses and high shelving river banks, is the oldest settlement in Ohio, and is at the mouth of the Muskegon river.



THE GOVERNMENT DIKE ABOVE MARIETTA.

Just above Marietta we passed the long sweeping wall of the government dike, which has been built by the department of navigation of rivers and harbors to deepen one side of the river. If it were not for this the Ohio would be practically closed at this point for even flat bottomed boats.

The river is full of salmon, pike and bass, and the long stone wall was crowded with fishermen. Many of these were amateur anglers from the eastern states.

Maysville, with its great tobacco warehouses and great hills, was the next town passed on the Kentucky shore, and just above it we stopped long enough to get a glimpse at all that remains of the once famous city of Augusta, which before the war was the wealthiest place in the state of Kentucky.

It was the summer resort for the aristocracy of Kentucky, and figured high in the history of the state. It was completely destroyed by fire during the war, and has never been rebuilt.

There was a peaceful, shady look about its long water front, and the few old-time houses that have survived those most stirring events are nearly covered up from the gaze of the busy world by the masses of trees that surround them. The sun was setting over the beautiful picture of these two little cities at the base of the great eternal hills. One full of life, hope, enterprise and wealth. The other still and deserted of all its wealth and rank.

GRAPEVINE TRIMMERS.

A few hours later we arrived in Cincinnati, amid the like clouds of soot and smoke that we had seen upon leaving Pittsburg. We alighted from the boat and found ourselves upon the streets of far-famed Porkopolis, as it is called. Like all cities where soft coal is used, Cincinnati is troubled with an atmosphere mainly composed of soot specks and whirling clouds of smoke that leave her most beautiful buildings covered with a smeary black substance that is anything but inviting in appearance. The hill gardens of Cincinnati are the best places the writer has ever seen to spend a warm day or evening. They are generally on enormously high hills overlooking the city and surrounding country, and are fitted out with long rows of electric lights, which have a most brilliant effect in looking from the city toward these hills. S. FRANKLIN YEAGER.

Provided They Got Up Safely.

Some years ago a party of Cambridge philosophers undertook, for a scientific object, to penetrate into the vasty depths of a Cornish mine. Professor Farash, who made one of the number, used to relate with infinite gusto the following startling incident of his visit: On his ascent in the ordinary manner, by means of a bucket, and with a miner for a fellow passenger, he perceived, as he thought, certain unmistakable symptoms of frailty in the rope. "How often do you change your ropes, my good man?" he inquired, when about half way up from the bottom of the awful abyss. "We change them every three months, sir," replied the man in the bucket; "and we shall change this one to-morrow, if we get up safe."—Philadelphia Call.

Cultivating the Curious Kermes Oak.

The botanical gardens, London, have succeeded in cultivating the curious kermes oak (quercus coccifera), which, when punctured by one of the coccus insects produces the ancient blood-red dye, supposed to have been used by Moses to tint the hangings of the tabernacle. The kermes oak is a dwarf, bushy shrub, somewhat resembling a holly, and grows profusely in Spain.—Chicago News.

Purple Won't Take Over Red.

Miss Cleveland asks: "Why should not Chicago, the Venice of your western Adriatic, array herself in 'Tyrian purple' and become renowned as the home of muses more vigorous than those of Greece?" It is a hard question to answer at first sight. It seems probable, however, that the town of Chicago has been painted red too often to take kindly to the "Tyrian purple."—New York World.

A LUMBER FLUME.

A LIGHTNING TRIP DOWN A NEVADA MOUNTAIN SIDE.

The Speed of the Fastest Engine Outdone—Getting Aboard the "Yacht"—A Plunge to Destruction—Through the Air as if Blown from a Catapult.

Whenever a Vanderbilt takes a railway ride it seems to be the stock in trade of some reporters to tell how fast be traveled. When old William H. was alive the public used to read with great interest how he would harness up the fleetest engine at his command and reel off a mile a minute and all that, but fast railway traveling is now given to the common multitude. There are several trains that go out of Chicago daily that between stations and on level places go a mile in sixty seconds. "There is nothing novel in the sensation," said an old newspaper man the other night at the Press club. "If you want to feel that you are going fast over the ground you want to ride on a Nevada lumber flume. I picked up a paper the other day and caught this item:

'The residents along a lumber flume in the mountains above Chico, Cal., have a novel way of getting their mail. It is started on a raft from the head of the flume at regular dates and the people below watch for it, take out what belongs to them, and then send the raft with its precious cargo on its way.'

"That isn't quite true, but it illustrates the general use of those flumes. Lumber flumes in the Sierra Nevatha are all the way from five to forty miles long. They are built on a regular engineer's grade. The bed of the flume is made of two inch plank in the form of a V, the sides of the V being from eighteen to twenty-six inches high. They are built on a grade of about sixteen feet drop to the thousand. They carry eight inches of water in the acute angle, and discharge it at the rate of 400 miner's inches a minute. In other words, turn in your water at the head of the flume, and it will carry a log weighing 400 pounds with a velocity greater than the fastest engine that was ever made. The log's displacement just above fills the V, without any more friction than necessary to keep it in place.

"About nine years ago I was up at Lake Tahoe," said the velocity sharp, "with E. W. Smalley, of The New York Tribune, and W. H. Patton, of the Mackey & Fair Lumber company. Patton was showing us the sights. We had come up from Carson City, sixteen miles by stage, and it was a hot and tedious ride. About sundown Patton said, 'Boys, we'll go home by the flume, and we'll get there a little quicker, I think.'

GOING HOME BY THE FLUME.

"He directed a man to bring out the 'yacht,' as he called it. This was a V shaped canoe about fourteen feet long, very shallow, and made to fit the flume and just about fill it with the displacement of 600 pounds. The yacht had a 'brake'—two rubber pads on either side, worked with a lever, and so applied against the sides of the V flume that on pressure it would lift the yacht gradually and allow the lightning current to pass under her. She also had two small rubber wheels, one on either bow, to keep her nose from 'grinding' the side of the flume as she went by curves. 'Now, boys,' said Mr. Patton, 'button up your coats, tie down your hats, and hold on. Don't get scared. Trust your lives to me for the next half hour. I've sailed in this yacht before, and I know she's stanch.' There were three seats. Patton took the front one, to handle the brake. Smalley took the next one, and I took the [illegible] rigged just like a ship's rudder, with a rubber wheel to ease off her stern against the side of the flume if she got to yawing. Patton told his men to put on two inches more of water, and then, with a wave of his hat, we 'weighed anchor.' Great Scott! How that thing jumped. Smalley got sea sick. I jammed my helm hard down, but Patton yelled through the air, 'Let her go. I've got her!' and with one hand on his brake, his hat crushed down on his head, and his teeth set, he looked the incarnation of courage.

"We plunged down the mountain with a speed that no steam could give. Trees flew like specters: looking ahead down the narrow thread-like flume it seemed like a plunge to destruction. Several times the flume carried us over a high trestle. It seemed like leaping over a precipice. Smalley held his breath, but the little yatch jumped it through the air apparently with a swish. Curves would show themselves ahead. The rudder wheel would squeak on either side, and the good ship would round that curve like a flash. Sometimes an uneveness in the flume would occur, and then, as the craft sped over it, the spray would rise fifty feet in the air. 'Keep on your hats!' shouted Patton; then, as we struck a straight five mile stretch. 'Now hold on to your teeth.' I don't exactly know what the next sensation was, but I tried to peep out from under the rim of my hat, and, my soul, it was all a blur—trees, rocks, landscapes, were all mingled in an indistinguishable mass. It was as if one was blown through the air from a catapult.

"Well, from the time we 'weighed anchor' up at Lake Tuhoe until Patton put on his brakes just outside the lumber field at Carson City it seemed like a minute or two. We all looked at our watches. We had made just sixteen miles in eight minutes and forty seconds. I never in all my life had such an illustration of the force of water."

"I have always recognized it," said a third party, who had listened to the tale, "and never much believed it. Let us go and get something else."—Chicago Herald "Walks and Talks."

A Thrifty Beau.

A young man, evidently from a part of the country where the shriek of the railroad engine has never been heard, called on the county clerk the other day, and in a business-like way asked:

"Fell any yit?"

"What?"

"Marriage license fell any yit?"

"No, same price."

"Well, I come in the other day, an' er feller told me they mout fall airter county court met."

"No, they are the same price."

"I'm mighty sorry uv that, fur I've been engaged to a gal fur about two year. I loves her might'ly, an' she says that she ain't goin' to wait on me no longer, but I wouldn't give $3 fur no set uv license that wuz ever writ out. It's mighty hard to give her up, but I reckon I'll have to let her slide."

"Look here," said the clerk. "Tell you what I'll do with you. I'll pay for your license."

"Much obleeged, cap'n. Jis write 'em out an' I'll go down an' break the good news to Susan. It'll tickle her mighty nigh to death when she hears uv my good luck."

The license was issued, and the young fellow hurried to the wagon yard where Susan was stopping, and conducted her to the office of a justice of the peace.

"Cap'n, whut'll you charge to marry us?"

The magistrate told him, and shaking his head he mumbled: "Kain't erford to pay that much these hard times."

"Nobody will perform the ceremony any cheaper."

"Wall, then, Susan, you'd better go back to the wagon yard, while I go roun' an' see ef I can sell the license to some other feller. I hate to give you up, Sue, but I reckon you'd better marry Bill. He's er reckless sort uv feller, an' don't mind 'stravigance."—Arkansaw Traveler.

The Power of the Press.

Spriggins—You are a society reporter, aren't you?

Pennibs—I have that inexpressible felicity.

Spriggins—You write up the fashions, don't you?

Pennibs—That is one of my numerous functions.

Spriggins—Well, how much will you charge me for a paragraph stating that a plain gold band is now the proper thing for an engagement ring? I have to buy one for Mamie tomorrow, and if I could show her such a paragraph, it would be $100 in my pocket.—Rambler.

THE LATE NED BUNTLINE.

The Life Romance of One of the Greatest Romancers.

"Ned Buntline" is dead. What reader of the sensational, hair-raising, blood-curdling penny-awful story papers has not heard of him. Little wonder that he did the work through which he was known, for his career outromanced any of his fictions. It can be but briefly noticed here.

THE LATE E. Z. C. JUDSON.

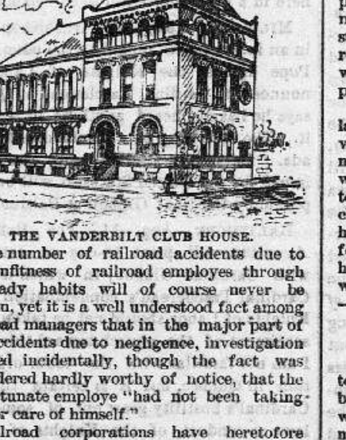
He was Edward Z. C. Judson, of the great Christian missionary family of that name. His father was a Philadelphia lawyer, in which quiet city this restless spirit was born. His father intended him for a legal light, but the youngster ran away to sea in a ship going around the Horn. On his return home his father endeavored to show him the career that the study of Blackstone might bring him. But without avail; then, making a virtue of the necessity, his father appenticed his wayward boy to the United States ship Macedonian, obtaining for him a midshipman's position. His fellow-midshipmen, in their youthful would-be aristocracy, refused to associate or mess with him on the ground that he had served as a common sailor and was not their equal. He certainly was not, for he proved himself very soon their superior, challenging them all to fight, one after the other, and coming off victorious in each contest. One of his antagonists is now an admiral in the navy. After that there was no more talk about equality. While serving in the navy he rescued the crew of a boat which had been run down by a ferryboat in New York harbor. But it was on land, not on sea, that young Judson's most adventurous period was passed. As an Indian fighter and as a scout in the great civil war he became justly famous. On the plains he met with Capt. Jack Crawford, who regards Ned Buntline as the bravest man he has ever met, while as to his marksmanship there can be no dispute. On shipboard he broke a small bottle suspended from the yard arm with one shot and cut the cord that had held the bottle with the shot following, and years after, in a trial of skill with Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack and several Indian chiefs he took the first prize for quick, sure aim. His adventures among the Indians would fill volumes. He was a great admirer of the Indian character, though he took no stock in "Cooper's Indians," as he called them.

Ned kept himself constantly before the public in some sensational way. He was a leader in the Know-Nothing movement. Was arrested as one of the principals in the Forrest Macready Astor place riots in New York. He was tried before Judge Charles P. Daly, [illegible] years. The judge magnanimously gave him but one year in the penitentiary. He had already begun to fire the youthful heart with his Munchausen tales, and this he continued to his death. No one can estimate the number of stories he wrote. His income from this source averaged $20,000 a year. During the war he was arrested and confined in Fort Lafayette for overstaying his parole. He had tried nearly everything in his time and it was to be expected he would try the stage. This he did, in company with Buffalo Bill, for whom he wrote a play. Their first appearance was in St. Louis, and as it was new business for them, both became stage struck. Buffalo Bill forgot his part, Ned became boggled, and the play ended in a roaring farce.

Of late years Buntline was living on his farm at Stamford, N. Y., where he leaves his fourth wife and a family. He was a model of muscular vigor, as his picture indicates, up to the day of his death.

A RAILROAD CLUB HOUSE.

The Gift of Cornelius Vanderbilt to His Employes.



THE VANDERBILT CLUB HOUSE.

The number of railroad accidents due to the unfitness of railroad employes through unsteady habits will of course never be known, yet it is a well understood fact among railroad managers that in the major part of the accidents due to negligence, investigation showed incidentally, though the fact was considered hardly worthy of notice, that the unfortunate employe "had not been taking proper care of himself."

Railroad corporations have heretofore cared little for the comfort of their employees. It is expected that they be ready to undertake any extra work in the way of long runs, often without rest for days, often sending them into strange towns without any care whether they find accommodations for food or a bed to rest in, only caring that they be on hand to take up their journey at the time ordered. Little wonder that men so deprived of proper rest and food are not likely to be vigilant.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, recognizing all this, is about to provide a building for the employes of the railroads centering in the Grand Central depot, New York city, where men may find recreation and rest without running any risks among the temptations of the city.

This building will be 80x40 feet. It will be a substantial structure, with bath rooms, gymnasium and bowling alleys in the basement; reading room, library, room for games and offices on the first floor; a large hall for general meetings and rooms for classes on the second floor, and rooms for janitor's family and sleeping rooms for men coming in late or detained in the city over night, in the upper story. Our exterior view of the building, drawn from the architect's plans, shows that it will be an ornamental neighbor to the great depot, as well as an elegant resort for the hundreds of engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen and other men of the rail, who form the floating population of that mighty terminal station.

An Experienced Editor.

"Ah," said the summer tourist, leaning over the fence and addressing the farmer, "may I make bold to inquire what that great quantity of green vegetation growing over there is?"

"Certainly, mister; that's corn."

"Ah, thanks. And those large animals over beyond the fence, they are, er——"

"Cows, my friend; every one of 'em cows. Say, you don't seem to be very well posted on these 'ere things."

"Perhaps not. The fact is, my business has kept me so closely confined that this is the first chance I've had to get out in the country."

"Running a bank or something like that?"

"No, sir; I am editor of an agricultural paper. I have held that position for thirty years."—Estelline (D. T.) Bell.

ARCHIMEDES HARDPAN

Relates His Editorial Experience with "The Wayback Horn of Plenty."

My name is Archimedes Hardpan. Until recently I was editor of The Wayback Horn of Plenty. My journalistic career was short, sad and painful. I am now brooding o'er the painful past. I have so much painful past to brood o'er that I haven't time to do much else.

Let the frivolous and trifling pause here and turn to another column. These remarks are not for them. They are for those who can weep a couple of tears over my painful past.

My wife's name is Maria. She is a woman of an economical turn of mind and a great force of character. In her domestic walks "waste nothing" is her maxim, and her constant efforts to have me help her "waste nothing" have been the cause of much of my painful past.

The advertising patrons of The Horn of Plenty paid me mainly in sad-irons, corkscrews, garden seeds, health food and a variety of other things which congress has thus far neglected to make a legal tender. In this respect my paper was truly a horn of plenty. It was more of the nature of a hollow horn.

My first advertising contract yielded me a dozen liver pads. I tried to trade them to the grocer for a piece of bacon, which, I thought, would give my liver more joy than a pad, but he looked at me coldly and said that liver pads had gone out of style. When Maria found them on my hands she insisted that I should wear them, and when Maria insists I usually give in to save trouble and loud talk. For twelve weeks I wore a large, scarlet-trimmed pad over an innocent and well behaved liver. Then Maria gave the cast-off pad to the local benevolent society for the poor.

My next important contract brought me an artificial leg. That rather stumped Maria, as we were both fully supplied with legs. The old wooden limb caused her a good deal of mental pain. Sometimes she seemed to almost wish I would lose a leg somehow or other, so that the artificial limb could be turned to use. I knew that she was grieving herself sick because I couldn't wear it and wouldn't try.

Grieving because I wouldn't wear it.

I oft found her weeping o'er the old unavailing leg, and I was sorry I told her anything about it. She worried over it for months, and then a bright idea struck her. She sent it to a dear relative on the occasion of her wooden wedding. The dear relative had a full set of legs of her own, but Maria said that did not matter, as an anniversary gift was not valued for its usefulness but for the giver.

Then a traveling agent traded me a case of horse powders. That sort of health food nonplussed Maria for a time, as we had no horse to feed them to. She often gazed on me in a [illegible] plexity by taking the health food myself, but she did not speak out, and I was glad. After some months I ventured to ask about the horse powders, and then Maria told me frankly she had mixed them in my griddle cakes, and that I had seemed to like them thus. She couldn't think of having them go to waste, she said, and as I complained so much about taking any little thing of that sort, she had decided to smuggle them into me in disguise.

I had another short respite from keeping things from going to waste, when a mustard plaster maker sent me six dozen of his biggest and strongest plasters, with a request for a write-up.

"Dear Archimedes," said Maria, with a tender look at me, "we cannot afford to waste these excellent plasters. You must let me put several of them on you every night. A man of your build and habits is liable to have some sort of sickness at any moment. Those six dozen mustard plasters may save your life."

I kicked, but to no purpose. I went to bed with six or seven large, warm, thrilling mustard plasters stuck about here and there on my person. There was one on each foot, a large one covered my gothic backbone and another warmed itself on my bosom. It also warmed my bosom. When all those shop-made mustard plasters got to work they made things lively for poor old Archimedes Hardpan. They filled me full of intense excitement. I am a tough old fossil, but I couldn't stand a great deal of that sort of thing, so I rose up in bed with a wild, blood chilling war whoop and filled the air with mustard plasters.

I sold The Horn of Plenty soon after that last painful event. Maria has given those vigorous, thrilling mustard plasters to the missionary society to send to the heathen, and when the heathen adorns himself with nine or ten of them and a stovepipe hat, and goes to church with a triumphal air, I shall want to hear how he deports himself. I am, therefore, anxiously awaiting advices from the heathen. I don't know the heathen, but I am well acquainted with those mustard plasters.—Scott Way in Detroit Free Press.

He Wasn't That Kind of a Hindoo.

"And do you," said the visitor to the circus to the swarthy Hindoo in the Mother Hubbard pants, "do you actually worship yonder white elephant? Do you heathens go out each morning to offer orisons while clustered around his feet? Do you actually worship such ungainly animals on the foliaged banks of the sluggish Nile?"

"Phat's that?" inquired the exhibition Hindoo.

"Do you—eh—hold these white elephants as sacred animals in the land of the lotus eaters?"

"Be jabers, an' that's all poppycock to me. Phat kind uv guff be yez givin' me? Oi am here for $10 a week an' found, an' whin I fail to payin' me respicts to a runt ilephant yez may lose all faith in Paddy O'Hara."—Chicago Telegram.

A Squeaky Machine.

First Old Farmer (seeing the sights).—Some kind of a patent churn he's a-showin' up, I reckon.

Second Old Farmer—Cracky, how she does squeak! I say, mister, ye better ile her up; she'll run smoother.—Life.

And Keep on Climbing Forever.

There is not a horse, mule, ass or bicycle in Alaska; each and all would be useless as a means of locomotion. The whole country leads toward heaven at an angle of forty-five degrees. To move on you must climb and keep on climbing forever. The Indians, for that reason, with level heads avoid the land, except as a place to sleep on; they live and move in canoes. What the gondola is to the Venetians the canoe is to the people of Alaska.—Alaska Tourist's Letter.

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Obituary.

The following poem appears in the obituary columns of a Baltimore newspaper, under the death notice of a husband and father:

He heard the angels calling him
From that celestial shore;
He flopped his wings, and away he went
To make one angel more.
—By His Son.

A STRAY EPITAPH.

Here does the body of Mary Anne rest,
With her head on Abraham's breast.
It's a very good thing for Mary Anne,
But it's very hard lines in Abraham.
—Harpers' Monthly.

THE HARMONY OF COLORS.

Selections in Fitting Up Apartments, Dressing, Etc.—Hints to Merchants.

By harmony of colors we understand colors placed side by side in such a manner that they do not injure the effect of each other; rather, on the contrary, complete each other, i. e., they gain in intensity.

Those who are familiar with the harmony of colors can, by using objects of familiar use, make such selections in fitting up apartments, in dressing, etc., so that with the greatest simplicity they are able to produce a more favorable effect than is possible with the most extravagant expenditure without a sense of harmony in color.

A merchant, dealing in colored goods, can very greatly improve the appearance of his stock by knowing how to group them in such a way as to produce a harmonious effect. Very often, owing to a lack of taste with reference to colors among dealers, it will be found that the silks in one shop will appear much fresher and brighter than in another. This difference in effect to colors is, however, nothing more or less than one merchant arranges his goods so that the colors are in harmony, while the other does not follow any definite plan. In the first instance the goods gain, while in the second they lose in intensity of color. The attention of the ladies is particularly called to the importance of harmony in colors, for the most of them in the selection of their colored dresses, bonnets, and trimmings, produce the greatest discord in the composition of the colors. Harmony in color does not depend on the will or caprice or personal taste of an individual, but it is based on the unchangeable laws of nature, which we shall immediately discuss.

Red and Green—A red body reflects green rays, while on the other hand, a green body reflects red rays. Therefore green is the color which completes red, and similarly red is the color which completes green. Both colors, therefore, gain in intensity.

Blue and Orange—A blue body often reflects orange rays, and inversely an orange body will frequently reflect the blue rays. Orange is, therefore, the complementary color of blue, and vice versa, therefore each color intensifies the other.

Violet and Greenish Yellow—A violet body reflects greenish yellow, and inversely a greenish yellow body reflects violet. Both colors, therefore, complete each other, and intensify each other.

Indigo and Yellow—Indigo reflects yellow, and yellow indigo rays, hence they [illegible] each other.

It would carry us too far to describe all the other colors which are complementary.—Lithographer and Printer.

Famous Composers at a Musicale.

Madame Marchesi gave, a few evenings ago, a soiree musicale, which was one of the most crowded and brilliant of the season. Liszt, and Rubenstein, and Saint-Saens, the composer of "Henry VIII," were among the guests. I must confess that I could not discern in the Abbe Liszt that fat and very big old man in a straight, tight-fitting cassock, with large feet and a fa[ce] embellished with two enormous warts, any trace of the lady-killer of the last quarter of a century. His long, thick white hair, reaching to his shoulders and carefully brushed and arranged, was really the only attractive point about his appearance. Yet this man has inspired ladies of high degree with such devoted yet humble attachment that they refused to sit down in his presence. He looked like a very large old French peasant cure astray in a fashionable drawing-room.

Rubenstein, with his short, flat nose and "tempest of wild hair," keeps his aspect as of a savage Beethoven, by which he became familiar, several years ago, to the music-lovers of the United States. Saint-Saens is a modest looking gentleman, with dark eyes and hair, and a fine intellectual brow. He interested me most of the three; first, because I greatly admire his works; and, secondly, he did not pose as a celebrity, as did the two other famous guests of the evening.—Lucy Hooper in Philadelphia Telegraph.

Oil to Quiet an Angry Sea.

The windows of some of the South street ship chandlers' stores contain this sign: "Marine Oil."

"It is an oil specially prepared to smooth an angry sea," said one dealer. "Boiled oil or animal oil will do pretty well, but this oil will stand a greater degree of cold without congealing than ordinary oils. It is a secret mixture of common oils. The demand for it has arisin through the publication by the Hydrographic office of the value of oil in a breaking sea. It has become the fashion to use oil. It is a singular characteristic, but many old sea captains boast that they are not book sailors, and take a pride in refusing to do what the books recommend and in refusing to take up with what they call new-fangled notions. They have heard about the value of oil ever since whales were first captured off Nantucket, but it was not the fashion to use oil, so they let the ships sink."—New York Sun.

Wholesale Self-Destruction of Animals.

Man is not the only animal that commits suicide. Herrings and other fish have sought death by rushing ashore in myriads; regiments of ants, by deliberately marching into streams; swarms of rats, by migrating into the face of their deadly foes, and even butterflies, by flying in immense clouds straight out to sea. It would be interesting to learn the causes of the apparent wholesale and deliberate self-destruction. Is the act a purely conscious one, or are the creatures victims of disease—mental or physical?—Exchange.

Made a Match of It.

Here's a little bit of fun from the New York Sun: Visitor (at Castle Garden)—Are all those immigrants Norwegians? Official—No, sir. A few of them are Swedenborgians.

This recalls a story told by a Troy clergyman. A certain man who was a follower of Swedenborg had for a wife a very excellent lady of orthodox church affiliations. She came to the minister one day in great tribulation owing to the discovery that her husband's religious views were a little off color, from her own point of view. She cited her own fidelity to her creed and then ejaculated: "To think that I have gone and married a Spitzenberger!"—Troy Times.