JOAQUIN MILLER.

HIS VISIT TO MILES' SEMINARY DESCRIBED.

Confused by the Bright Eyes of Many Pretty Girls—Reasons for Praising the Golden State's Schools—A Girl of Honolulu.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAN JOSE, March 3.

Inside of Miles seminary! Here is confusion! confusion to me at least, whatever it may be to others. Not that I am as unused to schools as the sensational papers would have you believe. I have spent about as much of my life in school, man and boy together, as the average man, I reckon. I have been a school teacher, as was my father before me. But when you are marched in, entirely unprepared, to stand up before 200 pretty girls—it is hard work. And then to be asked to say something! And to have 200 pretty faces leaning toward you, listening to hear you talk in poetry. I tell you, I had rather make rails.

A detail of the interior of this edifice, the gymnasium, the library, the departments of all sorts, the dormitories, and so on, would only be a repetition of Vassar, Wellesley and all other first class seminaries. And so I will not weary you with these. Only I want to insist that this place here is not second to anything of the kind on this continent. Bear this in mind distinctly. You can send your children here with absolute confidence in this assertion. True, this young seminary has not the generous indorsements as yet that some others have. But it is entirely out of debt, and is nobly and thoroughly equipped for complete work.

* * *

Have I said enough to convince you that our schools here are the peers of those in the eastern states? No; it would take more than a letter, more than a book—more than many books—to do that. The vanity and the weakness of man is such that the eastern man is ready to believe that his Bible is a better sort of Bible than that of the western man, almost.

But I am tempted to give an example of this singular notion of superiority which exists in the minds of at least a few scholars in the eastern states. On the death of Dr. Mills the regency cast about for an eminent successor, and picked your Homer B. Sprague, of Boston. Mr. Sprague came, took possession with a tremendous flourish of trumpets and at once began, not only to put his inexperience against the wisdom and life work of the fifteen able trustees, but set himself far above them all. The poor man's Boston vanity got him into tremendous trouble, and he went out about as fast as he came in. But as he went out, with a greed and meanness that has become the reproach of a certain portion of the republic, he grabbed with both hands and took with him a big sum of money for his brief services. And then this unfortunate man from Boston wrote a book against this seminary so dear to the heart of every Californian. But the seminary continues full, and Homer B. Sprague, so far as the Pacific states are concerned at least, is a ruined man. I make this brief statement of a sad story not in impatience, but in pity, and as a clear illustration of the errors which so many fall into when they come to compare our schools and our scholars with the schools and the scholars of the eastern states.

* * *

At the University of California you may see many tawny little men from Japan, as at Yale. At Vassar I have seen little bundles of humanity with eyes like black diamonds. These little toddling black bundles of humanity are Japanese girls. But nowhere in America, nowhere except in England, have I seen Chinese, of either sex, at school.

Yet at this one seminary here of which I have been speaking you will meet several girls from China, the children of missionaries and merchants. From South America also you can find them. And here you can find one from Montana—a tall, strong creature, supple and splendid; a physique that is full of the future. She is a native of the Rocky mountains. Did I forget to say how simply and severely these girls dress? No iron bars about their young bosoms, no steel strips, no laces, but liberty—large and honest and open American liberty. A healthier group of girls I think is not to be found on the continent. They step straight out; their heads are in the air. They walk as if they owned the world.

May I mention one glorious nut brown girl from the Kanoka islands, whom I saw in the German class? She came here from so far away she will never see what I may say of her. She has gone back to her island home in the middle of the sea of seas now, and we will never look upon her any more. But were I a Byron I would make her the model of my song, and she should be immortal.

A GIRL OF HONOLULU.

How beautiful she was! How wild!
How pure as water plant, this child—
This one wild child of nature here
Grown tall in shadows. And how near
To God, where no man stood between
Her eyes and scenes no man hath seen.

Stop still, my friend, and do not stir,
Shut close your page and think of her.
The birds sang sweeter for her face;
Her lifted eyes were like a grace;
The rippled rivers of her hair
That ran in wondrous waves, somehow
Flowed down divided by her brow
And mantled her within its care.

A perfume and an incense lay
Before her, as an incense sweet
Before blithe mowers of sweet hay
In early morn. Her certain feet
Embarked on no uncertain way.

Come, think how perfect before men;
How sweet as sweet magnolia bloom
Embalmed in dews of morning when
New sunlight leaps from midnight gloom
Enthralled to kiss, and first to kiss;
Yea, she was tempting like to this!

Yea, she was as Madonna to
The tawny, dreamful, faithful few
Who touched her hand and knew her soul.
She drew them, drew them as the pole
Points all things to itself. She drew
Souls upward as a moon of spring,
High wheeling, vast and bosom full,
Half clad in clouds and white as wool,
Draws all the strong seas following.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

How Money Goes.

First Bootblack—How much yer got left, Johnny?

Second Bootblack—Two cents.

First Bootblack—Gosh! How a nickel goes when you break it, don't it?—New York Sun.

The Boom at Birmingham, Ala.

Mr. Finance (from the north)—My good friend, would you sell this bit of land?

Native—Yaas, that's what I'm here fur. I ax $5,000 er foot, an' follow the line of me fence.—Frank Leslie's.

Arc Electric Lights.

In order to obtain a larger vertical angle of illumination from the arc electric lights used for light house purposes Sir James Douglass has introduced a fluted carbon. This prevents the formation of a crater, and therefore gives a steadier and more uniformly distributed light.—Chicago Times.

When you let a beggar fill his basket he swears because he hasn't a bigger one.—The Judge.

THE GREAT PREACHER.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

His Love for His Church—His Sunny, Boyish Soul—The Strangers Who Came to Get Comfort from His Words—Questions About Death, the Great Negation.

NEW YORK, March 11.

Several times during the past two years I have heard Mr. Beecher speak in his pulpit of the probability that death was near him, and always with a tremble in his voice which indicated deep feeling and the pain it would cost him to see his people no more. He loved his church, that is certain. Once he prayed with all the fervor of his soul that his successor might be wiser, better, stronger and in every way greater than he.

How the vast audience looked at him! As with one pair of eyes it devoured him. In itself that great congregation was an evidence of the aspiration of all mankind. Each was hungry to hear something comforting. Throughout the sermon a hand here and there would steal up to a glistening eye and wipe away the tears which sprang from the troubled fountains of suffering hearts. In the last prayer, when the preacher dwelt upon the promise that in the life to come we should be satisfied, his voice had in it the penetrating ring which strikes the key note of sorrow, and it touched his hearers as with sacred fire. "We shall be satisfied! we shall be satisfied!" he repeated. "Oh, blessed promise to us who know not here what it is to be satisfied." Tears rushed to many eyes, and for an instant the souls of his people were naked, revealing the struggles and sufferings bravely hidden from the world. "Even men wept," said a woman speaking of it afterward, and this was supposed to be the best proof that something excessively affecting had been said.

And again he alluded to his long, white hair as "God's white banners waving welcome to eternity." Often, often he spoke of death and its possibilities; but never with any fear or dread. It was always the land where the sun would shine in full splendor upon the soul.

He told once a story of his beloved and venerable brother-in-law, the late Professor Stowe, while Mr. Stowe was yet living. It seemed to the professor that his spirit was released from its body, and stood, free, without pain, and surrounded by light, looking down on the silent, worn and discarded body in glad wonder. Then, something told him that his time within that clay tenement had not yet been served, and he must go back and wait a little longer for his emancipation. And with a groan of anguish he obeyed.

Then Mr. Beecher spoke with deep emotion of the change which we in our blindness call death, and which we will find to be life. The beauty, the benignity, the sweet and holy uses of death were themes upon which he grew inspired and spoke with the force and feeling of one who saw with an inner sight something to which mortal eyes were blind.

Death, the ancient mystery, more mysterious than ever seems to us when it takes from among us one like Henry Ward Beecher. A life so full and strong and reaching so far in its influence cannot go out without arousing in every heart anew the old query: "What is death?"

* * *

All literature is full of the imagery of death. It has oftenest been represented as a fearful and awful personality, the enemy of man, a king of terrors, a fowler spreading his net—setting his snares for men. Sometimes the Romans described it as a female figure, in dark robes, with black wings and ravenous teeth, hovering everywhere. None of these was the death the great preacher so often referred to and so tenderly painted. His advanced spirit saw through the dark traditions of the past into the clearer light of the dawn of the new day—the day he has helped to usher in, and the terrors of death vanished out of sight.

The Greeks sometimes depicted death and sleep as twin boys, one black and one white, borne slumbering in the arms of their mother night. A German writer has more truly said: "Only before death, but not in death, is death death. Death is so unreal a being that he only is when he is not, and is not when he is."

Death, the great negation, follows the positive experience of life. "It is not an entity, but an event; not a force, but a state."

The body is but an engine
Which draws a mighty stream of spiritual power
Out of the world's own soul, and makes it play
a while in visible motion.

And now the engine which drew the tremendous stream of spiritual power represented in the personality of Henry Ward Beecher is forever stilled. Here in visible form it will move no more; but the soul that animated it has not been obliterated, for the soul can know no death. The man who taught us a noble theology, with laughter and joy in it, lives somewhere. He who believed in a spiritual as well as a physical evolution has passed on to take a higher degree—perhaps, who knows, to some time live again in the flesh and to teach again. It is said: "We wake and find ourseves on a stair; there are other stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight."

And so while Beecher's body lay a mere breathing machine he, the real man, passed out and onward and upward out of sight, to some stairway higher than this world has ever builded. He was not a self seeking man. He worked not for glory; he sought not personal advancement. He was an evangel of freedom. He helped to free the slaves, and he did more for free thought than any man in the history of our country. He taught us that the world need not be sad in order to be good. He had that ready interest in little things which bespeaks the experienced mind—the mind which has learned not to despise the day of small things. He was easy to please, easy to entertain, quick to laugh, and also quick to weep. He was emotional, like a big boy, and not at all like an old man. He was a lion when there was need for leonine strength and dignity; but he never got over being a child.

The church from whose pulpit he taught the world wears no emblem of mourning. He has said very often that when he died they might put flowers over him, but he wanted no heathenish use of black as a token of sorrow when he had passed from death into eternal life.

* * *

A famous shrine is this plain old brick building, broad as the tenets of its preacher's faith, simple and unadorned as a sanctuary of the pilgrims. "Plymouth Church," in raised letters on brown stone over the wide door, is its only ornament. Hundreds among the large congregation came from all parts of the world to spend a memorable morning in Plymouth church. There were old men with parchment faces, dim eyes and loitering step. "Put me where I can hear a little, I'm very deaf," gasped one whose frail body trembled on the thick staff which bore it up. There were women whose youth lay buried in the irrevocable past and upon whose faded faces sorrow had sketched strong lines with its cruel pencil. Many men and women among the throng were so near the other shore that they could almost hear the sounds not meant for mortal ears, though a wall was closing round them which shuts out earthly sounds. The middle aged were there—they who are still in the noon of battle, and the young, to whom life is sweet and hope is new—all were there.

Somebody has said that the people who think deeply and feel strongly are never pretty. It is more than half a truth. There is no prettiness in serious thought, though much great beauty. The people who came to Plymouth church from afar and entered it reverently were pilgrims who have journeyed there over the steep and rugged paths of life. They were not pretty, surely, though some of them had the kind of faces given to the saints in our dreams. They were the people who have suffered, and they had a fancy that their sick souls could be healed by the balm of the great preacher's words. Curiosity had less to do with filling Plymouth church than faith. All the listeners had been familiar with Mr. Beecher's thoughts for years; but they longed to get within the sound of his voice, and when they did they went away comforted. One old woman, with white hair and kind brown eyes, as she was leaving the church wiping the tears from her withered cheeks, said: "This is the greatest privilege of my life. I never expect to be out of Ohio again while I live, but I've heard Beecher and will ask for nothing more."

How he swayed his people! His magnetism bore them up to the level of his thought ere their own minds could frame a protest. As fast as they could receive the truth he gave it to them. If he knew still higher truths than he uttered, his reserve was not the result of cowardice. He knew the unwisdom of giving out what could not be comprehended, hence would be bitterly resented.

Henry Ward Beecher will fill his far famed pulpit no more in bodily form; but he can know no death. He himself said in his funeral oration on Lincoln: "Is any man that was ever fit to live dead?" Dead only in the body, this man shall never die. —

UNDER THE CHANDELIER.

CHAT ABOUT WHAT THEY CALL "SASSIETY" IN NEW YORK.

The Village Element—The Recitation Mania—Stuffy Parlors With Overloaded Walls—Undue Lavishness—More Light, Space and Air Wanted.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, March 16.

The thing they call "sassiety" is a queer institution here in New York. If you are in the intellectual or Bohemian swim you meet the same persons everywhere you go exactly as you would in the village of Jonesville. A few strangers are in every company, perhaps—meteors of social life who trail down its bedizzened skies once in glory and disappear forever, leaving not even a memory of themselves.

But for the most part there is a stock company of guests at every house. They are the standard figures on whom hostesses can depend. They get to be a little heavy to one who likes to see new faces; but there is no help for it. Receptions differ but little one from the other. As you find them one season so are they always. Circuses and steamboat excursions are not more alike. You may drop out of the round, and nobody will miss you. You may stay away a year or two and appear again, and nobody will notice your absence. You will chat with Col. P. and flirt with Judge C. and flatter Gen. E., and no one of them will remember that he has not seen you in twenty-four moons. "Sassiety" is a headless, mindless, soulless thing anywhere you encounter it. Yet here are men and women growing old doing nothing but elbowing each other in crowded parlors, and calling it pleasure, entertainment, social success, etc. It makes every difference about a name, you know. Call that sort of thing work and no human energy could make it go.

I know three or four elderly men without any home ties—hotel habitues—who go calling every afternoon and to a reception every evening during the season. When summer comes they make the rounds of the watering places. One told me that this had been his programme for eight years. I asked him if it wasn't terribly tiresome. "Well," he said, "it is all there is for me. I have no family, no home interests, no business affairs, nothing in particular to do with myself, so I may as well go here, there, everywhere, and mix with people even if there is no particular pleasure in it." What a conclusion for a man's life; what a sarcasm on society. Perhaps twenty others in the same company could have told a similar tale had they been as honest as he. He was in his seventies, too. What a sermon in favor of the natural ties of home. This man had been married. The ties of his youth and early manhood fell away from him and left him in old age a floating, drifting hulk, belonging nowhere, and perhaps only indifferently welcome where he did go. Surely life has proved but a poor school to any one who has found no better means of passing the end of his days.

Recitations have been devastating the parlors of New York society, particularly that part of it made up of professional people, writers, artists, etc. One beautiful and wealthy young lady does comic character sketches in a most inimitable way, but quite often the recitations get to be very dreary. Music, like the poor, we have always with us. That we expect, endure, and sometimes enjoy in crowded parlors; but the recitation is often in the nature of a last straw and breaks down our endurance entirely.

One lady has devised a new feature and carries it out with inimitable success. She tells "colored stories"—humorous chapters of negro life—and does it exquisitely. She is a writer who has lived south a number of years and acquired an unimpeachable negro dialect. Her stories always excite roars of laughter and are great reliefs from the "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night" or some other mournful bit of intoleration known as a recitation.

Don't fancy that nobody but brilliant and interesting men and women pervade New York parlors; ninnies and nondescripts are as plentiful here as anywhere, perhaps more so. One evening not long since a youth with a neck like a long smelling bottle, encased in a collar that admitted of no quarter, asked a young lady of strong minded proclivities if she believed it was "weally wight for women to vote." He said that in his opinion "tenderness" was the thing. Women should cultivate "tenderness," and not strength of mind. He hated strong minded women. "And men, too, I should judge," said the witty girl. "Ah, naw," he said, affecting an English drawl though he is a native of New Jersey, "I think men are purposely endowed with the brains of the race, in order to prevent women from becoming coarse and unlovely." And he was quite in earnest and thought he was saying something sensible. There are hundreds of others like him here.

Stuffiness is the bane of New York houses and private entertainments in New York. Parlors are like museums or exhibits of bric a brac and paintings. And as for fresh air, they exclude it by every artifical device the upholsterer can think of. The windows are covered with three or four kinds of curtains, and though there may be a hundred persons in the room the windows are all kept sealed and muffled. A stray breath that dared to filter in through an unguarded crevice would be driven back at once by a mass of impure air which would present a solid front to it. And often not a speck of space on the walls is left uncovered by picture or statuette. The eye wearies looking at them. One picture detracts from another, one ornament overwhelms its neighbor. Space—clear, light, joyous space—so precious in New York, is loaded down and peopled with trash. All this gives an atmosphere of stuffiness to a room that half stifles one who likes air, light and sunshine. All these things, however beautiful, are dead, in comparison to light, space and sunshine.

The only place I know where sunshine is welcome and space delighted in and left unfilled is an eyrie flat occupied by two literary women, who have strong anti-stuffy ideas. Their floors are covered with light matting, with a moderate use of Venetian bordering, art squares and good rugs. Their curtains are mere lambrequins of thin lace trimmed muslin, tied with ribbons. Their chairs are rattan, and so are their sofas, and very few of them. Their pictures are few but good. The walls are covered with golden paper. The whole effect is a summery brightness night or day. If people only would learn that heavy, stuffy house furnishings are as ugly and oppressive to the spirit as they are unhealthful to the body there might be a revolution in house adornments.

Japanese rugs of rare silk, moth proof, and neutral in tone, are becoming the fashionable fad in house furnishing now. They are exquisite, so rich and quiet looking, so very, very exalted in taste.

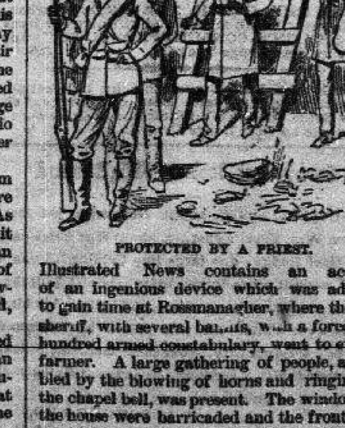
Lavishness in every particular is the special New York sin—not lavishness for the pleasure we feel in possessing and bestowing plenty; but the lavishness of show, the appearance of luxury. If a friend invites you to dine, enough food for a week's sustenance is set before you. If you wear or carry flowers to a reception a bushel basket full at least is necessary. Everything reaches to an extreme. Simplicity is lost sight of—gone out of vogue. It is still considered a beautiful thing in poems, novels, pictures and plays; but in real life in New York it has no place save among the very few who are original, independent and sensible enough to like it and not be ashamed of it. Surely it is time for the doctrines of a Tolstoi to be promulgated. A return to simplicity is a necessity if we would reach health, beauty and comfort.

NAOMI TRENT.

LIFE IN IRELAND.

A Clergyman Chained to a Gate—Policemen Off Duty.

The dispatches keep the reading public on this side of the water pretty well informed of the progress of evictions and of the coercion policy generally in Ireland. But many incidents of a singular nature go unrecorded save by the English and Irish newspapers. A late number of The London



PROTECTED BY A PRIEST.

Illustrated News contains an account of an ingenious device which was adopted to gain time at Rossmanagher, where the subsheriff, with several bailiffs, with a force of a hundred armed constabulary, went to evict a farmer. A large gathering of people, assembled by the blowing of horns and ringing of the chapel bell, was present. The windows of the house were barricaded and the front door was removed, but [illegible] placed large iron gates [illegible] by a [illegible] stones. Against the gates, but commanding a view of what was taking place outside, stood the Rev. Father Little, the parish priest, in chains. These were tied round his body and connected with the gates, so that an entrance could not be effected without molestation of his person. He declared that they should trample on his body before so inhuman an act was carried out. At length the bailiffs were set to work, but they experienced much difficulty in removing the stones and other obstructions.

"OFF DUTY."

The final outcome of the matter was a compromise, and so the clergyman no doubt felt that the plan for protection to which he had lent himself was a success.

The valiant English policemen, who turn tenants out of doors and protect the families of the landlords from the peasantry of the ever green isle, are not insensible to the charms of Erin's daughters, but occupy a great deal of the time they are off duty after the fashion indicated in the accompanying sketch taken from The London Graphic.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A GHASTLY REMINISCENCE OF GOLDEN GATE PARK.

Drunken Sailors Smothered and Dying in Shifting Sands—Story of a Life Saving Station Keeper Who Slept Through a Terrible Storm—The Ancient Mariner.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11.

To give some idea of what the gray waste of sand now known as Sutro Heights was in the early days, let me tell one terrible incident. I had come to this city on an Oregon ship loaded with lumber. I was then the merest lad. We all wanted to see Seal Rock and the seal, and so we—the captain, myself and the crew of four men—walked out over the long, weary way of sand. There the men found whisky, got drunk, and it was with great difficulty that the captain got them started back as night came on. The wind was heavy, fearful. But as it was at our backs we kept ahead, till we got to where the sand was so deep and so light that we could barely move; and we did not dare to open our eyes without the greatest caution. The sand was moving like an army—a world of little gray heaps and sand hills in motion! From the tops of these little hills we would drop down suddenly ten and fifteen feet and almost suffocate in the sand. The men began to grow weary in the legs. And finally, as we tumbled in a heap down one of these soft, steep sand banks, with the sand pouring down over us in torrents, the men refused to go further. Then the captain, who kept hold of my hand all the time, led me out of it and on to the city all alone. I was unable to get up for days; and I never saw the captain any more for years after, for he was out hunting for his men at first, and then the whirling events of the time often tore people apart very suddenly. And what of the drunken sailors? No one ever knew. The captain turned aside and refused to talk about it when I asked him, and answered only in monosyllables. But I firmly believe these men could never be found, and are lying there yet in their sandy bed of death!

Yet there is no sand there now; or rather, the rolling and tumbling little mountains of sand are held down by a sturdy forest. For all the distance from San Francisco to the Seal Rock, which we old Californians used to trudge over on foot or on horseback, is now a leafy park. Strange as it may read to you, my old fellow miners, this moving, gleaming and ever shifting five miles of sand is now the seat of one continuous grove of pine and cedar and Australian gum trees. Patridges whistle here the whole day long and run in swift strings across the hard road bed before the whirling line of carriages. The steam cars also run to the Seal Rock now, and still another line is being built by Sutro, from his heights to San Francisco around by the way of the Golden Gate. And so in the spring you can take the cars and pass down the bank of the bay to the Golden Gate and then on around to Sutro Heights, and all the time on the very rim of the ocean.

Did I tell you that the great park that has been planted on the five miles of moving sand reaches all the way now from San Francisco to Seal Rock and the sea? Yet, while that is true, I should rather have said that San Francisco reaches all the way from San Francisco bay over the sand banks to the sea, this great park lying in the lap of the city, like Central park in the lap of New York.

This place, which is now called Sutro Heights, and is the glorious end of our fashionable drive, is that high, stony headland which once looked down in gray and barren grandeur on the 10,000 seal as they roared and tumbled on their rocks. But it is all a bank of trees and blossoms now, and classic statuary stands in lines and crescents about the heights and a long the lofty cliff. You can see these colossal figures and the white turrets of the headland ten miles away. Above and below the government has established life saving stations, built many houses and planted some trees.

And I think it must be a famous place to sleep, too. For not long ago a vessel was wrecked right under the heights and not ten rods from one of the life saving stations. And the kindly captain of the wrecked ship, so soon as he had picked himself and his few remaining men up out of the white sand, went up to the life saving station and rang the bell. After a long time the officer in charge of this wonderful life saving station came to the door in his night cap and dreamily demanded to know what the drowning and dripping sea captain wanted.

"I merely wanted to tell you," answered the good and kindly sea captain who had been wrecked, "that I have been saved, and you needn't mind getting up until the after-noon; good by, sir."

Stand here on Sutro Heights and breathe the spices of India 8,000 miles away! I know of nothing on any sea bank so sublime as this. The air is untouched, uncontaminated for more than 10,000 miles away down the South sea coast. Russia is the nearest habitation to the shoreless northwest. Room here! Rest! No wonder the gallant keeper of the life saving station slept so soundly!

But the sea does not rest. It never rests here; stormy and white and tumbling in eternally, you feel provoked that it does bear the name Pacific. And, indeed, we rarely say Pacific ocean here. It is only the stranger who has newly come who ever uses that term. But away down further, at the other end of the hemisphere, where Magellan first sighted it and gave it the name of the Pacific as he sped on and on around the world, the first man who ever dared realize the dream of Columbus—yes, there is the Pacific, but not here; never here.

And do you know that "The Tale of the Ancient Mariner" was born down yonder on the other end of this great sea? Magellan, or rather Fernando Magellano, the Portuguese navigator, under the flag of Spain, took with him a historian, Pigopetta by name, who gave the world one of the greatest books that has ever been forgotten! I doubt if it has ever been translated into English, though it may be. But I found it in the library in Mexico City; and its pages fairly glowed.

Yes, I know we are told that this weird and wonderful story of the Ancient Mariner is purely imaginary, opium eating and all that. But Coleridge was a ravenous reader. Lamb says he would utterly devour a library, even to the catalogue. And surely when reading up to found his colony in America he must have fallen in with Pigopetta's account of the very first voyage around the girdle of the globe. But, of course, it is no disparagement to the great poet that I say this. I beg you, however, to read Pigopetta if you want to know anything about this sea of seas that lies here throbbing and thundering at my feet as I write.

Read where they first broke through the straits of Magellan and blew before the hurricane into the boundless and unnamed sea before them.

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea!

It is all there, the crossbow and all. The crossbow about the neck of the withered mariner was the holy cross, which they hung about the neck of the giant Patagonian to convert him. Of course the great poet made the poem. But he did not make the sea; the awful scenes when their water turned to worms; their bread to dust; and then the rain; and rest at last—

The creaking cordage;
The perfume of the sea.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

U. S. AND DISTRICT COURTS.

Establishment of Districts, Assignments and Terms.

At its January session the Supreme Cour of Montana established as follows:

FIRST DISTRICT.—Gallatin, Madison and Beaverhead; James H. McLeary, Judge. Terms: At Bozeman, 4th Monday of March; 1st Monday of October. At Virginia City, 3d Mondays May and November. At Dillon, 1st Mondays June and December.

SECOND DISTRICT.—Deer Lodge, Silver Bow and Missoula; Wm. J. Galbraith, Judge. Terms: Butte, 4th Mondays February and September, 1st Monday July; Missoula, 2d Monday June and 1st Monday November; Deer Lodge, 1st Monday May, 4th Monday November.

THIRD DISTRICT.—Lewis and Clarke, Jefferson and Choteau; D. S. Wade, Chief Justice. Terms: Helena, 1st Mondays in March, July and November; Boulder City, 1st Monday May and 3d Monday October; Fort Benton, 3d Tuesday May, 1st Tuesday October.

FOURTH DISTRICT.—Dawson, Custer, Fergus and Yellowstone; Thos. C. Bach, Judge. Terms; Miles, 3d Monday April, 4th Monday October; Glendive, 1st Monday March, 2d Monday October; White Sulphur Springs, 4th Tuesdays March and September; Lewiston, 1st Monday April, 2d Monday September; Billings, 3d Mondays May and November.

U. S. Courts will be held at Bozeman, Deer Lodge, Helena and Miles each term.

Your Children

Are constantly exposed to danger from Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, and diseases peculiar to the throat and lungs. For such ailments, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, promptly administered, affords speedy relief and cure.

As a remedy for Whooping Cough, with which many of our children were afflicted, we used, during the past winter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we consider this preparation the most efficacious of all the medicines which have come to our knowledge.—Mary Parkhurst, Preceptress, Home for Little Wanderers, Doncaster, Md.

My children have been peculiarly subject to attacks of Croup, and I failed to find any effective remedy until I commenced administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This preparation relieves the difficulty of breathing and invariably cures the complaint.—David G. Starks, Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, and have found it especially valuable in Whooping Cough. This medicine allays all irritation, prevents inflammation from extending to the lungs, and quickly subdues any tendency to Lung Complaint.—J. B. Wellington, Plainville, Mich.

I find no medicine so effective, for Croup and Whooping Cough, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saved the life of my little boy, only six months old, carrying him safely through the worst case of Whooping Cough I ever saw.—Jane Malone, Piney Flats, Tenn. ††

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Western Brewery,

VAN GUNDY & MILLER, Prop's.

Deer Lodge, - - Montana.

Are now Manufacturing a Superior Article of

Bottled Beer!

Put up Expressly for

EXPORT AND FAMILY USE.

☞ Dealers supplied with Keg or Bottled Beer on call or by letter. Shipments promptly made.

FINE LIQUORS AND CIGARS At the Bar.

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DEER LODGE DRUG CO.,

DEER LODGE, MONT.

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS AND PURE CHEMICALS,

STANDARD PATENT MEDICINES,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES DYE STUFFS, HAIR- AND TOOTH-BRUSHES. IMPROVED TUBULAR LANTERNS.

SPIRIT THERMOMETERS,

Prof. Tyndall's Celebrated

LUNG PROTECTORS.

Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soap, Sponges,

and all varieties of Druggists' Sundries.

CIGARS.

PURE WINES & LIQUORS for Medical Uses.

☞ *Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded and Orders answered with Care and Dispatch.* 810

PEOPLE'S

MEAT MARKET,

LODGE & BEAUMONT, Prop'rs.

Main Street, Adjoining O'Neill's Theatre.

HAVING OPENED

A General Meat Market,

At the above stand, we will endeavor to furnish patrons with

FRESH KILLED & GOOD MEATS

of all kinds, including

GAME IN SEASON.

And all articles usually supplied at a First-class Meat Market.

Highest Price Paid for Pelts and Hides.

A Share of Patronage Solicited.

LODGE & BEAUMONT.

Deer Lodge, Dec. 1, 1886. 908 tf

Albert Kleinschmidt, Helena. *Addison Smith Deer Lodge.*

Albert Kleinschmidt & Co.,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
FURNISHING GOODS
JEWELRY, NOTIONS, Etc.

GROCERIES,
LIQUORS,
WINES,
TOBACCOS,
CIGARS,
HARNESS,
SADDLERY, Etc.

Accommodating Salesmen and Lowest Cash Prices.

Brick Block, Cor. Main & 3d Sts, Deer Lodge. 762tf

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE TO CO-OWNERS.

To T. H. BROWN AND H. M. MONTGOMERY:

You are, each and both of you, hereby notified that we have, in accordance with Section 2,324, Revised Statutes of the United States, expended in labor and improvements upon the WHITESIDES quartz lode mining claim, located in Oro Fino mining district, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, [being the same lode which was located November 8, 1884, and recorded on page 767 of the Book of Lode Locations in the Recorder's office of Deer Lodge county, M. T.] [also being the same lode which was located in no organized mining district of Jefferson county, M. T., on the 8th day of November, 1884, and recorded in Book W of Lode Locations, in the Recorder's office of Jefferson county, M. T.] one hundred dollars during the year ending December 31, A. D. 1886: And you, T. H. Brown and H. M. Montgomery, co-owners, are hereby further notified that unless you pay, or cause to be paid to the undersigned, your co-owners, or either of them, within ninety days from the date of this notice, your one-fourth of said amount, viz—T. H. Brown, Twenty-five Dollars for your one-fourth interest, and you, H. M. Montgomery, Twenty-five Dollars for your one-fourth interest, all your right, title and interest of, in and to the said mining claim will become the property of the undersigned, your co-owners, who have made the required expenditures.

Dated at Deer Lodge, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, this 4th day of January, A. D. 1887.

SMITH WHITESIDE.
HARRY C. CAIN.
JAMES E. LANE.

First publication Jan. 7, 1887. 913 13t

Notice to Co-Owners.

To Neil O'Donnell, John O'Donnell, or the heirs and assigns of either, or both.

You, and each of you, are hereby notified that we, James McDonal, Barney Peoples and Cornelius Peoples, your co-owners, have, in accordance with Section 2324 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, expended for labor and improvements upon the CARBON Quartz Lode mining claim, situated in the Flint Creek mining district, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, for the year ended December 31, 1886, the sum of one hundred dollars; and you are hereby further notified that unless you contribute or cause to be contributed the sum of Forty [40] Dollars, your proportion of such expenditures, together with interest and costs, within ninety days of the date of this notice, all of your right, title, interest and claim in and to the above described "Carbon" quartz lode mining claim will become the property of the undersigned, your co owners, who have performed the work and made the required expenditures thereon.

JAMES McDONAL.
CON. PEOPLES.
BARNEY PEOPLES.

Granite, Deer Lodge county, M. T., Jan. 1st, 1887.
First publication, Jan. 14, 1887. 914 90d

Notice to Co-Owner.

TO JAMES C. CURN.—You are hereby notified that I, E. P. Mills, your co-owner, have, in accordance with Section 2324 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, expended for labor and improvements upon the CHAMPION quartz lode mining claim, situated in Oro Fino Mining District, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, for the year ending December 31, 1886, the sum of one hundred dollars [100]. And you are hereby further notified that unless you contribute or cause to be contributed to me the sum of twenty-five [25] dollars, your proportion of such expenditures, together with interest and costs, within ninety-days of the date of this notice, all of your right, title, interest and claim in and to the above described Champion quartz lode mining claim will become the property of the undersigned, your co-owner, who has performed the work and made the required expenditures thereon.

Feb. 7, 1887. E. P. MILLS.
First publication Feb. 11, 1887. 918 90d

Notice to Co-Owner.

To the administrator of the estate of James Brennan, deceased:

You are hereby notified that I have, in accordance with Section 2324 Revised Statutes of the United States, expended in labor and improvements on the NORTHWEST Quartz Lode mining claim, situated in First Chance mining district, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, the sum of two hundred dollars, for the years 1885 and 1886, ending December 31, 1886; and you are hereby further notified that unless you pay or cause to be paid to me, the undersigned, within 90 days from the first publication of this notice, your one-half of said amount, which is one hundred dollars, all your right, title and interest of, in and to the said mining claim will become the property of the undersigned, your co-owner, who has made the required expenditures.

MICHAEL McDERMOTT.

Beartown, M. T., Jan. 2, 1887. 913 90d
First publication, Jan. 7, 1887.

Notice to Co-Owners.

To J. M. Knight, M. D. Annas and J. P. Craighton.—

You are hereby notified that I have, in accordance with Section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States, expended in labor and improvements on the MOUNTAIN CHIEF lode, situated near the head of Dunkleberg Creek, in no organized Mining District, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, one hundred dollars [$100] for the year ending Dec. 31, 1886. And you are further notified that unless you, J. M. Knight, M. D. Annas and J. P. Craighton within ninety days after the date of this notice, pay or cause to be paid to me your proportion of the above amount, for representation of your interests in said lode, all your right, title and interest of, in, and to the said quartz lode mining claim will become the property of the undersigned, your co-owner, who has made the required expenditures.

AMBROSE ALIX.

Deer Lodge, M. T., January 24, 1887.
First Publication Jan. 28, 1887. 916 90d

THE NEW NORTH-WEST

JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

Patronize Your Home Office in Job Work.
Judicious Advertising Always Pays.

We carry a full line of the best graded Standard Job Stock, and are prepared to do first-class work in

Bill Heads. Letter Heads, Tags, Envelopes, Posters, Cards, Etc.

Following are the CASH RATES for leading articles, delivered at this office, or in town. Persons ordering from abroad are requested to designate the number and price of each article, as the price varies with the weight and grade of Stock used. All is good Stock; some is superior in weight and finish. Cash and "c o " should accompany orders:

	For 500.	For 1,000
Prin Letter Heads	$3.50 to $4.50	$6.00 to $7.00
" Royal Packet Hds.	2.50 to 3.50	4.00 to 5.00
" Note Heads	2 00 to 3 00	3.50 to 4.00
" Bill Heads [assorted sizes]	3.50 to 4.50	5.00 to 6.50
" Return Envelopes [Business Card]	3.00 to 3.50	5 00 to 6 00
" Business Cards	3.00 to 4.00	4.00 to 5.00
" Shipping Tags	2.50 to 3.50	4.00 to 6.00

Work "Blocked" Without Extra Charge.

A FULL LINE OF

Poster Papers and Chromatic Prints

FOR AUCTION, HORSES, CATTLE, ETC.

POSTERS OF ANY SIZE TO ORDER.

Ball Invitations, Orders of Dances,

Cards, Card Board and Flat Papers.

Work will be done promptly and delivered or shipped by Express, as directed. Printed Bills, Letters, Envelopes, etc., cost but little more than the blank stock, and every business man should use them.

WE ALSO CARRY A LARGE STOCK OF

Legal and General Blanks,

AS ENUMERATED BELOW.

The price opposite each is for 100 or less. Cash must accompany orders. Postage or Expressage will be paid by this office on all orders of Blanks to b sent by mail or Express:

Summons—in Justice's Court	Each	3 cts.
Subpoena— "	"	5 "
Copy of Subpoena	"	5 "
Writ of Attachment	"	3 "
Undertaking on Attachment—Justice C't	"	5 "
Affidavit of Attachment,	"	5 "
Mittimus—in Justice's Court	"	3
Execution	"	3 "
Garnishee	"	3 "
Warrants	"	3 "
Quit Claim Deed	"	5 "
Bargain and Sale Deed	"	5 "
Warranty Deed	"	5
Mining Claim Deed	"	5
Chattel Mortgages	"	10 "
Mortgage Deed	"	10 "
Joint Acknowledgments	"	3
Certificate of Incorporation	"	5 "
Bail Bond	"	5 "
Notice of Quartz Location	"	5 "
Affidavit of Quartz Representation	"	3 "
Water Right Location	"	8

ADDRESS

NEW NORTH-WEST,

904 tf DEER LODGE, MONT.

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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.
889

Exchange Saloon,

One Door South of Scott House,

Deer Lodge, - Montana.

BAILEY & PETTY, Proprietors.

Only the Very Finest Liquors and Cigars

Over the Exchange Bar.

A Share of Public Patronage Respectfully Solicited.
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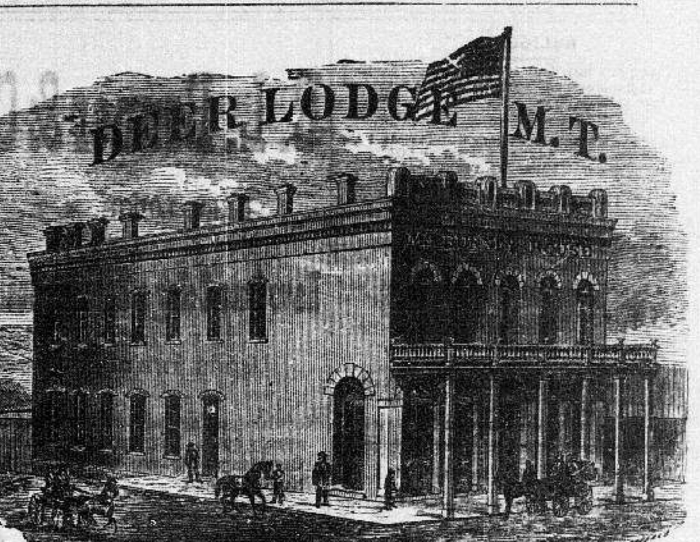

McBURNEY HOUSE, - DEER LODGE,

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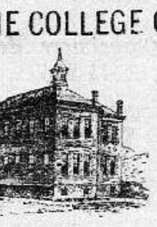
Board and Room, $2 and $2.50 per Day. Single Meal, 50 Cents.

A Share of the Patronage of the Traveling Public is Respectfully Solicited.

THE COLLEGE OF MONTANA.



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FURNISHINGS.
New and Complete.

OPEN TO BOTH SEXES ON EQUAL TERMS.

FOR TERMS, &c., apply to

Rev. D. J. McMILLAN, D. D.

President of the College,

DEER LODGE, Montana

886

N. J. BIELENBERG. ED. METLANDER.

CITY MEAT MARKET.

Bielenberg & Metlander,

PROPRIETORS.

Beef
Mutton
Pork
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And all Kinds of Meat

INCLUDING FISH and GAME IN SEASON.

Main Street, Deer Lodge Montana.
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Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.

OLD VALITON STAND,

DEER LODGE, - MONTANA.

Stylish Turn Outs,
Good Saddle Horses,
Careful Hostlers.

THE DEER LODGE TRANSFER "BUS" and Baggage Wagon, run by the undersigned, connects with all Passenger Trains and will take passengers and baggage to or from any residence in Deer Lodge.

704 J. W. ESTILL, Prop'r.

JOHN O'NEILL,

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

Has the Finest Line of Hardware,

STOVES,

Tinware, Queensware, Glassware,

SILVERWARE, ETC., ETC.,

Ever brought to the City, and is selling at prices that DEFY COMPETITION. Call and examine Goods and Prices before purchasing elsewhere. 901

M. BIEN,

Upholstery and Furniture,

[Opposite Scott House]

Deer Lodge, - Montana.

Parlor Sets and Bed-room Sets

An assortment o

Wood and Cane Seat Chairs,

WOVEN WIRE

and all kinds of

SPRING MATTRESSES

A No. 1 Feathers in Bulk

MATTRESSES OF HAIR, WOOL AND MOSS.

☞ Upholstery Jobbing promptly attended to. 853 tf

RANCH FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the property on Race Track, adjoining Quinlan Bros., and known as the "Hobbins & Hefferin ranch." It contains 330 acres under fence, with good water right. Part meadow land and sown in timothy. Good dwelling, stables, etc., on the premises. The property is very desirable, and will be sold at a good bargain on reasonable terms. Apply to JOHN HOBBINS, or W. T. ELLIOTT, Race Track.

March 9, 1887. 931 4t*

Estray Taken Up.

Came to our ranch, 1 miles west of Deer Lodge, about the 1st of November, 1886, one dark brindle bull, some white on belly, about three years old, with no brands visible. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges.

IRVINE & TAYLOR.

Deer Lodge, March 10, 1887. 922 4t

RAILROADS.

THE GREAT DUBUQUE ROUTE.

TWO TRAINS DAILY EACH WAY

BETWEEN

Saint Paul and Minneapolis,

—AND—

Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City,

And Intermediate Points.

Pullman Buffet Sleepers

And Elegant Through Day Coaches on all Trains.

THE BEST AND QUICKEST LINE TO

Des Moines,	Pittsburgh,	Washington,
New Orleans,	Peoria,	New York,
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Louisville,	Buffalo,	Galveston,
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San Francisco, and all points in

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Trains arrive and depart and all connections made in Union Depots. Ask for Tickets via The Great Dubuque Route, and take no others. Tickets via this popular route for sale everywhere.

J. A. HANLEY, Tr'f. M'g'r,
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UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST FROM BUTTE

—TAKE THE—

UTAH & NORTHERN,

Train Leaving Butte Depot at 7 p. m., in a

Pullman Sleeping Car,

Connecting at Pocatello with

THROUGH SLEEPING CARS

FOR OMAHA

And all Points East and Southeast.

Rates Always as Low as any Route. Time, Accommodations and Connections all that can be Desired,

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Butte, Montana.

GO EAST

—VIA THE—

Northern Pacific Railroad.

THE DINING CAR ROUTE

AND GREAT SHORT LINE

TO ALL EASTERN CITIES.

200 MILES

THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO CHICAGO

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THROUGH CAR LINE

Low Rates. Quick Time,

Pullman Palace Cars!

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C. S. FEE, Gen. Pass Ag't, St. Paul. A. L. STOKES, Gen. Ag't, Helena.
901 4t

Farm for Sale.

I offer for sale my farm, consisting of one hundred and sixty acres, (ninety acres in cultivation the past season), together with the improvements, farming utensils, ditch and water right. For terms, &c, inquire of me on the premises, a half mile southwest from Deer Lodge depot, or address me at Deer Lodge City.

Dec. 9, 1886. 909tf DAVID C. IRVINE.