

# THE TWINS GREW FAT

## A MINER BRINGS HIS BABIES FROM THE YUKON.

### Told It Would Be Impossible for Him to Make the Trip Until the Children Could Walk.

Born within the borders of a land owned by the United States, and yet far away from the center of their own country civilization than any other child or children, is the distinction which will follow Joseph and Bernard Day through life, says a Seattle correspondent of the San Francisco Call. They are 2-year-old twins and arrived in this city on the steamer Willapa direct from Alaska, and the news of their birth is not the only thing remarkable thus far in their lives, for, with the aid of their father, they made, in order to reach Juneau and make connections with the Willapa, a trip of many days, coming from the Yukon mines district and crossing the grand but dangerous summit by the Chilkoot pass. Others many years their fathers have attempted to make that same trip and were joyous heard of again, but the babies are alive and well and, while they can not talk, they hope to some day be able to discuss the trip as it comes to them from the lips of their father, U. Day.

The story of their birth, of their remarkable trip and other facts connected with them is one that does not add its way into print very often. U. Day is a miner. He is a big, husky-looking man and for years before he decided to go to Alaska he worked in the silver mines of the east. He was experienced in his business, and when he made a trip to Alaska, two years ago and took a look at the country he made up his mind that he would come back to the United States and get his wife and a few months, and return to the land he got it. He came back, and his wife, who was at that time living with some well-to-do relatives in a suburb of Minneapolis, Minn., consented to return with him to Alaska. She was not very strong, but had plenty of nerve, and in the spring, with the aid of her husband, she reached the Yukon mining district in safety.

Her coming was a great event among the miners. But one or two women had ever been among them, and those had had a hard time of it. Mrs. Day, however, took an interest in them and endeavored to bring happiness to their lives.

Just two years ago she gave birth to twin boys. They were big and healthy and had eyes that were black as coal and cheeks as red as apples. The exact date of their birth was October 23, 1891, and the place, Sixty-Mile Creek. News of the coming of any one, not even of the hardy men who carry the mail, create such a fever in the Yukon district that miners who were down country say that for three months after the birth of the twins Mr. and Mrs. Day received presents from miners far away who heard of the new arrivals. They were the best children ever born in the Yukon district and they were petted and caressed and humored as though they were the children of some great king.

On June 5, this year, Mrs. Day, who had not been well since the birth of the children, died, and there was general mourning in the camp.

Everybody wondered what would become of the twins. Day told his friends that in the fall he would take them to the United States and place them with their mother's relatives at Minneapolis. The miners laughed at him, and said that it would be impossible for him to make the trip until the babies were old enough to walk.

Two months ago Day decided to leave the Yukon with his little ones. The miners generally were of the opinion that it would mean death for the children and probably for the father of the unfortunates. Day was determined, however, and said that to keep the children at Sixty-Mile would mean a life of hardships and suffering. So early in July they started for Juneau with the pilot of the Willapa. Before his departure Day arranged for miners' shares and money for the safety of the children. Day said that if they died he would be at their graves.

They were dressed in clothes of heavy woolen cloth, and, strange as it may seem, made the trip the greater part of the way strapped on the shoulders of their father. He carried them, similarly, to the way Indian women pack their babies about. They were a great burden, when the length of the trip is taken into consideration and the further fact that Day had a pack of provisions and blankets to carry with him. Day states that at times the weather was cold, and when his babies would not even cry he would think that probably they were satisfied by the cold. Then he would take a nap at them, and they would either be laughing or sleeping. Once he says they amused themselves all day long playing with his dog hair.

When night came on and he was ready to rest, Day would remove the children from his back and they would sleep in his arms.

"Not once did they ever so much as cry," says Day.

The trip across the summit of the Chilkoot pass was the most severe of all, but the little ones stood it all right, though Day says they must have suffered some, because he did himself. Several times, in crossing the summit, Day, weak with the long trip and the heavy burden, slipped, and but for the precious ones on his back, he says he believes he would have given up, sunk down and perished. Their cough, he says, aroused him and he would struggle on.

Juneau was finally reached and safely. There the babies were weighed and it was found that they had grown fat during their remarkable journey. They remained there a little while, and when the Willapa arrived took passage on it for the sound.

In a day or two Day will leave with his

sons for Minneapolis, where they will be placed with relatives and educated. Old miners say the trip will go down as the most remarkable ever made from the Yukon district to Juneau.

## THEY WERE TWO FAMOUS AUTHORS

### Strong Friendship Enriched the Lives of Both.

Her friendship with George Eliot was one that greatly enriched Mrs. Stowe's sympathies and enriched her life, says Mrs. James T. Fields in the San Francisco Chronicle. Her interest in any woman who was supporting herself, and especially in any one who found a daily taskmaster in the pen, and above all, when, as in this case, the woman was one possessed of great moral aspiration, half-paralyzed in its action by finding itself in an anomalous and (to the world in general) utterly incomprehensible position, such a woman was like a magnet to Mrs. Stowe. She inherited from her father a faith in the divine power of sympathy which only waxed greater with years and experience. Whenever she found a fellow-sufferer, suffering trouble or dishonor, in spite of her own efforts, her feet were turned that way. The genius of George Eliot and the convincing elements of her life and character drew Mrs. Stowe to her side in sincere solicitude. Her attitude, her sweetness, her shyness, could not fail to win the heart of George Eliot. They became loving friends.

It was the same inherent sense of brotherly which led her, when a child, on hearing of the death of Lord Byron, to go out in the fields and sing herself weeping on the mountain side, where she might pray alone for his forgiveness and salvation. It is wonderful to recall the influence of Byron upon Miss Weston, as is on record, that when "Byron" is read of in the world, she says "Byron" is dead. "In the night," she said one day, "everybody was crying at a funeral for every one that I could find, and I remember that I went out and sang 'Byron is dead' into the night."

## THE "BLUE PETER" IN WHIST

### Mean of All Players of the New Set.

There is a house in London that should be the Mecca of all whist players who believe in the new school and the "informal" mode of playing before which they should bow respectfully as the fountain head of all that is modern in the game, says the Monthly Illustrated. This is St. James street, and it is within sixty of Marlborough house. Its fame rests chiefly on the fact that it was at one time known as Graham's club and that within its walls Lord Henry Bunsford first introduced the "blue peter," or signal for trumps, which consists in playing a higher card before a lower when no attempt is made to win the trick. This signal has been the pride of whist players of the world for more than 40 years. It has led them to and from in the wilderness of arbitrary conventions, but has never brought them to the promised land of better whist.

The blue peter was the introduction to what is a purely arbitrary signal or convention, and it is not surprising that a whist player, with it has entirely overthrown the old game of "observation, position and count," leaving in its place, some rules, American leads, plain suit games, four signals and diverse devices. These seem to have checked up all the old, brilliant and individuality in one vain player, reducing them all to the same level not by increasing the abilities of the type, but by outwitting the skill of the expert.

## SAY THE MOON WILL NEVER CHANGE

### No Outside or Inside Influences Could Alter Her.

The headline may give the reader the idea that something has gotten wrong with our satellite and that in the future large rain falls will not be through the regular phases of "new moon," "first quarter," "full moon" and "last quarter," as has been her wont since the time "when the mind of man brought not to the contrary," says the St. Louis Republic. But such, dear reader, is not the idea you seem to convey. But why do you mean exactly what the headline says? "What under existing conditions and the conditions which have existed on the surface of the moon for perhaps millions of years? It is a physical impossibility that the face of the moon should change one iota. There are neither outside nor inside influences that can be brought to bear to make a change in the configuration of our silvery sister world." Her internal fires have long since died out and there is no other source of both air and water. Existing under such conditions it is utterly impossible that the face of the moon should undergo change, even in the course of a hundred million years.

## COAST FISHERY BANKS SECOND

### Catch Is Next in Value to That of New England.

A. M. Wilson of Washington, D. C., state fishery agent of the United States commission of fishes and fisheries was in San Francisco the other day, having arrived there from Oregon and Washington for the purpose of presenting a statistical report of the fishing industry of the coast. He says the fishing industry of the Pacific coast states, including Alaska, has grown and it ranks next to that of New England and middle Atlantic states in extent and importance, with the value of the fishery products in greater than in the south Atlantic, and great lakes states combined.

Harold's Conclusion.  
Little Harold had been a naughty boy, and his papa had sentenced him to an hour's solitary confinement in his bedroom as punishment. When the hour was over, and the small prisoner was allowed to return to the sitting room, he went to his mamma and in a stage whisper said:  
"Mamma, I think you might have done a great deal better than to marry papa,"—Harper's Bazar.

# THEY ARE ODD SAILORS

## BOATMEN OF NEW YORK DO WONDERFUL TRICKS.

### Old Timers Mourning for the Good Old Days When Tugboats Were Not So Plentiful.

One of the features of the New York water front life is rapidly passing away with the disappearance of the Battery boatmen. There are some of them left, but they form only a remnant of what was once a thriving industry, full of excitement and danger, and once in a while with a dash of romance or crime.

Take the rest of the waterfront world, the present generation of Battery boatmen have a hard time making a living. Two or three of the real old timers are left and they take a melancholy pleasure in looking of the days when "We used to knock out at least half a week, and sometimes six, to say nothing of great games to smoke and the liquor to drink. These were the days when the old-time sharks were not so slick and an honest man had a chance to make something on the side by slipping things through the duty stamp on them. But we can't do it now, or a thing like that. Everything seems to be slipping away from us. We get the oranges, and they are absolutely small and green. The fellows who used to be in the dock, they lived off through the wood and got out in time to beat the bad news. We were sorry when the boys dropped off, but we know better now. They were in luck."

In the old days the Battery boatmen formed the connecting link between the ships anchored in the bay and the city. When a sailor or other wanted to board his ship he went down to the Battery, paid his dollar to one of the boatmen, and was taken out in the Battery boat. If there were half a dozen sailors in the party, the boatman made \$6 by a half hour's work. And it was a sure thing if he was not halted by some ship on his way back to the Battery and another two or two added to his pocketbook.

## A Close Corporation.

Money poured into the hands of the boatmen in those days, and they saw to it that competition did not cut into their profits. There was no such thing as a labor union, but they protected themselves quite effectively. No outsider could join the little fleet of Battery boats and get a share of its profits. When some courageous spirit attempted to force himself in, he was dealt with summarily. He was told to take his boat and get to work, and if he obeyed he was set upon and soundly thrashed. If he still persisted in showing up, he was beaten again and his boat smashed. After suffering hardships of this kind the intruder invariably decided to quit.

To be a recognized Battery boatman was regarded as such a good thing that it became a family tradition, and the job was handed down from father to son. The old fellows were mighty choosy, too, and when one of their number was drowned, or died, leaving a family the man who took his place had to pay a percentage of his earnings to the widow. If he failed to keep this pledge he was kicked out of the business and an honest man put in his place.

But no such system prevails now-days. The hazy march of commerce has taken care of that. The tugboat is the Nemesis of the boatman. Steaming everywhere through the bay by the hundred, his skipper is not opposed to adding a few dollars to the day's work by stopping up for a few minutes at the side of a ship and carrying a few passengers across. This method of transit is much quicker and more pleasant than the old way. Then, again, there are so many ships at anchor in the bay by the way, that the old-time boats are no longer needed for ferrying and taking in cargo, and the agents of the vessels see to it that no time is lost between the coming of one tugboat and the departure of another. The competition has broken down here for that.

The behavior of Cape Cod fishermen for their skill in landing crabs, is being a common saying that they can make the little snail do anything but talk. The electric "battery" boatman, however, could give these hardy people many pointers in seamanship as applied to small boats.

The Whitehall boat is peculiar, generally to look at, but a laborer to handle to one not familiar with her peculiar ways. To the lay mind she is simply a round, horizontal wheel, 10 feet long, four and a half feet wide, with tapering bows and stern. She is strongly built, and she must stand all kinds of weather, and it is very easy to see how she is kicked up in the bay when the tide is running one way and a strong wind blowing the other.

The battery skipper never uses his eyes when handling the boat if he can possibly help it, and that is where his skill shows itself. There is no counter-board or sternboard of a deck in the boat, but that doesn't bother him. If a counter-board were used it would take up valuable room and reduce the carrying capacity of the craft. The Whitehall carries a spirit level. It's a tough job to step the mast, get the spirit into place and set the boom when the cranky little boat is rattling about, but these experts manage it easily, and the curious part of it is that they manage her oftentimes without audder, steering the boat by manipulating the sheet.

And they gybe the Whitehalls, too, but in a way that would astonish the average yachtsman. They let the sheet fly so that the boom runs out forward of the mast like a bowsprit, then they use the sheet and haul in. This would be a hazardous undertaking for even a very smart yachtsman, but generations of the Battery men have been doing the trick for nearly a century and an upset is a rare occurrence.

# CZAR OF RUSSIA'S IRONCLAD TRAIN

## It Is a Combination of Fortress and Prison.

The czar of all the Russias, the mightiest monarch in the world, travels in a railroad train which is a combination of a fortress and a prison, says the New York Journal. He is obliged to do this because his life is sought by a secret society of conspirators, who are more determined, more fearless and more unrelenting than any similar body in existence.

The train, which recently carried the young czar on his international tour, which has created so great a sensation, consisted of 12 carriages. It is undoubtedly the most remarkable train in the world, but at the same time is less luxurious than the private car of the ordinary American railroad president or even a successful comic opera singer. This is in spite of the fact that the treasury of the vast Russian empire is at the disposal of the czar's personal command of the train.

The most amazing features of the train are the provisions made to defend the life of the czar against a violent attack. Each car is heavily plated with steel armor of the kind that is used on the most modern warships. This armor, it is calculated, would be proof against charges of high explosives. It is especially strong on the bottoms of the cars, for it is there that an explosive would most likely take effect. It may be recalled that a well-planned attempt was made to destroy the train of the late czar about two years before he died, but that although it was detected and badly injured by the explosion, no harm was done to the imperial family, an account of the strength of the armor plating. The train now in use by the czar is even stronger than this was.

## MIGRATION OF THE SWALLOWS

### These Two Weeks to Journey Were Measured by the Hours.

A Dutch correspondent, writing from Amsterdam, the capital of the province of Guelders, as is known, is situated upon the Rhine, which is crossed by a bridge. Passing over it one day last week, one of my friends witnessed a remarkable spectacle. Myriads of swallows apparently passing in the air, were seen to be exactly the same place. When they flew up, which they did several times before starting for good, the mass looked like a huge black moving column. When they came down again, it was done with a deafening shrill and shrieking, or whistling, or piping—a curious noise, which it is almost impossible to describe. It seems as if they wanted to make sure that all could stand the voyage, for many were fallen upon by great numbers of the others, who pecked them to death.

After different fairs starts they went away like a whirlwind, leaving upon the fields these fat probably swollen birds, and so were numbered first by their color, and then by their size. People may wonder how these birds in different countries start upon their migration a day. The mystery must be solved by ornithologists. My own part is that the migration may have started their depart on their feet much longer, over the land, to reach the thousands of miles they want every day.

## TEN YEARS WITHOUT A BREAK

### Lady Whose Timepiece Never Cost Her a Cent for Repairs.

They were slipping chronicle at a café and talking of watches, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I have carried my watch for 10 years," said the senior member of the party, "and it has never cost me a penny for repairs."

"Nonsense," exclaimed another one, "how do you manage it?"

"I took care of it. You know men are always making disagreeable remarks about women's watches, and when my husband gave me mine he said it would probably be out of order most of the time. And I just made up my mind to show him that there was one woman in the world who knew how to take care of a watch."

"But have you never lost it or had it stolen?"

"Never. I dropped it several times at first, but it didn't show any marks."

"But no the works never got out of order?"

"The what?"

"The works inside. Have you never broken the main spring?"

"I never look inside."

"How do you wind it?"

"I don't wind it. That's how I take care of it, and keep it going."

They all started a murmur. Then they said, "Oh, you clever thing," and adjourned the die.

## SENTON GIVEN HEAVY DRAGAGES

### Jury Awards Him \$20,000 for Loss of His Wife's Accidents.

Dr. Benjamin C. Senton of Rutland, Vt., was awarded \$20,000 damages in his suit against John B. Quinn, son of a wealthy resident of Rutland, for allowing his wife's carriage to be driven by Judge G. F. in the presence of a jury in Long Island City, N. Y., the other day.

The doctor and his wife were married in 1875 and had four children—Mildred, aged 29; Susan, 17; Katherine, 14 and Louise, 9 years old, respectively. They were neighbors of the Quinns and in August, 1898, the doctor tried to shoot the son for crawling in his house.

The doctor learned of his wife's condition by finding letters from Quinn, but he did not tell her of the discovery until he had induced her to transfer back to him the property which she had in her name. He was accompanied in court by Elinor, who was for a short time with a prominent theatrical company, and Kathleen, both of whom gave evidence against their mother. When the plaintiff had ended his story Elinor testified that she had vainly begged her mother to correct her fault.

## Threatened With Blindness.

### Mr. Leonard Courtois, who was a prominent candidate for the speakership of the house of commons two years ago, is threatened with total blindness.

Mr. Leonard Courtois, who was a prominent candidate for the speakership of the house of commons two years ago, is threatened with total blindness.

# S. CRANSON,

## PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office over William Coleman's Store.

Deer Lodge, Montana.

## J. H. MEYERS,

### ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Practice in all of the courts of the state. Office, west side of Court Square, Deer Lodge, Mont.

## LARABIE BROTHERS & CO.,

### BANKERS,

Deer Lodge, Montana.

Do a general banking business and draw exchange on all principal cities of the world.

Careful attention given to collections, and remittances promptly made.

New York correspondent, Importers & Traders' National bank, New York City, N. Y.

S. E. Larabee, C. X. Larabee, H. S. Reed

## CITY MEAT MARKET,

Deer Lodge, Montana.

## N. J. BIELENBERG & CO.,

Wholesale and retail dealers in

MEAT, SAUSAGE, GAME, FISH.

SMOKED AND DRIED MEATS, ETC.

Cash paid for hides.

None but the best grades of stock slaughtered for our trade.

Just south of O'NEILL'S hardware store.

Goods delivered to any part of the city. A share of patronage respectfully solicited.

N. J. BIELENBERG & CO.

## WESTERN BREWERY,

J. E. VAN GUNDY,

Deer Lodge, Montana.

Having bought and put in the most approved machinery for generating Soda, Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale, Lemonade and all Carbonate Drinks, with experienced workmen in charge, I am prepared to furnish them bottled or in charges for fountains, promptly on notice, and as low as any house in the state. Address orders to

J. E. VAN GUNDY, Deer Lodge, Mont.

## CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC COURSES.

### COLLEGE OF MONTANA.

Normal and Preparatory Courses. Special Courses in Art, Music, Typewriting, Stenography, Bookkeeping and School of Mines, Department of Engineering and Chemistry, including Mathematics, Surveying, Mechanical, Civil and Mining Engineering, Metallurgy, Mineralogy, Assaying, General, Analytical and Applied Chemistry, Blowpipe Analysis, Etc. Open to both sexes on equal terms. For terms apply to the President, at Deer Lodge, Montana.

## DR. C. G. GLASS,

### PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Deer Lodge, Montana.

Office opposite City Hotel.

## C. M. SAWYER,

### ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Patric Building, Main Street, Anaconda, Montana.

## J. H. OWINGS, M. D.

### PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Deer Lodge, Montana.

## W. H. TRIPPET,

### ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Deer Lodge, Montana.

Office, west side Court Square. Practices in all of the courts of the state. Special attention to conveyancing and collections.

## NAPTON & NAPTON,

### ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Deer Lodge, Montana.

Office, room 12, over Kleinschmidt & Bros.' store.

## DR. J. W. BISSIG,

### DENTIST.

Deer Lodge, Montana.

Office in Coleman Block.

## W. H. O'NEILL,

### DEALER IN—

Shelf and Heavy Hardware

## Glassware, Queensware, Etc.

Special attention given to plumbing in all its branches. Estimates promptly furnished either for town or country. Correspondence solicited.

W. H. O'NEILL: Deer Lodge