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POETRY.

AN OLDSAW.

A dear little maid came skipping out
In the glad new day with a merry shout;
With dancing feet and with flowing hair
She sang with joy in the morning air.
"Don't sing before breakfast, you'll cry before
night!"
What a croak to darken the child's delight!
And the stupid old nurse again and again
Repeated the ancient, dull refrain.
The child paused trying to understand;
But her eyes saw the great world rainbow spanned;
Her light little feet hardly touched the earth,
And her soul brimmed over with innocent mirth.
"Never mind—don't listen—oh, sweet little maid!
Make sure of your morning song," I said;
"And if pain must meet you, why, all the more
Be glad of the rapture that came before."
"Oh, tears and sorrow are plenty enough,
Sorrow may be bitter and paths be rough,
But our tears should fall like the earth's bright
showers."
That help to ripen the fruits and flowers.

So gladden the day with your blissful song,
Sing on while you may, dear, sweet and strong!
Make sure of your moment of pure delight,
No matter what trials may come before night."
—Celia Thaxter in *Wide Awake*.

SELECTED STORY.

HOW HE PUNISHED HER.

He would show her what it meant to rebel against him. True, she had asked him to let her go to her mother who was ill, but who would attend to his wants if she went? He had made it plain enough to her; what more could she expect? But she was not satisfied. She had declared her intention of going anyhow, and she had said she did not see any reason why she should stay away when her mother needed her so much. It was only a few hours' ride, and she could come straight back just as soon as mamma was better. Robert was angry, but when he thought over it would surely see that she was right.

She had reasoned so, and putting together a few articles which she would need, she locked up her things securely, went down stairs and told Jones, the waiting-man, to say to his master that she would only be gone two days. Leaving everything in Jones' care, she went out into the street, hailed a cab, and was driven to the train.

Robert Nesbit received her message and became deeply indignant. He felt himself deeply aggrieved. His authority had been set aside, his comfort ignored, and he determined to make her feel the weight of his displeasure. He would punish her so severely that she would never again defy him.

He went to his office, but was so silent and grim all day that his partner wondered. Next day he did not come until about noon, when he announced his intention of leaving the city. This was a sudden resolve, but the former said nothing. Nesbit was a peculiar man, and liked no interference in his affairs. He only asked: "If letters come, to what point should they be forwarded?"

"Send none until you hear from me, for I have not decided yet where I shall go," was the reply.

A week passed—two, three, then a month had rolled away, and no word had come from him. His partner had a letter from the wife, saying that she had written to her husband again and again, and received no reply. "Was he ill? Was he away? What was the matter?"

He wrote telling her all he knew, which was simply that his partner had gone away some weeks before.

Laurel had never so needed a husband's consoling love. Her mother, to whom she had been devoted, lay on the bed of death, and her anguish at seeing this dear friend about to leave her was augmented by her husband's unjust and cruel treatment. Her delicate health was failing, her suffering was intense. If her husband would only come! Each time the bell rang her heart would give a quick throb, and then seem to cease beating.

At last the suspense of watching and waiting the blow that would surely fall was ended. The blow fell, the good, kind mother smiled on her for the last time, and died with her loving eyes fixed upon her child.

After the funeral she returned to the city and went straight to the office, but her husband had not sent any news of his whereabouts. With a stifling heart she turned away. She then went to their home, but there she met with disappointment also. The house was closed and locked up, the servants were all gone, and there was no one there to tell her anything. There was nothing to do but to return to the depot and wait for the train to take her back to her girlhood's home. In a few hours she was back sobbing in her brother's arms. She told him all, and asked him what she must do. The dark light that flashed into his eyes boded no good for his brother-in-law should he meet him in his present state, but he told her he would attend to it for her; she must go now and lie down.

But rest was impossible; sleep was far off from the wide, dark eyes. They were bright and her brow and cheeks were burning; before night she was delirious with fever.

On the same day that Laurel was inquiring for him at home her husband in a distant city chanced to pick up a newspaper, and read this notice: "Died at Claremont, near the town of —, Mrs. Ellsworth, mother of Walter G. Ellsworth and Mrs. Robert Nesbit."

"Good heavens! Laurel's mother dead! And he had acted as he had about his wife's going? He had never thought her

A DETECTIVE'S LUCK.

Philadelphia Press: One of the earliest triumphs of Geo. H. Bangs, general superintendent of Pinkerton's detective agencies, who died in Roselle, N. J., recently, was the capture of Jules Imbert, a famous French forger. From August Belmont Imbert obtained four drafts aggregating some \$15,000, and by a series of adroit forgeries, he managed to clear almost double that sum. To Mr. Bangs was intrusted the task of tracing up the fugitive, who had escaped to Canada, arresting him and bringing him back to New York city.

The young detective located his man in a Canadian town, and, paying no attention to the indignant protestations of the Frenchman that he was a gentleman and would pay the insult with summary vengeance, arrested him, and succeeded in getting a partial admission of guilt. After eluding a score or more of amateur detectives, Bangs landed his prisoner on American soil and started homeward in the cars. As a precaution against escape the detective handcuffed Imbert's right wrist to that of his own. After riding 100 miles or more the Frenchman showed signs of fatigue, and fell fast asleep beside his captor. Bangs had been without rest more than 48 hours, and was completely worn out. He began nodding, and despite his utmost efforts to keep awake, fell into a doze when the train was near Fonda, N. Y. A sudden jolting of the car aroused him, and to his chagrin he found that his prisoner had cleverly picked the lock of the handcuff and escaped. He rushed into the baggage car and enquired of the conductor where the last stop had been made. He was informed at Fonda, and the train had slackened speed a few miles further on to run on a siding. Bangs felt sure that he was wide awake when the train stopped at Fonda, and reasoned that the forger had made a dash for liberty after that point. The train was stopped and the detective got off and walked back to Fonda.

He applied at the principal hotel in the town for a bed, and was informed that the house was full except one large room with a double bed, which was occupied by a gentleman who had arrived a short time before. Bangs was ready to sleep anywhere and gladly accepted the offer. He went up to the room and sat down in a chair, overcome with mortification, and after arranging a mental program for the following day started to go to bed. Turning down the coverlid the detective glanced curiously at the snoring occupant of the bed. To his surprise and joy he beheld the features of Imbert, the forger.

Creeping quietly into bed, Bangs began nudging his companion in the ribs. Imbert ceased snoring, turned over, yawned once or twice, and then opened his eyes. To his intense disgust he found Bangs lying besides him smiling broadly. The Frenchman was utterly nonplussed, and, sitting up in bed, exclaimed: "By gar, Mistarrie Bangs, where in ze he— you come from?"

After that the detective had no further trouble. His prisoner was safely landed in New York, tried, convicted and sentenced to ten years in the states prison. He died after serving eight years, and up to the day of his death declared that Bangs was in league with the evil one.

A WIFE'S ROMANCE.
A Burlington Lady Elopes From Her Husband, Expecting a Baby.

The Davenport (Iowa) Democrat thus tells of the escapade of a young married lady of Burlington, in that city, and, no doubt, from the perusal of the article, many will be able to determine her identity:

There is one young woman in Iowa who has been cured of romancing the past week. It was on Wednesday last that the wife of a prominent physician engaged the services of a young woman who was quite agreeable in appearance, and who was sent to her from an intelligence office, for housework. She gave the girl, who appeared to be about 20 years of age, general directions as to the work to be done, and when the girl told her that she could cook, the lady told her what to get for supper.

The doctor came home to his tea, and the wife went into the kitchen to see how preparations for the evening meal were progressing. There sat the new girl with a pan of apples in her lap, but there was no fire, no sign that preparations for supper had been commenced even. And the lady was struck by the sad countenance of the girl. She asked the stranger the cause of the delay in arrangements for supper, and why she looked so downcast. The eyes of the girl filled with tears.

"Oh, madam," she exclaimed, "I am in such trouble! Oh, I can't tell you how wretched I am!"

The lady convinced the girl that she could confide in her—and out came the brief story:

"Oh, madam, I have a husband in Burlington, as good a husband as any young wife ever had—and I have run away and left him!"

"But why did you do it?"

"I don't know hardly—we had a little misunderstanding, and I became very angry and thought I would punish him by leaving him, thinking he would send for me and beg me to return. I took the cars and came to Davenport, determined to earn my own living, but I want to go back so much. I can't work, can't do anything, but want to go back."

The wretched young wife sobbed like a child and besought her new employer to assist her in returning to Burlington. She

thought such an adventure would be romantic, and it would be nice to have her husband hunting for her until he could find her; but now she said she believed she was the most foolish and miserable woman alive.

The sympathy of the physician and his wife went out for the wretched creature, and she remained in the house until morning, when the doctor placed her aboard of the southwestern train for Burlington, and also wrote a letter to the husband, in which he stated the circumstances in which the wife came to his house, and of his belief in her bitter repentance of her folly. She left her home full of gloom over her prospects of a gay lark—and left for her home with broken spirits and in fear and trembling.

AN EGG FACTORY.
The Novel Enterprise Which is Flourishing in New Jersey.

"Do you mean to say that you made that egg without the assistance of a hen?" asked a reporter of a Newark egg manufacturer.

"Yes," he replied, "and if you wish I will show you something of our process. Come."

He led me through a room in which there were stored boxes upon boxes of eggs, and into another large, cool room in the rear. Everything was clean and neat. Several strange looking wooden machines, totally unlike anything I had ever seen, stood in different parts of the room. Six or seven men were operating the machinery, which moved noiselessly and with great rapidity. I followed my conductor to one end of the department, where there were three large tanks or vats. One was filled with a yellow compound, the second with a starchy mixture, and the other was covered. Pointing to these the proprietor said: "These contain the yolk mixture and the white of egg. We empty the vats every day so you can judge of the extent of the business already. You see they are divided into different boxes or receptacles. The first and second are the yolk and white. The next is what we term the skin machine, and the last one is the sheller, with drying trays. This process is the result of many years of experience and expense. I first conceived the idea after making a chemical analysis of an egg. I then turned my attention to the machinery, and the result you see yourself. Of course it would not be policy for me to explain all the mechanism, but I'll give you an idea of the process. Into the first machine is put the yolk mixture."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Well, it's a mixture of Indian meal, corn starch and several other ingredients. It is poured into the opening in a thick, mushy state, and is formed by the machine into a ball and frozen. In this condition it passes into the other box, where it is surrounded by the white which is chemically the same as the real egg. This is also frozen, and by a peculiar rotary motion of the machine an oval shape is imparted to it, and it passes into the next receptacle, where it receives the thin, flimsy skin. After this it has only to go through the sheller. There it gets its last coat in the shape of a plaster of paris shell, a trifle thicker than the genuine article. Then it goes out on the drying trays, where the shell dries at once and the inside dries out gradually. It becomes, to all appearances a real egg."

"How many eggs can you turn out in a day?"

"Well, at we are running now we turn out 1000 or so every hour."

"Many orders?"

"Why, bless your soul, yes. We can not fill one-half of our orders. All we can make now are taken by two New York wholesale grocers alone. We charge \$13 per thousand for them, and they retail at all prices from 12 to 20 cents per dozen. I sell suppose plenty of these eggs are eaten in Newark as well as in other places. Col. Zulick, Billy Wright, Honest Andrew Albright, Joe Haines, Judge Johnson, Judge Henry, and all of Newark's candidates for Governor are living on them. They are perfectly harmless, and as substantial and wholesome as a real egg. The reason we made the machinery of wood is because we found that the presence of metal of any kind spoiled the flavor and prevented the cooking of the eggs."

"Can they be boiled?"

"Oh yes," and he called one of the men. "Here, Jim, boil this gentleman an egg."

"Can they be detected?" I inquired, while the bogus egg was being boiled.

"Hardly think that anybody would be likely to observe any difference unless he happened to be well posted, as they look and taste like the real thing. We can, by a little flavoring, make them taste like goose or duck eggs, of course altering the size. They will keep for years. That one you have just eaten was nearly a year old. They never spoil or become rotten, and, being harder and thicker in their shells, they will stand shipping better than real eggs. We calculate that in a few years we will run the hens of the country clean out of the business, as oleomargarine has driven out butter."

Was He Guilty?
Arcadia Reporter: Jacob Hoffman of Tamaqua fell under suspicion of having stolen a horse from a Mr. Job and, on being accused of the crime, protested his innocence in most emphatic language, calling on God to strike him dead if he was guilty. In less than ten minutes he dropped to the ground a corpse.

SITTING BULL SICK.

The effect of Civilization on an old Copper-colored Warrior.

A dispatch says that Sitting Bull, once the proud leader of a band of copper-colored cut-throats, is at his reservation down sick with a cold, pneumonia, inflammatory rheumatism, and jim-jams. This is the result of civilization. When he was a wild Indian, roaming the plains in search of scalps, dressed in a blanket and earrings, sleeping under the shelter of a tree in the snow, he was never sick, never had a cold, and never knew a doctor. Now he is civilized, is furnished with warm garments, plenty to eat, and a house heated by steam, and a new disease catches him every week. This should be a warning to wild Indians not to accept the hospitalities of civilization. It may seem to the wild man, who goes without his dinner unless he can kill some game, that the proffer of a house, food, clothing and servants, is not to be despised, but a season fighting the diseases of civilization causes the red man to sigh for the open prairie, the forest, the wigwag and the bloody scalp of the pale face. It is enough to cause tears to flow from eyes unused to weeping, to think of sitting Bull, the greatest murderer of the age, perhaps with the exception of the James brothers, reclining on his couch with the inflammatory rheumatism. Details of soldiers from the regular army may bathe his aching joints with horse liniment, and savory dishes of condition powders may be fed down him, and everything may be done to make the great man comfortable, but as the pain takes him by the shoulder, goes down his spine and works into his legs and feet, and curls him up like a coil of barbed fence wire, pious man though he be, since he has been converted, he will swear a blue streak and sigh for his wet moccasins and the snow-capped mountains in the vicinity of his old stamping ground, where he killed Custer. The government wet nurse may soak Sitting Bull's cloven feet in hot mustard water, give him ginger tea, and pour cough syrup down among the guttural sounds that escape him, and try to break up his cold, and they may read to him from the good Sunday-school books, and try to believe that he is a good Indian, but the poor stricken man will always feel that the government has put up a job on him, to kill him by degrees. The aboriginal cough that racks his manly frame may seem to his attendants like the knell that tolls for a soul about to depart from the clay, and they may try to soothe him with hymns, but he will feel like kicking them all out doors, mounting a trusty mule, and going out and killing a settler or two, believing that such exercise would do more to cure him than all the medicine of the doctors. A sick Indian must be a mournful spectacle, not only to outsiders, but to the aforesaid Indian. He must realize what a mistake civilization is. If he has lived to arrive at man's estate without being sick a day, while exposed to all the hardships of his race, and has never heard the name of disease, and then goes to a reservation and lives in government barracks, and picks up an almanac and reads a list of the diseases that his white brethren are subject to, a list as long as a congressman's speech, and realizes that he is liable to have all of those diseases if he lives long enough, it must set the Indian to thinking, and if he does not conclude that the government keeps these diseases on tap, to kill off Indians that are captured, then he is truly a good Indian that ought to die. Sitting Bull has seen the folly of being a civilized Indian.

THE THIRD RAIL.

The Work Progressing Between Butte and Garrison.

During the last ten days operations have rapidly developed in preparing the Utah and Northern roadbed between Butte and Garrison for the third rail, so as to permit operation of it by the Northern Pacific trains. The method is to remove all but a small portion of the ballast between the present narrow gauge ties, shoveling it out to each side and thus widening the grade. Then for each alternate narrow gauge tie a broad gauge tie (Union Pacific standard) will be laid. A 52-pound steel rail will then be placed for one rail of the standard gauge, and the narrow gauge rails shifted over so as to bring the center of broad gauge track in the center of the roadbed. Then the road will be ballasted by gravel trains, and it seems to us, with such a bed of ties and good ballasting, it ought to make a very substantial roadbed. The U. P. company has now something over one hundred men at work preparing roadbed, and are delivering from Silver Bow Junction this way sixteen car loads of ties per day. Fifty cars are engaged in the operation. These ties are brought from Battle Creek, and are said to be much superior to those used on the Northern Pacific. It is presumed the Northern Pacific will lap in the third rail from Garrison to Helena, so as to perfect the agreed three-rail system this fall. The weather so far has been admirable and the Utah and Northern company appears disposed to take advantage of it by employing all the laborers it can get in the country preparing roadbed.—North-West.

Mrs. Langtry.

Mrs. Langtry has been greeted with but little enthusiasm by the audiences before whom she has appeared since her return to England. When she comes back to you in October you will find that she has acquired at least one new accomplishment since she sailed away laden with American dollars last July. In coming before the

AN ENTERPRISING BURGLAR.

Part of a Clothing Store Carried Off Sunday Night, and no Trace of the Thieves.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 5.—Early yesterday morning burglars made a raid on Cohen & Rosenthal's clothing store, No. 417 Washington avenue south, and succeeded in carrying away about \$600 worth of clothing and jewelry. About 1 o'clock as Officer Cole was walking his beat between Third and Fourth avenues south on Washington he heard a noise, as he supposed, to the rear. On going round he could not see anything. He crossed over by an alley way to Fourth avenue south and there met Officer Burley, whom he informed of his suspicions. They both started behind the Day block, which is the building adjoining the one in which the robbery was committed, and on coming to the rear of the Cohen building saw the window broken in. Officer Cole states that Burley went in and lighted the gas while he (Cole) remained at the rear, but nobody could be found in the store. After a diligent search, Burley repaired to headquarters and informed Lieutenant Daly of the robbery. In the meantime Cole was on duty watching for the robbers when, as he says himself, Burley had scarcely gone two blocks when he saw a man coming across the lot in the direction of the store, evidently bent on having another load, but Cole became nervous and fired on the man, who immediately turned and ran. The officer pursued him but without result. When Burley and the Lieutenant got back everything was a scene of confusion about the store. Clothes in the shape of overcoats, pants, etc., were lying around the window. A reporter of the *Tribune* called at the store yesterday and learned the loss of the firm was about \$600, consisting of clothes, twelve gold chains, two silver watches, besides sleeve buttons and diamond pins. As yet there is no clue to the robbers but sooner or later, it is to be hoped, they will be brought to justice.

To-day the mayor will investigate the charges of cowardice made against the two officers and if they are found guilty both will probably be discharged.

Iowa Editors in Trouble.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Oct. 1.—Some Iowa editors are having trouble. A special from Greenfield says the Grand jury of Adair county indicted the publisher of the *Greenfield Transcript* for perjury in swearing falsely to printing bills, and thus defrauding the people. The *Transcript* is the paper which gained such notoriety by the publication of its reports of the speech of the Democratic candidate for governor, and which was alleged that he advocated a saloon on every corner. A. P. Leach, editor of the *Creston Commoner*, was arrested for criminal libel on a charge preferred by Mrs. Clara Hazel-packer, a wealthy widow. The case was brought before Judge Harvey on a writ of habeas corpus. Judge Harvey, in his decision, said: "The defendant is held for criminal libel. He sets up in defence that he is the publisher of a newspaper, and it is his duty to warn the public against bad and dangerous characters. He avers that the lady complainant is a blackmailer, and that the charge is true."

A Hotel for Monsters.

Paris Lanterne: The most curious of all Paris curiosities will cease to exist when the demolition of the Grand Hotel Leguay, known as "La Table d'Hôte des Monstres," is completed. The hotel in itself is like any common provincial hotel, but the guests of the table d'hôte form an assembly hardly to be met with in any other place. Dinner being announced, the first couple to enter the dining hall with an air of perfect propriety are a bearded woman accompanied by a skeleton-like gentleman. She receives his whispers with thoughtful eyes, gently stroking her beard. A dwarf with an enormous nose sits next to them, on a high stool; her neighbors are a well known showman, who now and then turns his face around to the middle of his back—a convenience when the waiter is wanted—and a young giantess of 16, weighing 400 pounds. Somnambulists, acrobats and many more of the same school complete the circle, who, after the meal is ended will sometimes, for the benefit of an occasional visitor, unite in a dance, fantastic grotesque and heinous to the last degree.

Crusade Against Cowboys.

CLIFTON, Arizona, Sept. 27.—A sheriff's posse of twenty-five men met a party of four cowboys and ordered them to throw up their hands. Kid Lewis, the leader, was in front and pulled his pistol, when the posse fired upon them. Lewis received several balls at the first fire and was instantly killed. Frank Leonard was wounded and crawled off into the hills. Nothing since has been seen of him, and he is believed to be dead. Sheriff Paul and Pat Gabriel, who left last week in pursuit of the two stage robbers, have not been heard of. Fears are entertained for their safety. The robbers are reported to be in their stronghold in San Catalinas, reinforced by seven cowboys. If they do not return to-morrow a posse will go in search.

Died in a Fit.

LAKE BENTON, Minn., Sept. 27.—On Friday last Christian Hoffman of the town of Drammom left home in the morning as usual to herd his cattle. Not returning in the evening his folks made search for him, but without success. Monday and Tuesday parties went from this place and joined in the search, but were unable to find him. A report is brought in that Hoffman was to-day found near his home dead, the position in which he was lying indicating that he had died in a fit. Hoffman was about fifty-five years of age, and came to this country from Germany about two years ago. He leaves a wife and several children.

A Fortunate Fleet.

PRINCETON, Mass., Oct. 3.—Twenty-three Princeton vessels were on Grand Banks during the August gales, which proved so disastrous to the French and English fleets. Eighteen of them arrived home without damage, and report the remainder all right.