

AFTER THE RAIN.

The rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy leaves,
Anitquely carved, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village, like an eye.

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A globe of gold; a disk, a speck;
And in the belfry sits a dove,
With purple ripples on her neck.

THE SITUATION IN THE EAST.

Agitation Among the Small Fish of the Orient as to Which Shall First be Eaten by Their Voracious Neighbors.

The European Concert has been much more of a success than Mr. Gladstone's enemies hoped and his friends feared. By concentrating the whole moral influence of Europe upon a tiny fragment of the Eastern question, it has forced the cession of Dulcigno to Czernagora, and has left that little Republic to try issues with the Albanian Confederacy as to their continuance in possession. But with that their joint labors have ceased. Although the Berlin Conference bound them to extend the Greek frontier to Janina, the fleet of the Powers has dispersed without making even an effort in that direction. Nothing has been gained by the precedent for united action in all Eastern matters, and of what practical worth that precedent will be, is a matter upon which even prophets would not like to commit themselves. Nevertheless, the result is a substantial gain for Mr. Gladstone. He has done what the Tories declared impossible. He has so executed the engagement they made, as to accomplish results they hate. He has held Europe together, with England at its head, through a great series of misunderstandings and distrusts. He has made the Concert keep together in time and tune, which Lord Salisbury defied him to do. He has followed a "vigorous foreign policy," within the lines laid down by Lord Beaconsfield himself, and yet has dealt another blow to the permanence of Turkish rule in Europe. And he has pointed out the way in which that policy can be extended, and the Berlin promises can be carried out, in the enlargement of Greece. His whole success has been blended with an irony which must add to its relish.

That what has been effected will secure peace to the Balkan peninsula, we see no reason to believe. On the contrary, it has prepared for a border warfare between Czernagora and the Albanians, which can only hasten the final collapse of the Turk in Europe. The Skipter League do not accept the cession as final. They followed up its consummation by looting the sheep of the Czernagorans. They will attack the mountain republic at first in a mere predatory way, and then more boldly. Their outrages will arouse the Slavic blood of the whole Peninsula. It will give Russia an excuse for interference, and perhaps precipitate the final struggle, which will make the Peninsula Slavic from the Danube to the Greek frontier. Greece, on the other hand, means to strike for her new frontier, without awaiting the co-operation of the Powers. The Hellenic kingdom is preparing to fight. We do not think its prospects very brilliant. It will have no such active sympathy and assistance from Russia, as would a Slavonic nationality. The day is past when merely ecclesiastical affiliations determine political alliances in the East. Today it is on ethnological lines that popular sympathies are moved, and to the Greeks the Russians are rather rivals than friends. The Pan-Slavonic agitators have been alarmed at the large pretenses put forward by some of the Philhellenes of Western Europe. They do not want a revival of the Greek Empire of Constantinople. They think that the day for Hellenic rule in the Peninsula has passed away, and that the future belongs to the Slavs.

In Western Europe there are remains of the Philhellenic feeling, which was so powerful half a century ago. In no one is it more alive than in the English Premier. All the mistakes and faults of the little kingdom and its rulers have not quenched it there. But they have damped it elsewhere. The plain, honest story of later Greek history, as told in Mr. Lindsay's periodical letters to the *Times*, have stripped this people of the romance which once enveloped them, and which moved that stern judge of their faults to take up his residence among them and to devote himself to their welfare. It would be impossible again to excite the enthusiasm which once aroused the whole literary guild in their behalf, and which made sober professors and shy scholars plunge into political life after the massacre of Chios, as they had not done since the Wars of Liberation. But there is a remnant of cordial good feeling towards Greece, of a disposition to apologize for her faults, and to wish her well under the rule of the sensible Danish prince, who is undoing the mischief wrought by his incapable predecessor.

Mr. Gladstone, himself the foremost of the Philhellenes, may be relied upon to see that no undue constraint is exercised upon his clients in their efforts to secure what united Europe has adjudged to them. Beyond that he cannot go at present. The troubles in Ireland are more than enough to occupy the attention of a British Premier, and to prevent his embarking in schemes of foreign policy,

which might call for the use of British troops.

In the meantime it looks as if the Eastern Question were to be opened on quite another side. The Kurdish war is not over, although the Persians did administer one severe check, and claimed to have put an end to their incursions. Not only does this movement continue, but it continues under conditions which give the Russians some pretense for claiming that Persia, without foreign assistance, is quite unable to cope with the Kurds. As the Shah's government has been for decades a mere tool in the hands of the Czar's advisers, the possibility of Russian intervention, and of a Russian war upon these unmanageable subjects of Turkey, is by no means remote. But to touch the Kurds is to touch Armenia,—the most oppressed of all the Christian peoples,—now under the rule of the Turk. It is from the Kurds even more than from the Pashas that the Western Halks are suffering all the horrors of Moslem oppression. And it is in Armenia, among this long suffering and patient people, that Russia has the best chance of extending her territory at Turkish expense. In the Balkin Peninsula, the Czar may win friends. In Armenia he can obtain provinces. He has already secured Eastern Armenia; and that the West is an object of Russian desire can hardly be thought surprising.

One contingency only can prevent Russia from following an aggressive policy. It is a war with China. The Kuldja matter has not been settled. The peace party in China are seeing power slip day by day from their grasp. And unless Russian diplomacy is more vigorous and just than it has recently shown itself, the two vastest Empires of the world will be in collision by next summer.

SWIFT DRESSING.

How Actresses Are Enabled to Change Their Costumes so Quickly.

The lady correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* writes from New York about a visit she paid to the dressing-room of a popular actress:

There I saw a handsome evening dress spread out on a chair with orderly precision. It was an elaborate combination of satin and embossed velvet and lace, made up in one of the newest styles; but it had a peculiarity of being open in front, from neck to hem, like a wrapper, but it was so contrived that the opening would not be discernible when the garment was worn.

Another odd feature was that all the bows, jewels and other ornaments, such as women ordinarily spend an hour or so in adjusting, were already fastened on in the proper places. By the chair was a pair of satin slippers, and on the stand was a pair of kid gloves and a fan. On a block was a blonde wig dressed in the latest fashion, with a ribbon and a gilt ornament all in place. The maid glanced with anxious eyes at all these arrangements, and seemed afraid that I would disturb them. I was just realizing that they were planned to effect a lightning change of costume, when the actress herself bounded in. She was warm from her exertion on the stage, but not a bit flurried. She did not lose a single moment, though she chatted glibly with me all the while.

First, she picked up the gloves and began to put them on. At the same time the maid unhooked her dress from top to bottom with quick, deft fingers, and stripped off the whole garment in a twinkling. The pretty creature stood before me in her white clothes laughing at my expression of surprise at the rapid disrobing. She seated herself and extended her feet for the maid to take off the shoes and stockings. The latter, being stripped down over her feet in a jiffy, did not disclose the naked flesh, but elaborately clocked silk hose, so that the fresh pair were already on. By the time the slippers were on the actress had got the last button of her gloves into its button hole. A minute and a half had elapsed. Both had not only worked with great rapidity, but without any false motions or vexations of any sort. Then the maid took off several puffs and a bow from her mistress's head—her hair in the last act having been simply dressed—and put on the more elaborate blonde wig, fastening it in place with hair pins, and setting a lock here and there into place. Next, the actress stood up, and the maid swiftly put her into the dress that had lain on the chair. Every part of it fell admirably into place, the drapery across the front hiding the junction, and plentiful hooks and eyes holding all together. Standing before a full-length mirror, she finally surveyed herself critically, at just three minutes and a half from the start. Half a minute more was employed in putting some additional rouge and powder on the face, and then she was ready to go on the stage.

Clothing or Glass.

The ingenuity that led to the manufacture of articles of clothing from paper has been eclipsed, as similar articles are now made from glass. An up-town dry goods house has on exhibition a glass table-cloth several feet square of variegated colors, with ornamental borders and fringed edges. The fabric is flexible, and only a little heavier than those woven of flax, while it is claimed that it can be washed and ironed like the ordinary table cloth. Glass has been spun and woven in Austria for some years, but it is a new undertaking in this country. A prominent glass manufacturing firm of Pittsburg, Pa., recently engaged in the manufacture of this brittle stuff into fabrics, which they claim are

as perfect, delicate, and durable as the finest silk. A representative of that firm said that they can spin 250 fine threads, each ten miles in length, in one minute. The weaving is done with an ordinary loom, but the process is more difficult and much more interesting than the spinning of cotton to other threads.

"We can duplicate in glass any costume," said this gentleman, "and can make it just as brilliant in color, elaborate in finish, perfect in fit, and equal in its smallest details, even to the buttons on the original. The fabric is very strong, cannot be ripped or torn, and can be sold at a less price than linen, cotton or silk, or other fabric imitated. It is also very warm, easy fitting, and comfortable, whether worn as dress, shawl, or other garment in ordinary clothing."

Among the articles already manufactured of glass are beautiful feathers, which resemble those of the ostrich, towels, napkins, and table-cloths.

Called Him Gould.

One morning, not many days ago, a number of Texans sat around the stove in the office of a hotel in San Antonio, roasting their heels and talking of Mexican raiders. A New York drummer entered the place, registered, and was asking about breakfast, when one of the men approached him and said:

"Hello! Mr. Gould. My name's Mc-Thomas; got your letter and was looking for you."

"Hello, Mac," replied the drummer, who saw it was a case of mistaken identity, and offered a chance for fun.

Every boot heel came down off the stove, and every mouth was turned sideways to spit.

"Go right into breakfast, lots of time for business," continued the man, and the hungry drummer disappeared in the dining room. When he had finished breakfast he returned to the office to find it empty. He sat picking his teeth when the landlord edged up and said:

"Boys rather got the start of you, Mr. Gould."

"How's that?"

"Why, McThomas owns a twenty four horse coach line running out of here, and he dropped the boys a hint that you were after it to complete your southwest line. While you were in at breakfast the boys formed a stock company, bought him out, and are going to make you pay for the whistle."

"That's bad for them. My name isn't Gould."

"What, arn't you Jay Gould, of New York?"

"Not quite; I am Sam Smith, of New York."

"Great heavens! But the boys will have your scalp! You answered to the name, and they raised eight thousand dollars here in two minutes to buy out the line. You'd better fly."

"But I can't. I've come here to do business."

"Never mind the business. One side or the other will pant for your blood as soon as the game is exposed. They'll be back in twenty minutes!"

The drummer picked up his grab bag and walked. Pretty soon he met a man with a shot-gun in his hands, and then he hurried. As he turned a corner he heard some one cry, "halt!" and then he flew, and he didn't fold his wings until he was a hundred miles away.

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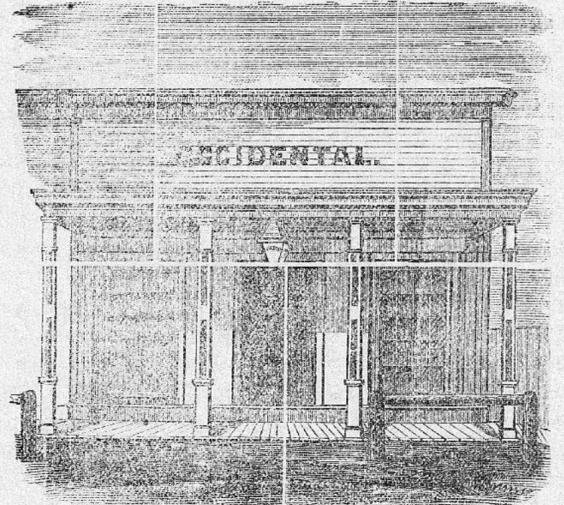
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