

THE DAILY JOURNAL ESTABLISHED 1881. MILES CITY, MONTANA. KNIGHT & GORDON, Editors and Publishers.

LIFE IN THE WILD WEST.

A Ranch Near the Sierra Madre Mountains—Not an Attractive Feature.

In the eternal snow banks lying in the shadows cast by the lofty peaks of the Sierra Madre mountains, just north of North park, Big creek has its rise. It is a rapid, foamy stream of ice water, flowing through dense forests of pine. On the banks about two miles from the foot hills, and at the head of the meadow, stands a small hut built of unhewn pine logs. The roof of the hut consists of pine poles placed side by side and covered with clay. The floor is of logs, roughly hewn to an uneven surface, like railroad ties. The spaces between the floor logs are filled with rubbish and litter. The interior of this dwelling is sixteen feet by twenty feet. Two small windows admit light. Against the eastern end of the room stands a rusty, battered old cooking stove. Two rough shelves extend from the rusty stove pipes to the corner of the room. These were laden, when I last visited the ranch, with tin plates, tin cups, baking powder cans, plugs of chewing tobacco, dirty tobacco pipes, a roll of streaked butter, bits of bread, a bread board, dirty spoons, and two slouch hats.

Against the northern wall a gun rack, made of antelope horns, was solidly nailed. In the rack were four heavy repeating rifles, and four powerful field glasses hung by them. Two bunks filled with hay occupy the northwest corner of the room. A roll of heavy California blankets lies at the head of each bunk. A long, rough, greasy table stands in the center of the room. Around it empty boxes, once filled with canned vegetables, are placed for seats. Rolls of blankets, rolls of buffalo robes, and two bearskins occupy the space at the base of the southern wall. Piled high in the southwest corner are sacks of flour, slabs of bacon, bags of sugar, boxes of canned goods, and various kinds of provisions. For reading matter a few well-thumbed pictorial papers, which pretend to set forth the doings of the depraved people of the country, are on the greasy table. Clothes of canvas and flannel shirts hang on pegs all around the room. Two small oil lamps, never, under any circumstances, cleaned or trimmed, stand on a little shelf over one of the windows. There is a lantern standing on the floor under one of the bunks, and two saddles under the other, and a large quantity of unlisted litter and portable property scattered over the floor. Such is the adornment of the interior of this choice retreat, the home of the cattle raisers.

Outside of the house is a row of saddle pegs, driven into the topmost log. A tin wash basin sits on a bench which stands near the door, and a piece of yellow soap lies beside it, while a dirty jack towel flutters from a peg above. On the ground are antelope skins that long exposure to the weather has rolled into balls.

The fleshless heads of elk, deer, and antelope are scattered along the base of the building. They will be nailed up next Tuesday afternoon—but next Tuesday afternoon never comes. The heads, legs, and feathers of sage hens and other grouse, the heads and feet of jack rabbits, bones, old boots, cast-off clothing, and a pile of empty tin cans, with outlying cans as sentinels, litter the ground in front of the house. Twelve feet in front of the open door there is a very small pile of firewood, against which a dull axe with a crooked handle leans, as though it were alive and weary of ranch life. One hundred yards north of the house a large log barn stands. It has been there for four years, but is not chinked and mudded, but will be chinked and mudded next week, which, of course, never comes. There is on the ranch a hay rake, two mowing machines, two wagons, and three heavy-headed dogs that are so weary of ranch life that they do not take sufficient interest in its affairs to bark at a stranger. If there were any other articles of personal property around this home of the cattlemen, they were so securely hidden that I did not see them. Of course there were many cattle and horses grazing in the valley and on the steep hillsides.

Eight men lived in this dirty, vermin-infested hut. They cooked, ate, smoked, and chewed tobacco, and slept in the one room. They washed in the same basin, frequently in the same water, and dried themselves on the same jack towel. Uncultivated young blackguards? Not at all. Well-educated young men, who thoroughly understood their business of handling 3-year-old steers, and who were making money rapidly. When they were in the east they lived as gentlemen should. In the west they live like swine, thinking nothing of it.—Frank Wilkeson in New York Sun.

Playing a Trick with Cowhage. Cowhage or Mucuna, a pruriens, as it is called in medical dictionaries, is probably the most powerful irritant extant. It comes from leguminous climbing plants and will produce an intense itching that will drive a man crazy. Recently, a girl employed as a waiter at a Minneapolis hotel, for some reason or other, became possessed of an intense hatred of a traveling man. To avenge herself for some fancied insult, she procured a quantity of cowhage and plentifully besprinkled his bed with it. As a result, the victim was driven nearly frantic. His groans attracted attention and help was summoned. He was given a warm bath and soundly scrubbed. Afterward cold cream was applied, but it was several hours before he could find any relief.—Chicago Herald.

Weak-Minded Frenchmen. The last census has shown that there are in France 68,500 idiots and persons of notoriously weak minds, in addition to 34,000 lunatics. Lawyers, politicians, authors, and artists furnish the largest contingents of insanity.

The Crown Prince's Dairy. The dairy on the farm of the German crown prince near Berlin yields 1,000 quarts of milk every day, and he has arranged to sell the produce to Berlin parties.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

A Decision That Has Caused Much Discontent in the Salvation Army.

The recent autumn maneuvers of the Salvation army in England were highly successful. The Amen artillery challenged general admirations and was especially effective at long-range practice. The Hallalajah infantry, which were recently equipped with new drums and tambourines, maintained the old-time esprit de corps.

When the Salvation cavalry came into view a laughable incident occurred, for a religious hobby-horse took the bit in his mouth and cavorted and pranced all over the field with a Salvation army lieutenant, who was utterly unable to hold him. Among the corps whose evolutions won especial praise were "the Blood and Fire Fencibles," "the Cold Stream Guards" (Baptist), "the Royal Seven Dial Brigade," "the Petticoat Lane Light Cavalry," "the Cheapside Cuirassiers," "the Collection Plate Dragoons," "the Mosaic Veterans," and "the Mount Ararat Invincibles."

A large part of the army are to be armed with repeating sermons. Since going into winter barracks the Salvation Army, not to speak disrespectfully of that excellent organization, has adopted the military system of the Zulus, for it has decided that no officer shall marry until he has distinguished himself in the service and has reached the grade of captain. He must also obtain the consent of his post commandant, and must have sufficient military capacity to command three fortresses of the army at once.

People who are not familiar with the grades and ranks of the Salvation Army may be interested to know that a candidate, after going through a thorough course of military instruction in the catechism, and passing rigid examinations on the art of holding camp meetings, becomes a "cadet." He often serves two years as a cadet before he gets to be a lieutenant. If he survives four or five years of active service as a lieutenant he is promoted to be captain. A captain may grow gray in the service without ever becoming a major. In some instances the ambitious cadet services fifteen years before he wears a captain's shoulder-straps and commands a class-meeting.

A promising cadet of the Salvation Army who becomes enamored of a pretty daughter of the regiment has now to wait fifteen years before he may wed. Promotion is slow, and unless he distinguishes himself in passing the collection plate the young Salvation soldier may never reach the rank of captain. Several hussars in the Salvation cavalry, who are engaged to pretty young ladies in the Amen light artillery, have despairingly given up all hopes of ever celebrating their nuptials. There is great discontent over the new military order, and hundreds of soldiers are deserting every day. Several battalions have openly mutinied and thrown away their prayer-books.

The rule has been adopted to encourage gallantry in the field, and to prevent martial incongruities. Under the old system a callow cadet of the Salvation light infantry often married a veteran skirmisher of the "Blood and Fire Fencibles," or a young and pretty tambourine player in the "Flying artillery" gave her hand and heart to an ancient drummer of the "Mosaic veterans." Husband and wife are separated for many years. They shouted in different battalions. The husband might be sent to India with his battalion to sap and mine under a heathen temple, while at the same time the wife might be sent to Switzerland with her battalion to skirmish with the Lutherans on the Alps.

The adoption of the rule will also give the Salvation Army officers time to devote themselves to religious work. They will no longer pass delightful hours in paying court to charming young ladies, the flower of the religious army, nor longer hide their lamps under a bushel on Sunday evening. Henceforth they will have to face grim war everywhere, and will go to India to be eaten by tigers and to Switzerland to be stoned by other Christians.

The new order about the officers marrying has not been received in this country, but it is fearfully expected every day. All the cadets and lieutenants are indignant and talk of throwing up their commissions. If an attempt is made to enforce the new rule in New York there will be a mutiny in the Salvation Army second in history only to the Sepoy mutiny.—New York Star.

Effects of Tea on Health. The consumption of tea has become so enormous as to have suggested a study of its effects upon the health of the people. There are those who look upon it as an evil only second to that connected with the excessive use of alcohol. Tea is spoken of as an agreeable cerebral stimulant, quickening intellectual operation, removing headache and fatigue, and promoting cheerfulness and a sense of well being. When it is used to excess the digestive and nervous systems are especially affected.

There is no doubt that there are cases of dyspepsia caused by the inordinate use of strong tea, and it is also a matter of common observation that sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart and nervous irritability often follow the prolonged use of this beverage. Tea drinkers, by which we mean those who use tea to excess, are to be found in all classes of society. The fact should be impressed upon such persons that tea is not a food and can not, therefore, without risk to health, be substituted for articles of diet which form both flesh and bone.—Science.

The Beechers as Swimmers. Henry Ward and Charles Beecher were once called the best swimmers at the North end, Boston. Henry especially was almost amphibious. He used to delight in taking "headers" from the jibboom of ships, a jump of thirty to forty feet to the water. He repeatedly swam to Charlestown and returned, where the tide ran very strong. He was an athletic, wide-awake young fellow.—Chicago Times.

Sweet Uses of Literary Adversity.

A rejected manuscript is a spur to genius and the waste basket is the true cradle of literary art. No genuine good work is lost. One by one the old statuses are dug up. Why do you find fault with the editor who refuses to buy what he doesn't want. Do you buy an editor's paper if you don't want it? If you make your bait really tempting, irresistible, indeed there's no danger that your labor will be lost. The editor knows a good thing and he will bite at it when he sees it. The trouble is that you underrate the editorial judgment; you send the poor fellow stuff that you would toss aside yourself if you were an editor. This is neither sensible nor honest.

Pause a moment and reflect. What is it that can give commercial value to a manuscript? It is its power to attract readers. If an editor feels that what you write will call attention to the journal and thus make money for him, he will be quite ready to pay you for it; otherwise he will decline to purchase.—Maurice Thompson.

Balzac as an Associate. Dreaded by his enemies, adored by his friends, Balzac must have been a formidable associate to all those who were bound to him—formidable because of that intense egotism which he had in even larger measure than have most men of genius. He had no sense of the suffering nor of the rights of others. The picture given of how, six or eight times in the night, he would rouse up his infertile and somnolent collaborator, Lassally, and, with a pistol at his head, force him to work at the drama which was to carry Paris, and did not, is a measure of the rest, even when doctored of its patent exaggeration. No wonder the poor fellow left Les Jaries as one fleeing from the wrath to come and never after spoke of Balzac without a visible shudder and unconquerable terror.—Temple Bar.

A Perfect "Pueblo." Not far from Mexico City there is a perfect "Pueblo." It is a community of pure Indians ruled by six wise old men and six wise old women. They are chosen by vote of the tribe, and must have led honorable lives and raised a family of good children in order to be chosen to the patriarchal office.—New York Tribune.

Populous Cities. London has a population of 15,000 to the square mile. Canton, China, has 35,000 inhabitants within the same area. New York, leaving out the uninhabited portion, has a population of 85,000 to the square mile. In the Sixth ward there is a population of 140,000 to the square mile; in the Tenth ward, 276,000.—Chicago Times.

Ben: Perley Poore's Methods. In writing his reminiscences Ben: Perley Poore does not use a scrap-book. In fact, he never made one. He simply sends over to the congressional library for the file of a Washington and some other papers, and goes through it with an eagle eye and sharp pencil.—Detroit Free Press.

A Time of It. Speaking of longevity: "I knew at Marsailles," said Guibollard, "a young man who was given up by the doctors in his early youth. He died six months ago, after a death struggle extending over 97 years."—Paris News.

Japan has 168 Protestant churches, with a membership of 11,678.

A New Orleans gambler calls his cast assets "E pluribus unum"—won from many.—Atlanta Constitution.

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Miles City Loan Office. MAIN ST. MILES CITY.

Summons.

In the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, within and for the County of Custer.

First National Bank of Miles City, Montana, Plaintiff, vs. James S. Irishin, Defendant.

The people of the Territory of Montana send greeting to James S. Irishin, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the said County of Custer, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county or, if served out of this county, but in this district then within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—on judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of \$2,150.00 with interest on the sum of \$1,315.22 at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum from October 22nd, 1883, and on \$830.00 from April 1st, 1884, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, and for costs, and you are further notified that the following described property has been attached in said action:—The NW 1/4 of the SW 1/4, and lots numbered 4 and 5 of section number 32, township 6 north, range 4 east, and lots numbered 16 and 17, in block 5, Miles City, Montana, and lots numbered 1 and 2, in block 46, together with the buildings and other improvements thereon, in the town of Miles City, County of Custer and Territory of Montana, according to the survey and the plat thereof filed for record by the Northern Pacific railroad company with the recorder of deeds for said county, and with the recorder of deeds for said county, to satisfy the demand of plaintiff as above stated, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, an order will be made by the court that the said plaintiff will take judgment for the sum of \$2,150.00 as demanded in the complaint, interest and costs.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the said County of Custer, this 15th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six.

JAMES MCFARLANE, Clerk.

STREVELL & GARLOCK, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Notice to Creditors.

Territory of Montana, County of Custer.

In Probate Court. In the matter of the Estate of Wm. H. Osgood, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of William H. Osgood, deceased, to the creditors, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the office of Andrew F. Burleigh, attorney at law, in the Stock Growers' Bank building, Miles City, Montana.

ANNA OSGOOD, Dated at Miles City, Nov. 27, 1886.

Miles F. Burleigh, Atty. for Administrator.

RESULT OF PATRONIZING Jno. Carter's Restaurant.



1st Month, 2nd Month, 3rd Month, 4th Month.

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