

THE DAILY JOURNAL. ESTABLISHED 1881. MILES CITY, MONTANA.

Editor of THE YELLOWSTONE JOURNAL... Notice is hereby given to all concerned that THE YELLOWSTONE JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. holds the contract to do all printing and advertising...

Saturday, January 4, 1890.

UNDER the caption of "the regular Chicago slander," the Minneapolis Journal says: "The Chicago Mail rushes into print with the statement that it does not pay for weak territory to enter the union of states' and cites North Dakota as a weak sister. It says: 'North Dakota is on the verge of bankruptcy. Her expenses since she became a state have largely increased. She pays \$61,000 in salaries and \$100,000 for her legislative expenses. The governor has estimated the total receipts at \$241,898, and there will be a deficiency in the first year of statehood in the public treasury of about \$390,000.'

"If no state, corporation or business nearer bankruptcy than North Dakota the Mail need feel no alarm. A false impression has doubtless gone abroad accepted by the thoughtless, that North Dakota is imperiously 'hard up' caused by the desperate demand by Governor Miller and the press of the state for strict economy in the management of financial affairs. The Journal pointed out a short time ago, how by such economy and a modern tax levy the deficiency can be wiped out in a single year. Does that look like bankruptcy? The people of North Dakota simply wish to start right before they go ahead in lavish expenditure of the state's funds. Their example may well be commended to some of the older states, that are far deeper in the mud than North Dakota is in the mire."—Bismarck Tribune.

WOMEN IN PRISON.

How the Poor Creatures Gratify the Tastes That Seem to Be Second Nature.

Compulsion is the woman convict's drop of bitterness. The complete mortification of that harmless sort of vanity which fills so much of a woman's life, makes her distance doubly vile. All her fine feathers are sacrificed ruthlessly. Her hair, which she has apostrophized as an ornament, is shorn of its last lock as soon as her cell has been allotted to her, and the face which has gazed with perfect passiveness, almost to rouse a country's admiration, and the tongue that has been mute under the finding of jury and sentence of judge, are raised to plead pathetically with the holder of the scissors, while the corridors sometimes ring again to the piercing cries for a sparing pity as the inexorable shears gather their harvest of curls.

But spring returns, and the hair renews itself, and before the next shearing day the girls grumble that a thoughtless administration provides them with no hairpins. One woman, whose hair continued to be suspiciously resplendent, as of massassar, after weeks of incarceration, was an object of some wonderment, even to the chaplain, until she explained to him in confidence that she allowed her broth to cool, and then skimmed off the fat to glitter in her crown of glory. Another girl, certainly rouged, and rouge tells effectively on the pallor of prison confinement. Great was the envious indignation of her sisters in servitude against a frivolity so unattainable, but greater still, perhaps, was the curiosity to discover how the accomplishment of such a frivolity could be attained. At length it was discovered that the red shreds woven among the blue shirts which she had to sew would, when drawn out and chewed, yield the bloom yearned after by the cheek of beauty.

The manner in which nearly every woman finds it possible to disarrange and double one of her undershirts and present the fascinations of a crinoline is so comic that it has been known to wring a smile from that gravest among men—a prison chaplain. And a woman without a looking glass! Only the austerest and severest orders of nuns renounce that. And perhaps it is the female prisoner's most oppressive penance, for the relief of which she is even willing to risk the imposition of extra punishment—a task the more, a meal the less.

By an accident, which she declares she will regret for a lifetime, she has broken a window. The hole is there, sure enough, but where is the detached glass. Days after this is found concealed in a corner of her cell, and behind it a strip of dark cloth, her substitute for quicksilver. And all for what? There are no male hearts to break and few female eyes to see—only those of governor, chaplain and doctor.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Young Philosopher. A Lewiston little boy declared a philosophic independence and accepted the consequences in so matter of fact a way last week that it may make a story; even if it is not so funny. His mother dressed him up in a new flannel shirt Friday and sent him to school. The shirt irritated his cuticle, or in other words he itched. When he came home that night he was cross, and very cross for so small a boy, and he declared he and the flannel had parted company forever. The next morning, as his mother prepared to dress him for school the boy drew the line at the shirt. "No," said he, "I don't want to wear that shirt." A brief debate ensued, in which the boy appeared to have formed his opinion, and to have decided to stick to it. The question when put to the house was carried by the boy who would not don the shirt. "If you will not wear it," said his mother, "I shall send you back to bed." Back to bed he went. He got no dinner. Afternoon came. A neighbor went in to see him, his mother telling her that she had a bad boy upstairs. The boy lay there in bed, wide awake, his little cheeks flushed with the situation, but showing no sign of change of heart. "Don't you want to go to school?" asked the neighbor. "School," was the reply; "I shall never go to school again." "Don't you want to?" "Yes, but I can't. I've got to stay here." "All your life?" "Yes'm," was the reply, "all my life. I shan't ever get up again, prob'ly." What could a mother's heart do against so philosophic an acceptance of the termination of a life career as this? What but kiss him at tea time, and go down and buy the little bunch of pluck some downy little undershirts that should never tickle him even once!—Lewiston Journal.

shirt." A brief debate ensued, in which the boy appeared to have formed his opinion, and to have decided to stick to it. The question when put to the house was carried by the boy who would not don the shirt. "If you will not wear it," said his mother, "I shall send you back to bed." Back to bed he went. He got no dinner. Afternoon came. A neighbor went in to see him, his mother telling her that she had a bad boy upstairs. The boy lay there in bed, wide awake, his little cheeks flushed with the situation, but showing no sign of change of heart. "Don't you want to go to school?" asked the neighbor. "School," was the reply; "I shall never go to school again." "Don't you want to?" "Yes, but I can't. I've got to stay here." "All your life?" "Yes'm," was the reply, "all my life. I shan't ever get up again, prob'ly." What could a mother's heart do against so philosophic an acceptance of the termination of a life career as this? What but kiss him at tea time, and go down and buy the little bunch of pluck some downy little undershirts that should never tickle him even once!—Lewiston Journal.

Afternoon came. A neighbor went in to see him, his mother telling her that she had a bad boy upstairs. The boy lay there in bed, wide awake, his little cheeks flushed with the situation, but showing no sign of change of heart. "Don't you want to go to school?" asked the neighbor. "School," was the reply; "I shall never go to school again." "Don't you want to?" "Yes, but I can't. I've got to stay here." "All your life?" "Yes'm," was the reply, "all my life. I shan't ever get up again, prob'ly." What could a mother's heart do against so philosophic an acceptance of the termination of a life career as this? What but kiss him at tea time, and go down and buy the little bunch of pluck some downy little undershirts that should never tickle him even once!—Lewiston Journal.

curious sight was witnessed one afternoon on the wharf at Cincinnati. A gentleman, accompanied by two fine specimens of the water spaniel, went down to the landing of the Newport ferry, at the foot of Lawrence street. Somehow he became separated from the canines, or rather they failed to follow him aboard. The boat had got out in the stream, when the dogs caught sight of their master and discovered he was fast leaving them. Standing on the edge of the float, they both set up a vigorous yelping, which attracted the attention of the bystanders. Suddenly the older and larger dog plunged into the river and began to swim rapidly toward the Kentucky shore. He had gone about 100 yards when he seemed to become aware that his brute companion had not followed. Turning around, he swam back toward the spot where the younger dog stood. As he drew alongside the float he made no effort to get aboard. The two began to bark at each other—to hold an animated conversation in the dog tongue, as it were. The older dog, as he floated by the side of the landing, barked encouragement to the more timid animal, and apparently was urging the latter to jump into the water. The barking lasted some minutes, and then the younger dog, seemingly convinced by his companion's assurance, grew bold, and suddenly bounded into the river. The first dog gave a delighted yelp, and, both turning their noses toward Kentucky, began to swim straight across, side by side. Both continued to bark until they reached the shore, and could be heard on both sides of the river. The people on the ferry and the Kentucky shore saw the strange race, and, with people on this side and on the bridge, watched it to the end. The dogs landed opposite to the barracks, where they were awaited by their owner, who with several other gentlemen, had hurriedly walked down the bank. There was no limit to the delight of the two animals as they rushed up to their master. The river at that point is nearly half a mile wide. The action of the dogs seemed to indicate that they had a language of their own, and the paternal manifestations of the elder brute were most interesting to see.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Dogs Can Talk.

A curious sight was witnessed one afternoon on the wharf at Cincinnati. A gentleman, accompanied by two fine specimens of the water spaniel, went down to the landing of the Newport ferry, at the foot of Lawrence street. Somehow he became separated from the canines, or rather they failed to follow him aboard. The boat had got out in the stream, when the dogs caught sight of their master and discovered he was fast leaving them. Standing on the edge of the float, they both set up a vigorous yelping, which attracted the attention of the bystanders. Suddenly the older and larger dog plunged into the river and began to swim rapidly toward the Kentucky shore. He had gone about 100 yards when he seemed to become aware that his brute companion had not followed. Turning around, he swam back toward the spot where the younger dog stood. As he drew alongside the float he made no effort to get aboard. The two began to bark at each other—to hold an animated conversation in the dog tongue, as it were. The older dog, as he floated by the side of the landing, barked encouragement to the more timid animal, and apparently was urging the latter to jump into the water. The barking lasted some minutes, and then the younger dog, seemingly convinced by his companion's assurance, grew bold, and suddenly bounded into the river. The first dog gave a delighted yelp, and, both turning their noses toward Kentucky, began to swim straight across, side by side. Both continued to bark until they reached the shore, and could be heard on both sides of the river. The people on the ferry and the Kentucky shore saw the strange race, and, with people on this side and on the bridge, watched it to the end. The dogs landed opposite to the barracks, where they were awaited by their owner, who with several other gentlemen, had hurriedly walked down the bank. There was no limit to the delight of the two animals as they rushed up to their master. The river at that point is nearly half a mile wide. The action of the dogs seemed to indicate that they had a language of their own, and the paternal manifestations of the elder brute were most interesting to see.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Notice. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Miles City, for the purpose of electing directors, will be held at their banking office in Miles City, on Tuesday, January 14, 1890, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 5 p. m. E. B. WEIRICK, Cashier.

Notice. The regular annual meeting of the shareholders of the Stockholders National Bank, for the election of directors, will be held at the banking house, Tuesday, January 14, 1890, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 5 o'clock, p. m. H. F. BATCHELOR, Cashier.

AN EATING SORE. Henderson, Tex., Aug. 23, 1889.—"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by the best local physicians, but obtained no relief, the sore gradually growing worse. I concluded finally to try S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles. You have my cheerful permission to publish the above statement for the benefit of those similarly afflicted." C. B. McLewins, Henderson, Tex. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me. H. A. AUSTIN, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

FIFTH POINT

You should read THE CENTAUR COMPANY'S Daily News because it's a family newspaper. This is an age when everybody reads, and the paper you bring into your family should have something of value for all. The special interests of women are not overlooked in THE DAILY NEWS. And then you don't want to bring questionable reading matter into your family. You don't want to take the risk of a mistake on this score if you take home THE DAILY NEWS. The newspapers are the great educators of this nation. The strength of the nation lies in the purity of its firesides.

HOW CAN THE LONG BE THE SHORT

A line may be a long one and yet be the shortest between given points; for instance the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway has over 900 miles of road, magnificently equipped and managed. It is one of the greatest railway systems in the world. It is the shortest line between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Fargo, Winnipeg, Crookston, Moorhead, Casselton, Grafton, Fergus Falls, Wahpeton, Devils Lake and Butte City. It is the only line to Great Falls, the future manufacturing center of the Northwest; to the fertile tree lands of the Milk river valley and south Dakota and Montana. It is the only line to Great Falls, the future manufacturing center of the Northwest; to the fertile tree lands of the Milk river valley and south Dakota and Montana. It is the only line to Great Falls, the future manufacturing center of the Northwest; to the fertile tree lands of the Milk river valley and south Dakota and Montana.

HAND OF FORTUNE!

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, SCROFULA, COUGH or COLD, THROAT AFFECTION, WASTING OF FLESH, Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL With Hypophosphites. PALATABLE AS MILK. Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute. Sold by all Druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

Miles City & Spearfish Stage Line.

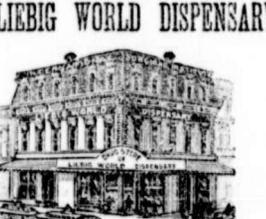
WEAVER & THORNBURGH, Props. Daily Stage for DEADWOOD AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS

Stage leaves Miles City Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 8 o'clock. For passage or any information apply at office at Smith & Hayes

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

Dr. Liebig & Co., Permanently Located in Butte City at Southeast Corner of Main and Broadway, Private Entrance at Broadway.

LIEBIG WORLD DISPENSARY



AND INTERNATIONAL Medical and Surgical Institute, Kansas City, Mo., San Francisco, Cal., and BUTTE CITY, Mont.

Dr. Liebig & Co., are regular graduates in medicine and surgery and special practitioners authorized by the states of Missouri, California and MONTANA, to treat all chronic, nervous and private diseases, (whether caused by impudence, excess or contagion) venereal weakness (night losses) sexual debility, (loss of sexual power) nervous debility, (loss of nerve force) diseases of the eye, (syphilis, gonorrhoea, Gleet, Gonorrhoea) cured. Curable cases guaranteed with life membership. Charges low, hundreds of cases cured. All medicines are specially prepared for each individual case, at a laboratory. No injurious or poisonous compounds used.

No time lost from business. Patients at a distance treated by letter and express. Medicine sent everywhere, free from gaze or breakage.

In diseases of the blood, brain, heart and nervous system, as well as liver, kidney and Gravel, rheumatism, paralysis, and all other chronic diseases.

Write for illustrated papers on Deformities, Club Feet, Curvature of the Spine, Piles, Tumors, Cancer, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Tuberculosis, Electricity, Magnetism, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Kidney, Bladder, Eye, Ear, Skin and Blood, and all Surgical Operations.

Diseases of Women a Specialty. Separate parlors for ladies' patients. The only Reliable Medical and Surgical Institute making a specialty of Private Diseases.

All blood diseases successfully treated. Syphilis Pulsion removed from the system without mercury. New Restorative Treatment for Loss of Vital Power. Persons unable to visit us may be treated at home by correspondence. All communications confidential. Medicines or instruments sent by mail or express securely packed. One personal interview preferred. Call and consult us, or send history of your case, and we will send in plain wrapper our Book Free explaining why thousands cannot be cured of Private, Special and Nervous Diseases, Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Varicocele, etc., etc.

Dr. Liebig & Co. are the only qualified or reliable specialists left in Montana, since the new medical law.

Office hours from 9 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m.; or by appointment in obscure and urgent cases.

CONSULTATION FREE. Agency for Dr. Liebig's Invigorator at Room 2, 8 E. Broadway, Butte.

NOTES from the diary of tourists, commercial travelers, business men and others has revealed:

That the Wisconsin Central has the unqualified endorsement of all. That the Wisconsin Central has today the most popular line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Milwaukee and Chicago.

That the Wisconsin Central is daily adding to its admirers as the recognized Pullman line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Milwaukee and Chicago.

That the Wisconsin Central touches the most prominent points in Wisconsin, and that it has more important business centers on its through line than any other railway in the Northwest.

That the Wisconsin Central has made an enviable reputation with its peerless Dining Car Service; That the Wisconsin Central runs fast trains on which all classes of passengers are carried with commodious and distinct accommodation for all; That the Wisconsin Central has representatives distributed throughout the country, who will cheerfully give any information that may be desired and that its terminal Agents are specially instructed to look after the comfort of passengers who may be routed via its line.

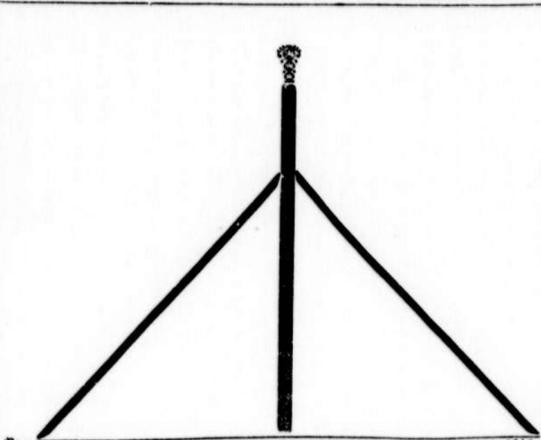
For detailed information, apply to your nearest Ticket Agent or to representatives of the road. WM. S. MCELLEN, JAMES BARKER, General Managers, 1001 First St., St. Paul, Minn. LOUIS ECKSTEIN, Asst. Genl. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. MILWAUKEE, WIS. F. H. ANSON, Northwestern Passenger Agt.

A Perfect Face Powder. FREEMAN'S FACE POWDER. J. W. Wright THE LATEST PERFUME EXQUISITE Choicest FREEMAN'S MIAMATIA

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria



I. Orschel & Bros.' ANNUAL CLEARING SALE.

In order to reduce our stock, previous to taking Inventory, we shall commence by offering for the next ten days only

Boys' and Children's Clothing

25% Below Regular Selling Prices.

Mackinaw Clothing

Reduced from \$4.00 to \$2.00 and \$1.50.

I. ORSCHEL & BRO., Wholesale dealers in Wines, Liquors and Cigars, offer the following Wines especially put up for the Holiday Trade:

California Port and Sherry, \$5.50 per Case 50c per Bottle. Rhine Wine, \$5.00 @ 6.00 " " 50c " \$1.25 " "

Domestic Champagnes, Mumm's Extra Dry, Imported Cognac, Fine Old Bourbon.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE FREIGHT COACH

Galbraith Bros., Janesville, Wisconsin, Are the Largest Importers of British Horses

In the world. Have imported three times the number of first-class prize-winning horses of any firm in the United States, and have now on hand for actual sale over 220 head of

CLYDESDALE, ENGLISH SHIRE, Suffolk Punch, Cleveland Bay And Hackney Stallions.

Prices moderate, terms cash. Correspondence solicited. Send for Catalogue No. 8.



Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria