

# THE DAILY JOURNAL.

MILES CITY, MONTANA.

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Friday, February 21, 1893.

### MILES CITY'S PRIZE.

The reform school bill locating the school at Miles City passed the house yesterday without a dissenting vote carrying as one of its provisions, an appropriation from the state of \$25,000. The next step after the signing of the bill by the governor will be the appointment by him, before April 1st 1893, of three trustees, who when qualified, will be authorized to proceed at once with the work of construction. In this regard the bill provides that as soon as appointed the board of trustees shall meet at Miles City and proceed to organize by electing one of their number president and another secretary. The board will then be empowered to select a site of not less than five or more than one hundred acres within three miles of the city, and proceed with the making of such contracts for material and construction as will enable the construction of the necessary buildings to commence by June 1st 1893. The trustees are required to give bonds in the sum of \$10,000 each and receive for their services, the sum of five dollars per day for each day necessarily spent in the service. As the appropriation cannot possibly be available this year it follows that all obligations incurred by the board of trustees in the purchase of land or the construction of buildings must be on a basis of payment when the appropriation becomes available, which will be not later than December next, six months after the work commences. If the bill for the semi-annual payment of taxes becomes a law, as is probable and becomes operative at once, then there will be no accommodations to be asked, as one-half the appropriation would be available in June. We certainly have reason to congratulate ourselves and to thank our Senator Swift and Representatives Huffman and McKay for getting the bill through without having the appropriation cut down or wholly eliminated, as there was and is a strong and growing opposition in the legislature to the appropriation of a single penny that is not absolutely necessary. To the good work of our delegation in the legislature, the outside influence of many citizens of Miles City, and the undeniable fact that the reform school is the most urgent need of the state, is due the saving of the appropriation. A bill asking for \$65,000 for the other state institutions located at this session, will it is thought be defeated, as the state auditor, on Saturday made a report to the legislature that was so alarming in its disclosures of the excess of appropriations over anticipated revenue, that it is almost sure that a halt will be called upon all further disposal of the state funds at this session.

### GRAPE CULTURE.

A recent issue of the Rocky Mountain Husbandman speaks of the only successful attempt at grape growing in this state as having been made by a rancher near Miles City, whose name the writer did not mention. The Husbandman is correct, there are several thrifty vineyards in the neighborhood of Miles City, but the one referred to is undoubtedly that of the Haynes Bros, which was started in a small way some five or six years ago, and which, from lack of water did but indifferently well until two years ago when the opening of the Miles City ditch gave a marked impetus to the cultivation of all products of the soil. The vines that had been barely existing from year to year, took on a vigorous growth and last year yielded a plentiful harvest. The original vineyard consists now of about one thousand and settings of the Concord variety, all hardy and thrifty and able to give a big yield this year. In addition to this, the Haynes' have from settings of one, two and three years past, a fine growth of other and more delicate vines, which thus far have shown a good growth and warrant the belief that ordinary care will carry them through in this climate as well as the more hardy Concord. These other varieties are the Ives, Seedling, Moore's Early, and Moore's Diamond—each of which will be recognized by grape growers as of delicate constitutions. The Husbandman is probably correctly informed that Miles City is the only place in the state where grape culture is successfully carried on. And still our wise legislators voted to locate the agricultural college at Bozeman.

AND now comes a communication to the legislature from the G. A. R. in which that body disclaims any desire to have the soldiers' home located at Glendive, insinuating that the "home" is more of a scheme to benefit Glendive than to comfort the old soldier, who requires a less rigorous climate than that enjoyed by the baronial possessions of

Joe Allen. Joe claims to have discovered a provision in the enabling act which authorizes the establishment of an institution of this kind and forthwith put up the scheme to have it located at Glendive. As Joe owns all the land thereabouts, and is the only old soldier in eastern Montana, it is plain to be seen that his intention was to have the state erect a mansion for him on his own grounds, and furnish the service and supplies to maintain it, at least during the term of his natural life. Joe is like his namesake, Mr. Bagstock, "devilish sly."

ALLEE since now, coyote or wolf. The house concurred in the senate amendment to the bounty bill, fixing the bounty on coyotes at five dollars, the same as wolves, and it will undoubtedly pass in that shape. The presumption that few if any clerks of the court could tell the difference between a coyote and a wolf, no doubt led to this action.

### Shot While Going For a Doctor.

It was in Pittsburg some seven years ago that my wife woke me up one night and said that our little boy was very sick and would I go for a doctor. I said of course I would, and slipping into my clothes I grabbed my hat and started out. When I reached the first corner, I passed a stranger who was running the other way. I cut diagonally across the street and ran toward the center of town. Pretty soon I heard footsteps some distance back, and then several shots were fired. I felt as though some one had thrown a stone and struck me on the leg, but I couldn't run any more worth a cent. I stumbled down and then drawing myself up put my hand where I felt the pain and found that my leg was moist with blood. I easily realized that I was shot. The possessor of the revolver drew up before me panting for breath and exclaimed, "You will rob people, will you?" It was a policeman. I began to upbraid him most thoroughly.

Explanations nor excuses did not help the matter any, and I was taken in a patrol to the station. I repeated my story and insisted that a doctor should be sent to my house. The desk sergeant finally did as I wished, and our family doctor called at the house, and later came by the station. It did not take me long to convince the station officers that I was not the party, and was set at liberty and removed to my home. When I was able to get around again, I used the city for \$5,000, and I got it.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Anette Rives' Newsboy.

There is a young man in Mobile, said Colonel Robert McEachin of Winchester, Va., who has cause to remember Anette Rives twice a year. When the now distinguished lady was a little girl and lived in that city, she became fondly attached to a newsboy who cried out his papers every morning in the neighborhood in which she lived. She met him one day and a friendship sprang up between them that has lasted to the present time. After the boy's stock of papers were sold in the morning he would call for the pretty little blue-eyed miss, and they would take long strolls down Front street, picking the orange blossoms and the magnolia blooms. They soon got to be familiar figures on Government street, as they would walk along that busy thoroughfare with the young girl's head garlanded with wreaths of beautiful flowers and the little boy's arms filled with vines and evergreens. Then Miss Rives moved far away into Virginia, but she never forgot her newsboy friend for it was her custom almost daily to write him. The boy met with a misfortune some years ago which crippled him for life. He is poor, but his purse is twice a year replenished by a post-office order from Mrs. Chandler. One of these arrives in Mobile on his birthday, which is in June, and the other on Christmas day.—St. Louis Republic.

### A Queer Performance.

Several years ago a Hampshire baronet was amazed to find that, although he went to bed clothed as is customary, yet he invariably awoke naked in the morning and could not find any trace of his missing garment. A great number of shirts disappeared in this inexplicable manner, and as every nook and corner in the room was searched without result the baronet at last told one of his intimate friends, and requested him to sit in the room all night and watch developments. This the friend did, and after the baronet had for some time given ample evidence that he was asleep the watcher was surprised to observe him get out of bed, open the door and proceed with a quick pace along a corridor, descend the stairs and emerge into an open yard.

Self-identifying the baronet, divesting himself of his only garment, seized a pitchfork and buried the linen in a dunghill. Afterward he proceeded leisurely back to his bed. In the morning the baronet, incredulous at what his friend related, repaired to the dunghill, and after digging for some time found several shirts stowed away in this anything but pleasant receptacle.—Boston Globe.

### When Traveling Was Dangerous.

Hounslow hench, Finchley common and Gadshill, in the neighborhood of London, were celebrated haunts of the highwayman, and the secluded roads of Epping forest, on the route to Cambridge, were often the scenes of plunder in broad daylight. These desperate robbers at last became so dangerous, and the peril of their attacks so serious to travelers of all kinds, as well as to the postmen, that the government passed a law making highway robbery an offense punishable by the death of the criminal and the confiscation of all his property. But robberies still occurred.

In 1783 mail coaches, protected by armed guards, took the place of post-boys. The coaches carried passengers also, and as these generally carried arms the mails were better protected, but still during and oftentimes successful attacks were made upon them.—St. Nicholas.

## MOUNTAIN MISSIONS.

### THE TRUTH ABOUT THE "POOR WHITES" OF THE HILL COUNTRY.

A Southern Clergyman Re-futes the Charge That Ignorance and Squalor Are Prevalent to Any Remarkable Degree in the Mountain Districts.

Sectionalists who desire to create for themselves a field of operations and an income in a charming and healthful southern climate not infrequently write very touching articles for the northern press on the deplorable condition of the "mountain whites" of the south and the need of "mission work" among them. Such persons, in descriptions of life among the mountains of western North Carolina and east Tennessee, "pile on the agony" in a marvelous manner. Sometimes they do it with an utter disregard for the truth. They represent the exception to be the rule, and picture scenes and conditions common enough in parts of the north and west perhaps, large cities as well as country places, but very rare among the people of the Appalachian region of the south. One would think from their accounts that the southern mountains were swarming with cave-dwellers. The aim seems to be to perpetuate the ideas of that class of philanthropists who find a peculiar pleasure in contemplating poverty, ignorance and degradation in the south since the civil war.

Not long since The Sun noticed an appeal of this sort for aid to "mission work for mountain whites," showing that it was in effect a libel upon the people it professed to describe. Any person familiar with the Appalachian region of the south would see at a glance how absurd and the whole thing was. The Christian Union for Dec. 31, 1892, contains a letter from Rev. D. Atkins, a Methodist minister of Hendersonville, N. C., which completely demolishes the "mountain white" myth. Mr. Atkins will be conceded to know what he is writing about. He was born and reared in the alleged God forsaken region of poverty, ignorance, vice and degradation. He entered college there, entered the ministry there and spent 17 years there as minister and teacher.

"As a Methodist minister," he says, "I have gone into the most out of the way places and mingled freely with all sorts of people in 20 counties of North Carolina and Virginia and in nearly all the worst parts of east Tennessee. I have visited these people at their homes, have eaten with them, slept in their houses and seen them in every condition." Yet Mr. Atkins has not once beheld the squalid scenes Mrs. Paddock described in a recent number of The Christian Union. "Your correspondent," he says, "must have found some secluded spot I never saw for in all my travels I never saw the things she writes of, and it seems strange that I should not even have heard of such things in all these years. There is poverty here and ignorance, too, but neither is in that prevalent form you would suppose from the article of Mrs. Paddock. You might live here an age and never hear of such savage and weird funeral customs as Professor Bemis, another correspondent writing from the south, told your readers about."

The situation is not such as was described by The Union's correspondents. Putting it in a nutshell, Mr. Atkins says of Mrs. Paddock's picture: "She has presented the very worst possible case that could be found in the remotest part, and made it a sample of all the 2,000,000 here so that if any one should receive an impression from such writing he would suppose no other kind of people could be found here."

As a matter of fact, the "mountain whites" are not a distinct class. Their ancestors, says Mr. Atkins, were not outlaws, but pioneers from the coast country. They generally own their farms and make a comfortable living. To say they hunt for a living is absurd. There is little wealth and not as much luxury as might be, but the people live decently. There are some log houses, three-fourths of which have windows. None are plastered with mud, as alleged, or without wooden floors. But few have only one room. Generally the houses are quite comfortable. All have good open fire places. Fuel is abundant and costs nothing, so that the correspondent's story of children "covering their limbs with warm ashes to keep from freezing" is specially absurd. The people, Mr. Atkins affirms, are already religious and moral. They observe Sunday and attend Sunday school. There is scarcely a district where there is not a school for at least three months in the year. Few persons are unable to read and write, and such cases are so rare as to excite surprise among the neighbors.

As respects the girls who were described as overworked and vicious, Mr. Atkins says not one in a hundred would know herself by that description. "The common virtues," he says—"chastity, honesty, truthfulness, etc.—are rather more prevalent than in other sections I have seen. The girls are healthy, strong and full of spirit. They marry at a good age, make excellent wives and mothers and do much less hard work than their sisters of the north and west," and Mr. Atkins spent four years in the west. They do not work in the field. "It is by no means," says the writer, "the custom of the country. Home life is as pure as it is anywhere I have been." In a word, the "mountain white," with his abysmal degradation, is a myth and needs no "mission."—Baltimore Sun.

### In Memory of Columbus.

A public library has been founded in Panama in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. Three hundred volumes were provided to start the library, and 200 more were donated by the Society Progresso del Istmo.—New York Evening Sun.

### Might Try It.

Mrs. Dietz—Do you believe that story about a young woman swallowing a razor?

Mr. Dietz—Well, I dunno. Perhaps some one told her that razors were good for the complexion.—New York Weekly.

## A MINISTER'S WARNING.

Dr. Talmage Graphically Describes the Mad Struggle for Success.

Men and women are being driven to destruction, he says, through excesses in work and living. Fearful picture of a midnight scene in a millionaire's household. Riches unable to brighten a wretched life.

There are few men in America who are so well known as Dr. Talmage, of the Brooklyn tabernacle. He weekly addresses, through the newspaper, nearly 20,000,000 people, who are impressed by what he says, because it is the result of continuous observation and deep study.

Dr. Talmage has again and again called attention to a danger that menaces every man and woman in this country. In a recent sermon he once more repeats those words of warning. In speaking of the evils of over work in business or social duties, he says:

"Oh, what an altar, what a sacrifice of body, mind and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep and they take chloral, morphine and in toxicants.

"Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks, and at one o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting, 'A thousand shares of railroad stock one hundred and eight and a half; take it; until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and sleep until they are awakened again by a 'corner' or a sudden rise in something else. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die."

At first thought this description seems overdrawn. But is it? Are we not too active, too intense? Do we not exhaust too rapidly? Do we get the pleasure out of life that we should? Is there not some means by which we can make life easier? Thinking that the statements made by Dr. Talmage merited investigation, a reliable reporter has collected the following live facts which will be found of great interest. Mr. Whiting, well known in connection with telephones, when told of the remark made by Dr. Talmage, said:

"Yes, we do live too rapidly. We succeed and accumulate wealth, but we exhaust ourselves in doing it. The average American spends the first part of his life in acquiring wealth and losing health, and in the last half he spends his wealth to regain his health. I know this from my own experience. The pace at which I did business nearly killed me. A few years ago I was nervous, irritable and run down. I longed for life, yet did not care for it. I dreaded death, but living was unbearable. What! In perfect health now? Yes, I am. I save my strength, use good judgment, and take Warner's Safe-Cure regularly. I am not ashamed of this, but rather proud of it. I have found it indispensable to my health and happiness. Do I work? Yes, hard every day, and I believe all Americans can do the same thing, regardless of climate, competition or social demands, if they will act upon my suggestion."

Mr. C. E. Lawrence, the banker and member of the New York Stock Exchange, when approached upon this subject, said: "Any one who has ever been in the New York Stock Exchange, or has witnessed the amount of mental pressure which it involves, does not need to be told that Americans live rapidly, and yet many of our men and women live to as green an old age as Europeans, but in addition to working hard they recuperate and use proper tonics. I think, by experience, that Warner's Safe-Cure is an excellent tonic."

R. C. A. Harvey, D. D., Washington, D. C., cheerfully made the following statement: "I take pleasure in stating that I have for many years been acquainted with the well-known Warner's Safe-Cure, and with its remarkable curative effects. In some cases of sickness which seem to be in the last stages, and which had been given up by practitioners of both schools, the speedy change wrought by this remedy seemed but little less than miraculous."

An interesting experience was related by Mrs. Neale, No. 245 East Eighty-second street: "Five years ago," she said, "I became run down by sickness, which finally ended in kidney disease. I was daily placed under a steam apparatus for hours at a time without effect, several physicians attended me and used all known methods to cause me to perspire. I had heard considerable about a remedy that had been recommended to me and finally began to use it. It really did work wonders in my case, and I would not be without it for any money. Personally I feel that I owe it to humanity to publicly mention that it is Warner's Safe-Cure that I owe my recovery to."

With these plain truths in mind will you neglect the "minister's warning?"

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