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NORTHERN PACIFIC ROAD

A Comprehensive Article About the Completion of this Line, Which is Said to be From the Pen of M. Halstead.

Cincinnati Morning Journal.

It is now certain that the Northern Pacific railroad will be completed within three months. It is probable, however, that several months will elapse before traffic over it is regularly begun, for so large a piece of work must require some perfecting before everything can go forward harmoniously. It is expected that all will be in readiness by the middle of September, in time for shipments of grain for the fall markets. The importance of this event cannot easily be estimated. It is a historic occurrence to be remembered in our national history with the opening of the Central Pacific road and the laying of the Atlantic cable.

In the first place it will result in the building up of a great civilization in Dakota, Wyoming, and the country along the Pacific coast north of California. These are now isolated districts, which, having been many well settled sections and [illegible] considerable towns with [illegible] of established and branching importance. All that they require is means of communication with the outside world, and this once given them will beyond doubt have a transforming effect. The great belt of rich land extending far to the north and south along the eastern course of the road is probably the finest wheat country in the world. A large part of it lies in the United States; the remainder stretches east and west throughout the extent of British Columbia; all sections are easily accessible, and, although the Canadian Pacific road will divert a great deal of the northern grain traffic, the great bulk of trade will fall to the share of the American road.

There is not a part of the country through which the Northern Pacific road runs which is not surpassingly rich. In Wyoming and the Rocky Mountain region the mining interest is of vast importance. In Washington territory and the neighboring regions the lumbering interests will no doubt flourish throughout the country penetrated by the road, for the facilities for manufacture are everywhere naturally great. Thus the Northern Pacific everywhere reaches important interests. In this it has a commanding advantage over the Central Pacific, which runs for hundreds of miles through barren regions, almost uninhabited, and certainly forever unprofitable.

If the country traversed by the Northern Pacific road is on the whole so much better than that through which the Central Pacific runs, how much greater must the civilizing influence of the one be than the other? When we remember what a marvellous effect the Central road has had on the whole western country, parts of which are very remote from it, we can have no doubt that the great fertile regions of the Northwest, with which the Northern Pacific will have direct communication, have a most glorious future in store. Dakota is destined to be as populous and to have as intelligent and active a civililization as Illinois or Ohio. Wyoming will also become a great state, and Washington territory and Oregon will rival California.

There is one other great result which will follow the completion of the Northern Pacific road. A stimulating influence will be reflected upon the growth of our already great northwestern cities. St. Paul and Minneapolis will receive the grain, minerals and lumber of the west. Most of these will be transmitted to Chicago, which will therefore be immediately benefited, and become beyond all dispute the largest grain market of the world.

His Pa Busted.

From Peck's Sun.

"Say, can't I sell you some stock in a silver mine," asked the bad boy of the grocery man, as he came in the store and pulled from his breast pocket a document printed on parchment paper, and representing several thousand dollars worth of stock, in a silver mine.

"Lookahere," said the grocery man, as he turned pale, and thought of telephoning to the public station for a detective, "you haven't been stealing your father's mining stock have you? Now you go right back home and put that stock in your pa's safe, like a good boy."

Put it in the safe! Oh, no, we keep it in a box stall in the barn. I will trade this thousand dollars in stock for two heads of lettuce and get pa to sign it over to you, if you say so. Pa told me I could have the whole trunk full if I wanted it, and the hired girls are using the silver stock to clean windows and kindle fires, and pa has quit the church and says he won't belong to any concern that harbors bilks. What's a bilk?" said the boy, as he opened a candy jar and took out four sticks of horehound candy.

"A bilk," said the grocery man, as he watched the boy, "is a fellow that plays a man for candy or money, or anything and don't intend to return an equivalent. You are a small sized bilk. But what's the matter with your pa and the church, and what has the silver mining stock got to do with it?"

Well, you remember that exhorter who was here last fall and used to board around with the church people all the week and talk about Zion and laying up treasures where the moths wouldn't gnaw them and they wouldn't get rusty, and where thieves wouldn't pry off the hinges. He was the one that used to go home with ma from prayer-meeting when pa was down town, and who wanted to pay off the church debt in solid silver bricks. He's the bilk. I guess if pa should get him by the back of the neck he would jerk nine kinds of religion out of him. When you strike a pious man on the pocket-book it hurts him. That man prayed and sang like an angel and boarded around like a tramp. He stayed at our house over a week, and he had specimens of rock that were chuck full of silver and gold, and he and pa used to sit up nights and look at it. That man's scheme was to let all the church people who were in good standing and who had plenty of money into the company, and when the mine began to return dividends by the car load, they could give largely to the church, and pay the debts of all the churches, and put down carpets and fresco the ceiling. The man said he felt that he had been steered into that silver mine by a higher power and his idea was to work it for the glory of the cause. He said he liked pa and would make him vice-president of the company. Pa bit like a bass, and I guess he invested $5,000 in stock, and ma she wanted to come in, and she put in $1,000 that she had laid up to buy some diamond ear-rings, and the man gave pa a lot of stock to sell to other members of the church. They are all in it, even the minister. He drew his salary ahead, and all the deacons they come in, and the man went back to Colorado with about $30,000 of good pious money. Yesterday pa got a paper from Colorado giving the whole snap away, and the pious man has been spending the money in Denver and whooping it up. Don't you never try to get rich quick," said the boy, as he peeled a herring and took a couple of crackers.

"Never you mind me," said the grocery man. "They don't catch me on any of their silver mines. But I hope this will have some influence on you, and teach you to respect your pa's feelings and not play any jokes on him while he is feeling so bad over his having been swindled."

"Oh, I don't know about that, I think when a man is in trouble, if he has a good little boy to take his mind from his troubles and get him mad at something else it rests him. Last night we had hot maple syrup and biscut for supper, and pa had a saucerful in front of him just a steaming. I could see he was thinking too much about his mining stock and I thought if there was anything I could do to place his mind on something else I would be doing a kindness that would be appreciated. I sat on the right side of pa, and when he was not looking I pulled the table-cloth so the saucer of maple syrup dropped off in his lap. Well, you'd a died to see how quick his thoughts turned from his financial troubles to his physical misfortunes. There was about a pint of hot syrup and it went all over his lap, and you know how hot melted maple sugar is and how it sort of clings to anything. Pa jumped up and grabbed hold of his pants legs to pull them away from himself, and he danced around and told ma to turn the hose on him, and then he took a pitcher of ice water and poured it down his pants, and he said the condemned old table was getting so rickety that a saucer wouldn't stay on it, and I said if he put some tar on his legs, the same kind that he told me to put on my lip to make my mustache grow, the syrup wouldn't burn so, and then he cuffed me and I think he felt better. It is a great thing to get a man's mind off his troubles, but where a man hasn't got any mind, like you for instance—"

At this point the grocery man picked up a fire poker, and then the boy went out in a hurry and hung up a sign in front of the grocery, "Cash paid for fat dogs."

What a Personal Did.

Not long ago a personal advertisement appeared in a Chicago paper worded somewhat as follows:

PERSONAL—Wanted the acquaintance of a refined, prepossessing young lady, by a gentleman of first-class standing, with means. Object, matrimony. Address X.

Forty-one answers were received by Mr. X, of all kinds and style, and some daintily written and expressed, others misspelled and folded with grimy fingers, but all containing the assertion that it was the first time the writer had ever replied to a personal, and a few words of description, such as: "I am slender and blonde," "plump, with black hair and dark eyes, etc., one concluding with the remark, "i am strickly Verchuous if you are trifling don't answer." Many gave their full names and addresses, while others concealed their identity behind a P. O. or fictitious address.

Mr. X wrote a polite note to each of the addresses he had received, begging each one to meet him at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon on the north side of Randolph street, between Dearborn and State, and taxed his ingenuity to suggest a distinguishing mark by which each one could proclaim her identity. One he requested to carry a blue veil in her hand, another to wear a green ribbon at her throat, another to carry a parcel wrapped in a newspaper, etc.

The stretch of sidewalk appointed for the meeting was in plain view from the windows of Mr. X's office across the street, and at the time appointed the friends invited were on hand promptly to see the parade. As the clock struck 3 the ladies began to appear, and excitement reigned in the office.

First came a stylishly-dressed little widow, sauntering carelessly along, carrying under her arm a huge newspaper parcel, at which she glanced from time to time with evident disgust. Then appeared from the other direction a tall, dignified young lady, who wore at her throat a green bow large enough to decorate an entire St. Patrick's Day procession. The blue veil also duly made its appearance, carried by an elderly, dowdily-dressed woman, who was so determined to make the acquaintance of her correspondent that she lingered on the block till dark, waving her blue banner at times as if to summons the recreant knight to her side. But all in vain; the shades of night fell at last like a pall upon the city, and upon her hopes, and as Mr. X. passed her on his way home at dinner she was just turning to abandon the spot.

Thirty ladies of all ages and styles appeared in response to the appointment. The notes were spread on the window sills, with the appointed signals penciled upon each, and the gentlemen enjoyed the piquant situation to the utmost, shouting with laughter at the appealing, inquiring glances cast by each lady at the gentlemen hurrying past. One young lady had been requested to twirl her glove in her right hand. So she marched back and forth for three-quarters of an hour twirling that glove.

The parade and the maneuvering were pronounced a grand success by the spectators, and continued with no break in the ranks for about thirty minutes. Then the widow pitched her newspaper bundle into the street and walked off, the rest following her example in the course of the next half hour. When all but the damsel with the blue veil had departed the gentlemen threw all the notes into the fire, and they separated, after passing a vote of thanks to Mr. X. for his delightful and novel entertainment. Thus endeth the history of the personal, every word of which is true, with the exception of the locality mentioned, as will be certified by any one of the gentleman spectators in the office, or of the ladies who answered the advertisement.

Queen Charlotte at Miller's Mint.

MODERN JOURNALISM.

An Interview with Charles A. Dana in Regard to the Leading Papers of the Day.

New Orleans States.

Charles A. Dana, the veteran editor of the New York *Sun*, after resting from the fatigues of his journey to the south, and enjoying the picturesque sight and balmy breeze of the Crescent City for several days, was in fine condition yesterday to talk on a subject of rare fascination. Speaking of the newspapers of to-day, Mr. Dana gave some interesting glimpses of journalistic work and experience, which is faithfully reproduced in the following interview:

"What does it cost to run a first-class New York newspaper?"

"It costs a great deal more than it did ten or twenty years ago. There is a great improvement in the intellectual quality of the newspapers of New York City, and they are better furnished with talent in every department, and spend a great deal more money for adequate contributions than they used to furnish fifteen years ago. The cost of white paper formerly made up fully one-half of the whole expense of the newspaper, now it makes up about one quarter; then, paper cost from twelve to fifteen cents per pound, now it costs from six to seven cents per pound. Owing to this great reduction in the cost of paper, the well-established newspapers in New York City are all of them making money, and even the *Tribune*, which has been weighed down by immense investments in real estate, seems at last to have got through with the effect of this misfortune, and has commenced to do more than pay its expenses.

"A first-rate newspaper of New York will require about ten editorial writers, whose duty daily is to furnish leading articles, and editorial paragraphs. Many of these writers will have their special duties, and there must always be five or six men who are able to turn their hands to subjects of any description, as they happen to come up. A competent writer of leaders will be paid from $100 to $150 per week; and no man fit to supervise them and perform the functions of editor-in-chief, can be had for less than from $150 to $200 per week. The reporters are of two classes: First, those of the regular staff, who are paid by the week, at rates varying from $20 to $60. These perform not only the routine duties of reporting, but are always prepared to be sent off on special service, in which case their railroad fares, carriage hire, hotel bills and other expenses are paid by the office.

"Then, there are a number of reporters who are attached to each paper, who are paid according to the work they perform and without having any prescribed functions, and should be in readiness to do whatever may be necessary. Some of these gentlemen are men of talent and learning, and in time will make their way into the front rank as writers and editors. I know several men who, without having regular salaries, will average from $50 to $75 a week. Of these two classes of reporters, a first-class paper must empley about fifty. Next, there are the correspondents, both at home and abroad, and these are likewise divided into two classes, those who are employed upon regular salaries, and those who are paid as their contributions are printed. In Washington, for instance, each newspaper has need for regular correspondents or reporters, and of occasional contributors; and the different papers differ as to the respective numbers of these two classes. In Albany, each New York paper must have its regular staff devoted to this service; in the other capitals, of such states as New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Massachusetts, they are served with occasional correspondents, since the news of these more distant places is, for the most part, not important enough in New York to be constantly reported there. In Europe, also, every leading paper has its regular staff of correspondents. There must be a correspondent in London, and one in Paris, who report constantly, either by post or by cable.

"In the Sunday edition of most prominent papers of New York City, there is always a cable dispatch, summing up the news of the week, and reporting interesting political, social, artistic or literary events, on which the reporters of the associated press, whose telegrams are forwarded every day, do not ordinarily dwell. Thus the expenses of the sort of papers we are considering vary, for the most part, mainly, according as they print large are small editions, the chief difference being made in their consumption of white paper. Of this, the *Herald* uses more than any other journal. On Sunday, especially, its advertising sheets are many, and on that day it will sometimes print one hundred and thirty columns of advertisements alone, so that the amount of white paper it uses is enormous.

"But, aside from this item, the expenses of one of these papers will be, for the editorial department, including writers, reporters and correspondents, from four to five thousand dollars per week, and its telegraph bills, including the cost of special cables from Europe, will average, perhaps, from seven hundred to one thousand dollars a week; its composition bill will vary from one to two thousand dollars; its publication department will cost from one to two thousand dollars; its stereotype will be perhaps five hundred dollars, and its miscellaneous expenses from one to two thousand dollars, making a total of from nine to twelve thousand dollars a week. Of course these figures will be a little less in dull times, when there is little telegraphing, and no occasion for special expenditures, than when there is a great public excitement, such as a presidential canvass, or a great public catastrophe, when it is necessary to send many men out and spend a great deal of money in obtaining news; but the general average will be about what I have stated before."

Why He Left.

The Arkansas Traveler.

"Arkansaw journalism was not very inviting when I came to the state," said the religious editor of an apostolic publication, "but I came regardless of invitation. I entered the newspaper business at quite an early age, and soon became local editor of the Nashville *Union*, a paper that flourished before the war. We had no reporters in those semi-weekly days of southern journalism. The local editor was supposed to gather all the news and write it in accordance with his own ideas. There was no managing editor. The editor was too much occupied with politics to pay any attention to news matters; so the local man, especially as his department was one of secondary consideration, had a comparatively easy time and very poor salary. One night I went out to report the closing exercises of the medical college. This was a great event in society circles, and the paper containing a full account was treasured by every one present. The political editor condescended to tell me to make full report in our next edition, which came out on the following morning, and impressed in no small degree with my mission, I went forth to execute the great command. I had not gone very far when I met a party of friends. They recognized my importance and honored me accordingly, but ventured to suggest the propriety of going into a saloon and taking something to drink. As I was rather early for the ceremonies, I went in and formed, one link of a circle around a decidedly convivial table. We took several drinks, when I arose and declared that I must go. 'Sit down,' said a friend. 'What the thunder do you care for a lot of doctors? You've got a programme, so what's the difference whether you go or not?' I sat down again, and before I could realize how time had flown, a late hour had arrived. I hurried to the office and from the programme wrote up a glowing account of the exercises. The editor read the proof and expressed himself highly gratified with the article. He became so enthusiastic over it that he declared his intention of increasing my salary. I went to my room, pleased with myself and satisfied with the world. I lay in my bed and smoked my pipe with a thrilling sense of pleasure. I dreamed of fresh laurels, of coming greatness as a journalist. I awoke with a pleasant recollection of the previous night. The editor's words were fresh in my ears. I would be a great journalist. The servant entered the room and handed me the opposition paper. I held it for a moment and wondered if the poor fellow who wrote up the medical college exercises had received such compliments from the editor as I had swallowed. "I'll read the poor fellows report,' I mused. I looked for a double head but could not find it. 'Unequal to the occasion,' I thought. Just then my eyes fell upon the following sensational paragraph:

'Owing to the illness of Prof. Eve, the commencement exercises of the medical college, which were to have taken place last night, were postponed.'

I was stunned. I reached for my pants, and drew them on in a dazed way. I left the room hurriedly. While I stood at the foot of the stairs, I saw my editor enter the front door with a shot gun. I slipped around, climbed the back fence, sought the suburbs, and meditated, I knew that a return to the city was certain death. I had no money, but I started on a foot voyage.

"After months of weary walking I reached Arkansaw, where I secured a situation as editor of a religious paper, Here I cannot foretell events. The gospel goes ahead. Once I heard that my old editor was dead and I started on a visit to Nashville, but hearing the report contradicted, I returned. Editing a religious paper may not be so sensational but it is more safe.

Senator Fair's Riches.

H. J. R. in Philadelphia Press.

While on the subject of money, let me advise the reader to stop for a moment and think the thing over. Take Senator Fair—probably the richest man in the Senate. He became suddenly rich, and very rich, by an accident. Have his millions done him any good? No. His partners, Mr. Flood and Mr. Mackay, are richer than he is. They obtained their money, as he his, by striking a bonanza in a mine. Do they enjoy their money? No. Not one of them has any resources within himself. I know them all very well. They were going to make me rich once. Flood goes about San Francisco hated by half the people he meets. Mackay, the best of the lot, and really a very lovable fellow, travels aimlessly through the world, with no stomach and no capacity to enjoy life in any way. His wife, a most charming and accomplished woman, spends all his money she can in Paris, and now I hear that her health has broken down. Flood has built a million dollar house at Menlo Park—the loveliest place in the world. He has a wonderful library and a charming music room, furnished with every instrument in the Christian world. He cannot read his books, he knows nothing about and cares nothing for music. He can only mope around and be unhappy. He cannot think, he does not try to read. He has no pleasure, no studies, no aspirations; the same with Mackay, the same with Fair.

The last-named came to the Senate. What of it? He is out of place and he knows it, and so is never in his place in the Senate. It was a novelty for a year, but it is stale now, and he is tired of it. Suddenly acquired riches are no good in the long run, but who will refuse them? Certainly not the poor newspaper correspondent, who moralizes on hard crackers. I cannot remember a single case wherein they brought enjoyment, happiness and permanent good. Mr. Jay Gould is rich after years of labor and calculation. He, by his own study, is a scholar. He has resources within himself for enjoyment. He can appreciate rest, and he is now going to do the things he has not had the time to do for the past fifteen or twenty years. Do you think Vanderbilt enjoys life? Not a bit of it. He can drive faster horses than we can, and he can drink better wine, and he drinks a good deal of the better wine, if the stories are true. What is the effect—the result? He is breaking down, and will go off like a shot one of these days, and he can't take his beautiful house and pictures and horses with him. He will begin life even with us in the next world, and not be left a hundred million of dollars by his brainy father, who accumulated the money by years of hard work and thought. No, Mr. Editor, it is better that we should be obliged to work. If I had money and idleness I might be either in the penitentiary or the mad-house within a year. Then where would your readers be?

Stations west of Livingston on the Montana division are to be known as Coal Spur, Muir, Summit, West End, The Spur, Elliston, Bozeman, First Siding, Second Siding and Gallatin. On the Yellowstone division Coal Spur, near Miles City, has been changed to Hathaway.

Otard, Dufee & Co's. brandy at Miller's Mint.

A HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

A Kentucky Ex-Congressman's Deadly Vow Fulfilled.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 27.—There was great excitement in all the towns in Kentucky to-day when it was learned that ex-congressman Philip B. Thompson had shot Walter Davis. Those who are intimate with them have been expecting the trouble for some time. Walter Davis and Philip Thompson were bosom friends they got drunk together and played cards together. Their families were wealthy, and from their boyhood up they have helped one another, politically and financially. Davis became a distiller at Harrodsburg and made money hand over fist. Thompson drifted into politics and was elected to congress, first from the Seventh District and then from the Eighth.

They were friends in youth and manhood. Davis married Miss Livernia Herring, a step-daughter of Governor Robinson's and Thompson married Mary Garnett, who was said to be the belle of the Blue Grass region. The two friends bought adjoining farms in Mercer county and their intimacy continued. Davis built himself a princely home, and is said to have contributed $10,000 in Thompson's race against Ewell, the Republican candidate last year. Not a word was whispered against Thompson's wife till last fall when in company with her husband and Davis she went to Cincinnati. Thompson went on to Washington and Walter Davis and Mrs. Thompson, who appear to have been on terms of intimacy remained in the town. They visited all the variety theatres in an opera carriage, and ended their debauch in a disreputable house.

When Thompson heard of his wife's faithlessness he disowned her, and swore that if he and Walter Davis ever met either of them would have to die. Davis avoided him till this morning. Both men got on the train which leaves Harrodsburg at 6 o'clock. They met in the smoking car. Without saying a word Thompson reached back for his pistol and fired two shots at Davis in rapid succession. Both balls took effect in Davis' head. His brains splattered the car seat, against which he was leaning. He died without saying a word. When Thompson saw that he had killed his bosom friend, he threw the pistol upon the floor and exclaimed: "This man took my wife to Cincinnati and debauched her. I swore to kill him on sight. I hope I have done so." He then ordered the train to be stopped and delivered himself up.

This is not the first time that Phil Thompson has killed his man. When a very young man, his family and the Davis family became engaged in a lawsuit over some land. They had a pitched battle in front of the court house at Harrodsburg, a father and two sons on each side, and all armed with knives and pistols. After a hand-to-hand conflict that lasted for nearly and hour, the Thompsons whipped the Davises, killing the father and two sons. Phil Thompson shot one of them through the head and his father stabbed the other two. Phil was the Commonwealth's attorney. "Little" Phil Thompson, as his friends affectionately called him, is one of the most popular men, personally, in Kentucky. The sympathy here is decidedly in his favor, and the prevailing opinion is that he will certainly be acquitted.

A Novel Club Supper.

From a Philadelphia Letter.

The other evening the Clover club gave a dinner in honor of the representatives and journalists at the convention. Among the invited were Mooney, Egan, Brennan, Father Cronin, F. A. Richardson of the Baltimore *Sun*, Young, Hugh Hastings, George Alfred Townsend and several others. The Clover club is a somewhat curious institution, and it gives its guests a good time on principles of energetic novelty. The president is Moses P. Handy, the brilliant managing editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, and among the members present in the capacity of hosts were A. K. McClure, editor of the *Times*, Charles Emory Smith, chief editor of the *Press*, and Messrs. Balch, Lambert, Deacon, Gillam, Bunn, Hoyt, Bingham and several others well known in literary circles over here. I have said there are some peculiarities about the Clover club. They sit down to a table built in the shape of a four-leafed clover. In the room, and shading some of the guests, is an orange tree full of fruit. Every now and then during the dinner one of the club shouts: "Now, then! all hands repeat the cry!" and the guest learns that "now then," when translated, means "take a drink." Whoever happens to be the latest member of the club is called the baby, and has to sit in a high chair with a ribbon about his neck, suspending an infant's rattle. Lambert, of the *Times*, occupied that post last night. The proceedings begin by passing around the board a huge silver cup filled with punch, from which the guests drink standing, while the club cheers. After dinner toasts are in order, and woe to the man who undertakes to do the regulation thing by way of thanking the club for hospitality, and that sort of business. The minute anybody starts in on a set phrase everybody shouts "Chestnut," and down he comes. Last evening a street band of perfectly funeral caliber was making night uncomfortable out in street, and one of the club members promptly went out and brought in the whole crowd to play between the speeches. I have before this seen some pretty fair imitations of a disorderly good time, but the sort of entertainment furnished by the Clover club is certainly the real original thing. Any man with the slightest sense of humor who could keep up his solemnity in that room ought to be an angel. Last evening the guests were in a perpetual and stentorian roar.

Mr. Stephen's Dog.

Cleaveland Leader.

Alexander Stephens was fond of any creature with which he came in contact. He liked animals of all kinds, and especially young animals. At home he paid much attention to his little pigs; was very careful that their mother should not injure them by rolling upon them. He always had several dogs about him. He treated them as almost human, and I think he considered them nearly so. He would talk to them and pet them. They slept at night either in his room or on the outside of the door. At Liberty hall the doors were never closed at night, and any one might have gone through the house were it not for the dogs. They slept in the library, and Alexander Stephens always occupied the chamber which opened into this. A step on the porch would raise a terrible howling, and it would have been indeed dangerous for any robber to have entered over such a guard.

There is one dog which deserves to be known in history, and that is Mr. Stephens' old poodle, Rio. He was for years Mr. Stephens' constant companion. He loved him as an intimate friend, and when he died he shed tears over his grave, Rio was a remarkable dog. He could reason more than any animal I have ever known. I remember at Liberty hall we would be talking about something going wrong on the place, and Rio would rise and go to the spot spoken of by us. He seemed to understand language, and his face was very much like that of a human. He was a big, fat poodle, with wool as white as snow, as heavy as that of a sheep and as soft as silk. He had a high forehead, and bright black eyes. He grew blind several years before he died, and Mr. Stephens took as much care of him as he would have done had he been his own flesh and blood. When he died he put him in a wooden coffin and buried him in the garden. He had intended to have erected a marble slab over his grave, but this was put off and finally neglected. He never cast off any of his dogs in their old age, and Troup, Pluck, Frank and half a dozen other of his pets were cared for during their declining years of senility and decrepitude.

Putting Wolves to Death.

One use of the whalebone to which the Esquimaux put it, and one case of which came under my personal observation, I must not allow to pass unnoticed, Whenever wolves have been unusually predatory, have destroyed a favorite dog or so, or dug up a cache or reindeer meat just when it was needed, or in any way have aroused the ire of the Innuit hunter, he takes a strip of whalebone about the size of those used in corsets, wraps it up into a compact helical mass like a watch spring, having previously sharpened both ends, then ties it together with reindeer sinew, and plasters it with a compound of blood and grease, which is allowed to freeze, and forms a binding cement sufficiently strong to hold the sinew string at every second or third turn. This, with a lot of similar looking baits of meat and blubber, is scattered over the snow or ground, and the hungry wolf devours it along with the others, and when it is thawed out by the warmth of his stomach it elongates and has the well-known effect of whalebone on the system, but having the military advantage of interior lines its effects are more rapid, killing the poor wolf, with the most horrible agonies, in a couple of days

Correspondence.

MAMMOTH CITY, May 8th, 1883.

Editor Chronicle:

The new town of the Mammoth Hot Springs is a fact of the present; a dream of the past realzed; what gable endown that has not prophesied that this was a natural point for a grand city, by each and every one, yet none claim to be a prophet or the son of a prophet, but here we are a city of grand proportions and wonderful expectations. Already we are blessed with ten saloons, three stores, three hotels, and all the modern improvements except churches, which like the small-pox, will come with the influx of population.

The lack of lumber retards the building up of our city, and to-day it resembles General Grant's camp on the "Stanislaus," before his memorable charge, when he captured the whole tribe of Digger Indians.

The worst misfortune we have met with however, is the refusal of the National Park superintendent to allow citizens on the outside of the National Park to haul firewood from within the boundaries of the Park to cook their bacon and beans with. It is a little strange that when thousands of cords of down timber lies rotting upon the ground which within a few years will be worthless for any purpose whatever, that a misguided and selfish policy should rob the very men of the right to the use of wood to cook their humble meal, whose very efforts in the early history of our country, made a visit to the park possible. When we first visited the grand wonderland of the world, now known as the National Park, we took our pack-animals and "camped on the trail" "after sober" and partook of what nature provided in the way of firewood. "It wasn't all bottled either," and there was none to say nay. But when Hatch, Snach, Grab & Co., gets control of the business in this section we can say with Cardinal Woolsey, farewell, farewell, to all our greatness.

ANSE OUT.

CHICO, MONTANA, May 8th, 1883.

Editor Chronicle:

If I should write to you of all the mining enterprises on foot here you would think the statement of your would-be mayor—but failed to get there—was wide of the mark, when he told your correspondent only two years ago, that Gallatin county was clearly an agricultural county and that no mines of value would ever be found within the limits of the county. But he was one of those men that looks through a mill stone without the aid of glasses, and consequently makes a blunder occasionaly.

The mining enterprise of the Henry Villard mining company, under the management of our old time friend, Hon. H. N. Maguire, is bound to be one of the grand successes of the age, while Edwards, Pike & Co., before "autumn snows fall thick and fast" will turn many a silver-lined cloud to a tinge of gold.

Glidden & Shafer with their usual energy have opened up a new channel in their placer claim and are taking out twenty dollars per day to the man.

The Mill Creek mining company have just began work on their mining location and have fair prospects that justify both the expenditure of labor and money.

The quartz mining interest is kept alive by the continued efforts of Jacob Fleshman, W. H. Lee, Alex. Erwin and one or two others, who have not lost faith in the richness of the ledges of the district. While we look forward to the development of our quartz interest to bring our heads above water, we shall never lose faith in our

GOLD PLACERS.

Celery rock and rye at Miller's Mint.

WIT OF THE WEEK.

A young lover in Iowa paid $40 for a locomotive to run him thirty-five miles to see his girl, and when he got there the family bull-dog ran him two miles and didn't charge him a cent. Corporations have no souls.

A Chicago woman says that she has walked the streets of that city time and again at two o'clock in the morning without being addressed. She doubtless wore a shawl which indicated that sho was gunning for a husband.

The average young man in New York might as well emigrate. Judge Arnoux has decided that ice cream saloons may be kept open on Sunday. Evidently the Judge wants to discourage gallantry in the metropolis.

Two friends meet Sunday morning as one comes out of a drug store. "Hello, Charlie; out for your mother's dram?" "Well, no; not exactly. But I have no scruples about telling you that I am out of my morning ounce."

A lady friend won't allow the saleswoman to try on her gloves for her, not because it is hard work for the saleswoman, but because our lady friend will have nothing to do with counter fits.

"No, I won't take your combings and have them made into bangs, either," growled Mr. Oldhusband to his wife, this morning. "Why, sir?" "Because I'd be arrested for tress-passing."

Professor Swift offers $200 to the discoverer of each comet during the present year. We may be able to avail ourself of this point some night when excuses for being out late run dry.

A weekly paper is to be started in San Francisco conducted exclusively by women. It will be called the *Echo*, probably because an echo, like a woman, is bound to have the last word.

A Piute princess has just married her twenty-fifth husband. A few enterprising Piute princess would soon exterminate the male portion of the tribe, and save our government considerable money.

"O, by the way, Tom," said an Austin lady to her husband just after breakfast, "be sure and bring home that new silk dress I selected yesterday, crushed strawberry, you know."

It takes an Irishman to turn a compliment. When he saw Jones, after having met the latter with Mrs. J. Pat McFlaherty, said: "Ye are mooch younger than yer wife, sur." Presently he met the wife and remarked: "The idea of such a young woman marrying Misther Jones!" The next day he met them together, but he wasn't at a loss for blarney, "Och," he exclaimed, "ye are both of yez too young for aich other."

A writer in a Denver paper, the other day, in describing Colorado Canyon, attempted to say: "Gaze up and down the rocky jaws and you imagine the world has opened its mouth to eat a planet and grind it with mountain molars." After the intelligent compostor had got in his work there was less boldness in the figure of speech, inasmuch as the world was made to open its mouth "to eat a peanut."

In a suit for separation the counsel for the wife pleaded, among other motives, the incompatibility of temper, and began to trace a portrait of the husband: "Brutal, violent, anger * * * *." The lawyer for the husband, in his turn, painted the wife: "Wicked, violent, peevish." "Excuse me," said the judge, interrupting the advocate, "gentlemen, where to you find the incompatibility of temper?"

A new invention is a door lock that has no key. Married men who are in the habit of carrying a night-key will kick against its introduction. It would be rather inconvenient to take the door off its hinges and lug it about with them until midnight or later. What is wanted is a lock with a keyhole that can be opened by simply working at it, when the male head of the house comes home and finds that incorrigible aperture making three hundred revolutions a minute.

"Hurry out into the kitchen and light the fire, Johnny; I want to get supper early."

"Can't."

"Don't answer me that way, but go along and do it."

"Can't."

"There, now; that'll do. Don't be so impudent. Go light the fire."

"I tell you I can't."

"Why can't you?"

"'Cause nobody can light a fire. If there's a fire there its's already lit; and if there isn't any, there isn't any. But I can light the kindlin', if that's what you meen."

Sullivan a Business Man.

John L. Sullivan said to-day in an interview: "I am done with ring fighting. My mother and father and wife have been at me for a long time about it, and I have concluded to obey their wishes. I am champion of America now, and if I was to beat a dozen more fighters in the ring that all I could be, anyhow. I have taken a place on Washington street here, and I am going into business, and am going to behave myself. If any of the fighters think they can do me with the gloves I will always be ready to make a match with them, and to convince them of their error. Then I am well liked here, and I can take a benefit a year that with proper attractions, can be made to yield me all the way from $3,000 to $10,000. There is no money in the ring after you have made your reputation, and I had to go up against the best men in the country to make mine."

How to Dispose of Mongrel Pups.

A citizen of Paducah, Kentucky became possessed of a litter of pups of a worthless breed, but, being a humane man, was averse to slaughtering them. So he proposed to the captain of a steamer that he should take them up the Tennessee river and try to give them away. The captain told the owner to put them in a basket, cover it with mosquito netting and invoice them to some person in Florence, Alabama, at a value of $25 each. This was done, and the basket of pups placed at the bottom of the cabin stairway, where they were surrounded by an admiring throng, the captain occasionally speaking a good word for them. Before the boat reached Johnsonville every pup in the basket had been stolen and spirited away by admirers of choice dog flesh.

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