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Weekly Chronicle.

S. W. LANGHORNE, Editor.

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BOZEMAN, M. T.

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17th, 1883.

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CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

A BULL FIGHT.

AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

Aan Written by W. A. Croffut The Correspondent.

I asked Mrs. Leslie about the bull-fight she had attended in Madrid. "It was a sad affair," she said; "it almost made me sick. I meant to write it up myself; but I haven't time, and I will give it to you. I got to Spain out of season, the regular society season being in winter, as in New York. When I arrived in July the great balls and gayetics were over, and the chief theaters were closed or closing. The regular bull-fights were at an end, too; but as the appetite for that sort of combat is insatiable there, they got up a special extra one, exclusively for the king and his court, and to that I was escorted by the family of a member of the government. King Alfonso is very fond of bull-fights, and the taste adds to his popularity. This "sport," so called, is at the bull-ring, or Plaza de Toros, a structure a good deal like the amphitheatre at Rome, with seats all around and open at the top of the sky. There were no professional bull-fighters present on this occasion, the picadors and matadors being amateurs—gentlemen bred, and many of them titled, I was told. Sometimes there are eight or ten bulls slain at one performance, but this day there were only four dispatched, partly, no doubt, because their fighters were amateurs. A bull fight has been called, you know, a tragedy in three acts, and that is what it is exactly, only that it is not play tragedy, like those on the stage. In the first act the picadors assail and irritate the bull, and are defended, from time to time, by the chulos, with their blinding cloaks; in the second act the chulos stick their barbed darts into him, till he is infuriated to desperation; in the act the matadors come in and kill him with a blow of a sword, beneath his shoulder-blade. There were about twelve or fifteen of the assailants. All were mounted. When they came in they made one or two turns around the ring showing their horsemanship, as in a circus, and bowed low before the box where the king sat. They were in various bright costumes, a conspicuous one being the red velvet jacket, embroidered in gold and silver lace, and slashed trousers of velvet or satin. Their caps were tied under their chins, and they wore diamonds and precious stones without number. Then they had a regular tournament, riding on a run around the arena, holding their spears ready and catching on their point little pennons or ribbons that hung from a horizontal bar. Some of them showed great skill at this, getting two or three of the ribbons. Then all dismounted and the horses were led away.

"Presently the first bull was led in, and was received with cries of welcome from the audience. He was a beautiful little fellow—a Castilian from the king's preserve, young, bright-eyed, silky and pretty, playful in his manner, and full of activity and a feeling of strength. He did not look fierce. In fact, I suppose they did not want too fierce an animal for these embroidered and feathered aficionadas—the flower of Madrid society—to cope with. I was so sorry for the little beauty the minute I saw him. This was not at all what I had come for. I had come to see some savage and wicked beast put out of the way, where he could do no more harm. The gentle creature seemed dazed at first; he halted and looked inquiringly around; he had apparently never heard of a bull-fight before. Perhaps he thought it was a new, strange pasture. He looked at the men on the horses. Then the 'fun' began. The picadors gathered around the bull and pricked him with their lances. He flinched, shook his head bravely, and when too close pressed, charged vigorously among them. They easily sprang out of his way, and laced him again and again when he was bewildered by the cloaks and scarlet flags flung before his face. He felt himself at a disadvantage for a time, fighting pluckily, and then trying to get away. He went to the gate again, but it was locked. He came to the palisade around the arena, looked up at the king and uttered such a pitiful bleat of misery and appeal as I shall never forget. The audience roared with laughter, and hooted him, and each banderillero attacked him with his sharp-pointed barb. This was two or three feet long, and was left sticking in the animal, all the shaft of it above the head being wound with flowers and bright ribbons that waved and fluttured as he ran. Each time one of these would be stuck in him so that it stayed, the spectators raised a cry of "Bravo! bravo!" bien hecho! (well done). When there were eight or ten of these barbs in the frenzied bull, and he was rushing blindly around the arena, full of rage, blood dripping from his sides, and the bright ribbons and roses quivering above him, there was great delight and excitement. Scores of little children, brought there by their mothers, stood up on the seats and clapped their tiny hands and shouted for joy. I would have given $100 at that moment if the little bull could have caught one of his chief tormenters on his horns and tossed him twenty-five feet in the air. But he could not. He hadn't succeeded in giving anybody a scratch. He would come and put his head over the fence now and then, and bellow sorrowfully for help, and then dodge the goads again. He began to stagger, and was evidently helpless. Then rose the cry, 'Matale! Matale!' (Kill him! Kill him!) and they all went at him to slay him. Being non-expert, they missed the clean thrust and stabbed the poor creature in the wrong place. Blood gushed forth, and the wounded animal staggered off again, making a futile effort to fight back. Women stood on tiptoe and applauded with the rest, like the scene in Murillo's picture. Finally more men came, and they succeeded at last in stabbing the creature through the brain and killing him. Then the Matadors came and bowed low before King Alfonso's box, and he smiled approvingly and led the applause. One could not help thinking of the Roman gladiatorial fights when the emperor silently inverted his thumb over the railing and the spectators cried 'pollice verso.'

"Now sit still; there are four more bulls to be killed, and some of the rest will be even better than this they told me.

"But I had enough, and more than enough. I went home. When the Madrid reporter came and asked me how I was pleased, I said: 'It is the only thing in Madrid or in Spain that I do not like.'

"I saw much of Madrid society—more, probably, than I should if I had not spoken Spanish so fluently. A beautiful dinner and reception were given to me by Senor Martos, leader of the Left in the lower house, generally regarded as the finest orator in Spain. The Spanish have an elegant and bountiful politeness unknown elsewhere. Take a letter to a Spanish family and they call upon you the evening of the day they receive it, and every evening thereafter, providing your entertainments and considering you, in a large sense, their guest. When I left Grenada, after a short stay, more than sixty persons came to take leave of me. Their hours of festivity are very curious. They turn night into day. Your invitation to dinner may ask you to come at 10 p. m., and one may properly make a visit of etiquette at 11 o'clock at night. The illustrated newspaper of Madrid I consider quite the finest in the world. There is nothing in England or America to equal it. It is illustrated and printed as well as The Century Magazine, and 15,000 copies of it are taken in this country. The printing house is admirably perfect in its equipment."

Wild Goose Chases.

Lieut. Greeley and his party are missing. This Greeley went north, but it would have been better if he had taken the old man's advice, and gone west. He went off in search of North poles, and thus far, like most arctic explorers, he neither came back himself, nor did he send back any pole. The inference is that it is with north poles very much as it is with catching Tartars. Instead of he have discovered the North Pole, it has caught him. It refuses either to go along with him, or to allow him to return. That's about the way all north poles are captured. There is too much curiosity about the poles. It does not pay the government to send out expeditions to hunt them up. About twenty explorers, not including Greeley, have come to grief. Every kind of pole is dangerous. Hayes fooled with the Southern poles in Louisana and Florida, and now even Arthur, whom he bounced from the New York customhouse, sneers at him. The objection to arctic expeditions is that there is no end to them. A fresh expedition has been gotten up at great cost to discover the preceding one, and with it all there are no assets in the shape of recovered poles.

There is something about the futile attempts of the government to create deep water on the bar at Galveston, Texas, that reminds one of polar expeditions. Just as the government officials have not got a north pole to show for the money expended, just so, after millions have been expended in deepening Galveston bar, it is quite as shallow as ever it was. An original congressional appropriation was granted, and as nothing was accomplished, another was passed to prevent the work of the first from being destroyed by the sea. And so one appropriation after another has been granted to save the previous ones, just as one arctic expedition is sent out to rescue its predecessors. Each explorer deludes the people into believing that he has an infallible plan, but the result is the same. No United States officers can produce a solitary north pole, or an additional foot of deep water on Galveston bar. There is, however, one marked difference between these two futile attempts. The north pole explorers and everybody connected with them usually suffer incredible hardships, and some of them die; but the United States engineer never suffers in health or spirits, while the contractors actually get fat. It is time an end was out to this expensive nonsense.

A Refractory Audience.

A very sad thing occurred at a late performance given at Laramie City. At the close of the last act one of the principal performers is instantly killed. It is then the duty of the audience to rise, pick up its umbrella and walk home. Sometimes, however, the audience is not familiar with the play and does not go home. It waits for more death and carnage before its awful thirst for blood is glutted.

That was the case at Laramie two weeks ago. The stage hired man who hauls the dead off into the dressing-room waited patiently, but the audience would not go. In order to get the full value of their dollar they desired to see the post-mortem examination. They could not go home until it had been settled that the villain was fully and thoroughly dead.

There he lay with his ear against a kerosene footlight, suffering, at $9 per week, and the audience absolutely refusing to go home and allow the man to revive or to requiescat in pace. The curtain, though loaded at the bottom with a telegraph pole, failed to come down, and the legs of the avenger and other members of the troupe flitted by the space left by the unruly curtain, and the dead villain lay on his back, having yielded up his life four times that same week in the same manner, besides carrying the heavy trunks of the beautiful actress up two flights of stairs for her in three different towns.

As there were no programmes the people looked at each other and wondered. They knew that this man was undoubtedly dead, but whether the company had a fresh one or not was the question.

Finally two adult members of the troupe came forward and pulled down the refractory curtain. Then the manager advanced to the front of the stage, and in a voice choked with emotion, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we would be glad to massacre some more of our troupe if we could, but we cannot afford it. In a one-stand town one man is about all we can afford to yield up to the cold embrace of death. Our printing is high and we have to pay $15 for the hall; therefore we regret to announce that the play is now over. You can go home in safety and we will attend to the remains. We have every hope that the young man will be able to draw his salary next week and that we may win him back to joy and health again. He has a good constitution, a fair appetite and we feel like trusting it all to the future. We regret to see you go, but as the janitor is now blowing out the lights, and it is getting pretty well into the shank of the evening we must say good-by to you, hoping that during our absence the Laramie opera company will decide to assess its stockholders, purchase some wicks for the footlights, put the old piano out of its misery and stick another pair of overalls into the broken window of the ladies' dressing-room, so that the actresses who visit your town will feel more segregated, as it were, and separated from the great vulgar world."

GREED OF GOLD.

It Results in the Killing and Wounding of Six Men in the New Mines.

The reports received in Butte from the scene of the gold diggings in the Cœur d'Alenes, says the *Inter Mountain*, have from the first promised a state of affairs likely at any moment to bring into play the worst passions of the hardy and adventurous men who are always the first to be at the front in circumstances like the present. That trouble was almost unavoidable, was evident from the fact that considerable feeling existed between the miners from Montana and those who hailed from Washington, Oregon and California, on account of the clashing of local laws and customs and the construction of the law in relation to placer claims. Another source of ill feeling has been the locating of claims by proxy by the parties who were first on the scene for persons who have never been on the ground, never will be, and in a great many cases have no more tangible existence than the mythical Betsy Harris. Well-founded suspicions of claims being held in this way have from time to time led to high words, and in one or two instances a little bluff has been run at the muzzle of a Winchester. What promises to be the prelude to a long and bitter vendetta was enacted about ten days ago in the camp on Prichard creek, the occasion being the attempted jumping of two claims by six men who had recently arrived and believed that the claims they wanted were smuggled. Only the most meagre particulars of the shooting can be learned at this writing, but our informant is positive on the points enumerated above. The original locators are said to still hold their grounds, but the friends of the men who have been shot swear that the end is not, and parties in that section are of the opinion that a war of extermination can only be avoided by the interference of the military, as the civil authority of that section is unable to cope with the matter.

He Was a Singular Man.

A stranger with white, long hair, a white coat, a white hat with a crape band and other evidences of lunacy, entered a restaurant and said to the proprietor:

"Sir, let me explain in advance that I am a singular man."

"All right, sir. A singular man's order is as good as any one else's."

"I want six oysters on the half shell—on the left hand half, if you please."

The oysters were opened and placed before him, and when he had devoured them, he said:

"Now take six oysters, run them through a clothes wringer to remove the dampness, and fry them for me in olive oil."

This order was also filled, when he called for a cup of salt and water, added milk and sugar and drank it down, and asked for his bill.

"I also desire to explain in advance that I am a singular man," replied the reporter.

"Your bill is $2."

"Impossible!"

"Just $2, sir."

"But that is monstrous."

"Perhaps it seems high, but that's my singular way of charging for singular lunches."

"I'll never pay it!"

"Then I'll sadden your heart!"

The sad proceedings were about to begin when the long haired man forked over and walked out. The lesson seemed to sink deep in his heart, for he halted at a fruit stand, and without any explanation in advance, paid the usual price for a banana and carried it off without asking the seller to dip the ends of it in rose water

Villard Re-Elected.

The board of directors chosen at the recent annual meeting of the Northern Pacific railroad company met this afternoon and transacted business of considerable importance. Among other things the question of the amount of the proposed second mortgage bonds, that has agitated Wall street foe a long time, was definitely settled. The old officers were re-elected without exception as follows: President, Henry Villard; first vice-president, T. F. Oakes; second vice-president, Anthony J. Thomas; secretary, Samuel J. Wilkeson; treasurer, R. S. Belknap. The following resolutions providing for an issue of second mortgage bonds to the amount of $20,000,000, to pay of the floating debt, complete the construction of unfinished lines, and furnish a working capital, were passed.

Whereas, There is now required to provide for the present unfunded debt beyond the cash means available the sum of $9,459,920, and whereas the additional sum of $5,000,000 will be required to complete the construction of the main line contracted for, including bridges and tunnels, and to provide pay for all the equipment required and contracted for, therefore be it resolved unanimously, that this board, subject to the approval of three-quarters of the preferred stock, authorizes the execution of a second mortgage for $20,000,000 on all the property, subject only to the priority of the present general mortgage; that this mortgage shall be similar in terms and conditions to the general mortgage, subject only to the liens of said mortgage.

Resolved, That a finance committee be appointed to open negotiations for the sale of $18,000,000 of second mortgage bonds and to report its action of this board.

Resolved, That a meeting of preferred stockholders of this company be called, to be held at the office of the company in New York, on the 20th of November next, and to vote upon the question and issue of $20,000,000 of second mortgage bonds, and that, in accordance with the plan of recognization, the secretary will give notice of said meeting at least thirty days prior thereto, and that, for the purpose of said meeting, the transfer books of the preferred stock of this company will be closed October 20th, at 3 p. m., and remain closed till the 26th of November, at 10 a. m.

Resolved, That the officers of this company be requested to prepare and publish with all dispatch, for the information of the stockholders, a cicular giving full particulars of the funded and unfunded debt of this company, and of the present condition of the operating and land departments, including in the latter the cancellation of bonds with proceeds of land sales.

With this meeting the rate per mile of the total capitalization of the Northern Pacific railway will be $34,340, and including stock, bonds and all indebtedness whatever, the liability to each mile track will be, in round numbers, $82,000. It is stated authoritatively that prominent capitalists have made overtures to take the whole of these new bonds in advance of their issuance, so that no difficulty will be experienced in placing them. There is good rrason for the belief that the Drexels are among those who have offered to take them. The traffic on the road since completion has exceeded expectations. The earnings during September were $1,210,000, and for the three months ending September 30th, they were over $3,000,000, and this mainly from the local points, of which St. Paul is the most prominent, the through business having not, as yet, fairly started. In September, 1882, the gross earnings were $763,000. The opening of the road through to the Pacific was too late in the season to secure much of the west-bound freight from New York for the coast States for the fall and winter trade, but the application daily made for rates by leading shippers to points west of St. Paul, one of the officers of the road states, indicate a rushing business for the spring trades. "Hereafter," said he, "the Northern Pacific will take care of itself. Its earnings will be so enormous that it will be independent of speculation." Regarding the Villard-Gould combination this same officer makes the assertion that the alleged meeting at the office of a well-known Wall street broker never took place. That Mr. Gould is not interested in supporting the Villard stocks, only in so much as it is for his interest to sustain the market, and that he has not increased his holding of stock, nor is he likely to.

Sham Battles.

A fierce sham battle was fought with great gallantry on both sides in New Jersey last week by several milita regiments. Both armies were somewhat under the influence of ice lemonade, hut otherwise in the best of humor. The alleged rebels occupied a strong position on a hill, defended, moreover, by a battery of disloyal artillery. The rebel commander having sent an orderly to the union general with his compliments, and a request to attack, the boys in blue charged right up the hill, in the hot sun, through a perfect hail of blank cartridges, and, having hauled down the traitorous emblem, planted the flag of our country on the battlement. Unfortunately, ten or fifteen men were injured by burnt powder and wads from the guns, and had to be removed to the hospital for repairs. So it seems that charging rebel batteries, even in these piping times of peace, is not unattended with danger, not to speak of the colic that is almost sure to result from drinking lemonade and eating peanuts. There are, however, consequential damages of the most serious character that may result from these sham battles, and to which we desire to call the attention of the Washington authorities.

For the past eighteen years the army of United States pensioneers has been steadily reinforced. The regiments must be as full as they were at the beginning of the war. There will soon be several pensioners in every family unless something is done to reduce the army of alleged maimed veterans to a peace footing. The United States government has already paid the neat little sum of $530,000,000 in pensions since the war. Last year, alone, 27,644 new pensioners were created, and there are now on file 269,678 applicants to be passed on. When the vast number of crippled Union soldiers is taken into consideration, we feel that we have unwittingly done the Confederate generals great injustice by refuring to believe their reports of the battles of the war. During the war, whenever the Confederate generals gained battles—and they never lost a single one—the number of Yankees they reported killed and wounded was thought to be exaggerated. A great many people in the South believed that the Confederate generals lied, but now that hundreds of thousands of wounded Federals are applying for pensions, it is very evident that the Confederate generals underestimated the damage to the Union forces. It is pretty rough on the average tax-payer as it is, but if sham battles become fashionable up North, there never will be an end to the pension business. Those milita soldiers can all receive pensions on account of their injuries received in that sham battle. They can conscientiously make affidavit that they were disabled while fighting under the stars and stripes. They can lay their hands on their shirt bosoms and truthfully swear that they were shot down (with blank cartridges) while charging on a rebel battery. Under these circumstances, the government can have no excuse for refusing to place the names of the maimed heroes on the pension roll, particularly as there are tens of thousands of pensionors who never smelt powder, even in an ammunition wagon, who are in perfect health, and are a terror to their landladies. Heretofore, persons who were injured by saw-mills or by railroad accidents, have had the inside track in the pension business, but from now on the sacred survivors of a sham battle, in which the Union forces were severely punished, will take the lead and keep it.

The government should make it a penal offense to engage in sham battle, and Gen. Sherman should issue an erder: "If any man pulls down the (sham) rebel flag, shoot him on the spot until he desists."

Charles Goodnight has the largest cattle ranch in the world at the head of Red River, Texas. He began buying land four years ago, getting 270,000 acres at 35 cents an acre. The price has risen to $2 an acre. He is still buying. He controls 700,000 acres. To enclose his lands 250 miles of fence are required. He has 40,000 cattle.

—Faint hearted young men should take courage. Only three and one-half months more before leap year. Girls here's a pointer as to your chance with a procrastinating lover. There's lots of fellows, however, who, when they read this, will skip to the woods.

—"Subscriber" asks: "Can you explain why so many people who are not Catholics make it a point to eat fish on Fridays?" Yes; it is because Friday is the only day in the week when fish can be found in the market.

Richard K. Fox, owner of the Police Gazette, is but thirty-five years old, and has an income of $200,000 a year. He started ten years ago with a cash capital of $10.

GOLD GALORE.

New Finds in the Vicinity of Gardiner Cause Lively Prospecting—New Coal Beds also Discovered.

Bozeman, Montana, Oct., 5.—Special correspondence to the *Pioneer Press*. This county is considerably agitated over the developments of the week at Gardiner, the terminus of the Park branch of the Northern Pacific railroad. For some weeks half a dozen old placer miners have been prospecting there for free gold in the gravel deposits that cover the upper Yellowstone bottoms. The miners worked so steadily that suspicion was aroused, and the cat was finally let out of the bag. She proved a formidable feline, and the prospectors owned up to having washed from $100 to $150 per week to the man. Staking off placer claims of twenty acres each was at once indulged in, and now for over three miles north and south of Gardiner the ground is divided into claims that are dotted over with men; some panning, others ground-sluicing, and still others running bed-rock drifts, preparing to put in monitors and working the ground with hydraulic. Your correspondent has been over the upper Yellowstone prospecting for placers and can truthfully state that the outlook is fine all along the upper stream. All the gravel deposit there is rich in gold from grass roots to bed rock, and one can not wash a pan of dirt without getting all the way from "colors" to fifteen cents to the pan. Numbers of claims in California and Nevada pay well at one-eighth of a cent to the pan when worked systematically and one can readily see how the new placers mentioned will pan out when water is properly applied, backed by the "Little Giant" monitors.

A company of gentlemen from Mount Washington, Maryland, have just organized, and will put in ditches and flumes from the Yellowstone itself to work ground near Emigrant gulch, thirty miles from Bozeman. This company starts its ditch with a capital of $60,000. A gentleman well known in the medical fraternity of northern Minnesota is about to locate a smelter on the "Great Eastern" of Emigrant canyon. This lode is 150 feet wide between the walls; carries silver, lead, copper and some gold, and is traced for miles across the mountains.

At Gardiner, also they have been testing their huge veins of bituminous coal, and find it makes a fine quality of coke. A blacksmith from there informed your reporter yesterday that he had used that coal in his forge for the past six months, had never lost a heat with it and preferred it to the usual anthricate he used in the states. Another large body of bituminous coal has just been uncovered four miles east of Bozeman, and it now seems as though the prediction of your special with the Villard party were approaching realization. He propesied that the mining interests of the Gallatin valley would soon overshadow its agricultural industry, and these new discoveries piling one on the other so rapidly seem to have sent a new thrill of life into the mining arteries that rejuvinates them, and insures more and better developments.

—A beer barrel may be all right for holding steam for men to get loaded with, but it is a poor thing to generate steam in to run a boat. A man in Paterson, N. J., made a boiler out of a beer keg for a boat. People along the river are now picking up the kindling wood. The man is sleeping neath the daisies.

—The Chicago *Herald* says: "A prominent society belle of Indianopolis has eloped with a member of a minstrel troupe. The man is white but his bride fell in love with him when he was blacked up as a negro." The *Herald* forgets that love is blind and in the case cited it was color blind.

Who Were The Heathen!

Last Sunday a Chinaman was buried in Philadelphia. The novelty of the pagan ceremonies attracted a tremendous crowd to the cemetery, and the newspaper reporters of the affair tell us that the crowd hooted and yelled and trampled, like a drove of hogs, upon the graves. The Chinese mourners quietly buried their dead according to the customs and ritual of their religion, and when they had performed the last solemn rites over the buried dust of their deceased countryman, they returned quietly and peaceably to their homes, amid the hootings and jeers of the gang every one of which had been brought up and educated, if not born, in a land of Christian institutions and Christian influences. The scene suggests a sorrowful contrast, and is freighted with instruction.

We are in the habit of speaking disparagingly of the customs and habits of heathen lands. We commiserate them on account of the mental and moral darkness which paganism has hung over them like some great pall. But we should not in view of last Sunday's affair and other circumstances that might be named, be too fast in condemning what, in some respects, would serve as a very appropriate model for ourselves. It is not intended to cast any slur upon the Christian religion. The system, taught by the Nazarene, has been the leaven, hidden in the three measures of meal, and which has, through a period of eighteen centuries, succeeded in lifting the world up to higher planes of thought and action. The trouble is not in christianity, but in the lack of it. If there be any one tendency in the christian religion which, if properly exhibited, shows itself most prominently in human life, it is the tendency to make a man a gentleman. Everything that savors of courtesy and refinement is embraced in the system taught by Him whose chief ambition was to do good among men. Sourness, harshness, and rudeness find no sympathy, no excuse, no palliation whatever in that system. All the sweet graces of a noble, refined soul are inculcated by positive injunction and illustrated by actual life; while everything that has the color and character of a sour, crabid, dyspeptic disposition meets with stern and merited rebuke. No one can possibly find fault with the principles and precepts of the christian religion, but a great deal of fault can be found with the character and conduct of many who profess to be its exponents. The affair, last Sunday, certainly should cause all of this professedly christian land to blush with shame in the presence of benighted pagans.

If the christian religion means anything, it means that those who profess it should be gentlemen. The hootings of the mob at the Chinese burial are inexcusable. The picture is sad to contemplate. There were a few Chinamen, burying a dead comrade, acting like gentlemen in every sense of the word, and reverently obeying the teachings of their faith. And there were a lot of fellows, and women and children too, who, brought up in a christian land, surrounded by christian influences, acted like hogs, worse, they acted like demons. The contrast is by no means complimentary to us, and suggests the lesson that we, with all our superior light and boasted civilization, should be more cautious in our condemnation of others, and more careful of the way in which we conduct ourselves. One, as he who looks back on that disgraceful proceeding of last Sunday, cannot help asking the question, who, in that affair, were the heathen?

People We Talk About.

Postmaster General Gresham is down with chills and fever.

Julian Hawthorne has taken a house at Sag Harbor, on Long Island sound.

S. P. Coon, Wisconsin's second attorney general, is dying at Milwaukee of consumption.

Chow wo Foo, a noted teacher among the Chinese, is in Chicago, looking up his countrymen there.

The Croton Aqueduct commission want to run through Jay Gould's estate at Irvington, and he objects.

Bancroft, the historian, is as hearty as ever, and fairly surprised his guests at Newport on his eighty-third birthday,

John Swinton, of the New York *Sun*, has decided to start a journal in defense of the people's rights against the plutocrasy.

Gov. Proctor Knott will appoint ex-Gov. Blackburn superintendent of the Central Kentucky Insane asylum at Anchorage.

John Russell Young United States minister to China, is said to have partially mastered the art of speaking the language of the country.

The physicians of Judge Kelley of Pennsylvania require that he shall remain in Paris a week longer and they say that exertion or excitement may prove injurious.

Rev. John Rankin of Ripley, Ohio, who wrote the call for the organization of the Abolition society, is said to be the first abolitionist. He is now ninety-two years old.

President White, of Cornell university, left for Washington last night. He was the referee of the United States and Great Britian in the Northwestern boundary questions.

Mathew Arnold will leave Liverpool for New York next Saturday in the Servia, accompanied by his wife and daughter. Mr. Arnold intends to return at the end of February.

Tom Kinney, a Utica, N. Y., lawyer whom the Democrats have nominated for State senator, was charged by the *Herald* with having been a rebel spy during the war. A libel suit over the matter has never been tried.

The Boston Universalist society, of which Rev. M. Houghton is pastor voted that Houghton be retained until April at his present salary, $18,000, with the understanding that he will then cease as pastor. His recent sermon on the Rose Ambler case, it is believed, brought about this action

The tradesmen of Florence are rejoicing at the prospect of having Ismail Pasha and his harem settled in that city. The ex-khedive has just concluded the purchase of the Gheradeske palace, one of the finest in Italy, an enormous structure, with extensive outbuildings and spacious gardens. The price for the whole was £45,000.

Northern New Jersey has been reveling in a real bear hunt. As the animal is a tame one and is fond of hugging, the Jersey girls naturally take great interest in the pursuit of the coy creature.

John Swinton, of the New York *Sun*, testified before the senate labor committee that newspaper reporters were paid from $3,000 to $5,000 per year. Since then he has received thousands of applications for the $5,000 positions.

Though the North Pole may worry the brain of scientists for ages, Boston will still cling to the bean pole with touching tenderness.

President Soto, of Honduras liked San Francisco so much that he spent the summer there. Some men are easily satisfied.

A Philadelphia justice of the peace keeps a gambling house and fines himself occassionally just to uphold the majesty of the law.

Judge Foraker has made seventy speeches since the campaign opened, and hasn't collided with a single venerable egg.

—The City Marshal of Dodge City, Kansas, will be a candidate fer re-election and base his claim upon the fact that he has killed a cowboy at a distance of three hundred yards.

—"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray to God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four or five days or a week?" "Because we want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

President Gregvy, of France, is distributing the grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. Thus far Dennis Kearney has been overlooked.

Somebody wanted Sitting Bull to go on the lecture platform, but the wily chieftain says he never could bear the smell of deceased eggs.

Princess Winnemucca, of the Piutes, is pouring thrilling tales of the wrongs of the red men into the eager ears of the erudite Bostonians.

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