The Bozeman Weekly Chronicle.

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Jim Whitlatch.

Jim Whitlatch, the old Montana rustler, is once more in the field, and from all indications has secured a property which will rival the Whitlatch Union in its palmiest days. Last July he bonded a group of mines for $30,000 in the immediate vicinity of the famous Cable lead, in Deer Lodge county, and which he was then satisfied were extensions of the Cable. The group consisted of the Southern Cross, Sonora, Monitor, Pleides and Monitor Extension. Immediately after bonding he put a force of men to taking out ore from the Southern Cross, the most promising of the groupe. He has now 12,000 tons of ore on the dumps which will go from $8 to $12 per ton in free milling gold. He is now down on the lead thirty-seven feet and has developed it to a width of forty feet, but as yet has found no walls. The expense of taking out the ore is only about $1.50 per ton and the total cost of mining and milling about $4 per ton. Mr. Whitlatch yesterday completed one payment of $15,000 and in the spring will ship out a twenty-stamp quartz mill from the east to erect upon his mine. He has already been offered $20,000 for his bargain, but refused, as he is satisfied that he has one of the finest mines yet struck in Montana. His legion of old friends throughout the Territory will rejoice at his good luck and join with the *Independent* in hoping that his last strike may prove as rich as his first one in this Territory some eighteen years ago.

Mr. Whitlatch stated yesterday to our reporter that before selling the famous Whitlatch Union he had taken from it as shown on the books $3,663,000, and he still has faith in the old mine, by the way. He has since his return to Montana thoroughly explored the mine, and is satisfied that the parties last working it, drifted away from the lead. He believes that he can strike the lead by a perpendicular shaft of 500 feet, and thinks that in a year or two more the Whitlatch Union will again boom forth in all its former splendor. We sincerely hope that he may be correct, and we are satisfied that if any man can unearth the lost Whitlatch Union and reveal its golden hiding place among the deep crevices of the mountains, Jim Whitlatch is the man.—*Independent.*

Can't Amuse Himself.

The disadvantages of riches were never more plainly or more plaintively presented than by Mr. John W. Mackey, the "bonanza king." A hard-working man of simple habits, his favorite—indeed, his only—amusement had been a couple of hours' card playing nightly, the game as a matter of course being draw-poker. When his uncounted millions poured in upon him the rich man was heard to lament the inconvenience of their possession. "The only amusement I had," he said sadly, "was my game of draw, and the interest in that is gone, for I don't care now for what I win and don't feel what I lose."

The Duke and the Dude.

The following story is told of on English nobleman, recently deceased: The duke was once in church when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate began to go round, and the duke carefully put his hand into his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the pew before him, ready to be transferred to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal florin. This was too much for his grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first. His grace quietly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the duke's donation, and then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns, ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, and then turned defiantly toward his rival as if he would say, "I think that takes the shine out of you." Fancy his chagrin when the duke with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket.

Pre-Emption Swindles.

The following from the St. Louis *Republican*, is to the point, and exposes a system of wholesale swindling which has been in full operation ever since Kansas and Nebraska were opened to settlement. The homestead act aids a few to get homes, but the great body of land entered under that act, goes into the hands of speculators.

Many believe that the actual settlers would, as a whole, get their farms cheaper, if the pre-emption law were repealed.

"The pre-emption feature in our public land code, was enacted for the specific purpose of enabling actual settlers to secure farms on the public domain, and to protect the domain from speculators. But it seems that in the Northwest the pre-emption law has been seized by the speculators and employed to defeat the very purpose it was intended to serve. The provisions of the law are uniformly disregarded. One-half of the lands taken up in Dakota, are declared to be irregularly entered. In some townships there are not more than fifteen actual settlers, and yet the lands are all taken up; and a few townships are found where only four or five houses are to be seen, yet speculators own all the land, having secured it through false swearing under the pre-emption law. A very large proportion of the immigrants moving into the Northwest, are forced to buy their lands, not from the government at government prices, but from speculators at double and treble prices.

"It is to be hoped that some efficient measures will be adopted by congress to prevent this abuse. The public domain should be kept for actual settlement only. It is not good for the country that the rich grain lands of the Northwest should fall into the hands of speculators, jobbing corporations and baronial owners. Huge Dalrymple farms of 25,000 acres each, are features to be sternly discouraged. It would be a blessing to have every baronial landed estate in the West broken up and subdivided among a large number of small independent owners."

Miss Villard's Breakfast Shawl.

New York Letter: In looking about me at the new opera house the evening—it is the thing to look about you up there the boxes would be awfully cut up if you didn't rake them all over—I noticed across the aisle from where I sat (mine was only a poor $5 orchestra chair) a family of three—father, mother and daughter. I was particularly struck by the plainness of their appearance contrasted with the glint and glitter of the rest of the house. They were well enough dressed, the father in evening suit, the mother in a white crape shawl and bonnet. The daughter, a fresh-looking girl in her teens, wore a brown silk dress and a black felt hat, trimmed with feathers, set square upon her head. She evidently felt the cold winds that rushed through the lower part of the house, and had pulled across her shoulders a white worsted breakfast shawl. I don't think that there is anything in the way of a wrap much uglier than one of those crocheted breakfast shawls, but I liked the girl's independence in wearing it. I will wager a $10 bill that there was not another in the house, and, what is more not another young lady in the house who would have dared to wear one. In chatting with a friend between the acts I said for want of something better to say, "I wonder if that girl wears a breakfast shawl to the opera because she likes it or because she can't afford a cloak." He looked and laughed. "That girl could afford to wear twenty opera cloaks, if she wanted to; don't you know who she is?" "No," said I, "is she anybody?" "Well, her father is; that big German-looking man sitting by her side is her father, and his name is Henry Villard, and his business the Northern Pacific railroad, as you are probably aware." For once I saw a millionaire who did not flaunt his millions, who sat in an orchestra seat rather that in a box, whose wife was not sown in diamonds, and whose daughter could were a worsted breakfast shawl to the opera.

Timber Decision.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—Secretary Teller rendered the following decision in the case recently reported from the general land office from Washington Territory in which one Baird was accused of tresspassing and cutting timber unlawfully on public lands. The accused, although a squatter, is rightfully on the land if he intends to make his home on it and take it up under the settlement laws when lands are surveyed and he is allowed to do so. Whether he is or is not a trespasser does not depend on how many trees he cut, but on the bona fide character of the settlements. If he takes up land in good faith he is the owner thereof to all practical purposes, although the title may remain with the government. It is better for the government to suffer occasionally by the loss of the timber cut on pretended homestead and pre-emption claims than that settlers should be embarrassed in their efforts to secure the benefits of liberal laws, passed for the express purpose of inducing the people to go on the public lands and make themselves homes. The correspondence between ex-Speaker Keifer and William Walter Phelps will soon be published.

Morrissey's Hibernicon.

"The panoramic, historical, musical and comic entertainment given by this company in the Atheneum last evening was meritorious and highly appreciated by an unusually large audience. The immense room was not filled but enough people were present to crowd any other hall in the city beyond standing room. The scenery, which consists of views of the famous beauty spots of the Emerald Isle, is as usual, beautiful, but the most entertaining and praiseworthy feature of the show is the marvelous ventriloquism of Mr. Wells. No ventriloquist has ever traveled in the west or northwest who has such a complete control of the voice, and his superior in this wonderful art is unknown. Mr. and Mrs. Morrissey in Irish sketches, songs and dances are good and their dancing is excellent."—Bismarck *Tribune.*

The Chickory Smelter.

The building of Dr. Newcomb's smelter at Chickory has been carried on so quietly (perhaps the cause is traceable to the fact that its owner is not given to public talk that might have the appearance of boastfullness), that now when it is complete and ready to turn out bullion, an extended reference to it may be of general interest, especially as everything we shall say regarding it comes from an authoritative source and may be relied upon.

The building is of wood, 24x30 feet. The smelter itself measures 8x14 feet outside and is surmounted by a stack rising 40 feet. The smelter is capable of handling from five to eight tons of the most refractory ore, and in ore that yields more easily, its capacity will reach from ten to thirteen tons daily. About two weeks ago the smelter was regarded as complete, and an experimental run was made. At that time the brick work of stack did not extend above the roof, but was susmounted by an iron stack lined with fire-clay. It should be remembered that a heat of from 1,400 to 1,600 degrees Farenheit, is required to melt the silica from which the metals are to be separated—or twice what will reduce iron to a liquid, and it may readily be imagined that when the furnace fires began to act upon the ores the iron stack was very red in spite of its fire-clay lining and atmosheric surrounding. While there was no danger of meltmg, there was danger that it would set fire to the wood roof through which it passed, and this danger became so imminent before the required temperature had been attained in the furnace, that preferring to sacrifice the test for that time rather than burn his building, Dr. Newcomb ordered the furnace doors thrown open and allowed the smelter to cool.—*Enterprise.*

Steam Laundry.

A. R. Bartlett, at D. D. Smith & Co's., has taken the agency for the Helena steam laundry. Clothes will leave here on Friday and return on the following Friday. The advantage of having shirts, collars and cuffs laundried by this process is that they are made glossy and will keep clean and stiff twice as long as those done up by any other method. d-14-tf

Notice.

The Bozeman United States Land office is now consolidated and is located in the Osborn block. The office will be open from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. d8-tf.

TELEGRAPHIC.

A Full Account of the Horrible Murder Near Jackson, Michigan.

A Dastardly Double Murder Committed in Hickman, Kentucky.

The Famous Leadville Sermon That is now Being Published East.

An ex-Convict's Joke and What Came of it—the Farmer Surprised.

Young Hoodlums in Milwaukee Imitating Dime Novel Characters.

A Murderer's Horrible Work.

JACKSON, Mich., Nov. 22.—This morning four persons (Jacob D. Crouch, aged 74, a widower; Henry White, aged 38, a son-in-law of Crouch; Eunice White, aged 33, daughter of Crouch—all of Summit township, and Moses Polley, aged 26, of Transfer, Mercer county, Pa.,) were found murdered in their beds, all having been shot through the head, behind the ear. It is supposed they were chloroformed first, as no signs of struggle appeared. The murder has caused intense excitement and hundreds of people flocked to the horrible scene. The officers are very quiet upon the subject, but are hard at work trying to get a clue to work upon. Crouch slept in an alcove opening into the sitting room, near the front part of the house. His daughter and her husband occupied a front bed room, opening in the parlor. In another bed room, opening also into the parlor, lay the remains of Polley. Crouch was lying with his face to the wall, and had a bullet hole in the left side of his head, two inches back of the ear. The ball passed through the brain, and death was instantaneous. White was shot twice, the ball entering the right side of his neck three inches below the ear severing the artery. The second ball entered the temple near the right eye. He was discovered lying on his back as if peacefully sleeping. His wife was shot five times and made a hard struggle for life as judged by the position of the arms and disorder of her clothing. Two balls passed through her right arm, one through the left and one through the right breast into the lungs, one through the chin and neck and another through the wrist. Polly was shot twice, one ball entering the opening of the right ear directly into the brain, the second passing through the chest from the right side. No indications of struggle. The sheriff believes the shots were fired by one person and one revolver, as a number of empty cartridges found on the floor all show the same calibre and there are conflicting rumors regarding the use of chloroform. The testimony of the first neighbors who arrived at the scene was that the chloroform was suffocating. The young negro was arrested and jailed to await the result of the coroner's inquest, which will be held tomorrow. Crouch was worth $2,000,000 in property in Jackson county and sheep ranches in Texas, near Forth Worth. He leaves two sons and one daughter. A pocketbook containing $105 and a certificate of deposit for $500 was found on a window in White's room. An empty cartride box of 32-calibre cartridges was found in the negro boy's room.

LONDON, Nov. 26.—Wolff is one of the leading Socialists. The metropolis machines were fitted with time fuses. There were about ten pounds of explosive material in each machine. Wolff was engaged some time at the wax work exhibition at the Royal Aquarium. There was a violent explosion four months ago at his residence, which he reported as an explosion of gas. The prisoner gave the name of Wm. Wolff, occupation, chemist. He was brought to Bow street police court, and charged under the explosives act as with knowingly having in his possession an explosive substance for unlawful purpose. A Bow street officer testified he met the prisoner on Vauxhill bridge road, close to his residence. The prisoner ran away when he approached. After arresting him the officers proceeded to Wolff's lodgings and infernal machines were found. There were also found fourteen empty powder cans and some documents, including a letter to Count Von Munster, German ambassador, written in German, which says, "If you wish freedom you must give us equality." It is signed Prolitarian. Wolff said the things found must have been placed there by a Frenchman. He was remanded until Thursday. A Frenchman named Bélderane gave the information which led to the arrest of Wolff.

The passengers drowned by the sinking of the French brig Rocaberg, in a collision, were French fishermen returning from Newfoundland.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 27.—The *American's* special from Hickman, Ky., gives an account of the horrible double murder of Hillman King and wife, an old and respected couple. Their son Arthur this morning visited the house, and found his mother dead in a pool of clotted blood. He gave the alarm, and the neighbors found his father in the barn covered with shucks and partly eaten by rats. A German peddler is suspected. The house was robbed of $2,000.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 26.—The latest number of the Nihilist organ *The Will of the People*, gives a harrowing detail of the sufferings of political prisoners at Peter and Paul fortress, where they are treated like murderers. No distinction is made between men and women or sick and healthy. Several have gone mad and committed suicide.

SALT LAKE, Nov. 22.—The *Tribune's* New York special says: The *Times'* correspondent at Milwaukee says that Sullivan is going to fight Ryan, but the particulars as published are not correct. said the pugilist Sullivan to a correspondent to-day:

"I made Ryan two offers, one was that if he should stand before me for four rounds he should have all the gate money, if not I should have all. The other was, that whether he should stand up the entire four rounds or not, he should have fifty per cent. of the gate money. Like a sensible man Ryan accepted the last offer. He will now get $3,000 of the $6,000 whether I whip or not. The fight will probably take place in San Francisco, and will occur between January 23d to February 23d next. It will be fought according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules. I was never in better health in my life than I am at the present time. I have not drank a drop of liquor for two weeks, and I am taking good care of myself. I have not been in training of late, however, and I am a little fleshy. I do not intend to go into training until I reach San Francisco. Two or three weeks will get me in first class trim. I will be out of the ring in four or five months. I have been making lots of money lately, but in Boston I have a father and mother dependent upon me for support and would rather keep them by other means than prize fighting. I have a saloon in Boston that is paying me very well, and I intend to pursue that business after retiring from the ring. The fight with Ryan will probably be my last."

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, Va., Nov. 24.—On Friday evening the boiler of the mill of N. O. Martin exploded, instantly killing Job Anderson and a son of Jerry Jackson, both colored, and a white man named Burnside, and frightfully injuring S. B. Martin and David Steele. The former's injuries, it is believed, will prove fatal. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., Nov. 23.—A disastrous fire is raging in the vicinity of Mill Creek, and extends almost to Allenville, a distance of nine miles. About five thousand cords of wood and a like number of cords of bark have been destroyed. The fire extends over several thousand acres of valuable timber land, and is supposed to have been started by hunters camping on the mountains.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—Hon. Henry Watterson, editor of the *Courier-Journal*, Louisville, delivered an address to-night in advocacy of the principles of free trade. The address was somewhat in the nature of a reply to arguments in favor of protection presented last night by ex-United States counsel Dudley. Mr. Watterson had an audience which included the best thinkers of this section, who gave attention to the subject of free trade and protection. While the closest attention was given to the utterance of the speaker the applause was generous and genuine. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher presided and presented Mr. Watterson, who had a most cordial reception. Beecher said as to the charge, "I am a republican, I do not deny it, but they do not own me. Every citizen must do what he can to farther the end of government, and he can only do this by working with one of the great political parties."

I am also a clergyman but only by courtesy. I am also a citizen and I am here to perform my duties as such. Mr. Beecher went on to say he believed the protective system was a grinding oppression upon the poor men of the country. If it was right to tax clothes, books, pictures, and iron, it could not be wrong to tax ministers, and yet he didn't intend the tax should be put upon such men as Dr. Taylor and Dr. Hall. It was perfectly consistent with the theory of protectionists. Mr. Watterson was preceeded in a short address by David A. Wells.

CHATTANOOGA, Nov. 22.—Andy Taylor, the last living of the three Taylor brothers who murdered two sheriffs and captured a railroad train with 100 passengers aboard, compelling the engineer to carry them twenty miles at a dangerous high speed, about a year ago, will be hanged to-morrow at two o'clock at London, Tennessee. To-day while being taken from Knoxville to London, he slipped a revolver out of the pocket of one of the guards, and though heavily manacled, managed to get the muzzle of the pistol within a few inches of the head of Sheriff Foute, of London, but owing to the fact that Taylor thought the pistol self-cocking, he was knocked down before he could raise the hammer of the pistol. He remarked, "if I had not mistaken the pistol for a self-cocker, you (Foute) would have got to Hell several hours before me."

Taylor is about 21 years old, but seems to have no fear of the gallows. The execution will be private. The crime was committed by the two elder brothers and himself to release their elder brother, a prisoner. The deed was one of the most atrocious and daring ever committed in the state.

LONDON, Tenn., Nov. 23.—Andy Taylor the last of the three notorious brothers, was executed at 3:15 p. m. He maintained the same indifference to the last and refused to converse with the Minister. He ate dinner with much relish, and at 2:30 was taken from the jail. He mounted the gallows with a firm step, and, when asked if he wished to address the crowd, said that he did not, and was entirely unmoved on the gallows. After the noose was adjusted he said to the sheriff of Hamilton county, "G'd—n you, I could drink your heart's blood." The drop sprung at 3:15, and he died of strangulation in nine minutes and was cut down at 3:35.

The crowd was orderly and the gallows screened. It was the first private execution that ever took place in the state.

KINGSTON, Ont., Nov. 24.—Owing to the rows in the Salvation Army meetings the police commissioners have sworn in nine Salvation Army constables for the meetings. Dr. Wilson, a curate of St. George cathedral and a leading Angelican clergyman, created a sensation by attending all night the prayer meetings of the Salvation Army and taking part in the holy communion. The rector of the cathedral requested an explanation. Dr. Wilson defended himself and takes the full responsibility.

SALT LAKE, Nov. 24.—The Chicago *Daily News* Decatur, Ill., special says: The aged father of the murdered Zora Burns, accompanied by a dozen rough looking fellows, passed through here for Lincoln, Ills., this morning and declined to state the nature of their errand. As old Mr. Burns has twice previously attempted to make a personal attack on O. A. Carpenter, who was arrested for the crime, it is thought that the present journey is taken for a like purpose. A large number of people have gone to Lincoln in the expectation of an encounter of some character.

Reward.

A suitable reward will be paid by the undersigned for the arrest and conviction, or information leading to the arrest and conviction of any and all parties who shall injure any of the telegraph poles or wires of the old Government telegraph line, same will be used early in the spring. JOSEPH LEIGHTON.

d24-w45-50.

Beecher on Theatre-Going.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—At the Plymouth prayer meeting last night Beecher answered the question, if his objections to the theatre were removed. He said he didn't do anything covertly when he went to the theatre in broad daylight. He said that he was brought up to believe that the theatre was a thing of evil, and that going to one was almost as bad as going to the devil. After reading a great deal about the drama, Mr. Beecher had decided to go to see Salvini in Othello. If there was nothing worse in the theaters than he saw there, he did not know what non-theater-goers made such a "rumpus" about. He was glad that he went. When Mr. Irving came, a cherished member of the best society in the British kingdom, even a friend of royalty, Mr. Beecher decided to go and hear him and he went to the matinee last Saturday afternoon. He enjoyed the acting thoroughly, and would like to go again. If any one cared to know, he was frank to say that the tickets were presented to him. It is not right to go to all theaters, but those which rank high are so very extensive that the very class who most need this kind of recreation cannot afford to go to them.

CHICAGO, Nov. 26.—A daily *News* Jackson, Michigan special says: Sunday morning an ex-convict, only released from prison Friday, arrived here and claimed to be a Chicago detective. He chartered an engine and proceeded to Mason, twenty miles north of here, where he claimed the Crouch family murderer was stopping. The fellow got the sheriff at Mason, and they arrested and brought to Jackson a well-to-do farmer. A thousand people grthered at the depot to await their arrival, and violence was feared. The engine was stopped a mile north of the city, and the party took a circuitous route to the jail at Jackson. The man was released at midnight and the ex-convict jailed.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—Special to the Bozeman CHRONICLE.—Leopold and Austrian, agents for the Str. Manistee, received a report from the captain of a tug, which went over the course the Manistee should have taken, and a report from the captain of the steamer Hickley both confirming the finding of pieces of the wreck of the steamer and making certain of her loss with all on board.

CHICAGO, Nov. 26.—The *Times'* New York special says: A squad of veterans from the war of 1812 opended the centennial anniversary in New York by hoisting the stars and stripes at the old block house in upper Central park. Business will be almost entirely suspended to-day. The city is overcrowded by visitors.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.—Secretary Teller said to-day that he had decided nothing whatever in relation to the land grant of the Texas Pacific railway company and the rights of the Southern Pacific therunder. He has not referred and does not propose to refer the matter to Congress, but will decide the case in the regular course of business.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.—General Rosecrans has set on foot a scheme to organize the democratic voters of the country into small groupes and grand armies with a chief for each division, and to collect twenty cents a year from every voter, giving the campaign committee an annual income of $15,000.

The *Times* Boston special says that Ben Butler's Thanksgiving proclamation, owing to its irreverence, was not read from Protestant pulpits.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Nov. 26.—Patrick O'Donnell, the slayer of Carey, the Phœnix Park informer, took out naturalization papers before Judge Thomas of this county, now civil service commissioner, on April 7th, 1879. In his oath he abjured all allegiance to Victoria, Queen of Great Britian particularly. O'Donnell took out his first papers October 19th, 1876, then stating that he first arrived in the United States in 1869. He signed his name by making a cross.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—Special to the Bozeman CHRONICLE.—The *Daily News* Dubuque special says: A hunting party composed of Fred Jenkel and his two sons, jewelers, and Richard Party, connected with the *Democrat*, went out in a boat to an island on the Mississippi, several miles from this city Sunday morning. As they were returning a gale arose. The boat was swamped and all were drowned.

Our Rotten Navy.

BOSTON, Nov. 28.—The *Advertiser* says the United States steamer Shenandoah is lying in the stream off the navy yard, awaiting orders to sail. She is not likely to secure a full complement of officers, for almost every officer, who is ordered to her at once, endeavors to be relieved. Seamen do not like the prospect of going around the "Horn" in this vessel, and their feelings are greatly intensified by the action of the officials. The sailors claim the vessel is top heavy and they are crowded together like sheep. Yesterday the executive officer of the ship, Lieutenant Commodore, E. B. Thomas, Lieutenant Lucien Hinn, were surveyed by the medical officer, and upon his report they probably will be relieved. They have only been here about a week and their probable removal only makes matters worse in the minds of the sailors.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 28.—There have been nine incendiary fires in the Fourth ward within the past thirty days, and no trace obtained of the men setting them. Chief Foley, of the fire department, thinks it is the work of men discharged from the force, as hose was cut at nearly every fire. The police suspects boys of the fourth ward, who have a "Buffalo Bill" organization, and are carrying arms and intimidating people after dark. Two lads of fourteen years of age are now under arrest for shooting Car Driver Gathe, in an attempt to rob him of his money box, and it is thought that novel reading striplings of the same stripe are setting the fires. The police force in that ward has been doubled and a tower watch instituted by the fire chief. Chief of police Wasson to-day received a letter with threats of assasination, and adding that the town would be burned if work was not soon furnished a large number of working men now idle. Mayor Stowell has been besought of late by innumerable applicants, but puts no faith in the threatening letters to Wasson, believing it but mouthings of some idiot. Local underwriters have held several meetings and to-night offer a reward of $500 for the capture and conviction of the incendiaries, and Mayor Stowell offers $250 on behalf of the city. Residents of the fourtd ward are in a state of terrorism.

A Leadville Sermon.

At one of our evening entertainments Mr. J. L. Low, M. P. (Victoria), a Scotchman of excellent humor, who is returning from a tour to America, read us a sermon which he had taken down as he heard it in Leadville. The service was in a variety theater, some whisky barrels made the pulpit. After the singing of "A day's march nearer home," a hard-featured miner rose to address the hard-featured congregation:

Friends, the regular preacher has gone down to-day among the boys who are working the new carbonate mines at Gunnison and I have been appointed to take his hand and heave it for all it's worth. To many of you present it won't be necessary to tell you that I'm kinder new to this business, but I don't believe there's a rooster in the camp mean enough to take the advantage of my ignorance and cold-deck me on the first deal. I have been reading in this yere book that yarn about the Prodigal Son and will try and tell you the story. The book don't give dates, but I guess it happened a considerable spell back in history. It seems the Prod's father was pretty flush with stamps, and a real good sort into the bargain as he always sheiled out freely when the kid struck him for a stake, and never backed at the size of the pile neither, so long as the boy heaved in hearty on the ranch and generally behaved hisself handsum. But by and by the kid began to get restless and wanted to rustle out the travel; so he got the ole man to ante up in advance of the death racket and let him go. He no sooner got his divy in his pocket than he shook the ranch and spread himself to take in some of the far-off camps. Wal, according to the book, he had a way-up time at first and slung his coin around as if he owned the best paying lead within a thousand miles of Denver. But, my friends, this game didn't last forever. Hard luck struck him at last, and the Prod is found in one of his sober intervals remarking in a confidential way to one of his chums: "I say, old pard, I'm busted clean down to the bed-rock, and them's the cold-blooded facts." The book don't say what the Prod went broke on, but probably he steered against some brace game. But that as it may, however, he was so beautifully cleaned out that he hadn't a two-bit piece left to go and eat on. In this condition he struck a ranch belonging to an old granger, who, taking pity on the poor, busted Prod, gave him a job of herding hogs. The granger wasn't a bad old sample in a general way, but he was inclined to be kinder mean on the feed, and so it came that often the Prod got so frightfully sharp-set for a meal he had to go whacks in the hog-trough. You bet the kid who, in his flush times, had been boozing round among the best of everything like a silver king or a big railway monopolist, had now plenty of time on his hands for doing a tall lot of thinking, and one day he said to himself: "I'll just ding this business. Why, even the meanest help in my governor's hired service are living on square grub, and plenty of it, while I'm worrying along here on a shook hands. I know what I'll do—I'll just skip back home to the old man and ask for a new deal." So away he went, but he had a hard time reaching the old ranch, and I don't you forget it. When you have plenty of coin, my friends, everybody's pleasant, but when you're on the borrow you don't find it so good. Finally he did strike the familar trail leading down to the old home and while crossing some open lots the old man, as the book puts it, saw him a-coming afar off. Yes, the old man's eyes were very dim, but he did not fail to spot his boy afar off.

And what d'ye suppose that Prod's father did? Did he whistle the dogs up to chase himoff the ranch? You bet he didn't. Did he go and take down his shotgun and wait till he got a good drop on him? You bet he didn't. No, but I'll tell what he did. He just waltzed right out of the gate to meet him, and froze to that poor scare-crow right on the spot, and fell to kissing of him and weeping over him and calling him his poor, long-lost boy until the Prod got broke all up and like a sluice dam when the snow comes down off Pike's Peak under a July sun. The old man then took him right away to a clothing store and rigged him out in the noblest suit to be had for coin and put an elegant ring on his finger, ordered the fattest steer on the ranch to be slaughtered, invited all the neighbors in and had the biggest blowout that camp had ever seen.

Now it happens the Prod's elder brother was at work with the teams, and when he came in he asked some of the help what was the meaning of the picnic they were having inside, and when he was told the reason he just got real mad. The old man hearing of this went out to him and said: "Come in, lad; your brother's come back and we're having a regular old-fashioned jubilee; now you come right along, like a good fellow, and take a share in the break-down." But the brother wouldn't budge, and said: "Look here, dad, I have stuck to the ranch and have never transgressed your orders, but it never struck you to have a picnic of this kind until you give it in honor of a loafer who has disgraced our name." But, my friends, you may make your bets on it that the old man had a level head and wasn't easily bluffed. He say: "My son, you say you have never transgressed my orders, but are you quite sure that's so? I tell you that you have grievously trapsgressed my commandments by your unhomeliness and uncharitable behavior. Learn that I am not pleased by service of mere form, if the heart is not in accord. You may count that your service is according to the letter of the law, but I tell you it don't fill the bushel worth a cent so far as the spirit is concerned. The spirit you are showing, my lad, is the one that leads to narrow-mindedness, to bigotry, to intolerance and fooling round and burning folks because they don't fix up their formal observances just exactly as *you* have arranged and as *you* assert must be right." And now, friends, it is to the credit of the brother that he took his old fathers's square talk in good part, and you bet that ole man was a real thoroughbred—and don't you forget it.—*Monocure D. Conway in the Philadelphia Times.*

Notice.

Please come forward and settle immediately. Parties knowing themselves indebted to me for work performed on the public cemetery are requested to come forward and settle as I must be paid for my work in order to live and pay my bills. O. A. LANDWALL, Sxton.

Bozeman, Nov. 23d, 1883. d20-33

A Huge Exuberance.

I apprehend that at the present moment there is no question more interesting to the American people than their press. It has become a huge exuberance of the day, like Gulliver making his advent into Liliputia. It cannot be tied down, and it is dangerous when it stands up. When it relieves itself in the ordinary operations of nature the scandal is like the sun in heaven. In New York the increase of newspapers is entirely induced by avarice. The reduction of the price of papers there is nothing but a matter of avarice. The old citadels of prosperity are being assailed in every way. The attack is not only directed on the prosperous 4-cent and 3-cent papers, and the tendency is to wipe out the penny papers entirely. Yet, in the long run, that channel which best serves the public will be proved to have been planted on the best foundation.—Gath's *Letter.*

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S. W. LANGHORNE.

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