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HIS IDEA OF MONTANA.

An Englishman Expresses His Views on the Society, Resources, Industries and Climate of Montana.

The Liverpool Weekly Mercury of May 23d, contains a long letter from the pen of an Englishman, now settled in Dakota, on life in, climate, industries and society of, Montana. As a perusal will demonstrate, it is pungent, with many facts; yet its reflections on the cattlemen and cowboys, and the statement that the better classes are banded together for self-protection is bosh of the "tenderfoot" stripe.

"The state of society in Montana has not improved in the last two years, but the reverse. Outrages by Indians have increased, and also quarrels among themselves; but the worst feature has been the spread of horse-thieving and the perpetration of horrible murders by white ruffians. Some of the cowboys also have used their weapons for purposes for which they are not intended, and not for protection and self defence. They are a very mixed lot, these cowboys, many of them gentlemen by birth and education, but all bold and reckless to a large extent. The state of things is so bad that the respectable inhabitants are banding themselves together and will soon find a remedy. The cowboys lead a very solitary, and, for young men, a very unnatural life. Cattle ranges are generally of large extent, and the ranches are situated at considerable distance from each other, so there is absolutely no society. There is no legal title to the cowboys' ranges, but the 'cow kings' respect each others territory and combine to keep in-traders out. No public land in Montana has yet been offered for sale by the United States government, and it can only be acquired to a limited extent either by purchase from the Northern Pacific railway, whose grant includes each alternate square mile of a width of 50 miles on both sides of their line, or under the homestead or pre-emption acts. What the cattlemen do, therefore, when they have found water and a suitable location, is to get what land they can as above mentioned, and to take it in such a way as to keep other people away from the water, for the possession of water virtually gives the control of the surrounding country so far as cattle raising is concerned. Should the cattle grower wish to borrow money or to get up a company, he engraves a nice map, colors upon it blue or pink, a patch as big as Yorkshire, and calls it his 'range'; but as I have explained he has no legal title to the land. There would be something patriarchal about this life of a cattle king in Montana, reminding one of Abraham and Lot and their herds, but that there are two great points of difference; one is that there is no family life at the ranches, nothing but a lot of cowboys living in a half-savage style, and the other that Abraham had no Chicago market to send his stock to.

"In summer the climate of Montana must be charming, though no doubt it may be pretty hot in some of the valleys. There is one drawback, however, in the fact that rattlesnakes, especially in certain districts, are very numerous. A gentleman whom I met told me that though there were none where he lived, the boys at his ranch, a few miles off, killed some nearly every day, and that one of them and also one of his horses had been bitten by the snakes. I asked if the bites had been fatal and he replied no, and that the remedy they used was puncturing around the wound and rubbing in ammonia. The popular cure, of course, is drinking whisky; but whether this arises from faith in the remedy or love of the whisky I cannot say.

"Montana is a fine place for those who have money to lend. The current rate of interest is 1 1/2 per cent, per month or 18 per cent, per annum; and I was told that 33 per cent, was sometimes charged. Money seems to get dearer the further west you go. I have been struck by the number of people in the west who carry no watches; it is quite a common thing for a man to ask you the time, and, on learning it, declare it is an hour earlier or later than he thought. In fact time is very little thought of and punctuality is unknown. Outside the

towns there is no such thing as church service or a meeting of any sort held at the hour for which it is called. Most of the farmers are, however, very clever at telling the time of day by the sun. As my return from Montana ended my lengthened journeys in the West, I am reminded that the absence of giving gratuities adds greatly to the comfort of the traveler in America. The only person who expects anything, or would receive it if offered, is the colored attendant in the sleeping car who cleans your boots, and considers anything you give him as payment for the work done.

"I should say that Minnesota has greater heat in summer and a cold disagreeable, because a damper cold in winter, though the thermometer may not fall as low as in Dakota. It is necessary, however, to speak with some caution about these western climates, because, as I have remarked about Montana, the country has not been long enough settled to give the necessary experience. Indeed what we are disappointed about in this climate is its uncertainty. It seems to be almost as unreliable as the English climate, and the variations of temperature are, of course, far greater. "To sum my own personal experience up I may say that I have not been accustomed to outdoor work; but that I worked out of doors in the hottest weather all through last summer; that I rode on wagons with a cool breeze blowing when I was drenched with perspiration; drank gallons of cold water when I was very hot, and, generally, did things that would have killed me at home, and I have never had a cold or a day's illness. In winter I have gone from a warm kitchen to the stable with the thermometer below zero without a great coat. These facts, I think, speak volumes for the healthfulness of the climate, which I had almost forgotten to add is a bright and sunny one, gloomy or dull days being quite the exception.

ALL LUCK GOOD LUCK.

How a Couple of 49ers Happened to Strike it Rich.

"All luck is good luck if we rightly consider things," said a forty-niner. As often as any way, what one curses as bad luck proves the best luck in the world for him. I once had an example of this when out prospecting in El Dorado county with a young Missourian. One day we encamped on a dry ravine, near a spring, the water of which sank after running a few rods. "We were headed for a place about twenty miles up in the mountains and had only camped to cook dinner. About the time we had finished eating it set in to rain at a lively rate. Having no tent we got a lot of bark off of some old logs and set about making a shelter. On the side of a boulder with a face like the wall. With our hatchet we cut some forked sticks and set them up in front of this rock which formed the rear wall of our habitation. With pick and shovel we dug a trench round our hut so that the water could not run in upon the floor, and by making a big fire in front we soon had it dry and snug within. There we sat looking at the dreary downpour.

"All that night it rained in a dreary, drizzling way, and next morning it was still raining steadily. We had about concluded to push on in spite of the rain, when it began to pour down in torrents and were obliged to remain in camp. Between showers we constructed a shed to protect our fire, which had been almost extinguished; we also got in a supply of dry fuel, gathered a quantity of pitch knots on the hillsides. For two days it either drizzled or poured, and we sat inside and smoked our pipes, glad to be so comfortable situated. We had with us a Sacramento paper a week old and this we read to the smallest advertisement. "The heavy rain so raised the water in the ravine that our coverings were take pick and shovel and construct a sort of a dike round it to keep out the muddy water of the ravine. That night the rain poured down more violently, if possible, than it had yet done and we could hear the water roaring the ravine on the bank of which stood our hut; indeed at one time in the night the torrent almost reached our fire. Pike cursed the country and everything it contained. He swore that in a whole summer it did not rain so much in old Missouri. As it was doubtless snowing up in the mountains, we made up our minds that it would be useless to continue our course to the place for which we had set out. We thought it would be safer to remain below the snow line. "In the morning we found our dike washed away and the spring overflowed and filled with sand and mud. It was still raining too hard to allow of our breaking camp, therefore we set to work and built another and stronger dike round our spring. When this was done we dug a drain down the side of the ravine to prevent the muddy back water from getting into the spring then retired to our hut to smoke our pipes and dry our clothes. "In about an hour Pike went to the spring to fill our camp kettle. He had not long been gone before he uttered a shout and called me to come out. "I found Pike gazing into the little rill of clear water that flowed through the ditch dug from the spring. He was down upon his hands and knees and was jabbering all kinds of Missouri lingo. "What is it?" cried I. "If this here isn't brass," said Pike, "we've found a bushel of money! I'm back in old Missouri right now! I'm crossin' the cowyard to my father's front door with my grip-sack in my hand!" "Hauling on my coat which was steaming before the fire, I ran out to the spring and saw the bottom of the little ditch sparkling with spangles and chispas of gold."

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

Why French is Used on Restaurant Bills of Fare.

"There is where we make or lose," said a popular restaurant keeper, speaking of the culinary department, to a reporter. "It has to be watched closer than any other branch of the business."

"Where do you get all these dishes with Choctaw names? Do you suppose anybody knows what they are ordering when they pick one out?" "That's one of the tricks of the trade. Don't mention us. I'll put you on. The secret of the thing is that it saves us a good deal. If we get up a bill for dinner full of French names nine out of ten persons will puzzle over it for a minute or two and then order a plain dinner of meat and vegetables. Those fancy dishes cost a good deal because they are rare and require a vast amount of seasoning, spices, etc., and must be carefully made by a special cook. Oh, yes, we have them, that is, some of them. You may find several down on the bill that are not made up at all. If we happen to have a call for any one of those particular dishes the waiter returns with an apology and with the information that it is all gone. You see, we keep up our reputation, make a big spread on the bill of fare, feed the people on meat and vegetables, and if the guest is not exactly satisfied he gets up from the table kicking himself because he hadn't been raised in France or the Black Hills and couldn't read what was set before him. He'll probably go away and tell his friends about the delicious French dinner we set up." "Say," he continued, as he directed a late arrival to the dining room, "did you ever see a bottle of olives or sauce, or any of those expensive relishes on the table unopened or a dish of nuts set before you without a nut cracker? I thought you had. I know you have if you ever ate a meal here when I didn't know you were around. You see, if you uncrack those things the people would eat 'em; if you don't they can't get inside of them, and its hard work to do it before you are through your dinner and crying for pie. Anyway, only one person in a hundred is likely to want to appear greedy enough to taste everything. There's only one person that will do it, and that is a woman away from home, and she'll taste everything set before her. She just tastes to be tasting—to see how other people make things, you know—and then she'll go back home and talk till the next trip about that perfectly lovely jelly, or that horrid catsup. Come around and take dinner with us to-morrow."

A Sarvon unearthed about \$1,000 in silver near Ravens, Ohio, recently.

could not get a 'color.' "We built a reservoir on the ravine, got a string of sluice boxes and set to work. We made over an ounce a day while washing up the gulch and the dirt on the hillside. When there was no water for sluicing we could make half an ounce each working the dirt and quartz from our vein with rockers and mortar. In about a year we sold out to a man who proposed to put up a mill on a creek half a mile below the ravine, and Pike struck out for home with about \$8,000, the happiest fellow I ever say. He more than once assured me that what he had was more gold than could be shown by anybody in Missouri. At the last moment, before leaving me, Pike took from his breast pocket and handed me for inspection the picture of a handsome, honest-looking country girl. Blushing like a school boy, he said: "She will be my next partner, but she shant know that I'm the richest man in Missouri till we've been married a month—not till I've bought old Sam Renfrew's farm with every hoof and wheel that's on it and her in the old house as its mistress. I want to do that because her dogged old father lives as a tenant on one corner of the Renfrew farm and has always been down on me. Reckon the old man will haul in his horns when he finds I'm his landlord."

A COSTLY HAT.

A passenger in the Pullman coach from the West last night when he boarded the car on the plains brought in and carefully deposited in the drawing room, on one of the cushions, a fifty dollar Mexican hat, stiff with a heavy coat of hair and lined with Adams, who, though only twenty-eight years old, is able out of the profits of his New Mexico ranch to indulge in the luxury of a fifty-dollar hat, but purely as a piece of interior decoration for an Eastern friend's house. Sheriff Ware, of Mitchell county, who with Millionaire Gregory, of Chicago, was admiring the hat, said that General Valdes, when an exile from Mexico, had with him a hat that cost six hundred dollars and a California saddle that cost two thousand three hundred dollars. Both were heavily embroidered with gold and silver lace, and the General was very proud of them. "It's a common thing," he added, "for these Texans to wear hats that cost from fifteen to twenty-five dollars. In fact, a cowboy's hat and saddle cost more than the whole of the rest of his outfit. The boys get these big hats from the east, where they are manufactured, although they are never worn. A silk hat is as uncommon out here as one of these sombreros is on Broadway.

The big hats are the best in the world. They are warm in winter and cool in summer. The Texans are very particular about broad brims. They will touch nothing with a brim narrower than three and one-half inches, and they often want a hat that is five and one-half inches in width of brim. The hats last four or five years, and some cowmen have a superstition about them if they have good luck while they own them, and after they have worn them a long while they will send them off and have them cleaned, and wear them several years longer. Many men have made all their fortunes under one hat. There is not only economy and durability in each one of these costly hats represents several months' labor. This hat, you will see," he added, as he rubbed his hand over the peak, "is as soft as a new-born babe's cheeks. This silver thread is laid on by women, who are very careful to mat it together. It gives the brim a curl, and keeps the tiny sugar loaf in the center stiff. This pattern is very simple, but you will see the cactus, the palm, and the Mexican grasses picked out in gold and silver on many of the hats. The true Mexican will invest his all in a fancy hat, and clothe the rest of his body in rags.—Cor. N. Y. Sun.

received the toothsome sugar-plum. Truly the "power of the press" has been signally illustrated in this case. Now that the great victory has been won, let us all sit down and patiently await the ferocious attacks of the moral press of San Francisco upon Governor Stoneman the next time he pardons from the penitentiary some wretched vagabond who has served but twenty-three months of the twenty-four to which he was sentenced for stealing a ham.

A PLEA FROM RIEL.

A Quebec special says: A letter has just been received by Dr. Fiset from Louis Riel. After speaking of his ready surrender, his chance to escape if he wishes to do so, and the specific effect his surrender had in bringing the rebellion to a close, Riel says it should have some weight in securing him a hearing before the supreme court in Lower Canada, for it is there alone that he can procure all his witnesses. He says he was in the United States, laboring to create a future for himself, when he was invited among the half-breeds to assist them in petitioning the government. He worked peacefully until the time when arms were taken up. He says, also that he never dreamed of war, but by intrigue and forged letters a complication of affairs was brought about by interested parties. He desired to return to the United States, but the people would not listen to him. On March 18 they were proceeding to St. Laurent to celebrate the feast of St. Joseph, and had to pass St. Antoine en route, when they learned that 500 policemen were coming by forced marches to disperse them and kill their leaders. When the half-breeds learned this they stopped their wagons and made an arrest of an Indian agent. They also made one or two other arrests. Riel says he was not present when these arrests were made, but he was notified, and when he went to the place he found the people had decided to take up arms in their defense. In twenty-four hours the whole population were in arms. He concludes by asking not to be treated like a murderer, and not to be charged before the jury have pronounced upon his case, and feels confident they will not find him guilty. He says his incarceration is telling upon his health, notwithstanding the kind attention of his jailors.

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How, then, says the Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle, did it happen that twelve men—presumably intelligent, upright citizens, sworn to uphold the law—were brought to find a verdict in defiance alike of law and common sense? The answer is that the father of the accused is a very rich man—worth several millions of dollars—a man whose income has been estimated by good judges to be about \$5,000 per day. The son of such a man enjoys the ancient prerogative of a king; he "can do no wrong." The money bags of the sugar king monopolist were opened wide for the defense of this case. The ablest lawyers that money could employ were retained; all the leading daily and weekly newspapers of San Francisco were either subsidized or bountifully "patronized" to do all in their power to mould public sentiment in favor of young Mr. Sugar Barrel and against the man he tried to murder. The San Francisco Bulletin, we have reason to believe, was paid \$100 per column for printing the eloquent speeches of Messrs. Hall McAllister and Henry E. Highton, of counsel for the defense, and the "advertising bill" of that highly moral and conservative journal is probably in the near vicinity of \$10,000 for this and other services. The Call, Alta, Examiner, Stock Report, and probably the French and German dailies also, all printed verbatim copies of the stupendous speeches, and of course the thrifty News Letter was not forgotten. Some of the Sacramento and other interior journals also

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