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Sunday, February 19, 1893.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.) WASHINGTON, Feb. 18, 1893.

Is the victorious democratic party on the eve of disruption? Democrats of national prominence in congress privately express the belief that it is, and predict that long before the end of the administration to begin next month the separation between the wings will be open and final.

The selection of Judge Walter Q. Gresham, as the head of the cabinet, which is accepted here as an accomplished fact, will also be a factor in bringing about a split in the democratic party.

Senator Hill has been quietly sounding the democratic senators to ascertain how many of them are willing to carry their opposition to Gresham to the extent of voting against his confirmation as a member of the cabinet.

Pressure is being brought to bear to have Sergeant-at-Arms Yoder of the house made commissioner of pensions, if the scheme of transferring that bureau to the war department and suspending the pensions of all widows married since 1870, of all men having income in excess of \$200 a year, and except for total incapacity, of all alien non-residents, fails, as it will.

The house committee on ways and means is on a wild goose chase after a silly newspaper rumor alleging that Secretary Foster had agreed to sell \$50,000,000 worth of bonds to a syndicate of New York bankers for gold.

The president has fully made up his mind, and will, it is thought this week, send a message to congress favoring Hawaiian annexation.

It is really amusing to hear the democrats with their big majority in the house plead the baby act and try to charge the republicans with the responsibility for defeating Mr. Cleveland's wishes.

BILL NYE EN ROUTE.

MEETING A SISSY TRAVELING MAN ON THE TRAIN.

He Overhears the Pathetic Wail of a Stout Lady and Deals With a Request From Alonzo Belcher of East Rawlsey's Center.

(Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.)

The able critic who has held out for years that Mrs. Stowe had excluded the possibilities of poetic license when she represented Eliza as escaping over the Ohio river on cakes of ice is now dead. He died in Florida in January from exposure while skating on the St. John's river, and when they found him friends had to cut out a square rod, perch or pole of ice with his body in order to send him home.

He always maintained that the Ohio river never even froze enough to make a cake of ice between Cincinnati and Cairo. Last January Eliza with her infant child could have crossed over with bobbeds and a 4-horse team.



"OH, BOTHER!" In West Virginia we had to have all stoves and a furnace going all day in the opera house, as well as the entire gas service, including footlights, in order to warm up for evening service, and even then we wore white sweaters and shoulder breakfast shawls over our dress suits on the stage.

Natural gas is getting less plentiful, and the demand increased so that there was great suffering from cold among the poor, who had to return to the electric light and cast aside their parlor gas logs for the time. Heavy manufacturing enterprises also decrease the quantity of gas for home consumption, and as usual the corporation sails gayly on while the citizen has to go to bed to get warm.

"How strangely mankind does! We go and beg on bended knees for large corporations to come and build and do business in our town to raise the price of our lots, and yet how long it is before we write a piece for the county paper saying that we are driven to the wall by these great corporations, and that we hate them like everything!"

We are only children in this life, dressed up in men's clothes, and I hope with Dr. Briggs that there is a chance in the future state for growth and development. I can see how I could grow in a future state and add to what I now know.

During the terrible reign of the cold we met on a train one day a homed west the nastiest thing I ever saw on earth—viz., a "sissy" traveling man. Traveling men are most generally business men. They have to be. They are mostly pretty rugged, masculine men, with voices that you can hear "the darkest night that ever blew."

This one was constantly running up against things that were just as rude as they could be. That was as far as he ever got. Some people were real hateful, and he claimed that once his blood boiled like everything.

Maybe it was the morning when he took a sponge bath in the north end of the sleeper at Pittsburg, as the train took breakfast there. You must know that the sponge bath facilities cannot be just what one would wish on a sleeping car, especially when one has to do it in the front doorway at a meal station with the thermometer at 15 degrees below zero and a great deal of passing in and out.

Still he had probably promised some dear one solemnly that he would bathe every morning if it cost him his life.

People filed past him filled with wonder and amazement, and to each one he said in a light, thin, girlish voice, "Beg pardon, but would you mind shutting that door?"

Nine of us, after we had passed by him, went to the other end of the car and passed through again three times, enjoying it heartily.

Once we met the man who brings in the ice for the cooler. He was near the young man who was trying to bathe. We had quite a long quarrel with the iceman over the right of way, and one of our party jostled him rudely against the young man, who was trying to towel his back. The iceman slipped, and his large cake of ice and the great coarse tongs also fell against him.

It was horrible. The young man gave a wild shriek, and with a moan of pain his Boulanger whiskers went back inside and it is said have never come out again.

Later on after breakfast I tried to make up to him and be friendly, but he turned upon me like a wild beast and exclaimed, "Oh, bother!"

I overheard yesterday the wail of the stout, stout lady. She was looking at a fashion magazine, but she could not find anything to suit her.

"Did you ever notice," she said to her companion, a tall, lithe young woman, who was so long waited that she never seemed to sit down at all, or to be sitting on her feet if she did sit down, "did you ever notice that nothing is ever designed for the short, stout woman in these magazines, Ethel?"

neck out of her collar so as to look still longer waisted. "No," said the short, stout lady; "shortness and stoutness are regarded by the fashion plate makers as deformities, and you have to go and get some special artist to work it if you don't get your clothes just as you would go to a specialist if you had a club foot and get him to make your boot for you."

"Why is it, do you suppose?" Ethel asked, with great, wondering eyes.

"I do not know," said the short, stout lady as she swung her feet back and forth like a baby in a high chair. "There are surely enough of us, and some of us are quite refined. You know it is not generally believed that stout women are refined. A man may get so stout that even the presidential chair isn't big enough for him, and yet he will not lose any prestige, but let a lady along about 20 to 30 begin to weigh well and shun the slot machines, and then strangers in a crowd look upon her as they would on a man who rises on one railroad ticket and carries a hive of busy bees with him in the same seat, or puts the live there, at least, and lets the bees select their own seats."

"Yes, that is so," said Ethel, "but those who know you love you if you are stout. That's more than some can say whom I know of."

"I hope so," said the short, stout lady, with a tear in her eye as she tried to get her overshoe on by kicking it against the other foot, but only succeeded in fracturing a whalebone or two and tipping her hat down over her nose.

"There ought to be some recompense. We are ashamed to ask for clothing of our size, and nobody ever attempted to design anything for us especially, for we wouldn't wear it anyway, no matter how becoming it was, if it had got to be the uniform of the fat women of the universe, and so there you are."

Then they both had to get off the train there, and Ethel had to borrow a traveling man's sample case for the short, stout lady to step on as she got off the coach.

I have not been richly endowed by nature with the fatal gift of beauty, but it might have been worse than it is, though when I pass through a car and afterward look back and see the passengers examining their watches to see if they are still running I can think of the short, stout lady and say, "What if I, too, had been thus!"

Written in a childish hand comes a request from little Alonzo Belcher of East Rawlsey's Center asking this paper how he can cure soreness of the tongue. Alonzo, it seems, during the cold weather was acting as understudy for the property man at East Rawlsey's Center, and one of the other stage hands, a bright young whaleback farmer, got Alonzo to accept a wager that he (Alonzo) could not erase with his tongue the name of Pistache Oleson, the rising young Swedish high-lingale and child wonder, which she (Miss Oleson) had written in blue chalk on the gas pipe of her dressing room while at the Grand Opera House of East Rawlsey's Center.

Alonzo accepted the wager and now writes to ask about what he shall do. Alonzo has a large, copious tongue, which almost encircled the gas pipe, and outlines of it may still be seen there. For one night he and the opera house occupied the same apartments. The next day they joggled along together till about noon, when the other stage hands told the authorities, and steps were taken to arrange it so that the opera house and young Belcher could be used separately.

You see, you dare not cut out a piece of gas pipe that way for fear of asphyxiation, and they could not cut it off at the meter, it seems, as the company had arranged it so that gas would be "consumed" every evening, whether the house was opened or not, and they did not see how they could change it.

A hot shoehorn, however, was applied to the tongue, and soon the little sufferer was removed from the real estate and again became his own personal property.

He went home, he exclaims in the letter, feeling like a man that has a red-hot cattle bone in his mouth and cannot get it out. Ever since then he has communicated with the outside world wholly by means of the pen. No one can even think of his great sorrow without a bitter and somewhat brackish tear.

How puny are our efforts when we find ourselves in the act of violating a great natural law! We must not get on the mighty turntable of creation or try to cross the side tracks of solar systems unless we are employees.

Mr. Belcher will do well to bathe the sore place with which hazel as often as the idea occurs to him, and keep a piece of oiled silk between the tongue and roof of the mouth, so that the two shall not unite and become one grand whole, to the injury of the grand hole that he has been in the habit of swallowing through.



Some put the tongue in the sling—a gin sling, perhaps—under those circumstances, but the gin does not assist the healing process, and it induces the tongue to wag too freely. One of the greatest sins I ever knew was a gin sling wag. But why introduce pauper made, imported jigs at such a time? Mr. Belcher (which, by the way, is sim-

ply a pseudonym) writes also regarding his future, including a chart of his past and a lock of hair, asking to know what the future of one possessing those things may be.

The thumb is marked strongly and would indicate that in your early life you whittled toward yourself a good deal; also that not many generations back your ancestors competed with the woodpecker in their glad, free scuffle for food in the forest; also that during the early part of the eighteenth century, possibly later, your folks walked on the palm of the hand a good deal and resembled the Hittite or Bimenesel baboon of Lake Dennis, in equatorial Africa.

The headline runs backward toward the wrist instead of forward, thus indicating that you will gradually, as years roll on, add more and more to what you do not know.

The hair does not indicate anything, and I would have respected you more if you had told me you had none.

It is good, vigorous hair and seems to grow quite rank, indicating that you are of a lymphatic temperament and have a cool skin well adapted to the growth of hair and whiskers, too, that will toss and fro in the summer breeze as you grow to be a man and while you are adding all the time to your lack of intelligence, thus fitting yourself for duty as a juror in the future.

Your hair would indicate that you inherit from your father's side, and that you are not strong physically. You need out of door exercise, cheerful company and a shampoo.

In choosing a wife you had better select a lady with a wooden limb. Then you can keep the limb locked up in the bureau drawer, and she will no doubt remain at home more than she otherwise would. You should not marry one who could easily escape.

Bill Nye



"What bizness yer in now, Jimmy?" Jimmy—Stationery.—Truth.

A Trespasser.

The Portland Transcript tells a quaint story of Fortland's veteran capitalist, W. W. Thomas, and one of his tenants, Mr. Thomas' house faces on Danforth street, his tenant's on Gray street, and the lot's join. In front of the Gray street house is a pleasant lawn, and the premises are separated by a high board fence overrun by wallbine. One beautiful morning in September Mr. Thomas called on his tenant, his face presenting a severe aspect, and in a gruff manner demanded why he had trespassed on his ground. Denial was of no avail, and finally Mr. Thomas got the alleged delinquent to come over to his garden on Danforth street. Then he was shown how a squash seed on the other side of the fence had sent forth its vines in trespass on the Thomas estate, the result being an enormous squash. This Mr. Thomas had tended carefully, and now presented with quiet humor to his surprised friend.

Helping the Monkey.

"Dan," said a 4-year-old, "give me 5 cents to buy a monkey." "We have one monkey in the house now," said the elder brother. "Who is it, Dan?" "You," was the reply. "Then give me 5 cents to buy the monkey some nuts." The brother could not resist.—Texas Sitings.

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MILES CITY Iron and Pump Works.

Advertisement for 'B. Ullman Proprietor' featuring an illustration of a large industrial pump or engine. It lists the company's address as 204 and 202 St. Minneapolis, Minn.