



Volume 7.

Helena, Montana, Thursday, April 17, 1873.

No. 21

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

TERMS FOR THE DAILY HERALD.  
City subscribers, delivered by carrier, per month, \$3 00

BY MAIL.  
One copy one month.....\$2 00  
One copy three months.....5 00  
One copy six months.....10 00  
One copy one year.....20 00

TERMS FOR THE WEEKLY HERALD.  
One year.....\$6 00  
Six months.....3 00  
Three months.....1 50

### THE WEEKLY HERALD

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

D. W. FISK, J. FISK BROS., Publishers

#### The Governorship.

The following dispatch reached us yesterday afternoon, having been received by the Ogden Junction over the A. & P. line:

"The Junction dispatches state that Claggett will give the President an early answer about his appointment as Governor of Utah. The President asks an answer before the Senate adjourns."

What a monstrously developed fish this Claggett must be, when the President of the United States has to wait his pleasure before making an appointment as that of Governor of a Territory! This thing of Utah and Claggett, Claggett and Utah, the President and Claggett, Claggett and Utah, Claggett and the President has had the changes rung on it until the public are becoming pretty well sick of it. If President Grant is waiting the whim of any three-cent lawyer or other aspiring able-bodied politician, in regard to the Governorship of Utah, we are not aware of any one who will become crazy with anxiety over the matter. When he is appointed he represents the United States Government, and as such he should be respected; before he is appointed he is simply an aspirant for an easy life at three thousand five hundred dollars a year, a salary with which a second class clerk in a dry goods or grocery store would hardly be satisfied in this western country. "There is entirely too much fuss made about these small fry politicians, and their claims on or hopes for office. The 'special commissioner' of the San Francisco *Alta*, in his efforts to compete with the regular dispatches of the California Associate press—composed of the *Union*, *Bulletin* and *Call*—has furnished the readers of the A. & P. dispatches with so much that is unreliable, rumored, and manufactured about Claggett and Utah, that pious old men feel like saying, 'Hang Claggett, and have done with him.'—*Salt Lake Herald*, March 26.

#### Our Food

There is no country where there is so much dyspepsia as in America, because our people pay so little attention to food, and eat too much meat for the exercise they take. If one has mental labor, fish every second day at least is requisite. Soup sets all the glands at work, and prepares the stomach for the more important functions of digestion, and therefore should be taken at dinner every day. Beef broth is to the old what milk is to the young. Cookery properly attended keeps a man in health. If the stomach is out of order, the brain is affected. We should eat more fruit, vegetables, soup and fish. Good and well-prepared food beautifies the physique, the same as good and well-directed education beautifies the mind. Wrinkles are produced by want of the variety of food. The man who does not use his brain to select and prepare his food is not above the brutes, which take it in the raw state.—*Home and Health*.

The most elegant and costly costume ever made in Paris was sent to a lady for a fancy dress ball in New York. The first outside skirt is made of gold cloth; over the front of this are extended threads of pearls, so as to form squares; in the centre of each is a different flower, made of imitation jewels; the second jupe is made of white satin, embroidered in silver, with a flounce of old lace placed round the edge and turned upwards. The heavy folds on each side are retained by jewels, and the long pointed corsage is covered with them in front. The court mantle of sky-blue satin is caught up on the shoulders underneath a ruff of gold lace upheld by invisible wires. Strings of pearls and diamonds adorn the neck and arms. In the high coiffure, Duette style, is to be placed a miniature vessel under full sail; over this, garlands of flowers are strewn, and serve to retain the structure in its position. The costume cost nearly \$2,000, including the jewels and lace, more than two months were spent upon the drawings and subsequent preparation of the dress.

The story is told of a father who was one evening teaching his little boy to recite his Sunday school lesson. It was from the fourth chapter of Matthew, wherein is related the parable of a malicious person who went about sowing tares. "What is a tare?" Tell me, my son, what a tare is," asked the anxious parent. "You had 'em!" "Johnny, what do you mean?" asked the father, opening his eyes rather wide. "Why, last week, when you didn't come home for three days," said Johnny, "I heard mother tell aunt Susan that you were on a tare." Johnny was immediately sent to bed.

Commodore Vanderbilt's half a million for a Methodist college in Tennessee has set the Nashville, Chattanooga and Knoxville editors, who want it located in their respective cities, by the ears. Knoxville will give five acres for a site, while the Chattanooga man "calls him" with a tender of the whole of Lookout Mountain, with its fine view of six States, and Lake Lula thrown in.

#### What Becomes of the Quicksilver?

What becomes of all the quicksilver brought to this State and used in our reduction works is a matter worthy of receiving the critical attention of some of our scientists. Quicksilver in large quantities is constantly being brought to the State and not an ounce is ever sent away. After it has been used in amalgamating the precious metals contained in the ores operated upon, it is separated from the metals with which it is combined by retorting and is again used in the amalgamating pans. Thus it is used over and over until it has disappeared. Whether it floats away with the water used in amalgamating or is lost by evaporation there must be vast quantities of it collecting somewhere, as it is a metal not easily destroyed. In case it is lost by evaporation it must condense and fall to the ground somewhere near the works in which it is used, and if it floats away in the water it must eventually find a resting place on the bottom of the stream in which it is floated away. It is an axiom among millmen that "wherever quicksilver is lost, silver is lost," therefore there must be a great amount of silver lost, as we shall presently see. The amount of quicksilver furnished mills in this section of the State alone by the bank of California averages 800 tons of 76½ pounds each, or 61,200 pounds per month. This in one year would amount to 734,400 pounds of quicksilver, that goes somewhere, and counting backwards for ten years shows 7,344,000 pounds that has gone somewhere, either up the flue or down the flume. The quantity of quicksilver distributed monthly among the mills shows just how much is lost. None is sold or sent out of the country with the bullion; therefore, if there were no loss, the mills would never want any more quicksilver than enough to give them a start at first, as the same lot could be used over and over, *ad infinitum*. But there is a loss and a very large one, as exactly shown by the demand for quicksilver, as it all goes to supply the place of that lost.—*Territorial Enterprise*.

#### Our Two Lives.

We all have two lives—a life of action and a life of afterthought. The man who lives morally, usefully, intellectually—who is good, does good and turns all his mental and moral faculties to good account—may be said to live two self-satisfactory lives in one. His life of acts, made up of the performance of his obligations to God, his neighbor and himself, must in the main be happy. His life of afterthought, in which he usually summons his life of action to the bar of conscience, where it is weighed in the balance of justice and not found wanting, cannot by otherwise than consolatory. But as the good we have done grows more and more comforting to us as we reflect upon it, so does the evil we have committed grow in horror as it glares upon us from the vistas of memory. We have our choice. We can be twice-blessed or twice-cursed—blessed in doing and in thinking of what we have done, or be cursed alike in the act and afterthought. We can people the present with pursuing fiends or ministering angels, who will come to us in the future from what will then be the past to torment or bless us. Such a present receives a new glory in changing to the past. Let the young and thoughtless understand at the very outset of their active career that the evil to-day cannot elude the scrutinizing to-morrow.

#### A Story of Thiers.

From Paris Correspondence New York World.

Appropos of M. Thiers, a very amusing story is going the rounds of Paris now, said to have been told of himself by the President at one of his last receptions. M. Thiers was walking one morning lately alone in the new camp which he has established near Versailles at Villeneuve l'Etang. He saw a soldier stationed on guard and at the moment vigorously engaged in eating bread and cheese.

"Good morning, mon garcon," said M. Thiers.

"Good morning, ma petite vielle" (my little old woman), replied the soldier.

"Eh bien! You don't get tired, do you, of your camp life?"

"That depends on the hour. At present, not. I am off duty, and am eating my bread and cheese, as you see."

"And the camp bread, it's good, isn't it? I find it far superior to that they gave us before."

"Tiens! Do you eat it? What are you, then? Are you an oil merchant or a hospital nurse?"

"Better than that," replied M. Thiers.

"Bah! Then you are a second lieutenant."

"Better than that."

"Captain?"

"Better than that."

"General?"

"Better than that; I'm the President of the republic."

"You are Thiers! *Sacrebleu!* Then, quick, hold my bread and cheese so I can present arms to you!"

Those three New Hampshire men who were lately Democratic Congressmen, and who, in ceasing to be Congressmen, have not ceased to be Democrats, have played a little game that is very sharp. They voted against the salary grab, their eyes being open to the fact that an election in New Hampshire was to come off in a few days after the adjournment of the last Congress. They denounced the grab on the stump with awful severity, and proudly referred to their own bright, exceeding and personal virtue in refusing to go with the crowd who mobbed the Treasury. Election day came and went, and it will be remembered two of them were defeated and one was elected. This chap that was elected, and one of those who were defeated, then wrote to Washington and drew their five thousand dollars. We are not surprised that the New York *Tribune* calls Butler's conduct respectable by the side of this.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

#### From Affluence to Prison.

The New York *Times* of March 20th says: Judge Watson, of California, twelve years ago married a beautiful and accomplished woman, who was yesterday held for trial at the Tombs for stealing. Owing to domestic trouble with her husband, she left California three years ago and came to this city. She at once adopted the business of a confidence woman, and after swindling a number of hotels was finally arrested by Detective Tilley, of Central Office, for stealing from a woman named Blanchard, who kept a boarding house in Fifth avenue. For this she served six months on the island. Coming out she returned to her business and swindled the Coleman House, for which she was sentenced to another six months' imprisonment. Then she procured board from Mrs. Mary Lasher, of No. 103 Lexington avenue, and so ingratiated herself into that lady's confidence that she was allowed to enter every room in the house and was in fact semi-housekeeper. The result of this was that when she suddenly left, about four weeks ago, Mrs. Lasher discovered that she was despoiled of \$700 worth of wearing apparel. The case was placed in the hands of Detectives Tilley and Heidelberg, who learned that Mrs. Watson had been in Boston, where she victimized the American Hotel, and returned to this city, taking board with a lady in Thirty-first street. Detective Heidelberg went there to search her room, and she indignantly denied knowing Mrs. Lasher and ordered him to leave the house. On the appearance of Detective Tilley she subsided, and in one of her trunks was found a lace chemise, which was identified by Mrs. Lasher. Judge Dowling held Mrs. Watson for trial. Her husband, Judge Watson, died in San Francisco three months ago of a broken heart.

#### "The Fall of Man."

How it strikes the Danbury *News* man is appended:

"You are generally looking at something very intently when it happens—perhaps you are smiling to yourself. Then your left foot shoots out to one side with a suddenness that creates a sickness in your family. Ice commences to form on your spine and perspiration on your brow, and your scalp lifts enough to permit a streak of cold air to pass under. The other leg goes out at this juncture, your head snaps violently to the front, and there is a faint impression on your mind that the world is about to come to an end with nobody in charge. Miles of sidewalk spin out from you like lightning. Three-story buildings jump over your head in quick succession. People disappear suddenly and with appalling mystery. Then your eyes close, your consciousness wanes, and your soul goes out in one expiring quiver, and—*you arrive*. The hard reality of the scene is then forced upon you with unpleasant abruptness. Everything is in its place but your spine. You get up and move off with a sickly attempt at a smile, feeling at the time that the back of your head is laughing from ear to ear, and finding that the hardest thing is not the sidewalk, but to keep from rubbing yourself."

Written on the [Discovery of Mr. East Baby.

Yu deer 7 by 9 creature, how are yu? 'Tis your pa that hovers over yu. Where did yu cum from? Oh! tell me where! Long may you wave in the land of the free and home of the brave! Now iz the winter or mi disknotted made glorious summer in this first son or Josh Billings, Esq. E pluribus unum! I hear an angel whisper, i bet i dew. Let on the hot rum, let joy be unconfined, we won't go hum till tords morning, not if we no it. Don't go away. I will kalf the Moses—bully for yul He sleeps! Gard him yee spirits, and send in yure bill. Glory enuff for i da. Now iz mi style perfected. Pease tu mi ashes. Mi wife! mi wife! My boy! Myself! myself and everybody else! Glory, hallelujah! Once more set on the hot rum, and all yu who are dri ma cum and rummage. Tew save time, small favors will hereafter be punctually re-saved. Title indisputable; terms easy. For more fuller particulars, consult the proprietor, Josh Billings, Esq.

A DANBURY young man who was once a clerk lately went on a farm to work. The first night in his new position he was detailed to remove a calf from the apartment of its parent to another shed, and while engaged, as thousands have been before him, in shoving the contrary beast along, the mother reached under the tails of his coat with her horns, and suddenly lifted him up against the roof of the building with a force that threatened to shatter every bone in his body. The first thing he did was to rub himself, the next thing was to throw up his place. He said that he didn't doubt but that agriculture was a noble pursuit, and that the farmer needed an assistant in the discharge of the multifarious duties, but he didn't believe the Creator designed him for making skylights in cowsheds.

BUSSEN read somewhere that the Chinese tell the time of the day by examining the pupil of a cat's eye, and he began to carry a cat around with him in his overcoat pocket, with the intention to yank her out by the tail whenever he desired to ascertain the hour. But he carries a watch, now. Apart from the fact that the cat used to yowl and spit, and charge around in an uncomfortable manner in his pocket, the first time Bussen dragged her out to examine her eyes she clawed furrows an inch deep in his face, and carried on so generally that he thought it better to drop her and hunt up a place where they sold amica-plasters and salve.

THE London *Morning Post*, which started in 1772, is now beginning the second century of its career. The London *Times* began in 1788. The *Daily Telegraph* is said to be the most popular newspaper in the world, and to circulate about 175,000 copies.

#### Johnny Clem.

The Washington *Star* says: Among the many notable persons at the inauguration of President Grant was John L. Clem, of the 24th U. S. Infantry, who reached here a few days since from his regiment at Fort Brown, Texas, in order to place in the National Asylum an invalid soldier. Lieutenant Clem has a national reputation, and is written down in Frank Moore's *Rebellion Record*, and in Lossing's *History of the Civil Conflict in America*, as "Little Johnny Clem, the drummer boy of Chickamauga," at which battle he laid aside his drum and assumed the musket during the entire day. During the retirement of the Union army from the field, he then performed a *querre de mort* upon a Colonel of a Texan regiment, who had ridden up with a drawn sword demanding his surrender, by suddenly swinging up his musket from an order arms and emptying the saddle of his assailant. This daring act of one so young sent his name flying through the country. He afterwards had his little horse killed under him, and was wounded in the shoulder at the same time, at Atlanta, whilst delivering a dispatch from Major General Thomas to General Logan. He entered the army in May, 1861, before he was 10 years of age, as a drummer-boy and served with distinction to the end of the war, during which time he was present at the battle of Shiloh, and at nearly every other battle in which the Army of the Cumberland was engaged. He is the youngest officer ever commissioned in the United States army, and Lossing's *History* speaks of him as the youngest person, of whom we have any account, that ever bore arms in battle, either in this country or in Europe; and his military record is a matter of history upon the files of the War Department. Considering his years, he is without a peer, either in the Old World or in the New.

#### Smoking.

The *Quarterly Review* observes that the Russian cadets have a great weakness for smoking, and smoking was held in such abhorrence by Nicholas that—as many an English traveler in Russia will still remember—any person, whatever his age and rank, was arrested by the police if found smoking in the streets. Alexander, who was exceedingly fond of cigarettes, hid himself from his father, all his life long, when he wanted to have a smoke. Disregarding all the penalties, however, the cadets managed to smoke in their schools, and in one of them Alexander arrived one day when the room was full of tobacco smoke. He did not seem to notice, however, what a couple of years before would have been regarded as a crime very nearly approaching high treason, and went quietly on with his inspection, when an alarm was suddenly raised that the Emperor had arrived in the school's courtyard. Alexander suddenly turned to the boys who followed him and said: "It smells of tobacco here very strong; open quickly the windows; I will go down stairs and detain the Emperor for a while." And so he did; the Emperor noticing nothing, and the Grand Duke Alexander became more than ever the idol of the young men, who are old officers now, but from whose memory the story seems not to have departed; at all events, the writer has had it repeated to him several times.

#### A Literary Sell.

The Springfield *Republican* has the following, which we commend to the serious consideration of all admirers of Carlyle:

A good story is told in literary circles in New York of an enthusiastic Carlyle club of ladies and gentlemen of Cambridge and Boston, who meet periodically to read their chosen prophet and worship at his shrine. One of them, not imbued with sufficient reverence to teach him better, feloniously contrived to have the reader on a certain evening insert something of his own composition into the reading as though it came from the printed page and Carlyle's hand. The interpolation was as follows: "Word-spluttering organisms, in whatever place—not with Plutarchian comparison, apologies, nay, rather, without any such apologies—but born into the world to say the thought that is in them—antipathical, too, in the main—butchers, bakers and candlestick makers; men, women, pedants. Verily with you, too, it's now or never." This paragraph produced great applause among the devotees of Carlyle. The leader of the club especially, a learned and metaphysical pundit, who is the great American apostle of Carlyle, said nothing Carlyle had ever written was more representative and happy.

MR. BARNUM has several elephants in training for his traveling show. They are taught to dance, to turn the organ, and to perform various other feats. One of these elephants died a few days since. The news was sent to Mr. Barnum, written on the back of a card, by the elephant trainer, and reads as follows: "Mr. Barnum, one of the elephants is dead. He died of enformation." "That's all right," said Barnum, on reading the letter. "We must not teach elephants too much. They can't stand a high degree of education. Our giving this animal such a stock of 'enformation' has cost me \$10,000. Hereafter confine them to the rudiments."—*Breeding Post*.

A NEW YORK correspondent of a Chicago paper says: A society is forming here whose members call themselves the Anti-Lenders. Nearly all of them have been sorely victimized, and for their own protection they have promised in future not to lend, in a friendly way, to anybody. Indeed, they cannot do so consistently with their articles of agreement, and they hope to strengthen themselves thereby. The society, which had its origin among the brokers of Wall street, already numbers five hundred members, and they are steadily and rapidly increasing.

COLUMBUS, Ga., wouldn't subscribe a red cent for a new church, but old John Robinson's circus took \$2,000 out of the town.

#### GENERAL ITEMS.

A TRUE Danbury American is too proud to beg and too honest to steal. He gets trusted.

—An Ohio widower advertises for a woman to wash and iron and milk one or two cows.

THE death is announced of the Princess Bully Mule, of the Royal family of the Apache tribe.

BRECK is opposed to the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, because of the Saint's cruelty to reptiles.

Two years ago Atlanta, Ga., was valued at \$5,000,000. The present valuation exceeds \$14,000,000.

WHITTIER says he guards well his friendships, as worth more to him than any conceivable fame.

—A huge irrigating canal is to be completed from Madrid to Corinne in time for this season's use.

GREAT floods are announced in the East, and property to a large amount and numbers of lives are reported lost.

A GENIUS in Lawrence, Kansas, says that he has discovered a process by which he can make twenty-five pounds of sugar out of a bushel of corn.

THERE are nearly 2,000 children in New York under fifteen years of age employed in making paper collars. Many of them are also familiar with cuffs.

THE New York *Evening Mail*, in its new dress, presents as handsome a typographical appearance as any of its evening rivals, while its editorial page is racier than ever.

LET the Democracy take heart everywhere.—*Gazette*.

Democrats, don't you take anything of the kind. Be honest, and let other people's property alone.

AN Illinois physician says that he has learned by actual and repeated experiments that electricity, properly applied, will effect a cure in all cases of cerebro-spinal meningitis, or spotted fever.

ONE of the most remarkable of recent inventions is a contrivance to raise and lower, in a suspended and perpendicular line, a large ship from one water level to another. Vessels of 1,200 tons capacity, for example, may be raised and lowered 300 feet at Lewiston, N. Y., which overcomes Niagara Falls and the rapids, in fifteen minutes. It is called the Niagara ship elevator, but the principle is equally applicable to several other localities.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE man has invented another extension table, without leaves, mortice, tenant, tongue or groove. The model, when shut up measures just two feet, and when opened it is five feet long, and is so arranged that a child at one end of the table can open and close it with perfect ease. The expense of the table is from one-half to two-thirds that of the old fashioned ones. The model has been examined at Washington and is approved.

DARWIN has been snubbed by the French Academy, which has rejected his application for membership by a large majority. The reasons for his rejection were solely scientific. M. Mirque said the author of the "Origin of Species" had too far sacrificed science to renown, and reason to imagination, to deserve a place in the first rank of scientists. "He has fallen too low," said the savant, "especially in his last work, has too much belittled himself not to be made to expiate it."

DURING the Franco-Prussian war it was estimated that, averaging both armies, five Germans outweighed six Frenchmen. Not only are the Germans huge compared with Frenchmen, but huge as compared with their own ancestors. The Prussian soldiers who fought at Sedan averaged three inches larger around the chest and two inches taller than the Prussian soldier, who fought at Waterloo. This astonishing development is ascribed to fifty years of military training, enforced upon the whole male population.

THE Cleveland *Leader* has a \$5,000 libel suit on hand, because it let a gushing rural correspondent say that Father F. A. Martin, of Willoughby, Ohio, proposed to a widow to pray her husband out of purgatory for \$10, which was certainly very cheap, and the husband would have said so if he had had a voice in the premises. Martin affirms he don't know where a man's soul goes after death—and if he did he could not cause it to move by praying at it, and it may be safely assumed that the editor of the *Leader* will not be prayed out of purgatory for \$10.

THE last "irregularity" that has come to light in Chicago is said to be an attempt on the part of the proprietors of "Jones Museum" to swindle the Wild Man in their employ out of his back pay. This untamed specimen of the *genus homo*, who was advertised as the "Australian Man of the Woods," was, previous to his engagement by the Museum proprietors, a simple uneducated German, named Fred. Hittisch, who made a living by filling whisky bottles for gentlemen at chicken fights. Fred. takes his solemn oath before the Mayor that he was employed to personate the Wild Man at Jones' Museum, for a salary of \$25 a month, and his wife allowed her hair to be frizzed until it stood upon end like quills upon the fretful gander in spring time that she might the better "fo" the Wild Woman. For several weeks Hittisch was the most untamed specimen of humanity to be found in Chicago. He chattered like a ring-tailed ape, ate raw meat, and scratched his back against an artificial tree, provided for that purpose. Crowds came to see the living curiosities, and though fifteen cent admission fees protruded from between every finger of the doorkeeper's hand, Hittisch never received a dollar of his salary; and to add insult to injury, the Museum proprietors borrowed the Wild Man's watch, and he now has to tell the time of day the best way he can. The Mayor of Chicago has instructed the police to get the missing watch, but the back pay is beyond recovery.