



Volume XVII.

Helena, Montana, Thursday, October 18, 1883.

No. 48.

HELENA WEEKLY HERALD.

Published every Thursday morning.

Terms of Subscription.

WEEKLY HERALD: One Year \$4.00, Six Months \$2.00, Postage in all cases prepaid.

DAILY HERALD: City subscribers delivered by carrier, \$1.50 a month. One Year, by mail, \$12.00. Six Months, \$6.00.

Changes of address will be made promptly and cheerfully, but requests MUST give the post office F.O.B. as well as the one to which such change is desired, in order to receive attention.

All communications should be addressed to PISK BROS., Publishers, Helena, Montana.

HEALTH ALPHABET.

The Ladies' Sanitary Association of London gives the following simple rules for keeping health, which will be found in the Sanitarian: A—soon as you are up, shake blanket and sheet; B—either be without shoes than sit with wet feet; C—children, if healthy, are active, not still; D—wash beds and change cloths both make you ill; E—eat slowly and always chew your food well; F—when the air is cold where you dwell; G—arrange matters never be made too tight; H—ones should be airy, healthy and light; I—your wish to be well, as you do, I have no doubt; J—just open the windows before you go out; K—keep the room always tidy and clean; L—let dust on the furniture never be seen; M—much illness is caused by the want of pure air; N—open the windows be ever your care; O—old and rusty things should never be kept; P—people should see that their floors are well swept; Q—tick movements in children are healthy and right; R—remember the young cannot thrive without light; S—see that the cistern is clean to the brim; T—take care that your dress is all tidy and trim; U—see your nose and find if there be a bad drain; V—very sad are the fevers that come in its train; W—ach as much as you can without feeling fatigued; X—exercise could walk full many a league; Y—our health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep; Z—will help you know cause, and the good you will reap.

THE BOY AND THE FROG.

See the frog, the slimy, green frog, Dozing away on his old rotten log; Seriously wondering What caused the sundering Of the tail that he wore when a wee pollywog. See the boy, the freckled schoolboy, Famed for fussing and for being a bad drain; Watching the frog Perched on a log With feelings akin to tumultuous joy. See the rock, the hard, flinty rock, Which the freckled-faced boy at the frog doth seek; Conscious he's sinning, Yet gleefully grinning At the likely result of his terrible shock. See the grass, the treacherous grass, Slip from beneath his feet; Alas! Into the mud With a dull thud, He falls and rises a slimy mass. Now, see the frog, the hilarious frog, Dancin' a jig on his old rotten log; Applying his toes To his broad, blunt nose, As he laughs at the boy stuck fast in the bog. Look at the switch, the hickory switch, Waiting to make that schoolboy twitch; What his mischievous knaves The state of his clothes Won't he raise his voice to the highest pitch?

THE MOUNTAINS AND SEA.

'Come down, come down,' says the restless sea, To the mountain high; 'Come down where I would the fleur-de-lis Neath shimmer of sunlit sky.' 'Come up, come up,' laugh the mountains blue, 'Come up from the glistening sand, Come up and bathe in my shadow, kissed By the dew of the mountain land.' 'Come down, come down,' says the glimmering sea, 'And bathe in my love lit swell, Come down and kiss the anemone, And toy with the mussel shell.' 'Come up, come up,' says the mountain mist To the pulsing, homely sea; 'Come up and rest in my shadows, kissed By the breath of the laurel tree.' Then the mountain mist and the mist from the sea; Met in the starlight white, And the mist that gems the fleur-de-lis With the mountain mist took flight. They floated away to the phantom land, To the haunted mist of the mountain; For ever and aye by enchantment fanned, They bathe in the phantom dew.

NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Only the leaf of a rosebud, That fell to the parlor floor, Fell from the tinted clusters Of the big bouquet she wore. Quickly he stooped and seized it, 'Tis the leaf of a rose,' said he, 'Tinted with summer's blushes, And dearer than gold to me.' 'Lovely and fragrant petal, So sweet summer tint, who knows, I may have a chance to tell her I trespassed the leaf of the rose.' But when to his lips he pressed it He muttered in accents of wrath, 'The blamed thing is artificial, And made out of cotton cloth.'

TWO NEGATIVES.

I gave him his first rejection At Newport, a year ago; At Christmas, with proper reflection, I said, 'No.' There's in grammar a rule, I remember— Two negatives do does it run? So the cards have gone out for September, And my white satin gown is begun.

BANGING.

O see the young girl In beauty rare, Sans kink, sans curl, Banging her hair. And hear the young man, At the piano there, Hard as he can, Banging his air! A young mother stands, Oppressed with care, With slipper in hand, Banging her hair!

OCTOBER.

Fair buds of promise have yielded their treasure, Autumn has crowned all the countful year, Filling with plenty the overflowing measure, Gladning our hearts with its fruit and its cheer. Beautiful, golden October is here.

A PRESIDENT'S WIDOW.

Mrs. James K. Polk Celebrates the Eightieth Anniversary of Her Birth.

[Nashville World.] The eightieth anniversary of Mrs. James K. Polk was observed in a quiet yet elegant and becoming manner yesterday at the Polk mansion on High street. This venerable lady, now passing into the "valley of the shadow," still retains a good degree of vigor, indicating a continuance of that bright and beautiful life that has characterized her throughout the long years of her useful existence. Mrs. Polk would impress the casual observer as a lady of about sixty years of age, kind, genial, yet modest and retiring—adverse to all public demonstrations. She was not even aware that her birthday was known to others than herself, until a flow of congratulations, bouquets and well wishes poured in upon her. Among those who called during the day was Judge John M. Lea, Governor William B. Bate and ex-Governor James D. Porter. A number of handsome and tastefully arranged bouquets were sent in by admiring friends. One bouquet, the gift of Mrs. Dr. W. A. Cheatham, had the figure eighty arranged beautifully in white flowers in the center of a large cluster of pinks. Mrs. Horton Fall, Mrs. Captain Stockell, Mrs. A. G. Adams and many other ladies sent bouquets of the rarest and loveliest flowers. The sitting room was redolent with the perfume of these rare exotics, and Mrs. Polk, sitting in the midst of them, received and entertained a constant stream of visitors throughout the day.

Troublesome Boys.

[Letter to the London Telegraph.] I say that I am a father of five boys, and I ask what am I to do with them? I tried to get one into a bank where the first year's salary was £20, but there was no room. Merchants' talents are full. Engineers of far greater talents than my boys are ever likely to possess are going about in search of work or business in any other calling than that to which their fathers had to pay heavily to apprentice them. I have thought of the bar, but have been made to recoil from all thoughts of it by the scores of dismal stories which have been poured into my ears in reference to that vocation. I have mentioned the sea, but have been warned that there are hundreds of captains and officers who cannot get work, and that the calling is so densely crowded that nothing but interest enables a man to squeeze through. I have thought of the disclaiming posts which are absolutely menial in their duties. Dared I think of music as a profession? Not for long was that present to my thoughts when I heard of the sums paid to song-writers, and when the dreadful drudgery and the pitiful earnings of the poor music-teacher were pointed out to me. The church? Alas! there is no poor man poorer than the poor clergyman, there is no calling more crowded; and without bishops to bring to my son's help, how would it profit me to make him one of his brothers parsons, and have to allow them to come after going to the expense of educating them for the ministry? Emigration? The colonies do not want gentlemen. The backwoods of America do not require cultivated manners and an acquaintance with the Greek and Latin poets. It is muscle and sinew, it is the spade and the axe—the mason, the blacksmith, the cook, that young countries need.

An Admirable Organization.

An admirable organization, worthy of duplication, recently held its seventeenth annual convention in Rhode Island. It is called the American Institute of Architects, and seeks to do for architects what medical societies do for physicians. It is not merely a social company, but a corporation of professional gentlemen, who watch over the scientific, esthetic and economic interests of a pursuit which concerns general society. The institute is opposed to architectural competitions, and "demands that a builder shall be a true artist, a skilled draughtsman, a mathematician, a person endowed with considerable scientific knowledge, a mechanic and an arithmetician, a man of probity and a gentleman."

Dogs in Baggage Cars.

[Waterbury American.] Two ladies from this city while in New York the other day purchased a terra cotta pug for an ornament. On coming home they carried the clay canine image upon the conductor for tickets. He begs the ladies' pardon, but politely informs them that the company's rules positively exclude all dogs from passenger coaches. "We will keep the little fellow here on the seat, and I assure you that he will do no harm," replied one of the ladies. "But I must not deviate from the rules," said the conductor, "and shall be obliged to take your dog to the baggage car." "Very well, then, if you must," sighed the ladies, and the conductor reached over and carefully lifted the graven image, realized the sell, felt foolish, and heard the laughter of a score of passengers ringing in his ears.

Fame of Rich Men.

Said Emory Stors in a group of rich men at Saratoga: "You fellows think yourselves highly essential. Have you observed that there are only two rich men of antiquity whose names survive—Cressus, who served to turn a poet's figure, and Dives, who was fortunately associated with a pauper?" Before the laughter following this remark had subsided, Stors added: "How many well-known fellows as you were sitting in Athens once, observing that the obscure cuss, Phidias, was a long time doing that ornamental work up stairs?"

A WOMAN'S HAIR.

Raven Tresses Found in a Burglar's Cell.

[San Francisco Chronicle, Sept. 21.] At a late hour Wednesday night, from certain signs about the cell of Joseph Hussey, an old State Prison offender, and in Alameda jail for burglary, the jailers suspected that he was up to some game, and made a sudden descent on his cell. A thorough search was made, but not a single suspicious circumstance was ascertained. It then occurred to the jailers that they would make an inspection of the outside of the cell, and, procuring a dark lantern, they explored the jail yard. Here their search was rewarded, for under the window of Hussey's cell they found an immense quantity of woman's hair, partly plaited into a small cord and connected with the cell by a single hair line. The mystery is how the hair got into the cell, for no woman has visited the prisoner since his incarceration. He states that he found it in the cell when he was first placed therein, but the authorities suspect that some woman must have passed it to him from the outside or else it must have been smuggled in by some male visitor. This is believed to be scarcely possible by reason of the fact that every male visitor to Hussey has been closely watched. It is quite evident that some woman, with a tender spot in her heart for the prisoner, has sacrificed her hair in an endeavor to assist him to make his escape. The hair is black, immense in quantity, and of an extraordinary length, the tresses being over three feet long. They are now hung up among the curiosities of the jail.

Women Writers of Maine.

[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.] Not long ago we chanced to meet Mr. Howells, who, in our judgment, is the foremost of our American living literary workers, and asked him who, in his judgment, was the ablest writer of short stories in this country. Without directly answering that question, Mr. Howells replied that he regarded Sarah O. Jewett as one of the most charming and artistic of our literary workers, and whoever has read her Deephaven must have been impressed with the transparent beauty of its style and the subtle charm and atmosphere in which she clothes the most commonplace matters and things. Miss Jewett is a Maine woman and resides in North Berwick. When in Rome, Italy, not long ago, we were conversing with the sculptor Simons respecting Maine artists in that city, when he called our attention to the fact that Miss Mary Agnes Tinkner, whose powerful literary work has attracted so much attention, is a native of Ellsworth Maine, and that Miss Wells, daughter of Judge Wells, formerly of Portland, has just published a work held in high esteem among Roman antiquarians. The History of Frascati, the ancient Tusculum. Our attention was also called to the fact that Miss Fletcher, the novelist, (daughter of the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, in that city) is a Maine woman. Miss Fletcher is now writing another novel in London. She is held by the American colony in Rome to be capable even of better work than the already excellent work that she has accomplished. Miss Blanche Willis Howard, of Bangor, did a brilliant thing when she wrote One Summer. There is no doubt that in the matter of authorship she made a mistake when she expatriated herself. She has done nothing since her residence abroad that is equal to the book which was so wholly American, so wholly unique, and so wholly worthy of the reputation it achieved for its author. The list of Maine women who are well-known authors includes that charming writer for little women (Sophie May) Miss Rebecca S. Clark, whose home is in Northridge, "Fanny Fern" is Portland born. Harriet Prescott Spofford is a Calais woman. "Florence Percy" Mrs. Allen is well known as a novelist. The part which our Maine women have played in authorship is one of which the State may well be proud.

Senator Edmund's Breakfast.

Mr. Geo. Pomeroy of Toledo, tells an agreeable reminiscence of Senator Speak H. Edmunds' late visit to Canada: "Henry Hogan of St. Lawrence Hall, a man of fifty-five, of an English father and French mother, and speaking French like a native, is a rare sportsman, an old steeple-chase rider, and has a fine salmon river, which a fish weighing forty-six pounds. He told me that some people he knew in Washington or New York wrote him, asking that he invite Senator Edmunds to fish in his river, but line an old sportsman he was wary, and first wrote to New York and Boston to find out what kind of a person the senator was before he invited him. I presume the report was satisfactory, for he had him on, and more than that, went up there to fish with him. One morning they went out early to make a kill, and whether successful or not I do not remember, but it got along to where Mr. Hogan was hungry and proposed going to 's cabin for breakfast. The senator demurred, saying he had a couple of biscuits and a piece of pork and some gin, and that was enough for both, or Mr. Hogan could have it all. Mr. Hogan laughed at the prospective spread, but Mr. Edmunds proceeded to soak the biscuits and build a fire, over which he hung the pork on a spit, splitting the biscuits and putting them underneath to catch the drippings from the pork, which all cooked out, leaving only the fat, while the biscuits frying in the pork fat were delicious. Whether they took gin before or after I have forgotten, but the breakfast seemed to have cemented the friendship of the two men.

Transmutation.

An object lesson in the transmutation of virtues is conveyed in this paragraph from an exchange: "Tennison can take a sheet of paper, write a poem on it and make it worth \$5,000. That's genius. Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet and make it worth \$5,000,000. That's capital. The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold, stamp upon it an 'eagle bird' and 'twenty dollars.' That's money. The mechanic can take the material worth \$5, and make into a watch worth \$100. That's skill. The merchant can take an article worth twenty-five cents and sell it for \$1. That's business. A lady can purchase a very comfortable bonnet for \$10, but she prefers to pay \$100. That's foolishness. The ditch digger works ten hours a day and shovels out three or four tons of earth for \$2. That's labor."

An Additional Remark.

[New York World.] At a wedding recently in Canton, Mo., a "parson," who is generally ready at repartee, was knocked off his balance and completely nonplused by an addition to his ceremony by an aged matron, who immediately after hearing the words, "whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," exclaimed with great earnestness, "Or woman, either, for they are just as bad as the men."

SENATOR VEST.

What He Says of the Indians--His Impressions of Montana.

The Post-Dispatch of St. Louis, September 28th, contains an interview with Senator Vest, just then returning from his Presidential and Territorial trip. Concerning his Indian mission and impressions of Montana we extract the following: "I went with Mr. Maginnis, Delegate from Montana, to visit the Indians in that Territory. We visited the Flatheads, Pen d'Oriettes, Kootenais, Piegians, Blackfeet, Mountain Crows and Assinaboines. The Assinaboines are only twenty-eight miles from the British possessions, and we passed over the line, going 125 miles through the buffalo country, and struck the Canadian Pacific at Map Creek. We then came on that and the Manitoba road to Winnipeg, and then to St. Paul and Chicago." "What is the general condition of the Indians?" "Bad enough. The game is gone, and they must work or starve. The men consider work degrading to warriors, and fit only for squaws, and they won't allow their children to learn how to work. The rations issued by the government are insufficient, and the Indians eat up in one day what is intended for seven. It's a terrible problem, what to do with these people, and worthy the best thought of the country." "How did you like Montana?" "Very much indeed. The people are energetic, prosperous, and a noble race of men. There are a great many Missourians there, and I received everywhere with open arms. If I ever leave Missouri I shall go to Montana. Helena, Montana, and Benton are thriving, pushing cities, and have great promise for the future. I did not visit Butte City, the great mining centre, and was very sorry my time would not permit. Of the cattle interest in Montana I saw a great deal, and I was astonished to find their common cattle as good as any in the States. I visited their State Fair, and saw horses equal to any we see at our Fair here, whilst their vegetables, especially potatoes, turnips and cabbage, were wonderful. Altogether, like Montana very much, and believe it has a great future."

The Age of Invention.

[Ch. Times-Star.] The number of inventions that have been made during the past fifty years is perhaps unprecedented in the history of the world. Of course inventions of benefit to the human race have been made in all ages since man was created; but looking back half a hundred years, how many more are crowded into the past fifty than into any other fifty since recorded in history! The perfection of the locomotive and the now world-traversing steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, the audiphone, the sewing-machine, photograph, chromo lithographic printing, the cylinder printing press, the elevator for hotels and other many-storied buildings, the cotton gin and the spinning jenny, the reaper and the mower, the steam thrasher, the steam line engine, the improved process for making steel, the application of chloroform and ether to destroy sensibility in painful surgical cases, and so on through a long catalogue. Nor are we yet done in the field of invention and discovery. The application of coal gas and petroleum to heating and cooking operations is only trembling on the verge of successful experiment; the introduction of steam from a great central reservoir to general use for heating and cooking events; the artificial production of butter has already created consternation among dairymen. The navigation of the air by some device akin to our present balloon would also seem to be prefigured, and the propulsion of machinery by electricity is even now clearly indicated by the march of experiment. There are some problems we have hitherto deemed impossible; but are the mysteries of even the most improbable of them more subtle to grasp than that of the ocean cable or that of the photograph or the telephone. We talk with a rolling tongue of the steam engine, but in our own voices to friends a hundred miles or more from where we articulate before the microphone. Under the blazing sun of July we produce ice by chemical means, rivaling the most solid and crystalline production of nature. Our surgeons graft the skin from one person's arm to the face of another, and it adheres and becomes an integral portion of his body. We make a mile of white printing paper, and send it on a spoon that perfecting press unrolls and prints and cuts and delivers to you folded and counted, many thousand per hour. Of a verity this is the age of invention, nor has the world reached a stopping place yet.

Advice to Brides.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger.] When the bride on her bridal journey, is a sensible young person, she will keep her silk suit in her trunk for a suitable occasion and not wear it on the railway train. A pretty young girl the other day, making an expedition to the Catskills and leaving New York on a rather early train, wore a black silk dress—but a white Spanish lace fichu, with a broad Gainsborough hat and nodding plumes. It got quite cool in the cars on the northern journey, but there was no wrap available. If she had a shawl, it was packed away in her trunk. The groom, who had given no advice, and who had a stont chevot suit, and must have been, as he looked, quite comfortable. Arriving at the railway terminus and taking the stage for the further pull up the mountain, it made one spectator's teeth chatter to see how confidently the little bride climbed into the vehicle, still in the airy fichu, not a scrap of woolen for her shoulders and her face white with cold. Probably in her modest outfit for the wedding there was a flannel dress or a woolen stuff of some kind intended for the house. If she had put that on for the journey and saved her best black silk for home uses, she would more nearly have been on a level with the city persons, who had left their diamonds at the bank and had taken two woolen suits and one cotton gown for a fortnight's journey among the mountains. Home, and not hotel parlors and, least of all, the parlor cars, is the place to wear one's pretty, airy clothes. In a public crowd on a journey all delicate wear is sure to encounter dust, rain or chilling cold. The plainest flannel suits are the best for climbing, beach lounging and comfort generally.

His First Laugh.

[New Haven News.] Years ago an inn was kept at Amherst Mass., by a man who was never known to laugh. This peculiarity gave rise to a wager by a young man that he could make him laugh. He proceeded to the hotel, and sauntering in, saluted the landlord thus: "Good day, Mr. Warner. How long have you kept this place, Mr. Warner?" "Well, I've kept it all day I guess." "Mr. Warner won't you make me a rum or whiskey sour?" "The souars are all out was gruffly answered. "Well, just mix one pop, anyhow, and look into it. That will make it sour enough." The drink was made, the young man tried it and choked and coughed. Spitting the first swallow out, he again appealed to the landlord. "Now, won't you make another, and just keep one eye shut this time, please?" The landlord, convinced, broke out into just one loud guffaw, the first laugh in his lifetime. Then he invited the young man "to take a drink on him." The wager was won.

What Gloves Are to a Woman.

[Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.] A critical observer makes this sensible remark: "A woman's glove is to her what a vest is to a man." Precisely. When a man is agitated or perplexed he at once attacks his vest buttons, thus giving occasion for a certain very expressive slang phrase. A woman's vest does not admit of this sort of "pull down," but her glove is always a source of inspiration and a refuge from any embarrassment. She smooths on the fingers, rearranges the buttons, drags out the wrinkles, looks critically at the fit and does a dozen little things with her glove that betray or ally nervousness and quite sustain the truth of the above quotation.

SEAL SKINS.

Cost of a Lady's Sacque--The Seal Island Fisheries.

Seal skins are dressed and dyed in England and returned to this country to pay a duty of 30 per cent. The cost of seal-skin garments is not to be wondered at when one counts the items. The raw and unsightly skins in their salt are worth from \$20 to \$30 each, according to quality. There is to be added to this a tax of \$2 each to the Government; a charge of \$6 or \$8 for the dyeing and dressing; a duty of 20 cents when they are returned to this country; and a fair charge for all the transportation on them for all of this time. This gives a dressed seal-skin, ready for the furrier to make up into garments, an average value of from \$40 to \$60. It takes three skins to make a sacque of medium size, and the furriers always charge well for the making and lining. The sea otter, with which the finest sacques are trimmed, is a natural fur that requires no dyeing, and needs only to be dressed and plucked of its coarser hairs before it is ready for use. The sea otter is the most expensive fur of its kind, and single skins are shown costing from \$100 to \$300.

By the wise action of the Government in reserving the seal islands and leasing them to a responsible company, the seal fisheries have become more and more valuable. The seals are increasing in number yearly, and more than the regular 100,000 could be killed each season without diminishing them to any extent. Alaska seal is now the only seal-skin in the market, since the rookeries of the Antarctic Sea have been so persistently hunted that the seals have become extinct. The Shetland seals, found on the islands of that name off Cape Horn, for a long time furnished the finest skins in the market, and commanded almost double the price of the Alaska seal-skins. Not being protected by any government, the islands were free hunting grounds for every ship that went "round the Horn, and no skipper could resist a venture at such costly pelts. From the Island of South Georgia and the Island of Desolation 2,400,000 seal-skins were taken annually from the time of their discovery, in 1771, until within the last twenty years, when the seals gradually became extinct. A San Francisco furrier sent a schooner down to those Antarctic islands a few years ago, and sixty skins were all that were obtained. All along the northwest coast, from Vancouver's Island to Onalaska, where the authority and monopoly of the Alaska Commercial Company begins a general warfare is waged on the small islands, independent hunters and traders, but their catch has seemingly no effect upon the millions of seal that annually gather on the Pribyloff shores, and the pelt grows coarser and poorer the further south of those islands it is obtained. The seal's skin is in its best condition during the summer months, when the animals frequent the Pribyloff rookeries, and by wise protection the Government has an inexhaustible source of wealth in these two small islands. The seal's skin is sold to the Treasury at a rent and taxes nearly the whole amount that was paid to Russia for the immense Territory of Alaska.

Pierrepoint's Alaska Trip.

The Ex-Minister's Description of Our Northern Possessions--A Mining Camp Episode--Required to Act as Judge Lynch.

The Hon. Edward Pierrepoint of New York, ex-minister to England, chose a very novel means of making a summer tour. Instead of "taking in" Switzerland, the Rhine or Egypt, accompanied by his son Edward he visited Alaska. Mr. Pierrepoint returned from his Alaskan visit some weeks ago, but has been putting his time in since then in a quiet visit to the Yellowstone. He arrived in Chicago Saturday. He was sitting in his comfortable room at the Palmer when the reporter called. A little and old but cheerful man, he entered into conversation enthusiastically. "Yes," said he, "I have put in my summer rather oddly, but in selecting Alaska in preference to some of the more wonted places like the land of the Sphinx or Mount Olympus, I was actuated by several considerations. You are too young to remember it, but it was during Polk's administration that a quarrel arose between America and England over certain western possessions, in which Vancouver's Island is included. America concluded that she had a right to extend our parallel of latitude to 54-40 deg. England contested this right. A bitter feeling was engendered, and for a long time it looked as if America and England would go to war. Indeed, for a long time all the Democratic newspapers were crying for 54-40 or fight. But England held on to her claim for the extension, and America finally backed down, and Great Britain got the territory between 49 deg. the limit of our possessions, and 54-40 degrees. One of the objects of my visit to Alaska was to see this territory on which the fight was made, and I was amply repaid, though a great deal humiliating to me to be obliged to travel through British territory to get to Alaska. But Alaska was what I desired most to see, so on the 12th of July my son and I sailed from Portland, Oregon, on the steamer Eureka. This vessel was very kindly placed at our disposal by Gov. Perkins of California. We had almost the entire possession of the steamer. Alaska is peculiarly formed. It is one succession of isthmuses, so that the land is almost cut into strips by the watery trespasser. We went from the south to the north and over a greater portion of it, and I never was so much surprised at anything as I was at what I saw."

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