The Meekly Herald.

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DAILY HERALD:

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Written for the Herald. HIBERNIA.

Oh, Hibernia! thy freedom is not dead; It does but sleep, and soon itself will seat. Liberty girt with stars about its head. Walks in the light of this Republic's care Secure and calm; while tyrants, coercion-fed, Ever tremble on the brink of some vague fear An Empress-Queen grows pale, for millions

Her throne's decay! yet thou'st glorious in

All Ireland is proclaimed; yet unshaken The shades of her Emmets and Meaghers sigh behind. Curst coercion comes; yet dreams of hope

Beneath the murmurings of a nation's mind. Laws pass; but newer laws, like Sinai's un

Will yet destroy the night of humankind. Evil is transient-wrong, coercion and fraud, By the great, good God, still are overawed.

Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece. Rome and Arabia, held in turn men's fears-Black masses in the golden light of peace, Casting wide shadows, but the fateful sphere Wheeled round, and they were gone. No longer

Has Britain, fed with dew of human tears, Of Hindoo Irish, Kaffir, Maori and Zulu rude. And e'en America's in a revolutionary mood

Therefore, dear, sorrowing Hibernia, look forth Think upon Blaine and Canadian fish awhile! Some comforters, at least, hast thou on earth All Europe and America doth smile On thy struggle and on thy suffering worth; And all the children of Australia's isle Answer the voice of thy heart-breaking cry in words of fiery hope that shall not die

Helena, August 17, 1887. A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

You go upon the board of trade.
Where margin merchants meet
And take some little options
On January wheat.
You watch the little ticker,
Till the hands swing round the ring,
Then you find your little boodle
Has gone a-glimmering.
That's business.

You go into a faro bank
And buy a stack of chips,
And watch the cards come from the box
Which the dealer deftly flips.
When your head is dull and aching,
At the breaking of the day,
You see that fickle fortune
Has gone the other way.
That's gambling.

THE EPICYCLOIDAL

'Tis a sort of a mystical curve, A kind of a sinuous bend, A serpentine swerve, That requires every nerve That a man to effect it can lend.

The pitiful batter stands there Perplexed by the "in" and the "drop: Twould nigh make a carmelite swear To see him thus mangling the air With a sort of barbarian chop

How little he guesses the ball Can trace an aerial screw! He watches the rise and the fall, But sees no more winding at all Than a cobbler in Kalamazoo

He sees not the intricate curl Of the ball that goes flying apast, Nor the circumgyration and swirl, Nor the spiral fantastical twirl, Nor the zigzag refraction so vast. Spectators observe him and grin;

he playing, they say, is "immense!" And a casual shot in the shin Is not an unnatural sin

If the pitcher has something to say, He looks at the catcher askance, And speaks in enigmatic way-That silent patois of the pla With sentences hid in a glance,

So study that magical leer, And watch every writhe of the wrist; And when in its switching career Take care of the tortuous twist -Joseph Daly in Judge.

Hard Luck.

"Where are you going, my pretty, pretty maid?"
To the ice cream parlor, sir," she said. "May I go 'long, my pretty, pretty maid?"
"You can, sir, if you'll foot the bill," she said.

"How many plates canst eat, my pretty, pretty "Four is about my size," she softly said. "Don't you ever get tired, my pretty, pretty

"I'm not built that way, please, sir," she said. "I've just felt in my pockets, my pretty, pretty

"And what do you find there, sir?" she said. Nought but a button, my pretty, pretty maid." "I'll see you later, sir," said.

"Can I see you home, my pretty, pretty maid?" "If you'll chance the bulldog, sir," she said.
"Will the bulldog bite, my pretty, pretty maid?"

"I should blush to murmur, sir," she said.

We parted. -M. J. Donnelly in St. Paul Globe

Twenty beaux in fine clothes cooed Miss de la Manches. Her old dad ducats had-

One fine day passed away All De Manches' rhino; Not a beau came, ah no, Save Paul Pencil Shino Reportaire-inky hairthes' gold once more rolled. Paul now munches clover.

-New York Journal.

UNDER THE GROUND.

A VISIT TO KENTUCKY'S WONDER. MAMMOTH CAVE.

A Place No Snake Has Ever Visited, Nor Musquito; Nor Is There Sunshine There - But All These Are Plentiful Near at Hand.

[Special Correspondence.]

MAMMOTH CAVE, Ky., Aug. 9 .- What a pity it is this summer resort is not a few hundred miles nearer the center of population. There is no summer resort like it in all the land. The country is marvelously beautiful, though dry and hot. The leaves have wilted under the sun's fierce rays, and every foot-fall stirs up a small cloud of fine, warm dust. The mercury rises to the limit and induces a feeling of discomfort which even the famous julep here compounded in all its fragrant glory fails to relieve. The grass is green under the many trees surrounding the picturesque old hotel, and the verandas are swept by gentle breezes. But musquitoes abound, and there are rattlesnakes in the grass. The guests of the old inn abhor both the insect and the reptile, and early in the morning seek an avenue of escape from the many evils which beset them. In this matchless summer resort there is a spot where no musquito ever buzzed, where no snake was ever Seen or heard, where no sun ever shone or summer heat penetrated. It is down in the cave. Immediately after breakfast the gueste assemble at one end of the long hotel. The men are attired in their customary garments, but the women have put on odd looking bloomer gowns which make walking and climbing less difficult for them than when in skirts. Each guest seizes an oil hanging lamp made of tin and wire, with a metal guard to protect the hand from the flame. All form in line behind a smart looking colored man, "William the guide," and the journey in search of comfort and

Out through a rose garden, down a sinuous path into a deep and picturesque ravine the procession winds, presently halting before a black and grewsome hole. It is the entrance to Mammoth cave. Already the visitors feel the cooling influence of this famous curiosity. Chills, originating in vague apprehensiveness, chase each other up and down scores of spinal columns. A woman rebels against her husband's authority, steps out of the line, and declares that she "wouldn't go into that hole for all the world." He, unfeeling, eager brute that he is, hires a colored man to escort her back to the hotel, and resumes his place in the line. A young man from Boston inquires of the guide if it is all dark down in the cave, and amid the tittering of his neighbors declares that he never would have come a step had be supposed the cave was totally devoid of daylight. But now the lamps have been lighted, the colored man cries out "All ready-march!" and the journey into the bowels of the earth begins. It is a noble vestibule which nature has

aced at the entrance to this wonderful cavern. Amid tulip trees, grape vines, maples and butternuts, fringing ferns and green mosses is the gateway to this underground palace. Here tree roots have twisted themselves into fantastic shapes, and from the rocks overhead a tiny cascade, fed by springs, falls continually into the gorge below. The descent is no sooner begun than the visitors feel a current of cool air rushing out to greet them. This is the cave's greeting-a pleasant forerunner of the depths within. down walk the explorers, their feet finding firm stepping places in the rocky stairway, and the long line of moving lamps making a pleasing picture for those who remain behind Soon a straight, low gallery is reached, where the walls are no more than ten apart, and the roof so that tall men find it necessary to stoop. Here the guide halts his wards, and as the visitors by one struggle up they are surprised to find before them a heavy gate, securely fastened by a big padlock. This is the gate to the underground palace, the place where the tolls are collected and the visiting parties finally organized. Here each visitor desiring to take the "long Lonte" within must pay \$3 to the agent of the cave's owners, while those who wish to take only the "short route" are let off with \$2. These preliminaries being arranged, the big gate is opened, and, with a chorus of merry cries, the explorers are about to spring forward to begin their journey in earnest, when another halt

"Oh, oh, my lamp is out!" screams a timid little woman. Others make the same complaint. And no wonder, for from the depths within rushes a wind as cool, comparatively. as a Manitoba blizzard in December and strong enough to blow one's hat from his head. All summer long this cool wind blows out the mouth of the cave. Why? Because the temperature without is from 80 to 100. while that within is always at 56. In winter the wind blows inwardly, the temperature without the cave being then lower than

Exhilarated by the cooling draught the excursionists rush forward at a rapid pace, uttering many merry cries, and feeling indi-vidually and collectively as if they could cclipse a race horse in speed or outdo a mountain goat in rock climbing. It is a singular fact that this incomparable summer spot not only offers its votaries an atmosphere of unfailing coolness, but an air so charged with oxygen that its inhalation produces an un mistakably exhilarating effect. Chemical processes are ever at work within the cavern, rating oxygen and throwing it upon the air. Of course this expands the volume of the atmosphere, and in part accounts for the powerful out current which visitors first encounter at the big gate. This oxygen is so otential that under its beneficent influence



THE OLD WAY. the weak feel themselves strong, and women easily and without fatigue perform journeys which on the earth's surface they would deem impossible. The wife of the innkeeper, a

frail young woman, says she has often

walked twenty or twenty-nve miles cave in a single day, returning at sunset to engage in her favorite pastime of waltzing at the evening hop. "What!" the reader exclaims, "walk twenty-five miles in the cave! Is the cavern so big as that?" Twenty-five miles is nothing in this great hole in the ground. You could, if you wanted to, walk 200 miles in this cavern and not once retrace your steps. No wonder the proprietors of the cave keep it under lock and key and ask liberal tolls for rambles along its thoroughfares. Mammoth cave is a subterranean empire. It has hundreds of streets and alleys. Some are about as wide as one of the waterways of Venice; some are mere holes through which visitors crawl like snakes some are broad and high enough to contain a row of metropolitan business buildings; while here and there a thoroughfare broadens

church, spire and all, could be planted. It has mineral wealth and navigable rivers, and many, though harmless and curious, inhabitants. It contains hills and pools, valleys, mountains, parks and gardens. It is, as well. one vast museum. And the year round, winter and summer, its temperature stands at 56 degrees Fahrenheit, and the supply of exhilarating oxygen is unfailing and eternal. What a pity, I say, this incomparable retreat from the glare of sun—this new world just under the world we know so well and often get so tired of—is not situated near New York, Chicago or some other suffering me-tropolis. Take a lamp in your hand, walk half

and lifts into a great hall in which a small



a mile, and lo, you have entered a new climand a new portion of the globe. A voyag: to Greenland, or to Africa, or China, could not effect a more complete transformation. It is a pity, also, that 500,000 persons cannot enter this marvelous place each year, instead of the 4,000 or 5,000 who now visit it. There are improvements to be made too, and for this purpose government should purchase the cavern and fit it for the reception of the multitude. The present owners are a half dozen heirs of one Jessup. The estate is managed for them by an agent. The earnings are no more than \$10,000 a year, and out of this guides and their expenses must be paid. There is nothing left with which to make anything more than the imperative repairs. Pullman, the sleeping car magnate, once made an effort to buy the cave, but the property is under court control, and cannot be sold until some of the heirs be

come of age. Others could doubtless be found by earnest search from within, but the owners take good care that no such search shall be made. They forbid the use of surveying instruments in the cavern and discourage exploration. Discovery of another entrance might break the monopoly which they now hold upon this matchless natural curiosity, though to protect their possession they have purchased several thousand acres of land, presumably covering the cave. Title to real estate, it appears, carries one's fee to the center of the earth, and if by the use of surveying instruments some neighboring farmer could establish the fact that portions of the cave are .under his land, he would have a legal right to a share of the

tolls collected from sightseers. This greatest of holes in the ground has 200 miles of explored avenues and passages. How much farther it extends no one knows, but it is probable that earnest efforts would extend the hundreds into thousands. This whole country side is filled with caves. In this (Edmundson) county alone two hundred have been discovered. Some of these caves are nearly as large and quite as beautiful as Mammoth cave, but the reputation of the giant overshadows them all, and no one thinks of visiting any of the lesser marvels. Doubtless many or all of these caverns are connected by hidden passages, though it is a matter of neighborhood gossip that certain avenues have been closed by the Mammoth cave manager and explorers excluded from them, presumably through fear of unwelcome discoveries. The proprietors of Mammoth cave value their underground city at \$250,000, and it could be readily sold

for that sum. Mammoth cave has never been a popular resort. Hitherto it has been exceedingly difficult of access. The railroad ran no nearer than ten miles and the stage ride was over rough country, making it both tedious and expensive. Before the war southern planters came here in large numbers, and sought relief from summer's heat in the bowels of the earth. Everything here is essentially southern. The landlord at the hotel is anything but a successful Boniface, while his wife is a beauty, too proud to visit the kitchen. The cooks are without accom-plishments, and never gained as much as an inkling of the proper method of broiling a steak or brewing coffee. They do know, however, how to serve pie and hot biscuit for breakfast. The hotel itself is southern. It is merely a series of log or rough frame sheds, built one after another in the form of an L, facing a pretty park. The main portion of the house was built as long ago as house was built as long ago as 1818 and in the big ball room over the dining hall Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson danced in their youth. The old inn is picturesque if not comfortable; and each arriving guest on making the inevitable query, "Who cave?" is told that a section of the great cavern is right underneath him as he sits struggling with a piece of Texas steer, fried. The stage coach has at last disappeared, and new railroad runs almost to the very mouth of the cavern. It is a crooked railway, running up hill and down and around hills, with grades which make observing passengers dizzy and locomotives tired. One engine can

pull but a couple of cars, and then often at a snail's pace. This ride alone is worth the price of admission, especially if you stand on the platform behind a colored native and have

the interesting objects pointed out to you. One-half the farmers along here, this volu-

ble black man will tell you, have caves on they are too lazy to ex-

plore, though many of them use the mouths of their caverns for storehouses for meats

Helena, Montana, Thursday, August 25, 1887.

But what has become of our party of explorers, whom we left just as they had begun to sniff the oxygen and fathom the mys-teries of life underground? They are still on their tramp—squeezing their bodies through Fat Man's Misery, listening to the reverberations and marveling at the strange scenes of Echo river, gazing fearfully into the Botto nless Pit, panting and perspiring through the rugged Corkscrew, eating their lunch ten miles from daylight, or looking at the twinkling of chemical stars in a firmament which is hundreds of feet below the surface of the Their wanderings amidst wonders, earth. Their wanderings annust wonders, their study of nature when surrounded by her, their thoughts when in the very presence of the mighty and eternal forces which operate within earth, I must follow in another letter.

WALTER WELLMAN.

A WOMAN MAYOR.

Kansas Ahead in the Advancement of Women.

It is surely time to wake Nicodemus. The jubilee for the slaves occurred years ago, and now women are beginning to see the dawn of their day. In Argonia, Kan., they have a woman mayor, and she is sailing through her term of office with colors flying. Last spring Susanna Medora Salter was duly elected mayor of Argonia; also duly qualified, and is ow duly and conscientiously operating the nunicipal machine.

Kansas, as everybody knows, is a regular four in hand state in the matter of progression. It carries more laurels for radicalism, in spite of its grasshoppers, than any state in the Union, or out of it. Within her borders was shed the first blood in the war for freedom. She was the first to ratify the Four-teenth Amendment. She led in the fight for prohibition, and she is the first state in the Union to grant to the women of municipalities the right to vote on all matters referred to popular suffrage. This carries with it the right to hold municipal office, hence the

As in the granting of suffrage to women in Wyoming and a hundred other important things in Ameri-

can politics, Mrs. Salter's candidacy began as a joke. It idea of a faction who had no sympathy with women as office holders. The women showed their power by uniting their forces and hoisting said faction with its own petard, and they did it without

MAYOR SALTER.

any difficulty. It was this way: The question at issue in local politics in most nall towns in Kansas is not a political one. It is the enforcement or non-enforcement of the prohibitory law. Last spring the men of Argonia did not take hold of the question with the vigor and detern liked to see. The W. C. T. U. concluded to take matters into their They called and invited all voters. It met in the Baptist church on Saturday evening. The election was to take place on the following Monday. It was conducted in a manner quite unique in political caucuses. The meeting opened with the singing of "America," which had the effect of firing the hearts of those present with patriotic fervor. This effect then received an extra coating of strength by the reading of the 146th-or Crusade and a prayer which harmonized with both the hymn and the psalm. Then the caucus

went energetically to business and named its five councilmen and mayor and went home. On Monday morning a facetious anti-prohibitionist was up with the lark and out with some printed tickets containing the names of the five councilmen; but instead of the caucus nominee for mayor Mrs. Salter's name was substituted. They were circulated as a gigantic burlesque. The women of the W. C. T. U. heard of it and determined to turn the tables on this bold humorist. They called on Mrs. Salter, who was up to her elbows in Monday's housework, and urged her to take the office if elected. She consented, and they went to work for her like Trojans. Me dropped their daily duties and helped the women electioneer. By night Mrs. Salter was mayor-elect. She had received three fourths of all the votes cast, and the joker was in sack cloth and ashes. Little jokes like that are often fraught with great re-

sults. A correspondent attended a meeting of the council. Mayor Salter, in a snug street dress and fashionable straw hat, presided with dignity and decorum. When the four rattle tongued young aldermen grew irrelevant in their discussions she brought them to time at once. Her followers praise her without stint which is more than her opponents could be expected to do.

The citizens of Argonia, advanced though they be, can scarcely get accustomed to the extraordinary innovation of a mayor in petticoats. They point her out to strangers as one of the curiosities of the town. Recalcitrant small boys regard her much as the New York gamin does a "cop." "There's the mayor!" scatters them like a cyclone.

Mrs. Salter's father, Oliver Kinsey, was the first mayor of Argonia, so it rather runs in the family to hold office, like wooden legs and artificial teeth

Mayor Salter is now 27 years of age. The engraving, taken from a sketch, represents her as rather severe of countenance. She is a blonde of medium height, is slender and iresses neatly. What is more, she can do what no other mayor has ever done. She makes her own clothes. She is the mother of four children, and can "outcook" and "outdishwash" any mayor or alderman that ever

A Point for Rural Residents. Country Editor-Yes, sir, in the notice of the vegetables you left on my table I said they looked nice when brought, but were found to be scarcely eatable when cooked. I remem-

Irate Farmer-So do I, and I reme too, that when my uppish neighbor, Farmer Grubbs, left the same kind of stuff here you came out with a big thing in the paper saying they were the finest vegetables you ever ate. I know, sir, that what I brought was just as

"Maybe they were when you brought 'em. but it was two weeks before I had a chance to I see; they must have been pretty stale by that time. But how about Farmer Grubbs'

vegetables?" "Farmer Grubbs was thoughtful enough to bring along a load of wood to cook them with."-Omaha World.

OHIO'S CANDIDATES.

Nominees for Governor by Republicans,

In 1883, when Joseph Benson Foraker was seeking the Republican nomination for governor, he jocularly complained that every time he had sought promotion he had been met by the objection, "You're too young." When he was 15 years old the war broke out; his older brother enlisted, and Ben was wild to go with him; but the examining surgeon

laid a paternal hand on his head and affectionately said, "My dear boy, you're too young. In 1862, however, the, government was not so particular. It had been proved that "healthy boys are good fighters," and when young Foraker enlisted in the Eightyninth Ohio volun-

JOSEPH B. FORAKER. teers he was accepted and with his regiment went to th front. A year later he was for a time in command of his company, though but 17 rears old. He served with honor to the close of the war, was mustered out at the age of 19, studied law, applied for admission to the bar, was admitted with the caution that ha was "rather young," and by hard work soon wor a good practice. He was elected judge at the early age of 33 and sat upon the bench three years. In 1883 he was the Republican tominee for governor of Ohio; but that happened to be a Democratic year, and he was beaten by George Hoadly, the Democratic candidate. In 1885 he was renominated and elected by a plurality of nearly 17,000. He is now maniated for a second

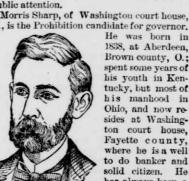
Mr. Foraker was born in Rainsboro, O., in July, 1846, and has been a citizen of the state since that time. Besides the public action above mentioned he was also a delegate to the Republican national convention of 1884, and

took a very active part in the campaign of that year. His principal competitor, Hon. Thomas E.

Powell, is also a rising young man, only four years older than Governor Foraker. He was born in the lovely college town of Delaware, O., in 1842, his father, a native of Wales, having been a noted and influential Democrat through forty exciting years. The son wa graduated at the Ohio Wesleyan university, in Delaware, in 1863; four

tered on the practice of law, and has since adhered to it with diligence and success. In 1876 he was candidate for attorney general of the state and shared the Democratic defeat of that year. He is well qualified to meet Governor Foraker upon the stump, and as the platforms of both par ties are unusually plain spoken and the issues well defined, the public may be assured of a high toned campaign, courteously con ducted upon fundamental issues. This year's contest in Ohio will, indeed, be worthy of the public attention.

Morris Sharp, of Washington court house O., is the Prohibition candidate for governor. He was 1838, at Aberdeen



solid citizen. He has always been a MORRIS SHARP. erance man, but it is only within the last two or three years that he has acted with the third party. He is a very agreeable gentleman and quite popular at his home.

THE LATE GEN. DUNN.

A Man Whose Career Left Its Mark Upon the Day and Generation. The recent announcement of the death of Gen. William McKee Dunn revives the mem-

ory of a man once very prominent in Indi-ana, one whom the people of that state at one time thought worthy of almost the highest honors in the nation. Gen. Dunn had a constructive intellect, and for a quarter of a century, in the very prime of his life, he devoted his talents to advancing his state, his

skill in construction being of great value in the formation of a constitution, school laws and th upbuilding of a financial system. He was a contemporary of Robert Dale Owen, Judge other men of the constructive period in Indiana—that

alaxy of building statesmen who immeditely preceded Morton, Colfax and others of the reforming and revolutionizing era. He. activity long enough to be contemporary with the second generation and to take a very active part in the stirring events of 1860-66. W. M. Dunn was born Dec. 12, 1814, in Indiana while it was still a territory; was graduated in 1832 among the first students sent out from the state university, and then completed the course at Harvard. He took up the practice of law and was soon eminent among the lawyers of the state. In 1848 he was elected to the legislature, and in 1850 was a very active and useful member of the convention that framed the new constitution of the state. He was chosen as a Republican to the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh congresses, but was defeated in 1862. Thus his service covered much of the war period, and he was a very earnest supporter of the Lincoln administration, serving as aid to McClellan in West Virginia while an elected riember. In March, 1863, he was made major and judge advocate; in 1865 he was brevetted as brigadier and in 1866 was made a regularly commissioned colonel of volunteers. Finally, Dec. 1, 1875, he was appointed judge advocate general of the army with the full rank of brigadier and as such was put on the retired list Jan. 22, 1881. For many years past he has had a country residence in Fairfax county, Va., where he died. AUGUSTINO DEPRETIS.

The Late Italian Statesman Who Has Often Been Compared to Gladstone. The career of Augustino Depretis, president of the council and minister of the interior in Italy, who has just died, has often been likened to that of Gladstone. Indeed, the life work of the two statesmen has been of such similarity as to win for the Italian the title of

Italy's Grand Old Man. Signor Depretis was born at Stradella, near Turin, Piedmont, in 1809, and his life was brought to a close at the He studied at the University of Turin, and choosing the law for his profession began its practice in his native town. It was during this early period that he became acquainted with Cavour, to whom

AUGUSTINO DEPRETIS. Italy owes its unification. This was before the public career of that eminent statesman, and the intimacy then begun was a lasting one.

It was in 1848 that Depretis began his political life. In that year he was chosen to the Sardinian parliament for Stradella. His parliamentary career was a long one; in fact, he was almost the oldest member, in length of service, in the Italian parliament. He was almost invariably seated on the extreme left, the portion of the house reserved for those members are who most radical in their views. This often brought him in direct op-position to Cavour, but did not in the least impair the friendly relations existing between them, and on one occasion, memorable in the history of Italian politics, Cavour alluded to Depretis as "the man of Sparta." This title fitted Depretis very well, for his personal integrity was never called in question even by his bitterest opponents. He soon became the leader of a political group, which, while it had not sufficient numbers to form a majority in the chamber, was thoroughly compact and united and was often able to hold the "balance of power." But Depretis was never thought of as a possible prime minister until 1876, when Signor Minghetti was defeated. The first administrative office held by Depretis was the governorship of Brescia, to which he was appointed in 1859. He was commissary extra-ordinary and pro-dictator in Sicily 1860-61; minister of public works, 1862-63, and acting minister of marine in 1866, at the time of the naval defeat of Lissa. Much unpopularity attached to Depretis because of this defeat, which his enemies asserted was the fault of "a nister of marine who had never seen the sea." In 1867 Depretis was for a brief period minister of finance and it was at that time that Victor Immanuel was attracted to him. often consulting him, indeed, when he was in

the opposition.

When, in 1876, Depretis was asked to form a ministry on the ruins of that of Minghetti, he unfortunately confided the portfolio of the interior to Giovanni Nicotera, whose follies led to the speedy downfall of the ministry. In 1877, however, Depretis was again called upon to become premier, and again in 1878, upon the fall of the Cairoli cabinet, he was summoned for the third time. This time his government lasted for six months only, but in 1881 Depretis again returned to power, not to retire again till 1885. In 1882 he terially extended the franchise, and in 1883 he secured the co-operation of the right in repressive measures toward the Socialists. His retiracy in 1885 came from the occupation of Masowah, but he was induced to form still another ministry, and though he wished to resign in February of this year King Humbert would not hear of it, and Depretis held the position to the time of his death.

FOR GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND.

Elihu Emory Jackson Nominated by the Democrats.

The Democrats of Maryland have nominated Elihu Emory Jackson as their candidate for governor. He is not a man of showy qualities, but he makes up for any lack of pretentious appearance in being of sterling integrity. Of plain tastes, he has devoted himself to business and been quite successful. He has made a fortune. Salisbury, county seat of Wicomico, is his home. It is one of the lower counties of the eastern section of the state. Near there is his birthplace. He was the eldest of five children. His education

was practical. He taught school, was storekeeper, and finally went into the lumber trade, which made him rich. He now has large branches of his business in many of the large seacoast cities, and his firm owns a railroad in Virginia, a fleet of boats on the Chesapeake, and forests

Fifteen thousand men earn their ELIHU EMORY JACKSON. bread as his employes. Only a few weeks ago he purchased 80,000 acres of timber land in Alabama, for which he paid \$100,000. He expects to receive from this a profit of seven times the purchase price. He is a millionaire, and his brothers are his business part-

He has had some political glory already, He has had one term in the house of delegates and one in the state senate. He was elected president of the senate near the close of the last session of the legislature.

W. O. Bradley, of Lancaster, Garrard

county, who ran on the Republican ticket in Kentucky for governor this year, is a lawyer, able and earnest. He has been a candidate times before, and against Judge Milnow first controller of the treasury, for congress. He was last two presiden-

tial conventions W. O. BRADLEY. famous 306 who fought so valiantly for Grant at Chicago. President Arthur appointed him as assistant attorney to prosecute the star route cases, but he resigned the position. Kentucky had four tickets in the field this year, the Democratic, Republican, Prohibi-tion and Union Labor ticket.

MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFT.

The Free Library Presented to Edin-burgh by the Socialist Millionaire. Andrew Carnegie's name has become a noted one in the United States because of his outspoken belief and his rapid rise to great wealth. It bids fair to become a household word in Edinburgh, if not in all Scotland, because of his munificence in presenting \$250,-000 to the Scotch capital for the purpose of founding a great free library. Directly after his marriage, which was solemnized early in the present season in New York, he sailed for



CARNEGIE FREE LIBRARY.

the old country with his bride. Arriving there, he was presented "the freedom of the city" at Edinburgh and was made the recipient of all sorts of honors and the subject of many complimentary allusions. On the evenmany companentary antisions. On the even-ing of the same day Mr. Carnegie was pres-ent at a meeting of workingmen, who turned out 3,000 strong and presented to him a silver casket inclosing an elaborate address. On the following day Mr. Carnegie laid the foundation stone of the new library in the Cowgate. A cut of the library from the rchitect's drawings is given here

A CROOKED BIT OF RAIL

Wonderful Work of Engineers at Righthand Gulch, Colo.

[Special Correspondence. DENVER, Aug. 9 .- There is no end to the triumphs of engineering in the Rockies. Railroad men of today smile at the talk of twenty years ago, when the construction of the Union Pacific was long delayed to find a smooth route. Now trains run over "divides" 11,000 feet and more above the sea, wind along the rocky sides of deep canyons and thread their way along "benches" 2,000 feet in the air and once thought accessible only by the eagle and the mountain sheep. Give assurance that the traffic will justify the outlay, and the engineers will blast out a railway track along the face of a cliff where the pioneer workmen have to be let down from above with ropes. The development of new mineral lodes in the heart of the mountains justifies these extraordinary methods of reaching them by rail. We give herewith a view of the latest achievement-the looped railway up "Righthand gulch," from Georgetown. Colo. to the foot of Grav's peak.

To appreciate this achievement, consider these facts: The main range of the Rocky mountains through Colorado has an average elevation of 11,000 feet, with occasional peaks rising much higher, Gray's peak having an the floods of early summer have cut fearful chasms to the plains, and up these canyons, s they are called, the old time mountaineers found their only possible routes to the "divides." The railroads follow, obedient to the same necessities; but the ascent is too rapid for any engine, and in reducing the



RIGHTHAND GULCH LOOP. grade by curves is where the engineer's skill is tested. From Denver to Golden, at the foot of the mountains, is an easy ascent; there the narrow gauge railway starts up the wild gorge of Clear creek, and rises 2,000 feet in the short stage to Central City. At the junction of the two Clear creeks a branch turns to the left and goes by Idaho Springs to Georgetown, which is 8,400 feet above the sea. All around the city the mountains rise in a perfect amphitheatre for 3,000 feet, and in the upper end of the city the canyon divides; from Lefthand gulch a river of crystal water comes pouring through a rocky flume up Righthand gulch the grade is a little easier, and all the mountain side is thick veined with the richest of silver lodes. Most noted among these are the Silver Plume (which gives name to the little mining town in the gulch), Dives-Pelican, etc. To overcome the steep ascent of this canyon-2,000 feet in eight miles, besides the abrupt breaks and chasms-was the task of the engineer, and our engraving shows

how it was done.

The railroad winds around the upper end of the city in an ascending spiral, giving the passengers a bird's eye view of houses and streets below; it then passes up the very bot-tom of the canyon till a convenient plateau is reached, where it crosses the stream and turns back toward Georgetown; then turning again to the south and west, it recrosses the canyon on a bridge 300 feet long and 90 feet above its own track, and then, turning up the canyon once more, but on a higher level, it goes on winding from side to side to Gray-mont, present terminus of the line. There the tourist must take horse if he would ascend Gray's peak, still nearly 4,000 feet above him.

It Would Make a Difference. "I wouldn't be a fool, if I were you," said

Jones to a friend. "If you were me you wouldn't be a fool," was the reply.-Mail and Express.