

THE DAILY JOURNAL.

MILES CITY, MONTANA.

Every Morning Except Monday.

Terms of Subscription.

BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE, POSTAGE PAID.
Daily Edition, one year, \$2.00
Daily Edition, six months, \$1.00
Daily Edition, one month, .50
TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.
By carrier, every morning, at 25 cents per week.
WEEKLY EDITION, YELLOW PAPER.
One Year, \$1.00
Six Months, .50
Three Months, .25

Wednesday, January 18, 1906.

EXPLANATORY.

We believe that the constant readers of the YELLOWSTONE JOURNAL will experience a pleasing surprise when they receive this issue of the paper, for barring mechanical accidents, which we are not safe from until the paper is off of the press, we intend to present to our readers in this issue, the JOURNAL in a new dress.

It is the usual, if not general custom of newspapers to refer to this event as being indicative of prosperity, and, singularly enough, to couple this assertion with an appeal to all to liberally patronize the paper because it has spent some money in re-equipping itself for public service. Whatever may be the moving causes that have induced and may yet induce other papers to put on a new dress, we wish to disclaim for this paper any condition of prosperity such as to lead to the expenditure of any sum, large or small, on account of that condition alone. A true statement of the case is that our type had gotten so worn and imperfect that the editor could not read his own effusions, and the issue was at once presented, that if he wished to enjoy the continued perusal of his editorial labors, the paper must have new type. Of course if the editor, who is presumed to be reasonably familiar with his contributions, could not read them, the case was still worse, with the subscriber, and we do not deny that some consideration for him entered into the resolution to put on a new dress. We cannot, however, part with the old type without at least rendering them the tribute, "Well done thou good and faithful servant." Since 1878 they have been—at first weekly, and for the last ten years, daily marshaled to record the history of this community, and though so decreased in number of late that "the boys" had frequently to dig into the corners of the boxes to get the last line up; they have done their duty to the last, and if placed properly in line, have never failed to express all that was expected of them. One of their first duties was to sing the praises of General Miles, then a plain colonel of infantry in command at Fort Keogh, and now removed by only two or three lives from the supreme command of the army. Who can say but that these faithful old type started him on his triumphant career? As with Gen. Miles, so with many lesser lights, who have sought political preferment, received the support of the old type and walked arm in arm with victory. May the new and bright legions which succeed them prove as powerful.

The DAILY YELLOWSTONE JOURNAL is something of a power for the newspaper fraternity of this state. Other towns and cities have more pretensions than Miles City have tried the daily newspaper time and again, and as often given it up as a problem incapable of solution, while the YELLOWSTONE JOURNAL keeps right on with its diurnal visits, sometimes good, oftener bad, but always here. The trouble is that other publishers try to make their dailies money-getters, and failing in this, they quit disgusted. It is different with this paper. It is published mainly for the amusement of the proprietor, who, while accepting with due appreciation all business that comes to him, has never yet permitted anyone to think that the paper is an eleemosynary affair, or in the slightest degree subsisting on the charity of the public. If in the future the JOURNAL should ever abruptly quit, there will be no need of a valedictory. It will be understood that the proprietor is sufficiently amused. At present he retains a lively appreciation of all the pleasures of the business, which he is frank to say largely exceed the discomforts. And now—How do you like our looks?

A rumor from Helena is to the effect that Hon. Thos. H. Carter will soon make his appearance at Helena and take a hand in the senatorial fight.

A MILITARY court martial sitting at Fort Assiniboine recently on the case of Capt. C. G. Ayers, 10th Cavalry, charged with "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, in violation of the sixtieth article of war," found him not guilty of the charge, but recommended that he be "reprimanded in orders." This approximates the historical Scotch verdict of "not proven." If not guilty, why reprimand him?

BOZEMAN is trying to make a point of superior adaptability for the Agricultural College offer Miles City because of her altitude of 6,000 feet, while Miles is only about 2,000 feet up in the air. On this basis it would be claimed that

things that could not be grown at Bozeman could not be grown anywhere in the state, while it is well known that the largest agricultural area in the state—the great Yellowstone valley, ranges from 1,000 down to 2,000 feet. Bozeman's argument would exclude corn, tomatoes, melons, tobacco and a host of other products, all of which are easily matured in the Yellowstone valley, and other points of equally low altitude in the state.

STORIES OF THE MONTH.

First Mate Thorndike, of the British ship *Mashona*, had a little talk with a reporter yesterday, and in the course of the conversation incidentally referred to the fact that he was on the Merionethshire when that vessel made the quickest passage on record to San Francisco from the United Kingdom. The trip was made four years ago, and the time was ninety-six days.

"And now," said Mate Thorndike, "I am going to ask you a question. How many schoolmarmers in California know for a fact that there are two ways of coming to San Francisco from New York or Europe by way of South America without rounding the Horn? Ask them. I would at most wager everything I possess on the proposition that without preparation they would tell you that the only way to avoid the Horn is by going through the Straits of Magellan."

"Now I am not teaching geography, but every sailor knows of the Straits of Le Maire, but how many presumably well informed people in San Francisco, or in London for that matter, know that there is another short cut through the South American continent?"

"The Merionethshire did not come through the Straits of Le Maire when she made her ninety-six days' passage, but sailing ships have passed through those straits, and if all the conditions were favorable the trip might be thus shortened nearly seven days, so that theoretically a modern sailing ship might reach this port in eighty days or even less. But sailing ships very rarely indeed come through these straits. Time is not so much an object as it was in the days of the fifties, and in addition the vessel that undertook it would forfeit her insurance. No insured sailing vessel ever comes through the Straits of Le Maire. I have sailed through those straits once, and would not care to do it again."

"The Straits of Magellan and the Straits of Le Maire represent two alternatives as against rounding the Horn. Neither of them is at any time beset or blocked by ice. The ice floes travel from west to east around the Horn, many degrees to the south of the Straits of Le Maire, which lie between the southern end of Terra del Fuego and Staten Island. By going through the Straits of Le Maire a ship can save 1,000 miles, but you will readily understand that, as the northern summer is the antarctic winter, no vessel would ever attempt the passage in June, July or August."

"The Magellan passage is only possible for steamboats anyhow. The reason is that a sailing vessel must find an anchorage on the way through, and there are five of these anchorages. But none of these can be made, because the current is very strong, especially at full moon, and because there is no wind. On the average the Magellan straits are not more than four miles wide in the thirty miles of their length, and often the width is only one mile."

"The Straits of Le Maire are five degrees further south. They are about thirty miles across, but the trouble is that when you get to the Pacific side there is a current dead against you, and northwest gales setting you dead on a rockbound coast."

"Just take up a good map of the south of South America and have a talk with an old seaman," said Mate Thorndike as he bade the reporter goodbye. "It is a part of the world that is going to become interesting very soon, and the events of the last two years are going to lead up to others that may make a knowledge of the crosscuts of the southern continent very interesting to statesmen before very long."—San Francisco Call.

Choosing Names for Books.

The Germans are not as a rule happy in their titles of books, although Freytag wrote "Soll und Haben," and Paul Heyse "Kinder der Welt." These, it is hardly necessary to add, are novels. Indeed, it is to the novel or the play that the title means most. The French are adept in this sort of thing. "L'Homme qui Rit" is one example of a felicitous choice. The titles of some modern plays, such as "Le Monde on l'on s'ennuie" and "Un Verre d'Eau," are other examples. However, we need not go so far afield for happy selections. Our own novelists and dramatists have shown much ingenuity in this line.

Shakespeare of course has been a mine of wealth to them. The use of quotations and proverbs is a modern trick, many of the earlier titles, with their long digressions "Concerning This, That and the Other," being as good as the preface, which has also been largely discarded. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that Mr. Howells has almost invariably gone to the great dramatist. "The Quality of Mercy" "A Modern Instance,"

"The Undiscovered Country"—these are a few of them, and all tersely descriptive. Mrs. Oliphant remembered her Shakespeare when she named one charming novel "The Primrose Path," and Mr. Hardy must have been reading "As You Like It" when he called his rural painting of the Dutch school "Under the Greenwood Tree." Tompkins, too, has been drawn upon for "A Daughter of the Gods" and "The Heir of the Ages."—Providence Journal.

Monster Walrus Hides.

One of the largest hides ever tanned is 8 feet wide and 14 feet long and weighs 700 pounds. It is one of a dozen or more walrus hides brought to this city five years ago by a whaler from the Arctic.

Twelve years ago experiments were made on the hide of the walrus, and it was conclusively proved that it could be tanned. Then came the question of a market for the leather, which was seldom less than an inch in thickness. Local silversmiths found it an excellent substitute for the old style emery wheel, and from the first it was a success, used as a means of polishing silverware and surfacing precious stones. Once a use was found for it the price advanced until 1890 it had reached five dollars a pound. Other firms commissioned captains of whalers to secure hides for them, and with competition the price of the tanned hides receded to three dollars a pound, at which figure it is now quoted in the eastern markets.

The green hides are enormous and cumbersome, weighing from 500 to 700 pounds each. The process of tanning them is the same as that used for ordinary leather save that the walrus hides are laid away for six months out of the twelve, and it takes five years to complete the process of curing. The average run of the hides in thickness is from three to four inches when green. When tanned they run from two to three inches in thickness.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Birds Found in New Zealand.

Among New Zealand birds the kiwi is a brown night bird, about the size of a guinea fowl, with a long narrow, curved beak, with which it pierces the ground to satisfy its appetite with worms and grubs. It has fine, long, pointed feathers, of which the Maoris make feather rugs by weaving them together with flaxen threads. The kakapo resembles a large bright green parrot and is very handsome. The wika, or wood hen, is the most common and the smallest. The kiwi, or apteryx, has the least developed wing and approaches most closely to the now extinct moa, or dinornis, of which there are some fine skeleton specimens in the museums. Those at Christchurch run to a height of eleven feet, but lack the rudimentary wing bone. In Dunedin there is one with it attached, and a beautiful skeleton is to be seen in the Natural History museum in London.—Nineteenth Century.

A Weird Story.

This is said to be a fact: An Atchison woman lost her mother by death and was too sick to attend the funeral. Every night for a month afterward she was awakened by her mother's voice moaning, "Oh, my hands, my hands!" Once a pair of ghostly hands appeared to her that were clasped, as if trying to wrench themselves apart. The woman was so distressed that she insisted on having her mother's remains disinterred and found the hands were tied together with a white ribbon. After the ribbon was cut the visitations and noises ceased.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

A Queer Happening.

Willings—As I came down street with Billings today we met a nurse with his baby in a perambulator. The youngest is quite pretty. Billings—Billings' baby? He hasn't any. What made you think it was his? Willings—Why, when we stepped off into the street to let them go by he didn't say a word about thinking there ought to be a law to keep baby carriages off the sidewalks.—New York Weekly.

Bobby Has a Way.

Minister—So you go to school, do you, Bobby? Bobby—Yes, sir. "Let me hear how you spell bread." "B-r-e-d." "Webster spells it with an a, Bobby." "Yes, sir; but you didn't ask me how Webster spells it—you asked me how I spell it."—Exchange.

Ready for Business.

A Trani (Italy) doctor has the following notice affixed to his portal. "Professor Ricca—The said Professor Ricca will use for making his salves live snakes and large serpents, wolves, bears, monkeys, marmots, weasels and numerous other kinds of wild animals alive and in good condition."

One of the famous white oaks of New Jersey stands in the Presbytery churchyard at Basking Ridge. It measures 14 feet 4 inches in circumference at five feet high, while the branches shade a circle of 115 feet in diameter.

THE SONG THE KETTLE SINGS.

Sweet are the songs by lovers sung
As they the old, old story tell,
And, sweet the croon of bees among
The clover blossoms and the poppy,
And glad the notes the skylarks trill
At even upon their innocent wings,
But deeper, softer, better still
The low, sweet song the kettle sings.
How strangely come to us again
The pleasant scenes of other days;
The happy golden moments when
We went our simple childish ways—
When all life's journey lay before
And early beckoned us with smiles,
Ere we had left our father's door
To go the many weary miles!
There by the broad, deep fireplace sit
The ones with silvered hair;
Across each face the flashes flit
And faded cheeks grow flushed and fair
And strangely mingle smile and tear
As memory in fondness brings
The old, old days the while they hear
The low, sweet song the kettle sings.
The embers throw their ruddy gleam
On childish figures blithe and free
That watch the changing glow, and dream
Of wondrous things that are to be,
The future one glad chime of bells—
Of golden bells, hope ever rings,
And through their music strangely wells
The low, sweet song the kettle sings.
Oh, all the joys my heart has known
And all the hopes of time to be
Within the kettle's gentle tone
On gracious wings are borne to me,
And gladness which my cure bequeaths
Comes bubbling up from youthful springs,
And whippers from the peaceful isles
Are in the song the kettle sings.
Would you become a youth again
Back to that dear old home once more?
Trade all the wisdom you have won
May have for childhood's happy lore
Oh, would you feel the morning dew
Of rest upon life's tired brow?
Then dream with me and listen to
The low, sweet song the kettle sings.
—Nixon Waterman in Youth's Companion.

Dress-makers and Their Bills.

"I wish," said a dress-maker of modest means, "that the state legislature would pass a law making it obligatory on rich people to pay their debts to persons who have to work for a living. The fashionable woman who lives in a palace and has every luxury that money can buy seldom, if ever, gives a thought to the necessities of those who work for her. The modest bill which accompanies the new dress or the elaborate laundry work which she has ordered is thrown carelessly to one side and probably forgotten in a few minutes. Yet that neglected bill may mean much to the person to whom the money is due. It may mean the loss of food and warmth to an entire family. Take my own case for instance. I have a good trade and a liberal class of customers, but I began without any capital, and my earnings have been the sole dependence of a family of four, and one an invalid. But I have been forced to turn and twist, to economize and pinch myself, simply because some of my customers insist on taking from one to six months' credit. It seems wrong that those rich people should force me to carry them along on my meager earnings, and yet I am afraid to remonstrate for fear that I will lose their trade altogether."—New York Times.

Chinese Notions of Color.

The philosophy of Chinese house painting is truly curious, though perhaps the interest which attaches to this subject lies more in the restrictions imposed upon the man with pot and brush than in the free exercise of a decorative art, for among Celestials art is eminently utilitarian. We enjoy our colors, the Chinese put theirs to work. More, in house painting green and red are, so to speak, de rigueur; other colors would be unpropitious, unlucky, ill omened, and even if the average Chinaman had ancing himself as best he can upon the superstitions and practices of ages) is ignorant of the precise grounds of his belief, he adheres none the less rigidly to the canon.

As Pythagoras taught that music was the first cause of the universe, so the Chinese have pinned their faith to the absolute efficacy of color, endowing it with powers quite beyond the laws of chemistry or physics. Indeed, poor John may be said to live and die by the color scale.—Henry B. McDowell in Harper's.

No Chances.

"I had on her several times and mastered up courage and assent to be somewhat more affectionate in the circumstances warranted people." "You must not do that," she said somewhat nervously. "Do what?" was the innocent query. "Put your arm around my waist." "Why not?" "My big brother might come in suddenly and see you." "Well, what of that? He couldn't kill me!" "No, I suppose not, but he would try to borrow some money from you, and I have lost two beaux already by his doing that."—Texas Siftings.

It is a worthy ambition to desire to establish a reputation in one's community of keeping fields and yards in such condition as shall win the admiration and praise of each passer by.

The hairspring of your watch weighs only one-twentieth of a grain per inch. One mile of such wire would weigh much less than a half pound.

The Hoosac tunnel in Massachusetts, which is said to be the longest in this country, is four and three-quarter miles in length.

A recipe for freshening and preserving boots and shoes, it is said, is to apply milk with a soft cloth once a week.

INVENTORY SALE!

AT

I. ORSCHEL & BROS.

I. ORSCHEL & BROS.

Wholesale Dealers in

IMPORTED and DOMESTIC

Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

MILES CITY

Iron and Pump Works.

ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR

is easily earned by any one of either sex in any part of the country, who is willing to work industriously at the employment which we furnish. The labor is light and pleasant, and you run no risk whatever. We fit you out complete, so that you can give the business a trial without expense to yourself. For those willing to do a little work, this is the grandest offer made. You can work all day, or in the evening only. If you are employed, and have a few spare hours at your disposal, utilize them, and add to your income—our business will not interfere at all. You will be amazed on the start at the rapidity and ease by which you amass dollar upon dollar, day in and day out. Even beginners are successful from the first hour. Any one can run the business—none fail. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business which we offer. No capital risked. Women are grand workers; nowadays they make as much as men. They should try this business, as it is so well adapted to them. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Box 585, Portland, Me.

\$16 TO \$21

TYLER DESK CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Our Mammoth Catalogue of BANK COUNTERS, DESKS, and other OFFICE FURNITURE for 1893 now ready. New Goods. New Styles in Desks, Tables, Chairs, Book Cases, Card nets, etc., etc., and at matchless prices, as above indicated. Our goods are well known and sold freely in every country the speaks English. Catalogues free. Postage paid.



B. Ullman Proprietor.

SUFFERERS from premature decline of manly powers, exhausting drains and all the train of nervous debility, the King of Remedies, NERVITA. The King of Remedies. Dr. J. W. Bate, Chicago, Ill.

Marriage Guide. Beautifully illustrated, handsomely bound in cloth and gold-leaf the daintiest, as above indicated. Our goods are well known and sold freely in every country the speaks English. Catalogues free. Postage paid.