

MONTANA LETTER.

Thanksgiving on the Yellowstone—High Finds of Gold and Silver—The Northern Pacific.

Letter to Hamilton Times.

Coulson, Montana, Nov. 24th, 1881.

To-day is doubtless being observed throughout the United States by a general consumption of turkeys and other doings that make up what is generally accepted as the most sincere and hearty mode of returning thanks for the prosperity enjoyed by the nation during the past year, and it is altogether likely that such cheerful observance is more pleasing to the great Giver than less enjoyable ceremonies would be.

Away up here in the Northwest we cannot be expected, with our limited facilities, to give so many evidences of our thankfulness as they do in the States, and we cannot wind up the festivities of the day by devout attendance at church or theatre, but we flatter ourselves that in the most important ceremony of the day we can do our duty. By daily exercise in the pure air of the Montana prairies we have developed appetites that would strike terror to the heart of an eastern boarding-house keeper, while the vigor and staying powers which we can exhibit in an encounter with a thanksgiving dinner would convince the most sceptical of our sincerity.

To-day our party was strengthened by such engineers of the Northern Pacific, west of the Big Horn River, as could respond to Col. Pike's invitation to dine with him, and those east of the Big Horn were entertained by Col. Clough, at Miles City. As nearly all the engineers over 500 miles of the line west of the Missouri River are more or less acquainted with each other, and are generally a whole-souled lot of fellows, such re-unions are very pleasant. Most of the inhabitants of Coulson, no doubt, spent at least part of the day playing "stud poker," which is as much a national game of the Yellowstone Valley as lacrosse is of Canada.

At this season, latitude and elevation, one would naturally expect to find a fully developed winter, but with the exception of a very few days we have had simply glorious weather. The thermometer outside of our tent now registers 54° above zero, and it generally ranges between 60° and 60° during the days. We have experienced several hard frosts and a few furies of snow, but not enough yet to whiten the ground for any length of time. Though I have spent a number of winters along between the 38th and 40th parallels I never before experienced anything like such pleasant weather up to this date.

Indications point to a tremendous stampede to the Clark's Fork and Boulder River gold regions next spring. It has been known for years that the mountain through which these streams course contain gold deposits of extraordinary richness, but the fact that they lie within the reservation for the Crow Indians prevented any development, and prospectors kept their discoveries quiet, waiting for that part of the reservation to be thrown open. It now seems likely that a treaty will soon be concluded with the Crows for that section, but even if it should fail the stampede will take place. About one hundred miners have been quietly washing out gold up there all summer, and some of them are there still, holding claims. There is now in our camp about a peck of specimens brought down by prospectors, containing gold, silver and galena. Some of it is bright with small grains of gold evenly mixed through the rock, and in one or two specimens there are little lumps of pure gold and silver, from the size of a pea down. One sample of ore from Clark's Fork assayed \$27,000 per ton.

One of our carpenters is a fair specimen of the "honest miner." He hails from Deadwood, always carries a pan in his baggage, and washes out dirt in every section he visits. On his way up the river he tried his luck at various points along the Yellowstone, and even the dirt thrown out of our new well was tested. As all the sands of the Yellowstone, down to Powder River at least, contain a slight mixture of "float gold," he found "colors" at nearly every attempt.

Some rich deposits of gold have been discovered near Fort Maginnis, on the Musselshell, which will also attract a crowd of miners next year. As the trail to the Musselshell leaves the Yellowstone Valley at this point, and the trail to the Clark's Fork mines turns up that river fourteen miles west of us, the gold fever will co-operate with the numerous other powerful influences that will next year make Coulson a city. Coulson will do a large outfitting trade, and for some years to come there will be an excessive demand for the products of the valley, which now command from 300 to 1,000 per cent. higher than eastern prices. I expect this statement will be discredited by most of your readers, but it is true, nevertheless, of everything except wheat and meat. We now consider potatoes (of which enormous crops are raised in even the poorest sections of the Yellowstone Valley) a luxury, and do not expect to get a supply for the winter. The price reached 17c. per lb. at Miles City this year, and though production will be largely increased next year the demand will far exceed the supply. A settler near Glendive recently exhibited fifty potatoes which weighed over one hundred pounds, and some of which weighed four pounds each.

In view of the above facts it is no wonder that speculators are already flocking in, on the lookout for both town lots and farming lands, and are taking up all of the latter they can get in their own names or that of anybody else, but in the latter case no one except an actual settler has much chance of holding land. Both the Government and Northern Pacific regulations recognize the right of the settler, squatter or otherwise, and the man who is found living upon and cultivating the land is given the first opportunity to homestead, pre-emption or purchase in all cases. No large tracts of land are sold to speculators, and no person, whatever may be his prominence as railway or Government official, can obtain more land than the poorest immigrant, except by purchase of perfected titles. The regulations relating to Montana lands are more rigid in this respect than in other territories.

There are several hundred thousand

acres in this valley, between Coulson and Benson's Landing, not yet appropriated, but I believe that next year will see every acre of good land located, and those who locate in time will make handsome profits from the first. I have no hesitation in saying that I would rather have the profits from an intelligently worked farm here for the next five years than from the best eastern farm I know of for fifty years, and even without any gold fever to enhance prices the balance would still be in favor of the western farm by several diameters. There is now hardly a Crow Indian on the reservation, the whole nation being engaged in hunting buffalo, north of the Yellowstone. There are about five hundred white men in the same business, and as the buffalo are rather scarce this season, the Indians and white men may take a notion to hunt each other. We have seen no Indians for some time, except a large party of Bannocks and Snakes, or Shoshones, from Idaho, who paid us a visit while on their way to the buffalo ranges. They were a motley crowd.

Operations on the Northern Pacific are being pushed with increasing vigor. The graders that I passed nearly three hundred miles east of this last spring are now at work thirty-five miles west of this point, and many thousands of men are now employed upon the tunnel, through the main divide of the Rockies, at Bozeman Pass and other pieces of heavy work in the mountains. There seems to be no reason to doubt Mr. Villard's prediction that within two years trains will run through from New York to Puget Sound. The mountains west of us present a constant series of beautiful views, and even the old mountaineers, who are familiar with the grand peaks of Colorado, cannot repress their expressions of admiration. By sunrise, sunset, moonlight and all other times, the varied effects of light and shade on the dazzling white peaks, ridges and ravines afford us an everlasting grand panorama which never loses interest. The cloud arrangements are of infinite variety, and the storms that rage among the crags and gorges, seventy miles distant, are distinctly visible. Sometimes a snow storm rages along the base, while the summits are bathed in sunshine, and at others the clouds sorge themselves into snow flakes along the rugged ridges, while all is serene on the lower slopes. S. P. P.

AT A FOE'S MERCY.

The U. S. Navy Practically Useless for Defensive Purposes.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—Rear-Admiral John Rodgers, President of the Naval Advisory Board, is reported as saying: "Our navy is capable of neither inflicting material harm nor affording adequate protection from the assaults of either Chili, Brazil or Buenos Ayres, to say nothing of Spain, France, Germany, Italy or which possibly might lead to war. In that event, San Francisco and New York are practically at the mercy of Chili's ironclads. At best, it would be years before we could construct a vessel capable of opposing the Invincible, the Inflexible or any one of the dozen English ironclads. What we want are fast cruisers that would threaten the merchant marine of any country with which we are likely to come into collision." Mr. Rodgers is doubtful as to the expediency of building ironclads and is not sure whether we are not approaching the time when ships-of-war will throw off armor and fight in the lightest rig. Rear-Admiral C. P. Rodgers thinks, even if we have no war, the ships proposed by the Advisory Board are needed for the present uses of the navy. Chief Constructor Easby, head of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, thinks if the proposed appropriation of \$30,000,000 were immediately available the vessels recommended by the Board could be built in about four years or less.

A SAD STORY.

A Beautiful Young Girl Driven to Death by Scandalous Reports.

A New York despatch says Long Branch circles have been greatly excited during the past week over the death and burial of a beautiful young girl named Lizzie Breeco, who was literally driven to the grave by the tongue of scandal. Deceased was only 14 years of age, but was remarkably well developed, being as fully matured as the average girl of 18. She was engaged to a rising young merchant of Chicago, with the approval of her parents, who had decided, however, that the marriage should be deferred until she was a few years older. Miss Breeco was a daughter of Mr. Richard V. Breeco, one of the Board of Commissioners of Long Branch. He and his family, consisting of himself and wife, Miss Lizzie and another daughter 5 years old, resided in a handsome villa at East Long Branch. Miss Breeco was a pupil at the high school. Last summer she was ill several months from malarial fever. As a consequence, she was absent from school during the conclusion of the last session. While she was absent some of her fellow pupils, who were jealous of her beauty and popularity, spread a report affecting her character. When she returned to school in September some thoughtless pupil told her of the scandal, which so preyed on the girl's mind that it brought on an attack of brain fever, which finally developed into congestion of the brain, and resulted fatally. Her family knew nothing of Miss Breeco's trouble until she revealed it in her ravings. At first they supposed it to be merely an hallucination, until its frequent iteration caused Mr. Breeco to make inquiries among the girl's school companions, from one of whom he learned the whole sad story. It was found impossible to trace the scandal to its source.

A eucalyptus planted near Mentone in 1869 had a height of fifty feet and a diameter of forty inches at three feet from the ground in 1874. It is strange that a tree which has such marvellous absorptive powers should be the special product of the driest of countries, its chief original home being, it seems, Australia.

All the material to repair the constant waste of our bodies has to be prepared chemically by the stomach or liver. What wonder, then, that they are so frequently deranged. Fortunately we have in that admirable compound, Dr. Wilson's Antibilious and Preserving Pills, a sure cure for all these derangements.

FATAL EXPLOSION.

Serious Conflagration at Minneapolis—Several People Killed.

A Minneapolis (Minn.) despatch says: At 4 o'clock yesterday morning a fire broke out in the milling district, destroying four large flour mills, one cotton mill, and causing the death of at least four men. The fire broke out in the flour mills of C. A. Pillsbury & Co., communicated to the Excelsior mill, owned by Dorillus Morrison and operated by Pillsbury & Co., and to the Minneapolis mill, owned by Crocker, Fisk & Co., which exploded, killing Neil Fredricks, first assistant engineer of the fire department. The fire then communicated to the Empire mill, owned by L. F. Watson, of Massachusetts, and operated by Pillsbury & Co. The street having been reached at this point, the fire was got under control, but brauds from the cotton mill near by, owned by Dorillus Morrison, it was also consumed. A railroad on trestle work in rear of the mills and several freight cars filled with wheat were also consumed. The explosion at the mill of Crocker & Fisk levelled the walls crushing the elevated railroad in front, killing three persons, injuring another fatally, and several others in a less degree. Possibly more than three fatalities occurred, but how many cannot be definitely stated. Fireman Daly, who was on the elevated railroad, was killed, and several other firemen occupying the same position were injured, and the force somewhat disorganized. The third person, not yet identified, was killed by a flying missile. Another person standing under the railroad was crushed to death. The explosion was violent, shattering the windows ten blocks away. The mill had been shut down for some time, and the explosion may have been caused by confined gas or flour dust. The capacity of the mills burned is 2,400 barrels.

LATER.—Alex. Burk, sweeper in the Pittsburg mill, who was standing on the office and died from his injuries. An unknown citizen was found killed outright. The wounded are: Daniel Harbach, fireman, badly cut; F. T. Coulter, fireman, left arm broken, right ear severed and otherwise severely injured; Alfred Kelkey, fireman, struck by a rock and badly injured. H. Snyder, mill foreman, received a bad scalp wound and was hurled into the canal, but escaped; Thos. Mullen, miller, was thrown into the canal and cut. Loss, \$416,000. Insurance, \$207,000.

WHISKEY AND WATER.

A Wrecking Company with a Novel Object.

The waters of the great lakes hide almost as many mysteries as old ocean itself, and the daily round of life of sailors on the narrative that would sound like romance. One of the curiosities next season will be the search for a cargo of liquor that has been at the bottom of Lake Erie for over thirty years. A company has been incorporated in Chicago called the Favorite Wrecking Company. Its capital is \$50,000 and its object the raising of the schooner Favorite, which sank off Sister Island away back in the forties. The Favorite had on board about 500 barrels of Canadian whiskey and brandy. The vessel has been seen several times from the surface in fair weather, and the wreckers expect that if they are successful in their search the "Favorite" brand of whiskey will be in great demand, and it will probably have less water in it than if it was on land all these years.

An Atlantic Express Ferry.

As already briefly stated by telegraph, a movement is on foot in New York, headed by Jacob Lorillard, to start a new American line of steamships to Europe. It is proposed to take a passenger from New York on Monday morning and place him in London before Saturday night. The Company believe they will be able to make the trip across in five days, or in five days and a half at the most. Their vessels will be five hundred feet long, and will be built of steel, to produce weight. They will be provided with power three times as great in their proportion to displacement as is obtained by ships now afloat. They will be divided into water-tight compartments, rendering them absolutely unsinkable. There will be fifty such compartments in each ship. No freight of any sort will be carried. There will be no accommodations for immigrants. Everything is to be in first-class style. Probably higher rates will be asked than are in vogue on the present lines—possibly an average of \$50 more. Passengers will not be assessed for extras under any circumstances. No charges will be made for wines, or for portage, nor will the servants be allowed to levy heavy taxes the way of fees. Three ships will be built, each will cost over \$1,000,000, and will be ready to start with. Each ship will have accommodations for five hundred passengers, and each will cost over \$1,000,000, and will be ready to start with. Their landing place will be Milford Haven, in Wales, which is two hundred miles nearer London than is Liverpool. Its harbor, too, can be entered on all sides. It is expected that a start will be made by the spring of 1883.

Tranquility.

Charles Fox, one of England's greatest statesmen, was fond of repeating the sentiment: "How various his employments whom the world calls idle," while Dr. Sacy, a Port Royalist, was equally fond of the remark of a man of wit, "That all the mischief in the world comes from not being able to keep ourselves quiet in our rooms." In connection with this subject it is a well known fact that the men who do the least always seem to be overwhelmed with business, while on the contrary the men who do the most have the most leisure. Were Dr. Sacy's idea adopted by all, Dr. Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment would have little opportunity to show its complete mastery over rheumatism, frost bites, chilblains, ringworms, felons, etc., but such ailments as erysipelas would make it a necessity for every room. It is dangerous to be without it.

Two girls at Greenwich (England) climbed five fences, wrenched off a lock and plundered a house lately. If this goes on, male burglars will have to strike, like the cigar men.

"HEAVENS, IS THAT THING LOADED?"

The Exclamation of a London Youth on being Shot by a "Diddy-Know-it-was-Loaded" Donkey.

A telegram from London of Saturday's date says James Black, a plumber in the employ of D. McPhie & Co., with a boy named Fred Rankin, an assistant of Mr. Black's, had been engaged during the forenoon at the Dominion Bank. About noon they completed their work there, and after dinner went down to Burns & Lewis' wholesale house, and were about beginning work in the cellar, when Black asked the boy where his tools were. The boy went to get them, and on getting over to the corner where they lay, drew out a pistol, in a mock heroic way, "You had not better say anything to me. Remember I am armed." At this time the elevator came down from the story above, on which were two boys, James Helpin, also an assistant of Black's, and Albert E. Griffith, a clerk in Burns & Lewis'. Rankin pointed the pistol at Helpin, and then at Griffith, and drew the "trigger." Griffith clapped his hand on his left hip, and sank on the floor exclaiming, "Heavens, is that thing loaded!" Great confusion prevailed. Griffith was conveyed to his home at 34 Waterloo street, where three doctors were immediately in attendance. They decided not to probe for the bullet, as the consequences were almost certain to be fatal. The bullet entered the left buttock, and is supposed to have passed almost through the body. The doctors regard Griffith's chances of recovery as extremely doubtful. Rankin says he did not know the pistol was loaded. He will probably be arrested.

THE CRANK EPIDEMIC.

A "Professor" who Claims to be "The True Messiah" Arrested.

A despatch from Washington says: Prof. J. W. Shivelor, who calls himself "The True Messiah," arrived here on Thursday. He addressed letters to Judge Cox, Attorney Porter, and others connected with the Guiteau trial, to convince them of the fallacy of Guiteau's alleged inspiration. In the letter to Cox he demanded to be put on the stand to confront Guiteau, and to tell the court where and how to find this awful Deity of the Republican party. Shivelor was arrested to-day. He will be sent to an insane asylum. He is apparently 60 years old, with long white hair and heavy grey beard.

From Saratoga, N. Y., we have a later telegram, which says: Prof. Shivelor, claiming to be the true Messiah, who was arrested in Washington yesterday, is a resident of Saratoga. He came originally from Virginia. His wife says he has suffered from neuralgia in the head, and at times conducted himself in a peculiar manner, but is perfectly harmless. Mrs. Shivelor has communicated with her friends in Alexandria, Va., to look after her husband.

A Model Mother.

When on Wednesday afternoon a Brooklyn lady was followed home by a man whom she had never before seen she naturally was frightened and left the fellow to her mother, who had opened the door. Under such circumstances the ordinary mother usually slams the door in a frightened sort of way and hurries to the parlor to peer cautiously through curtains or blinds to see what sort of an animal it is that has broken loose. But what the Brooklyn mother did was to invite the nuisance into the house and pretend to send for her daughter, to whom the fellow had asked to be introduced. First, however, she rang her burglar alarm. Results—A policeman, an arrest, a night in the station-house and a ten-dollar fine, but no introduction to the lady. If there were more of such women there would be fewer complaints about insolent men. Women should remember that it is perfectly safe to take such cases in their own hands, for a man who in any way annoys a lady is sure to be a sneak and a coward.—N. Y. Herald.

The Wonders of November.

The month of November, just passed was one of the most remarkable on record, especially in respect to phenomena of vegetation. There were, during the month, many instances of trees laden with ripe fruit, and at the same time covered with the blossoms common to spring. Isaac Appleby, living near Monticello, N. Y., avers that he picked ripe strawberries in a meadow on his farm in November, and that as late as the middle of the month dandelions were in bloom in his fields. Violets were found in the field near a New Jersey town, and the pastures afforded more food for cattle than ever before so late in the season.

A Love Tragedy in One Chapter.

"Tell me you will marry me, or I will swallow this poison," said the madly infatuated Frank E. Marvin, a Chicago mechanic, to Mrs. Dowling, a prepossessing widow, but some years his senior, tapping the package which he held in the palm of one of his hands. To her provokingly merry laugh he replied solemnly, "Once for all, be my wife or I'll die right here." When she said, "No, it is impossible," he swallowed the poison, threw himself on her bed and died within a few hours. Her refusal was based upon the knowledge that he had at home a widowed mother and two sisters, who depended upon him entirely for support.

Checked in Time.

Mr. F. M. Powley, East River, N. S., writes a very short and pointed history of a cold which it became at one time his duty and interest to get rid of. "I had had it for a long time, it was becoming seated; medical treatment did it no good; tried Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam, the first dose benefited me. I am now perfectly well through its use." This is an instance of an insidious disease being taken in time and the results. If it had been permitted to pursue its ravages a short time longer, even Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam might not have been able to do more than temporarily to relieve the pain; but being taken as it was the cure was speedy and complete.

—Even in Shakespeare's time Patience sat smiling on a monument. This plainly proves that the aesthetic craze is no new thing.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—One touch of rumor makes the whole world chin.

—Never go back on an old friend, even if he has risen to influence and distinction.

—The Boston Traveller says that the rule of our time is "housekeeping made easy."

—The Courier-Journal says the Louisville ladies trim their bonnets on the congregation side.

—Ernestine writes: "Would you like a poem on November?" Certainly, dear Ernestine—say on November 1, 1884.

—"Are the squirrels very thick this year?" asked a New York man of a returned hunter. "Well, yes," said he, reflectively; "the one I got was."

—A recipe for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on a stove and stir constantly." Just as if anybody could sit on a stove without stirring constantly.

—There are two parts in the life of a coat-on-his-arm young man—the time when he gets cold in carrying his coat and the time when he warms up in the office.

A give-me-credit young man
A "where-did-the-horse-fly" young man
A "you-tuffy me
And I'll-tuffy-thee,"
A three-dollar-a-week young man.

—Dr. Cochrane has received \$150 from the Presbyterian Church of Ireland for the Home Mission Fund of the Canada Presbyterian Church.

—A Yankee merchant has said, "The man who doesn't advertise never sells his goods twice to the same person; he sells so little that he has to charge like thunder to be able to live." Without advertising, no tradesman can hope to reach the ear of the great mass of the public, and the almost universal use of this effective medium of publicity stamps it as possessing the full favor of all shrewd business men.

THE CANDIDATE.

Father, who travels the road so late?
Hush, my child, 'tis the candidate;
Fit example of human woe—
Early he comes and late he goes.
He greets the women with courtly grace,
He kisses the baby's dirty face,
He calls to the merchant, he boros the clerk,
The blacksmith, while his anvil rings,
He greets, and this is the song he sings:
Howdy, howdy, howdy do you?
How is your wife, and how are you?
Ah! it fits my flat as no other can,
The horny hand of the workman.

Brothers who labor early and late,
Ask these things of the candidate:
What is his record? How does he stand
At home; no matter about his hand,
Be it hard or soft, so it be not prone
To close over money not his own.
Has he in view no thieving plan?
Is he honest and capable?—he is our man.
Cheer such a one as the welkin rings;
Join in the chorus when thus he sings:
Howdy, howdy, howdy do you?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah! it fits my flat as no other can,
The horny hand of the workman.

Sing a song of hair oil,
Pocket minus chink,
Four and twenty editors
Spilling printers' ink:
Now the pen goes faster,
Wonder what they mean,
Guess they must be writing ads.
For the improved Carboline.

ANTI-LIQUOR POWDERS

MAKE A TONIC DRINK THAT REMOVES the effect of bad liquor and over-drinking. They also check the craving for liquor, remove bilious headache and nervous depression, improve digestion and regulate the action of the liver. 8 Powders in packet, 25 cents. 2 for sample, 10 cents, mailed for stamps.



\$300.00.
Six hundred dollars are hereby offered in special prizes at the leading fairs in Ontario and Quebec, 1882, by

Thorley Horse and Cattle Food Company
HAMILTON Ont.

As follows: \$150 cash at Canada's Great Fair, Toronto; \$60 Great Central Fair, Hamilton; \$30 Western Fair, London; \$20 Port Hope; \$15 Sherbrooke, P. Q.; \$15 Ottawa; \$15 Chatham; \$15 Guelph; \$10 Kingston; \$10 Walkerton; and \$10 at county fairs in the remaining counties in Ontario. For particulars, see circulars.

MANUFACTORY, HAMILTON, ONT.

EXAMINE Our method of teaching. Watch the progress of our students. Investigate our claim to have the most thorough and practical school in Canada, and before spending your money, satisfy yourself that the

BRITISH AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

TORONTO.
Is the place to learn business. No institution offers equal advantages to young men. Students enter at any time. For circular, and specimens of Penmanship, Address the Secretary.

WILSON'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE

Is a sure, prompt and effectual remedy for Nervousness in ALL its stages. Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Prostration, Night Sweats, Weakness and General Loss of Power. It repairs Nervous Waste, Rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, Strengthens the Enfeebled Brain, and Restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the Exhausted Organs. The experience of thousands proves it an INVALUABLE REMEDY.
The Medicine is pleasant to the taste, and in no case and under no circumstances can it do harm. Each box contains sufficient for two weeks' medication, thus being much cheaper than any other medicine sold—and while it is the cheapest, it is much better.
Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address.
Wilson's Magnetic Medicine is sold by druggists at 50 cts. per box, or 12 boxes for \$5, or will be mailed free of postage on receipt of the money, by addressing
Wilson's Magnetic Medicine Co., Windsor, Ont., Canada.
Sold by all druggists everywhere.