

mitted to land, and in a majority of cases are immediately turned loose for immoral purposes.

Quebec, 22.—The Marquis of Lansdowne arrived at 9:10 p.m. The Government steamer *Druid*, with all the Cabinet Ministers on board, put off to meet her, and soon she was moored. The ministers boarded the vessel. The Marquis of Lansdowne was presented to the whole party, all of whom, with the exception of the Governor General, immediately left the vessel and returned to the city. The Governor General remained to make arrangements for swearing in to-morrow, and to talk over official business.

New York, 22.—A circular will be sent to each preferred stockholder of the Northern Pacific as soon as the list can be copied from the stock ledger, reciting the action of the meeting of directors October 6th, looking toward the execution of a second mortgage of twenty millions.

San Francisco, 24.—Members of the Korean Embassy who returned here sailed to-day on the *Rio Janeiro* for Hong Kong.

Chicago, 24.—The game for the cushion carom championship was played to-night between Sexton and Blosson. Score, Blosson 500, Sexton 488. Winner's average, 3.12.

Times New York: Dr. J. F. Taylor has secured a judgment for \$20,000 against the Metropolitan Elevated Railway for running trains past a house which he had previously rented for an hospital.

Chicago, 24.—Times Washington: It is asserted that one member of the Cabinet complained of interference with his Department by the head of another, and that as the President assumed the responsibility the dissatisfied officer must yield or resign.

Times Kansas City special: On the farm in Kansas, once occupied by the murderous Bender family, J. C. Murphy plowed up a sealed tin can containing \$30,000 in greenbacks and coin. Other parties are digging up the ground in hopes of similar discoveries.

New York, 24.—The Board of Aldermen ask \$20,000 for the celebration of the centennial of the departure of the British troops from New York, and ask the Mayor to proclaim a general holiday.

Chicago, 24.—It is now stated that negotiation for the sale of the pacer Johnston to Commodore Kittson of St. Paul, were concluded this evening, and the money will be paid to-morrow; price, \$20,000. Also that Little Brown Jug, pacer, owned by Kittson, whose feet have been bad for some time, will be sent for the

## HOW TO AVOID DIPHTHERIA.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

There is an old saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and in some cases it is worth a great deal more. This is especially true with diphtheria, a disease which makes sad havoc with the children in all parts of the civilized world. A few hints as to the best means of avoiding it may prove useful, but in the first place a few thoughts concerning the way in which it is spread will make the subject more clear. The cause of diphtheria is not definitely known, but we do know it is propagated from the sick to the well by some invisible agency. Whether it is a peculiar form of bacteria or germ, as is taught by many, or a special animal poison, it is not certain, and it makes little difference, for all practical purposes, which method is true. The microscopist finds what he calls germs in the diphtheritic membrane of the throat, and thinks he has discovered the cause, and the chemist finds a peculiar animal poison, to which he attributes the disease. It may be one, or neither of them. What most concerns us is how it may be avoided. The following hints are those most to be relied upon:

1.—Avoid the atmosphere near the disease. Especially is this important for children, whose throats are more liable to take on the poison than those of adults. No matter how mild the case is, keep children away from it.

2.—Do not permit any person, nor even a dog or cat to come to a child from the room where there is a case of diphtheria. The person exposed to it should disinfect his clothing, and bathe his body, and wash thoroughly his hair, and gargle his

throat, before he comes in contact with a child after his coming from the sick-room.

3.—Do not permit a child to ride in a carriage in which one sick with diphtheria has ridden, until it has first been disinfected.

4.—Avoid all causes which cause the throat to become sore, raw, or tender during an epidemic of this disease. In fact, it is well to avoid them at all times. A simple sore throat may become a case of diphtheria very easily, when the poison is in the air.

5. Do not allow any child to wear or handle any clothing worn by a person who has had diphtheria. It is criminal to sell or give any clothing of this sort, without most thoroughly disinfecting it first. An epidemic was recently caused in one of the New England States and many lives lost from some clothing from a child which died of this disease being sent to friends from a western city.

6. Never kiss a person with diphtheria (mothers have lost their lives by doing this) nor drink from the same cup, nor blow a whistle he has used nor use a pencil, or pen, or handkerchief of his.

7. Never send the clothing of a diphtheria patient to the common wash or laundry, where other clothing may become infected.

8. Disinfect all the excretions from one sick of this disease by a strong solution of copperas water before disposing of them.

9. If a child has been exposed to diphtheria by accident, or by any means, at once isolate it from other children, give it a thorough warm bath daily, and clean clothes; put it on a diet of brown bread and milk, with fruit, and wait till all danger is over before removing it from quarantine.

Diphtheritic poison, no doubt, goes for miles in the air from one house to another. The wind carries it, and when there is an epidemic the greatest precaution should be taken. With all our care we are not always able to prevent its spread entirely, but much may be done.

10. Allow no children to attend a funeral of one who has died from this disease.

A few years since diphtheria attacked six members of the granddual family of Hesse-Darmstadt but no other of the members of the household, no nurse, no physician was attacked. The *British Medical Journal* infers that "all the cases were produced by direct infection, doubtless by kisses." The *Scientific American* says: "As every physician knows, it is no uncommon thing for adults to have diphtheria so mildly that it is mistaken for an ordinary sore throat resulting from cold; yet such a person can easily infect a child, and the child become a centre of malignant infection. In view of the fatal prevalence of diphtheria, therefore, the kissing of a child upon the mouth by a person with sore throat is hazardous, if not criminal; and scarcely less so is the practice of allowing children to kiss their ailing playmates. It would be wise to exercise great caution in this matter, if not to discontinue the practice of kissing upon the mouth altogether." The best preventions are to be found in the hints given, and in most thorough cleanliness about the house, the air, and the drains, water supply, and cellars."—*Items of Interest.*

## MONTANA MEMS.

A UTONIAN SENDS A FEW DESCRIPTIVE NOTES FROM THE NORTH.

### SULPHUR SPRINGS.

Montana Territory,  
October 10, 1883.

The two largest cities in Montana Territory, are Helena, the capital, and Butte, the mining centre.

Butte surprised me, Helena disappointed me. Although the capital has the fairest future, the silver city is to my way of thinking, the better town of the two.

Helena is now in the hurly burly excitement of the completion of the Northern Pacific. Things are on a quiver. New enterprises are springing up, old ones are stretching out, and unless things are very carefully managed, somebody will get "left."

Butte is doing a solid business and moving on steadily, as though nothing had happened in particular. Her mines are doing well, and by them hundreds find employment, capitalists are getting rich and the nation's wealth is increased.

Montana is a great country and there are any amount of things here

to interest anybody. The resources of the Territory are wondrous. The mineral stores are by no means yet fully developed. New "finds" are coming to the front, and before five years hence, many another hole will be dug and from it will be taken treasures of wealth that will astound the most credulous. At least such is the belief of those who are accepted authority on such things.

Montana is quite a country for newspapers. They are numerous and of "high and low degree." Many are very creditable journals, but most of them are nuisances. One feature of Montana journalism which struck me as a marked peculiarity, is the use of slang. The "racket" is popular, and all seem to "catch on," without exception. There are no monthly magazines published in the Territory that I know of. There is one paper in a foreign tongue, the *Montana Argus*. It is in the German, and only lately started.

Agriculture and stock-raising are the chief occupations outside of the mining industries. Everything is done on a big scale. There are no small farms. Utah farms bear no comparison in extent of acres cultivated. In Missouri Valley I saw standing in shocks fields of wheat that made the land golden for miles square. The farms, with hardly an exception, are fenced the best of any I have ever seen. In some parts all kinds of roots flourish, maturing to an enormous size; but small grains are principally cultivated. All threshing machines are run by steam power.

The arrival of the railroad is not viewed with very good feelings by many of the farmers; they fear that they will not be able to compete with eastern prices. Others are more hopeful and say "let her come."

The farmers' homes here, with a few exceptions, are poor excuses for civilized people to be sheltered by after sixteen years of toil and returns. They are nearly all pioneer log cabins, built where the settlers first squatted on their homesteads.

There are millions of acres of land in Montana that will for ever be under the "original curse of trash and trouble." It is a rough country and cold. Fruit will grow but sparsely, and that only in a few places.

At White Sulphur Springs, where I am now stopping for a few days, they are warm sulphur springs. They are, seemingly to me, just like the Warm Springs immediately north of Salt Lake City. Lately they have been attracting some attention, and are making considerable of a struggle to become famous for a bathing and health resort for the "lame, halt and blind." I can testify that they are hot enough to be long remembered, if not well known.

Before finishing, I will note one feature common to all classes of Montanians. It is swearing. Since here I have had occasion to do some business with all kinds of people. They all swear. There may be some exceptions, but they have not come in my way yet. No matter who you meet, whether men of good social standing in aristocratic circles, or the rough miner or mountaineer, one and all, and all alike are profane to a shocking degree. This may be considered by some as very trivial, but it is a marked eccentricity of all mountaineers.

Yours truly,  
A. B. T.

## "OUR OLD MAMMY."

CAR DRIVERS' CARE FOR AN OLD WOMAN BECAUSE SHE LIKED 'EM ALL.

"What's that for?" asked a *Free Press* man, as he saw a car driver on Woodward Avenue take a nickel from his pocket and pass it into the fare box.

"For her."

"What her?"

The car stopped and the driver got down with a "Good morning, mammy," and assisted an old woman of 70 to enter the car.

"Did you pay for her?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, the story runs back for almost two years," he said, as he picked up his lines. "I reckon you know Bill?"

"Yes."

"Well, two years ago he was one of the toughest men in Detroit. He drank, swore, gambled and had all the other vices lying around loose. I tell you, he was a terror when off duty and on a spree. He was getting so bad on his car, that another

week would have bounced him, but something happened."

"What?"

"He was coming up one evening, half-drunk and full of evil, and somewhere about Davenport street he lurched over the dash-board. He caught and was dragged; and the horse began to kick and run. That old woman there was the only passenger on the car, and when she saw the accident she came out, grabbed the flying lines with one hand and the brake with the other, and looked down upon Bill she called out:

"Oh! Lord! help me to save him! He's a wicked young man and not fit to die!"

"Well, she stopped that car and held to the horse until some one came along and helped Bill out of his fix, and she was all the time calling him 'poor boy,' and 'my son' and thanking God he was not killed. He had a close call, though, and it was a solemn warning. From that night he hasn't taken a drink, and no driver on this line has a cleaner mouth or is taking better care of himself."

"And the old woman?"

"She lives away out, along with a daughter. Many's the dollar Bill has sent after her since that night in the way of clothes and provisions, and he'll never forget her. The story came to the rest of us after awhile, and we've sort of adopted her as 'Our Old Mammy.' We help her on and off, pay her nickel out of our own pockets, and when the car isn't too full, we have a minute's chat with her. She likes us all, and we wouldn't trade her off for the whole line. It's a bit of romance among ourselves, you see."

"Yes. Did she ever talk to you?"

"Did she? She sat right there on that that stool one day two months ago and said:

"My son, let drink alone! It robs the pocket, cheats the brain, and leaves you friendless! Don't swear! Oaths go with a vicious soul! Keep your temper; the man who can't control his temper is no better than a caged wolf!"

"She said that with her blue eyes reading my son and her old voice trembling with earnestness, and every word went right to my heart and lodged there. She had something to say to most of the boys, and I reckon each one is the better for it. Curious, ain't it, how we found our old mammy; and maybe you'll believe with some of us that Providence had a hand in it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## A MONKEY STORY.

Some time ago an English lady, who was living at Kingston, Jamaica, took passage on a homeward bound vessel, taking her 2-months-old infant with her. A large, strong, active monkey which was on board took a violent fancy for the child. The monkey would sit all day long watching the mother as she rocked and fondled the little one, and followed her from place to place. Several times the animal tried unsuccessfully to get possession of the baby. One beautiful afternoon a distant sail attracted the attention of all on board, and the captain politely offered his glass to the lady. She placed her baby on the sofa and had just raised the glass to her eye when a cry was heard. Turning quickly she beheld a sailor in pursuit of the monkey, which had grasped the infant firmly with one arm and was nimbly climbing the shrouds. The mother fainted as the animal reached the top of the main mast. The captain was at his wit's end. He feared if he sent a sailor in pursuit the monkey would drop the baby and escape by leaping from mast to mast. The child in the meantime was heard to cry, but the fear that the monkey was hurting it was dispelled by seeing it imitate the motions of the mother, dandling, soothing and endeavoring to hush it to sleep. After trying in many ways to lure the animal down, the captain finally ordered the men below and concealed himself on deck. In a moment, to his great joy, he saw the monkey carefully descending. Reaching the deck it looked cautiously around, advanced to the sofa and placed the baby upon it. The captain restored the frightened infant to its mother, who was so satisfied that the darling had escaped without injury.—*Boston Globe.*

## OUR RIDDLE BOX.

This department will contain once a week original puzzles for the young

folks. The answers will be given the following week. Our juvenile friends are invited to send the solutions. All who forward correct answers will receive due credit and their names will be printed in the NEWS.

### No. 167.—CHARADE.

#### MY FIRST.

Merry England, fair green Isle;  
France, whose vine-clad valleys smile;  
Spain, where frowning towers stand;  
Italy, a classic land;  
Russia, realm of ice and frost;  
Switzerland, by mountains crossed;  
Africa, the Ethiop's home;  
Asia, far across the foam;  
America, the new-found world,  
Its Southland glided, gemmed and pearled.

#### MY SECOND.

Where this narrow coast doth lie,  
The weary waters sob and sigh;  
The sea-shells gleam, all rosed and white;  
The giddy storm-birds take their flight;  
The seaweed clings to the rocking stones;  
The wind arises, calls and moans.

#### MY WHOLE.

Pastoral scene, of fair blue locks;  
Shepherds with their milk-white flocks;  
Sloping valleys, sweetly green,  
Sombre woods, all dusk and sheen;  
Or, where castle-towers rise  
And intercept the earth and skies;  
With hills and forests set around;  
Or, on the ocean shore 'tis found—  
The ivory beach, the land's far green,  
The fishing village in between;  
The waves that swell, where the boat-keel dips;  
And on the sea some white-winged ships.

### No. 168.—FORMATIONS.

1. Take a prefix, a preposition, a large cask, and a pagan goddess, and form producing disaster.
2. Take a vowel, an obstruction, an insect, and to bring forth, and form of extreme hardness.
3. Take one-third of a badge of royalty, part of a garment, a girl's name, and to scatter, and form partially destroyed or ruined.
4. Take a small quantity, an age, a kind of bread, and an amusement, and form more than is necessary.
5. Take a musical syllable, a vessel, a point of time, and a supporter of royal authority, and form tending to recovery.

### No. 169.—ENIGMA.

Whence do I come? From the white north pole,  
Or from the western quarter;  
Or from the warm and sunny south  
Across the foaming water.

Where do I go? To the orient gate  
That glows like a pearl in the morning,  
To crush the flowers that awakened late  
Yet bent their heads in the dawning.

No mortal eye has seen my face,  
I have no form, nor being;  
But when to your land I dash apace  
You know it without the seeing. R.

### No. 170.—RIDDLE.

I went down to the woods and got it  
but didn't want it. I picked it up, but  
could not find it. I took it home and  
found it. What was it?

M. R. TRESDALE.

### No. 171.—A GREAT MATTER.

From pole to pole I may extend,  
The ball of earth may comprehend;  
Yet half of anything you see  
Is just the same as half of me.

ANON.

### No. 172.—A SHAKESPEAREANISM.

N A U { X 10 } G H T  
          { U 8 }

J. K. P. BAKER.

## ANSWERS.

Following are the answers to "Riddle Box" of October 18th:

- 161.—"Much Ado About Nothing."
- 162.—Time.
- 163.—1. Apostle, post, all. 2. Sheet, he, set. 3. Odor, do, or. 4. Decliner, mine, deer. 5. Homage, Mag, hoe. 6. Plain, I, plan. 7. Pleasant, less, pant.
- 164.—Governed.
- 165.—The over-curious are not wise.
- 166.—Mist-rust.

Correct answers have been received to the following:

- No. 144, Fannie Spillbury, Mesa City, Maricopa County, Arizona.
- 150 and 152, J. M. Fisher, jr., East Mill Creek.
- 155, F. W. Merrill, Logan.

Iron in a colorless state and Peruvian bark, combined with well known aromatics, makes Brown's Iron Bitters the best medicine known.