

WHEN FLOUR WAS HIGH.

AN EPISODE OF THE EARLY DAYS OUT IN MONTANA.

Thirty Odd Years Ago a Dollar and a Half a Pound Was Asked—Considered Cheap at Forty Dollars a Sack—The Flour Riots and the Way They Ended.

There is a marked difference between the price of flour to-day and the point it reached one season in the early days in Montana. There are not so many residents of the Territory who were here when flour sold for \$40 per 100 pounds one day and jumped to \$100 per 100 pounds next day, going even higher subsequently. Those who were in the Territory remember that the people took the law in their own hands, as they had a way of doing in grave emergencies, and that, after what was termed by the chroniclers of that period a "flour riot," the price came down again. Flour riots are no longer common in the State of Montana.

The time referred to was the spring of 1865, and the place was Virginia city, which was then the principal city of the Territory. The preceding winter had been one of remarkably deep snow and cold weather. The chinook winds were frozen out, apparently, for they did not cross the range into Montana that year, and when spring came, freighting between the Territory and Salt Lake city was almost suspended altogether. The snow was so deep in the Snake River range that it was almost impossible for the heavily laden trains to cross at all. One large flour train arrived at the foot of the Snake River divide, but the snow was deep and the cold intense. The oxen could find no feed and they perished by the scores where they were.

In the mean time provisions were getting scarcer and scarcer in Virginia city. Flour came to be hoarded like gold dust, and was almost as precious. Potatoes, beans, and all the substitutes for flour were almost exhausted. A good portion of the people were then living on "beef straight." Potatoes were scarce at 25 cents per pound, and all other provisions were held at proportionately high prices.

The latter part of February saw the big rise in flour. The price jumped from \$25 to \$40 per 100, and then it climbed to \$100 per 100 pounds in another day. That was in gold, too. For a few days the price stood at \$100, and then it began to go up again.

In a short time it had reached \$150 per 100 pounds. There was no fixed price during that time, but it fluctuated as rumors of abundance or the reverse became rife on the streets. A portion of the time it could not be purchased for love or money. The streets were thronged with people discussing the situation, and grave faces were in every knot on the street corner, for the price had then gone beyond the reach of most people, and what to do was the problem of the hour. There were rumors that designing men had gotten up a flour corner, and deep mutterings were heard against the men who did it.

A few days after the last rise, word was flashed up and down the gulch that the citizens were going to rise against the flour merchants. The crowd met in Leviathan Hall. R. S. Blake was elected chairman. Hugh McQuaid was nominated for secretary, but he declined and the meeting proceeded without one. The people formed a line, and with a flour sack nailed to a pole for a banner proceeded up and down the street, amid considerable confusion.

The impression got abroad then, and there was some excuse for it—that the town would be sacked. The men in the line of march did look determined, and as yet there had been no intimation except in the hall, of the purpose of the gathering. They marched up and down Wallace street, during the beginning of the demonstration three men went into a clothing store and looked at a suit of clothes.

"If we see what we want we'll take it along, I guess," one of the trio remarked carelessly. They were men who proposed to take advantage of the confusion to rob some of the stores, but they found they had made a mistake. One of the clerks was sent out for Neil Howie, one of the chiefs of the Vigilance Committee. Mr. Howie responded promptly. Drawing his revolver, he stepped forward and covered the three men with the remark:

"Gentlemen, this is an uprising to get a reasonable amount of flour for a reasonable price. It is not an excuse to sack the town. The first man caught stealing will be shot or hanged, and none such will escape." The ready-made clothing fell from the hands of the men addressed, and the word went around quickly that there would be no mercy for the first man who was caught stealing.

Then Col. Wilbur F. Sanders and others then in the city addressed the crowd, advising an orderly search for flour and recommending that a reasonable price be paid for whatever was found, after making an equitable division of it with the men in whose possession it might be found. The people cheered the sentiment, and parties were organized to search in stores and cellars for hidden flour.

In some manner a rumor went out—it was a day of rumors—that a wagon load of flour had gone in the direction of Col. Sanders', and one small party called at the Colonel's house while he was out in

another direction on a similar errand. Mrs. Sanders was at home. She bade them search the premises, and they did, but not a painful was found.

Other houses were visited, and armed guards watched the roads leading into and out of the city, to see that not a wagon load should be carried out to a place of concealment. The loaded wagons were overhauled and taken back to Virginia City.

Taylor, Thompson & Co. had a supply in their store. They caused the doors to be barricaded and placed men behind the sacks, armed with doubled-barrelled shotguns. Other stores were barricaded, and preparations were made to resist the patriots. By the searches made it plain that they did not want to have any trouble, and in some instances compromises were effected. The flour was gathered from all parts of the city and stored in Leviathan Hall. The hiding places were many. There was flour under hay stacks, in cellars, and beneath the rafters of buildings, but the searches were keen with hunger, as they found the most of it, so it is said. Every place where more than one sack was found the surplus was taken away to the common warehouse.

The committee met after the search had been almost completed, and decided to allow the owners of the flour \$36 per 100 pounds, which it was voted was profit enough. Men formed in line and received eighteen pounds to each man, at the same price paid the owners. After a few hours the supply was reduced by ten pounds to the man, but even then the supply did not hold out, and many went away disappointed.

A party of miners volunteered to go out to the Snake River and try to shovel a path through for one of the pack trains, but the men returned discouraged and unsuccessful. The supply grew scarcer and scarcer, and for a while fears of starvation were expressed. But the snow melted early, and at last the joyous news was shouted through the streets that a flour train was slowly moving up the gulch. And then, when the price dropped to \$40 per sack, men paid the price cheerfully, and thought it was as cheap as dirt.—Helena Paper.

PAST YOUR PRIME.

Perhaps not in years, but in energy. Your health is not good yet you hardly know what is the matter with you. Your business too, is on the decline. People miss the old elastic spirit you showed in former years. The secret of all this is that your constitution is worn out and your blood is bad. Set both right by the use of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One box will cure you.

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Severe kidney diseases.

Thousands of sufferers have testified to the efficacy of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They are the best, so use the best. One cent a dose; 25 cents a box.

For sale by all dealers, or by the manufacturers, Edmondson Bates & Co., Toronto.

Use Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for all throat and lung troubles. Large bottle small dose, small price, 25c.

Cleaning Black Dress Goods.
Nowadays every one wants a black gown, and such gowns as serge, chevrot, cashmere, henrietta, &c., are easily cleaned. First remove the grease spots with naphtha, and remember that this fluid is very explosive to either light or fire. Make a lather of warm soap, using a good, not strong, soap, and a teaspoonful of borax to every two quarts of water. Into this dip the goods up and down, and wash them between the hands, then wring gently and pat partly dry; hang in the shade, and when nearly dry iron on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron. Always rinse once in lukewarm water, and iron until the material is perfectly dry. Never rub a fabric that is being renovated on the washboard, for wring tightly, and in using naphtha remember that it roughens the hands, and after using it is well to put vaseline upon them and to wear old gloves. Wash apertures in the same manner as cashmere, adding a little gum arabic to the rinsing water. If the black goods are of a rusty color, restore them by sponging with ammonia and alcohol. Always use a piece of the same material or one near to it to sponge with.—Home Journal.

He Knows It Well.
No need to tell a victim of the disease anything about the pangs of dyspepsia. He knows all about it. What he is eager to learn is the name of a sure remedy and where it may be got. Whoever has used Hawker's dyspepsia cure knows that he need seek no farther, for it has restored him to health. It aids and regulates digestion, and restores the organs to healthy action. That is all that is needed, but it is something a thousand so-called remedies fail to do. Hawker's dyspepsia cure does the work, and the unhappy victim of disease becomes cheerful, hopeful and vigorous again. It effects a complete cure. All druggists and dealers sell it, at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and it is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B.

"Parliament."
The word parliament is generally considered to be derived from the French, parler, to speak. It was first applied, says Blackstone, to general assemblies of the states, under Louis VII., in France, about the middle of the twelfth century. The earliest mention of it in the statutes is in the preamble to the statute of Westminster, A. D., 1272.

Engineers say that the leakage from the gas pipes of London equals nine per cent of the total manufacture.

IN PRESENCE OF DEATH.

HOW PEOPLE MAY FEEL WHEN IN PERIL OF THEIR LIVES.

Philosophical Discussion of the Self of the Dying—Particular Experiences showing the Egoism of Man in the Final Hour of His Life.

M. Egger discusses in the last issue of La Revue Philosophique the "self of the dying." He refers to the fact that persons who have narrowly escaped death by drowning commonly report that between the moment of falling into the water and that of losing consciousness they have reviewed with wonderful rapidity the events of their past lives. Like things have been told of persons suddenly exposed to great danger in other ways, and M. Egger quotes some curious facts brought out at a recent meeting of the Alpine Club at Zurich.

Prof. Helm, a member of the club, who himself had a narrow escape from death in mountain climbing, summed up the conclusions drawn from evidence furnished by many such cases. He found that the climber, seemingly about to be dashed to pieces in a fall, has this order of experience after losing his foothold:

First, a sense of extreme bliss; second, anesthesia of touch and of pain sensation, with sight and hearing normal; third, extreme rapidity of thought and imagination; fourth, in many cases a rapid succession of visions presenting the whole course of the past life. Prof. Helm took an hour to relate what he had experienced in the few seconds of his own fall. He found himself, as he fell, rapidly revolving possible methods of lessening the threatened harm, and speculating on the possible consequences. Then came innumerable images all the facts of his past life.

M. Egger sees some exaggeration in the general conclusions and in the particular statement as to Prof. Helm's own case. But allowing for this, he finds nothing abnormal in the experiences of these Alpine climbers. Probably no civilized adult, he declares, can approach death in his senses without a lively feeling of his own individuality. With children, and with those adult children that we call savages, there is probably no such strong consciousness of self in the presence of death. The civilized adult feels that death is the end of self, the abrupt arrest of that series of conscious states conserved in the memory. The idea that the series is about to close calls up a vivid idea of what it was, and according to circumstances that idea is sentimental and abstract or it consists of a rapid succession of visions, joyous or sad. He that dies gently, with time for preparation and to think of posterity, is likely to pronounce testamentary words. "I have loved war too much" were the admonitory dying words of Louis XIV. to his infant successor, Dauphine, the great plaider, said on his deathbed, speaking of the law students about him: "Say to these young men that I have been a man of the second order all my life and in all things, (even at the bar.)"

The autobiographies of old men are, as it were, leisure reviews of their lives at the approach of death. Such, too, are their speeches on anniversary occasions. Pasteur, on such an occasion three years ago, besought his hearers and pupils to act so that at the end of life they might say, "I have done what I could." Here was the key to Pasteur's self. Remarkable as he was intellectually, he was more remarkable for doing what he wished to do. He gave himself in fuller measure than most men.

But if the man that contemplates with serenity the somewhat distant approach of death habitually lives in his own past, and talks or writes of it perhaps philosophically the man faced with sudden death is apt to find his powers of thought somewhat numbed when the succession of visions rapidly showing his past takes the place of conscious recollection. These visions are not innumerable or simultaneous, but many and rapid. This is the phenomenon noted by persons who suppose themselves to be drowning. It is the extreme egoism of the dying. Sometimes the conditions do not permit such visions. Men of sanguine temperaments often fail to recognize the approach of death, and are planning for the future when others would be reviewing the past. The soldier meeting instant death in the attack is too busy with the foe to think of his own past. But the man that sees sudden death at hand and inevitable has the surging up of his past life, the lively consciousness of self, so frequent, reported as the experience of those that suppose themselves dying. This may come to the soldier mortally wounded and left to die in peace on the battlefield, or to the Alpine climber who loses his footing on an icy crag.

That these ante-mortem visions are peculiar to the adult mind is proved by the experiences of children. A boy of eight years who fell, apparently to death, in Alpine climbing, said that his one concern was lest he should lose a beautiful pocket knife recently given him by his father. Another child of like age fell a sleep while fishing and tumbled into a stream. He opened his eyes, to see brilliant shells on the bottom of the stream and to think them wonderfully like silver coins. His first sense of fear came when the seaweed brushed his face. He had no visions of his past. The child, in truth has no such continuous self as the adult. He lives in the present and in the future, whereas, the old man whose life work is done

lives in the past, acquires nothing new, but recalls and recounts, does not read but rereads, does not earn but saves. Selfhood becomes enormously important to the man that has outlived his activities. Self forms itself through life and completes itself in death. The idea of death brings this creation of a long lifetime in lively fashion before the mind, to be reflected, perhaps, in well-turned phrases, or if death come suddenly, then in huddled visions.

The Death Rate From Heart Failure.

It hardly needs a census to impress people with the great increase in the death rate from heart failure. Evidence meets us every day, at almost every point—some citizen or friend dying constantly from this cause. Can the peculiarly effective virtues of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart be too well made known when death is so near with thousands? It is a medicine that gives instant relief from any affection of the heart, and even in cases that medical science has pronounced incurable it cures. It is a most wonderful heart specific, never failing in success. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Will All the Elephants Be Killed.

When we take into consideration the large quantity of ivory imported annually, it is not surprising that those interested in it should at times become somewhat anxious about future supplies. An authority upon Indian matters some years back was particularly struck by this thought and wrote:

"It is reported that England alone imports 1,200,000 pounds of ivory, to obtain which 30,000 elephants have to be annually killed, and the world's supply must, it has been estimated, necessitate 400,000 being annually slaughtered. It may safely be assumed that, if this rule of destruction continues, a comparatively few years will suffice to exterminate the African species of elephant."

The assumption is, fortunately for the world at large, quite incorrect. As a matter of fact, our imports average about the same year by year, but there is a very important factor which the Indian authority just quoted has critically overlooked—namely, that most of the ivory that we receive is technically known as dead ivory, that is, tusks which have been taken from elephants long since dead, and stored up in the interior of Africa. Of live ivory or tusks taken from recently killed animals, we do not receive, comparatively speaking, a considerable quantity. There is no fear whatever of the supply being exhausted during the next two or three generations.—Chambers' Journal.

THE M'CORD CASE.

Twenty-Seven Months' Ailing, Nine Months Helpless.

His Disease Proven Diabetes and Incurable—Given up by Himself and Friends—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Richmond, Feb. 17.—(Special).—This has been a day of unusual crowds and excitement here. The talk of the farmers and others in town for holiday trading is mostly all about the recently published cure of William McCord a farmer living not far out and one of our oldest inhabitants.

The presence of Mr. McCord made assurance visible for very many who heard of his cure thought recovery impossible. Among other things in praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills he said: "After the doctors pronounced my troubles diabetes, no one thought I should ever be cured."

"I was partly paralyzed and to get out of bed had to roll out."

"Was nine months unable to do even a chore about the place; could barely trail myself along."

"I ran down in weight and there was little left of me but the shell."

"But when I commenced taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I stuck close to directions and I could see great improvement before the first box was finished."

"In all I took nine boxes and am as well as ever I was in my life, though past sixty years of age."

"I always say that Dodd's Kidney Pills should be bought the same as groceries and kept in the house for colds, and the first signs of rheumatism and such like."

Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, price 50c, or by mail. Address The Dodd's Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

His Indignant Reply.

An amusing correspondence recently took place between a Wisconsin farmer and a local boiler firm. The farmer wrote as follows:

"Dear Sirs I have a 1,000 acres of trees that I want cut, I am poor but I am willing to pay too hundred dollars for an engine that will do my work."

Then he went on to explain just what sort of an engine he wanted. The boiler firm saw that the engine necessary to accomplish the devastation of his virginial forest would cost \$3,000, and they informed him to this effect. A week passed, and the following pithy epistle came from the Wisconsin woods:

"Dear Sirs what in h—wud I want of an engine or boiler if I had \$3,000?"—Syracuse Standard.

PRETTY PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

William Welsh, M. P. for Queen's, P. E. I., Indorses Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

One of the genuinely pretty sections of the Dominion is Prince Edward Island. Those who have not had an opportunity of visiting there hope that some day it may be counted in their vacation. Queen's county is represented in the House of Commons by Mr. Wm. Welsh, one of the many others who have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and from away off in this pretty section of the Dominion he very cheerfully testifies to all concerned that he has used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and knows whereof he speaks, when he praises it as a remedy for catarrh or cold in the head. Ten minutes is all the time required for it to give relief. It quickly cures. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

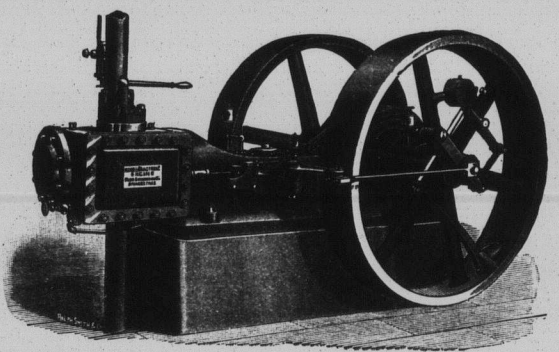


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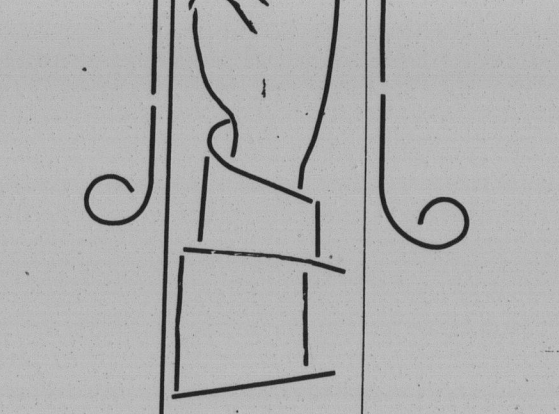
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