

NEW NORTH-WEST.

DEER LODGE CITY, FRIDAY, MARCH 10

"The Grizzly Papers."

(From the Overland, March.) A mountain trail—a narrow, tortuous, difficult path. Two miners, with their estates tied up in ropes and slung across their backs, scrambling wearily up it. Just at the steepest part, the foremost halted short, turned about, deliberately unslung his pack, sat down upon it and sighed. As he looked across the green expanse of the valley below, to the brown majesty of the opposite mountain range, and over to the fatuously serene beyond, a look not of earthy contentment, but of the glory of the Transfiguration. His companion, rough and hard though he was, observed the change and appeared to have some vague and imperfect idea of its nature, for without a word, he gazed at his own luggage and sat himself thoughtfully upon a rock. For some time the two maintained a silence which was interrupted rather than broken by the just distinguishable murmur of the river a thousand feet below. The wind whispered its eternal secret to the pines, and the sun, flaming grandly above, hung, while after wave of light against the hills, which sent back faint pulsations of heat, as it were an echo.

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Going Home—A Corpse Driving a Horse Through Nashville.

(From the Nashville Banner, Feb. 7th.) Dr. William Burdett, who resided at No. 539 South Cherry street, died at 6 o'clock last evening, under the most peculiar circumstances. About half an hour previous to his demise, he had driven to the residence of Conductor Edward Wells, near the Decatur depot, who lay very ill of inflammatory rheumatism. After leaving some instructions with his patient, he got into his buggy, and started his horse homeward. Sudden death, like a stroke of lightning, overtook him probably before he had driven more than a few hundred yards, and the late living, speaking human being, who, a few moments before, had talked calmly and quietly, after his usual manner, to a patient and that patient's family, and had cradled with a little boy whom he met by the street-side as he entered his buggy, still sat stark and stiff upright upon his seat, the reins clutched in his hands, staring eyes looking out upon the street driving homeward—a corpse. Father of us all, what was it that those who met the horse and vehicle saw in the face of the driver that made them shudder and hurry on a little faster? Death looked out from those lifeless eyes, and it was he who guided the unwhispering horse plodding on toward his late master's door, and those who looked into that vehicle felt a something awful and indefinable which made them shudder, perhaps, and hasten voluntarily forward. The horse drew up at the familiar hitching-post, but no master descended, and he stood gaily pawing the ground, and jerking the lines, but he got no answer to these signals, however oft repeated. No familiar voice which had so often chided or chided him in long jaunts. Then he pricked back his

cars and jerked the reins a little harder, and listened, but there was no response, save the grating of the leather over the dashboard. What could it all mean? And now Mrs. Burdett looks out of the window and says, "Well, I declare, the Doctor's come, but why don't he get out?" She looks a moment, but he does not move, and she says, "Perhaps he wants something," and then she trips out into the street, looks up into the buggy, and says, "William, what is it? No answer. And then she bends forward a little, and the light shines fuller on the figure there. It is her husband, but the face is livid, and the eyes blindly staring. "William, oh William!" and she grasps him by the hands, still clutching the reins. They are cold and stiff. He is dead.

Through the assistance of several gentlemen, Dr. Burdett's body was taken into the house, where Coroner Brien held an inquest over his remains. The jury returned a verdict that he came to his death from disease of the heart.

Love and War.

In October, 1869, a young man in Paris conceived the idea of establishing a bank for loans in San Francisco. With the intention of examining into the practicability of such a project, he at once came to a country with his betrothed, Laura Hallier, a beautiful lady, twenty-three years of age, and her mother, whose age was fifty. They spent the winter in San Francisco, and during the time he was in the city he secured the acquaintance of a large circle of friends. The father of Miss Hallier remained in Paris, intending, after disposing of his property, to join his future son-in-law in San Francisco. Investigation convinced the young man that the successful conduct of his design would require more money than he and Mr. Hallier could possibly bring together. He therefore wrote to his friends in Paris, stating his situation, and received in reply the assurance that he could receive from them all the money he desired, provided circumstances continued favorable to the plan. He decided then to return to Paris, leaving his betrothed and her mother in San Francisco, with the understanding that on his return his marriage should take place. Upon his arrival in Paris the war had broken out, and the banker who held the young man's property had failed. He thus found himself penniless, with no possibility of returning to those he loved, and subject at any time to be drafted into the service of France. Writing to San Francisco he explained his sad situation, and said that rather than be drafted he would enter the army as a volunteer. Accordingly he enlisted and went at once to the front, and nothing has been heard of him since the terrible battle of Sedan. Not long after this Mr. Hallier wrote to his wife and daughter, telling them of his intention to assist them in any way, as his real property, at Chateau Dun, had been burned down and he was left utterly destitute. Nothing further has been heard from him, except a brief note written on a scrap of paper, and sent by balloon post, in which he said they would not know him, as he had become a French citizen and a soldier. Going then to the French capital at San Francisco, Miss Hallier told her sad story, and through his influence she sang at the French Fair in that city. Her sweet singing and mournful story moved several of the most prominent gentlemen to get up a concert, to furnish her with the means to go to New York city. Arriving in New York she sang by request of her countrymen at the French Fair, and received much attention. She is at present arranging to give two concerts in New York city, hoping by them to obtain the means of returning with her mother to Paris, to comfort and support her afflicted and destitute father.

Artificial Eyes.

How They are Made—A Curious Sight.

(From the Scientific American.) "What do we think of this fellow?" asks the oculist of his client. "Study his features, his look, and say frankly what you think." "He looks well enough," answers the other, laboring usually under some little ailment. "Well, Jean, remember your account to this gentleman?" Whereupon Jean introduces a knitting needle under his eye, places it in the hand of the astonished spectator as unconcernedly as though it were a shirt stud. How it is possible to resist such a demonstration! These gentlemen emerge from forty to fifty frames for an eye. The manufacturer of the Rue du Temple has an entirely different way of doing business. He is generally a man pretty well informed, simple in his manners, polite, a little of an artist, a little of a workman, and a little of a tradesman. He scarcely employs either apprentice or assistant, except when he receives a good order from some naturalist for animals' eyes for his collection. All day long, seated at a table at one end of his work room, he works by the light of a spirit lamp. Before him are arranged, in either cakes or sticks, the materials used in his profession. He takes a little enamel, melts it, and, by the aid of a blow pipe, blows it until it becomes a sort of ball at the end of the instrument. This ball is destined to represent the white of the eye. He next takes some more enamel, which is colored this time, and lets a drop of it fall upon the summit of the cornea. The gently heating it, the flame, which spreads out in a round spot, and eventually becomes flat, and resembles the iris. A darker drop of enamel placed in the same manner in the center of the iris imitates the pupil. The ball is now detached from the cornea, and there is a further heavy rent to pay, not the wages of a liveried cyclops. The manufacture of artificial eyes is both tedious and difficult. It suits alike both men and women, and many of the latter succeed where the former are completely defeated. The most remunerated of art industries. Most of the work people are paid by piece-work; that is, so much per eye, varying from ten to fifteen francs, and a clever workman will turn out his eye per diem. Others receive from the large manufacturers a share of the proceeds arising from the sales of eyes manufactured by them, and have to take back any eyes not approved by the customers. These are put on one side to serve for their stock in trade when they commence business on their own account.

Blacksmiths!

One of these collections furnishes a somewhat curious sight. Reposing upon wadding at the bottom of a drawer are several scores of eyes, ranged side by side, and exhibiting a singular variety of expression. Some are small, others are large, some bluish, and greenish gray, nearly all are brilliant; all have a fixed stare—all are, in fact, looking you through. On one side are laughing children's eyes, next to them the liquid-looking eyes of young girls, the languid eyes of middle-aged women, eyes with an amiable or sinister expression, severe official eyes; then come the old men's eyes, slightly filmy; and in a corner are the worn-out eyes of the aged, next to them the liquid lustrous sprays over his polished surface, and it has a glassy look, like the eye of a dead person. "Touch them, you will do no harm," says the oculist to visitors, just as though it was a collection of coins or minerals they were inspecting.

Wagon and Carriage Making.

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Important to Mill Owners.

INSTRUCTIONS have been given to receive applications for patent under the "Floor Act" of July 13th, 1870. The undersigned U. S. Mineral Land Surveyor, is prepared to give information to claimants desiring to avail themselves of the benefits of said act, and make the necessary surveys, plans, etc., required to make entry of placer mines. Parties making inquiries will please inform me the time of claim, number of parties interested, whether on surveyed or unsurveyed lands; if upon unsurveyed, the distance from the regular survey; and the amount of improvement expended on the mine. Surveys of mines for patent will be promptly executed with satisfaction guaranteed. Refer, by permission, to H. D. Washburn, Surveyor General, L. B. Lyman, Register, R. F. May, Receiver, Allen Danforth, Agent, U. S. Office, C. H. Miller, I. K. Miller, Deane, T. J. Lewis, Geo. H. Loring, W. D. Flowers, High-Land, and W. B. Dancy, Deer Lodge. Terms on file with me, and please address me at Deer Lodge in care of Mr. G. O. Sargent, 40-11.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned of the estate of Frederick Moege, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of Deer Lodge County, Montana Territory, on the next regular (April) term, to receive and take possession of a settlement of said estate, in which case all persons interested in said estate, or who have claims against said estate, are notified to appear and file their claims with me on or before the 10th day of April, 1871. F. R. HILL, Administrator. Deer Lodge, Montana.

Deer Lodge City, Friday, March 10

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One of these collections furnishes a somewhat curious sight. Reposing upon wadding at the bottom of a drawer are several scores of eyes, ranged side by side, and exhibiting a singular variety of expression. Some are small, others are large, some bluish, and greenish gray, nearly all are brilliant; all have a fixed stare—all are, in fact, looking you through. On one side are laughing children's eyes, next to them the liquid-looking eyes of young girls, the languid eyes of middle-aged women, eyes with an amiable or sinister expression, severe official eyes; then come the old men's eyes, slightly filmy; and in a corner are the worn-out eyes of the aged, next to them the liquid lustrous sprays over his polished surface, and it has a glassy look, like the eye of a dead person. "Touch them, you will do no harm," says the oculist to visitors, just as though it was a collection of coins or minerals they were inspecting.

Wagon and Carriage Making.

Having opened a wagon and carriage shop in the city of Lippincott & Co's Blacksmith shop, I am prepared to do all work in my line. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. DEER LODGE, OCTOBER 7th, 1870. LARRY LOVE.

Deer Lodge Brewery.

Deer Lodge City, Montana. P. Vallton, Proprietor. THE PIONEER BREWERY, AND ALWAYS AHEAD.

Bottled Beer.

With body, age and favor, to commend it to the palate and favor of the most fastidious lovers of malt liquors. Orders Promptly Filled.

Pioneer Livery Stable.

PIONEER CITY, MONTANA. Good attention paid to the feeding and care of stock.

Rains, Taylor & Daddow.

Proprietors. HAY AND GRAIN always on hand. A fine bunch connected with this stable, with the best of feed. Charges reasonable. 41-7

Boots and Shoes.

Foot and shoe Emporium. JOHN P. FINK. D. Gerner, Manager, Deer Lodge, Montana. Having established a house in Deer Lodge, Montana, opposite the U. S. Post Office, we are prepared to sell our celebrated CUSTOM MADE Boots and Shoes At Wholesale and Retail. Special Attention to the Jobbing Trade.

WM. MANNING.

Boot and Shoe Maker, DEER LODGE, MONTANA TERRITORY. (Opposite Post Office.) Custom Made. French and American Boots. Manufactured to Order. Of the finest and Best Brands of Skins. Perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed.

Superior California Boots.

The best ever in this market, for sale at low figures. Give me a call. 40-11

Deer Lodge City, Friday, March 10

"The Grizzly Papers."

(From the Overland, March.) A mountain trail—a narrow, tortuous, difficult path. Two miners, with their estates tied up in ropes and slung across their backs, scrambling wearily up it. Just at the steepest part, the foremost halted short, turned about, deliberately unslung his pack, sat down upon it and sighed. As he looked across the green expanse of the valley below, to the brown majesty of the opposite mountain range, and over to the fatuously serene beyond, a look not of earthy contentment, but of the glory of the Transfiguration. His companion, rough and hard though he was, observed the change and appeared to have some vague and imperfect idea of its nature, for without a word, he gazed at his own luggage and sat himself thoughtfully upon a rock. For some time the two maintained a silence which was interrupted rather than broken by the just distinguishable murmur of the river a thousand feet below. The wind whispered its eternal secret to the pines, and the sun, flaming grandly above, hung, while after wave of light against the hills, which sent back faint pulsations of heat, as it were an echo.

"Jim," and the voice of the miner was choked a bit hoarse, as if troubled in his lower depths by some struggling emotion—"Jim, we two've been good friends—ain't we?"

Whether it was because he did not thoroughly know what was coming, or so decided to commit himself, or whether he had a delicate consciousness that to reply to such a question would imply a reconstruction of his past, Jim maintained a grave silence, merely shifting his great hands alternately, the one above the other, upon the vertical handle of his pick. The uncertainty in the eyes of the speaker grew by imperceptible degrees into a positive gleam of intense longing, as he continued: "Jim, I'm not a feller to ask favors; you know that. Ever since we two've been partners, you've never knowed me to git a man to hold my dust while I attended to the birds, without my bein' willin' to hold him the same. Now, partner, I feel that I can't drift no further on this level, and I guess I've got to go down lower. But before I go, I want you to tell me, honest, who 'was shot me that night at the Sandburg over to Spanish Camp. The thought that I was fired into by some stranger who wasn't a-kin' no band, and come near havin' my light snuffed out by some one unbeknowns to me, is not a good thought to dwell on. When I get down yonder, and they ask me who made this hole in yer back? I'd like to tell 'em, so's they could spot him when he comes. 'Tain't no case for human justice; we haven't got nothin' invented yet as'd do right to him. And Jim, don't you never go for him yourself; that man's too mean for killen." The dying man ceased, but Jim bowed his head lower and lower over the pick-handle in silence, and seemed struggling to suppress a sob. Finally he asked, in an almost inaudible tone:

"I Go With My Engine."—A Story of Modern Heroism.

(From the Sun.) Dave Simmons was the engineer of the Pacific express