The New North-West.

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	Card	1 inch	2 inches	3 inches	4 inches	6 inches	12 inches	15 inches
1 Time	$2.	$3.	$5.	$7.	$8.	$10.		$30
"	3.	5.	6.	10.	12.	15.	25	40
"	4.	7.	8.	12.	14.	20.	33	48
1 Month	5.	8.	10.	14.	16.	25.	38	55
"	7.	10.	12.	18.	24.	35.	60	75
"	9.	12.	15.	22.	30.	50.	70	100
"	11.	15.	25.	35.	50.	75.	100	160
1 Year	16.	25.	40.	55.	70.	90.	140	250

Regular advertising payable quarterly as due.
Transient advertising payable in advance.
Special Notices are 50 per cent. more than regular advertisements.
Local advertising 15 cents for the first insertion; 10 cents per line for each succeeding insertion; lines counted in Nonpariel measure.
Job Work payable on delivery.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

ATTORNEYS

W. F. SANDERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE IN THE WHITLATCH BUILDING,
HELENA, - MONTANA.

Physicians and Surgeons.

O. B. WHITFORD, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE—MAIN STREET, DEER LODGE,
Next door to Beilenburg & Bro's. Meat Market.
Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 6 P. M. 246-

L. H. HOLMES, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
—Office one door south D. S. Kenyons—
DEER LODGE.....MONTANA.
Prompt attention by day or night to patients in town or country. [216tf

A. H. MITCHELL, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
—Office one door north of Postoffice—
DEER LODGE, - - - - MONTANA.
Prompt attention by night or day to patients in town or country. 1216.tf

BANKERS.

S. T. HAUSER, President. D. C. CORBIN, Cashier
First National Bank,
Main Street, Helena, Montana.
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES
jy-6m

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
DEER LODGE.
W. A. CLARK, President.
R. W. DONNELL, Vice-President.
S. E. LARABIE, Cashier.
Draw Exchange on
All the Principal Cities of the World.
NEW YORK CORRESPONDENTS,
Donnell, Lawson & Co.,
No. 4 Wall Street.
79-1y

LAND ENTRIES.

LAND ENTRIES.
O'BANNON & WOODY
O. B. O'BANNON, Deer Lodge. | F. H. WOODY, Missoula.
Will attend to all matters relating to entry of public lands in Deer Lodge and Missoula counties. We have Township Plats and Abstracts of all filings and entries.
—:o:—
AM PREPARED TO MAKE ENTRIES AT HELENA RATES!
No one is now Connected with me in the Land Business in this County.
Can always be found at the District Clerk's office
Deer Lodge, June. 20, 1872. O. B O'BANNON 155-tf

J. M. PAGE,
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor,
I am prepared to execute Mineral Surveys at the most reasonable rates. Miners and others having any business in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. For terms, &c., address
J. M. PAGE,
231-tf Gaffney Montana.

HOTELS.

McBurney House Re-Opened.
HAVING LEASED AND REFURNISHED throughout the above
New and Elegant Brick Hotel
Building, I have Reopened the same and shall endeavor to make it
The best Public House on the West Side
Every effort will be made for the Comfort and Satisfaction of Guests.
The Tables will be supplied with the best the market affords, and the Rooms are new, clean, well ventilated and furnished.
ALL STAGES STOP AT THIS HOTEL FOR OR WITH PASSENGERS.
Meals 50c. Lodging 50c.
A share of patronage is respectfully solicited.
Mrs. LAURA J. SCOTT.
DEER LODGE, Montana. 226-

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.
REDUCTION IN BOARD AND LODGING
at the
SCOTT HOUSE.
Deer Lodge, Montana.
To put the Scott House in accord with the times, I have made a Reduction in Board and Lodging to the following Prices, to take effect on and after Monday, October 20, 1873:—

TABLE BOARD, PER WEEK	$ 7 00
BOARD AND ROOM PER WEEK	12 00
BOARD PER DAY, WITH ROOM	2 00
SINGLE MEALS	.50
LODGINGS	.50

Having Refurnished and Refitted the Rooms and arlors of the Scott House and secured the services of Mrs. H. MERCER in charge of the Housekeeping Department, Guests will find this Hotel superior in all its Appointments to any Hotel on the West Side.
Reading and Card Rooms
For Gentlemen.
A Fine Parlor Piano is at the Service of Guests.
No effort will be spared to render the Tables satisfactory to the most Epicurean tastes and the heartiest appetites.
Thankful for past patronage the continuance of it is respectfully solicited.
SAM. SCOTT,
224- SCOTT HOUSE.
DEER LODGE, October 16, 1873.

RE-OPENING OF
Childs House!
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE
CHILDS HOUSE, PIONEER,
Will Re-open Monday, March 2d, 1874.
And continue during the Season.

BOARD PER WEEK	$ 8 00
BOARD AND LODGING PER WEEK	12 00
SINGLE MEALS	75

Expressing thanks for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to our House, a continuation of it is respectfully solicited.
MRS. M. E. CHILDS.
PIONEER, M. T., January 29, 1874. 229-

The New North-West.

VOL. 5, No. 40. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, APRIL 11, 1874. WHOLE No. 249

POETRY.

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.
An Italian Legend.

'Twas whispered one morning in Heaven
How the little child angel May,
In the shade of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day.
How she said to the stately warden—
He of the key and bar—
"Oh, angel, sweet angel! I pray you,
Let the beautiful gates ajar,
Only a little, I pray you,
Let the beautiful gates ajar!

"I can hear my mother weeping:
She is lonely: she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
Where the gates shut after me.
Oh! turn me the key, sweet angel,
The splendor will shine so far!"
But the warden answered: "I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar!"
Spoke low and answered: "I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar!"
Then up rose Mary, the Blessed,
Sweet Mary, Mother of Christ;
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar;
And lo! in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!
In the little child-angel's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!

"And this key for no further using,
To my blessed Son shall be given,"
Said Mary, Mother of Jesus—
Tenderest heart in Heaven.
Now, never a sad-eyed mother
But may catch the glory afar;
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom
Are the keys of the gates ajar;
Close hid in the dear Christ's bosom,
And the gates *forever* ajar!

—*Helen L. Bostwick.*

THE WEDDING.

Miss Gasher she got married: 'twas the tallest kind of show:
I driv the nuptial hearse myself, an' guess I ought to know:
We were got up that gorgeous an' looseness of expense,
Which it give the lower order a feeling of offence.
Four white bob mares, with white silk gloves, an' a genuine stove-pipe hat,
Blush roses on the harness, an' a sponge silk cravat;
The mourners in another, which was pretty much the same;
An' the parents in an omnibus, which the near wheel-horse was lame.
The splendidness of that procesh it was agony to see;
You oughter seen 'em gazin' at the happy pair an' me!
We had carp'ts on the sidewalk, from the kerridge to the door,
An' four perlice, with buttons, for to keep away the poor.
We'll, the parson worked 'em off with a hundred dollar prayer,
An' delivered them two victims to my custody and care;
Which I started them white ponies with the biggest kind of swell,
When a little pea-nut peddling cuss set up a tearing yell!
The off-leader were a colt, and she bolted like a shot,
An' even them steady wheelers, they jest got up an' got;
The bride she gave a screech, an' the bridegroom a line,
An' all the boys along the street did in the chorus jine
When I sot up beside that wreck they'd run about a mile;
Miss Gasher in the ruins smiled a disappointed smile;
For the bridegroom bolted out when the trouble first begun,
And the tree which broke his neck were a allyanthus one.
When Miss Gasher saw that body she jest wilted right down there;
Her mother loosed her girdle an' unharnessed her back hair;
But when she saw them seven trunks, jam full of weddin' clothes,
She dropped, a broken lily, right down on top of those.
Mind, I wouldn't swear that bridegroom was the pick an' choice of men,
But the women they I'll blamed him for to up an' die just then;
For to be left a widder, right on her weddin' day,
With all them good clothes wasted, weren't particularly gay.
That there funeral were crowded by the fashionable ton;
An' the parson preach'd a sermon to the boys on what they'd done
With their yellin' an' their games, an' a most effective prayer;
But, of course, those little rascals couldn't be admitted there.
Which we've overpopplated, an' too many boys is born,
When they play on our first circles their little games of scorn;
I don't wish the lower orders any special kind of harm,
But why don't those little cusses go out West an' buy a farm?

In Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

San Francisco Chronicle.

Charles Warren Stoddard sends this interesting letter to one of his friends in San Francisco:

ANNE HATHAWAY COTTAGE,
January 23d, 1874.

Where think you I am at this moment? Well, I am in the main room of the Hathaway cottage (a mile from Stratford-on-Avon) not three feet from the very chimney in which Will Shakspeare used to make love to his Anne. The old settle is close at my elbow, and the room itself is called one of the most perfectly-preserved specimens of the sixteenth century. The old dame, whose great-grandmother was a Hathaway, is blowing up the fire in the big chimney, and we are to have supper presently, cooked in the very spot where Shakspeare has many a time toasted his toes. To-night I am to sleep in Anne Hathaway's bed, which is a marvelous frame, most curiously carved, and which has been in the house more than three hundred years. I am quite lucky, in getting this privilege, but I have made love to the old dame, and we get on in the cosiest fashion! It seems almost like sacrilege to think of it, but I shall say my prayers thrice over, and trust to the angels to make it all square with the original tenants.

LATER.—We have just finished supper—the dame, the husband and myself, all three of us sitting in the great chimney. I had ham that was raised on the place and cured in this very chimney, and a pork-pie—a Shaksperean pork-pie you may call it, made in the house by a descendant of the Hathaways.

A CAR-LOAD.—What constitutes a car-load: As a general rule, 20,000 pounds, or 70 barrels of salt, 70 of lime, 90 of flour, 60 of whisky, 200 sacks of flour, 6 cords of hard wood, 18 to 20 head of cattle, 50 to 60 head of hogs, 80 to 100 head of sheep, 9,000 feet of solid boards, 17,000 feet of siding, 13,000 feet of flooring, 40,000 shingles, one half less of hard lumber, one-fourth less of joists, scantling, and all other large timber, 340 bushels of wheat, 366 of corn, 680 of oats, 400 of barley, 360 of flaxseed, 360 of apples, 420 of Irish potatoes, 360 of sweet potatoes, 1,000 bushels of bran. The foregoing table, which we find in the St. Louis *Times*, may not be exactly correct, for the reason that railroads do not exactly agree in their rules and estimates, but it approximates so closely to the general average that shippers will find it a great convenience as a matter of reference.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

In the great Tichborne case, in England, now that the claimant has been convicted of perjury and his claim exploded, the witnesses are confessing their sins, and the whole conspiracy is coming out by degrees. A fouler example of human depravity has scarcely ever been known.

"White coal" has recently been discovered in Australia. It consists of felted vegetable fibres like peat, with fine grains of sand interspersed. It burns easily with a light flame, exists over large tracts and is already extensively used. There is a yellowish-white coal in Brazil, looking like clay, but burning well.

It is stated that the number of members returned to the Parliament in England who have voted or declared in favor of women's suffrage is 217; the gain by the removal of opponents is 102. The hostile majority is consequently reduced from 107 to 5. The list of those who have voted for the bill includes Mr. Disraeli and several members of the new Cabinet.

The social and vital statistics of the White House are reported as follows: One marriage, Miss Maria Monroe, daughter of the President, to Mr. Gouveneur, in 1820. Two Presidents have died in the House, and a third, Mr. Lincoln, killed elsewhere, was laid in state in the East Room. Several children have died at the White House, but it has welcomed the advent of but one newborn baby, James Madison Randolph, the grandson of Thomas Jefferson.

The London *Times* has completed a careful review of the census of 1871 of the British Empire. There are 38 persons to a square mile in the Empire; 260 in the United Kingdom; 201 in India, and 1.41 in the colonies. It should be observed, however, that in some parts of India the density of population more than equals that of England. The Queen rules over 234,762,593 souls; her people dwell in 44,142,651 houses; the area of the lands they inhabit is not less than 7,769,449 square miles.

The new Captain-General for Cuba, the Marquis de la Concha, is now in his 74th year. He served in the Carlist wars, and in 1849 was appointed Captain-General of Cuba, which position he held until 1852; when, in consequence of the Lopez affair, he was recalled. In 1854, he regained that appointment, but held it only two years. After being in 1852, for a short time Embassador to France, he returned to Spain and opposed the policy of Gen. Prim in regard to Mexico in the Senate. In 1864, he was President of the Spanish Senate.

It is estimated that the number of railroad ties in present use in the United States is 150,000,000. A cut of 200 ties to the ties to the acre is above rather than under the average, and it therefore has required the product of 750,000 acres of well timbered land to furnish the supply. Railroad ties last about five years, consequently 30,000,000 ties are used annually for repairs, taking the timber from 150,000 acres. The manufacture of the rolling-stock disposes of the entire yield of 350,000 acres, and a full supply of 500,000 acres more every year. It appears, then, that our railroads are stripping the country of timber at the rate of 1,000,000 acres per annum, and their demands are rapidly increasing.

Garibaldi is in luck again. Before he went to Caprera it rarely happened that a ship touched at the island, while during the past three years no fewer than 150 steamers have stopped there. Four Neopolitan vessels have been named after the general, and since 1871 he has been presented, chiefly by Americans, with agricultural implements of the value of from 14,000 to 16,000 lire. He has also received other presents, consisting of money, jewelry, etc., to the value of about 1,000,000 lire, but he has returned them all to the senders. Garibaldi is honorary citizen of ninety towns, villages and districts, and honorary president of 120 societies; he has 21 swords of honor, 11 of which have been sent him from abroad, and since 1871 he has received upward of 5,000 addresses of sympathy from various quarters. The island of Caprera brings in to the general a net income of about 3,000 lire.

From the statistics it appears that in the four past years 23,152 Italians have emigrated to the United States. It is estimated that, including California and the Territories, there are now about 100,000 of this artistic and enterprising race living in this country. Our commercial relations with Italy have become so extended that the freights of 421 vessels from the ports of that kingdom to New York alone, in 1873, amounted to thirteen millions of francs in favor of Italian shippers. The *Eco d'Italia*, of New York, estimates that, either by consular or bank drafts, about 20,000 francs a day, from various sources of industry and commerce, are sent home on Italian account from the United States. The trade in oranges, lemons, figs, &c., is increasing to such an extent that several steamers of the Glasgow and Cunard lines are constantly employed in bringing profitable cargoes to New York and Boston.

From the commencement of steam transatlantic navigation in 1850 to the end of 1873, 48 steamers have been lost—the President being the first and the Ville du Havre the last. The Cunard Company has only lost two of all its fleet—the Africa and the Tripoli—during this period of 33 years. The Allan line, at present composed of 17 steamers, has lost 7 since 1852, and the Collins line, which existed only from 1852 to 1857, lost two of the four vessels of which it consisted. The German companies of Hamburg and Bremen, established in 1855, have lost four of their steamers—the National line 1, the Anchor line 1, the Guion line, between 1868 and 1872, 2, and the White Star, 1. The French companies of the Messageries Maritimes, with their 60 steamers trading to all parts of the world, in 21 years of existence have lost 14. The transatlantic branch, before the shipwreck of the Ville du Havre, had lost only 1, the Darien, which went ashore on the coast of Cuba. The Royal Mail, with which this line is in opposition in the West Indies and Brazilian trade, has lost 15 of its steamers in the 32 years of its existence. About 12 steamers belonging to various small companies were also lost in the Atlantic. It is estimated that 16,000 voyages, going and returning, across the Atlantic Ocean, have been made by all the different steam lines.

RIFLE BALLS.

Louisville Courier Journal.

We don't need a park in Louisville. The man who says we do has never known what it is to sit and tip a cane-bottom chair in front of a livery stable.

There is a prediction that Mark Twain is to die this year. Well, let him die. We shall then know whether it is true that Death loves a shining Mark.

There is a story in Harper's *Bazar* entitled "My Wife's Maid." We don't intend to read it. It may have been written by a baldheaded man, who has colored his statements to suit himself.

"We want the outrageous tax imposed upon the commerce of upper Ohio removed," shrieks a Cincinnati paper. What a fuss about a little matter! Why don't you have the "commerce" removed?

"A wedding took place in Cairo a few days ago in which the ceremony was performed by telegraph, the clergyman being in Memphis." The joyful tidings were thus proclaimed from pole to pole.

The New Orleans *Picayune* speaks of the foremost Republican in the country as "the brazen-faced Butler." What would the *Picayune* have? Does it want General Butler to let concealment prey on his cheek?

Another dangerous outbreak is reported from Algiers. Ah, Monsieur, don't get excited. The information intended to be conveyed in this announcement is merely that there are seven cases of small-pox in one family opposite New Orleans.

A St. Louis paper declares that "woman has secured a foothold from whence to make future conquests." It is to be hoped that, in this sweeping assertion, the paper does not include the women of St. Louis. There is something terrible in the idea of a St. Louis woman getting a foothold.

An Interesting Matrimonial Partnership.

Miss Olympia Brown was married last spring, but hasn't changed her name. She says that she and her husband agreed before they were married that they should hold on to their own names. In fact, she wouldn't have married without such an agreement. I asked her if Mr. Willis (her husband) didn't wish to change his name to Brown. She said, "Oh, no. He would be simple if he did, Willis being a much prettier name; besides, had his name been Higginbottom, he would have preferred to retain it, considering it was his own, and the one he had always been known by." I asked her if no one ever called her Willis. She said, "Oh, yes, sometimes they did, but she didn't wage any special war on that, any more than if they called her some pet name that never belonged to her." And so it is John Henry Willis and the Rev. Olympia Brown; he attends to his grocery business, and she preaches to her congregation of saints and sinners every Sunday, and they keep a snug little house in Bridgeport, on Golden Hill, and the name on the door is "Olympia Brown," that partner in the matrimonial firm being the better known of the two.

The Cannibal at Home.

Among the Solomon group of islands in the South sea the cannibal in all his unsophisticated perfection still abides. To render midnight surprises from enemies difficult these ferocious savages sleep in huts built in the top of tall trees. The only means of approach to these houses is by a ladder made of a creeper suspended from a post within the house, and which, of course, can be hauled up at will. The houses are most ingeniously built, and are very firm and strong. Each house will contain from ten to twelve natives, and an ample store of stones is kept, which they throw both with slings and with the hand, with great force and precision. At the foot of each of these trees is another hut, in which the family usually reside, the tree-house being only resorted to at night and during times of expected danger. In fact, however, they are never safe from surprise, notwithstanding all their precautions, as the great object in life among the people is to get each other's heads. Capt. Simpson, of a British ship, recently visited a chief's house on the beach, and found a row of twenty-five human heads, captured in a recent raid, fastened up across the front like vermin at a barn-door. It was acknowledged that the object of the raid was to get heads and eat the bodies, which is always done. The heads of men, women and children are all taken, and the wonder is that the whole island does not become depopulated.

A Thousandth Anniversary.

The Bishop of Iceland has issued a pastoral ordering a service in the three hundred churches of the island on the second day of August, in commemoration of the thousandth anniversary of the first settlement and of the grant of a new constitution by the King of Denmark, which goes into effect at the date mentioned.

The ringing of the bells is to commence at 6 o'clock the evening previous. The lesson selected for the day is Psalms, xc., 1—4, and 12—17. One of the verses is: "For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." But the ecclesiastical dignitary seems to have indulged in a bit of malicious but patriotic revenge in selecting the other passage. The oppressive treatment of the Icelanders by the Danes, during the past two or three centuries, is well known, and seems to be referred to in this verse (15): "Make us glad according to the days wherein we have seen evil." Every native of the island, in which the feeling against the Danes is intense, will certainly receive their portion of the lesson with unction, especially as the new constitution, extorted from the Danish government, restores to Iceland its old right of self-government.

Great Destruction of Cattle and Sheep in Nevada.

(Correspondence of the Chronicle.)

ELKO, (Nevada) March 11.—There have been heavy losses in stock lately. One party in Independence Valley lost six thousand sheep, and all along the Humboldt they lost more or less stock. This is the most severe season experienced by drovers in this State. Governor Bradley's losses are estimated from sixty to one hundred thousand dollars. From all parts of the state we hear of the loss of stock, and in some instances entire herds have perished. After this a man cannot be considered rich in this State even if he has "a thousand cattle on a thousand hills."

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—The gate of a fast age—Investigate.

—Astor owns only seven hundred houses.

—Bonner has bought Dexter's three sisters.

—Savage saloon-keeper—"Let's lick her."

—Wisconsin horses are having the epizootic.

—A mob is a monster: all head but no brains.

—Chicago has packed over 1,500,000 hogs this season.

—Felt slippers—Those felt by children in their rude young days.

—If you were to have a boil, where should you prefer it? In the kettle.

—Fashionable young ladies, like letters, require stamps, or the males reject them.

—The most remunerative profession is that of dentistry, where money is made by achers.

—Worcester *Press*: Sir Garnet Wolseley is proving himself to be a regular Koffee cooler.

—No manners are so fine as the most awkward manifestations of good-will toward men.

—James says the ladies don't seem to give a thought to us fellows who keep away from saloons.

—The late Senator Sumner's new book is in press. Whittier has contributed a motto on the title-page.

—Wealthy Northeners continue to astonish the natives by building magnificent residences in Florida.

—"Mine Got! vat vill the Frenchman make next?" said the Dutchman the first time he saw a monkey.

—An old bachelor says that every woman is in the wrong until she cries, and then she is in the right instantly.

—Sir Garnet Wolseley hired all the soldiers he wanted from two African kings at fifty dollars per thousand.

—"Pa, what is the use of giving our pigs so much milk?" "So that they can make hogs of themselves, darling."

—A burglar who was found under a man's bed in Philadelphia excused himself on the ground that he was looking for his dog.

—Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a retired milkman? Because he got a profit (prophet) out of the water.

—Twenty-five thousand "rifle cartridges" have been sent from Cincinnati to the Indian frontier. They were put up in pint flasks.

—The New York *World* devotes three columns and a half to the proof that the cost of one drunkard to the community is $37,000.

—The death of Senator Sumner leaves Senator Chandler of Michigan the oldest member of the United States Senate in point of continuous length of service.

—When they find a man in Washington who hasn't a plan of his own for the solution of the financial problem they drown him. No one has been drowned there yet.

—A young clergyman, small of stature, preaching as a candidate in a certain place, one Sabbath, peering over the pulpit Bible, announced as his text: "It is I. Be not afraid."

—Mr. P. T. Barnum is advertising in the London newspapers for estimates for the construction of the transatlantic balloon, which he intends to have finished early in the summer.

—Here is a church "looking for a man who will best pay off their large debt." Which confirms the somewhat cynical remark we once heard made, that in many churches a minister is nothing, after all, but an auctioneer to rent pews.

—One of the professors asked a student to give him an example of a mixed metaphor. The boy confidently spoke out—"When my tongue shall forget her cunning and my right eye cleave to the roof of my mouth."

—One might write a column obituary notice of an officeholder, and then not equal the brief announcement in an Iowa paper: "Harvey Jackson, county treasurer, is dead. He was lenient with the widowed, and his books always balanced.

—Mr. Geo. D. Bayard, who enlivens the columns of the Brooklyn *Argus* with daily sallies of wit and satire from his trenchant pen, perpetrates the following good thing upon the lately-departed "Uncle Caleb":

Wealth, says the Jewish sage, takes wings,
In spite of all our pains—
Which may be why our Cushing finds
It hard to hold his Gaines.

—A missionary among the freemen in Tennessee, after relating to some little colored children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them why God does not strike everybody dead that tells a lie, when one of the least in the room quickly answered, "Because there wouldn't be anybody left."

—Thurlow Weed pays his 1812 pension money to a widow named Mrs. Crean, with whose mother he boarded sixty years ago, while he was learning the printing trade. Daniel Drew had his name enrolled in February, 1871, as a warrior of 1812, but has not yet drawn a dollar. Unless he appears at this payment his name is to be dropped from the list.

—It is related that a backwoods preacher once gave out this text: "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God;" and went on: "My brethren I shall divide my subject into three parts: First, the skin-worms, second, what they done; third, what the man see after he was eat up."

—J. A. Van Pelt, the reformed saloon-keeper, and comrade of Dio Lewis, is a man of large frame, broad, square face, and straggling black beard. He wears a sack-coat made of velveteen. He is a success as a frightful example, but a dead failure as a speaker. J. B. Gough, it is stated, charges $200 a night, Dio Lewis $50, and Van Pelt $25.

—At a very successful seance in Cincinnati the other night, a man burst into tears when the medium described very accurately a tall, blue-eyed spirit standing by him, with light side-whiskers, and his hair parted in the middle. "Do you know him?" inquired a man at his side, in a sympathetic whisper. "Know him? I guess I do," replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was enged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me. Oh, George, George!" he murmured, in a voice choked with emotion, "why did you peg out?"

NUTMEGS.

From the Danbury News, March 21.

What Sodom was to Lot's wife so is the back breadths of one woman's dress to another woman.

Oranges are so plenty now that the man who doesn't fall down and break some valuable bone is lacking in public spirit.

The Burlington (Iowa) *Daily* speaks of a couple "resolving themselves into a committee of two, with power to increase the number."

A preventitive of sneezing, says Dr. Brown Sequard, is to press the upper lip. That accounts for the small percentage of sneezing on Sunday nights.

Christian Sharpe, the inventor of the famous Sharpe rifle, died at Vernon, in this State Thursday week. We have heard of deceased for years, but never imagined that his given name was Christian.

Economical wives have various ways of getting ahead in the world. One of them is in the buying of second-hand furniture at auction. Mrs. O'Clarence purchased a lounge, Friday, for two dollars. She wanted something for Mr. O'Clarence to throw himself down on after supper. Mr. O'Clarence threw himself down on this lounge that evening, and passed immediately through it, splitting his vest through the back, bursting one knee to his pants, and nearly decapitating one ear with the end of a broken spring. It required the greatest exertions of two neighbors to extricate him. He hasn't spoken to his wife since.

This is the season when the industrious housewife prepares for a new carpet for the back kitchen, and the unsuspicious husband misses his dark green pants and light blue vest, and catches his feet into endless woolen lines, or loses his balance on large, black coils which he comes unexpectedly upon in the dark. And during the coming month he will inhale a variety of chemical steam, while blue fingers will warm his potatoes, yellow fingers draw his tea, and red fingers cut his bread. And at the end of that time a little old woman in a black bombazine dress, and with snuff on her nose, suddenly appears, and is immediately hurried into another room by his wife, where both remain closeted in the greatest secrecy. And later still he is further mystified by a short boy in heavy shoes, with freckled face, and unpleasantly polished jacket sleeves, who turns up at unexpected times, to the great agitation of the industrious housewife, who is heard to gasp, "What? More color?" as she hurries him into another room, and from sight.

Why All Nevada Rivers Run into the Ground.

From the Virginia City (Nevada) *Enterprise* we copy the following:

It is a well known peculiarity of our Washoe rivers that they all sink into the earth. Each river empties into what is called its "sink," or lake. None of them get out of the State or empty into the sea. This curious fact was once curiously accounted for by a queer old fellow who made his home in the shadow of Mount Davidson. Said he: "The way it come about was in this wise—The Almighty, at the time he was creatin' and fashionin' this 'ere yearth got along to this section late on Saturday evenin'. He had got through with all the great lakes, like Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie and them—had made the Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi rivers, and, as a sort of windup, concluded to make a river that would beat anything he had yet done in that line. He started an' traced out Humboldt river, an' Truckee river, an' Carson river, an' Walker river, an' Reese river, an' all the other rivers, he was a leadin' of 'em along, calkelatin' to bring 'em all together into one big boss river, an' then lead that off an' let it empty into the Gulf of Mexico or the Gulf of California, as might be most convenient; but as he was bringin' down and leadin' along his branches—Truckee, Humboldt, Carson, Walker an' them—all at once it come on dark, an' not bein' able to carry out his plan, he just tucked the lower ends of the several streams inter the ground whar they war, an' they have stayed thar ever since.

LOVE, HONOR, AND OBEY.—On the whole, married women, that is, real married women prefer to be ruled than ruling. It is scarcely in her nature to go speechlessly doing what she has to do without aid or counsel. Almost any one of their sex is happier if she can "talk things over" with some man upon whoes discretion she relies; and in married life most wives do, even to the smallest things, what "he" likes, and fancy that they like it themselves. Since independence has become the fashion, and strong-minded women have sneered at their more gentle sisters, there is a great affectation of despising the opinion of the men, but it is all sheer pretence. Almost every wife chooses her gloves and her ribbon of the tint that her husband admires, and the man she loves almost inevitably gives her political opinions and biases even her religious views. Her speech, her dress, her manner change under his influence. What he desires her to do she does in nine cases out of ten. The tenth case we find in the divorce courts. You may rule your wife as you please, good married reader, if you only pet her enough. Haughtiness and fault finding alone will make her restive. And you, dear girl, remember that it will be well to choose a husband good and noble and upright, so that you may obey him to your heart's content without losing any of your own self-respect; for you will obey if you love him; and if he is low and mean, you will sink to his level, slowly, but surely, in the course of years.

THE LAST OF THE MAMELUKES.—A French journal of recent date says: One of the last of the Mamelukes, perhaps the last of that valiant band brought home by Napoleon Bonaparte from his Egyptian expedition, has just died in the department of Seine-et-Marne, whither he had followed Colonel Haba-Hybi, who died at Melun some thirty years ago.

Zumero, such was the name of the old Mameluke, was a spectacle maker in the arrondissement of Provins, where he managed to secure to himself a tolerably good business.

He was a cousin of the famous Roustan, who, at the fall of the empire, became a cane and umbrella merchant in the gallery of Valois in the Palais Royal. Zumero, who has just died at the age of eighty-four years, had married a French woman. He leaves a little fortune estimated at from sixty to eighty thousand francs ($12,000 to $16,000.)

"OUT WEST."

Winnemucca supports twenty-six saloons.

The first capital of Texas is now a tavern.

A vein of coal has been discovered near Los Angeles City.

The Nevada State *Journal* (Reno) is to be a daily hereafter.

Coke is being imported from Pennsylvania for use in Nevada furnaces.

A Clydesdale colt in Walla Walla valley, W. T., three years old, weighs 1,460 lbs.

Rich gold discoveries are reported in San Diego county, about four miles from Monserrate.

California honestly believes itself to be the most extravagantly governed community in the world.

Nevada expects to get forty million dollars' worth of precious metals out of the ground this year.

One hundred thousand sheep are now feeding on the Los Palos Verdes rancho of Los Angeles county.

There are forty-six Granges of Patrons of Husbandry in Colorado. They represent a membership of 2,000.

The snow is thirty feet deep at Meadow Lake, on the summit of the Sierras, near where the railroad passes.

Six men who had started for the Stickeen mines have been brought down to Victoria from Fort Wrangel, badly frost-bitten.

A praying band of women has been organized at Golden, Colorado, for the purpose of closing up the liquor establishments.

The Arizona *Miner* says there are in that Territory thousands of acres of good cotton, sugar and tobacco lands, and advises the farmers to diversify their crops.

The laboring men of Salt Lake City met March 25th, and adopted resolutions setting forth that for two years past the supply of labor has been in excess of the demand.

A California paper says of Governor Safford, of Arizona, that "he can go it as long without a plug hat and a biled shirt as any man who ever looked a grizzly square in the face."

Six milling firms in Walla Walla Valley, W. T., have sent below for sacks, and arrangements have been made for an extensive manufacture of flour during the coming season.

There were two heavy shocks of earthquake on the 24th at Aurora, Nev.—one at 10:30, the other at 1 A. M.—that rung door-bells and stopped clocks. People ran out of their houses in alarm.

A spaniel named Curly is the regular mail carrier between a settlement called Lake of Two Woods, Dakota, and the Minnesota line twelve miles away. Letters and papers are placed in a sack and tied about the dog's neck; he is told to go, and never fails to reach his destination. Arriving, the mail is overhauled, the faithful servant is treated to a good dinner, and started on his return trip.

OREGON POLITICS.

The Democratic State Convention.

ALBANY, Or., March 19.—The Democratic State Convention organized to-day, with J. S. M. Vancleave for President, W. A. S. McPherson for Secretary. A platform was adopted late this evening containing thirteen planks. It favors the free navigation and improvement of the Columbia river, the construction of a breakwater at Port Orford, the improvement of the Cogswell and Willamette rivers, the construction of the Portland, Dalles and Salt Lake Railroad, the early completion of the Oregon and California Railroad to the southern boundry of the State, and Congressional aid by the construction of the Oregon Central Railroad from St. Joseph to Junction City. It also declares sympathy with the avowed objects of the Patrons of Husbandry and with all orders favoring retrenchment and the social advancement of the people. Nominations being in order, Gov. L. F. Grover was chosen by acclamation for re-election. for Congress the names of W. W. Page, G. A. Ladow, J. H. Reed, J. W. Nesmith, Ben. Hayden and S. F. Chadwick were placed before the body, and at 10 o'clock Ladow received the nomination. Chadwick was nominated for re-election for Secretary of State by acclamation. After two ballots for Treasurer—Kippel, Brown and Fleischner being the nominees—the Convention adjourned till to-morrow.

MEASURING HAY.—To measure the contents of a stack of hay proceed as follows: If it is a round stack, tapering to a point from the ground, measure the width of half-way between the ground and the peak of the stack; multiply this width by itself and divide by 7854; this will give the average area of the surface covered by the stack. Then multiply that by the hight from the ground to the point where the width was measured. If these measurements are feet, the sum found is the cubic feet in the stack. If the hay is timothy, orchard grass, or Hungarian, 500 feet will make a ton, or a cubic eight feet each way. If the hay is mixed with clover, about 700 feet, or a cubic nine feet each way will make a ton. If it is all clover, or light meadow grass or red-top 900 feet will be rquired to weigh a ton, unless it is pressed very hard, when some allowances must be made. These estimates are made from notes of a great many stacks and mows of various kinds, and will give a fair average.

Of the late Charles Sumner's family the Boston *Journal* gives these facts: "Senator Sumner was the son of Sheriff Charles P. Sumner, a well-known and respected citizen. He had two sisters, Mary and Julia, and three brothers, Albert, Henry and George. The only survivor of these brothers and sisters is Julia, now Mrs. Dr. Hastings, a resident of California. Two of the brothers were lost at sea; one at the same time that Margaret Fuller Ossoli met her sad fate. George died in a hospital from softening of the brain. On the 17th of October, 1866, the Senator married Mrs. Alice Hooper, widow of William Sturgis Hooper, who was a son of Samuel Hooper. Mrs. Hooper was a daughter of Jonathan Mason. The marriage ceremony was performed by the late Bishop Eastburn. On the 10th of May, 1873, a divorce was decreed between the parties by Judge Colt, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

Queen Victoria is credited with an amusing and amiable witticism. Some one at the court had spoken disparagingly (of course) of the hostile criticisms pronounced by Sir Charles Dilke on the civil list. "It is strange," the Queen is said to have replied, "for I remember having him as a boy upon my knee and stroking his hair. I suppose," added her Majesty, after a moment's pause, "I must have stroked it the wrong way."

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EVE-ANGELICAL CORNER.

Mrs. Gaines is only seventy.

Female Knights of Malt-a—The Temperance Crusaders.

The English press disapproves of the woman's whiskey war.

For spring costumes round waists with tight sleeves will be the rule.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanon thinks that the "whiskey war" is nothing less than a reign of mob law.

"The femælstrom" is what a Dayton man calls the present woman's movement in favor of temperance.

Vassar Instructress: Miss A., give an example of a doubtful affirmative. Miss A. (innocently): Ask papa.

A female student of medicine wants $20 "to buy a man to cut up." Most women can cut up