DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	Card	1 inch	2 inches	3 inches	4 inches	6 inches	12 inches	36 inches
1 Time	$2.	$3.	$5.	$7.	$8.	$10.	$20	30
2 "	3.	5.	6.	10.	12.	15.	25	40
3 "	4.	7.	8.	12.	14.	20.	33	48
1 Month	5.	8.	10.	14.	16.	25.	60	85
2 "	7.	10.	12.	18.	24.	35.	88	75
3 "	9.	12.	15.	22.	30.	50.	70	100
6 "	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.

CHAS. F. MUSSIGBROD, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE AT THE CITY DRUG STORE.
Deer Lodge, - - - - - - Montana.
Will attend to professional calls in town.
267

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. [216.tf

BANKERS.

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

First National Bank,
Helena, Montana.
S. T. HAUSER, President. D. C. CORBIN, Cashier;
S. M. HALL, Vice-President. T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT, Ass't Cashier.
—o—
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
—o—
Authorized Capital ..... $500,000.
Paid Up Capital ..... 100,000.
Permanent Surplus Fund $50,000.00
Dividend paid March 4, 1874 ..... 30,000 00
Average Deposits preceeding six months, 485,000.00
Invested in U. S. Bonds 314,000.00
We transact a general Banking business, and buy, at highest rates, Gold Dust, Coin, Gold and Silver Bullion, and Local Securities; Sell Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers, available in all parts of the United States, the Canadas, Great Britain, Ireland and the Continent. COLLECTIONS made and proceeds remitted promptly. Our facilities for handling SILVER ORES are particularly good, and this branch of our business will receive special attention. Cash advances made upon Ores, and same shipped for account of owners. OR WE WILL BUY FOR CASH at the very best rates allowable. Owners of mines will consult their interests by calling upon us.
275

HOTELS.

Scott House,
DEER LODGE, M. T.,
SAM SCOTT, Proprietor.
260

McBurney House,
RE-OPENED.
Wilbur N. Aylesworth, : : Lessee.
D. H. McFarland, : : Manager.
HAVING leased the above well-known Hotel for the ensuing year, it will be open for guests under the above management.

Board per week	$8.00
Single meals	.75
Lodging	.75

A share of public patronage is solicited, and the reputation of the McFarland House at Pike's Peak for good fare and courteous attention is cited by Mr. and Mrs McFarland as indicating the character of the McBurney House. We are pleased to see our friends.

LEVENGOOD HOUSE.
—Formerly Jordan House.—
MAIN STREET - - - DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
BOARD BY WEEK, DAY OR MEAL.
Comfortable Rooms, and Good Lodgings.
Having leased the building formerly kept by Mrs. Jordan as a Public House and
ENTIRELY RE-FURNISHED IT THROUGHOUT,
I have re-opened the same as a Public House at the following prices:

SINGLE MEALS	.75
LODGING	.50
BOARD AND LODGING PER DAY	$2.00
" " " WEEK	8 00
BOARD AND LODGING PER WEEK	$11 00

Every attention given to the comfort of guests. A share of Public patronage is respectfully solicited.
P. LEVENGOOD.
Deer Lodge, M. T., Nov. 4, 1874. 179-tf

ST. LOUIS HOTEL
ENTRANCE FROM MAIN & JACKSON STS.
Helena, Montana,
SAM. SCHWAB, - - - PROPRIETOR.
THE LARGEST
First Class Hotel in the Territory.
Having secured a lease for a long term of years of this large and commodious house, I have renovated, refurnished and embellished its roomy parlors and elegant suits of rooms, and no expense or pains will be spared to continue to improve and keep it on first class principles. The tables are supplied with the very best the markets afford and the delicacies of the season. Attendance unexceptionable. Terms, reasonable. 281

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
HELENA, MONTANA.
Main Street, Corner of Bridge Street
HENRY WYTTENBACH, Proprietor.
I TAKE pleasure in announcing to the traveling public that I have re-opened a Hotel and will be glad to see my old friends and customers while sojourning at the metropolis, and assure them comfort and excellent table fare at my present house as at the old International.
In consideration of Hard Times, No Extras.
277-3m HENRY WYTTENBACH

Blanks for Justices' of the Peace.
We have in stock a full line of Justices' Blanks, adapted for any township or county in Montana, and in conformity to existing laws. The following are the prices:

Subpœnas	per hundred	$5 00
Summons	"	6 00
Writs of Attachment	"	6 00
Undertaking on Attachment	"	6 00
Affidavit of Attachment	"	6 00

If an assortment is ordered lesser quantities than one hundred will be furnished at same rates. Cash must accompany order. Postage will be prepaid. Address,
NEW NORTH-WEST,
257 DEER LODGE.

The New North-West.

VOL. 6, No. 33. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, FEBRUARY, 12, 1875. WHOLE No. 293.

POETRY.

WM. BROWN, OF OREGON.

They called him Bill, the hired man,
And she they called her Mary Jane,
And lovers often drew a rein
To chat and sigh as lovers can
Across the gate in snatch and catch:
And women winked across their tea,
And said, and truly so thought he,
That she would make a splendid match,

This hired man had loved her long,
Had loved her best and first and last;
Her very garments as she passed
For him had symphony and song,
So when one day, with brow afrown,
She called him Bill, he raised his head,
He caught her eye, then faltering said,
"I love you, and my name is Brown."

She fairly waltzed with rage; she wept;
You would have thought the house afire;
She told her sire, the portly squire,
Then smelt her smelling salts and slept.
Poor William did what could be done,—
He swung a pistol on each hip,
And drove toward the setting sun.

He crossed the great backbone of earth,
He saw the snowy mountains rolled
Like mighty billows, saw the gold
Of awful sunsets, saw the birth
Of sudden dawn upon the plain
And every eve would William Brown
Eat pork and beans and then lie down
And dream sweet dreams of Mary Jane.
* * * *

The teter-board of life goes up,
The teter-board of life goes down,
The sweetest face must learn to frown;
The biggest dog has been a pup.
Her lovers passed. Wolves hunt in packs.
They sought for bigger game; somehow
They seemed to see about her brow
The forky sign of turkey tracks.

O, maidens, pluck not at the air!
The sweetest flowers I have found
Grow rather close unto the ground,
And highest places are most bare.
Why, you had better win the grace
Of one poor cussed African
Than win the eyes of every man
In love alone with his own face.

At last she nursed a new desire;
She sighed, she wept for William Brown,
She watched the splendid sun go down
Like some great sailing ship a-fire;
Then rose and checked her trunks right on,
And in the cars she lunched and lunched,
And had her ticket punched and punched,
Until she came to Oregon,

She wore blue specs upon her nose,
She reached the limits of the lines,
And then set out to reach the mines,
In rather short and manly clothes.
Her right hand held a parasol,
Her pocket held a Testament,
And thus equipped right on she went,
Went waterproof and waterfall.

She asked a miner gazing down,
Slow stirring something with a spoon,
To tell her true and tell her soon
What had become of William Brown.
He looked askance beneath her specs,
Then stirred his cocktail round and round,
Then raised his head and sighed profound,
And said, "he's handed in his checks."

Then care fed on her damaged cheek,
And she grew faint, did Mary Jane.
And smelt her smelling-salts in vain,
And wandered on wayworn and weak,
Until at last she sat her down
Upon a sloping hill alone;
And there, good gracious! stood a stone,
And lo! that stone read William Brown.

"O, William Brown! O, William Brown!
And here you rest at last," she said,
"With this lone stone above your head,
And forty miles from any town.
I will plant cypress trees, I will,
And I will build a fence around,
And I will fertilize the ground
With tears enough to turn a mill."

She went and got a hired man;
She brought him forty miles from town;
Then in the tall grass she sat down,
And bade him build as she should plan.
But Digger herders with their bands,
They saw and hurriedly they ran
And told a bearded cattle-man
That some one builded on his lands.

He took a rifle from the rack;
He girt him in his battle pelt,
He thrust two pistols in his belt,
Then mounted on his charger's back
And plunged ahead. But when they shewed
A woman there, about his eyes
He pulled his hat; and he likewise
Pulled at his beard, and chewed and chewed.

At last he got him down and spake:
"O, lady dear, what do you here?"
"I build a tomb unto my dear,
I plant some flowers for his sake."
The bearded man threw his two hands
Above his head, then brought them down,
And cried, "Oh, I am William Brown,
And this the corner of my lands."

Her specs fell off, her head fell back,
Some like a lifted tea pot lid:
She screamed—this ancient maiden did—
Then, fainting, spilt herself, alack!
Right in the board of William Brown.
Then all the Diggers were amazed;
They thought the lonely maiden crazed,
And, circling there, they squatted down.
* * * *

The preacher rode a spotted mare.
He galloped forty miles or more.
He swore he never had before
Seen bride or bridegroom half so fair.
And all the miners they came down
And feasted as the night advanced;
And all the Diggers drank and danced.
And cried, "Big Injun, William Brown."

Joaquin Miller.

FAST RIDING TO SECURE A RE-LOCATION. Now and then, says the Sonora *Democrat*, we hear of some one re-locating a quartz vein that became vacant with the first of January, for want of complying with the U. S. Mining Law. On Monday an old miner had a lawyer draw up notices for the re-location of a well known mine, and went to the vein to post them. When he had tacked up one notice he saw an acquaintance coming on horseback, who, upon reaching the spot, said "you're too late, I've got up the first notice," to which the other replied, "I don't know about that, I'll have the second up first," while the new comer run his horse for the tunnel at the the same time, hanling out a paper which was supposed to be a notice. The first man tacked his second notice, and was just fifteen minutes by his watch coming five miles to have his claim placed on record. That was mighty fast time, but he was determined to be ahead somewhere in locating the claim, as he thought he was first in the idea, and that the other had accidentally got information of what he intended. Now it remains to see which will hold the claim.

SIT AND SET, LAY AND LIE.—The two words, "sit" and "set," are too much mistaken for each other. When a grammar class is asked for the first time if it is right to say "hens set," the "Court sets," one-half of them perhaps will vote one way and the other half the other. The Court means the Judge or Judges; the Judge sits, the Court sits, the jury sits, hens sit, birds sit. "Setting hen" is wrong; hens are not "setters" or pointers. Set requires an objective case; we set a chair, but we sit in it. There is a similar difficulty in the words "lie" and "lay." In families where hens "set" everything "lays," and all "lay abed." The quoted words are wrong. Lay means to place, and requires an adjective, as "the hen lays eggs;" "now I lay me." We should say the book lies on the table; he lies abed; lies low; everybody lies, if you please, but nobody lays unless he has something to lay.

Chased by a River.

Hanging up my barometer to give it a few minutes to settle, I occupied myself in collecting resin from the pinion pines, which were found in great abundance. One of the principal objects of the climb was to get this resin for the purpose of smearing our boats, but I had with me no means of carrying it down. The day was very hot and my coat had been left in camp, so I had no linings to tear out, but it occurred to me to cut off the sleeve of my shirt and tie it up at one end, and in this little sack I collected about a gallon of pitch. After taking observations for altitude, I wandered back on the rocks for an hour or two, when, suddenly, I noticed that a storm was coming from the south. I sought a shelter in the rocks, but when the storm burst, it came down as a flood from the heavens—not with gentle drops at first, slowly increasing in quantity, but as if suddenly poured from an immense basin. I was thoroughly drenched and almost washed away. It lasted more than a half an hour, when the clouds swept by to the north, and I was in the sunshine again.

In the meantime, I discovered a better way of getting down, and started for camp, making the greatest haste possible. On reaching the bottom of the side cañon, I found a thousand streams rolling down the cliffs on every side, carrying with them red sand; and all these united in the cañon below in one stream of red mud. Traveling as fast as I could run, I soon reached the foot of the stream, for the rain did not reach the lower end of the cañon, and the water was running down a dry bed of sand; and, although it came in waves several feet high and fifteen or twenty feet in width, the sand soaked it up and it was lost. Wave followed wave and rolled along and was swallowed up, and still the floods came from above. I found I could travel faster than the stream, so I hastened on to camp and told the men there was a river coming down the cañon. We carried our camp equipage from the bank to where we thought it would be above the water, and then stood by to see the river roll on to join the Colorado.—*Major J. W. Powell, Scribner's for January.*

General Fremont and His Appearance.

[Pittsburg Leader's Washington Special.]

I saw General Fremont in the lobby of the House yesterday. He is now old and bent. His face is deeply chiseled by the furrowing hand of time. His eyes are slightly bleary; the cheek-bones stood as prominent as those of a Sioux chief. Iron-gray whiskers, short and stubby, closely trimmed down from the base of his jaw-bone, grow upon his thin neck. His dark hair is yet a dark iron-gray, and is worn quite long. It is combed well forward, and hangs down in front of his ears. A well-worn beaver, sets well back upon his head; a bright scarlet comforter; a gray tweed light overcoat, and a dark suit of under-clothing made up the general articles of his attire. He looks like a whimsical, fussy old man, and little like the hero of the Rocky Mountains, whose pictures during the Presidents campaign of 1856 always represented him with long curls, in the garb of a Western frontiersman, charging apace upon a fiery charger, breathing the smoke of bloody war. It is said that Fremont is trying to get some allowance from the Government for his past services in the West. Speaking of claims in this connection, without caring to make another paragraph right here, I wish to call your attention to the fact that the Woodhull has brought a claim for $100,000 against the Government for damages done her by the United states authorities for arresting and confining her after her publication of the Beecher-Tilton scandal.

The New Postal Law and Country Postmasters.

Baltimore Sun's Washington Letter.

There is much complaint coming into the Post-office Department from the small post-offices of the country relative to the new postal law. Under the old law the ratings of the salaries of postmasters of these offices is based on the stamps cancelled there and the postages received on newspapers, &c. The new law rates the salaries on the number of stamps sold. It often happens, these postmasters represent, that persons in the country buy large amounts of stamps in the cities and use them for their letters. Heretofore such letters have counted in rating salaries, now they form no part of the rating, and will thus work a considerable reduction. Besides this, the postages on newspapers have heretofore been paid at the office of delivery, and the commissions thereon had been a considerable part of the salaries of country offices. Under the new law, however, these postages are paid in the large cities where such periodicals are published, and this will make a most important reduction in small office salaries. Owing to this prospect, and to the fact that new bonds are now being required in many cases, a much larger number of resignations than usual are now being received by the Post-office Department.

The Wag of the Detroit Free Press.

U. P. Lewis is the wag of the Detroit *Free Press*. During the past three years he has written some of the finest touches of sentiment and human nature in his police court proceedings that have ever appeared in the United States. Unlike Bailey, he did not inherit his wit, unlike Mark Twain, it did not come to him through associations. The truth is, it was blown into him. He was an ordinary stupid country printer, about Ann Arbor and Lansing, Mich., until he took it into his head to go on a "tramp." After footing it to Louisville, he engaged to work his passage on a steamer to New Orleans. The first day out the steamer blew up. Lewis, one of the victims, was sadly scarred and crippled, but as soon as he got able to write he sent an account of his experience and sensation in being blown up to the Detroit *Free Press*, which at once established his reputation as a versatile genius. On his return home the *Free Press* took him on its columns as items man. The leading editor said the other day that he had to watch him like a hawk, for about half the time, like old Milton, he clings lovingly to the flatest emanations of his brain. Lewis writes a good deal for the Eastern weeklies, over the signature of "M. Quad"—"a bourgeois em quad," he says, "as it is worthless in a printing office, except in its own line—it won't justify with any other type." Lewis will ast some time.

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—Bound in calf—Veal.

—The Grangers' trump—Spades.

—The bel of Washington—Li-bel.

—Cabbage and buckwheat are natives of Siberia.

—Beecher, Illinois, wants its name changed.

—The Denver smelting works, Colorado, are for sale.

—A Wallnut street man has named his favorite hen McDuff.

—The apple crop of Connecticut in 1874 was worth $2,000,000.

—A clergyman in Paterson, N. J., skates three miles to church.

—New York *Sun* shares, price $130, are said to be held at $600.

—A. T. Stewart has subscribed $10,000 to the Centennial Fund.

—Pere Hyacinthe's step-son is teaching French in Indianopolis.

—How to raise a political howl—Suspend the right of *habeas caucus*.

—Bret Harte and Boucicault are still forging out the American drama.

—"Too much lager," said a Dutchman, 'ish bad, but a good deal ish just right."

Marysville, California, allows no boys to be seen on the streets after eight o'clock.

—Mr. Peck, of Worcester, Mass., has hanged himself after reaching his ninetieth year.

—Italy's finances, is said, can be managed to get her out of debt in about 200 years.

—We clear 8,000,000 acres of forest land each year and plant in trees only 10,000 acres.

—The new German Arctic Expedition is to start in June, if the necessary funds are raised in time.

—From the 1st of January to the last of October, 1874, 1,624 miners, bound to Cassiar, landed at Fort Wrangle.

—Your advertisements are read after your store is closed, and are often perused before it is opened in the morning.

—Daniel Boone's grandson is Speaker of the House in the Missouri Legislature. He uses globe sights instead of eyeglasses.

—The young Spanish monarch is going to make a trip Northward. He'd better look out or Don Carlos will catch him and spank him.

—A kind hearted Bergher has said that "those who love dogs will go to heaven." That is the easiest religion yet.—*N. O. Republican.*

—"No whispering allowed," is one of the rules conspicuously posted up in the schoolroom at the Deaf Mute Institute, Salem, Oregon,

—"A man who fears the Lord, and can carry home an intoxicated member" is the kind of sergeant-at-arms they want for the Minnesota legislature.

—An Indiana clergyman sued a newspaper for libel, and dropped dead within a week. The detroit *Free Press* says these fellows will learn something by and by.

—A Danbury man, who bought a new pair of boots on Saturday, says a ship may stand on one tack all night if it wants to, but he finds an hour and a half an elegant sufficiency.

—An editor, down at Harrisburg, says the Williamsport *Bulletin*, has got a flying machine. The f got knocked off the name in some way, but he goes right on using it just the same.

—The farmers of this country now number 6,000,000, constituting nearly half the voters; with their wives and children they make up more than half of the 40,000,000 of our population.

—A New Hampshire man has just got home from Kansas, having driven through the entire distance—fifteen hundred and twenty-nine miles—in fifty-nine days, in a buggy drawn by a single horse.

—Times are said to be rather dull in White Pine at present; but the future is promising. The English company keeps its mill steadily at work, some 50 tons of ore being taken from the mines daily.

—It is mentioned that although Mr. Beecher is sixty-one years old, he can read without glasses, very fine print. However that may be, he has occasioned other people to read a vast deal of very coarse print lately.

—For the first time in her political history (and she's as old as the most of us), China is in the money market asking a loan. She wants $3,138,375, is willing to count 95c a dollar, and give 8 per cent. per annum as interest. But there are no takers.

—The expense of publishing a daily paper is scarcely guessed by outsiders. The entire cost of the New York *Herald* for example, is said to average $2,500 daily, or $912,500 a year. The cost of publishing the *Tribune* is $1,500; of the *Times*, $1,200; and of the *World*, $700 to $800 daily.

—A Sacramento lawyer remarked to the Court: "It is my candid opinion, Judge, that you are an old fool." The Judge allowed his mildly beaming eye to fall upon the lawyer a brief moment, then, in a voice husky with surpressed emotion, said: "It is my candid opinion that you are fined $100."

—The Bank of France contains a brick for which 1,000 francs, about $200, was paid. It was taken from the ruins of a burned house, and the image and figure of a note for 1,000 francs are burned on the face, transferred by the heat from a real note. This brick the bank redeemed on presentation, as if it were the note itself.

—"Dar's de man, Mister Speaker—dar's de man wot done it," shouted a colored member, rising suddenly from his seat in the Arkansas Legislature, with one hand pointing to a white man in the gallery, and with the other rubbing the summit of his cranium. "Dat ar cussed white man jes done spit down on de top o' my head."

—Next to managing a newspaper, comes the perilous feat of keeping a hotel. In the good old days of prosperity, in Chicago, when mud was deep and money plentiful, Gage of the Tremont House, was thought to be the model hotel-keeper of the century. He was the pink of politeness, and his smiles reached from Lake street to Cape Cod. But the fire came, and fortune took wings and flew away. Gage and his partner Rice, found favor however, and opened the magnificent Pacific Hotel, which challenged the admiration of the world. Yet they have failed, and their liabilities are said to be $2,000,000.

A LIGHTNING PILOT.

One of Mark Twain's Yarns.

In the *Atlantic Magazine* for February is the following interesting sketch by Mark Twain:

An hour before sunset Mr. B——— took the wheel and Mr. W——— stepped aside. For the next thirty minutes every man held his watch in his hand and was restless, silent and uneasy. At last somebody said, with a doomful sigh:

"Well, yonder's Hat Island—and we can't make it."

All the watches closed with a snap, everybody sighed and muttered something about its being "too bad, too bad—ah, if we could *only* have got here half an hour sooner!" and the place was thick with the atmosphere of disappointment. Some started to go out, but loitered, hearing no bell tap to land. The sun dipped behind the horizon, the boat went on. Inquiring looks passed from one guest to another; and one who had his hand on the door-knob, and had turned it, waited, then presently took away his hand and let the knob turn back again. We bore steadily down the bend. More looks were exchanged, and nods of surprised admiration—but no words. Insensibly the men drew together behind Mr. B——— as the sky darkened and one or two dim stars came out. The dead silence and sense of waiting became oppressive. Mr. B——— pulled the cord, and two deep, mellow notes from the bell floated off on the night. Then a pause, and one more note was struck. The watchman's voice followed, from the hurricane deck:

"Labboard lead, there! Stabboard lead!"

The cries of the leadsmen began to rise out of the distance, and were gruffly repeated by the word-passers on the hurricane deck.

"M-a-r-k three! M-a-r-k three! Quarter-less-three! Half twain! Quarter twain! M-a-r-k twain! Quarter-less"—

Mr. B——— pulled two bell-ropes, and was answered by faint jinglings far below in the engine-room, and our speed slackened. The steam began to whistle through the gauge-cocks. The cries of the leadsmen went on— and it is a weird sound, always, in the night. Every pilot in the lot was watching, with fixed eyes, and talking under his breath. Nobody was calm and easy but Mr. B———. He would put his wheel down and stand on a spoke, and as the steamer swung into her (to me) utterly invisible marks—for we seemed to be in the midst of a wide and gloomy sea—he would meet and fasten her there. Talk was going on now in low voices:

"There; she's over the first reef all right!"

After a pause, there was another subdued voice:

"Her stern's coming down just *exactly* right, by *George*! Now she's in the marks; over she goes!"

Somebody else muttered:

"Oh, it was done beautiful—*beautiful!*"

Now the engines were stopped altogether, and we drifted with the current. Not that I could see the boat drift, for I could not, the stars being all gone by this time. This drifting was the dismalist work; it held one's heart still. Presently I discovered a blacker gloom than that which surrounded us. It was the head of the island. We were closing right down upon it. We entered its deeper shadow, and so imminent seemed the peril that I was likely to suffocate; and I had the strongest impulse to do *something*, anything, to save the vessel. But still Mr. B——— stood by his wheel, silent, intent as a cat, and all the pilots stood shoulder to shoulder at his back.

"She'll not make it!" somebody whispered.

The water grew shoaler and shoaler by the leadsmen's cries, till it was down to—

"Eight-and-a-half! E-i-g-h-t feet! E-i-g-h-t feet! Seven-and"—

Mr. B——— said warningly through his speaking tube to the engineer:

"Stand by, now!"

"Aye-aye, sir."

"Seven-and-a-half! Seven feet! *Six*-and"—

We touched bottom! Instantly Mr. B——— set a lot of bells ringing, shouted through the tube, "*Now* let her have it—every ounce you've got!" then to his partner, "Put her hard down! snatch her! snatch her!" The boat rasped and ground her way through the sand, hung upon the apex of disaster a single, tremulous instant, and then over she went! And such a shout as went up at Mr. B———'s back never loosened the roof of a pilot house before!

There was no more trouble after that. Mr. B——— was a hero that night; and it was some little time, too, before his exploit ceased to be talked about by all of the river men.

Fully to realize the marvelous precision required in laying the great steamer in her marks in that murky waste of waters, one should know that not only must she pick her intricate way through snags and blind reefs, and then shave the head of the island so closely as to brush the overhanging foliage with her *stern*, but at one place she must pass almost within arm's reach of a sunken and invisible wreck that would snatch the hull timbers from under her if she should strike it, and destroy a quarter of a million dollars' worth of steamboat and cargo in five minutes, and maybe a hundred and fifty human lives into the bargain.

The last remark I heard that night was a compliment to Mr. B———, uttered in soliloquy and with unction by one of our guests. He said:

"By the Shadow of Death, but he's a lightning pilot!"

MEASUREMENTS OF ANCIENT CITIES.—Nineveh was 14 miles long, 8 miles wide, and 46 miles around, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for 3 chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 100 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof; it was 100 years in building. The largest of the Pyramids was 481 feet in height and 853 feet on the sides. The base covered 11 acres. The stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 250,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles around, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of $50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles around.

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

Katie did. She "did" Mr. Owen completely.—*Troy Budget.*

And now they adulterate honey. This is a bees-tly fraud.—*Terre Haute Mail.*

It is better to be alone in this world than to bring up a boy to play on the accordeon. —*Argus.*

Think of whiskey freezing solid in Montana. Well, they always did call it an ice drink out there.—*N. Y. Spectator.*

A Utica editor, whose ear is shedding its skin, explains that he has not been anywhere to freeze it, but he has been exposed to a good deal of domestic discipline.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Dr. Holland is not going to wrestle with the Hell question any more. With the thermometer twenty degrees below zero, and coal $12 a ton, there is a good deal to be said on both sides of the subject.—*St. Louis Globe.*

The woman who wore her absent lover's kisses on her lips for him to come and take again, survived long enough to bestow them upon a responsible third party, with good collateral securities.—*Argus.*

"Mrs. Samuel Revolver Colt is going to found an orphan asylum." If the asylum is intended for the orphans her revolvers have made, we should like to know where she is going to find a vacant lot large enough for it.—*Courier-Journal.*

There is an intelligent compositor in every newspaper offic. A country editor recently wrote of a respected citizen that he is one of the main stays of the place. The i. c. got it, "one of the main stags of the place." The funeral occurred the following Sabbath.—*Cal. Alta.*

This office keeps a boy who is paid fifty dollars a week to do nothing but sit on a chair and yell, "Shut the door!" People who come up stairs on business are thus saved the pain of hearing seven or eight men yell out in succession.—*Detroit Free Press.* Cut that boy in pieces and send some of him along this way.—*Danbury News.*

Beriah Bradley, the oldest inhabitant of New Haven, died the other day, in his ninety-eighth year.—He was noted for his so-Beriahty.—Brigham Young is still able to sit up and be married occasionally.—After the College regattas shall have run a few years longer we shall begin to learn how many colleges there are in this glorious country.—Does it require wings to make a flying visit?—*Boston Post.*

Stir up the sleeping lion in the breast of a Welchman, and he will hurl at the head of the offender such epithets as nobody but he or an infuriated Choctaw or Muscovite would ever think of using. For instance, a Welch paper of New York, *Y Drych*, says of Ben. Butler: "Ymddangsodd y Cad Butler." We have thought a thousand times of using the very same expression in connection with Butler, but some how or other we always hesitated to do it.—*Courier Journal.*

"Kate Kearney."

From Bailey's Letter in Danbury News.

The next day I did the Gap of Dunloe. But the Major was away and there were no touters, nor potheen sellers, nor peddlers of any kind, and but one beggar, and he only had one ear off, so I didn't enjoy the trip. But it was gloomy and imposing, was the gap, and it rained nearly all the time, so there was some satisfaction about it.

However, there was one feature, not of the gap, as it is just out of it, which pleased me amazingly. This was the maid who occupies Kate Kearney's cottage and sells photographs and potheen. I got some of the potheen. It isn't so pleasant, as a beverage, as is camphene, but it is more dangerous. But the maid interested me. I had heard so much of the wondrous beauty of Kate Kearney, that I was glad indeed to look upon the present occupant of the cottage, who is a direct descendant from Kate. Her name is Kearney, too, which struck me as being singular, for obvious reasons.

Miss Kearney came to the door of the cabin on my application, and smiled as she saw me, displaying two rows of teeth as she did so—one in each row. Then she had freckles, and coarse red hair, and a scar over her left eye, and one foot turned in, and a voice like a file, and she squinted.

"Are you a descendant of the beautiful Kate Kearney?"

"Yis sir."

"Is Kate dead?"

"Miny years ago, sir."

"Thank heaven," I ejaculated. "Rig up a flowing bowl."

A Savant's Ill-Luck.

The Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes: "In alluding to the transit of Venus, M. Henri de Parville relates the misadventures which befell the French savant, M. le Gentil de la Galaisiere, on the occasion of the late transit. Le Gentil set out from Paris in March, 1760, in order to observe the transit at Pondicherry, and reached the Mauritius in July. Having learned that war had broken out between France and England, and deeming it dangerous to try and reach Pondicherry, he determined to go elsewhere; but a frigate being bound for the coast of Coromandel, he sailed in March, 1761. When they had nearly arrived they learned that Pondicherry had fallen into the hands of the English, so the frigate was obliged to return to the Isle of France. The 6th of June, the day of the transit, came; the sky was clear, the sun splendid, but how could the astronomer take observations with the vessel rolling about? He had gone to India to see the transit of Venus; there would be another in eight years, and he made up his mind to stay. He managed to get back to Pondicherry, where he built a small observatory, and waited patiently, but without communicating with any one in France, for he was ashamed of his first failure. At last the third of June, 1769, arrived and the morning was lovely, but just as the planet began to touch the disk of the sun the sky became overcast, and Le Gentil saw nothing. For some time he was almost crazy, but at last he recovered strength enough to return to France, where he found that the person to whom he had entrusted his property had run away; and that, considered dead, he had been displaced in the Academy. He did not long survive these misfortunes."

—The Chinese have names which correspond in frequency with the Browns and Smiths of Anglo-Saxon Christendom. Those most frequently occurring are Chin, Chang, Wang, and Shin, which are equivalents of gold, long, price, and stone.

The Quintessence of Cheek.

Among the Americans who attended a ball given at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, when John Y. Mason was our Minister there, was Jack Spicer, of Kentucky. Jack rushed the dress somewhat strong, and sported epaulettes on his shoulders large enough to start four major generals in business. Jack was the observed of all observers, and got mixed up with a party that his friends could not account for. Wherever the Marshals of France went, there went Jack; and when the Marshals sat down, Jack did the same, always taking the post of honor. The day after the ball he called on our Minister to France, who started up a conversation in the following way:

"I hear, Jack, you were at the ball last evening."

"I was, sir, and had a high old time."

"For which you were indebted, I suppose, to the high old company you got mixed up with. By the way, how came you associated with the Marshals?"

"How? By virtue of my office. They were Marshals of France, while I am nothing else than a Marshal of the Republic. I showed my position, and took post accordingly."

"By right of your office? What do you mean?"

"Read and see."

Here Jack presented Mr. Mason with a paper, with a seal big enough for a four-pound weight.

"What in the name of heaven and earth is this?"

"My commission as 'Marshal' I received in 1850, when I assisted in taking the census in Frankfort."

"You do not mean to say you travel on this?"

"I don't mean anything else. That makes me a 'Marshal of the Republic,' and I intend to have the office duly honored." *Cincinnati Star.*

Agricultural Growth of the United States.

Whoever will take the time and trouble to look over the official statistics of the last twenty years, will find the increased production of many articles almost incredible.

Three bushels of wheat are produced now for one seventeen years ago. Oats have doubled in fifteen years. Barley, six bushels for one twenty years ago.

Hops, seven fold in 20 years.

Flax, six fold in 20 years.

Wine, fourteen gallons for one when California began to produce; California produces seven-tenths of all the wine in America.

Irish potatoes have not increased and sweet potatoes have decreased nearly one-half.

Live stock has quadrupled in value and now amounts to nearly one thousand and six hundred millions, nearly two hundred dollars for each family in the United States.

Slaughtered animals have more than quadrupled in value, now amounting to over three hundred millions of dollars annually.

Wool has more than doubled in amount and value.

Cotton has increased over a half million bales.

Corn has increased less than any important product, being only ten per cent. in ten years.

The value of the farms have not increased per acre—farmers have had too many dead-beats to support. The average size of the farms have decreased about fifty acres, the average was 199 acres—is now 151 acres—but in four States, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Arkansas and New Mexico, the farms average as large as ever. In the United States, the largest number of farms, (847,615) come between twenty and fifty acres.

The Oyster Trade.

Old oystermen pronounce the year 1874 as the most prosperous since 1867. The Virginia trade has been better than for the past nine years, both as regards the quality and the quantity of the oysters produced In Newark Bay the same success is noted, and oystermen predict that during the coming year a rich harvest is in store. The Amboy planters and dealers have done well and have no cause to complain, as they have a steady demand the year round. In 1871 the dealers who own beds in Newark Bay supplied the market with upwards of one million bushels of oysters, and this year will show a much larger exhibit. Outside of the oyster trade, but few are aware of the great importance Newark Bay plays in this great traffic. Her natural beds are pronounced equal if not superior to the "Great Beds" at Amboy.

During the past few years large quantities of plants have been sent to France to stock the rivers of that country, and it is understood that they have been thoroughly acclimated and have proved an invaluable acquisition. Several thousands of bushels have been sent to California, where they have far exceeded the expectations of those who have taken the time and trouble to propagate them. It is expected that during 1875 many thousand bushels from the Newark Bay beds and the beds of Amboy will be sent to England to replenish the exhausted bed of the English Channel.

The Law-Making Season.

Now is about to set in the annual busy season of law-making, with Congress and the Legislatures of thirty States in session, viz: Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. As some of these are second and others special sessions of Legislatures, it has rarely occurred that so many have been simultaneously at work. The politics of these thirty Legislatures are: 16 Democratic, 13 Republican, 1 (Illinois) controlled by an Independent balance of power, and 1 (Louisiana) in dispute. The list includes all the States but seven, whose Legislatures do not meet this Winter, viz.: California, Connecticut, Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, New Hampshire, and Oregon.

Anna Dickinson expects to make her debut as an actress in Boston, under the auspices of Arthur Cheney—the manager, not the minister, of that name.

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Remittances by draft, check, money order, or registered letter, may be sent at our risk All Postmasters are required to register letters on application.

EVE-ANGELICAL CORNER.

New York girls pad their insteps.

Mary C. Haskins, of Danbury, N. H., has hair fifty-two and a half inches long.

In Paris 671 women get their living by serving as models for painters and