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Physicians and Surgeons. W. F. SANDERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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Physicians and Surgeons. A. H. MITCHELL, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Physicians and Surgeons. E. W. FINCH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Physicians and Surgeons. F. E. GLEASON, Graduate of Pennsylvania Dental College.

Physicians and Surgeons. SURGEON DENTIST DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

Physicians and Surgeons. BANKERS. FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Physicians and Surgeons. DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

The New North-West

VOL. 7, No. 24. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, DEC. 10, 1875. WHOLE No. 336.

POETRY. SCANDAL-MONGERS.

Do you hear the scandal-mongers Feasting by the fire, Breathing poison in a whisper...

Yet their tongues drop forth venom And they spend their leisure time Casting mud on those who climb by work and worth...

When you speak of friends, and yet it left a doubt, Did you hear the scandal-monger At the hall, Through the music, rhythm, beauty...

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A WONDERFUL GUN. A Defiant Ranger's Destructive Missile.

From the Bowling Green Pentagraph. Mr. William B. Winans has in his possession a remarkable gun, and one that has an unwritten and partly unknown history more remarkable than the weapon itself.

As to where it was made, or by what train of circumstances its death-dealing crack became a sound of terror along the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers during the earlier years of the late war, we shall not pretend to say.

Certain it is that many a Federal soldier bit the dust during the Fort Donaldson and Shiloh campaigns, being laid low by the buzzing ball which sped from her dread muzzle, the trigger drawn with steady finger, inflexible sight and deadly aim.

The very sound of the gun became known and familiar, and an ominous one along infantry skirmish lines, and the sharp-shooters. Near the time of the battle of Shiloh some infantry had been employed in skirmish or reconnoitering duty in the deep tangled woods.

Crack, bang, bang, rumbled at intervals the old gun in the distance, at every discharge laying a soldier stiff and stark in death, with unerring accuracy. Shift their positions as they might, the gun would bang away, and with a hiss and a thud, there would be one soldier less.

The direction of the fire was ascertained, and the entire regiment or party was ordered to charge toward it without knowing where or what it was. On they went, losing a man at every few paces. Nothing was accomplished, and the party returned, leaving the murderous gun cracking away as they retreated.

Shortly afterward the old fire lock was heard again with her murderous music. It was resolved to all hazards to find and capture the infernal machine. After persistent efforts, a tall, raw-boned, grizzled-headed, large-sized Texas ranger was discovered in the foliage of a tall tree, from among the branches of which he was picking off his foes as well as he had picked up hundreds before.

With his iron visor, piercing eye and unquailing nerve, there sat before the untamed jaguar. Brought to bay, he continued to load and shoot with deadly aim till brought down, and the famous gun was captured. It afterward fell into the hands of the late Gen. Lucas, and finally friend Winans became and is now his custodian.

It is a gun of immense calibre, being near eight feet long, with a smooth bore, single barrel, large enough to admit a small sized wagon. It is quite a curiosity, and a relic of the past, and, could its muzzle talk, could tell of many death-stories that had passed its steel-rimmed and blazing lips.

Explosion of Nitro-Glycerine in a Man's Pocket. From the Boston Journal.

A singular and serious accident occurred in the village of South Natick, Mass., on Monday evening, by which one man was seriously and another one probably fatally injured. It seems that a Mr. Knight, who has charge of a gang of hands employed on that section of the Sunbury river conduit, drove up to the store in South Natick about seven o'clock, and left Patrick Ryan, a young man eighteen years old, who is employed on the works in the carriage.

Mr. Knight, who had been loading rocks, had carelessly put a charge of nitro-glycerine in his pocket, and it had slipped into the lining of his coat. When he attempted to get into the carriage this cartridge in some way struck against the seat and exploded. Both of the men were thrown from the wagon quite a distance by the force of the explosion.

Mr. Knight's clothing on the side was torn into shreds, and the flesh was torn badly from his side and hip. His injuries, though severe and painful, are not considered dangerous. The force of the explosion struck Ryan in the abdomen, tearing off the flesh at the lower part of the chest. It is thought that his injuries will prove fatal. The first sensation experienced by Mr. Knight after the explosion was that he had been shot.

Conference With Newspaper Men. WASHINGTON, November 24.—Postmaster-General Jewell had a conference yesterday with several publishers, and, it is said, formally discussed the question of the repeal of the law imposing a double rate of postage on third-class mail matter.

After the discussion, the Postmaster-General said he supposed all publishers were interested in having the postage on books put back at the old rate, and that he would consider the matter and give his opinion respecting it in a communication he was preparing for Congress. He said he had heard a great deal of talk about the Department charging more for sending matter to Chicago than it charged for sending such matter to Liverpool or Russia, but that he didn't think it was generally known that it did cost more. The expenses of his department were thirty-five million, while the receipts were twenty-seven million, and with a deficit of eight million standing then in the face, he doubted if Congress would look favorably on the proposition to reduce the postage on magazines and books.

A COUNTERPART AT THE ASSAY OFFICE. An Orange County farmer, in digging a ditch, came upon some yellow particles. He had read in his weekly agricultural paper about the seam of gold that is supposed by scientific men to extend diagonally across the country from Maine to Texas, and the idea struck him that his farm was located right over that identical vein.

"Now, John," said he, "don't ye tell any one, and we'll have our fortune here in no time. But just you go and bat it out, and some one will come and squat on the land, they've got it in California, and we'll lose the best of it." In the course of a few days he had gathered quite a pile of the supposed gold, and the next week the old man went to New York with a specimen. Not knowing the best way to dispose of his gold, he first called on a prominent jeweler, who referred him to the United States Assay Office, and thither he went. The gentleman to whom he made known his errand called to see some of the metal, and at the first glance pronounced it to be "iron pyrites."

"Prizes!" exclaimed the old man in astonishment, "I thought they buried their money in dollars and such." The assayer finally made him understand that iron pyrites were quite common in some localities, and comparatively worthless. Sorrowfully the gentleman wended his way back to the farm, and the next day the ditch was progressing again as a drain and not as a gold mine, the old man exclaiming every few minutes: "There's some error of these blasted prizes!"

BRICA-BRAC. The Atlanta Herald says:—"We are sorry to learn that ex-Senator Gwin, of California, is now traveling through the south in the interest of the Jay Gould and Central Pacific monopoly, and to defeat the movement in the south in favor of the Southern Pacific, or thirty-second parallel road. We trust this rumor is unfounded and believe it to be in fact to be remembered that when Dr. Gwin was a Senator from California he was an ardent advocate of this very measure, which it is now alleged he is using his influence to defeat."

—The story is that Paul Morphy, the once world renowned chess player, has become a hopeless maniac.

—The chap who is quoted as being "as honest as the day is long" had better take a back seat until next spring.

—Mr. Schurz is writing more nowadays for his paper, the *Westliche Post*, of St. Louis, than for several years past.

—Mr. Stephen's doctor thinks that the Georgia statesman will be well enough to take his seat in Congress this winter.

—At an auction in Chicago, the other day, the auctioneer put up a stuffed goose, called it an eagle, and sold it to a colored man for sixty cents.

—The famous old stallion Strader's C. M. Clay, Jr., has passed into the hands of the wealthy horse-fancier, Gen. Withers, of Lexington, Ky.

—Somebody says Whiteleaf Reid will retire from the New York Tribune on the 1st of January; that he has had his resignation tendered to him.

—They say now that onions are an infallible remedy for the epileptic. Horses to which they are fed eat greedily, and soon recover.—*Frederick Bulletin*.

—General Doubleday, who was Major Anderson's second in command, will shortly publish a memoir entitled "Reminiscences of Fort Sumter and Moultrie."

—Walt Whitman was so absent-minded at a public dinner the other day that he spread the butter on the back of his hand and wiped the biscuit on his napkin.

—It is fair to state that the late love poem brought out by the Marquis of Lorne was written before his marriage, and not two years afterwards, as some seem to think.

—A Laramie paper tries to break the force of the painful fact that a citizen of that town was found dead with a Bible in his pocket. It says he had borrowed it under a mistake.

—Say, Johnny," remarked a Paterson boy, "we're going to have bread pudding most all next week. Father's an elder and has all the bread that's left over after Communion Sunday."

—On Major Andre's monument in England there is a group in which Washington is represented, and the head of the father of his country has been three times knocked off by indignant Brits.

—Southern journalism is by no means what it was ten years ago. No editor is now content to copy and follow, but desires to lead, and this ambition is fast giving the Southern press a higher standing at home and abroad.

—Did it ever occur to you that perhaps the most pitiable illustration of total depravity, occurs in the play of "Kit," where the old "Judge," driven to any device to get whisky, finds promiscuously, "Get me drunk and have some fun with me?"

—The largest flour mill in America is owned by Hon. C. C. Washburne, of Minneapolis, Minn. It is seven stories high, and crowded with machinery from top to bottom. Its cost was \$300,000, has forty of its burrs, and turns out 1,000 barrels of flour per day.

—One hundred thousand trade dollars were yesterday delivered by the Coiner to the Cashier of the Carson Mint. This is the largest delivery of this coin yet made at one time. It shows that they are not idle in that money-making institution.—*Carson Appeal*, Nov. 11th.

—A wild goose flew into Oregon, and its crop being opened revealed a new kind of grain. From the seed forty bushels have been raised, and the Oregon farmers are sitting on the fences with their elbows on their knees wondering what they shall call the new kind of whisky they will make from it.

—The Khedive of Egypt has invited Ole Bull, in his tour round the world, to give a farewell concert at the base of the Pyramids. The entertainment will be incomplete unless the American "boys" set on the agones and shower the shell of the fragrant peanut upon the crowd.

—A Richmond journal furnishes facts and figures to show that the negroes, obeying a law of their nature, are gradually drifting to the tropical or semi-tropical regions of the country. The editor says the "black man's" passage towards the latitudes of Darien is a matter of philosophical certainty.

—American Girl, recently dead, came into the possession of William Lowell in 1807. She was five years old. She won for her owner, in 1868, \$4,000; in 1869, \$18,500; in 1870, \$10,300; in 1871, \$15,400; in 1872, \$13,450; in 1873, \$14,000; in 1874, \$19,650; in 1875, \$7,400. Total in eight years, \$102,800, or an average of \$12,850 per year.

—All the rats in the Ophir and Consolidated Virginia mines were killed by the gas during the late fire, and not one is to be seen now in either mine. These rats eat up the scraps of bread, meat, etc., that are thrown away by miners, and which, if left lying around would make the air very impure. Their presence is therefore a blessing, and it is very seldom that one of them is molested by the miners.

—Valmasola's latest order presents an interesting view of life in Cuba. He prohibits people from traveling at night because they are liable to be shot by the numerous patrols through the country. As the unfortunate Cubans are afraid to travel around during the daytime for the same reason, they will probably have to stay at home and reflect upon the grandeur of Spanish domination.

—A new car, in which a peculiar refrigerator is incorporated, loaded with grapes, is now in use running over the Tulare Pacific Railroad, attached to the regular passenger train. The car is provided with a fan-blower, driven by one of the axles, by means of which the air is driven through ice, which reduces it to a low temperature, and it is then distributed among the fruit boxes through a large perforated pipe laid along the bottom of the car.

WHAT THE WITS SAY. A NEVADA WONDER. A Petrified Forest in the Desert.

From the Wisconsin Star. From David Rideout, who has been engaged in preparing a section of a petrified tree for the Centennial exhibition, we learn the following relative to the petrified forest in the desert of Northwestern Humboldt. On the plain, about thirty miles west of the Black Rock range of mountains, stands one of the greatest natural curiosities ever discovered in Nevada. It is a petrified forest, in which the stumps of many of the trees, now changed into solid rock, are still standing. There are no living trees or vegetation of any kind other than stunted sagebrush in the vicinity. Some of these ancient giants of a forest, which flourished perhaps thousands of years ago, when the climate of Nevada was undoubtedly more favorable for the growth of luxuriant vegetation than at present, rival in size the big trees of California. Stumps, transformed into solid rock, stand in an upright position, with their roots imbedded in the soil, as when growing, that measure from fifteen to twenty-six feet in circumference, and the ground in the vicinity is strewn with the trunks and limbs, which retain their natural shape and size. Mr. Rideout determined to secure a section of one of these trees for the Centennial Exhibition, and, with two other men, spent twelve days in cutting it from the stump. This was accomplished by drilling all around the tree and separating it with wedges. The specimen is three feet high and eighteen feet in circumference, and its estimated weight is three tons. It stands on the stump from which it was severed, ready to be loaded on a wagon. Mr. Rideout does not feel able to incur the expense of bringing it by team to the railroad, though he had once made arrangements to do so, but the other party to the agreement failed to perform his part. He is anxious to call the attention of the Centennial Commissioners to the matter, and see if they will not furnish the means to get it to the railroad. The country in which it is situated is an inviting field for geologists.

Unsupervised. BY APOTH E. CARV. He was lean, lank and tall, And his wife she was small, And they were a house and lot free and clear; He had his money in the bank, And his maiden name was Blank, But his wife called him "Blinky, my dear."

"Twas in eighteen seventy-five, and the country was alive with inflation, corruption, and 'Reform.' Tammany Hall was feeling bad, and old Polly Ticks was mad, while the farmers cursed the feeble price of corn.

All the party prophets said, 'Oh, must go the political head of each rascally tax-robbing knave; the whole thievish hodge must be Jonaled overboard, or we'll get mighty thin'd water."

But the boldest of the bold, Like Diogenes of old, Were puzzled where to find the honest man; There might be some who were on a bun, Outside political lines.

So to the country towns they ran, finding here and there a lamb, whose fleece Mr. Blank and his wife were clean; and they gathered in poor Blank, who had money in the bank, and was honest, unsophisticated, green:

On a platform made of plank, there they stood poor timid Blank, for passers-by to scrutinize and scan; and the party papers said, Blank was level in his head, and an office fitted nicely to the man.

On the opposition press Called on Blank to contest, How he came to have the money in the bank; How he got it, and how he got it back; How he got it, and how he got it back; How he got it, and how he got it back;

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