W F Sanders 2

The New North-West.

VOL. 8, No. 1. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, JUNE 30, 1876. WHOLE No. 365.

The New North-West

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	Card.	1 Inch.	2 inches.	3 inches.	4 inches.	6 inches.	13 inches.	25 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	32	48
1 Month	5	8	10	14	16	25	38	55
2 "	[illegible]	10	12	18	24	35	60	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 CARDS

ATTORNEYS

W. F. SANDERS, W. E. CULLEN,
SANDERS & CULLEN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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

E. W. FINCH, M. D.
Late of Richmond, Virginia
Physician and Surgeon,
Butte City. : : Montana.
Calls promptly attended to in town and country.
323

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. 92 Broadway.
79-1y

First National Bank,
Helena, Montana.
T. HAUSER, President. D. C. CORBIN, Cashier.
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..........214,000.00

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.

McBurney House
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
Aylesworth & McFarland,
PROPRIETORS
A share of Public Patronage is solicited. 315

Scott House,
Deer Lodge, Montana.
SAM. SCOTT, : Proprietor.
260

ST. LOUIS HOTEL
ENTRANCE FROM MAIN & JACKSON STS.
Helena, Montana,
SCHWAB & ZIMMERMAN,
Proprietors.
—o—
THE LARGEST
First Class Hotel in the Territory.
—o—
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. 322.

Warm Springs Hotel
Deer Lodge Valley, Montana.
L. BELANGER, Proprietor.
THE Proprietor announces that the above well known
SUMMER RESORT
Is now open for the season with excellent facilities for the
Thorough Entertainment of Guests
The tables supplied with all the delicacies of the Season.
Excellent Bath Rooms; Medicinal Waters.
MEALS SERVED TO ORDER PROMPTLY.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and assurance given that every effort will be made to give them hospitable and satisfactory entertainment.
DRIVE OUT FOR A DAY'S ENJOYMENT
L. BELANGER.

PIERSES' STATION
Deer Lodge and Butte Road,
—FORMERLY STANCHFIELD'S,—
Allen Pierse, Proprietor.
GOOD ENTERTAINMENT FOR TRAVELERS.
HAVING taken the above station I am now prepared to entertain guests in a manner satisfactory to all who like a good meal, and will be pleased to have the patronage of travelers.
Good Attention Given to Animals.
293. ALLEN PIERSE.

HENRY IMKAMP,
Wholesale Dealer in
WINES AND LIQUORS
PHILIPSBURG, MONTANA.

POETRY.

HALF-WAY DOIN'S.

By IRWIN RUSSELL.

Belubbed fellow-trabelers:—In holdin' forth to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say,

De sermon will be berry short, and dis here am de tex';
Dat half-way doin's ain't no 'count for dis worl' or de nex',

Dis worl' dat we's a-libbin' in is like a cotton row.
Whar ebery callud gentlemen has got his line to hoe,
And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-growin for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters of de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin, jes' as fas' as fas' could be;
Do you suppose dat dey could ebber hab succeeded in deir wish,
And reached de Promised Land at last—if dey had stopped to fish?

My friends, dere was a garden once, whar Adam libbed with Eve,
Wid no-one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to thieve,
And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free,
And eberyting belonged to dem except an apple tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake come snoopin' round',—
A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a crawlin' on de groun'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid deir face,
Till de angel oberseer he come and drove em off de place.

Now, s'pose dat man and 'ooman hadn't 'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin', and tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't have been loafin' where dey had no business to,
And de debbil nebber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's, bredren! It'll nebber do, I say!
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play—
For even if de crap is good, de rain 'll spile de bolls,
Unless you keep a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a-plowin', and a hoein', and a scrapin' ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owes;
But if you quits a workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
De Sheriff's gwine to lebby upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber 'tis you's dribin' at, be sure and dribe it through,
And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin', den, as shore's you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end ob de horn.

I thanks you for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-raisin ob a tune—
I see dat Brother Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun' de hat,
And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

The Flying Bridges of the Himalaya.

A. Wilson, in his recently published account of a journey through the upper valleys of the Himalaya, says that these bridges are constructed of twigs, chiefly from birch trees or bushes twisted together. Two thick ropes of these twigs, about the size of a man's thigh or a little larger, are stretched across the river at a distance of from four to six feet from each other, and a similar rope runs between them, three or four feet lower, being connected with the upper ropes by more slender ropes running at an interval of about five feet from each other. The unpleasantness of the jhula is that the passenger has no proper hold of the upper ropes, which are too thick and [illegible] to be grasped by the hand, and that [illegible] the extremities they are so far apart [illegible] it is difficult to have any hold of both at the same time, while danger is incurred by the bend or hang of the jhula, which is much lower in the middle than at its ends. He has also to stoop painfully to move along, and it is seldom safe for him to rest his feet on the lower rope, except where it is supported by the transverse ends. To fall into the raging torrent underneath would be almost certain destruction. The high winds which prevail through Himalaya during the day makes the whole structure swing about frightfully.

Grant on the Bible.

President Grant recently wrote to the editor of the Sunday School *Times* at Philadelphia as follows:

Your favor asking a message from me to the children and youth of the United States to accompany your Centennial number is this moment received. My advice to the Sunday schools, no matter of what denomination, is, Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for all the progress made in civilization, and to this book we must look for our guidance in the future. Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.

Yours respectfully,
U. S. GRANT.

The editor of the *Phrenological Journal* says that the real cause of red noses is cold feet. When you see a man with a red nose you may be sure that he has got a pair of cold feet—by marriage.—*Danbury News.*

AN ALLOPATHIC DOSE —OF— ADVERSITY.

BY APOTH E. CARY.

As onward you march, with wearisome tramp,
Foot-sore over earth's stubble,
You may find it hard to borrow a "stamp,"
But it's easy to borrow trouble.

Wise men in all ages have spent their time and wore the hair off their heads thinking out schemes for bettering the condition of humanity.

The wise sayings of these wise men are carefully wrapped up by the book-binders and handed down for the benefit of posterity.

We belong to the posterity, and have experienced more or less difficulty in trying to digest these hard-boiled maxims.

There is one "old saw" in particular out of which we have tried to get some nourishment, but all in vain. We've parboiled it and gridironed it, stewed it down and tackled it *a la mode*, but it has always soured on our intellect and threatened our brains with dyspepsia. That saying is this—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Now we do not covet any libel suits, neither do we care to have an investigating committee, but we must confess, right here, that we have been excessively intimate with the Adversity family. They have always been near neighbors of ours, and familiar enough to come in without knocking. What we've had was theirs, and we regret to say that what they've had has been ours. But, with all the using, we never got anything very sweet from them. Our Adversities didn't seem to be the sweet kind. There never was enough saccharine matter in the whole of them to sweeten a saucer of tea; hence we say away with your sugar-house nonsense about the "uses of adversity." The man who can chew adversity and spit honey ought to be made over into a bee and kept at it.

When we left the front piazza of our childhood and walked out on the broad highway of life, we had no dictionary with us and could not have defined Adversity. Our star of promise was covered with gold leaf, and youthful hope kindled a bonfire which, for blaze and brilliancy, was a success. We were called to the highly exalted mission of cultivating another man's soil at twenty dollars per month. A golden future lay stretched out before us. Wealth and good clothes, fame and clean shirts, honor and breastpins, all these were before us: and they are before us yet. Our whole life has been full of spasmodic endeavors to obtain any or all of these coveted blessings: but Adversity has always kept directly in front of us and Honesty was everlastingly tagging close behind. Should we die without founding a college, erecting a church, or building a railroad, the world's disappointment will find an offset in our misery. Our aim at the outset was a million, but we have reduced it down to six hundred dollars a year and a back pew in church.

Families have their peculiarities. Some cannot exist without family prayers. Others, unacquainted with such means of grace, rely more upon the grocery and meat market. Some families have bad teeth; others have bad tongues. Some mind their own business, but this class is largely in the minority. The peculiarity of the Adversity family is their unity. They stick together like a generation of bedbugs, and feed upon humanity. You do not hurt them with a bottle of corrosive sublimate, as you do the bugs, for they are most always hunting you.

They visit our homes with grief by the ton,
And with manners uncouth and uncivil,
They tread on our joys, upset our fun,
And raise the very old—boy.

Adversity drops in upon the bronchial tubed, conscientious student of theology, takes away his partner in the nursery business, and leaves him with four small children, a weak past to back him and a remarkably delicate looking future to front him.

Adversity lays his hand upon the old maid's virgin brow, covers her face with wrinkles, and leaves her with a bad breath, and her anatomy punching holes through her physiology.

Adversity takes the premature, unfeathered, mutton-headed youth by the hand, and assures him that the matrimonial state is the only State outside of New Jersey.

Adversity kindles a little flame of love in one man's bosom for another man's wife, which bursts into a volcano, erupts all over society, and makes him a strange and terrible *crater*.

Adversity puts the business man into poverty's hopper and grinds fifty cents on a dollar out of him.

Adversity takes Honesty, that poor neglected nursling, out of the cradle of Liberty and leaves it for political "dead-beats" to rock in.

Among the common things of life are matrimonal adversities. When a young man gets old enough to smell of patchouly and sing in the choir, there is great danger of his being drawn into the vortex of matrimonial adversity. Some lily-fingered edition of animated sweetness will paralyze his common sense and make a love-sick, poetry-writing idiot of him. It is useless to advise such a youth, for he will treat your hard-earned wisdom with contempt, and suffer your advice to be crushed under the cold, calloused heel of bare-footed neglect. Oh! if there is ever a time when our sympathy is wrung like an old mop, it is when we see a newly-married youth awaking to the dismal fact that the hundred and forty pounds of meek and lowly goodness he has married is one solid, unyielding phalanx of premeditated perversity.

Fellow Pilgrim! no matter how exalted your position may be, Adversity, like a book-agent, will be sure to find you. He has an assessment on your lot in life and, sooner or later, will be around for the tax. Should he come single-handed, battle with him earnestly. But should he unite forces with your mother-in-law, and both horns of the dilemma get after you at once, there is nothing left for you but the ipecac of remorse, the squills of despair, and huge allopathic doses of the extract of bitterness.

Adversity with his giant fist
Comes cuffing all our ears;
He gives our earthly joys a twist
And wrings out pails of tears.

The man who is fortunate enough to win a bet with a lady usually gets it in slippers. The common device is a blue silk rhinoceros rooting up a yellow satin morass, and most men of fine feelings prefer to frame them rather than to wear them.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—Jim Fisk's estate hasn't been settled yet.

—Senator Jones' hair is the color of silver.

—If Blaine gets well the homœpathists will brag.

—Key West gets $2,500,000 for her cigars every year.

—*The Empire of the People* is a new paper started at Washington.

The Sons of Temperence have lost 44,367 members during the last year.

—A baby born in Floyd county, Indiana, last week, had hair on its chin an inch long.

—Picnic parties to the Black Hills are not as popular as they were a month or so ago.

—The gold in the vaults of the Bank of France at present exceeds 500 tons in weight.

"What's going on?" said a well known bore to Douglas Jerrold. "I am," was the reply, and on he went.

—The new State seal of California is so large they don't know how they are to use it on a 3x6 envelope.

It is said that U. S. Grant, Jr., is engaged to a Boston young lady who is now traveling in Europe. The Boston girl will get a nice little Hub.

—Twenty-five years in the United States Senate—that's the feather that Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, now carries in his cap.

—The Cunard Company is about to send their steamers Scotia, Calabria, and Cuba to the Clyde, to await the revival of the Atlantic trade.

The Pacific railroads will pass free veteran Mexican war soldiers to and from the Centennial Union in Philadelphia.

—The $10,000 ox which was on his way to the Centennial perished from over exertion. His oxidental death is a dollarous affair for his owner.

Peter Cooper drops the paper every morning with chill forebodings of defeat as he discovers that no scandal has yet been started about him.

—A Delaware paper says that Mark Colwell expects to ship two hundred carloads of strawberries this season. This must be the "Strawberry Mark" so often referred to.

—London *savants* now contend that the Pyramids were built long before the deluge, and are disputing as to whether Noah didn't do a foolish thing when he built the ark.

Speaking of the talk by Moody, in Chicago, the *Times* of that city says: "The hosts of Lucifer and the rules of syntax were put to flight at one and the same time."

—The distinguishing trait of people accustomed to good society, says Bulwer, is a calm, imperturbable quiet which pervades all their actions and habits, from the greatest to the least.

—A substitute for the postal card, that is being considered by the Postoffice Department, is a stamped sheet (note-paper size), with a gummed edge, to serve as both paper and envelope, and to cost 2 cents.

—General Sheridan telegraphs to General Sherman his departure to the Red Cloud Agency, where he will have a personal observation of the movement connected with the present campaign against the hostile tribes.

—Hon. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) has lately been visiting friends at Buffalo. He has broken up his dramatic company, and having enlisted in the United States army, has been ordered to report to his headquarters at Cheyenne and to join his old regiment, the Fifth Cavalry, as chief of the scouts.

—The quack doctor has a hard time among the Utes. He poisoned two Indians and a squaw lately while pursuing his practice among the Middle Park Utes and the chief put nine separate and distinct rifle-balls into him whereof he perished and was known as a "medicine man" no more on earth.

—A newspaper has been established at the Denver Penitentiary, called the *Jail Bird.* Its prospectus announces that it will be a "lively fowl, and will be issued at the option of its owners and give the news from one to three days ahead of telegaaph time." The entire concern, including the editorial staff, is in the hands of the Sheriff.

—The flag shot from Paul Jones' ship, the Bon Homme Richard, in the engagement with the Serapis, in 1779, is still in existence and will probably be shown at the Centennial. It is now at Trenton, in the possession of Sarah Smith Stafford, daughter of the lieutenant who sprang into the water and rescued the flag when it fell.

—A writer in the London *Daily News* says: "It is not, unfortunately, generally known that in the case of fire in building containing horses, if the harness be merely put on (however roughly) the horses will quit their stables without difficulty. A knowledge of this fact may be the means of saving many a valuable animal from a horrible death."

—The editor of a country paper wrote one evening: "To-day is the anniversary of the death of Louis Phillippe." When the printer's proof came up the name read, "Sam Phillips." The editor wrote on the margin of the proof "who the deuce is Sam Philips?" Next morning the article read: "To-day is the anniversary of the death of Sam Phillips. Who the deuce is Sam Phillips?"

—Glendenning preached at Henry, Ill., and a Chicago *Times'* reporter thus says: "He then arose and read his text: John iii 16—'For God so loved the world,' &c. He spoke for forty minutes in a perpetual flow of words arranged in beautiful sentences, which held the attention of the large congregation so that children in arms could not draw the attention away from the speaker by their discordant screams but for a moment."

—Toughened glass is now being made on a small scale in Pennsylvania after the process invented by M. Bastie. The glass, after having been run from the furnace and moulded, instead of being put in the annealing pots, is immersed in a hot bath consisting of linseed oil and tallow. The bath is kept up to about 320 degrees. The ware after dipping is removed to a second bath with a temperature of 200. Lastly, the glass goes into a water bath.

TURKEY.

Particulars of the Assassination

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 16.—The following is an official account of the assassination here this morning:

A Circassian named Hassan, who left the military school four years ago, with the rank of Lieutenant, and was appointed to a Captaincy in the army of Bagdad, for certain reasons was retained at Constantinople, where he was variously employed. He recently received an appointment to the grade of Adjutant Major, and was assigned the duty with the army of Bagdad. He alleged various pretexts for remaing at Constantinople, and was consequently arrested and imprisoned. He was released yesterday on condition of his proceeding to Bagdad to-day (Friday). Yesterday he called upon the War Minister, when he was informed that the minister was attending council at the Prime Minister's residence. He proceeded there, and the guards believing him an aide-de-camp, permitted him to enter. Hassan fired point blank at Hussein Anvi Pasha, Minister of War, with a revolver, and while the others were pressing forward to seize the assassin, Rachel Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and a servant of Mudhat Pasha, named Ahmed Agha, and a soldier, were killed, and Kaiserti Pasha, Minister of Marine, and another officer, were wounded.

LONDON, June 16.—A dispatch from Constantinople, dated 9 o'clock this morning, says that the ministers were assembled in council last night at the residence of Nudhat Pasha, President of the Council, when an officer, who had been recently dismissed from the service, entered the council chamber armed with a revolver, and shot and instantly killed Hussein Avni Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and seriously wounded Kaiserli Pashe, Minister of Marine. He also killed an aide-de-camp of the Grand Vizer, a servant of Mudhat Pasha. The assassin was arrested. The motive for this crime is supposed to be revenge for his dismissal.

Vanderbilt and His Wealth.

New York Correspondent of the Cin. Gazette.

There is no denying the fact that the great Vanderbilt is on his death-bed. He has just entered his eighty-third year, which is an unusual extent of life. There is no probability that he will see another birth-day. Indeed, his condition is so feeble that he can hardly be expected to see another week. He is sustained by careful nursing and stimulants, but all active vitality is gone, and all that remains is mere tenacity of life. The Commodore's will has been made some time ago. He has two sons living, one of whom is a mere wreck. He bears his father's name, but is far different in every point of character. The old man cast him off some years ago, and pays no bills of his contracting, but he allows him a support, which, as it is said, comes through a third person. The Commodore has, as we have good reason to believe, bequeathed his immense estate to William, and this will make the latter the richest man of his age in America. I cannot even except John Jacob Astor, for it is to be remembered that the latter shares the grand estate with his brother William.

There are those who estimate the Commodore's estate at $100,000,000, but this is evidently an exaggeration. The disposition of mankind to overestimate is well known. The Commodore has a widely extended range of property, but his wealth is chiefly in personal estate, and in this point he has no equal on this continent. It is doubtful, indeed, if there be another man in existence who owns an equal amount in railroad stock. He is a director in the Hartford and New Haven road, of which he owns, it is said, half a million, and he is also a director of the New York and New Haven road, in which he owns an equal amount. His name is also a leading power in the Ohio and Mississippi road, in addition to which he is heavily interested in the Western Union Telegraph. He also owns a few millions in railway bonds, and is the largest stockholder in the sleeping car system. The Central, Hudson and Harlem, as well as the Lake Shore companies, are under his presidency, and his stock in the last mentioned line is nearly $40,000,000. The entire aggregate would reach from $45,000,000 to $50,000,000, the greater part of which he has made since he was fifty, for at that time he was not worth more than a $1,000,000.

THE SLEEPING CARS.

This branch of railroading pays better than any other, and as Vanderbilt has the cream of it, he reaps a harvest from which ordinary railway shareholders are debarred. The stock pays, it is said, about forty per cent. per annum. It is easily perceived that Vanderbilt can afford to hold five millions of Lake Shore, and go without dividend when the sleeping and drawing room cars on that line pay him so heavily as to abundantly make up for the loss. The Vanderbilt sleeping cars now extend from Boston to Chicago. They bear the name of Wagner, who invented them, but he is subject to the railway king. Mr. Wagner is a very fine man, and his recent wealth has not impaired his natural simplicity. He was bred a carriage-maker, and then become a railway station agent. Being of an ingenious turn, he invented a sleeping car, which now divides with the Pullman the patronage of the traveling public. The extent of the Vanderbilt & Wagner operation is such that its detail would surprise the reader. It is the most profitable feature in the railway system of America.

AMERICAN SILK MANUFACTURE.—Some interesting facts in regard to the comparatively new silk industry were brought out at the annual meeting of the Silk Association of America, held in New York City a few weeks ago. The total value of American silk goods manufactured in 1875 was $27,158,071. The American silk ribbons manufactured were valued at $897,985, and the value of imported silk ribbons was only $2,984,271. American manufactures of sewing-silks and twist are stated to be competing successfully with English manufactured in the Canadian markets. Steps were taken to establish a conditioning bureau in New York to determine the amount of moisture in raw silk, which is sold by the pound and is very sensitive to moisture. The Secretary's report states that the year 1875 was the most prosperous year that the silk industry in America has ever experienced, if considered in respect to the quantity of raw material consumed and the amount of labor employed in silk manufacture.

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

"Oystria still insists that the Mussulmen shall adopt an unshellfish policy."—*Graphic.*

"They've got a singing a doll at the Centennial. She hums 'I'm sawdust when I sing.'"—*Boston Post.*

An exchange says that the Empress Eugenie has just turned 60. Which way did she turn it? So: 06? or so: 90? or so: 09?—*Boston Advertiser.*

It must be awful for a man to be a stranger in a strange house with a chew of tobacco in his mouth and no spittoon in sight.—*Fulton Times.*

Mexico exhibits at the Centennial a 4,000 pound lump of silver worth $72,000, and it seems to us the annexation business has been postponed too long.—*Rochester Chronicle.*

"Py Schiminy, how dot boy studies de languages!" is what a delighted elderly German said when his four-year-old son called him a blear-eyed son of a saw-horse.—*Boston Globe.*

The Centennial chain, for ladies, is composed of thirty-seven rings—supposed to illustrate the manner in which the thirty-seven States of the Union are governed.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

Hung Wo, Ah Wo, Chang Wo and Sin Wo were expelled from Reno, Nevada, the other day by an anti-Chinese society, and in leaving the town one Wo did tread upon another's heels so fast they followed.—*Ex.*

A single letter of Robert Burns' sold at auction last week for $125. If he hadn't written a line of poetry, but had just spent all his time manufacturing autographs, it would have been money in his pocket.—*Graphic.*

Aldrich says. "As wild as the winds that tear the curled red leaf in the air, is the song that I have never sung." The man who knows a song like that, and nobly forbears to sing it, is a credit to any country.—*Danbury News.*

"Cousin Jim," said Gail Hamilton to Mr. Blaine after one of his recent dramatic explanations, "why don't you give up politics and study for the stage? You're the best actor I ever saw off the boards." "It isn't worth while, Gail. I have a whole people for my audience now; and I can play upon their weaknesses without changing my clothes.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

The most disappointed, dejected and demoralized looking man we have seen for a long time is the individual who requested us to stop his paper two weeks since. When he saw that the *Times* withstood the shock and came out on time last week, his chin dropped down so low that he stubbed his toe on it and turned a complete somersault.—*Whitehall Times.*

George W. Childs rolled his eyes in a fine frenzy the other morning as he observed the first green apple of the season on a corner fruit stand, and, rushing to his office, he dashed off the following: "Put away the pretty playthings with which our darling used to frolic. He will need them on earth never, for he died of bilious colic," and, marking it "$1 per line," he sent it down to take its place with the other obituary treasures of the counting-room.—*Chicago Times.*

A new coupon cutter which cuts both sides of the coupon at once has been invented. It will be of much value to professional men. It has always been our own custom to devote Saturday nights to cutting off our coupons, but we have found that using an ordinary pair of scissors, unless we begin very early in the evening, the work was apt to encroach upon the Sabbath. The mere saving of labor makes this instrument of untold value.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

About Roses.

In one of the books attributed to Solomon eternal wisdom is attributed to the plantations of rose-trees at Jericho. Princess Nourmahal, the most lovely lady in the harem of a Great Mogul, had a canal filled with rose-water, and rowed about on it with her august consort. The heat of the sun disengaged the essential oil from the water, and their Majesties having observed the fact invented otto of roses. The Emperor Heliogabalus filled a fish pond with rose-water; it is nowhere said whether the fishes approved of this proceeding. When the Soldan Saladin who had so much trouble with hardfisted English King Richard and his turbulent Christian friends, took Jerusalem in 1188, he would not enter the Temple, which he profanely called a mosque, till he had its walls washed with rose-water; and Sanut assures us that 500 camels were no more than sufficient to carry the purifying liquid. Also, after the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. in 1455, the church of St. Sophia was solemnly purified with rose-water before it was converted into a mosque. The high priest of the Hebrews wore a crown of roses when he offered up certain sacrifices under the Mosaic dispensations; and it was, perhaps, in remembrance of this fact that the Synod of Nismes, which was held in the third century, enjoined every Jew to wear a rose on his breast as a distinguished mark of inferiority. In many countries the Jews still celebrate the festival of Easter Flowers, during which they ornament their lamps, chandeliers and beds with roses. Thus it happened that these flowers were hateful to the early Christians, and are often condemned in the writings of the fathers, who professed that they could not understand that pious people could think with equanimity of roses when they remembered the crown of thorns; afterwards this hostile feeling seems to have died out. When Marie Antoinette passed through Nancy on her way to be married with Louis XVI., the ladies of Lorraine prepared her a bed strewed with roses. In the Middle Ages roses were held so precious in France that a royal license was necessary to grow them. Charlemagne recommended the cultivation of the rose in his "Capitulation."

The Oregon Election.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 15.—Later returns from the Oregon election show that the Republicans and Independents tie the Democrats in the legislature, rendering the election of United States Senator by the Democrats doubtful. The *Oregonian* claims that the State is now Republican by considerable majority, more Republicans than Democrats having been elected in the recent election, and thinks the chances are good for a Republican majority in the coming fall election.

Francis Jeffrey, from Macaulay's Description.

He had twenty faces, almost as unlike each other as his father's to Mr. Wilberforce's, and infinitely more unlike to each other than those of near relations often are. When quiescent, reading a paper or hearing a conversation in which he takes no interest, his countenance shows no indication whatever of intellectual superiority of any kind. But as soon as he is interested and opens his eyes on you, the change is like magic. There is a flash in his glance, a violent contortion in his frown, an exquisite humor in his sneer, and a sweetness and brilliancy in his smile beyond anything he ever witnessed. A person who had seen him in only one state would not know him if he saw him in another. The mere outlines of his face were insignificant; the expression was everything; and such power and variety of expression he had never seen in any human countenance, not even in those of the most celebrated actors. He could conceive that Garrick might have been like him. He had seen several portraits of Garrick, none resembling another, and he had heard Hannah More speak of the extraordinary variety of his countenance by which he was distinguished, and of the unequaled radience and penetration of his eye. The voice and delivery of Jeffrey resembled his face. He possessed considerable power of mimicry, and rarely told a story without imitating several different accents. His familiar tone, his declamatory tone, and his pathetic tone were different things. Sometimes Scotch predominated in his pronunciation; sometimes it was imperceptible. Sometimes his utterance was snappish and quick to the last degree; sometimes it was remarkable for rotundity and mellowness. In one thing he was always the same, and that was the warmth of his domestic affections. The flow of his kindness was inexhaustible. Not five minutes passed without some fond expression or caressing gesture to his wife or his daughter. He had fitted up a study for himself, but he never went into it. Law papers, reviews, whatever he had to write, he wrote in the drawing-room, or his wife's *boudoir*. When he went to other parts of the country on a retainer, he took them in a carriage with him. Macaulay was surprised to see a man so keen and sarcastic, so much of a scoffer, pouring himself out with such simplicity and tenderness in all sorts of affectionate nonsense. He had never seen anything of the sort at Clapham, Cadogan Place, or Great Ormond Street. Throughout a journey they made together to Perth, a *partie carree*, this domestic Proteus kept up a sort of mock quarrel with his daughter, attacked her about novel-reading, laughed her into a pet, kissed her out of it, and laughed her into it again. It was no wonder that they adored him. His conversation was, like his countenance and voice, of immense variety; sometimes plain and unpretending; sometimes whimsically brilliant and rhetorical. He was a shrewd observer, and so fastidious that many stood in awe of him when in his company. Not altogether free from affectation himself, he had a peculiar loathing for it in other people, and a great talent for discovering and exposing it. He had a particular contempt, in which his guest heartily concurred, for the *fadaises* of blue-stocking literature, for the mutual flattery of coteries, the handling about of *vers de societe*, and all the other nauseous trickeries of the Sewards, Hayleys, and Sothebys. Perhaps he had not escaped their opposite extreme, and was not a little desirous to appear a man of the world, or an easy, careless gentleman, rather than a distinguished writer. When he and his guest were alone, he talked much and well on literary topics; his kindness and hospitality were beyond discription. Macaulay liked everything at Jeffrey's house in Moray Place except the hours. They were never up till ten, and never retired till at least two hours after midnight. Jeffrey never went to bed till sleep came upon him overpoweringly, and never rose till forced up by business or hunger. He was extremely well, but very hypochondriac, filling his letters with lamentations about maladies. "I really think that he is, on the whole, the youngest looking man of fifty that I know, at least when he is animated." Such was Macaulay's first pen-portrait of Francis Jeffrey, and such is its life that, after the lapse of nearly fifty years, we still see tqe man clad in his habit as he lived. The painter, it should be remembered, did not pen this for publicity, but merely to interest his mother and sisters.—*R. H. Stoddard, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

Down Hill—How they Change in Washington.

I saw General Belknap in the Senate before it retired for private meditations, and thought him greatly changed. He is far from being emaciated or looking haggard, but has that look of tension and flabbiness that bears equal witness to mental wear and tear. Unfortunately for himself, he has been a handsome man (it is very hard for a pretty man to get on unentangled in this world); but in the storm of the last few weeks that beauty has vanished. The bright color, the golden locks, the important part, are all alike bleached out. His hair is rapidly turning, his eyes are baggy and overhang, his skin is gray. A gray look like blight envelops the man. I have seen it come over more than one in this city within the last few years. It is the look that turned Schuyler Colfax into parchment in the Credit Mobilier days; that came over the face of Oakes Ames. The whole story of the change in Belknap's fortune seems told in the flying hack that passed me the other morning on its way to the Capitol and impeachment. In it sat Belknap smoking a cigar, surrounded by his lawyers. It was a ragged looking vehicle with an unkempt driver, and bore as little resemblance to the stately coach of the War Department devoted to its Secretary, as the distraught looking man inside bore to the lemon-gloved gentleman sitting up in self-conscious state beside a handsome woman driving through the West End.—*Mary Clemmer in the Cincinnati Commercial.*

Mrs. Lincoln Restored.

CHICAGO, June 16.—In the county court this evening, on the petition of Mr. Edwards, brother of Mrs. Lincoln, the jury was empaneled, and having heard Edwards statement to the effect that Mrs. Lincoln was now in a condition to manage her estate properly, and of Mr. Swett, on behalf of Robert Lincoln, to say that his client would be only too glad to have the decree of the court reversed, if the testimony given satisfied the jury. Thereupon the jury gave a verdict that the said Mary Lincoln is restored to reason, and capable to manage and control her own estate.

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EVANGELICAL CORNER.

Plaids will be out of style after this year.

A revolution in the shapes of hats is predicted.

Parasols are made with viniagrettes at the top of the handle.

False hair is not invested in to any great extent at present.

Kate Field is expected home before long to marry an American critic.

Ladies who adopt the fashionable mourning must wear black corsets.

In what key would a lover write a proposal of marriage? Be mine, ah!

Linen goods will be as much worn as they were last summer. They will be as varied in colors and designs as the woolen suits.

The French consider the wearing of diamonds on the street the height of bad taste; and a young lady, unmarried, who wore jewels, would be looked on as a *parvenu*.

"Mamma," asked a precocious youth at the tea-table the other evening, after a long and yearning gaze toward a plate of doughnuts, "Mamma, do you think I could stand another one of those fried holes?" She thought he could.

A remarkable trial has been had at Des Moines, Iowa, which lasted two weeks, before Judge Dillon, in which a widow sued for dower interest in her husband's estate, valued at $100,000, and in which she was confronted with a divorce granted sixteen years ago, which she says she never heard of, and knows nothing about. Over a hundred witnesses were examined, and their testimony was so directly conflicting and contradictory that the jury could not agree, and it is said twelve men can never be found who will arrive at a single and united opinion upon it.

Alabama *Baptist*: No woman will love a man any better for being renowned or prominent. Though he be the first among men, she will be the prouder, not fonder; as is often the case, she will not even be proud. But give her love, appreciation, kindness, and there is no sacrifice she would not make for his content and comfort. The man who loves her well is her hero and her king. No less a hero to her, though he is not to any other; no less a king, though his only kingdom is her heart and home. It is a man's own fault if he is unhappy with his wife, in nine cases out of ten. It is a very exceptional woman who will not be all she can be to an attentive husband, and a very exceptional one who will not be very disagreeable if she finds herself willfully neglected. It would be easy to hate a man who, having bound a woman to him, made no effort to make her happy; hard not to love one who is constant and tender, and when a woman loves she always strives to please. The great men of this world have always been wretched in their domestic relations, while common men have been exceedingly happy. The reason is plain. Absorbed in themselves those who desire the world's applause were careless of the little world at home, while those who had none of its egotism strove to keep the hearts that were their own and were happy in their tenderness.

Abdul Aziz.

We are afraid the friends of a monarchical system of government fail to do justice to the royal virtues of the late lamented Sultan of Turkey. When he fell his country was impoverished and its debts dishonored. But this thoughtful monarch had millions upon millions stowed away in his cellars. When he was king there was no department of his empire so well protected as his menagerie of wild animals. When he was deposed he went into seclusion with "fifty-four boat loads of women." In fact, since the death of the first gentleman of Europe, His Revered and Gracious Majesty George IV., whose memory is so dear to the present royal family that the Queen resented the Greville Memoirs as an affront, there has been no king who has shown himself so true a representative of the royal quality as this Sultan. He did what he pleased, had everything his own way, and allowed the country to go the devil. He was king by "the grace of God." We hope that his character will receive justice at the hands of some of the eloquent admirers of a royal system.

Our Presidents' Fortunes.

Washington left an estate valued at over $800,000; John Adams died moderately well off, leaving about $75,000; Jefferson died so poor that if Congress had not purchased his library at $20,000 he would have been a pauper; Madison was frugal, and left about $150,000; Monroe died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives; John Quincy Adams left about $55,-000; Jackson died worth about $80,000; Van Buren left some $400,000. It is said he did not draw his salary while in office, but at the expiration of his term of service drew the whole $100,000; Taylor had saved something from his pay while in the army and died worth $150,000: Tyler married a lady of wealth; Filmore was always frugal and added to his savings by marrying a lady of wealth, and was worth about $200,-000; Pierce's estate was valued at $50,000; Buchanan left $200,000; Lincoln about $75-000; Johnson $50,000.

Hart's Patent Reefer.

One of Captain Hart's patent self-reefing fore and aft sails has been fitted on the aftmost mast of the Great Eastern and on Tuesday afternoon the experimental trial of it was made on board, in the presence of Captain Sir James Anderson, and a large number of captains and superintendents of various steamship companies and owners of sailing vessels. Notwithstanding the enormous size of the mast boom, and the prevalence of a strong southeasterly gale caused some mistrust in the minds of the marine spectators, the working of the experiment, under the personal superintendence of the inventor, was perfectly successful. The sail was first taut, and elicited general admiration. The various reefs were taken in and the sail furled as fast as the gaff could be lowered. The opinion was entirely in favor of the invention, which has already been fitted to upwards of 250 vessels, and will no doubt receive further practical proof of its value on the great ships voyage to New York.—[illegible]