The New North-West.

VOL. 8, No. 5. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, AUGUST 4, 1876. WHOLE No. 370.

The New North-West

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	Card.	1 inch.	2 inches.	3 inches.	4 inches.	6 inches.	13 inches.	26 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	38	55
2 "	7	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. F. 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. 1216.tf

E. W. FINCH, M. D.
Late of Richmond, Virginia
Physician and Surgeon,
Butte City, : : Montana.
Calls promptly attended to in town and country.
223

BANKERS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
DEER LODGE.
W. A. CLARK, President.
R. W. DONNELL, Vice-President.
S. E. LARRABEE, 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	488,000.00
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 & LIQUORS
PHILIPSBURG, MONTANA.

Our New York Letter.

The Extreme Heat—Fill Men—Tea—Burning of Castle Garden—Business.

Correspondence New North-West.

NEW YORK, July 18, 1876.

THE EXTREME HEAT.

The intense heat of the past two weeks is now happily over, at least for a time. On Tuesday afternoon the city was visited by the heaviest storm of thunder, lightning and rain known for years, which lasted from three in the afternoon, with rare intervals of cessation, till long after ten at night. The city was absolutely drenched, and the air was deliciously cool thereafter, a happy contrast to the stifling heat of the past three weeks.

The heated season has been the most severe that has been known in the city for eighty years. The thermometer has gone to 104, and stayed there for days, taking occasional excursions down the scale to 93, and at midnight or later, down to 85. Of course there are days as hot every year, but to have them continue three weeks, without cessation or let up, is something unprecedented. Every morning there has been a column or more of casualties, of men falling in the street, of horses lying down and dying, and of children perishing in their stifling garrets. If it was terrible for the residents of roomy and spacious houses up-town, what must it have been for those compelled to occupy garrets, without air or ventilation, and subjected to the stifling smells of the tenement houses? These people suffered all the tortures of the damned, and thousands of them died. The mortality among children has been dreadful, and its extent will never be known.

It was nothing uncommon during the three weeks past to see strong men stagger in the street and fall prostrate—"drunk," some would say, but the policemen knew better. It was sunstroke; and the ambulances provided by the city would drive up and carry the sufferer off to the hospital provided for the purpose. Of the cases of sunstroke, one-half die, and very few ever recover their health in full. The city medical authorities have given the most minute directions for avoiding this terrible casualty, but yet not a half or very few observe them. A wet cloth in the crown of the hat is a certain and sure preventive, but nevertheless not one in ten take this simple precaution.

THE PILL MEN.

There is something the matter with the pill men. Helmbold, the Buchu man, is still in an insane asylum, and now James C. Ayer, the proprietor and manufacturer of cherry pectoral and a dozen other proprietary medicines, has gone insane and is an inmate of a private asylum near New York. He made his escape the other day, and got into the city, and conducted himself so like a sane man—that is, he borrowed money—that his friends did not know that he was insane till his physicians got on his track and brought him back. His insanity was caused by over-work. For thirty years he has made and pushed nostrums, for the sole purpose of making money. He made millions, but it all did him no good. He attempted to get recognition as a public man, but the fact that he had made his money in pills was against him, and he was compelled to give way to men who, probably, were no better than himself. His friends, as were those of Helmbold, were of the class of toadies who were willing to eat his dinners, and so he finds himself at an advanced age, with millions of money and nothing else. And the worry of all is, that he has nothing to spend his money for, and with a body and mind over-tasked in the getting of it, with nothing under heaven to do with it, he goes mad, and will doubtless end his days in an asylum. Money is a good thing, but you want to be careful how you get it. Don't make it out of pills or pectoral. Swindle the people as a railroad lawyer, and when you get to middle life, you may be as lucky as Tilden is, and be nominated by the Democracy for the presidency.

THE TEA MARKET.

The depreciation in the prices of goods is shown as much in such articles as tea as anything. There are hundreds of houses in the city that have made immense fortunes in tea and coffee, but they have been very industriously losing their accumulations in the last four years. There has been a steady depreciation in the value of this staple, until at the present time it is a long way below the before-the-war prices. In 1859, the price of the best young hyson was 50 cents per pound at wholesale. In '72, it got up to 73c., but to-day it is a drug in the market at 30. And the other grades are in the same state of health, and the market shows every tendency toward a still further decline. Where it will end, the oldest tea merchant can't tell. The United States consumes a pound of tea per annum for every man, woman and child, making the annual importation about 45,000,000 lbs. Those who had stocks on hand when the decline set in, have gone into bankruptcy, and the new houses and old ones that were strong enough to hold out, are shaking for fear of a decline that will shake them.

And by the way, the decline is as marked in other lines of goods, as in teas. A suit of clothes that cost before the war $40, can be had in New York now for that money, provided it is of American cloth, and if it is imported, all the difference is the addition of the premium on gold, which at this time makes very little difference. Provisions, and everything we eat and drink, are down to ante-war prices, and if the people can't live now, they never will; that is to say if they have the money to pay for what they consume. A few articles of luxury keep up, but these will come down in a little while. The bars, restaurants and hotels, maintain war prices, but they will not be able to do so long. The topers are growling, and new men are taking advantage of the feeling to start new places at reduced rates. Let us get work plenty once more, and the "good old times" will be here again.

AN OLD LAND-MARK GONE.

The burning of Castle Garden is an event that makes all old New Yorkers sad. There is no building in the city around which so many memories cling or more pleasant ones. Built originally for a fort, it was many years ago, made unnecessary for that purpose, by the building of fortifications outside. Then it became a place of fashionable entertainments. It was in Castle Garden that Jenny Lind first sang in New York it was the scene of all the grand balls and entertainments given by the city, and it may be safely said that the old building has seen more fair women and brave men than any other on the continent. But twenty years ago fashionable New York began to move up-town, and the territory in the vicinity of the battery was given up to trade. Old Stephen Whitney, the projector of the Pacific Railroad, refused to move with the rest of his neighbors, and he died in his house on Bowling Green, years after he was completely surrounded with business. Then Castle Garden was turned into a depot for incoming emigrants, and its old character was gone forever. Its burning brings up pleasant memories to those who were young twenty-five years ago, but to the New Yorker of to-day it is simply the destruction of an unsightly old building which they hope will be replaced with a better one.

BUSINESS

is absolutely dead, and will be till fall. Whether it will revive then or not, remains to be seen. The prospect is not very encouraging, I must confess.

PIETRO.

The Wonderful Manner in which a Falling Man Saved Himself.

Of all the champion gymnasts, says the Parker (Penn.) *Daily Herald*, are none that for a skillful fall can compare, so far as the records go, with an oil region well-driller. Last Thursday afternoon the employes at work on the Campbell farm well were drawing the tubing, assisted by A. W. Root, who was up in the derrick. In reaching for a line the latter missed his object, became overbalanced and started head first toward the derrick floor. In that awful descent he retained his presence of mind, and seizing hold of the tubing-line he succeeded in changing his position, and at the same time noticed that if he retained his hold on the line it would come in contact with the rapidly ascending block, which was being taken up by the weight of his body, and that the loss of his hands would be inevitable. With wonderful agility he turned his body around and by a mighty effort got hold of the line that runs on the shaft, and thereby prevented his brains from being dashed out on the derrick floor. In his descent he struck the working beam which assisted in breaking the fall and saving his life. He came violently in contact with the floor, but in a slanting way, which prostrated him at full length between the casing head and a short piece of pipe that is driven into the sills for the purpose of holding the tongs while unscrewing the tubing. Almost simultaneously with his striking the floor the block reached the top of the derrick and by the shock the heavy clamps were detached and were about falling on the prostrate man, when, again seeing his peril, he threw his body to one side and again averted a terrible death, for the clamps almost touched his person and fell in the very spot his body had occupied. He was assisted to his feet and in a few minutes happily realized that he was uninjured, and boldly reascended to the dangerous and lofty perch he so suddenly left not ten minutes before, and which is fully fifty feet from the ground. It is certainly the most wonderful escape of the kind ever chronicled.

Mining in Colorado.

Several of the custom mills have been short of ore for the past two weeks, which seems to imply a decrease of production. In reality, however, it does not, for we now have about one hundred and seventy-five more stamps in operation than formerly, making a total of six hundred and seventy-five as against five hundred at the beginning of the year. To keep that number busy, requires extensive and continuous mining. It also involves the further fact that each mine shall pay continuously. A dealer in ores, who makes daily rounds over the mountains, informs us that within a short time, at least thirty men have gone to work upon undeveloped mines, and many, perhaps a majority, are taking out excellent surface quartz. In some instances he saw a single man at work in a shallow shaft, picking and gadding out rich looking material. When sufficient had been broken to obstruct further working, he came out and hoisted it. These men are making excellent wages, beside furnishing employment to stamps that might otherwise be idle. Large accessions are being made to our working forces daily, and they will find occupation somewhere. If there is no place for them in the large mines, they will try their luck among the smaller ones, and the chances are that most of them will be successful. Go into the banks at any time and ask to see their gold, and you will find that a considerable proportion of their weekly purchases is composed of small lots, in retorts of from five to twenty ounces each. This indicates that a large number of small parties are at work here and there, wherever a promising crevice is exposed.—*Central City Register, July 19.*

MASTER HUMPHREYS' CLOCK.—The time piece which Dickens immortalized under the name of "Master Humphreys' Clock" has been brought to this country and will henceforth perform its customary duty of marking time in a New York counting room on Spruce street, unless its present owner should conclude to send it to the Centennial Exhibition. The clock was originally placed over the door of Mr. Humphreys, a clock and watch maker in Barnard Castle, County of Durham, Eng., and it was the service rendered to Mr. Dickens by Mr. Humphreys in supplying him with the material for "Nicholas Nickleby" that prompted the use of the clock and its owner on the title page. Mr. Humphreys died some time since and the clock was purchased by a Liverpool firm by whom it has just been presented to the present owner in New York.

A TRULY GOOD SPECIMEN.—We never resent inquiries, however inopportune, the answers to which may increase the stock of useful knowledge of the inquirer. When we worked at the case we never grew tired of explaining why the lower case e box was larger than the others, or the use of the nick. Even in the first days of our devilhood, when a cub shoemaker asked why we didn't put the other type in "that there frame," (the tympan), and print both sides at once, we couldn't answer, and to conceal our ignorance, told him that we generally did, but that the pressman had a "bile on his arm," and had to work light. The question was a fair one, and it was very naughty in us to answer thus evasively. We tell it with remorse, but it fairly illustrates our good nature and willingness to tell all we know, and give good measure.—*Chicago Specimen.*

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—Edwin Booth will make Chicago his home.

—Don't pull down your vest. Take it off.

—South Australia contains over 6,000,000 sheep.

—Michigan plants a million trees this year.

—How cool and nice it would be to fall down a well!

—London in the last sixty years has quadrupled its population.

—Rum punch was sold at a church festival in California as cold tea.

—American weather can change quicker than a Mexican can change his allegiance.

—Dom Pedro in his 101 days' residence in this country traveled 21,500 miles by rail.

—Niagara Falls didn't wear away any last year, and that's one small grain of comfort.

—Sensible families now introduce a paregoric cruet into the castor.—*Easton Free Press.*

—Sitting Bull, the Sioux chief, won't believe that there are over 10,000 white people in the country.

—A call for some "nameless force" seems to be intelligible to the New Orleans barkeepers.

—Salt Lake papers say that 10,000 miners have left Utah this season to assist in the San Juan excitement.

—The man who makes a mill-dam should make it stout and strong if he never does another stroke of work.

—Bret Harte's new play, "Two Men of Sandy Bar," was produced for the first time on any stage at Chicago July 17th.

—Two San Francisco butchers own 700,000 acres of land and employ 1,000 men. Both these capitalists are Germans.

—There is a report in San Francisco that Frank Pixley has purchased the San Francisco *Post* from Senator Jones, its late owner.

—One of the victims of sunstroke in New York had been cutting under the established price and selling lemonade at two cents per glass.

—The Woodhull weekly paper has suspended. It was a very good paper to make kites of, and the boy with dirt on his nose will miss it.

—Prof. Sidney Colvin thinks there is a deplorable waste of high thoughts and fine writings in the newspapers, but we can't all write for almanacs.

—Wednesday is an unlucky day for railroad engineers. All the worst accidents happen on that day, and the boys dread it as the sailors do Friday.

—The Liars' Club, of Austin, Nev., has adorned its rooms with hatchets and branches of cherry trees. Rather an Austintatious style of decoration.

—Stokes will come out of prison in October by expiration of sentence, and he feels just as if he wouldn't shoot another man for five hundred dollars.

—Any one can get more degrees of heat or cold from a twenty-five cent thermometer than for one costing twenty dollars. Therefore, buy a cheap one.

—It was General Braddock who first discovered that one white man could not whip a dozen Indians. Braddock is dead, but the war office still lives.—*Ex.*

—The desk of a letter-carrier, recently deceased, in the New York Post Office, is draped in mourning, and bears the inscription: "There is rest for the weary."

—An Idaho invalid was ordered by a physician to take three ounces of brandy a day and, knowing that sixteen drams make an ounce, has patiently been taking forty-eight drinks a day ever since.

—The deepest Atlantic soundings ever made were about ninety miles north of the Island of St. Thomas, in 3,875 fathoms, and the pressure was so great that the bulbs of the thermometer broke, though made to stand a pressure of three tons.

—The largest negative ever produced by mean of photography was recently exhibited in San Francisco. It was about three feet long and two feet wide, and the perfected apparatus cost the inventor over $12,000.

—Dom Pedro's departure deprives Americans of the only royal guest it ever had who managed, throughout an extended visit, to escape ridicule. The quiet persistence with which he has minded his own business and insisted upon other people minding theirs is the key to the situation.

—Says a statistician: We have 6,000,000 farmers, 1,200,000 trades people, 2,700,000 mechanics, 2,600,000 professional men, 43,000 clergymen, 40,000 lawyers, 126,822 teachers, 62,000 doctors, 2,000 actors, 5,200 journalists, 1,000,000 laborers, and 75,000 domestic servants.

—A lot has recently been sold near Jauncey Court in Wall Street, at the rate of about $14,000,000 per acre, which is the highest price we have ever known to be paid for a business lot. Some years ago the Jauncey Court property sold at the rate of two and one-seventh million dollars per acre.

—"Can you change this William for me?" said a young man who presented a fifty dollar bill at the counter of the Gloucester (Mass.) National Bank recently. "Yes," said the cashier; "but why do you call it William?" "Oh! I'm not familiar enough with this kind of a thing to call it Bill," was the reply.

—A man came to the Duke of Wellington with a patented article. "What have you to offer?" "A bullet-proof jacket, your grace." "Put it on." The inventor obeyed. The Duke rang a bell. An aide-de-camp presented himself. "Tell the captain of the guards to order one of his men to load with powder and ball!" The inventor disappeared forthwith, and no money was wasted on that invention.

A NEW TOILET KINK.—The newest thing in neck-wear are the campaign neckties. They are white, with the names of the Republican or Democratic Presidential nominees on each end, and are calculated to save a good deal of trouble and time in finding out what a man's political sentiments are. If you wish to know his politics all you have to do is to look at his necktie. It has has been suggested that they be universally worn for the benefit of canvassers in estimating party vote.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE KNIGHTLY CUSTER.

His Military Character and Career—The Greatest Cavalry Leader of His Time.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Times.

Before the tragic death of George A. Custer becomes a tale of yesterday it is due to the memory of one of the most gallant soldiers our army has ever produced that we should reach a fairly just estimate of his character and service. If this communication shall contribute in any degree to such a result I shall be gratified. It was my fortune to serve under General Custer almost continuously from the day he assumed command of a division of Sheridan's famous Cavalry Corps until the close of the war. The regiment which I commanded (the Second Ohio Cavalry) happened to be a peculiarly effective one, owing to the exceptional character of its rank and file, and for this reason it was called on by General Custer, uncomfortably often, to lead an attack and to cover a dangerous retreat. This frequently gave peculiar opportunities to judge on the spot of the correctness of our General's foresight, the effectiveness of his plans of action and his conduct on the field.

It must be remembered that in fighting with cavalry, which was Custer's forte, instantaneous quickness of eye—that is, the lightning-like formation and execution of successive correct judgments on a rapidly-shifting situation—is the first thing, and the second is the power of inspiring the troopers with that impetuous yet intelligent ardor with which a mounted brigade becomes a thunderbolt, and without which it remains a useless mass of horses and riders. These qualities General Custer seemed to me to manifest, throughout the hard fighting of the last year of the war, to a degree that was simply astounding, and in a manner that marked him as one of the few really great cavalry commanders developed by the wars of the present century. Of fear, in the sense of death or bodily harm, he was absolutely destitute; yet his love of life and family and home was keen and constant, leaving no room in his nature for desperation, recklessness or conscious rashness. In handling his division under Sheridan's general oversight, he seemed to act always on the belief that in campaigning with cavalry, when a certain work must be done, audacity is the truest caution, and with hardly an exception, that I recall, this belief, with Custer to illustrate it, proved well grounded, as it did with Sheridan on a larger scale.

In action, when all was going well and success was only a question of a little time or of steady "pounding," General Custer did not unnecessarily expose himself, but until the tide of battle had been turned in the right direction, and especially when disaster threatened, the foremost point in our division's line was almost invariably marked by the presence of Custer, his waving division tri-color and his plucky staff. How he ever escaped alive from the showers of balls and the bursting shell which his standard and his advanced position attracted I never could quite comprehend. Had he fallen at such a time many would have blamed the "rashness" which thus exposed an officer of his rank and command; but he did *not* fall, while the example and inspiration of his presence on the skirmish line turned the scale in many an unrecorded engagement.

* * * * * *

Although in his own command General Custer had the reputation of being always ready to fight, and dead cavalrymen in the Army of the Potomac were no longer a novelty where his victorious regiments marched, yet I think the official records will show that in no instance did his abounding courage lead his command into disaster or serious unnecessary loss. On the other hand the history of his Third Cavalry Division is from beginning to end a record of continuous and brilliant successes—a perfect epic of victorious war. General Custer's judgment in civil affairs was not faultless. The manner of his brief political affiliation with Andrew Johnson was in thoroughly bad taste, but this cannot affect our estimate of his abilities as a soldier, or dim the lustre of his splendid service to his country. He was not a Napoleon. He himself never dreamed of being fitted to do the work that was done by Grant or Sheridan; but, for the command of ten thousand cavalry in the field, with a definite work to do, he probably has had no superior at any time or in any land. The purity of General Custer's life and the soldierly uprightness of his character were not less marked than his military ability and success. If he was pre-eminently a knight without fear, he was equally a knight without reproach.

Shortly after the capitulation at Appomattox, General Sheridan presented to the wife of General Custer the table on which Lee had signed the terms of surrender, and in the accompanying letter used these strong words: "I know of no person more instrumental in bringing about this most desirable event than your own most gallant husband." Custer was Sheridan's right arm, and making all due allowance for the chief's fresh enthusiasm over his lieutenant's then recent exploits, the language of the Lieutenant General has a significance that neither official jealousy nor private malice can hope to impair.

A major-general of wide and splended fame at twenty-five, and now slain at thirty-six, the gallant Custer had already lived long if life be measured by illustrious deeds; and no matter where may be the blame for his cruel slaughter, he will not have died in vain if the sacrifice of himself and his noble comrades shall burn into the consciousness of the nation these truths: First. That our whole Indian policy is fundamentally absurd and a crime against both races; second, that two absolute sovereignties cannot and should not exist in the same territory at the same time; third, that the savage, lawless and tribal population alternately coddled and fought in the midst of this Republic should be at once and effectually subjected to the laws of the land, like other residents, and be promptly compelled either to cease to be savage, lawless and tribal, leave the Republic or cease to exist.

A. B. NETTLETON.

PHILADELPHIA, July 18, 1876.

Davie—"Can ye gi'e a pipe, John?" John—"Ou aye;" (hands him one almost empty.) Davie—"Hae ye ony tobacco?" John—"Yes, yes, lad; I can gie thee that tae," (hands him a "fill.") Davie (after filling)—Hae ye a match, John?" John (to third person standing by)—"Guidness, he has nathing but the jaws!"—*Kilsbury Spectator.*

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

One of the city dentists is put down in the directory as a dealer in molasses. Possibly because he produces sorghum.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

A West Albany man has invented a simple device called the "Hog Bouncer." It is said to be invaluable to the proprietors of free lunch establishments.—*N. Y. Com.*

These are the cholera mixture days, when the unripe watermelon makes it yearly visitation, and seems to forget that a man's stomach isn't a ball-room.—*Brooklyn Argus*

"What kind of a carpet shall we get for the parson's study?" asked a church committee-man of his colleague. "Ax minister," was the comprehensive reply.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Uncle Dan'l Drew never claimed his pension of eight dollars a month as a soldier of the war of 1812. He will need it now, probably. Patriotism generally pays sooner or later.—*Rochester Chronicle.*

—A building in Philadelphia, occupied by thirty-eight lawyers, took fire on the roof the other day from spontaneous combustion. Isn't this a hint for insurance companies to act upon?

Statistics show that thus far in this Centennial year two boys have been born to every girl, and a very fine article of boy in every instance, too. Does this mean another war or merely less talk?—*Rochester Chronicle.*

Did you ever have a ten-pound cobble stone in the heel of your stocking? If you have you can just imagine something of the enjoyment of getting a raspberry seed wedged underneath the plate of your false teeth.—*Whitehall Times.*

Don Carlos, the distinguished fugitive from Spanish justice, has been in Washington the last few days, and he says he can tell this a great and glorious country, from the number of empty bottles lying around.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

The "*Danbury News Man's*" new lecture is entitled "England Through a Back Window." For the sake of the profession we trust it will explain whether he was there after cold victuals or merely to kiss the cook.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

Says the *Courier-Journal*: "Grant's friends are beginning to doubt that it is quite safe to keep him longer in command of their party ship. They have an idea that he has deposited a ten-gallon can of nitro-glycerine in the hold and is throwing bricks at it."

A born chiropodist—The boy who is always at the foot of his class.—*Com. Adv.* By the same rule we suppose a boy who is always at the head of his class is a born barber.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.* Yes, you'll find just such little shavers in every school.—*Com. Adv.*

We saw a mosquito work about ten minutes, yesterday, trying to get his bill through the skin of a man who owes us two years' subscriptions. How we laughed at that demoralized little insect as, with a look of disgust, he folded up his little bill, placed it in his pocket, and went for another victim.—*Whitehall Times.*

French Strategy with Stage Robbers.

When the French were in Mexico the stage robberies in the vicinity of Monterey became almost as frequent as they are getting between here and Kingbury. With the practical common sense for which the French were distinguished when they go about killing people, the French general at Monterey devised a plan which worked like a charm. He picked out a half dozen of his smallest Zouaves and dressed them up as females and put them in the stage. Each unprotected female had a short breech-loading carbine concealed under his petticoats, and they covered their demure faces by veils. Of course the robbers surrounded the stage, and the ladies, with an excess of feminine modesty, climbed out of the vehicle and fell into line with the rest of the passengers, when of a sudden an epidemic broke out among those Mexican patriots, for each lady, on an average, destroyed about three of them, and the rest lost all taste for female society and went away disgusted. The ladies returned to town in high glee, but for a long time the Mexican bandits entertained such a lofty veneration for the gentler sex that an old bonnet or shawl displayed conspicuously in a stage secured its immunity from interruption.

The Fighting Trick

Soon after a benevolent-looking red-headed man had taken a seat in a Monroe avenue saloon yesterday, a little, withered up old man came in and asked him to take something. They both drank, the cigars were called for, and the little man suddenly turned to the other and said:

"For thirty long years I have followed your trail day and night! You broke up my happy family, villain that you are, but now come out here and fight me like a man!"

"I will fight you to death!" was the determined reply, and both rushed into the back yard, talking about bowie-knives, unhonored graves, and so forth. The saloonist ran to the front door, whistled for a policeman, and and then hurried to the back door to protest. He saw a coat-tail going over the fence, realized the situation, and went in and solemnly wiped off his bar with his elbow, while a sad smile lurked around the corners of his mouth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hamlin's Postal Gag Law Beaten by a Detroit Seed Firm.

Under the late postal arrangements the United States and Canada each agree to take charge of the other's mail without extra charge. The postage on third-class matter in Canada is only four cents per lb., while it is sixteen cents per lb. in the United States. Knowing this, a Detroit seed firm recently removed six and a half sacks of their catalogues to Windsor, Ont., and there mailed them to persons in the United States, thereby saving $3.179 by the transaction. Knowing this, the Publishers' Union will no doubt make arrangements to have a great amount of their catalogues, etc., (where a day or two's delay makes no difference), sent to some of the Union's agents in Canada and there mailed to persons in the United States, thereby saving considerable, even after sending them to Canada, and even if they don't make a red, it will be some satisfaction to cuchre Hamlin's postal law in a certain degree.

A BLOW AT THE LOTTERIES.

Congress Prevents them from Using the Mails.

For a long period the managers of lotteries in the States and their agents in this city have used the New York Post Office as a medium of communication with the public. It affords security to swindlers and saves office rent and personal contact with people who buy tickets and lose their money. In consequence of requests, Postmaster James decided to stop the business, and on July 1st issued an order that on and after that date boxes would not be rented to lottery agents, and that all moneys received on account of lotteries would be returned to the senders.

The immediate cause of this action was the many complaints in regard to the "Wyoming Lottery," which has been extensively advertised. People who have purchased tickets claim that there has never been any drawing, and if there has been the prizes have never been made apparent. The manager of the Wyoming Lottery is Mr. J. M. Pattee. He was formerly the manager of the Omaha Temple Lottery, which was known a few years ago as a gigantic fraud. Mr. Pattee sent out ten thousand circulars through the mails. When stopped in New York he shifted to Riverside, N. J. From here, through his brother-in-law, N. S. Reed, he flooded the country with circulars recommending purchasers of tickets to send money by express.

The action of the New York Postmaster stirred up the lottery men to action and they proceeded to Washington and made complaint to the Postmaster General. Instead of sending open circulars they sent letters through the mails, which in a great measure enabled them to continue the business. The Postmaster communicated with the Washington authorities, and Congress took the matter in hand. The result is seen in the following order from the Postmaster General, stopping the lottery business so far as the United States mails are concerned:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Washington, D. C., July 13, 1876.

SIR—The following has been enacted by Congress and approved by the President:—

SECTION 2. That section 3,894 of the Revised Statutes be and is hereby amended by striking out "illegal" in the first line of said section.

The section, as amended, will be read as follows:

SEC. 3,984. That it shall not be lawful to convey by mail, nor to deposit in the Post-Office to be sent by mail, any letters or circulars concerning lotteries, so-called gift concerts, or other similar enterprises offering prizes or concerning schemes devised and intended to deceive and defraud the public for the purpose of obtaining money under false pretenses, and a penalty of not more than $500 nor less than $100 with costs of prosecution, is hereby imposed, upon conviction in any federal court of the violation of this section.

It will be observed that by this amendment letters and circulars relating to all lotteries, without regard to the character of such lotteries, are declared unmailable, and that the depositing of such letters or circulars in the Post Office to be sent by mail is an offence, to be punished upon conviction by a fine of not less than $100 nor more than $500 and the costs of the prosecution.

J. N. TYNER,
Postmaster General.

The lotterries affected by this most materially are the Wyoming and Kentucky State Lottery, the Louisiana State Lottery, the Havana Lottery of the Island of Cuba, and the Kentucky Cash Distribution Company. All of these have done a vast business through the New York Post Office.

Since July 1st the Postmaster has stopped many thousands of letters addressed to the above Wyoming Lottery, containing sums varying from $1 to $20, and is receiving many large sums daily. This of course has been a severe check to the business of what are considered "square" lotteries.—*N. Y. Herald. July 19th.*

Failures for the First Two Quarters of 1876.

The Mercantile Agency of R. G. Dun & Co. have just issued their customary quarterly circular in regard to failures in business in the United States. Their following figures for the past six months give the number of failures and amount of their liabilities:

	Number.	Amount.
First quarter	2,806	$64,000,000
Second quarter	1,894	43,000,000
Total	4,690	$107,000,000

The first quarter shows an increase over the corresponding quarter of 1875 of 824 in the number of failures and $21,000,000 in the amount of liabilities. The second quarter, compared with the second quarter of 1875, shows an increase in the number of failures of 213, and of $10,000,000 in the amount of the liabilities. For the six months of 1876, there is an increase over the first half of 1875 of 1,037 in the number of failures and of $31,000,000 in the amount of liabilities. These figures are certainly discouraging, but the Agency discovers a ray of light in the large decrease in the number of failures and amount of liabilities for the second quarter of this year, as compared with the first quarter. The variation, which is in the right direction, is greater than ever before in the same period and as the liabilities for the quarter just closed are $8,000,000 less than the average liabilities of each quarter in the past eighteen months, the Agency thinks there is some encouragement for the belief, now generally entertained, that we have seen the worst effects of the present depression, so far as casualties of this character are concerned.

Troops for the Frontier.

General Sturgis, commandant at the arsenal, has received orders to send out all the men he can possibly spare to General Terry, on the frontier, and in obedience to this order, Capt. Hale will leave to-morrow evening in charge of 150 men. Capt. Hale will leave to-morrow evening in charge of 150 men. Capt. Hale will turn the men over to an officer of General Terry's command at Fort Lincoln and will return to St. Louis. General Sturgis has not been ordered to the frontier himself, but will remain in St. Louis, a fact that will be gratifying to his many friends in this city. It's reported that Fred Grant has been assigned to the Seventh Cavalry (Gen. Sturgis' regiment) and will be ordered out to fight the Indians. This report is likely true, as the late slaughter of so many officers of that regiment will make promotion rapid.—*St. Louis Times.*

The New North-West

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

TERMS—Payable invariably in advance.

One Year	$6 00
Six Months	3 00
Three Months	1 50

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any one who takes a paper regularly from the Post-office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher will continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take the newspapers or periodicals from the Post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

Papers ordered to any address can be changed to another address at the option of the subscriber.

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

EVANGELICAL CORNER.

Martha Washington wore No. 5's.

Men now fan themselves more than women do.

Kid gloves for "best" are in very delicate tints.

The Marie Stuart shaped bonnets are in vogue.

Mrs. Custer has no husband, father, mother, brother, sister or child.

Four English peers and ten leading commoners are trying to get divorced.

Small side combs are coming into style again. Tortoise ones ornamented with gold balls are the prettiest in vogue.

An old Kentucky lady of eighty-five can thread a needle, which is more than some men of thirty can do—the next morning.

"Banged" hair is still worn, principally because being once cut off, it is all but impoisible to get it back to a convenient length for combing off the forehead.

There's a mining town out West called "Nowhere." That's where a man has always been when his wife let's him in at two o'clock in the morning.

George Washington offered himself to five women before he was accepted. He could lead armies, and govern a nation, but he didn't comprehend the subtle influence of an attenuated sigh.

The "crusade" has shown symptoms of breaking out again in Ohio, two or three of the Cincinnati saloons having been favored with visits from the ladies and requested to permit prayers and singing.

A young lady viewing Dom Pedro in St. Louis the other day, remarked, as she fixed her eyes on the carriage, "It isn't exactly immortality to see an emperor, of course, but it's a glimpse, at least, of King Dom come."

A Porter's Fortune.

The San Francisco *News Letter* says: Dennis McNabb was a porter in a mining company's office on California street. Dennis swept out and dusted things, kept the desk in blotting pads, and in the winter made that fire which is totally unnecessary in our wonderful climate, but which everybody insists upon having about four months in the year just to remind them of the States. Dennis felt very humble and lowly indeed, as his salary was only $10 a week and when the secretary—who got $400 a month for putting his feet on his desk and writing notes from the "Poodle Dog"—scowled and wanted to know where in the bottomless pit the stock report was, Dennis felt very much overpowered and downtrodden indeed. But Dennis had heard of Whittington and Franklin, and John McColloch and other great men, and so he worked patiently on, washing the spittoons, taking around assessment notices, listening at the board-room key holes and biding his time generally. Patience and frugality is it own reward, and one day Dennis heard the President read a telegram from the Superintendent up on the lode. They had struck pay rock at last. That night Dennis drifted around and conferred a while with McCarty, who kept the saloon at the corner. Then he whispered with Hoolihan who had made a few dollars running the hack stand. McNabb had also something to say to O'Flynn, the stevedore, of a confidential nature. The next morning the secretary of the Yellow Cat Gold and Silver Mining Company found McNabb's brogans in front of his ink stand and the spittoon being cleaned by a Mongolian. Before the astonished official could recover his breath a small Fenian procession fil