The New North-West.

VOL. 8, No. 300. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, FEB. 16, 1877. WHOLE No. 398.

The New North-West

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	Card.	1 inch.	2 inches.	3 inches.	4 inches.	6 inches.	12 inches.	24 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	56
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	150
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.
207

A. H. MITCHELL, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
—Office one door north of Postoffice—
DEER LODGE, - - MONTANA.
Prompt attention by night or day to patients in town or country. [216.tf

BANKERS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
DEER LODGE.
W. A. CLARK, President.
R. W. DONNELL, Vice-President.
S. E. LARABEE, 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, Vice President.
E. W. KNIGHT, 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,	50,000.00
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

Cosmopolitan & St. Louis Hotels
CONSOLIDATED.
SCHWAB & ZIMMERMAN, Proprietors.
Having fitted up the elegant fire proof brick building
37 & 39 Main Street, Helena, M. T.
Will open the same on or before September 25, 1876.
We still retain the St. Louis Hotel, using the same for Lodging only, while tables will be spread in the Cosmopolitan.
With this new mode of arrangement we can offer ample accommodation to
All the Traveling Public.
The rooms will be kept first-class in every respect, and tables supplied, as heretofore, with the very best the market affords. In fact it shall be our endeavor to keep consolidated
The Best Hotel in Montana,
and charges reasonable.
Patrons desiring to avail themselves of the comforts of this caravansary will enter at
"THE COSMOPOLITAN."
SCHWAB & ZIMMERMAN, Proprietors.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
Corner Main and Bridge Sts.,
Helena, : Montana.
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.
Table the Best in the City.
Transient rate $2 to $3 per day, according to location of rooms
Rinda & Sklower, Propr's.
283. A. D. HOWE, Clerk.

WARM SPRINGS HOTEL.
Deer Lodge Valley, Montana.
Mrs. L. BELANGER, Manager
Half Way Between Butte and Deer Lodge.
THE FINEST COUNTRY HOTEL IN MONTANA.
Rooms Light and Well Ventilated,
The Cuisine Unsurpassed,
Bath-Rooms Elegant.
—AND ALL—
ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.
TRAVELERS' CAN HAVE MEALS SERVED PROMPTLY AT ANY HOUR.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and assurance given that every effort will be made to give them hospitable and satisfactory entertainment.
MRS. L. BELANGER, MANAGER.

HOTEL DE MINERAL.
BUTTE CITY, : MONTANA
Hauswirth Brothers, Proprietors.
HAVING opened the above Hotel with the only Hotel accommodation for lodgers in Butte, we will be pleased to have the patronage of the public, and endeavor to give satisfaction in accommodation and rates.
THE PATRONAGE OF THE PUBLIC IS SOLICITED.
Reasonable Rates to Regular Boarders.
HAUSWIRTH BROTHERS.
Butte Oct. 20, 1875 y39

POETRY.

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we only willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding
It hatches out all sorts of terrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy, or whether one's poor.
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolve to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bids us forget,
And no longer fearful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.
—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

HER GIFTS.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

From the open window her floating hair
Sent glintings of gold through the sunlit air.
And the sailor, slow drifting out to sea,
As his eyes glanced up, saw its amber glow,
And carried sweet dreams where, with ebb and flow,
The tropic ocean rolls restless and free.

From the open window her eyes looked down
On the dusty road, winding sleep and brown,
And the steel-clad warrior riding by
Caught their sunny glance, and his soul grew g'ad,
And their light was the one great joy he had
To nerve his arm when the fight raged high.

From the open window her little hand,
So dainty and white, 'neath the yellow band
Of gold on her wrist, met the glarce of one
Slowly plodding on to his daily toil,
And its beauty made fair the burning soil,
And shone 'mid the rays of the burning sun.

Through the open window her lover sips
The sweets of love on her fragrant lips,
When the earth grows dim in the shades of night;
And there is no glory in Paradise
Can match the brightness of that which lies
In her eyes, that shine with such tender light.

By the open window, to fame unknown,
Yet reigning a queen on love's high throne,
She sits as the gathering shadows fall;
While three souls dream of her hair's rich gold,
Her eyes so bright, her hand's dainty mold;
And the lover gathers and claims them all.
—*Boston Transcript.*

"A DUTCH PICTURE."

A New Poem by Henry W. Longfellow.

Mr. Longfellow's poem in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, is called "A Dutch Picture," and describes Simon Danz, a bold buccaneer, who, having "singed the beard of the King of Spain," and sold the Dean of Jaen as a slave to an Algerine buyer, has retired from active business as a pirate to enjoy the wealth which he has won

In his house by the Macse, with its roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of unique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare,

In his tulip garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream.
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown
The old sea captain, haleand brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustache lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
[illegible]

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze
To him are towers on the Spanish coast.
With whiskered sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old sea-faring men come in,
Goat bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in color and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of their ventures lost or won,
And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,
Or convent set in flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides
He paces his parlor to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
"Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?
Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.

Vanderbilt's Whist.

The greatest passion with which he was possessed was card-playing. In former years the games were always played at either the Union or Manhattan Clubs, and consisted of only whist, of which he was very fond. Those who have played many games with him state that he was a very adroit and clever player. He had a most remarkable and wonderful memory of the cards after they had been played. He always received a poor play with a frown, and praised a good one. He once had for a partner William Cooke, a railroad man of Bridgeport. He declared that Mr. Cooke made the best play he had ever seen during his long experience in the game. Hearts was trumps, and the Commodore's long suit was spades, all the high cards of which he held, with the exception of the king and a card of smaller denomination, which were held by Mr. Cooke without the Commodore's knowledge. It was the Commodore's lead, the trumps having been exhausted, and he was debating in his mind how to capture or get rid of the king, so as to run out his suit. He at length led the ace, on which his partner played the king, giving the Commodore the control of the suit. If the small card had been played his partner would have had the leading card in the suit, and would have been unable to return the suit afterward. The Commodore often referred to this play, and declared it the finest he had ever seen.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Railroad Train Stopped by Wind.

Accounts of railroad trains being stopped by the snow are not an unusual occurrence, but we now hear of another manner in which the weather interferes with trains, as witness this from the Sioux City *Journal* of the 20th:—"The Sioux City & St. Paul train did not get in yesterday until between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The trouble was not snow. It was wind. Above St. James the train was completely stalled. By double tripping the train was got to St. James, where it was abandoned until morning, when the storm so far abated as to permit a resumption of the journey. Trains going the other way just scooted."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* estimates the total value of the personal property of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, invested in railway and other securities, at $67,673,000. This is a smaller total than the wealth with which the Commodore was generally credited at the time of his decease; but it is probably the largest fortune accumulated in modern times in a life-time by a man who had no foundation left him by his ancestors. The accumulations of the Rothschilds in one year, or in a series of years, far exceed those of the late Commodore Vanderbilt in a corresponding time; but their ancestors began the present century with large sums to their credit, and the present members of the house were born heirs to many millions.

In a late English article on cutting and engraving glass, the following illustrations are given of the wonderful delicacy which has been attained in that industry. In the six hundred and twenty-fifth part of an inch are contained in the best quality of lettering on glass the words, "Lowell & Senter, watchmakers, 60 Exchange street, Portland. Written by Fremont, at Paris, 1852." This is equal to forty-six thousand eight hundred and seventy-five letters in the circle of an inch in diameter. The most powerful magnifying glass reveals only a few apparent scratches, but with a microscope of great power the inscription can be plainly read. The body of an ordinary pin, placed between the inscription and the microscope, completely covered the inscription, the circle in which it is contained being smaller than the head of a pin. But even this has been surpassed, the whole of the Lord's Prayer having been executed within the same minute compass, and this in such a manner as not only to be plainly readable, but to exhibit the artistic skill characterizing its accomplishment.

Now that a train full of passengers have been burned up in Ohio through the use of red-hot stoves in the cars it is discovered that the statutes of that State require railroad companies to heat their cars with apparatus so constructed that the fires in them "will be immediately extinguished whenever the cars are thrown from the track and overturned." No such apparatus has yet been invented, it seems, and no attempt has been made to enforce the law. If it were a question of saving fuel or oil the railroad companies would have appealed long since to the inventive genius of the country; but as it is only a question of protecting human life, no special anxiety is felt. There ought to be no special difficulty in applying the principle of the carbonic acid gas extinguisher so as to set the gas free with same shock that overturns the car; and it ought to be easier still to heat the cars without using stoves at all.

The most gigantic scheme of tunneling ever broached is the project of a Madrid pamphleteer to tunnel the Straits of Gibraltar which it is asserted is even more practicable than the proposed submarine tunnel across the channel between England and France. The submarine portion of the Straits of Gibraltar tunnel would be little more than one-third the distance across the Straits of Dover, but as the maximum depth of the sea is 500 fathoms, and as it is proposed to leave 300 feet of rock between the sea bottom and the tunnel, the tunnel of approach on each side would have to be nearly six miles long in order to make the descent practicable. The cost is estimated at $20,000,000, and it is proposed to use it in connection with the Straits-of-Dover tunnel to make an overland railway through-route to India without break of bulk. If such an enterprise should ever be consummated, and it is quite within the bounds of probability, it would be a stupendous manifestation of man's ability to overcome the material obstacles of nature.

Eugenie.

In reference to the late visit of the ex-Empress of France to the Pope, the Rome correspondent of the New York *World* says:—

I have not seen the Empress of France for twenty years. She was then in the full brilliancy of her beauty, a young wife, a young mother, a young Empress! Through all these intervening years of her grandeur and vicissitudes, I have never lost the memory of her rare beauty. Whenever I have thought of her during the last years, I have pictured her as a quiet, handsome, melancholy widow, dignified and elegant. But no such agreeable personage appeared the other day. She was dressed quietly enough, in a very simple, ugly English black cloth costume. The skirt was extremely short without flounce or any other trimming, except a broad black braid. This costume had a long loose jacket and she wore a simple English hat or felt. Her feet were trim, and she minced about on her toes and high heels. But she was painted red white and black. Her eyes were darkened, and also the eyebrows and eyelashes, and you could see the paint on her lips. Then, upon her head was a reddish-blonde wig. "Why, she wears a peruke!" was the whisper among the hidden observers. There was no mistake about it. You could see the peruke form in the front hair. This false hair was waved over the forehead and arranged in long tresses at the back. Her head looked like a well-made-up barber's block. In her hand she carried a large yellow cane of the style of the coquettish marquise canes of the days of Louis Quatorze. She carried it as a caprice, not as a support; for she played and toyed with it, pointed at the pictures and twirled it about in her hand. I did not go into the mosaic factory when she did, nor into the Pinacothekа; but I was told she went through the mosaics in a few minutes, evidently feeling no interest in the curious work, and paid little attention to Baron Visconti's explanations. She seemed pre-occupied, if one can say so, with nothing; not bored, but certainly not interested, full of *minauderies.*

A North Hill man, who only measures 5 feet 3 inches when he stretches so that his joints crack, has a son who weighs 5 feet 7 when he is feeling slouchy. And it would make any woman's heart ache with sympathy to see that boy's mother sit by the hour with the scissors in one hand and a pair of her husband's trousers in the other, trying to make them over for her son.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—Gen. Banks, it is said, would like to go to France as U. S. Minister.

—Peter Cooper begins the annihilation of his 86th year next month.

—General Miles, the Indian fighter, was, in 1862, clerk in a Boston crockery store.

—Gen. Moltke says that Russia will whip Turkey in the end. Hope it will whip both ends.

—Arnold, the writing-fluid-man, has made a million dollars by it. That's the sort of an ink-come to have.

—A Colorado woman has collected 50 bushels of grasshoppers, and scalded and dried them for winter chicken feed.

—It is now said that General Grant made a judicious investment in California mining stocks and sold out just at the lucky moment.

—Cat's eyes glisten in the night on account of a carpet of glistening fibres, called the tapetum, which lies behind the retina, and is a powerful reflector.

—Several new styles of writing paper have been lately introduced. Some very dark, almost black, to be used with the new white ink lately brought out.

—The sun begins to get up earlier, but it is no man's business to try and be as great as the sun. Another thing, the sun always has a good fire to dress by.

—The Virginia *Enterprise* says: The Sutro tunnel at the measurement on the 25th inst., had a total length to the header of 15,717 feet; made from the 15th to the 22d, 9 feet. Measurements are made on the 1st, 8th, and 15th and 22d of each month.

—A good story is told of a New Hampshire physician, who vaccinated a family of twelve and charged $12. A few days after he took a dozen cabbage plants in part pay as he supposed, but upon final settlement learned, to his surprise, that Mr. Farmer charged doctor's prices—"$1 a head."

—A man went through the bankruptcy court. He had owned a fine horse and gig, and they both disappeared for a time, but by and by the horse and gig were doing service for the same owner again. On being asked what this meant, the man's reply was, "I went through the bankruptcy court, but the horse and gig went around."

—A recent contrivance for the protection of money-safes is a net of telegraph wire spread all over them, in electric communication with a powerful alarm bell. Any attempted to force the safe open, to drill its sides, to cut or remove the networks or to tamper in any way with the apparatus, sounds the alarm.

—A citizen of Sandy Creek, N. Y., recently sent up a paper balloon about three feet in diameter to a height of almost three thousand feet. Inside the balloon was placed an apple, which, on being examined after it descended, was found to be frozen hard. The experimenter is now thinking of sending up another balloon with a cat in it.

—"Men are like hymns," remarked an exchange newspaper. "There are short-metre men, sharp, blunt and hasty; there are long-metre men, slow, weighty and dignified; there are hallelujah-men, mercurial, fervent and inspiring; and there are eights-and-sevens men, gentle, genial and delightful. There are also some 'peculiar metres.'"

—Mr. Moody's Chicago harvest has been reckoned up, and it appears that about 2,500 persons have been converted, 8,000 seriously impressed and hundreds of drunkards been induced to sign the pledge. One can hardly realize that there has been so great a change in the modern Sodom, especially while glancing at the criminal columns of the Sodomite journals.

—Over the tiny grave of the only body—that of an infant—washed ashore at Lydd, near Duggeness, England, from the ill-fated emigrant ship Northfleet, has been placed a slab with the simple inscription "God knows," that having been the touching reply of the parish constable when he was appealed to by the undertaker as to what name should be engraved on the coffin plate.

—Gail Hamilton's experience with free passes has been of the "most short, slender and spasmodic kind," but so far as it has extended it has been one of unalloyed delight. "It has always seemed a waste," she says candidly, "to pay money for going from place to place, because you want all your money to spend when you get there. I have never yet refused a railroad pass, and Heaven helping me, I never will!"

—The *Railroad Gazette* gives tables showing that in 1876 there were 2,442 miles of railroad constructed in this country. Texas and California did about one-third of the building. The year was favorable for railway construction, the price of labor and material being low. The *Gazette* is of the opinion that for awhile profitable railroad building will be confined to short lines for feeders. The country has now a total of 76,640 miles of railway.

How Bank Clerks are Watched.

Every bank and every hotel in the city has its own private detective, who watches all who come and all who go, from the partners and officers to the bell boys and messengers. It is told of the president of a well-known banking institution that now and again he sends for some one of his clerks and holds some such conversation as this:

"Last Tuesday," he will say, "you spent the evening at Jones' billiard soloon, did you not?"

"Yes, sir," will stammer the astonised clerk.

"You took during the evening six rounds of drinks with your three companions, of which you paid for four did you not?"

"Yes, sir," replies the astonished youth.

"Then you went to Mills' and lost $15 at faro, is it so? Don't deny it—I know. I know all about you."

The president will then go on and tell his man where he lives, how he lives, whom he associates with and where he gets his clothes; all this to let him see that he is watched, and to warn him against wrongdoing of any kind.

Without discussing the wisdom of subjecting a man to such a system of surveillance as this, without defending a man who has so little self respect as to submit to it, it must be said that it is very effective in keeping young men in the right path.—*Illustrated Weekly.*

CANCELLING POSTAGE STAMPS.

Some Devices Which the Postoffice Department has Tried.

Every year in something over 30,000 offices the Postoffice Department cancels 1,000,000,000 postal stamps of one sort and another. It was really a little more than this last year—1,049,797,507—but a few thousand more or less makes small difference. The thousand million give work enough. One-third the stamped envelopes and the postal cards cancel themselves, in sense. No one can use them twice. The stamps nobody has yet been able to cancel fairly and completely, and within the past month the department closed two years of experiment no wiser than it began. No one has got past the pad, the stamp and printer's ink with which the department began thirty years ago and which it uses still. Down in one corner of the postoffice building there is a room full of some 400 or 500 fruitless inventions. A new ink is generally the stronghold of canceling genius, and to the fat inks—printer's—and metallic inks—writing fluid — the three principal acids, caustic potash and a drug shop of other chemicals have been added by genius at work on a letter stamp. There is a sulphuric acid there from Cincinnati, warranted to cancel a stamp, and which eats a hole through the envelope into the bargain. There is one of caustic potash, backed by a distinguished chemist, which blisters a man's fingers at touch and has its effects on the glass bottle which holds it. Nitric acid is at the bottom of another ink, and fills the air with fumes familiar to laboratories. All these inks do too much. Most of them do too little. Your average inventor never tests his invention. A shelf-ful of inks—warranted to stand acids—have been washed clean and dry from cancelled stamps with ordinary soap at the washstand in the corner. One such ink a man brought a precious bottle of from St. Louis. Was doubtful about trusting the bottle out of sight, for fear of losing his "secret." saw some stamps cancelled with it in his sight by Mr. Hazen, in charge, and saw the stamps washed clean ten minutes after with soap and water. Of the whole bottled array of inks not one has stood the acids and the alkalis of the Patent Office chemist. Last on the list is his ink; a Smithsonian chemist settled him, and the department still uses printers' ink of the best quality. No one improves on that.

There are other ways to cancel stamps by genuine cancellæ. They have all been invented—a good many separate times. People in small offices have invented hooks to harrow the surface of the stamp. That takes too much time. In a large office a single motion from pad to letter must dispose of stamp and post-mark. Men with a vague idea of this have put together an elastic stamp, which jabs a stamp full of holes. A little steam and a flat-iron smooths that. And there is one ingenious contrivance which brings a disk down with a half turn at the stamping—a slanting slot does the work and rips half the features off G. W. or Franklin. Somewhere along the ten-thousandth letter this dulls and takes a blow like a sledge-hammer to do its work. The New York office cancels 200,000,000 stamps a year and the New York clerk takes more kindly to the firm, light tap of a wooden stamp. No invention has displaced that any more than the ink.

So the department has given over the attempt to cancel. Get three cents for a good many stamps, and carries six or nine cents mail under the stamp. It is not a profitable operation. "Do they have this bother in England?" I asked. "Oh, no; they black their stamps up so thoroughly." "Why can't we?" "Well, our postmasters are not so careful, and in England they make a row with a man if a stamp is not properly cancelled. We can't do that. The Department doesn't have enough control, and can't get at a man so sharply." "Then this whole loss is simply a question of a civil service, efficient or not?" "Well yes; about that."—*N. Y. World.*

Abolishment of the Presidency.

The other evening in Washington a meeting of Reformers was held to agitate the abolishment of the Presidency. The leading spirit in the movememt was Dr. Mary Walker of the bifurcated garments. Her motive for advocating the movement is found in her dislike for the President, and thereby hangs a tale. Dr. Walker has had a claim before every successive Congress since the war for nursing soldiers, and also was accustomed to call frequently at the White House to enlist the sympathies and aid of President Grant. She sent her card in to him day after day, but never could obtain an audience. Finally, becoming discouraged and disgusted, she sent the President a note complaining of his treatment as a servant of her, a sovereign of this great American people. On the reverse of this note, when it was returned to her, was written the following:

Whenever Mrs. Walker will appear at the door of the Executive Chamber in apparel becomming her sex she will be admitted. U. S. GRANT.

Didn't Stand the Test.

A young man read in a paper a few days ago that if you wanted to find out if the woman you had selected for your future spouse had a good temper you ought to take occasion to step on her dress, or snap the sticks of her fan, or in some way annoy or discompose her. "If," said the great authority who presides over the column of advice, "she betrays no sign of ill-temper, she will prove a model wife." Accordingly the young man seized an opportunity when his sweetheart was rigged in her most killing array to step on her trail and pull out about three yards of gathers, with a rid like a peal of thunder, exposing about three-quarters of the frame work that makes her dress stick out behind. But instead of meeting the accident with perfect equanimity, she turned round and jabbed her parasol in his eye, called him a long-haired leper, and asked him why he didn't wear his feet sideways. He expressed himself thankful that he didn't marry the girl before finding out what sort of a temper she had; but the doctor doesn't think his eye will grow out again.

—"My son," said Mr. X., kindly to his youthful heir, "accustom yourself to be polite to the porter, the servant girl, the coachman, to all the servants; thus you will come in time to be courteous to all people, even to your parents."

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

All quiet on the Potomac. It's frozen up.—*Boston Post.*

Said Logan:—"I thought tney'd deal a Jack, but they gave me the deuce.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Evans says that "the differentiation and subordination of parts is the measure of progress." Ever think of that?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

"To Greece we give our shining blades," said the fellow at the boarding-house, plunging his knife into the butter dish.—*Illustrated Weekly.*

The Winona *Republican* wants to call the Parrgraphers' Association "The Jolly Blades." Is that because they are razors of fun?—*Graphic.*

A young man on the Hill came near creating a riot last Thursday by asking a red-headed woman if she carried a thermometer in her bonnet.—*Argus.*

Jersey City has a goat that chews tobacco for a living; and not one of the Odd Fellows' lodges offers to take the poor old thing in.—*N. Y. Herald.*

There is no position in this life more unhealthy than that of being the "oldest Freemason." He is dying pretty much all the time, of late.—*Nor. Herald.*

"The Water We Drink" is denounced at some length in the Baltimore *Gazette.* In many cases it's the Water We Don't Drink that hurts us the most.—*New York Commercial.*

It is affecting beyond measure to hear the newly elected Congressmen, as they come in sight of the Capitol, break out and sing "Sweet, sweet dome."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

We regret to hear that the gentle Tupper is the victim of another catastrophe. A Boston newsboy has called him a "stem-winder," and the good poet can't find it in the dictionary.—*Argus.*

Fifty million pins are made every day in England, and yet in all that country there is not a man who can pin a stiff collar on a stiff neckbank without spelling heaven in four letters.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Some of the scientific papers are again agitating the question, "How far off is the sun?" As long as it is so far away that it calls for five hods of coal a day to run a fire, the question has no particular charm for most men.—*Rockland Courier.*

Surprise is the essence of wit, but some how when a man is climbing down a ladder in an awful hurry and never finds out that one of the rounds is gone until he tries to step on it with both feet, it never seem very funny to him.—*Hawkeye.*

At a party on West Hill the other evening a number of young men presented one of the party who was very obnoxious to them with a large tin jackass, with an appropriate presentation address. But the mean man got the drop on them by accepting it gracefully, saying that he would always keep it, and never part with it, and as often as he looked at it, it could not fail to remind him of the donors. And then somehow or other, it seemed to the young men that the presentation had gone off kind of tame, after all.—*Hawkeye.*

Thursday afternoon a stranger stepped into a Dominick street saloon and remarked, "It is snowing again;" when a man by the stove sprang to his feet and exclaimed: "I am glad of it. I can whip any man who says I am not glad of it. The snow was three feet deep last week and more came; then nobody knew how deep it was. I broke my snow-shovel, Sunday, and I've looked all over town and can't buy another; and my mother-in-law is visiting at my house, and the snow is so deep she can't get home, and I am glad it is snowing. I wish the snow was ten thousand feet deep on my grave.—*Rome Sentinel.*

"What is 'a cold deck' and a 'bob tail flush?'" a young lady, the light of a South hill home, asked the other evening, looking up from a newspaper she was reading. "Why," said her elder brother, "a cold dec—" and it was worth fifteen cents for a student of human nature to note how suddenly he checked himself, and what a variety of conflicting emotions played over his face as he bent over his book and pretended not to perceive the sharp glance of suspicious inquiry which his father shot at him over his spectacles, while the silence was so profound and awful that the other members of the family looked up and gazed around in dumb amazement. An excess of knowledge is oftentimes a burden. What does a man want to make himself a walking encyclopœdia for?—*Hawkeye.*

Josh Billing's Jokes.

A kross word iz a little thing, but it iz what stirs up the elephant.

A kind word is a little thing, but it iz just what soothed the sorrow of the setting hen.

An orange peel on the sidewalk iz a little thing, but haz upset menny a giant.

An oath iz a little thing, but it is rekorded in the great ledger in heaven.

A serpent's fang iz a little thing, but death iz its viktory.

A baby iz a little wee thing, but a constable waz once a baby.

A hornet's sting iz a little thing, but it sends the schoolboy home howling.

A star iz a little thing, but it can hold this grate world in its arms.

The tung iz a little thing, but it fills the universe with trubble.

An egg iz a little thing, but the huge krokerdile kreeps into life out ov it.

A kiss iz a little thing, but it betrayed the Son ov God into the hands ov hiz enemy.

A spark is a little think, but it kan light the poor man's pipe, or set the world to burning.

The akorn is a little thing, but the blak bear and his family live in the oak that springs from it.

A word iz a little thing, yet one word has been many a man's destiny, for good or for evil.

A penny is a very little thing, but the interest on it from the days ov Cain and Able would buy out the globe.

A minute iz a little thing, but iz long enough to pull a dozen aching teeth, or to git married and have yure own mother-in-law.

A lap dog iz a little thing, but he iz a very silly thing desides.

Life is made up ov little things. Life itself iz but a little thing; one breath less, and then comes the phuneral.—*Josh Billings.*

A DOLL'S WEDDING.

How Some Little Folks Amused Themselves in Baltimore.

From the Baltimore American, January 11th.

It is pretty generally admitted that the most interesting of winter parties are those given by the young folks, some of those of last winter having been most memorable occasions. One of a very novel character took place last evening at the residence of Mr. C. C. Fulton, No. 478 Eutaw Place, for which nearly one hundred cards of invitation were sent out, and few of the young folks invited failed to put in an appearance. The cards of invitation were on embossed paper, gilt-edged, neatly printed, and invoked the presence of guests to the following novel entertainment:

Miss Nettie and Elsie Angus requests the pleasure of your company at the marriage reception of their dolls, on Wednesday, January 10, from 7 to 12 p. m.

COL. CHARLIE LONG, COL. WILL GUEST,
EMMA ANGUS, LOTTIE ANGUS,
R. S. V. P. No. 478 Eutaw Place.

The invitation being only to the reception, there was folded inside a tiny ceremony card inscribed, "Ceremony at 6 o'clock." Of course all the guests received the ceremony cards, and the novelty of the affair created quite a pleasurable sensation among the young folks in that section of the city. When the guests were all assembled, filling the spacious parlor with a bright and happy bevy of lads and lassies from 4 years of age to 12, the scene was one of unusual interest. Some of the youthful guests, literally carrying out the idea of the entertainment, sent bridal presents consisting of doll jewelry, tiny fans, card receivers, &c., which were prominently arrayed for the inspection of the guests. The dolls who were to be married were arranged on an elevated dais in front of the bay-window, which was decked with evergreens, flowers and marriage bells. They were concealed from view until the ceremony was about to commence, and great interest was manifested by the young people for a sight of them. When disclosed to view, the bridal party was found to consist of the two brides and the expectant grooms, with the inevitable typical mothers-in-law—two matronly-arrayed figures who were standing to the right and left of the party—"fair, fat and forty," looking their character to the life. The toilet of the bride was very exquisite, Emma being dressed in blue satin, trimmed with lace and flowers, and Lottie in pink satin, similarly trimmed, both wearing wreaths and gossamer veils. Their dresses were trailed in the height of the fashion, and the mimic scene was that of a genuine fashionable wedding. It being customary for the little girls of the present generation to christen their dolls as well as marry them, the two grooms were named respectively Colonel Charlie Long and Colonel Will Guest. They were arrayed in full regimentals, with epaulets, the uniform being that of the Fifth Regiment, perfect in every detail. There were also four bridesmaids on the dais, and an old grandmother, who came to the wedding in a push carriage, with other visiting dolls, who were presented as witnesses of the ceremony.

At 6:30 o'clock music announced that the ceremony was about to commence, when Miss Nettie Angus, who represented the officiating clergyman, arrayed in gown and surplice, came forward with solemn aspect, and read, with fine effect, the service especially prepared for the occason. The officiating clergyman then assisted the grooms to place the rings on the fingers of the blushing brides, and a tiny voice was heard to utter: "With this ring I thee wed and with my pocketbook I thee endow. "Those whom Father Angus has directed to be joined together let no boy or girl put asunder, and I pronounce both couples are husband and wife, to live together like good little men and women; and the brides must not allow their mothers-in-law to discharge the cook and put mischief in their little heads. So be it!"

The ceremony over, the "Wedding March" was struck up and the bridal party and their attendants having been critically examined by the little guests, the balance of the evening was spent in dancing frolicking, and partaking of the bountiful repast spread out for their enjoyment.

Population of the Black Hills.

A correspondent of the Sidney *Telegraph* estimates the population of the different towns in the Black Hills as follows:

Cities.	Population.
Deadwood	2,500
Gayville	1,000
South Bend	500
Washington City	250
Lead City	250
Golden Gate	300
False Bottom	200
Montana City	200
Crook City	400
Spearfish	200
Custer City	500
Eldorado	100
Rapid City	150
Total	6,550

From reliable sources it is estimated that an emigration of at least 20,000 persons will take place the coming season, so that at the end of 1877 the Black Hills will have a population of 20,000 to 40,000 inhabitants. With this population it is expected that a large amount of capital will be brought in, and an increased and highly prosperous business insured.

Driving Horses by Electricity.

The French papers tell us of a wonderful invention, which will enable the feeblest among us to "witch the world with noble coachmanship." The horse of the future is not to be driven by ordinary reins, but by electricity combined with them. The coachman is to have under his seat an electro-magnetic apparatus, which he works by a little handle. One wire is carried through the rein to the bit and another to the crupper, so that a current once set up goes the entire length of the animal along the spine.

A sudden shock will, we are gravely assured, stop the most violent runaway or the most obstinate jibber. The creature, however strong and however vicious, is "at once transformed into a sort of inoffensive horse of wood, with the feet firmly nailed to the ground." Curiously enough, the opposite effect may be produced by a succession of small shocks. Under the influence of these the veriest screw can be suddenly endowed with a vigor and fire indescribably, and even the Rosinante of Don Quixote would gallop like a Derby.—*N. Y. News.*

The New North-West

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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 facia* evidence of intentional fraud.

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

EVE-ANGELICAL CORNER.

Cardinal red is losing its grip.

New and elegant fans have amber sticks.

Smyrna lace is used for bonnet strings.

Cashmere stockings are soft and warm.

Ball dresses are all made to lace in the back.

Patent hair dyes are no longer in demand.

Long-armed ladies should wear deep cuffs.

The hair is no longer fashionable worn powdered.

Vails with gilt dots some distance apart are fashionable.

The latest sleeve button doesn't require any button holes.

Old-fashioned linked sleeve buttons are in vogue again.

In Paris "banged hair," except for children, is out of style.

A necklace of white moss rose buds is unique for a dress party.

Ladies with dark hair wear it perfectly plain and smooth in front.

A diamond feather for the hair, at Tiffany's, is offered at $15,000.

Black felt and velvet hats are enlivened with trimmings of satin ribbon.

Olive Harper, the female correspondent and lecturer, is lame and uses crutches.

Small leather work-baskets are made which, when folded, look like tiny umbrellas.

The driest hair is said to be kept glossy if it receives fifty strokes from the brush every night.

The latest in belt buckles is the Elizabethan style, of Russia leather, mounted in gold and silver.

"Montague curls" is the name given to the hair scattered about over the forehead in little half moons.

Victoria Melita is the pretty name that has been chosen for