

The New North-West
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Per Annum \$10.00
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VOL. 8, No. 38. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, MARCH 23, 1877. WHOLE No. 403.

THE DEAD ADMIRALS.

A Brief History of the Lives of the Illustrations Six Who are Now No More.
From the Springfield Republican.
The death of six admirals of the United States navy since the opening of 1877 is quite remarkable, although these warriors of the sea go down in such fullness of honors and of years as to make the coincidence happy rather than ominous. Their average age was 73, and their careers exemplify all the glories of our navy and none of its disgraces. All of these men were active during our last war, when they were already old men. While the fighting and the honors of the land fell into the hands of the young men, on the sea the old sals were the main reliance and stood up to the work well. Farragut was sixty-three when he hung in the rigging of the Hartford during the battle of Mobile Bay. Alden was a native of Portland, a comrade of Wilkes in the Spanish war, and constantly in active service during the rebellion, being the youngest of the six, only 67. Bailey was born at Plattsburgh, and was a boy of eleven years when Commodore McDonough won his spunky fight with the British cruisers on Lake Champlain in 1814. He captured 150 blockade-runners, it is said, during the last war. Davis was of Boston, a writer of naval mathematics, and the captor of Memphis in 1862. Louis Goldsborough (his middle name, Malesherbis, smacks of events contemporary with his birth) was in the service probably the longest of any, entering as a midship in 1812, when only seven years of age, perhaps by favor of his father, who was Governor of Maryland. He was in a fight with Greek pirates fifty years ago, and was with Burnside at Roanoke. He married a daughter of Wilkes, and one of the aides of his life, was an attempt to colonize Florida with German emigrants. Smith was Kentucky born, and was at the barrier forts in China in 1856, and on the Congress when she was sunk by the Merrimac in Hampton Roads. He was McClellan's adjutant on the melancholy peninsula of Yorktown—who forgets it? Wilkes was, in some respects, the most celebrated of them all. He was born in New York, and was a nephew of John Wilkes, the English Radical of the last century. He had a name before the war of the rebellion broke out, his Antarctic exploration in 1839-42, and his contribution to literature having given him a world wide fame. His taking of Mason and Silldell from the British mail steamer Trent, in 1861, was a splendid feat, which won the applause of the country, and, necessarily, the formal disavowal of the Government. It broke the force of Mason and Silldell's mission, however, for England could not participate in an intrigue against us in view of our honorable conduct in that case.

NEW NO-WEATHERS.

—Oil of cinnamon will remove warts.
—American silk is hurting French factories.
—A lazy man writes "fortunately" 42-ably.
—Lemons are said to be a cure for consumption.
—No honest work, however humble, can disgrace an honest man.
—There are 13 miles of shelving for books in the British Museum.
—The Central Park menagerie costs New York about \$1,000 a month.
—The Scientific American says there is nothing in the blue glass cure.
—Even in Europe American and Swiss watches now enter into serious competition.
—Vermont has already made enough maple sugar to sweeten the summer's breath.
—The Graphic pictures the physician of the future with a big box on his back, crying "glass put in?"
—The play-bill which Lincoln had in his hand when he was shot brought \$4.19 in auction in New York the other day.
—The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry; the water of life, faith.
—Life insurance companies should be allowed to rest until the sound ones stand out like a well-curb in a frosty moonlight night.
—The number of passengers annually transported by the New York city railroads is reported to be a little over 167,000,000.
—The Workingman, a newspaper published at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., was the other day, sold for the remarkable sum of \$8, at sheriff sale.
—The Iron Age says that paper cars wheels have run over 300,000 miles, and promise to last one or two thousand more without a new set of tires.
—Moody's popularity at the Hub is waning. In a moment of unguarded enthusiasm, he blurted it out that Heaven was a more desirable place than Boston.
—The Illinois Legislature is considering a proposition to make the publication of any offer to procure divorces with or without publicity a penal offense. Should the bill pass it will thin out the legal profession in the State surprisingly.
—Mr. Gumbo, who was the greatest dunder-bagger fought in the United States? "Dunno; wasn't Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton?" Pompey (scratching his head hesitatingly)—"Well—'rhaps—that May-Bennett!"
—A Turk holding a considerable position in the State will take a handful of boiled rice from the common dish and, after having squeezed all the water out by working it well in his hand, will put the lump into the mouth of a guest as a mark of peculiar favor.
—Another new design of postal card is to be issued by the Post Office Department. Many people, it is said, still persist in writing the message, address and signature on the same side with the stamp, and it is to be the object of the new design to make it impossible to write more than the address on the proper side.
—Peter Bayne, the writer of the Hugh Miller school, is to be consulting editor under the new regime of the Contemporary Review. Mr. Bayne says that it is no more necessary for a magazine to be written together by stars than it is for a play to be represented altogether by stars. He says of the editor—"His menagerie should not be all lions."
—It appears that neither Mr. Hayes nor Mr. Tilden sat up to get the news of the completion of the electoral count. The former went to bed in a sleeping car on the Pennsylvania railroad just after leaving Altoona, and gave orders that he should not be waked till morning. The latter went to bed early, at his own house giving the same directions.
—Child's Bank, by Temple Bar, which will be recalled as the Bank (Tilden's) included to add description to his name in all its old missives in Dickens' Tale of Two Cities, "has received formal notice from the municipal authorities to surrender the upper chambers of Temple Bar by mid-morning's day. What a dislodging of dusty ledgers recording the details of the banking accounts of Nell Gwynne, Prince Rupert, Charles II., James II., and other Restoration nobilities will take place!
—Boston is experimenting with a novelty in the way of street lighting which is said to be one-third cheaper than coal gas. The apparatus is a cylindrical tank filled with a prepared fluid, in which coal oil plays an important part. The tank is placed outside the street lantern, near the top, and the fluid is fed through a tube to a gas burner inside the lantern, being converted into gas by a chemical process during its passage. The light is said to be as brilliant as that from the best coal gas. The system has been tried in several of the smaller towns in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Maine, and is pronounced a success.
—Ages of Prominent Men.
Rutherford D. Hayes will be 55 years old Oct. 4, 1877.
William A. Wheeler is now in his 57th year.
Samuel J. Tilden is in his 64th year.
Thomas A. Hendricks will be 58 Sept. 17, 1877.
Ulysses S. Grant will be 55 on April 27, 1877.
Thomas W. Ferry, ex-President pro tem of the American Senate, will be 50 on June 18, 1877.
Simon Cameron will be 78 on March 8th, 1877.
Hamilton Fish will be 69 on August 3d, 1877.
William M. Evarts is 50 this month, February, 1877.
Oliver Perry Morton will be 51 August 4, 1877.
George F. Edmunds was 49 February 14, 1877.
Frederick T. Frelinghuysen will be 60 August 4, 1877.
Allen G. Thurman will be 64 November 13, 1877.
Thomas F. Bayard will be 40 next October.

MARVELS OF THE TELEPHONE.

Music Sent Over the Wire from Chicago to Milwaukee.
Professor E. P. Gray delivered his practical and illustrated lecture on this new and important power in the realm of electricity, "the telephone," in McCormick Hall last evening. He was greeted by a large and highly intelligent audience. Among the distinguished citizens who accompanied the Professor to the platform were noticed Judge Stanton, Judge Booth, Henry Greenbaum, and Perry H. Smith. The apparatus, as visible to the audience, consisted of fifteen boxes, growing small from the flanks to the centre, on the principle of a company of soldiers, traversed by wires and furnished with keys, and four tables, on which the usual telegraphic accommodations were placed. Another wire was strung across the hall, some twenty feet from the platform, extending from gallery to gallery, and in the middle of this was placed a violin, uncoiled, which acted as a sound box, and faithfully echoed every tone transmitted by the chief machine, which was controlled by the Professor, who had the power of switching off the sounds whenever he felt inclined to do so. A telegraph operator sat at one of the tables and communicated with Milwaukee in a truly able and energetic manner. Judge Cato introduced the lecturer and made many complimentary remarks in reference to him and to the wonderful discovery of which he was the author. The Judge gave some history of the rise and progress of telegraphy, and said that the telephone was the crowning triumph of electrical science. He was highly pleased to see an audience so numerous, and in appearance so intellectual, present on the occasion. He was doubly proud that Professor Gray was a Chicagoan. (Loud applause.) Professor Gray then came forward and was received with enthusiasm. He is a man somewhat above the medium height, under forty-five years of age, with a thoroughly American-Caucasian countenance, clear cut, thin visaged and sharply intellectual in expression. He conveyed the impression of a man of thought and action rather than of a man of fine sentiments. His manner of speaking is frank and unpretentious, and thoroughly devoid of that florid which goes under the general head of "oratory." He commenced by saying that his new fangled title of professor was a fiction, as he had never occupied the chair of a professor in any college and was simply a student. However, the title had been granted upon him for fifteen years, and he had to accept the honor because he could not help himself. (Laughter.) The Professor then entered into a scientific analysis of acoustics and electricity, showing how lightning can transmit around a wire of smooth, soft iron a succession of sounds on the principle of intense vibration, and thus make it possible to distinctly hear melodies played at the great distance of eighty-five miles, in the city of Milwaukee, which is ungrateful in Beecher. The audience must not expect too much at the outset, as the apparatus was not yet fully developed, but was sufficiently advanced to convey simple melodies, which would show to what perfection it can attain. He desired the operator to communicate with Milwaukee and ask the organist there if he was ready. An answer in the affirmative soon came, and immediately the boxes around a warning note, followed by something that sounded like a cavalry trumpet at reveille. Then came loudly and distinctly on the ear the well known air "When other lips and other hearts," which was greeted with successive sounds of applause. "The Last Rose of Summer" followed, the mysterious violin repeating the numbers; but the sense of enthusiasm was reached when Milwaukee sent "Yankee Doodle" dancing over the wires. The old fashioned numbers were recalled, and the kite and American inventive genius from first to last, from the telegraphic instrument to the telephone, with the force of national pride. One more waltz was added to the many which have crowned American genius since the birth of the Republic.
"Does any one in the audience desire a particular tune?" asked Prof. Gray.
"Hold the Park," shouted an ardent admirer of Sankey.
The telephone tried the melody, but with no degree of success.
"The range is too short for the instrument," said the Professor.
"Guess they don't know the air in Milwaukee," said some one in the hall, and there was a roar of cachinnation at the expense of Lagerville.
"Try something else," suggested the Professor.
It was tried, and the sweet, simple notes of "Way Down upon the Suwanee River" came floating in fairy accents through the atmosphere. This was the signal for more cheering. Professor Gray then went into an explanation of sound, illustrating with a pair of tuning forks perfectly in accord. He sounded one and then silenced it, and the other, which he had not touched at all, continued the sound, moved by harmonic sympathy. Many interesting experiments of a similar nature were made, all resulting successfully and each arousing the audience to a still higher pitch of elation. This was an American prodigy, of which Chicago is the cradle. Milwaukee was again appealed to, and sent "The Sweet By and By," which was followed by "The Telephone Waltz." As the hour was growing late, Professor Gray addressed a few words of thanks to his hearers and dismissed them with "Home, Sweet Home."

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

George Sand is to have a statue. Now, the idea of building a statue of sand.—Free Press.
He that lives in a blue glass house should not throw stones at General Pleasanton.—Wash. Nation.
If there is anything funny under the sun it is a very thin, little man in a very long ulster.—Yonkers Gazette.
Farragut was lashed to the mast and a shoe peg is mashed to the last. Singular coincidence.—Wor. Press.
"That point is not well taken," as the country schoolmaster observed when he sat down on a pin.—New York Commercial Advertiser.
Herodias was not a Fenian; and yet, suggests the Burlington Hawkeye, she was pleased with the head sent her.—Norristown Herald.
Wackee Miller has written a poem, "Love me, love, but breathe it mild." That is "Love me, love, but draw it mild."—Hawkeye.
The little girls have commenced their annual season of rope jumping and the prevailing style of coffin for children are those covered with white satin.—Chicago Journal.
A blue glass chimney on the parlor lamp will bring a young man up to the point of proposing to a cross-eyed maiden with store teeth, in three Sunday evenings.—Sentinel.
"The old maid, God bless them!" exclaims the Troy Times. We most heartily second the motion; but see here! I don't yet forget the young ones.—Rochester Democrat.
Stanley, the explorer, hasn't been heard from for five months, but there is every reason to believe that he is carrying out his humane policy of killing only every fifth native.—Free Press.
"Jones, do you own this property?" "Yes. That is, no. Or, rather, my wife owns it, and her mother lives with us; and the poor man groaned as he frantically bit off a chunk of navy.—Reynold's Herald.
"Two-thirds of the members of Congress," says a Washington paper, "are suffering with severe colds." Here is a chance for the doctors to make a raid on the national coughers.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.
A German has invented a machine for turning music leaves for piano players, which, says an exchange, will do away with the ornamental young men. If some other German would invent a machine for playing the piano, it would do away with the ornamental young ladies.—Bridges South's Herald.
Mr. Beecher has been very much impressed with Chicago, and thinks "to be born in Boston and do business in Chicago leaves little to the imagination for the other world." This is a disparagement of Brooklyn, which is ungrateful in Beecher. Whomver you have been, as a business in Brooklyn is to leave nothing whatever to the imagination for the other world.—Free Press.
Robert J. Barlette, the Burlington Hawkeye man, writes to this deponent: "I do wish you could hear my great lecture. People who have heard it are so overcome that they do not speak to me when we meet. But, never mind, I am going to have it stuffed so that it will keep, and will show it to you sometime." He is still out on the gory lecture path taking scalps.—N. Y. Graphic.
A Case of Hereditary Baldness in an Entire Family.
The Dubuque Telegraph tells the following: Over a Harrison township, Grant county, Wisconsin, a few miles from Platteville, reside a family who have been singularly afflicted, and whose story, so far as we have been able to learn, has never been given to the public. Some twenty years ago Wm. Steinhoff, with a young wife came from Germany and settled near Platteville.
A year or two afterward a son was born to them, but much to their sorrow the child was perfectly bald. Months passed away but the boy's head remained without a vestige of hair. The parents feared that their child would continue bald and were much grieved at the thought.
Finally they wrote friends in Germany, narrating the singular circumstance. An answer was returned, stating that several of the ancestors of one of the parents had been afflicted in a similar manner, but that their hair had grown out before they reached maturity.
This gave the parents some hope that their child's baldness would not be permanent. Since then eleven children have been born to them, ten of whom are still living. They now have eleven children, five of whom, three girls and two boys, are perfectly bald. The oldest is now a grown man, and his singular affliction is a great annoyance to him.
The Painless Death.
In a recent holiday lecture at the Royal Institution, Prof. Tyndall, speaking of the painless death by electricity, remarked that Franklin was twice struck senseless by the shock. He afterward sent the discharge of two large jars through six rotund men, who fell to the ground and got up again without knowing what had happened, neither hearing nor feeling the discharge; and Priestley, too, who made many valuable contributions to electricity, received the charge of two jars, but did not find it painful. Prof. Tyndall said this experience agreed with his own, that in the theater of the Royal Institution, and in the presence of an audience, he once received the discharge of a battery of fifteen Leyden cells. Unlike Franklin's six men, he did not fall, but like them, he felt nothing, and was simply extinguished for a sensible interval. This may be regarded as an experimental proof that people killed by lightning suffer no pain. Now the measured velocity of electricity is many thousand times greater than the measured velocity of sensation in the nerves. Hence the electrical connection reaches the centers of life without any possible announcement by the eyes or ear or sense of feeling. There is abundant evidence that death by a rifle ball involving the brain is for the same reason a painless death without consciousness or pain. A rifle ball, however, is a tortoise compared with the electric flash.

LIFE IN THE BLACK HILLS.

A Comstocker's Description of Scenes at Deadwood.
"Many saloons there? Saloons all over the place and whisky four bits a drink. They put two barrels on end, nail a board across for a bar, and deal it out. A miner who wants to treat pours some gold dust on the barrel head and says, 'Set 'em up.' They never weigh the dust, but they never say a word, and if he's a little tight and pours out ten or fifteen dollars' worth they never mention it. They have three faro banks running all the while. They don't use checks for the boys; when they won a pile of checks they throw 'em all over the place, and some were too drunk to handle 'em. So the checks got played out. Now a man puts a little gold dust in a dollar greenback and it goes for two dollars. Ten dollars' worth of dust in a ten-dollar greenback goes for twenty dollars, and so on. They never weigh dust at all, but guess the amount." "Have you a daily paper?" "Yes, sometimes it's daily, and then when the compositors get drunk it don't come out for several days. If a man wants gun-wadding he goes and pays four bits for a paper. Whenever they start a new city government they print a lot of ordinances; then there's a grand rush for the paper. Sometimes it comes out twice a week and sometimes twice a day. "Much shooting?" "Oh, yes; the boys are all on the shoot. Every man carries about fourteen pounds of fire arms hitched to his belt, and they never pass any words. The fellow that gets his gun out first is the best man, and they lug off the other fellow's body. Our graveyard is a big institution, and a growing one. Sometimes, however, the place is right quiet. I've known times when a man wasn't killed for twenty-four hours. Then again, perhaps, they'd lay out five or six a day. When a man gets too handy with his shooting irons, and kills five or six, they think he isn't safe, and pop him over to rid the place of him. They don't kill him for what he has done, but what he's liable to do. I suppose that the average deaths amount to about one hundred a month; but the Indians kill some."—Virginia Enterprise.
Mrs. Norton, the Novelist, Marries.
LIVERPOOL, March 2.—A dispatch to the Courier from London says the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the poetess and novelist, was married yesterday to Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart., member of Parliament for Perthshire. The ceremony was performed at the bride's residence. The bride's age is 70 years, and she is confined to her chair with chronic rheumatism. Sir William Maxwell is 59 years of age. The guests included the Duchess of Montrose, Lord and Lady Leverham, Lady Poltmore, Lady Thynne, the Hon. Carlotta Norton, the Hon. Richard Norton, R. Brinsley Sheridan and Mrs. Sheridan.
The marriage of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, which is regarded as one of the most extraordinary social events of the day, the fair bride must have nearly, if not quite, reached the age of three score years and ten, and the cable dispatch informs us that she is afflicted with chronic rheumatism, which confines her to her chair. The bridegroom, Sir William Stirling Maxwell—who is better known to the world by his father's name of Stirling, having assumed the name of Maxwell, with the baronetcy, since "The Cloister Life of Charles V." made his literary reputation—is himself no chicken; but he is ten years younger than his bride, who was a noted woman of society while he was at school, and that is a long while ago. The Sheridans have been a brilliant family through many generations, and Richard Brinsley himself was scarcely more famous than were his son Thomas Sheridan's three beautiful daughters, celebrated in the albums of the day as "The Three Graces." One them became the Duchess of Somerset, the second Lady Dufferin, the author of "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," and the mother of the present Governor General of Canada, and the third, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah, who published poems at the age of twelve, was married at nineteen to the Hon. Geo. Chapple Norton, Recorder of Guildford, the younger brother of Lord Granville. They were separated after eight or nine years, and the scandal about them lasted for a long time, though whatever of it is rightly attached to Mrs. Norton appears to have long since been buried. Norton died a couple of years ago, and it is to be hoped that his widow's second matrimonial experiment, though long deferred, may prove a happier one. It is a little difficult for those of us who have heard our grandmothers sing "Bingen on the Rhine" long years ago to think of the author of that ancient song putting on orange blossoms at this late day.
The Old Bachelor's Letter Etc.
Let us glance at the latter scene. Even he has his day. When people find that he will not marry, and that he is getting on in years, they gradually "drop him." He ceases to be asked to parties, and haughty beauties turn up their noses when he supplicates for their favor. He may not lose caste at the same time that the bloom of youth is robbed from him, but when he begins to enter upon the regions of the grey and yellow leaf his fatterers drop away. He sees younger trials upon his back, and has to make room for them. The old trial that rendered life dear to him snap, one by one, and none form to take their place. Not being engaged in any work of usefulness, he has to fly to his club for companionship, and he has no difficulty in discovering that the "friends" whom he makes there do not care a straw about him. People feel that he is in some respects, a social failure, and they feel, further, that it is his own fault. They laugh at him because he is vain and selfish and continues to hanker after admiration; they hold his little follies up to ridicule; they use him when they wish to, and forsake him when it suits them. Forgive me, there is no man more hopelessly alone in the world than the old bachelor who has outlived the pleasures of youth and turned fifty.
The Chicago baby-show was not an utter failure. It succeeded in making seven hundred mothers mad at all mankind.
The prefix "Miss" should always be used on an unmarried lady's visiting cards. If she is an only daughter, the Christian name should be omitted.

CAMILLE.

The Last of Matilda Heron on the Stage of Life.
New York, March 8.—The World has these details of the death of Matilda Heron: She lay wrapped in an old shawl which for years she had carried with her wherever she went and which she valued because her brother died wrapped in it. When an attendant attempted to remove it in order to arrange her bed, the dying woman said don't take it away; I want to die in it; my brother died in it, you know. Yesterday afternoon she told Bijou she had given up all for her. She made her peace with heaven and now she wanted to die. Towards the last she fell into a doze, and on waking said in a low tone, "Poor Billy never did any harm to any one. These were about her last words. Her daughter, Bijou, was allowed to kiss the death face and then vacated the room. She was pale and quiet, moving as if mechanically, and murmuring, "poor mamma."
She had been afflicted a long time with internal disease, which caused her great suffering, and for the past three months confined her to her bed. Her eccentric disposition prevented her at first from consenting to consult physicians, and by neglect, her disease made rapid strides until it became well nigh incurable. About a month ago she was prevailed upon to consult a physician, who recommended a surgical operation which was successfully performed, and the patient had a fair prospect of recovery, but she neglected to diet herself as advised, and last Monday she died her longings and removed to the house where she died. The excellent and faithful efforts of moving out aggravating the case. Her domestic life was unhappy. All the money she made by Camille was spent. Her marriage with Stachel, and her latter days would have been spent in actual poverty but for the salary which her daughter earned on the stage.
Rubber Boots.
The gum used is imported directly from Africa, South America and Central America, that from Central America being the best, while the Africa gum is the poorest. The raw gum, which is nearly white, is ground several times between immense fluted iron rollers, after which it passes through the composition room, which process is secret, but when it comes out the gum has the black appearance of common rubber. The next process is that of passing the rubber between chilled iron cylinders of many tons weight, which are kept very hot and very smooth. A part of the rubber intended for uppers, is here spread out and fastened to long sheets of cloth. The heels and taps are stamped out of sheets of the rubber of the required thickness. The rubber cloth is now carried to the cutters' room, where it is cut out and sent to the boot makers. The boots are made by men, the shoes or ordinary rubbers by girls, while the overshoes are made by either. One man will make twelve or fourteen pairs of boots in a day, and get 20 cents a pair. An active girl will make from 25 to 30 pairs of rubbers. After the bootmaker is through they are placed in an oven, where for 12 hours they are subjected to a temperature of 230 degrees. They are then ready to box and ship. In one factory about four thousand pairs of boots, rubbers, and overshoes are turned out daily.
Initiating a Britisher.
In an article on the divorce of Miss Neilson, the actress, from her husband, Philip Lee, the N. Y. World tells this amusing story of the defendant:
Lee arrived here a Britisher of the most ultra type; he knew little or nothing of America, and was ready to receive impressions. He was acquainted with Sothorn, and Sothorn was ready to give him impressions. As soon as he arrived, all manner of stories concerning the customs of the country were poured into his astonished ears, and shortly after Sothorn invited him to dinner where he should meet "some of America's most distinguished men." Sothorn presided, next to him sat Lee, and on the other side sat W. J. Florence. There was present also Dan Bryant, who was introduced as "Mr. Bryant, the poet;" Nelson Seymour, who passed for Mr. Whitaker, and a number of others, equally notable as authors and poets. Mr. Sothorn's designs of their host—designs which were faithfully executed. In the middle of dinner Florence reached out to take Sothorn's salt-cellar. Sothorn instantly pulled a six-shooter and, pointing it at Florence, ordered him "to put that salt-cellar back." Florence, with an oath, drew a bowie-knife and jumped up. "Then the gas went out, four or five pistol shots were fired, the party broke up, and Lee was found by the waiters—under the table unharmed, but ready to return to England forthwith.
Colonel Sellers and His Wife.
The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes of John T. Raymond and his wife: "Mrs. Raymond is a Georgian by birth, and a Catholic. She is the daughter of an old artillery officer, who resigned and went South, where he distinguished himself, and for the 'Lost Cause' gave his life. Her brother and two cousins graduated at West Point, and carried away by the fever of the hour followed uncle and father, and were left on the battle-field. She is a most fascinating and highly cultivated woman, very handsome on the stage, but much more charming and elegant in the drawing-room. She possesses, in an eminent degree, that sweet, serene, graceful languor and genial courtesy, so characteristic of the Southern women. She is a great favorite in New York society and in dramatic circles, and devoted to her husband, of whose success she is justly proud. Raymond himself is just as much Sellers in many of his ways off as on the stage. He has a slight, boyish figure and a youthful, unbecoming face; is a most agreeable addition to any social circle so fortunate to welcome him as guest; is to his wife of good instincts the best; surrounds her with every luxury money can buy and shields her from every enemy against which loving kindness can guard."
The prefix "Miss" should always be used on an unmarried lady's visiting cards. If she is an only daughter, the Christian name should be omitted.

EYE-ANGELICAL CORNER.

Voils of very fine black net are worn.
Trimmings of braid are giving place to plush and chenille.
Chenille cords and bands are used for bonnet trimmings.
Black lace net spotted with gold dots is a fashionable veiling.
Paris fashion journals state that cardinal red is out of fashion.
Pretty bonnets have soft crowns of velvet, and stiff brims faced with plush.
Black cashmere has taken the place of alpaca for use as morning walking dresses.
The Philadelphia Bulletin calls Patti's separation a dissolution of Caux partnership.
A San Francisco bride made her bridal trip upon a vessel on which she was born twenty years ago.
New York Commercial Advertiser.—Isadora Ouida Upton is the rather fanciful name of a little girl in Alabama. Her initials being I. O. U., it's presumable she's a child of promise.
THE GALLOWES.
Execution of the Murderer of "Wild Bill" at Yankton, Dakota.
YANKTON, March 1.—At a quarter past 10 o'clock this forenoon John McCall was executed under direction of a United States Marshal for the murder of John R. Hitchcock (Wild Bill) in the town of Hills the 2d of August last. McCall was a young man of about 25 years. He behaved throughout with the utmost coolness and nerve. He was attended during the last few days by a Catholic priest, and while not denying his crime appeared to regard his sentence as just, and evidently endeavored to go prepared to enter the next world in a proper spirit. It is ascertained that John McCall is his true name, and that he has a father, mother, and three sisters residing in Louisville. To one of the latter he wrote a very feeling letter last night, in which he seemed fully reconciled to his fate. Great credit is due to the United States Marshal for the careful preparations made and the manner in which his unpleasant duty was performed.
Railroad from Denver to Salt Lake.
The Colorado Pacific Railway Company have filed articles of incorporation in the office of the Secretary of State. It is the object to construct a railroad from Denver to Salt Lake, and if names amount to anything, they have those in the list that will go far towards rendering the road a certainty. Capital stock, \$100,000, divided into 100,000 shares of \$100 each. The principal place of business in this State will be in Denver; at which place most of the business will be transacted. Salt Lake City will be the seat of business in Utah Territory.
Mr. Hughes, one of the incorporators, assures us that the company has been organized with the positive intention of building the road. He has long had the project in view, has indeed been agitating it for several years. Eastern capitalists have already had their attention directed toward the line, and they will certainly gladly put their capital into it. He says the survey will be begun early this spring, and thinks the day not far distant when the locomotives will be steaming across the country between Denver and the Pac. West.
It is the opinion of Mr. Hughes that the route will be generally along or near the line of the wagon road opened by him in the year 1855 from Springfield, Utah, to Denver. He has no doubt that a railway can be built from Denver over any of several different routes to the mouth of White river, to a point opposite the mouth of the Uintah river, and thence up the Uintah and its branches to Strawberry valley, and thence across the main range of the Wasatch mountains to the waters of Hobbie creek, and thence to Springfield by an easy grade. Springfield is five miles south of Provo City and 53 miles south of Salt Lake City. He says that the White and Uintah river country exhibits large beds of the best iron, pronounced by Professor Denton of Boston to be equal to the coal of New Brunswick.
Mr. Hughes favors the route hence via Berthold Pass to Hot Sulphur Springs, thence across to White river, and down the same through the vast coal beds of that stream.—Denver Tribune.
SALES OF WAR MATERIAL.—We read that both Russia and Turkey have for some time past been sending large orders for small arms and cartridges to the United States. A supply of Colt's rifle machinery had been sent to Russia, and is turning out large numbers of rifles for the Russian army. The number already manufactured in Russia by machinery purchased by Geo. Gorloff from Colt's Rifle Company is estimated at 3,000,000. Russia has also during the past year imported from some American firm 100,000 pistols. There has likewise been purchased in America what is now called the Russian cartridge, 20,000,000 of which have been made in Bridgeport, Conn. Cartridge machinery has also been sent from America to Russia, and 490,000 cartridges are being manufactured daily at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The Turkish government has entered into a contract with the Rhode Island Company for the supply of 800,000 Martini-Henry rifles, of which 250,000 have already been shipped; 100,000 more are ready for export and materials for another 100,000 are on hand at the works.
Made insane by Hair-Tye.
The New Milford (Conn.) Ray says: Most of our readers in New Milford will doubtless remember Mrs. Miranda Ruby, a crazy woman who has lived in this village many years, and whose insanity was manifested by always wearing a letter envelope on her bonnet or tied to her parasol, or in some other harmless way; but we doubt if any one would be likely to surmise the cause of her insanity. A few days ago her son came to New Milford and took Mrs. Ruby to see a physician in New Haven for his advice. The physician said that her difficulty was softening of the brain; that it was absolutely incurable, and that it was caused entirely by the use of Hair-Tye.

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THE DEAD ADMIRALS.
A Brief History of the Lives of the Illustrations Six Who are Now No More.
From the Springfield Republican.
The death of six admirals of the United States navy since the opening of 1877 is quite remarkable, although these warriors of the sea go down in such fullness of honors and of years as to make the coincidence happy rather than ominous. Their average age was 73, and their careers exemplify all the glories of our navy and none of its disgraces. All of these men were active during our last war, when they were already old men. While the fighting and the honors of the land fell into the hands of the young men, on the sea the old sals were the main reliance and stood up to the work well. Farragut was sixty-three when he hung in the rigging of the Hartford during the battle of Mobile Bay. Alden was a native of Portland, a comrade of Wilkes in the Spanish war, and constantly in active service during the rebellion, being the youngest of the six, only 67. Bailey was born at Plattsburgh, and was a boy of eleven years when Commodore McDonough won his spunky fight with the British cruisers on Lake Champlain in 1814. He captured 150 blockade-runners, it is said, during the last war. Davis was of Boston, a writer of naval mathematics, and the captor of Memphis in 1862. Louis Goldsborough (his middle name, Malesherbis, smacks of events contemporary with his birth) was in the service probably the longest of any, entering as a midship in 1812, when only seven years of age, perhaps by favor of his father, who was Governor of Maryland. He was in a fight with Greek pirates fifty years ago, and was with Burnside at Roanoke. He married a daughter of Wilkes, and one of the aides of his life, was an attempt to colonize Florida with German emigrants. Smith was Kentucky born, and was at the barrier forts in China in 1856, and on the Congress when she was sunk by the Merrimac in Hampton Roads. He was McClellan's adjutant on the melancholy peninsula of Yorktown—who forgets it? Wilkes was, in some respects, the most celebrated of them all. He was born in New York, and was a nephew of John Wilkes, the English Radical of the last century. He had a name before the war of the rebellion broke out, his Antarctic exploration in 1839-42, and his contribution to literature having given him a world wide fame. His taking of Mason and Silldell from the British mail steamer Trent, in 1861, was a splendid feat, which won the applause of the country, and, necessarily, the formal disavowal of the Government. It broke the force of Mason and Silldell's mission, however, for England could not participate in an intrigue against us in view of our honorable conduct in that case.

NEW NO-WEATHERS.
—Oil of cinnamon will remove warts.
—American silk is hurting French factories.
—A lazy man writes "fortunately" 42-ably.
—Lemons are said to be a cure for consumption.
—No honest work, however humble, can disgrace an honest man.
—There are 13 miles of shelving for books in the British Museum.
—The Central Park menagerie costs New York about \$1,000 a month.
—The Scientific American says there is nothing in the blue glass cure.
—Even in Europe American and Swiss watches now enter into serious competition.
—Vermont has already made enough maple sugar to sweeten the summer's breath.
—The Graphic pictures the physician of the future with a big box on his back, crying "glass put in?"
—The play-bill which Lincoln had in his hand when he was shot brought \$4.19 in auction in New York the other day.
—The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry; the water of life, faith.
—Life insurance companies should be allowed to rest until the sound ones stand out like a well-curb in a frosty moonlight night.
—The number of passengers annually transported by the New York city railroads is reported to be a little over 167,000,000.
—The Workingman, a newspaper published at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., was the other day, sold for the remarkable sum of \$8, at sheriff sale.
—The Iron Age says that paper cars wheels have run over 300,000 miles, and promise to last one or two thousand more without a new set of tires.
—Moody's popularity at the Hub is waning. In a moment of unguarded enthusiasm, he blurted it out that Heaven was a more desirable place than Boston.
—The Illinois Legislature is considering a proposition to make the publication of any offer to procure divorces with or without publicity a penal offense. Should the bill pass it will thin out the legal profession in the State surprisingly.
—Mr. Gumbo, who was the greatest dunder-bagger fought in the United States? "Dunno; wasn't Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton?" Pompey (scratching his head hesitatingly)—"Well—'rhaps—that May-Bennett!"
—A Turk holding a considerable position in the State will take a handful of boiled rice from the common dish and, after having squeezed all the water out by working it well in his hand, will put the lump into the mouth of a guest as a mark of peculiar favor.
—Another new design of postal card is to be issued by the Post Office Department. Many people, it is said, still persist in writing the message, address and signature on the same side with the stamp, and it is to be the object of the new design to make it impossible to write more than the address on the proper side.
—Peter Bayne, the writer of the Hugh Miller school, is to be consulting editor under the new regime of the Contemporary Review. Mr. Bayne says that it is no more necessary for a magazine to be written together by stars than it is for a play to be represented altogether by stars. He says of the editor—"His menagerie should not be all lions."
—It appears that neither Mr. Hayes nor Mr. Tilden sat up to get the news of the completion of the electoral count. The former went to bed in a sleeping car on the Pennsylvania railroad just after leaving Altoona, and gave orders that he should not be waked till morning. The latter went to bed early, at his own house giving the same directions.
—Child's Bank, by Temple Bar, which will be recalled as the Bank (Tilden's) included to add description to his name in all its old missives in Dickens' Tale of Two Cities, "has received formal notice from the municipal authorities to surrender the upper chambers of Temple Bar by mid-morning's day. What a dislodging of dusty ledgers recording the details of the banking accounts of Nell