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HOTELS. Scott House, Deer Lodge, Montana. SAM. SCOTT, Proprietor.

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Finest and Most Commodious Hotel ON THE WEST SIDE.

HOTEL DE MINERAL. BUTTE CITY, MONTANA. Hawthorn Brothers, Proprietors.

HAWTHORN opened the above Hotel with the only Hotel accommodation for lodgers in Butte, who will be pleased to have the patronage of the public...

THE PATRONSAGE OF THE PUBLIC IS SOLICITED. Reasonable Rates to Regular Boarders. BUTTE OCT. 30, 1872.

Girtton House, Butte City, Montana. Robert Girtton, Proprietor.

Good accommodations for lodgers. No Bar in our Saloon near the House. Guests Will Receive Good Attention.

Blanks for Sale. We have in stock the following Justices' Blanks, adapted for every township or county in Montana...

Frank, Dallemard & Co., Importers and Wholesale Dealers in WINES & LIQUORS.

S. W. CUR, CALIFORNIA & FRONTS STS. San Francisco.

The New North-West

POETRY.

MY GIRL.

A little corner with its crib, A little mug, a spoon, a bib, A little tooth to peary white, A little rubber ring to bite, A little plate all lettered round, A little rattle to reason, A little cradle—see! she stands! A little party, somewhat late, A little doll with flaxen hair, A little yellow rocking chair, A little dress of richest hue, A little pair of garters blue, A little school day after day, A little schoolman's no to obey, A little study—soon 'tis past, A little graduate at last, A little mail for winter weather, A little jockey hat and feather, A little sack with funny pockets, A little chain, a ring, and buckles, A little while to dance and bow, A little party, somewhat late, A little flustering at the gate, A little walk in leafy June, A little walk while shines the moon, A little reference to papa, A little planning with mamma, A little evening grave, A little smile to my dear, A little kiss on a lawn, A little—(see you go!) John S. Adams, in St. Nicholas.

A SCOUT'S LOGGERS.

The loggers news was recently received by Miss Clara Morris from the Indian country, where they were composed by a gentleman attached to Howard's command, who has the reputation of being a good writer, and is well known to the public. Fact is, she doesn't care a copper 'arden. All unshod, unsharshod, unshod, No medicine, unsharshod, unshod, But quite unconscious of improper breeding. Ah! yet her age her reputation spears, She puts her hand upon her hip and curts, Was ever seen so dark, so bright an iris? Where sweep of night and phantom play of fire, And not a whisper of a wild desire? 'Tis fondly fondle he nester, postea meber? 'Tis fondly fondle he nester, postea meber? Saw after art anything completing? A shade protruber beyond contest? Where this day's came is just now alleging, But otherwise all over interesting.

Oh, swiftness, haste, but thou no notion, This life is fire and war and wild commotion— A burning bush, a charred and ragging cone? Hast thou no notion of what is before thee, Or who shall envy and who shall adore thee? Or who the dirly always rolling or thee? Die young for mercy's sake! If thou grow older, Thou shalt get a cold and startle of shoulder, And drier and drier and drier!

Just such another as the dam that bore thee, That haggard Sycorax now bending over thee; Oh, die of something like I, I implore thee! Who knows but in Time's whimsical gradations— Say in a score or two of generations— We two may swap respective heads and stations? We think it's thee that's suddenly grown bigger, 'Tis to the face and station of thy neighbor, And I a miserable little "Digger."

Should this be thus? But happy no mortalizing, Approach not thou my hammy posturing, Spare thine lambs and apostrophizing, And smile Nature, if it suits her, rack me Rig 'diggers' whom me and misfortune back me, And anguish hold me to her highest ache. Without from me, 'tis incidental error, No spare the smallest of thy scanty services, But put me not, oh, put me not in verses! She grins, she heeds not advice or warning, Alike philosophy and triplets soaring, Adieu then, ta, ta, fare thee well, good morning, F. J. P.

Deadwood Festivities.

Plack Hills Pioneer. The long, weary journey from Sidney had come to an end. Our hero who had persuaded a "bull team" in advance of a freight wagon to visit the land of gold, had arrived, soiled and weather beaten, in the metropolitan city of Deadwood. The weary march was forgotten and the joy was unconfined. A fervent admirer of the fair sex, he sought the dance house, where "take your partner" is the only introduction needed. When the exciting "gen to the right" was announced, his colossal cowhide smote the floor like the stamps of a quartz mill. When the welcome sound of "balance to the right" rang through the crowd, he uttered one long whoopee, and shouldering his fair partner absorbed a tumbler full of burning fluid. "Partners for a quadrille." Our hero sprang upon the floor and extemporized a break-down. "Dog on my pet! I am the tiger of the woods. Come here, gal, let's have some more tumbler juice." "All set," shouted the floor manager. "Scrape them cat's innards and let's codfish around," the heavy-weight unfortunately collided with our pilgrim in the excitement of "all hands around," and explanations were of no avail. "I am bad," shouted our hero; "let me at him; let me chew his mane; I'm a coyote. Let go my harness; I'm a yellow tailed wolf; let me pick his eyes out; I'm a woolly horse, and hard to curry; whoopee, I'm an elephant, I'm—" Just then he trod on a favored core of a hardy border, who patted our hero one between the eyes, which seated him violently upon the floor. As he arose, blowing the ruby fluid from his nasal promontory, he relented, "I'm an elephant, but my hide's tore."

OBELISKS.—Only forty-two obelisks are known to exist. At Karak four are standing and two prostrate. Nine more are prostrate at Rome— the largest of them, twelve are at the church of St. John Lateran. Florence contains two, and Paris, Arles, Constantinople one each. In this country there are four—two at the British Museum one at Ainklet Castle and the fourth at Kingston Lacey, Dorsetshire, brought over by Mr. William Bankes, a friend of Lord Byron. The obelisk now on its way to England was the companion of the one still standing at Alexandria, to which it had been transported from On. Though named after Cleopatra, its erection at the Temple of Cesar did not take place until the eighth year of the reign of Augustus and several years after the death of the Queen. Abdul Lantel says that the obelisk stood in his time—twelfth century.—London Examiner.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

The True Story of His Killing the Negro, Perry White.

The facts in relation to the killing of the negro, Perry White, as nearly as I am at liberty to relate them, are about these: The negro bore a very bad character. He was vicious, worthless, sensual and a thief. He was especially suspected in the neighborhood of being a cattle stealer. The General is at present under indictment for this offense and will be tried at the next spring term of the Madison County Circuit Court. Perry was known to have no regular employment, yet he always had plenty of money. He was a notorious libertine with his own people, and numbered three sisters among the victims of his seductive wiles. He was just such a negro as no prudent parent wanted about his premises. His father and mother had been in Gen. Clay's employment for several years—the former as a foreman and the latter as a cook. Recently the General became greatly dissatisfied with the woman, suspecting her of robbing him of silverware and other valuables; and so well convinced did he finally become of her guilt that he discharged her. The son Perry, whom the General had persistently refused to have anything to do with, took deep offense at this, and threatened his life. He had, on account of the suspicion that he had stolen a lot of the General's Southdown sheep, and some bluegrass seed, which had been stored in a barn during his absence North while engaged in the Presidential campaign last year, been permanently forbidden the place.

In the frequent disagreements which General Clay had with the mother of White, touching missing articles which he suspected her of having stolen, the latter was in the habit of threatening him with her son, who, she declared, was as good a shot as he was, and as brave a man. The General paid slight attention to these insinuations until he heard of Perry's threats. The latter was a good shot, practiced in the use of the rifle, shot-gun and pistol, and was fond of exhibiting his skill with these weapons. He was known to go around always. He was saucy to the whites and overbearing to his own people. Brutus Clay, a son of the General, and the leading Republican of Madison county, was once forced to knock him down for his impertinence. The discharge of the mother on an accusation of theft followed in a few days by the discharge of the father, greatly aggravated Perry, and he determined upon revenge. He was so foolish as to write a letter to another negro containing a threat to kill the General, which accidentally fell into the hands of the latter. This occurred about a week before his death. Gen. Clay immediately armed himself, something he assured me he had not done since 1861, and sent word to the negro if he ever caught him in his place he would shoot him. From that time to the day of the homicide he never went out upon his farm without a loaded double-barrel shotgun upon his shoulder, and a revolver belted about his waist.

On Sunday morning, the 30th ultimo, the General ordered his riding mule saddled to go to church. The animal was hitched under a shed in an adjoining lot, about 100 yards from the house. When he was prepared to start the General mounted and rode into an adjoining lot, where the stable stood, and where an adopted son, a boy of about ten years, whom he brought from about a week before his death, Gen. Clay was waiting him on the top of the fence. Here he took him on behind him, rode around the stable, and regained the path which led to the gate of the stable lot, and thence through the plantation, a distance of a mile to the main road, the pike leading from Lexington to Richmond.

He had just fairly turned the barn and reached the path, when the boy called his attention to a loose horse standing about forty feet distant, and remarked: "Mr. Clay, there is Perry White behind the horse." The General halted and looked for a moment without being able to see him so skillfully had he concealed himself. He soon discovered him, however, and jumped from the mule, and with a swift pass approached the horse, mounted and, without firing and cocking his pistol as he walked. On getting full sight of the negro he demanded of him what he was doing there and ordered him to put up his hands. This was done, when the General further demanded what he meant by threatening his life. The negro made no response, and the General ended the colloquy by ordering him off his place, and telling him if he ever caught him upon it again he would shoot him as he would a mad dog. His object, as he explained it to me, was to scare the negro and force him to leave the country, as he was annoyed by his threats. He assured me that he had not the slightest wish or intention to shoot him, and would not have done so had he not as the General was turning to go back to his mule, suddenly dropping his hands and started to rise from the ground with what seemed to be the intention of drawing a weapon. General Clay immediately fired twice, once through the neck and again through the chest. Each shot was "a death to nature," for the first severed the jugular vein, while the second passed directly through the heart.

Mr. Clay immediately remounted his mule, and, on reaching Foxtown, a mile distant, dispatched a messenger to his son Brutus, apprising him of the occurrence; informing him also of his purpose to proceed immediately to Richmond and deliver himself up to the authorities, and asking him to take charge of his place in his absence.

An examination was held on Monday. General Clay volunteered a statement to the court and was admitted to bail on his personal recognizance, in the sum of \$1,000 to answer to the Grand Jury at the next term of the Circuit Court. The coroner's inquest, which was held on Sunday, returned a verdict that the deceased had died from wounds fired by a pistol in the hands of C. M. Clay in self defense.

C. M. Clay is self defense. This is briefly the story of this deplorable affair. I could mention many other interesting details, which go further to explain General Clay's conduct in a favorable light, but at his request, and in view of the pending legal investigation, I forbear. The sentiment of the neighborhood is altogether in his favor. I covered with a number of persons in regard to the killing, and they all agree as to the notoriously bad character of the negro, and justify the action of General Clay.—Carr. Cincinnati Commercial.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA FROM A BALLOON.—The most enthusiastic advocates of ballooning would have hesitated to declare that submarine surveys were within the province of the aeronaut. Such, however, is the case, since M. Duran-d'Ande and his companion, going up in a balloon, on the 25th of August last, at Cherbourg, and being at an altitude of 3,000 feet, were amazed to see beneath them, with starting distinctness, every rock, fissure and depression at the bottom of the sea. And yet the sea opposite Cape Lary, where the aerial voyagers obtained this bird's-eye view, has an average depth of about 200 fathoms. It is hard to believe that the sea under current were perceptible, while nothing would have been easier than to sketch or map the bottom of the sea.—Chambers' Journal.

NEW NOR-WESTERS.

The Turk never hunts; he sings by the bush.

The Black Hills Pioneer changed editors five times in eleven weeks. Mr. Pumpkin has sued the Cleveland Leader, and expects to knock that paper into a pulp. People learn wisdom by experience. A man never wakes up with his second baby to see it laugh. The reason Newton Booth never married is because he does not believe in whipping children.

A Mr. Pepper has published some poems recently. Have you read Mr. Pepper? is now a proper question. When Tenyson was in Paris two porters refused to permit him to leave his room because they thought he was a lunatic. Many people are busy in this world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon.—Jerome Taylor.

Indianapolis, (Ind.) Journal: "Rise-up William Allen seems to be the coming man for United States Senator in Ohio." The gross productions of this country are \$8,000,000,000 annually. To handle this we have only \$700,000,000 in currency. Representative Pate has introduced a bill appropriating \$100,000 for the erection of a new postoffice building at Sacasima.

The lack of a bar under the Senate will prevent a great many men from visiting Washington this winter and asking for "cold tea." The Illinois Supreme Court has decided that optional trading on the Board of Trade is not unlawful, but that the devices known as puts and calls are illegal.

Johnny lost his knife. After searching in one pocket and another until he had been through all, without success, he exclaimed, "Oh, dear! I wish I had another pocket; it might be in that." A young man woke up one night and saw a ghost in the room. Seizing his six-shooter he approached it, and found it was his child, which happened to be standing on the floor.

The House Committee on postoffices will recommend an appropriation to pay all the ante bellum Southern mail contractors, their heirs or representatives, the balance due for the transportation of mails up to May 31, 1861.

The telephone has been successfully introduced in the police department in Albany in place of the telegraph. No battery is used. The current is generated by an electro-magnet revolving across the poles of a permanent magnet.

President Hayes became acquainted with his present Secretary of State when the latter was called to Ohio to conduct a law case. It was then that Mr. Hayes, as junior counsel, became influenced by Mr. Evans.

William Callen Bryant, editor of the New York Evening Post, celebrated the eighty-third anniversary of his birth last Saturday week. He is hale and strong, and gives promise of much more service as "poet, philanthropist, novelist and sage."

SITTING BULL'S LAST.

He Speaks His Little Piece and Goes to Bed.

New York, Nov. 9.—The World's Fort Walsh special gives the following as Sitting Bull's speech recently: My friends and all Queensmen whom I respect, I have heard your talk; I know you would speak to me in that way. Nobody told me—I just knew it. It is right. I came to you in the first place because I was hard driven by the Americans. They broke their treaties with my people and when I rose up and fought my people and but for our rights as the first people on this part of the earth, they pursued me like a dog and would have hung me to a tree. They are not just, they drive us into war and then seek to punish us for fighting. That is not honest. The Queen would not do that. Long ago when I was a boy, I heard of Queen, now my great mother; I heard she was just and good, now I know it. You gave me shelter when I was hard pressed. My own life is dear to me, but I did not value it when I fought the Americans, but I did value the life of my nation, therefore I brought my people to you. I thank you for what you have done for them. I will go to Red Deer and be at peace. Tell Queen that I will be good man, that my people will be good. Tell her also that it was never her bad, for she knows that it was not wrong to fight for liberty. My people are weary and sick. I will take them to Red Deer. And now I declare before you that I will not make trouble or annoy you or give pain to the Queen. I will be quiet. I will give fight on your soil unless you ask me to help you, then I will fight. I wish you good bye. Place me where you like. I will be at peace in Canada. But you are brave soldiers and not treaty breakers, thieves and murderers; you would think me coward if I did not fight the Americans. Therefore, while I go to Red Deer now to live at peace (here the speaker almost shrieked) I will come back when my braves are strong, or if they will not come along with me I will come alone and fight Americans till death. You I love and respect, then I hate, and you Queen soldiers would despise me if I did not hate them. That is all. I am ready to go with you to Red Deer.

Paper Car: Wheels. The infinite variety of purposes to which paper is applied in the Empire of Japan has astonished all Europeans who have visited that country. They have literally found paper everywhere, and in all shapes and forms. The Japanese, however, with all their ingenuity in this direction, would ever think of making paper wheels for railway carriages. This, nevertheless, is being done at Sheffield at the present time. The paper wheels have steel tires, made with an inside flange and cast iron boss. On each side of the boss are tires to which steel plates one-sixth of an inch thick are bolted, and the place between the plates is filled with compressed paper. The paper is composed of what is known as "straw boards," and these are made to adhere to each other by means of yro paste. The combined layers of paper are then subjected to hydraulic pressure to the extent of two thousand tons for the space of four or five hours, and then dried in a heated air bath. The final thickness of the board is about three-fourths of an inch, and as may be imagined, the quantity of straw board packed in this concentrated space by the giant force of the hydraulic ram is something enormous. Still a certain amount of the elasticity remains to the substance, and this, in union with the homogeneity and singular smoothness of grain and texture, constitute one of its highest qualifications for the duty it will presently have to perform.

Fabrics, slide-rods and sharp tools are made to shape the compressed paper into discs of the proper size, and under a pressure of four hundred tons these are then forced into the tires. The steel protecting plates are subsequently bolted to the inner and outer peripheries of the wheels, and after a finishing touch to the wheels are ready to be keyed on their axle and placed under the railway carriage. It is understood that experiments, both in this country and England, have gone to prove the superiority of paper railway wheels over those of steel or wrought iron, and that the brake, however suddenly and sharply applied, does not injure them in the least.

Mountain Climbing.

The greatest altitude which has been reached by mountain climbing was attained in Cashmere by Mr. Johnson, who some years ago mounted to a spot 29,000 feet above the sea. Johnson has ascended 29,000 feet and returned in safety. It is supposed by mountaineers that 29,000 feet is the utmost height that will ever be trod by human steps. That life can be supported at this altitude has been proved by the adventurers who have dared the dangers of the upper air in a balloon. During the last summer Mons. Wiener ascended Mount Himalian, one of the loftiest peaks of the Bolivian Andes. The height of this mountain has been variously estimated. Mr. Pentland giving it an altitude of 24,200 feet; Mr. Minchin setting it at 23,244 feet; and Mr. Wiener himself making it to be only 20,812 feet. Few ascents to the height of 21,000 feet have been recorded. Hunters of the Himalayas often chase their game to the height of 20,000 feet, and natives living near the summit, near Tiberan, frequently climb to the summit, above 20,000 feet, to gather saij, but from the crater.

A Fall of Nine Hundred Feet.

The Virginia City Chronicle says: Wm. Walsh was killed in the Imperial shaft about half past two this morning, as he was coming up from the 800 level to the place where he was at work with a comrade repairing the lagging, about five sets of timbers above the station. He had been down to the 800 station to get two pieces of lagging 3x6 and 4x4 feet long. After he got on the cage he ran to him; the signal was obeyed and the cage hoisted, but he had not left the station more than a minute when something went bang falling down the shaft. The cage was raised to the surface and a man sent down to ascertain if anything unusual had happened. Walsh was found in the shaft below the 1,300 level. He must have fallen at least 900 feet and been instantly killed.

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

Puck makes young George Washington say: "I cannot hatch a lie, papa; I did it with my little tell."

"Give us good pavements."—N. Y. Herald. "Be patient and you shall some day have them—all paved with good intentions."—Covier-Journal.

Minister Stoughton gets what may be termed a "beautiful notice" from the Albany Journal. "His snowy head," it says, "will match the snows of St. Peter's burg and glitter in the salons of that frigid but stately capital."

A Maryland writer says: "The elf of summer, seeing her robe of flowers falling dead beneath the blasts of sober autumn, gathered her frost jewels about her and rode away to softer climes." We suppose she rode a donkey.—N. Y. Herald.

Hon. John C. New's autograph lays over Spinner's so far it is easy to see that the old watch dog of the treasury resigned from sheer mortification. It looks like a coiled clockwork in a whirlwind, or a boy's kite caught on a telegraph wire.—Hawkeye.

Mrs. Juggins lost one of her boarders lately. He went off suddenly on urgent private affairs, and forgot to settle his little account. "Ah," said the old lady, "when 'ome 'ere' 'e called himself a Capting; but I've discovered to my cost he's only a left tenant."

At the recent baby show in Boston the nearest approach to the line between babyhood and nothingness was exemplified in an infant which weighed only a pound and a half. This infantile prodigy was exhibited by a South Act mother, and when it squalls she has to spank it with a tack hammer.—Worcester Press.

A Lyon, Massachusetts, druggist got up a corner on Spruce gum. The infatigable and classical Lyons girls leagued against him, cut off the heels of their India rubber overshoes, and defiantly chewed until the corner was ignominiously broken. And now they have acquired a taste for gum shoes, and the orthodox chewing gum is a drug in that town, offering at six sticks for a cent, with no takers.—Hawkeye.

A Slight Mistake.

A citizen stepped into the store of one of our successful merchants on Saturday last, and asked the proprietor, "if he was going to attend the entertainment to be given that evening by the Heywood Brothers?" "No," said the merchant, "it is too hard times."

"Phaw," was the reply, "here's a ticket," at the same time passing over a red card. The merchant thanked him and put the ticket in his pocket. In the evening he combed his hair, blacked his boots, sprinkled his bandanna with Jockey Club, put a handful of gum drops in his pocket to eat during the evening's performance and started for the opera house, following the crowd he presented his ticket to the doorkeeper. The latter looked at one side then the other, and remarked: "Guess not, young fellow, tickets for Granville Driving Park don't pass a man through here."

ROAD'S MUFFLED MARE.

A Phenomenal Trotter that was Brought Out at a Scratch Race.

From the Buffalo Sunday News. A sprinkling of horsemen gathered at the hard half-mile track outside of Seneca Falls lately, to look on a trot between three ordinary horses owned in the neighborhood. Between them Mr. Milton Hoag, keeper of the Hoag House, drove on the track with a bay mare muffled to the ears in a discolored summer blanket. The mare was hooded and harnessed to a maddened four-wheeled skeleton wagon. Hoag drove the mare in a shambling walk. She looked like a rheumatic-stricken beast as she passed the stand, and the assembled horsemen laughed as the driver turned round and exclaimed: "Boys, have your timers ready when I get around!" At this the mare started and was soon throwing her legs in a wonderful manner. The hoofs on her forelegs were turned under like fish hooks, and her hind feet flared forward like lightning. She had Flora Temple's stride without getting as low down. The muffled mare skinned around the upper turn of the track like a mile a minute engine round a curve, and she came down the back track with the swoop of a pigeon without a break.

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed Deacon Oshad Latham, who was never known to use a profane ejaculation before, "did you gentlemen ever see a mare trot like that before. There's no ministers house there. Here she comes. Get your watches ready." And she did come, with the fastest gait of pattering hoofs ever heard on that track, or probably any other, to a waz in, with a driver weighing over two hundred pounds.

Mr. George Haight, Mr. Joshua Hinkley, and other judge in the box, all owners of trotters, started their timers carefully as the mare rattled by. "Let her go, Mill," shouted Deacon Latham. "Milt looked pale but determined. He had evidently never driven a trotter fast before; but he was in for it and let her go. "George, you take the last quarter while I take the half," shouted Mr. Hinkley to Haight.

"All right," replied Mr. Haight. The mare glided round the half mile track with the speed of a Coney Island railroad dummy, eager for a smash up. As she passed under the string Hinkley shouted: "Half mile in 1:10;" and Haight, "She made the quarter round the turn in thirty-three seconds." The other timers corroborated them.

"That mare can beat all the trotters in the world," said an old Long Island horse man who was present. "To the writer he said, 'She is a California mare without a record. She is a seven year old bay with tremendous muscles in her shoulders and quarters, large lungs, and points that I think will make her the wonder of the trotting world.' John Spawan saw her in California, and John Spawan with her to beat Barus and the other high flyer; but she was taken sick in Ontario and Hoag's brother, who was interested in her, brought her to Seneca Falls. She is now almost recovered and is called Lady Hoag."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

William Gale completed successfully, in London, Oct. 5, the task which he had begun on August 26, of walking 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours—a mile and a half, that is to say, in every hour, day and night, for six weeks, less one day. A bell was suspended from his neck, and as the hour struck, so that he rarely had half an hour's sleep, the bell would ring long periods mentioned. He has taken food when he felt hungry, and has suited his taste and appetite, without regard to time or regimen.

The battle fields about Richmond have been already muffled by nature, and Cold Harbor, Fair Oaks, Seven Pines and Malvern Hill show scarcely any traces of a fight. Below Petersburg there are a few traces of the formidable fortifications at Steadman, Hell and Damnation; the Crater and the fields around are owned by Mr. Griffiths, who has built a house near the Crater, which has been left untouched, and a thick undergrowth of peach trees and sprouts has sprung up from the pits thrown away by the soldiers during the siege. The various ways the ground has been brought under the plough year after year, until now a slight depression in the field can only be pointed out.

When the late M. D. Phillips, of Boston, had arranged his plans for the founding of the Atlantic he invited to supper the gentlemen who were to contribute papers to the first number. In the course of the little speech which he made to them, he said to have thus explained the part he intended to play in the management of the magazine: "I can not write poetry as well as Mr. Lowell and Mr. Longfellow. I can not write history as well as Mr. Motley; I can not write as good tales as Dr. Holmes; indeed there is not one of my guests to-night but I will write good articles in the Atlantic that I think would not be so well in the Liberator. But, gentlemen, I think you know what the American people want to read better than any of you."

The following from the Stock Exchange speaks well for the morals of the San Francisco Bondholders: "The ladies of Ohio have a very summary manner of dealing with an unfaithful spouse, who is caught kicking over the traces. The playful demands of a little village called Goveport, chased an unfortunate Leander to the brink and into a canal, because he made an evening call on a lady whose morals he did not believe to be exactly of a high character. This is a nice state of things. Suppose the ladies of San Francisco were to organize a number of packs, and go a-baiting every night, drawing all sorts of covers for transient husbands and giving them chase as soon as they struck a good sport; what a lot of neglected babies there would be, and what pleasant evenings Deigo could have with her young man while the mistress was in dillinger in the pleasures of the chase!"

Nine men out of ten, when you run against them in the dark, will say "Hello!" the other will utter the first syllable and leave you to complete the word.—Worcester Press.

WEEKLY DECISIONS.

Any one who takes a paper regularly from the Post-office directed to his house or country, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the paper. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, 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. The courts have decided that refusing to take the newspaper or periodicals from the Post-office, or refusing and leaving them uncollected for by some other person, is an act of the publisher, and he is not responsible for the same.

EVE-ANGELICAL COENR.

Mince pie is cut in the princess style. The hair for a ladies' braid should never be worn on the lap of gentlemen's coats unless the parties are engaged. New visiting cards are of medium size, of unglazed Bristol board; small script is used on the cards. "A cast-iron grandmother" is not an approbrious epithet. It is simply the trade-name for the new machine for knitting stockings. The lady who is unable to purchase one of the new style parasols can make a very good imitation by sticking a button on the end of a toothpick. It is now the fashion in Paris for ladies to wear collars low in the throat, and a new one has consequently been invented, called the "throat renovator." Miss Anna Dickinson is lying seriously ill of congestion of the brain at the residence of Mrs. Gen. Chatfield, Elizabeth, N. J. Suspend a sweet potato in a jar of water so that half the potato is in the water. It will sprout luxuriantly, and you may train the vines about your window during the winter. We confess to having called Vassar College (which is really a fine institution for young ladies) a sugar refinery. The Philadelphia Bulletin now explains that all the girls answer to suit.—N. Y. Herald.

The Countess Lambertini, plaintiff in the Antomelli scandal suit, is a woman of twenty-two, golden-haired and slight; the mother of several children. It getting up her case, it is said, she has been indulged much of the time by her father and her husband, who is a collateral descendant of Boadicea XIV., is said to be completely under her snappy thumb. A Boston drummer, who prides himself on his charms, forever lost his pride the other day. He drove his fellow drummers wild in a car by his attentions to a comely maiden, to whom he showed his samples, and whose hand he squeezed for half an hour. But when the train stopped a quiet old fellow stepped forward and thanked him for entertaining the girl, remarking, "She is hopelessly inane, and I am taking her to the State asylum here."

Altogether too Fast.

It appears that the recent attempt made by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company to extend their bridge over the Colorado river was in direct opposition to orders from the United States government. It appears that on August 22, Adjutant General Townsend granted the company permission to build the new across the government reservation at Fort Yuma, subject to the grant by Congress of the right of way. The company proceeded in the work of building the bridge on the reservation, and it was nearly completed when the Secretary of War, on September 3, countermanded the permission until both the Southern and Texas Pacific Companies could be fully heard, or Congress should determine the controversy. The Southern Pacific authorities then asked permission of the department commander to continue to the work so far as was necessary to preserve the bridge. This was granted. Shortly after midnight on the morning of September 30, employees of the company began laying track to make the connection across the bridge. Major Dunn, commanding at Fort Yuma, on learning of the fact, at once ordered the work stopped. The whole force under his command consisted of a sergeant and one enlisted man. The latter was stationed on the bridge, but in a few moments the railroad men resumed work, and track laying continued until morning, when the connection with the Arizona side was completed. Major Dunn ordered Green, the superintendent of construction, to consider himself a prisoner; but having no force to carry out his instructions, returned to the fort. Soon after the regular train from San Francisco crossed the bridge. The railroad people claim that this action on their part is in conformity with the permission granted to do such work as was necessary to preserve the bridge, as the connection was necessary to enable them to transport the bridge carrying stores for re-erecting the pier and the bridge. The government has no reservation of the interest of the government and the public have been consulted at every step. They also claim that Vice President Bryan, in his report to Congress, has not stated the permission to the War Department, which caused the withdrawal of its permission to build.

American Authors.

With that pretended knowledge of everybody's private affairs which characterizes a large portion of the American press, a writer in the New York Times supplies the following details of the rewards of literature in America: "Longfellow, we are told, is independent in circumstances, probably the whole force under his command consisted of a sergeant and one