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The New North-West.

VOL. 9, No. 31. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, NOV. 30, 1877. WHOLE No. 439.

The New North-West

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	Card.	1 inch.	2 inches.	3 inches.	4 inches.	6 inches.	18 inches.	25 inches.
1 Time	$2	$3	$5	$7	$8	$10	$20	$30
[illegible]	3	5	6	10	12	15	25	40
[illegible]	4	7	[illegible]	12	14	20	33	48
1 Month	5	8	10	14	16	25	38	55
[illegible]	7	10	12	18	24	35	60	75
[illegible]	9	12	15	22	30	50	70	100
[illegible]	11	15	25	35	50	75	100	160
1 Year	16	25	40	55	70	90	140	250

Regular advertising payable quarterly, as due.

Transient advertising payable in advance.

Special Notices are 50 per cent. more than regular advertisements.

Local advertising, 15 cents for the first insertion; 10 cents per line for each succeeding insertion; lines counted in Nonpariel measure.

Job Work payable on delivery.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

ATTORNEYS

W. F. SANDERS. W. F. CULLEN.

SANDERS & CULLEN,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

HELENA, - - - - MONTANA.

W. K. MENDENHALL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

ROOM 3, MAY BUILDING,

Washington, : D. C.

Special attention to all matters relating to the public lands, particularly to contests and applications for Mineral lands before the General Land Office and Department of the Interior.

References, Judge O. B. O'Bannon, and W. W. Dixon, Esq., Deer Lodge, M. T. 394-1y

Physicians and Surgeons.

CHAS. F. MUSSIGBROD, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE.

Deer Lodge - - - - - - Montana.

Will attend to professional calls in town.

267

A. H. MITCHELL, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

-Office Opposite Postoffice-

DEER LODGE, - - - - MONTANA.

Prompt attention by night or day to patients in town or country. 1216.tf

BANKERS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

—OF—

DEER LODGE.

W. A. CLARK, President.
R. W. DONNELL, Vice-President.
S. E. LARABIE, Cashier.

Draw Exchange on

All the Principal Cities of the World.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENTS,

Donnell, Lawson & Co.,

No. 92 Broadway

79-1y

First National Bank,

Helena, Montana.

T. HAUSER, President. D. C. CORBIN, 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..........30,000.00
Average Deposits preceeding six months..........485,000.00
Invested in U. S. Bonds..........214,000.00

We transact a general Banking business, and buy, at highest rates, Gold Dust, Coin, Gold and Silver Bullion, and Local Securities; Sell Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers, available in all parts of the United States, the Canadas, Great Britain, Ireland and the Continent. COLLECTIONS made and proceeds remitted promptly. Our facilities for handling SILVER ORES are particularly good, and this branch of our business will receive special attention. Cash advances made upon Ores, and same shipped for account of owners. OR WE WILL BUY FOR CASH at the very best rates allowable. Owners of mines will consult their interests by calling upon us.

275

HOTELS.

Scott House,

Deer Lodge, Montana.

SAM. SCOTT, : Proprietor.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL,

Nos. 37 & 39 Main Street,

Helena, Montana.

SCHWAB & ZIMMERMAN, Proprietors.

Silver Lake House,

PHILIPSBURG, MONTANA.

CON. MURPHY, - - - PROPRIETOR.

Finest and Most Commodious Hotel

ON THE WEST SIDE.

Rooms Light and well ventilated.
Accommodations First-Class.

389 3m CON. MURPHY, Proprietor.

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 329

Girton House,

Butte City, Montana.

Robert Girton, : Proprietor.

Good accommodations for lodgers. No Bar in nor Saloon near the House.

Guests Will Receive Good Attention.

Board per Week..........$6 00
Board per Day..........1.00
Lodging per Day..........50

The traveling public will find this a pleasant hotel, and their patronage is respectfully solicited.

349-tf ROBERT GIRTON.

Blanks for Sale.

We have in stock the following Justices' Blanks, adapted for any township or county in Montana, and in conformity to existing laws. The following are the prices:

Subpœnas..........per hundred..$5 00
Summons.......... 6 00
Writs of Attachment.......... 6 00
Undertaking on Attachment.......... 6 00
Affidavit of Attachment.......... 6 00
Executions.......... 6 00

ALSO,

Bonds for Deeds.......... 8 00
Deeds, Montana form.......... 20 00
Notices of Location.......... 8 00
Road Receipts.......... 2 50

If an assortment is ordered lesser quantities than one hundred will be furnished at same rates. Cash must accompany order. Postage will be prepaid. Address,

NEW NORTH-WEST,
DEER LODGE.

Frank, Dallemand & Co.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

WINES AND LIQUORS,

S. W. COR. CALIFORNIA & FRONT STS

San Francisco

POETRY.

A PERFECT DAY.

Go, glorious day!
Here while you pass I make this sign:
Earth swinging on her silent way,
Will bear me back unto this hour divine,
And I will softly say: Once thou wert mine.

Wert mine, O perfect day!
The light unknown, soaring from sea to shore,
The forest's eager blaze,
The flaming torches that the autumn bore,
The fusing sunset, seas, when storms were o'er.

"Were mine the brooding airs,
The pulsing music of the weedy brooks,
The jeweled fishes and the mossy lairs
Wherein shy creatures with their free bright looks,
Taught blessed lessons never found in books.

"All mine the peace of God,
When it was joy enough to breathe and be
The peace of Nature oozing from her sod,
When face to face with her the soul was free,
And far the false, wild strife it faint would flee"

Stay, beauteous day!
Yet why pray I? Thy lot, like mine, to fade;
Thy light, like yonder mountain's golden haze,
Must merge into the morrow's misty shade,
And I, an exile in the alien street,
Still gazing back, yearn towards the vision fleet.

"Once thou wert mine!" I'll say,
And comfort so my heart as with old wine.
Poor pilgrims! of t we walk the self-same way,
To weep its change, to kneel before the shrine;
The heart once builded to a happy day,
When dear it died. I'll say "Thou day divine
Life presses sore, but once, once thou wert mine."

—*Mary Clemmer, in National Union.*

A Royal Romance.

A story has been floating around in the newspapers of the East concerning the infatuation of a Russian prince with a foreign singer now in America. No names were given, but it being so palpably evident that the fair one was none other than one of the Swedish lady quartet now giving a series of concerts in Chicago a representative of the *Inter-Ocean* called upon Mr. Mishler, the manager of the troupe, at the Tremont House yesterday, to authenticate the tale and obtain any further particulars which might add a new zest to the story. "The heroine of this affair," said Mr. Mishler, with a warmth that is excusable in a manager, "is Miss Bertha Erixon. She has all the striking characteristics of manner that attract susceptible men. While she is beautiful in person she has has those attractions of mind and manner which do more than fascinate."

The first time they met this stranger was in Batavia, New York. He stopped at the same hotel the singers did. He attended the concerts given by the troupe in various parts of the United States, followed them to Canada, and even followed the ladies when they went out shopping. At Toronto, Canada, he sent to Miss Erixon, an elegant boquet on which was an inscription with the words, "From an ardent but unknown lover." When the troupe were in Buffalo, he sent her a valuable present, which she refused because there was no name attached to it.

Miss Erixson confessed that he had said to her that it was foolish for her to travel about the country as she did, when she could enjoy a life of royal splendor, with all the pleasures of royal life, in which she could have carriages, attendants and all she could wish for. Speaking of the ladies composing the quartet, Mr. Mishler said that they had been together five years; that during that time they had made $75,000. Each of the ladies had had quite a number of good of offers of a matrimonial type made to them from wealthy and well known men, among whom was mentioned a wealthy jeweler of Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Like a good many people, the stranger had been struck with the blonde. Miss Erixon had received a number of letters from his unknown prince, on the paper of which was the royal monogram of the Russian Imperial family. The manager, on being asked, confessed that he knew the prince's full name, but explained as a reason for not giving it that the ladies propose to return to Europe next year, and should they visit St. Petersburg, Moscow or any other part of Russia the publication of the name might cause them trouble.

This stranger who so persistently followed the troupe during its wanderings admitted to Mr. Mishler that he was the emmissary of a Russian prince who became smitten with the charms of Miss Ericson during an engagement at St. Petersburg. Miss Ericson is the member of the quartet with the phenomenal alto voice.

A Tough Duck Story.

The jovial and venerable hunter, Mr. Sam Alling, of Homer, was in town the other day with a fine lot of ducks, and was congratulating himself on making one of the most remarkable shots ever made on the Mississippi bottoms, bringing down forty-two birds, namely: forty-one teal duck and a mud-hen in a double shot. When he first ran across the flock he brought down eight the first shot. Following them up he found them strung along a low bar that ran out into the slough, presenting to the hunter a chance to cover them with a raking fire. He fired first sitting, and then as the ducks arose he emptied the other barrel. "Why," said Sam "it fairly rained ducks, and I'd 'ave given $5 to have some fellow there to see the shot. The dog was half an hour in bringing them in, and when he got them all I found forty-one ducks and a mud-hen. The latter was in a flock beyond the ducks, out in the water." After bagging his game, Mr. Alling hunted the flock and drew a bead on them again, bringing down ten ducks at a single shot. His work at this one flock was, therefore, summed up in a total of sixty birds—fifty-nine ducks and a mud-hen—in a double and two single shots. Mr. Alling has hunted for thirty-five years, and his veracity is beyond question. The shot is truly a remarkable one, and challenges an equal. We are happy to record the fact that Sam belongs to the American Team.—*Winona (Minn.) Republican.*

ELEPHANTINE VOCALISM.—A recent traveler states that the elephant emits four distinct sounds, each of which expresses a certain state of feeling or thought. The first is an acute and whistling cry, produced by a blast sent through the trunk; the animal thus shows his contentment. To indicate surprise or alarm he makes a noise with his mouth, which is like "pr-rut, pr-rut." A sound like that of a trumpet, and given with force, indicates anger. When the elephant is furious, or when he rushes on an assailant, the sound changes to a hoarse bellow or a terrible cry. The fourth sound denotes discontentment or distress; it is frequently repeated by the animal when separated from the rest of the herd, tired, famished or too heavily loaded; it may be imitated by "urmph, urmph."

CANADA BILL'S FUNERAL.

The Career of a Western Train Gambler Who Won Money by Thousands.

"Canada Bill" died of consumption in the County Hospital. His funeral was probably the strangest ever seen in the Charles Evans Ceemetery, for there were neither tears nor women nor minister at the grave that now holds the remains of a a man who died penniless in a strange land, but had the name one time of having won nearly half a million dollars at three-card monte.

His body was brought to the undertakers room in this city, and thence taken to the cemetery, where a dozen or more representatives of the sporting fraternity of Reading had congregated about the grave to do the last honors for the "old sport" who had won money on nearly every railroad in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains.

After the hearse approached the grave and the walnut coffin had been taken out and placed on a bier, the question was asked whether the remains were in it. The undertaker guessed that they were still there. "Unscrew the lid," the master of ceremonies ordered. "Bill was in many a tight box and he worked himself out some how or other, and there's no dead sure thing that he hasn't got out on the trip to the cemetery." While they were taking off the lid it was found that the screws were not solid silver. One of the mourners remarked that Bill's game had not been one of the squarest, but he guessed there were tricks at all trades as well as the monte player's. The corpse was found in the coffin. The men had made arrangements with one of their acquaintances to read a prayer, or a short burial service at the grave, but he came not. The wind was raw and chilly, and after the lid had been again screwed on, orders were given that the interment should be made.

Canada Bill's proper name was William Jones. He was an English gypsy, and came to this country seventeen years ago. He was a horse trader, and finally began to play at three-card monte. He drifted into Kingston, Canada, where he got the name of Canada Bill. He operated all over the North during the war, and after the war closed he was on the Red river and the Mississippi. He was always dressed in a very-slouchy manner, and cared nothing for good clothes or jewelry of any kind. He won thousands of dollars on the Mississippi in the disguise of a planter. At one time he had a livery stable, and kept 200 negroes at work clearing swamp land at the mouth of the Red river. Subsequently he operated at monte on the Kansas Pacific and Union Pacific railroads running out from Kansas City and Omaha. He became infamously known all over the country. All the tricks and new points in monte were invented by Canada Bill. He always traveled as a countryman. He is said to have won thousands of dollars on the trains, and as soon as he had won it he lost it playing at faro. His friends say that in Chicago alone, in 1874, he won $75,000 in three months, and yet he died penniless, and had to be buried at the expense of an old friend. He was about forty years of age.—*Reading Eagle.*

Salaries of Army Officers.

From the Boston Gazette.

For a man who has no salary himself there is nothing more interesting than to read about men who have. For instance, if you have enjoyed a total income of about $2 for the past twelve months, it will be almost as good as a clam bake to read of the pay which the bold officers in our gallant army receive. The yearly salary of a colonel until five years of service, is $3,500. After five years his monthly stipend is increased to $320.83; after ten years to $350; after fifteen years $375, when the maximum salary for the grade, as fixed by Congress, is reached. A lieutenant colonel receives in yearly salary, $3,000. His monthly pay is increased after five years to $275; after ten years to $300; after fifteen years to $325; and after twenty years to $333.33. For a major the salary up to five years is $2,500. After this period he receives monthly $229.17; after ten years $250; after fifteen years, $270.83; after twenty years, $291.67. A mounted captain receives $2,000 until five years have passed in the service. After that his monthly salary is $183.33; after ten years $200; after fifteen years $216.67; after twenty years $233.33. For a captain not mounted, the regimental adjutant and quartermaster. the salary up to five years is $1,800. Monthly pay is increased after that period to $165; after ten years to $180; after fifteen years to $195; after twenty years to $210. For a first lieutenant not mounted, a second lieutenant mounted, and a chaplain, the salary up to five years is $1,500. After that time the month's stipend is increased to $137.50; after ten years to $150; after fifteen years to $162.50; after twenty years to $175. A first lieutenant mounted receives $1,600 salary for five years service. After that time he receives each month $146.67; after ten years $160; after fifteen years, $173.33; after twenty years $186.67. A second lieutenant, not mounted, receives $1,400 yearly for five years. After five years his monthly salary is $128.33, after ten years $140; after fifteen years, $151.67; after twenty years, $163.33.

Senator Sharon.

The *Daily Exchange* says Senator Sharon regrets he ever entered the political arena. He despises the place—he despises Washington—he despises himself for ever going there. Said a gentleman the other day, an intimate friend of the Senator: "Sharon will resign as soon as a new Legislature is elected in Nevada—that is, provided it is Republican. He will not resign now, because Bradley would appoint a Democrat in his place. But Oh! how he hates himself for making that fight. He regards it as the greatest mistake of his life. Had it not been for that campaign and the distraction of his attention from his business, you would have seen one of the biggest fights for the control of what are now the bonanza mines that you ever saw on this coast. And Sharon would have won, for then he had the capital and the power to wage a war of annihilation. What increases his bitterness of regret all the more is the discovery that Flood and Mackey's active support of him in that campaign was given with the sole purpose of keeping him just then away from the Comstock. I don't believe Sharon will go to Washington at all this winter."

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—Silver men sing in bars.

—Cool currency—Winter quarters.

—Bob Ingersoll never swears in fun.

—Young Napoleon st-st-st-stammers.

—General Butler has stopped proposing.

—There are 2,360 varieties of American apples.

—Ex-Marshal Bazaine is still living at Madrid.

—Gen. Babcock's wealth is estimated at half a million.

—Spring openings—rat traps. Fall openings—chestnut burs.

—Flies have gone and the mirror is covered with an early frost.

—There is no law against opening a postal card.—*Camden Post.*

—Meissonier never paints women. He thinks they don't need it.

—This may be a hard winter for four-year-old spring chickens.

—No man goes home at two in the morning through beerings straights.

—The largest crop of oranges ever known is expected in Florida this season.

—Morton had very small eyes, but very bright ones, and women loved him.

—At Harvard 189 young men are studying law and 212 are studying medicine.

—A new idea at fairs—Filling a bottle with beans and guessing at the number.

—Joseph Jefferson has contributed $500 to the fund for the benefit of Edwin Adams.

—The young men of Washington have dropped their dancing clubs. Too expensive.

—It will be noticed that this column is printed a good deal in the shape of an obelisk.

—In Sandwich, England, the curfew is tolled every evening, as has been the practice for 700 years.

—Utah is said to have produced three-fourths of the supply of refined lead in this country last year.

—A cow deliberately committed suicide the other day near Lake City, Minn., by jumping from a high bluff.

—Gen. Franz Siegel intends that two of his three sons shall be farmers, and has bought for them a farm in Maryland.

—A quack has been sentenced in Richmond, Va., to five days' imprisonment and ten lashes well laid on, for swindling.

—Edwin Adams—exit—"Now cracks a noble heart; good night, sweet prince; and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

—Sweeden and Switzerland contribute the largest number of members to the Mormon Church. England is third on the list.

—It has been discovered in France that wine may be injured by the glass of the bottles in which it is contained being too alkaline.

—John Hay, author of "Little Breeches," etc., lives in sumptuous style in Cleveland, Ohio, where he married the daughter of a very wealthy citizen.

—The Danbury man has been informed and he believes that hugging a girl in a perfect-fitting corset is like putting your arms round a cold parlor stove.

—To Sir Samuel Baker's suggestion that a negro never tames a wild animal, the reply has been made that in the Southern States the negro has really domesticated the coon.

—The "Camp Kettle" is the newest straw design for holding flowers. A wicker pot is swung between three sticks, which are wound with flowers. The pot is heaped with roses.

—Learned professors know about 30,000 words; children of two, from 200 to 705; ordinary people, 9,000; book agents, 9,980,998. When they learn the word "quit" their education will be complete.

—It is now proposed in Congress to make the Presidential election come off one month sooner than is now provided by law; that is on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in October instead of November.

—Sidney Lanier has written an "Ode to Wagner," of which the appreciative St. Louis *Republican* remarks: This makes Wagner's visit to America a certainty. He will come if for no other purpose than to kill Lanier.

—Charley Ross' father, in his vain search for his stolen boy, has spent $60,000, his entire fortune, and is now a traveling salesman for an Eastern house. He has made 300 journeys in search of his lost child, and says he shall persevere until he is found or he dies himself.

—Col. Blood, of Woodhull notoriety, has lately come unpleasantly to the surface again. He swindled a St. Louis female out of $2,500 by inducing her to start a surgical institute, and he got the money and left. The woman is a free lover and spiritualist, and gets no sympathy, although Blood is despised.

—The largest opera house in the world is La Scala Milan, which is by no means a Scala affair. It will seat 4,000 persons, has 200 boxes in five tiers, each setting eight persons, and every seat commanding a perfect view of the stage, which will accommodate 400 performers, and is forty-six yards across its front, while the orchestra holds 120 musicians, and the main chandelier has 400 lights.

—Minister Kasson writes from Austria to a friend in Iowa: "My official reception was very cordial and satisfactory, and I have yet seen no cause to complain of the promptitude with which business is transacted, and I am glad to find more of it to do than I expected to find here. The Emperor sets the example of industry, arising at 5 o'clock in the morning and immediately begining his work. He generally retires about 10 o'clock."

The last *Harper's Weekly* has a map of the world, by Ptolemy, that is nearly seventeen hundred years old. It is remarkable for its correctness as far as it goes, and what is wonderful to modern geographers, makes the head of the Nile, the Niyanza lakes that have cost modern geographers so much to discover. And the course of the Congo, recently explored by Stanley, is given very much as it is to-day. We must revise our ideas and our egotism both a little, for the more we learn the more we find that mankind has known before.

Gloves are bound to be enlarged, to make room for the buttons on them.—*Rochester Democrat.*

The Phonograph.

From the New York Times

The telephone was justly regarded as an ingenious invention when it was first brought before the public, but it is destined to be entirely eclipsed by the new invention of the phonograph. The former transmitted sound. The latter bottles it up for future use. The telephone can furnish us with Talmage's sermons drawn directly from the wood, so to speak; but, with the aid of the phonograph, the same sermons can be stored away in the cellar, to be brought out years hence with their tones unimpaired by age, and their loudest yells as piercing and pervasive as ever. It may seem improbable that a hundred years hence the people will be able to hear the voice of Wendell Phillips in the act of delivering an oration, but the phonograph will render it possible to preserve for any length of time the words and tones of any orator. It is unnecessary to explain the mechanical construction of the phonogroph, but it may be said on general terms that if an orator empties his voice into the hopper of a phonograph, it will remain silent until some one sets a similar machine in motion when the voice will instantly make itself audible, and will speak in exact order the words of its former proprietor.

It is evident that this invention will lead to important changes in our social customs. The lecturer will no longer require his audiences to meet him in a public hall, but will sell his lectures in quart bottles, at fifty cents each; and the politician, instead of howling himself hoarse on the platform, will have a pint of his best speech put into the hands of each one of his constituents. A large business will, of course, be done in bottled sermons, and many weak congregations which are unable to pay a regular pastor will content themselves with publicly opening a bottle of "Dr. Tyng," "Dr. Crosby," or some other popular ministerial brand, but the practice of personal preaching will be continued, since in no other way can a weekly opportunity be afforded to the ladies for mutual bonnet inspection.

Another result will doubtless be a large consumption of orators at public dinners and in the home circle. Whether a man has or has not a wine cellar, he will certainly, if he wishes to be regarded as a man of taste, have a well stocked oroatorical cellar. In stocking his cellar he will lay in several dozen of "Bob Ingersoll," or of "Senator Conkling," especially the celebrated Rochester vintage of the latter, for the use of those of his political friends who require strong stimulants. As a pleasant and palatable table orator he will select dry "Mark Twain," or possibly "Beecher," although the latter has rather too much body. "Sparkling Cox," and "Effervescing Frothingham" would be appropriate for evening parties, and "George William Curtis" would unquestionably be very popular as a sweet and not too stimulating cordial. The connoisseur of orators will become in time as great a bore as the connoisseur of wines. He will be constantly saying to his guests, "Try a little of that 'Anna Dickinson.' I fancy you will admit that it is very nice, though, perhaps, a little dry for an uneducated taste. It cost me $48 a dozen, and is far superior to any 'Gail Hamilton' now in the market;" or, "I want you to give me your honest opinion of that 'Evarts.' I got a dozen of it at a bargain the other day, and I flatter myself that it is the genuine thing." The medical profession will prescribe orations instead of alcoholic stimulants, and persons suffering from physical weakness will be told to take half a bottle of this or that orator at dinner, and a wine glass full of "Ben Butler" before going to bed. The use of bottled orations will, of course, be carried to excess, by weak or vicious persons, and it is sad to think to what wrecks men and women will reduce themselves by consuming say three or four bottles of "Holland" or "Talmage" daily. This, in its turn, will lead to the formation of Temperance societies, the aim of which will be to pass a prohibitory law forbidding the sale of all varieties of bottled orators, and making no distinction between the pernicious "Citizen Swinton" and the mild and innocuous "Hayes." Whether bottled orators can be adulterated by unprincipled dealers remains to be seen, but we may be sure that, if adulteration is practicable, it will be as difficult to buy half a dozen of any pure native or foreign orator as it to buy any pure champagne or madeira.

There is good reason to believe that if the phonograph proves to be what its inventor claims that it is, both book-making and reading will fall into disuse. Why should we print a speech when it can be bottled, and why should we learn to read when, if some skillful elocutionist merely repeats one of "George Eliot's" novels aloud, in the presence of a phonograph, we can subsequently listen to it without taking the slightest trouble. We shall be able to buy Dickens and Thackeray by the single bottle or by the dozen, and rural families can lay in a hogshead of "Timothy Titcomb" every fall for consumption during the winter. Instead of libraries filled with combustible books, we shall have vast store houses of bottled authors, and though students in colleges may be required to learn the use of books, just as they now learn the dead languages, they will not be expected to make any practical use of the study. Blessed will be the lot of the small boy of the future. He will never have to learn his letters or wrestle with the spelling book, and if he does not revere the name of the inventor of the phonograph, he will be utterly destitute of gratitude.

Spelling at Vassar.

The following communication, written by a Vassar girl to an exchange, shows that after all there may be some need for phonographic reform in spelling our good English language:

DEAR SIR:—I have been much interested in Mr. Richard Grant White's letters regarding our language. I notice a number have written to him, and I desire, through you, to ask him a simple question, viz: What does "Phtholognyrrh" spell?

Solution—(To be reserved until we hear from Mr. White):

First—Phth (as in phthisic) is...... T
Second—olo (as in colonel) is..........UR
Third—gn (as in gnat) is. ....N
Fourth—yrrh (as in myrrh) is........ ER
—or Turner.—*Vassar.*

Intellectual Boston paid Lydia Thompson $16,000. It worships the golden calf. —*N. Y. Herald.*

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

The fashionable fall color in tom cats is yeller.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Napoleon's campaign against Austria is the first recorded instance of "didn't know it was Lodi'd."—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Somebody has likened the President to "Old Hickory," but we fear that Hazelnut appreciate the compliment.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"Obelisk" in a Greek tongue means a skewer. Probably this is the reason New York wants to skewer one.—*Norristown Herald.*

New York fox-hunting could be matched if men would make a pasteboard whale and chase it about Lake Erie.—*Reading Despatch.*

A sign on Rochester street reads, "Joseph Amborn." We do not wish to deny the assertion, but we object to the grammar of it.—*Rochester Democrat.*

The N. Y. *World* asks: Of what use are the legs of a pair of trousers below the knee? Not much use, we confesss; but the trouble can be remedied by putting on a pair of suspenders and hauling them up to where they belong.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

For thirty years a woman has peddled newspapers at Fulton Ferry, New York City. A few days since she died, leaving an estate valued at $50,000. In rain and cold she has stood at her little stand, and by her pleasant manner and kind address she has made many friends, and when she commenced failing they advised her to give up her place. But the habits of a life-time had become too strong and she kept it until the last. Her husband has been equally prudent and hard working, and they have always kept their children in luxury.

Mechanical Wa g.

Gale, the pedestrian, has achieved the feat of walking 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours. Looking at the matter purely from a physical point of view, it is a marvelous exhibition of human endurance. A steady walk of thirty-six miles a day for forty-two days is no mean task, but when each day is broken up into sets of a mile and a half to be accomplished in each hour—day and night— the wonder is that any man can be found possessing the stamina requisite to accomplish the work. But it must have been a pitiable sight to have seen Gale walking during the last half of his alotted time. Walking had become a mechanical matter—all the functions of mind and body beyond those necessary to keep him moving on the track would be suspended in a constant drowsiness. Want of sleep in these cases is the great opponent of the pedestrian, and twice in the course of the match Gale fell asleep while walking, and tumbled over on the course. Still looking at it as a feat, this walk of 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours, far trancends that of Captain Barclay, whose distance was confined to 1,000 miles, and who, by walking one mile in the last quarter of an hour and another in the first quarter of the next, really had rests of an hour and a half each. But, after all, it may be asked, what possible good can accrue from such performances? They are not pleasing, they are most emphatically detrimental to health, and can only satisfy a morbid desire to do something out of the common. Gale is now able to say that he has accomplished something which man never did before, and in the interest of humanity and of society the wish may be expressed that no pedestrian will arise to attempt to wrest from him what trumpery glory he has attained.—*Glasgow News.*

The Great Wall of China.

The great wall of China was measured in many places by Mr. Unthank, an American engineer, lately engaged on a survey for a Chinese railway. His measurements give the height at 18 feet, and a width on top of 15 feet. Every few hundred yards there is a tower 24 feet square, and from 20 to 25 feet high. The foundation of the wall is of solid granite. Mr. Unthank brought with him a brick from the wall, which is supposed to have been made 200 years before the time of Christ. In building this immense stone fence to keep out the Tartars, the builders never attempted to avoid mountains or chasms to save expense. For 1,300 miles the wall goes over plain and mountain, and every foot of the foundation is in solid granite, and the rest of the structure solid masonry. In some places the wall is built smooth up against the bank, or cañons, or precipices, where there is a sheer descent of 1,000 feet. Small streams are arched over, but in the larger streams the wall runs to the water's edge, and a tower is built on each side. On the top of the wall there are breastworks, or defenses, facing in and out, so the defending force can pass from one tower to another without being exposed to an enemy from either side. To calculate the time of building or cost of this wall is beyond human skill. So far as the magnitude of the work is concerned, it surpasses everything in ancient or modern times of which there is any trace. The pyramids of Egypt are nothing compared to it.—*London News.*

A Retreat for Inebriates.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale made an interesting contribution to the temperance discussion before the State Total Abstinance Society at Boston recently, in a plan which he says has been more or less on his mind for thirty years, for the colonization of poor men who wish to break from the liquor habit, but have not made themselves liable to confinement in the reformatory institutions. Men of means somtimes move for a time to temperance towns and remain their till the moral strength is restored, and Mr. Hale's plan is to secure this retreat for poor men by a system of labor contracts for two or three years, similar to the elistment in the army and navy. Some island like Penikese or Cuttyhunk, in Buzzard's Bay, could be secured and cheap dwellings built, with small allotments of land to each, and with large farms, shoe shops or other industries. The class of men for whom it is intended, Mr. Hale thinks, would jump at the offer to be hired with their families for two or three years. It is just what they and their wives pray for, and with comfortable houses and gardens, food without rum and society without temptation, the men would, before their contracts expired, be new men in body and ambition, and perhaps be able to buy their little homes and remain in them.

A WILD WOMAN.

Dwelling in a Desert with Beasts only for Companions.

Virginia Chronicle, 13th.

Last Friday a wood teamster named McCausland, who was hauling wood in the mountains about 20 miles northeast of this city, saw a woman riding astride of a goat on the side of a mountain. She seemed quite at ease on her improvised courser, and was riding along at a fast gait, but as soon as she saw she was observed she jumped off the goat and ran out of sight on the other side of the mountain, Nanny following in her tracks. The teamster is at a loss to account for the presence of the woman in that neighborhood, as he is sure there are no families residing there. It was probably "Old Mother Dildine," an eccentric woman who has kept a goat and sheep ranch, for the past 13 or 15 years, on the eastern edge of Twenty-one-Mile Desert, whose peculiarities are well known to the residents in that part of Carson valley. She lives alone in a small cabin, with her goats, sheep and fowls for her only companions, invariably avoiding all intercourse with white people as long as she can. When the stock of the necessaries of life is exhausted, she visits the towns of Sutro and Dayton to sell a few dozen of eggs and chickens, with the product of which she replenishes her store. She is quite sociable to the Indians who wander in that direction, and treats them kindly always, but especially when they are ill. At such times she prepares from mountain plants, beverages that the Piutes believe to be all-potential in restoring them to health. Her nearest white neighbor lives probably 15 miles away, but she not only does not regret her isolation, but she rather likes it, and the chances are that she prefers her mode of life in her wretched hovel to a residence on Comstock Row, or in a more civilived vicinage. She is said to be the wife of Samuel Z. Dildine, Surveyor of Lyon county, from whom she has lived apart for years.

A Cold Deck.

"Dan De Quille" tells the following story in the Virginia *Enterprise*: In the early days of California, when the miners were digging "bushels" of money out of the gulches and hills, Reddy & Andrews (Tom Andrews who is well known here and in the mining towns of California) owned immensely rich diggings in Forest city, Sierra county. They frequently cleaned up from $20,000 to $30,000. When a clean-up was made one of the partners would take the dust down to San Francisco to the mint.

In making these trips they generally took turns. It was their habit to stop over night in Sacramento, and take the boat the next afternoon at 2 o'clock for San Francisco. When Andrews came down to Sacramento he frequently did battle with the "tiger," but Reddy's strong suit was poker. Three aces was his big hand. When he held three aces he would bet his "bottom dollar." This was well known among the sports.

On one occasion Reddy had been playing all night with some of the Sacramento sports, and in the morning quit $800 ahead of the game. The sports—Charley Dawson among the number—did not much relish his getting away with the coin, and concluded, "just for the fun of the thing," as they told Reddy, to take a little run down the Bay.

The boat had not proceeded far down the river before, as the most natural thing in the world, a poker game was started. In the game was Reddy, Foster (a hotel keeper from one of the Southern mining counties), Charley Dawson and two other sports.

A job had been put up to "raise" a "cold deck" and give Reddy his favorite hand of three aces. The game proceeded, and at the proper time Dawson "raised" the deck.

The cards were delt and Reddy got his three aces, Dawson three kings, and the others indifferent hands. In the "draw" Dawson got the other king. Reddy drew two cards, but having his three aces he felt strong enough to fight an army, and did not pick up or look at the two cards drawn.

Betting began, and Foster and the two other sports that were with Dawson did not come in.

Having four kings, and being confident that Reddy had but his three aces, Dawson went in strong; and, having his three aces, Reddy felt that nothing could whip him. He was so sure that he was right that he paid no attention to the cards gotten in the draw.

The betting was red hot, and most of the loungers about the boat were gathered around the two men, watching the game with breathless interest.

Among the lookers on was Domingo Joe, a nervous, restless little sport, who was Dawson's friend and chum. Joe was skipping back and forth in his restless way, peeping over the shoulders of the two men at their cards as often as an opportunity offered, his eyes sparkling with excitement. He felt quite confident that the cards had been properly "stocked," yet he would have given much for a peep at those Reddy had not yet picked up.

Several thousand dollars had already been bet, and finally as a stumper, Dawson went $2,000 better. Reddy promptly "saw the raise" and said, "I go you another $2,000 better. Quite absentmindedly he then picked up the two cards that had all the time been lying unnoticed by his side.

The weasel eye of "Domingo Joe" detected the other ace as the cards were lifted, and an ashy pallor spread over his visage—it was as though he had been stricken by death.

He almost instantly recovered his self-possession, however, and, thrusting both hands into his trowsers pockets, he sheered off from the party and carelessly sauntering up and down the boat, began singing:

"And the other fell in too, boys,
And the other fell in there, too."

This was enough for Dawson. The words of Joe's pretended song came to his ears as a death knell. He turned pale, then red, threw down his cards and said, "Take it all, I squeel!"

As Reddy raked down the whole pile he threw a glance around at the faces of the crowd of silent spectators, and sang, as though the words of Domingo Joe had just reached his ears:

"And the other fell in, too, boys,
And the other fell in there, too."

The New North-West

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EVE-ANGELICAL CORNER.

Old maids are prim roses.

Dead-leaf brown is trimmed with dead-leaf green.

Mixtures of velvet and silk will continue to be worn.

There isn't much difference between a grasshopper and a grass-widow, after all. Either will jump at the first chance.

The *Examiner* shows that if Bluebeard's wife had been true to him in regard to the key he might have lived happily with her in his old age.

A correspondent wishes to know at what age a girl should no longer be kissed by her male friends. A lady suggest the age when she puts on long dresses.

A Richmond paper reports that Miss Lizzie Van Lew, late Postmaster of that city, has associated herself with a business man in the manufacture of plow-points and castings.

English papers state that young ladies who wear what is sometimes called deer-stalker hats are beginning to raise them in acknowledgement of the salutation of their male friends.

A Madrid paper states that a titled lady of that city is collecting photographs of the prettiest women she can find, to be sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1878 as specimens Spanish beauty.

Did you ever notice how sensitive are the ears of a woman in church to the crying of some other woman's baby, and how deafer than a post the is when her own offspring sets up its piercing squall?—*Church Union.*

Mrs. Morton is preparing to leave Indianapolis for New Haven, where she will live until her youngest son has finished his college course. After that the two will return to Indianapolis and make that city their permanent home. Mrs. Morton will retain her house there.

It is eighteen hundred and odd years since a Christian gentleman named Paul wrote to one Timothy, "I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence." And now as many as twenty-nine women are advertised in the Chicago papers as conducting religious services and preaching on a single Sunday.

They were what the world calls "engaged," and they were going to visit some of her relatives thirty miles distant. Two railroads ran to the home of the latter, and the lovers were undecided which one to take. "There is a long, dark tunnel on the Q—— road, isn't there?" she innocently asked. He said there was. "And none on the B—— line?" she further inquired. He said there was not. "Then let us go by way of the Q—— road," she softly murmured. And they went.—*Norriston Herald.*

A Child Queen.

St. Nicholas.

I am sure you will like the story I am about to tell you, of a little French Princess who was married and crowned Queen of England when only eight years old, and who became a widow at twelve.

This child sovereign was born many hundred years ago—in 1387—at the Palace of the Louvre in Paris, of whose noble picture gallery I am sure you all have heard, if, indeed, many of you have not seen it yourselves. She was the daughter of the poor King Charles VI., whose misfortunes made him insane, and for whose amusement playing cards were invented, and of his Queen, Isabeau of Bavaria, a beautiful but very wicked woman. Little Princess Isabella was the eldest of 12 children. She inherited her mother's beauty, and was petted by her parents and the entire Court of France.

King Richard II. of England, who was a widower about 30 years old, was urged to marry again; and, instead of selecting a wife near his own age, his choice fell upon little Princess Isabella.

"She is much too young," he was told. "Even in five or six years she will not be old enough to be married." The King, however, thought this objection too trifling to stand in the way of his marriage, and saying, "The lady's age is a fault that every day will remedy," he sent a magnificent embassy to the Court of France, headed by the Archbishop of Dublin, and consisting of Earls, Marshals, Knights, and Squires of Honor uncounted, with attendants to the number of 500.

When the embassy reached Paris, and the offer of marriage had been formally accepted, the Archbishop and the Earls asked to see the little Princess who was soon to become their Queen. At first the French Council refused, saying so young a child was not prepared to appear on public occasions, and they could not tell how she might behave. The English noblemen were so solicitous, however, that at last she was brought before them. The Earl Marshal immediately knelt before her, and said, in the old-fashioned language of the time:

"Madam, if it please God, you shall be our Lady and Queen."

Queen Isabeau stood at a little distance curious and anxious, no doubt, to know how her little daughter would answer the formal address. To her great pleasure, and the great surprise of all present, the Princess Isabella replied:

"Sir, if it please God and my father that I be Queen of England, I shall be well pleased, for I am told I shall then be a great lady."

Then, giving the Marshal her tiny hand to kiss, she bade him rise from his knees, and, leading him to her mother, she presented him to her with the grace and ease of a mature woman.

According to the fashion of the time, Princess Isabella was immediately married by proxy, and received the title of the Queen of England. Froissart, the celebrated historian living at that epoch, says "It was very pretty to see her, young as she was, practicing how to act like a Queen."

In a few days King Richard arrived from England with a gay and numerous retinue of titled ladies to attend his little bride. After many grand festivities they were married, and were taken in state to England, where the Baby Queen was crowned in the world renowned Westminster Abbey.