The New North-West.

VOL. 9, No. 36. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, MARCH 8, 1878. WHOLE No. 453.

The New North-West

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

Regular advertising payable quarterly, as due.
Transient advertising payable in advance.
Special Notices are 50 per cent. more than regular advertisements.
Local advertising, 15 cents for the first insertion; 10 cents per line for each succeeding insertion; lines counted in Nonpariel measure.
Job Work payable on delivery.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

ATTORNEYS

W. F. SANDERS, W. F. CULLEN,
SANDERS & CULLEN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
HELENA, - - - MONTANA.

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. 304-1y

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. [216.tf

BANKERS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
DEER LODGE.
W. A. CLARK, President.
R. W. DONNELL, Vice-President.
S. E. LARABEE, Cashier.
Draw Exchange on
All the Principal Cities of the World.
NEW YORK CORRESPONDENTS,
Donnell, Lawson & Co.,
No. 92 Broadway
79-1y

First National Bank,
Helena, Montana.
T. HAUSER, President. D. C. CORBIN, Vice President.
E. W. KNIGHT, Cashier. T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT, Ass't Cashier
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

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.
383 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.
Reasonabe Rates to Regular Boarders.
HAUSWIRTH BROTHERS.
BUTTE Oct. 27, 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:

Subpoenas ....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.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

[Written while half tipsy over a solitary dinner, March 17, 1813.]

Though solus here I pick my bone,
And drown my shamrock all alone,
Yet ne'er the worse for that.
I'll fill and drink (to make amends)
Both to and for all absent friends,
To honor thee, St. Pat.

And, faith, to thee I'd rather quaff
Than any saint on Heaven's staff
That ever Pope gazetted;
Because to thee we Irish sinners,
Who love to sprinkle well our dinners,
Are very deep indebted.

There's good St. Swithin—had he given
Instead of water—wine from Heaven,
For forty days together,
Then truly for a moist 'set in"
Six weeks of wet would not have been
Uncomfortable weather.

But oh! the honor gemmed with beads,
That in my glass this moment reads
The not act, so frisky!
Sweet Pat, if e'er in humorous vein
Thou takest 't in thy head to rain—
For heaven's sake rain whisky!

I wonder what in censure's way
The devil's lawyer had to say
Against thee, Pat—what had he?
The worst that Eldon's self could prese,
The devil's lawyer he, God knows!
Would be to call the "Paddy."

But let them call thee what they will,
Through life I'll love thy worship still.
And when my race is over
Let shamrocks crown my bed of sleep,
Let whisky dew the shamrocks steep,
And friends say around me while they weep:
"Here lies a Pat in clover."

—*Thomas Moore.*

DIPLOMATIC VEXATIONS.

The Arduous Duties of Our Minister to the Sandwich Islands.

Minister Comly in Columbus, Ohio, Journal.

Do you know what it is to the minister to have a man-of-war visit his post? First the admiral sends his staff officer to report his arrival. Then they take a drink. Then the minister runs up his flag, and sends a dispatch to the Minister of Foreign Affairs notifying his Majesty's government that the admiral has arrived, and desires to salute the flag. Then his excellency replies, and sets the time when the admiral may shoot, and his Majesty's big guns will be all loaded ready to reply, gun for gun. Then the bombardment takes places. Then the admiral calls on the minister, with his staff and all their good clothes. Then they all drink. Then the minister goes aboard the man-of-war in his good clothes and in the admiral's yawl. Then they all drink. When he leaves the vessel, after being presented arms to, and all kinds of bother, he gets only about 30 yards away when his ears are torn and his head bursted by the big guns of the vessel firing a 15-gun salute. The mariners have their oars peaked and their eyes on the minister, and he is expected to take off his hat and grin horribly a ghastly smile, as if he really enjoyed the honor of having his head bursted in this way. Then the admiral comes ashore with his staff, and the minister takes him to call upon his Majesty's government. We go first to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who tells us when we may have an audience at the palace to present the admiral and other officers to his Majesty. Then we visit the other ministers, the Governor of Oahu, the Justices of the Supreme Court and the Marshal of the Kingdom; then we take a drink. Then the admiral invites the minister to lunch, and they take a drink.

Next day or so, the minister takes the whole party to the palace, and they are presented in due form to his Majesty. The admiral reads a little speech, in which he tells his Majesty how glad we are to see him, and his Majesty reads a little speech in which he replies how glad he is to see us. Then we talk awhile with all the grandees and after backing out of the presence sign our names in a little book, and the admiral hurries on board the vessel to get his kidneys relieved from the pressure of his sword-belt as soon as possible. Meantime all the other excellencies, representing every country under heaven, have been sending notes to the minister begging him to name the happy day when it will please the admiral to send a boat for them to come on board, and have a salute fired for them. Then the Frenchman always gets mad because he did not get as many guns as he thinks he ought to have had, and the minister has three months' correspondence on his hands before that is settled. You think it is all over now? The trouble is only about to begin. There are dinners, lunch parties, dances, serenades, visits to be paid, and the devil to pay if the foreign representatives do not receive their return calls before the week is out. Why, it is a positive fact, we have been living since last September within five miles of the greatest sight to be seen in the world almost,—the "Pali" or "Pari," a precipice 1,300 feet high, over which old Kamehameha drove the army that opposed him; and to-day is the first day I have found is possible to go up and see it. That I ran away, literally, on the day before the mail closes, in order to see it even now, will I trust be a fact of some significance. I have no time to write about it, however, though I am stuffed full of its beauty and grandeur. It will have to wait.

Make One.

Telephones of the home-made kind are becoming numerous and popular. Some do not know how the "rig" is made, and therefore it should be explained. Two tin cylinders are provided. Across one end of each is stretched a disc of skin such as is used on a banjo, and which can be procured at a music store. Each disc is perforated in the center. A silk cord of the desired length connects the cylinders, being passed through each of the drums and fastened inside. The cylinders are fastened to the wall, or any article of furniture by passing strips of leather or tape, not to be allowed to be touched, around them and tacked fast. These cords must not touch any object except its own support. These are simple loops of the same cord. In passing a string through a frame of the transom or window, the support should be placed that it cannot touch the sides of the hole. In some cases a hole is broken through the window, but this is a slovenly plan. Some ingenuity is necessary in managing the supports of the stretched cord, but it is not a difficult matter. A "telephone" made in this manner ought to give easy communications between points 500 feet distant, though the nearer the better. In speaking it is not best to put the mouth exactly at the opening of the cylinder, but a couple of inches from it.

OUR EXHIBIT AT PARIS.

What Sort of a Display the Agricultural Department Will Make.

The Agricultural Department has been allotted a ground space at the Paris Exposition of 75 feet square, in the center of which will stand an ornamental structure 52 feet in diameter. The base is in the shape of a five-pointed star, thus giving a five sided building of 17 feet in diameter. The star faces are 7 feet high and 15 feet long, and are made of glass, behind which various exhibits will be shown, and in the panels will be inscribed the words of Washington commendatory of agriculture. At the points of each star are glass cases, surmounted by vases of different kinds of American stone, in which will be shown growing plants of the principal products of this country,—corn, cotton, sugar, rice and tobacco. The roof from the star faces to the base of a cupalo of glass, which will be filled in with growing plants, with the exception of triangular spaces, in which will be emblazoned the names of the 13 original States, of other States as they entered the Union and of the Territories. The pillars which support the cupola will be composed of corn from which half of the husk has been removed, and the cupola itself will contain the poultry exhibit. The cupola is surmounted by a spire, at the base of which will be a stand of American flags and on the top an American eagle perched upon a gilded ball. The eagle will be stuffed bird and the finest specimen obtainable. It has not yet been exactly determined how to utilize the corner spaces outside the building, but care will be taken not to obstruct the view of this ornamental structure. Special prominence will be given to the leading products of the country, and it is proposed to exhibit in one mass at least one hundred bales of cotton. Manufacturers and producers throughout the country are cheerfully co-operating with the Commissioner of Agriculture, and the Department will no doubt be enabled to make a very creditable display.—*N. Y. World.*

Society Gossip in Washington.

"Miss Grundy," in one of her spicy letters from the Capital to the St. Louis *Evening Post*, says:

Gail Hamilton is also invaluable at dinner parties. She is the readiest and brightest talkers in Washington—one of the rare class of talkers who do not monopolize the conversation. She draws others into it, enabling them to show to as great advantage as herself, the subtlest of flattery. She is never didactic, but is always original, and falls readily into the light vein which is most agreeable in society.

The jolliest man to meet in company is the Postmaster-General, who always seems to be thoroughly enjoying himself. He takes great pride in speaking of himself as the Cabinet curiosity. "When I traveled around with the President," he says in gleeful tones, half-laughing at himself the while, "the people took almost as much interest in looking at me as at him. It was just because I used to be a naughty boy." He takes a humorous delight in regarding himself as the repentant sinner, the symbol of the conciliatory policy, and his mirth-loving face radiates the refulgent gleams of peace. It did not destroy his self-congratulatory temper when I reminded him that he was not the first ex-Confederate who had been in the Cabinet, as Akerman was in Grant's Cabinet. "Oh, yes," he answered, "but he was reconstructed; and I have never been." "Then," I responded, "you have been conciliated. He represented the hard doctrine of reconstruction, you the gentle one of forgiveness and peace." To this he gave a pleasant assent.

A Story of Lincoln.

The death of Mr. Denton, of Delaware county, Iowa, recalls a story which he used to tell. In the early days of the Illinois Central railway the line was not fenced, and one day two cows belonging to a Methodist clergyman were killed. Being sued for damages, the company resolved to make a test case of it. The President of the road directed Mr. Denton to take $500 in gold, and go to Springfield and retain Abraham Lincoln, whom he knew well, for the company. Mr. Lincoln replied to his request, "I am sorry you didn't come yesterday, Nick, for I have been retained for the preacher and his friends." Denton explained fully the importance of the case to the company, and then, pulling two buckskin bags filled with gold out of his pocket he put them down on the desk before the lawyer, with a startling chink, saying, "Mr. Lincoln, the President of the company authorizes me to hand you this retainer of $500 to take our case." Mr. Lincoln jumped to his feet, flushed with anger. "Nick Denton," he said, "I have given my promise to that preacher and his friends and the Illinois Central hasn't money enough to buy me away from his side. I don't know that I shall ever get a dollar from him—but I'll do my best to make your company pay for those cows." Denton said that he never felt so mean and small in his life as he did at that moment. And in 1860, though a Democrat, he used to say during the Presidential campaign, that Lincoln was the noblest man in America.

A New Ground for Divorce.

The best divorce story we remember hearing of late comes from the northwestern States, the facts in which are about as follows: A Milesian lady whose marital relations had become distasteful, called upon a prominent attorney in that section of country lately, with a view of securing his services in a divorce case, she being about to enter suit against her husband. In answer to a question as to the grounds for an application for a divorce, the lady stated with emphasis, "Pat, gets drunk." But finding such complaint insufficient, and evidently intending to remove further objection, she made the still more emphatic declaration, "But he bates me." The remarkable vigor, both mental and muscular, exhibited by the lady being strongly averse to the theory of her suffering to any marked extent upon that score, the weighty argument, which she had probably designed as a clincher from the first, was finally produced, when assuming an air of confidential triumph resulting from a consciousness that she was at last mistress of the situation, she exclaimed, "I have a strong suspicion that Pat is not the father of me youngest child!"—*Hartford Times.*

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—Alexander II. has ruled over Russia 22 years.

—The iron production of Russia is 320,- tons per year.

—Keeley, of "motor" fame, is a hopeless bankrupt.

—The Boston *Globe* says that Bob Ingersoll is not a first class infidel.

—The man who owns the flouring mill in a country town has a grinding monopoly.

—A Masonic journal places the number of Master Masons in the United States at 602,019.

—Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the distinguished actor, is said to be a firm believer in spiritual phenomena.

—The price of nickle in England has dropped from 11s. per lb. in Jan., 1877, to 4s. in Jan., 1878.

—An Aberdonian recently bought a horse by photograph, thus literally getting the carte before the horse.

—Over 700 yards of tapestry brussels carpeting are made daily at a carpet factory at Amsterdam, N. Y.

—Sir Peter Coats, the great spool-cotton manufacturer, is visiting New Orleans, in company with his daughter.

—It is said of the 6,000,000 Catholics in the United States that 1,237,000 are Germans. These are served by 1,373 priests.

—There are no less than 124 foreign entries in the five great races of 1878 in England, and among these are five American horses.

—Mr. P. T. Barnum calculates that he has sold, since he began his business of amusements, no less than $83,000,000 worth of tickets.

—Bayard Taylor says that the newspaper man who works French and Latin into his articles is a fool, and is seeking to hide the fact.

—No man was ever yet on the wrong side in a lawsuit that he was not firmly resolved to carry the contest to the U. S. Supreme Court.

—The few old shinplasters floating around remind one of the days when a tenscent scrip was handled with eleven cents' worth of care.

—It is said that Cardinal Manning wishes Monsignor Capel, the head of the Roman Catholic University in London, to be made Archbishop of Scotland.

—Virginia once had a native African for Governor. Alexander Spottswood, who filled the chair in 1760, was born in Tangier while his father, a British officer, was there on duty.

—Ex-Governor Washburne, of Wisconsin, wants it understood that he isn't a candidate for anything—not even the United States Senatorship, which everybody said he wanted.

—The New York Chief of Police avers that guilty persons always weep and betray great anxiety and mental distress, while the innocent are indignant but self-possessed.

—Mr. Wm. F. Cody, known on the boards as "Buffalo Bill," has removed his residence from Rochester to North Platte, Nebraska, and is henceforth to devote his life to cattle-raising and the excitement of the plains.

—Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets, and his pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it is coming out. Good luck is a man of pluck, with his sleeves rolled up, and working to make it come out right.

—The telephone is being largely employed in Washington, especially in the Departments. Secretary Sherman has one between the Treasury building and his residence. He uses it a great deal, generally before and after working hours, when desiring to consult a clerk at work on special documents or abstracts.

—Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it's only a full stomach; and many a woman imagines herself heavenly-minded and ripe for immortality, when in reality it is only indigestion that has affected the lachrymose glands and soured her for the pleasures of the world. Thus potatoes are often mistaken for principle and dyspepsia for religion.

—Dr. Benjamin Franklin, while Minister to France, bought a clock, which is now being exhibited in Detroit. In the excitement of the fire which destroyed Detroit in 1805 the clock was thrown into the river, but some adventurous boys fished it out, and it did service for many years at the Indian agencies at Fort Gibson and the Sault, at which latter place its present owner found it.

—The English fleet in the Mediteranean is a pretty formidable array. It consists of 35 ships, carrying 170 guns, and manned by a force of about 6,000 men. Most of the vessels are armor-plated, and several of them carry 25-ton guns. The fleet will be reinforced by other war vessels immediately. No armament so powerful has ever before been sent on an errand of menace to any quarter of the globe.

—The Third Regiment of French Zouaves, observing Victor Emanuel's bravery at the battle of Palestro during the war with Austria, elected him a corporal of their regiment, a distinction of which the King was proud. His name was, until recently, daily called by the officer on duty, and the oldest soldier present would advance and reply, "Absent on leave." The regiment has conferred the same rank on King Humbert.

—A serious joke was recently played in Chicago upon a zealous special revenue agent who had come from Florida on a special tour of inspection through the Marquette district of Lake Superior. He was told that he could distinquish himself by ferreting out a band of smugglers on Isle Royal, a mineral knob which lifts itself out of the northern central part of Lake Superior. The agent forthwith took the last boat of the season to the island without knowing that he could not return, so there he must remain until next June, when navigation re-opens, enjoying the society of the few Cornish miners and Indians who form the population of the island.

An Alabama negro magician, who claimed to be lead-proof, invited several fellow-Africans to shoot at him the other day. The obsequies were very plain and unpretentious.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.* Just like the funeral of many another negro-man-sir.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

MADAME DOUGLASS' CAT.

How an Insane Woman Amused Herself for 25 Years.

Mme. Douglass, who had been a patient in the King's County Asylum for the Insane, at Flatbush, for 25 years, died recently. All her affections were centered in in a cat, which for six years had been her constant companion, and to which she clung almost to the minute of her death.

She had spent 25 years of her life in the Asylum rearing cats, taking a kitten before it was old enough to feed itself and beginning to feed it with a spoon. She would not allow her pet to take a morsel of food which she did not give it with a spoon, and the result was that the cats raised learned to eat only from her hands. After one cat died her attendants would at once provide her with another kitten. She doted on her pet animal as though it was a child, and called it Louise, Marie, Lizzie, Victoria, and nearly every name that is used for girls.

Her last pet was a very large white cat, which at her death weighed 26 pounds. She stuffed its mouth with food whether it would eat or not, and kept it exceedingly fat. After she died the cat was as helpless as a motherless infant, and some of the other patients adopted it, and continued to feed it as Mme. Douglass had done.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Latest from Chief Moses.

Portland Standard.

The latest news from Chief Moses is to the effect that he is trying to be friendly with the whites and in order to conciliate them, drove from his camp a few days ago the two hostile Nez Perces who sought shelter there. These men fought with Joseph during the campaign. They have been received by Smohalla at his camp near Priest Rapids. General Howard thinks they will be surrendered without any trouble. A brother-in-law of Chief Joseph, who was apprehensive of another war, visited the fort at Walla Walla recently and informed the commanding officer of his fear, saying he thought the soldiers were "mad," and the Indians were afraid. The officer communicated with General Howard, and the latter, to calm their fear, sent the following dispatch last Saturday:

PORTLAND, Feb. 9, 1878.

Commanding Officer, Fort Walla Walla:

No danger of Indians while behaving themselves properly being disturbed by soldiers. We are trying to effect an arrangement that all Indians, those with Moses and others, may each secure title to homesteads as whites do. Tell him Gen. Howard, after his return from Washington, would like to have a talk with Moses at some convenient point. The soldiers are not "mad," but friendly.

O. O. HOWARD,
Commanding General.

A Grave Charge Against a Virginia Belle.

A special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Press* from Richmond, Va., dated Feb. 4th, says: Miss Emma Davenport, a beautiful and highly educated young lady of twenty odd years, was brought here to-day from Goochland Court House, in this State, under the charge of a special mail agent, charged with robbing the mails at that place of valuable jewelry, silk dresses, &c. Miss Davenport, whose father is the Postmaster at Goochland Court House, at the time of the alleged robbery was employed as a clerk in the office. The fair prisoner was the belle in her county, and admired by a large circle of friends both here and in many other sections of the State, and is said to have made many conquests at the Virginia Springs, which she visited in company with her parents. Her arrest upon this grave charge has created quite a sensation among her friends here and in her own village. The young lady will have a hearing before the U. S. Commissioner to-morrow. She is stopping at one of the principal hotels here awaiting examination under charge of officers.

SKETCH OF THE NEW PONTIFF.—Pope Leo XIII is a native of Carpenetto, in the diocese of Arragui, and was born in 1810, being consequently 68 years of age. He was created Cardinal on December 19, 1853. He was Archbishop of Perugia, and Chamberlain of the late Pope, though an enemy of Antonelli. He was to have been created Cardinal at the request of a Protestant, King Leopold I of Belgium, to whom he had been sent as a Nuncio by Gregory XVI, but on the death of the latter, Pius IX, yielding to the vindictiveness of Antonelli, allowed seven years to elapse before he gave him the hat. Of a high intellect, of a well tried and energetic nature, His Eminence has made not only an excellent Bishop, but has realized the type of a perfect Cardinal. As an administrator he managed to clear Benevento of smuggling and brigandage, as well as the underhand intrigues of the party of the nobility. In regard to personal appearance the new Pope is tall and thin. His features have an aristocratic stamp, and are characterized by great *finesse*. The voice strikes one disagreeably at first, it is so nasal in its tones; but one soon gets accustomed to this peculiarity, owing to its fullness and resonance. Although simple in manners, it is he of all the Cardinals, who carries himself with pontifical majesty, resembling in this Pius IX, who in his early days passed for incomparable.

Cure of Diptheria.

A Bridgeport physician sends to the *Standard* the following: Our advice to parents is—for this is mostly a disease of childhood—protect the feet, legs and bodies of your children well, by substantial clothing. Give them plain, substantial food, plenty of rest, with fresh air and sunshine. Discard late hours and exciting amusement and too hot rooms. If your child takes cold, keep it at home in a pleasantly-warmed room and admit sunlight freely. If with the cold there is some sore throat, use simple remedies to promote perspiration and a water compress about the neck, and upon the first appearance of white or gray patches send for your physician. Do not put it off to see if it will get well itself. Twelve hours may decide the fate of your child—prompt, thorough, efficient medication at this stage of the disease will rarely fail of success—later, the system may be too depressed to respond to any remedies.

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

England is one of the greatest powwowers.—*Chicago Times.*

The Turk is not so much of a muscleman as he was.—*Lowell Courier.*

A Brunswick Democrat recently "rose above party." He quit drinking.—*Brunswick (Mo.) News.*

A subscription for Ida Lewis is talked of. She's been playing to light houses of late.—*Worcester Press.*

"To arms! They come—the Greeks. The Greeks!" "Three wounded and one a prisoner!"—*Free Press.*

When on a march General Butler always halted his command at the forks of a road.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Will there be any Chicago *Times* in heaven?—*N. Y. Herald.* We guess not, nothing but nice times.—*Worcester Press.*

The Chicago *Journal* says that few people come to a stop at Colon, Michigan. The period for such puns has expired.

Tom Thumb is getting bald-headed—*Exchange.* That a-nailment from which thumbs are not exempt.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

Almost anybody can send a boy on an errand, but only the wealthy have leisure to spare to wait for him to get back.—*Rome Sentinel.*

"Kindness goes a great ways," says the Detroit *Free Press.* We think she does. She hasn't been seen around here lately—*Buffalo Express.*

It is said of the Chicago banks that 13 out of 18 are opposed to silver. Silver is too bulky to run away with.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

If Virginia is the "Mother of Statesmen," we suppose it's in order to suggest that Pennsylvania's the "Pa."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

We miss the thrilling cable dispatches describing a battle in which both the Turks and Russians came off victorious. Was the liar shot?—*Boston Post.*

Under the significant heading of "Polk-Hayes" the Danbury *News* says: "Mrs. Hayes agrees with Mrs. Polk in objecting to dancing in the White House."

Invade not the past, reckless child of today!—*Owen Meredith.* All right, Owen, all right. We won't invade worth a cent. Let the past be forgotten. Good bye, old tailor bill!—*Camden Post.*

Mark Twain has a love story in the next *Atlantic* in which the lover's do their courting and get married by telephone. It's a pity Mark didnt attend the *Atlantic* dinner by telephone.—*Boston Post.*

Bordentown, New Jersey, was the home of a Bonaparte. It was also the scene of a brass band convention, and now it has risen to the dignity of a prize fight. There are some places you cannot crush.—*New York Telegram.*

A Boston girl fell while dancing on New Year's night and broke her arm.—*Ex.* Her brother should have taken her dancing partner out and schottische head off.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.* We have red 'owa' better than that, but less fatal. Hit him on the head a few times with a polka. He should have been impaled by the lancers.

Balky Horses.

I once heard of an unfortunate gentleman who had become insane, but was restored to sound health simply by causing the mind to make a sudden revulsion, which was done by skillfully leading him to become jealous of his wife, who was a most excellent lady, and who was aware of the process. On this hint we might learn to manage a balky horse. He is insane on the subject of going, that is self-evident. If we can manage to make him think on some other subject he will naturally forget about going and go before he knows it. The following devices have been successfully tried to accomplish the desired end: 1. Tying a string around the horse's ear close to the head. 2. Hitching the horse to the singletree by means of a cord instead of the tugs, the cord fastened to the horse's tail. 3. Filling the mouth full of some disagreeable substance. 4. Tying a stout twine around the leg, just below the knee, and then removing it when he has traveled some distance. Never whip a balky horse, for the more he is whipped the crazier he will become. Let everything be done gently, for boisterous words only confuse him and make him worse. Treat him in the mild manner that you would a crazy man, and you will succeed.—*Home and Farm.*

THE BOY'S THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.—"What makes that noise?" asked a little boy on the train the other day. "The cars," answered his mother. "What for?" "Because they are moving." "What are they moving for?" "The engine makes them." "What engine?" "The engine in front." "What's it in front for?" "To pull the train." "What train?" "This one." "This car?" repeated the youngster, pointing to the one in which they sat. "Yes." "What does it pull it for?" "The engineer makes it." "What engineer?" "The man on the engine." "What engine?" "The one in front." "What is that in front for?" "I told you that before." "Told who what?" "Told you." "What for?" "Oh, be still; you are a nuisance." "What's a nuisance?" "A boy who asks too many questions." "Whose boy?" "My boy." "What questions?" The conductor came through just then and took up the tickets, and the train pulled up to the station before we could get all of the conversation. The last we heard, as the lady jerked the youngster off the platform, was: "What conductor?"—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A NEW MEXICO DUEL.—A duel recently occurred on the Cebolla. A Mr. Colburn was placed under $500 bonds for slandering a lady, and straightway sent a challenge to the principal witness against him—a man by the name of Stine. The challenge was accepted, the weapons shotguns. On the first fire one of the charges did not explode and the other only exploded only the cap. The seconds then endeavored to effect a reconciliation. Stine was willing to be reconciled by his antagonist paying $275, but as the entire party could raise only $9.05 the fight had to go on. On the the second fire Colburn's gun went off in the air, and he ran behind Mr. Smith who was conveniently handy. Smith felt every inch a Smith and picked up a rock to defend himself. The entire party then indulged in a free fight, which was ended by the arrival of the Sheriff, who arrested the whole outfit, and the principals were placed under $500 bonds to keep the peace.—*Los Vegas Gazette.*

A MANITOBA WEDDING.

How French Half-Breeds Marry and Are Given in Marriage.

The French half-breeds, who form about one-fourth of the native population, generally marry at a very early age. Against the marriage day Gabriel accumulates a rich store of buffalo-meat and Jamaica rum, and if possible, a fine cloth capote of cerulean hue, and ornamental leggings of bewildering beadwork, for the unmarried half-breed in the consumation of his toilet first pays attention to his legs. His cap may be old, his capote out at elbows, but his leggings must be without spot or blemish. A legging of dark blue cloth, tied at the top with a gaudy garter of worsted work, and having a broad stripe of heavy bead or silk work running down the outer seam, is his insignia of respectability. Gabriel's marriage takes place in the winter, when the cares of existence are lightened by reason of advances made upon the labor of the ensuing season, or a generous supply of provisions in hand from the late fall hunt. On the appointed day he makes a present of a few ponies or a quantity of provisions to his prospective father-in-law, and, accompanied by the paternal blessing and a numerous crowd of friends, repairs with Philomel to the chapel, where the offices of some spiritual father makes the twain one flesh. The ceremony over, all concerned repair to the residence of Baptiste, Pascal or Antoine, who has agreed for a consideration to permit the wedding feast to be held in his house. Everybody is free to attend the dancing and feast which follow. The young bucks of the neighborhood array themselves in the bewildering apparel, which is fashionable upon occasions of this nature—a blue cloth capote with brass buttons, black or drab corduroy trousers, the aesthetic effect of which is destroyed by a variegated sash, with fringes pendent about the knees, moccasins and a fur cap with a gaudy tassel. The young maidens dress in sombre prints of blue and white or blue and orange, or dark woolen stuffs, but with bright-colored shawls about their shoulders and with brilliant silk handerchiefs upon their heads. This, with the false luster upon their black locks from the copious application of grease, is all that is showy about them.

A Terrible Night at a Theatre.

Once when I was a callow, bashful cub, I took a plain, unsentimental country girl to a comedy one night. I had known her a day; she seemed divine; I wore my new w boots. At the end of the first half hour she said, "Why do you fidget with your feet?" I said, "Did I?"—then I put my attention there and kept still. At the end of another half hour she said, "Why do you say, 'Yes oh yes!' and 'Ha, ha, oh certainly! very true!' to every thing I say, when half the time those are entirely irrelevant answers?" I blushed, and explained that I had been a little absent-minded. At the end of another half hour she said, "Please, why do you grin so steadfastly at vacancy, and yet look so sad?" I explained that I always did that when I was reflecting.

An hour passed, and then she turned and contemplated me with her earnest eyes and said, "Why do you cry all the time?" I explained that very funny comedies always made me cry. At last human nature surrendered, and I secretly slipped my boots off. This was a mistake. I was not able to get them on any more. It was a rainy night; there were no omnibusses going our way; and as I walked home, burning up with shame, with the girl on one arm and my boots under the other, I was an object worthy of some compassion, especially in those moments of martyrdom, when I had to pass through the glare that fell upon the pavement from the street lamps. Finally, this child of the forest said: "Where are your boots?" and, being taken unprepared, I put a fitting finish to the follies of the evening with the stupid remark: "The higher classes do not wear them to the theatre.—*Mark Twain.*

A ROMANCE FROM ALASKA.—A young man who was in Alaska some four years ago fell in love with the only young lady on the island, a girl of fifteen, who was possessed of extraordinary beauty, and whose hair fell below her knees. He was unable to communicate the "old, old story" to her for she did not understand a word of English, nor did he speak Russian. In his dilemma the arrival of the priest on his once-in-two years visit was a God-send, and to him he made known his love. The priest, knowing the young man to be possessed of a high character and a fair fortune, thought it was a lucky chance for the young lady to escape from a life of such isolation, and he willingly persuaded the girl's mother (her father was dead) to consent to the match, but the young lady herself was not to be persuaded. She argued that she had never spoken to the young man who expressed such a desire to be her husband, and had only seen him twice, and he had been on the island only forty-eight days, but her objections were overruled, and the marriage took place. After living in Alaska for several months, the young man brought his bride to his home in Cleveland, Ohio. She was astonished at the fashions she saw, and declared that nothing would induce her to wear her hair otherwise than flowing—as she had always worn it. But before twenty-four hours had passed her mother-in-law had persuaded her to try the effect of braids around her broad and shapely head; and now she dresses as much in the fashions as any lady in Cleveland. Last year her husband went to Alaska again and brought home the youngest sister, who is eleven years of age, and promises to be as beautiful as the elder. The mother, bereft of both her children, still clings to her home on one of the islands of Alaska.—*Portland Transcript.*

COST OF ENGLAND'S WARS.—The seven years' war with France which began in 1756, cost $300,000,000—equal to at least $500,000,000 now. The unsuccessful war against the American colonies cost about $600,000,000. The Napoleonic wars—1793 to 1815—cost $2,000,000,000. The Crimean war, an insignificant affair comparatively, cost $200,000,000. Evidently the $30,000,000 just voted by Parliament will be a mere "drop in the bucket" should England and Russia come to blows. Indeed, it is said more than half this appropriation has already been expended. But the English people, though they love money more than perhaps any other nation, will spend it freely when their "blood is up;" and if the lion and the bear join in deadly combat, the former will have dollars where the latter has cents.

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EVE-ANGELICAL CORNER.

Everything is to be beaded in the Spring.

Combination toilets are very fashionable.

The flowing train supercedes the fan train.

Satin muffs are adorned with monograms.

Blue-gray jet is the coming variation of this popular fashion.

Sitting Bull is jealous of Gail Hamilton. She takes the most scalps.

A Kentucky man married four sisters. He was very sister-matic.

The latest fancy in flower garnitures is for them to be studded with artificial dew.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart owns the most valuable diamond in America, and also a Cathedral.

Coral jewelry is again worn by ladies, after being worn for a long time by babies only.

The brims and crowns of Spring bonnets will be covered with a network of beads.

Pretty new handkerchiefs are of sheer jawn, with a ruffle embroidered in pale pink or blue silk.

The fancy of the moment for gentlemen's wear is black satin scarfs instead of white cambric neckties.

The only daughter of the arbiter of Europe, the Countess Maria Von Bismark, is about to