The New North-West.

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The New North-West

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	Card.	1 inch.	2 inches.	3 inches.	4 inches.	6 inches.	13 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	50	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,
Land and Mining Lawyer
ROOM 3 MAY BUILDING, CORNER 7TH & E STREETS, WASHINGTON, D. C.
ATTENDS TO ALL MATTERS RELATING TO LAND AND MINING CLAIMS.
References—Judge O. B. O'Bannon and Hon. W. W. Dixon, Deer Lodge, M. T. 459-1y.

Physicians and Surgeons.

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. CORRIN, 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	20,000 00
Average Deposits preceding 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. **WE WILL BUY FOR CASH** at the very best rates allowable. Owners or mines will consult their interests by calling upon us. 275

HOTELS.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL,
Nos. 37 & 39 Main Street,
Helena, Montana.
SCHWAB & ZIMMERMAN, Proprietors.

Silver Lake House,
PHILIPSBURG, MONTANA.
MURPHY & JENKINS, - PROPRIETORS.
Finest and Most Commodious Hotel
ON THE WEST SIDE,
Rooms Light and well ventilated.
Accommodations First-Class.
389-3m MURPHY & JENKINS, Proprietors.

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:

Subpenas per hundred	$6 00
Summons	6 00
Writs of Attachment	6 00
Undertaking on Attachment	6 00
Affidavit of Attachment	6 00
Executions	6 00
Warrants	6 00
ALSO,	
Bonds for Deeds	8 00
Deeds, Montana form	12 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.

GILMER, SALISBURY & CO.
CARRIERS OF
U. S. Mail,
—AND OF—
WELLS, FARGO & CO.'S EXPRESS.
Run a Daily Line of Passenger Coaches to
Franklin Terminus and Butte City,
And Tri-Weekly from Deer Lodge to Helena, Pioneer, New Chicago, Philipsburg, Beartown, Missoula all points on the West Side.

MOORE, REYNOLDS & CO.
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS IN
WINES AND LIQUORS
212 California Street,
San Francisco - California
ORDERS SOLICITED.

FURNITURE.

I TAKE pleasure in announcing that I have purchased of Peter Lansing
HIS ENTIRE STOCK
OF
FURNITURE and SADDLERY
And will continue continue business at the old stand. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited
M. BIEN.
DEER LODGE, April 12, 1878.

POETRY.

AUTUMNAL.

Upon the woodland avenues a balmy carpet lies,
Of dappled leaves which glow and gleam like wine-kissed butterflies;
Adown the walks, in reverie, Clarinda joyous goes,
And sentimental lingers o'er the pale September rose.

The breezes woo the petals of the chaste forget-me-nots,
The flowers look dyspeptic on the garden's lonely plots,
The sombre wayside sumachs from the fields will soon adjourn,
A dainty rime now glitters on the lily's milky urn.

No longer on the sycamore doth coo the forest dove,
No longer at the garden gate doth Phebe speak of love,
No longer doth the robin blithe among the blossoms flute,
No longer doth the sportive swell have on a linen suit.

Round fern-embroidered valleys hangs the dreamy, mellow haze,
Which rests on hill and lakelet in the "melancholy daze,"
The lilac sky has here and there a snowy aureole,
The while the gay philosopher lays in his winter coal.

The orchard, full of luscious fruit, the youthful breasts elates,
The small boy soon will sell his gun to buy a pair of skates,
Full soon Fall's tender beauties on the wings of death will go,
And then look out for winter, and its dash infernal snow.

Oil City Derrick.

Oratory vs. Journalism.

The press is a great equalizer. The adventitious advantages of rank and position the glamour of manner and delivery and the personal presence, the graces and gifts of oratory, which give weight to the spoken word, disappear, and arguments and facts go for their true value. The purpose of oratory was to sway to immediate effect—to fuse the listening mass at a white heat to united instantaneous action. The press is like the mills of the gods—grinding slowly but exceeding small. Its aim is the slow upbuilding of ideas and the gradual inculcation of principles, which after thought and discussion may in time bear fruit. The aim of the Greek orator was a direct result, which with a people so excitable and volatile was of frequent accomplishment. Carried away by the fiery outbursts of Demosthenes, they would declare war on the spot. "Let us go and fight Philip!" was the cry which rose and swelled as the deafening plaudits which followed one of his rounded periods died away. Had the same bitter invective and strenuous appeals appeared in print and been read, stripped of its magnetism of tone and gesture, the same men would have met each other at the bath or on the mart and said: "By the way, did you see that article of Demosthenes yesterday on Philip of Macedon?" "Yes." "Well, now, that was a pretty sharp editorial, wasn't it? If Philip don't mind what he's about I shouldn't be at all surprised if we had war one of these days."

Shakespeare, in his drama of Julius Cæsar, has given us an illustration of the power of oratory. The result of Mark Antony's oration, with its transparent theatrical effects and forensic trickery, is to transform the fickle Roman populace from the supporters of men who slew Cæsar to save their country's liberties to avengers of the fallen usurper. "We'll be avenged—seek—burn—kill—slay! Let not a traitor live!"—rises in response to his insidious prompting from throats yet hoarse with vociferous applause of the deed of Brutus. Such an appeal in the columns of the press would have been read, admired, quoted, and talked over for one day, and the next morning would have seen its flimsy sophistries torn to shreds, and its real animus exposed in the light of calm reflection and hostile criticism. The distinguishing characteristic of oratory as a precursor of the press in the office of a creator or exponent of public opinion, was this appeal to the transient, unreflective impulse of the moment, its constant aim to stir the emotions rather than to persuade the reason. Ancient history abounds in instances where the magnetic, impetuous sweep of some wave of eloquence has borne down all opposition, surcharging the multitude with its own electricity, and decided some question of vital national interest with less deliberation than a city council would now bestow on the purchase of a new steam fire engine.—*From Philip Thompson's lecture, Journalistic Antetypes."*

Horrible Case of Yellow Fever at Gallipolis.

While Dr. Carr was at Gallipolis, his attention was called to a case of yellow fever ten miles out from the place, and in company with a resident physician, rode out in a buggy to the house of a small farmer by the name of Buck or Burke, whose son was the victim. Dr. Carr arrived at the place after nightfall, and found the farmer sitting at a watch-fire, of pine knots in front of his domicile, afraid to enter lest he should catch the yellow fever. The doctor made known the object of his visit. The man said he was glad to see him, for he said that all the rest of the family had gone—scared away by his son's horrible sickness. He thought his boy was dead, for he hadn't heard him for several hours, and did not dare enter the house. While they were talking a groan was heard in the house. Dr. Carr took a brand and entered, and following the directions of the father found the bed-room, but not the patient. The place was in a state of disorder and was very filthy. An abominable stench pervaded it, and the floors of the three ground-floor rooms were smeared all over with black vomit. It was a sickening sight. Dr. Carr came out and told the father that the young man was not inside. "He must be in there somewhere," replied the man, "for I heard him groan just now." Dr. Carr replenished his light and re-entered, and after a more careful search found what he thought at first was a negro, covered with black and filthy clothing, in a dirty corner behind the cooking-stove. It was the wretched, abandoned and dying youth, covered with filth, who in his delirium and search for water had crawled all over the dirty floors of the cabin, and finally, exhausted, sank down to die. Dr. Carr learned that for twenty-four hours no one had been near the poor wretch. His own flesh and blood forsook him and fled, and there he suffered and died in a manner that freezes one's blood to think of.

RAILWAY IN ASIA MINOR.—A London dispatch says: It is stated that Commander Cameron will leave for Cyprus soon. Thence he will cross for Asia Minor to survey a route for the construction of a railway to the Persian gulf. His route will lie through Ajas, Marash, Aaintab, Diarbekir, Mardin, Mosul, Bagdad and Basorah. The survey will probably occupy ten months.

THE LITERARY MAN.

THE DARK SIDE OF HIS CAREER.

I think of the author of Venice Preserved choking himself over the food, from which he had been so long deprived, in the fierce greed of hunger; of the ill-starred Savage crouching for warmth before the lurid ashes of a glass furnace; of the great Orientalist, the translator of the Koran, pursuing his studies amid the severest privations; of old Sam Johnson, hidden behind the screen in the publisher's dining-room, because his coat was too ragged to admit him to the table of his host; of Steele, Goldsmith, Smollett, Fielding, Crabbe, Chatterton, and the hundred and one others of the pen, who knew often what actual want was, what misery was, what pain left to itself was, and what followed from the grasp of the Sheriff's officer! There rise before us visions hale, sad faces who have had to part with their manuscripts, their poems, their satires, their tragedies, their essays and novels, for a tenth or a twentieth of the sum our nineteenth-century scribe gives for one of his horses. Did not Milton sell his incomparable epic for the price of a new saddle? Can you buy a stanhope at a good maker's for what Goldsmith sold his Vicar of Wakefield? Did not Dryden engage himself to write 10,000 verses for less than the price of an opera box for the season? Was not Evelina parted with by Miss Burney at the price of a frock-coat? And pray what did the men of letters under the first three Georges make out of literature? But perhaps the saddest of all reflections is how fared it with the men, then as now, who find no publisher to take their wares, whose tastes and peculiarities of character unfitted them for the ordinary occupations of life, who read and wrote in the hope of one day receiving their reward and having their niche in the Temple of Fame, only to find their ends in the jail, the hospital, or the terrible exit of the suicide? As I write there stands out against the background of the past the lean, haggard form of one I knew, who busied himself with subjects that appealed to the few, who degenerated into a publisher's hack; then even that calling failed him, for others could be found to do the work cheaper; who was poor unto misery, yet neither his garb nor conversation revealed his sorrows, for the pride of manhood made him keep his poverty to himself, till anxiety and suffering bade him one day brave the terrors of the unknown, and put an end to the life whose burden was greater than he could bear, by his own hand. Poor soul! Had one but known how severe was the measure the Fates had dealt out to him, he needed not have been fearful again of distress or privation; gladly subscriptions would have been raised for him; but ne kept us all in ignorance of his affairs, and whilst we mourn his reserve, we cannot but respect the pride and pluck that dictated it. How many suffering hearts have thus passed to rest, conscious of the genius working within them, their brains stored with the intellectual accumulations of ages, yet rudely ignored by the times in which their lot was cast, whilst the empty and the frivolous were the idols of the hour! The author of Cato was right—to command success was not always to deserve it. Life is but a lottery, and it is quite often that a prize is drawn by a fluke as by desert.

The Art of Eating.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* discourses on "the fine art of eating:" The true epicurean's dinner will always be made up of only a few dishes, but those unsurpassed in material, cookery and furnishings. Variety he has in plenty; but he obtains it by having fewer dishes at once, and so stretching out the good things of the appetite further through time, rather than by taxing French cook-books and his own brains to discover for him some new mixture. He always thus has something good to look ahead to for the next time, so to speak. Much of the worry and work fashionable Americans make over their cookery might be avoided and much both of time and food-material now wasted might be saved, if we understood better the fine art of eating. It is a serious mistake for a cook to spend her time and worry her brains preparing half-a-dozen different dishes, which, after all, are apt to be badly cooked, when three excellent dishes will answer better in every way. The half dozen dishes may be snobbish, but they are not really appetizing.

To broil a steak, to make a cup of coffee, to bake a loaf of bread, white or brown—these be the three foundation pillars of all good cookery. The history of civilization, civilized cookery as well, passes from simplicity into floridness, and from floridness into simplicity again; but it is the simplicity of true art. One kind of rightly-cooked meat, vegetables ditto, two or three dainty little side-dishes, and a pyramid of perfect, luscious fruit—no one who really knew the art of enjoying his food would accept any thing more. And he would have a different round of dishes every day for a week, because there would be so much to choose from. One will be surprised, when he stops to recall the hospitable mansions in which he has breakfasted at different times, to think how few of the housekeepers broiled their steak instead of frying it, steeped the coffee instead of boiling it, and had wholesome, home-made bread. Those benevolent ladies who are forming themselves into associations to kindly help and guide friendless and untrained young women, would confer an untold benefit on humanity if they would teach first themselves, and then the untrained young women, how to cook a beefsteak and make coffee and bread as it should be done. Refined and dainty table manners are an indispensable element of the fine art of eating—eating being an operation which is not superlatively pretty to look at, at its best.

FUMIGATING A TELEGRAM.—A day or two ago Dr. Baxter, medical purveyor of the United States Army, was sitting in his his office busily engaged in poring over his papers, when his chief clerk said, "Doctor, here is a communication from New Orleans, what shall I do with it?" Without raising his eyes from the work upon which he was engaged, the Dr. asked, "Has it been fumigated?" The clerk replied that it had not, whereupon the doctor rather tartly directed that it should be fumigated and then brought to him. This was accordingly done and it was handed to the doctor, when his surprise can be imagined to find it was a telegram.—*New York Herald.*

There is a town in Wisconsin named Bad Axe. Helve name.

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—The only thing that "woe" makes happy is a lazy horse.

—Potter, the wheelbarrow lunatic, has reached San Francisco

—The Chinese of San Francisco have given $1,200 to the yellow fever sufferer's fund.

—Gustave Dore hopes soon to make a tour of observation in the United States and Mexico.

—If you do not want to be robbed of your good name do not have it printed on your umbrella.

—Who says there are no heroes? Chas. Brown, of Chicago, married a widow with 20 children.

—They are going to straighten up the leaning tower of Pisa. The Italians believe in the plumb-line more than romance.

—Secretary Schurz says that all the statements relative to his aspirations to the Missouri State Senatorship are absurdly untrue.

—Petitions to Matt Carpenter to become State Senator continue to circulate in Wisconsin. The headings prove that Matt is still a good penman.

—The Marysville *Appeal* utters an uncontrovertible truth when it says that half the poverty in San Francisco charged to politics is attributable to stock gambling.

—Secretary Evarts has a farm in Vermont. He keeps seven men to work it—one to blast the rocks and the other six to haul 'em off on another man's land.

—A tooth-brush that sheds bristles will do more to exasperate a man than anything else we know of, unless it be drinking soup at a table with one leg shorter than another.

—An artist once painted an angel with six toes. "Who ever saw an angel with six toes?" people inquired. "Who ever saw one with less?" was the counter question.

—A doctor went out hunting and on coming home complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

—When a young man has learned to consume cigarettes in an artistic manner by ejecting the smoke through his nostrils, life is no longer a barren ideality, but as real as a bar of soap.

—With characteristic impudence Gen. Butler alludes in his speeches to those grand old men, the original Abolitionists who sided for liberty. He omits all mention of the fact that he was among the most bitter persecuters of those grand old men.

—Hampton is the rising and Alexander Stephens the sunset star in the south. The old Georgia veteran will never again take his seat in Congress, says the Wilmington *Star;* but the Charleston *News and Courier* announces that Hampton is once more [illegible] time huzzas.

—Beecher usually has hay fever in the Autumn, so that he cannot return to his congregation until October, being compelled to remain in the White Mountain air. This fall he is lecturing for $10,000 in California, and his *Christian Union* says he is not suffering from hay fever. California has a remarkable climate.

—The illness of Alexander Stephens has this time taken a dangerous form. He has just had two hemorrhages from the lungs—the first attacks of the kind ever experienced by him—and his friends in Georgia and warm admirers all over the land fear that the brave little body will soon succumb.

—Washington *Star:* There are a number of Republicans dissatisfied with Secretary Gorham, of the Republican Campaign Committee. The cause of the dissatisfaction grows out of his recent speech, in which he takes such a decided stand for greenbacks, indorses Thurman's views and favors the retirement of National Bank notes.

—Poor Kearney! But a brief fortnight ago and he was was made bright and glorious by display heads in big type leading column-long articles and now he is stuck away in odd corners in three-line agate paragraphs. He is getting right down to the true inwardness of Republics—they are ungrateful, and that is a fact.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, has five children. Onslow, the eldest, is married and a man of business in Boston; Ernest is a rising young painter, studying abroad; Alice, the eldest of the girls, is a pleasing writer, unmarried; Edith is a golden-haired young lady of 25, who married the third son of Richard H. Dana, Jr., and Anna is decidedly literary in her inclinations.

New Proverbial Philosophy.

Oil City Derrick.

A short horse is soon curried, but a mule, short or long, will kick you into the next township.

A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks and then reflects while his eye is getting well.

Who hath a cold bath sorrow to his sops, especially if his handkerchief hath starch in it.

Who wants to beat a dog soon finds a stick, but already has the dog shot around the next corner yelling "ki-ki!"

What cannot be cured must be endured, but first try Jones' Magic Liniment.

Trust not a horse's heels, nor a dog's tooth, neither a man who says he'll pay you Saturday.

The fool never thinks higher than the top of his house, and penneth the festive joke at the expense of the lightning rod agent.

Raise no more spirits than you can conjure down, say, at four swallows.

Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt, now that the Bankrupt law has expired.

A spendthrift lets go the bridle, grabs his steed by the mane and yells, "Whoa, Emma!"

She was a Boston girl. She was visiting her Whitehall country cousin. While walking out, several butterflies passed her. "Oh, dear me, what charming little birds. They are perfectly exquisite."

"They are not birds, my dear," replied her country cousin, "they are butterflies."

"Oh, you don't say so? Then these are the dead, little creatures that fly from flower to flower and gather the sweet yellow butter that we use? They are too lovely for anything.—*Whitehall Times.*

WHAT STANLEY DID FOR GEOGRAPHY.

ONE OF HIS RANKING OFFICERS OF THE "HERALD" STAFF CELEBRATES HIS PRAISES.

John Russell Young in Harper's.

Stanley gave nine months to the exploration of the Lualaba, or rather to the Livingstone, as he called it, and as it must be called for all time. Before he went out on this mission we knew there were two rivers—the Congo and the Lualaba. We knew that the Congo ran into the Atlantic Ocean, but its source was lost in cataracts. The Portuguese were content to scatter a few settlements about its mouth and trade for gums and ivory along its banks. But it was an unknown river beyond the cataracts. We knew there was a river in the middle of Africa called the Lualaba; we knew it had a swift current, that it was a river of large volume. But beyond that we knew nothing. Some had one theory, others had another. Livingstone was convinced that it ran into the Nile, was really the source of the Nile; and who would question even the theory of so great a master? What Stanley did was to show that the Congo and Lualaba were one and the same; that the Congo, instead of losing itself among the rapids, was to force itself into the very heart of the continent; that the Lualaba, instead of going north and submitting to the usurping waters of the Nile, was to turn to the west and force its way to the sea; that these two rivers were to disappear from the map and be known as one river—the Livingstone—that this river was to be 2,900 miles in length; that for nearly ten degrees of longitude it was to be continuously navigable; that its volume was 1,800,000 cubic feet a second; that the entire area it drains is 800,000 square miles—in other words, that here was an immense waterway 3,000 miles into the center of Africa, navigable, with the exception of two breaks, which engineering science can easily surmount—a waterway into a tropical empire, rich in woods and metals and gracious soil, in fruits and grains, the sure home of a civilized empire in the years to come. As Petermann, the eminent German geographer, puts it, Stanley's work was to unite the fragments of African exploration—the achievements of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Du Chaillu, Baker, Cameron, of all the heroic men who had gone before him—into one consecutive whole, just as Bismarck united the fragments of the German people, lying about under various princes and dukes, into one grand and harmorious empire. Even as Bismarck had created imperial Germany, so Stanley created geographical Africa.

CHURCH PATRONAGE.

THE BONDAGE OF AN "ESTABLISHED" CHURCH ILLUSTRAED BY SOME ENGLISH FIGURES.

Correspondence Cincinnati Gazette.

Now, a word about patronage. The congregation never has the right to select its own pastor, the person or body of persons holding the right of presentation to the living is called the patron. In most cases the patron is not even a member of the congregation; indeed it is not even essential that he should be a church member at all. Archbishops, bishops and chapters of cathedrals have the patronage of a large number of livings—3,472 in all—and the Archbishop of Canterbury alone appoints to 658 livings, and alternately to twenty-two others. Oxford University appoints to 396; Cambridge 318; the Provost and Fellows of Eton College to 46, and the Dean and Canons of Windsor to 61. The entire patronage in ecclesiastical hands amounts to 5,307 livings. By far the greater number of benefices—over 8,000 in all—are held by private persons. The legal name of the patronage of a living is advowson, and British law recognizes advowsons as real property. As such they are transferable. An appendant advowson is attached to some estate, and cannot be separated from it, but is always a factor of the value of the estate just as much as the buildings. An advowson in gross is not so attached to an estate, and may be sold almost as readily as a horse. As a matter of fact, they are sold and traded in every day, freely and openly, and in London there are seven or eight well-known agencies whose sole business is trade in and sale of advowsons, and sale of right of next presentation to livings. These agencies openly advertise their wares, and there is little or no attempt made to keep any one in ignorance of the traffic.

Dr. Aiken on Mahommedanism.

The Rev. Dr. Aiken, of Princeton, speaking on Mahommedanism, says that it numbers 120,000,000 of believers, and is making more converts in India than Buddhism and Christianity together. Dr. Aiken says that, although there can be nothing divine in Mahommedanism, there must be in it something to account for this spread of power. No one can be a successful winner of souls unless he has a knowledge of man's nature, and Islamism would never have been successful but for its adaption to human nature. It does not require overmuch of the intellect—only six simple articles of faith. It requires but little change in the natural life of the convert; passions can be indulged and luxuries enjoyed, and yet one be a believer. It does not make much of sin, but makes much of God's mercy. And when once it has gained a convert the fearful consequences of apostacy and its constant ministrations to his pride serve to keep him a convert always. And to all this may be added the secret of the missionary spirit of this religion—the belief—solemn and earnest belief—that God has given believers a divine commission to put down error wherever they may find it; that He will richly reward such efforts, both here and hereafter, and that Mohammed being the last and only prophet they must convert the world now, if ever. This, together with all the license thus given to greed of conquest and plunder, makes the believer restlessly aggressive.

AN ALL-STEEL BRIDGE.—The first all steel bridge to be made in this country will be erected over the Missouri river on the line of the Chicago & Alton railroad. It will be of five spans of 350 feet each; the elevation over high water mark will not be less than eighty feet, at which height the light steel rods of the Howe truss will look like cobwebs, but for all that the bridge will have a bearing strength reached by but few structures in the world. The total amount of steel will be about 1,500 tons, equivalent to almost double that quantity of iron.

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

Squashes are cut gourd this season—*Bradford Breeze.*

A sham-poo—Affected contempt.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Natural selection—Taking the biggest water-melon.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Why don't you go fishing?—*Detroit Free Press.* Because we haven't the worms.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Any man pays too much for his whistle who has to wet it fifteen or twenty times a day.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A smart woman suggests to us that what is needed in our public schools are principals, not men.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

It is said that mosquitoes are bred upon the waters. In that case they will return again before many days.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Waste not, want not," is a maxim you should teach, but you surely want a waist if it's within your reach.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Webb Hayes' Fremont girl lives two miles out of town, and many a Sunday night has Webb-footed it out there to see the little duck.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night.*

The Chinese Encyclopædia meets a long-felt want, and no family should be without it. It is published at Pekin in 5,020 volumes, and at the price of $7,500 is the same as given away. "Get the best."—*Lowell Courier.*

A reflective writer has been asking readers to cast their eyes back about ten years. Very few men have time for any such nonsense. Mrs. Lot cast her eyes back about three minutes, and that little act obliged Lot to get a fresh wife.—*New Orleans Republican.*

Some recently discovered inscriptions on burned brick bring to light the astonishing revelation that King Ahasuerus hanged Haman because he invented the accordion and put the price down to $1.75, so that every young man might have one.—*Hawkeye.*

Tell us not in mournful numbers that this life is but a dream, when a girl that weighs one hundred gets outside a quart of cream, and wants more.—*Elmira Gazette.* Life is real, life is earnest, and the girls know what they need, but on cream they are the durndest set to show their grit and greed. No encore.—*New York News.* Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate; but never let us go a wooing girls that want a second plate. How's that?

A WICKED OLD GENTLEMAN.

HOW HE SANG BASS AND BASELY TOOK IN THE BOYS.

Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Nice old gentleman he was; big white waistcoat, low-cut shoes, bald head and silver-bowed spectacles. He led in the singing at the church, in the hotel parlor, and sang that old-fashioned bass in "Coronation" and "China" in that sonorus up and down style which country choristers used to practice in accompanying the big fiddle, and withal had the bland benevolent look of a good up-country deacon.

He was looking 'round the house next night, and stepped in where some of the boys were playing cards—something where they were talking of "calls" and "raises" and "seeing." The boys looked a little disconcerted, but the old man didn't say anything till the hand was played out, and one of the party under the pretense of having an engagement, winked to the others and said he must go, intending to break up till the old man had gone away and then resume the game. But he had scarce turned his back when the aged visitor remarked quietly:

"I wonder he didn't raise ye with the hand he had."

"Do you understand the game?" asked one of the party, taking a cigar from his mouth.

"Wall, a leetle; I've seen 'em playing on it, an' sometimes thort I'd like to take a han' jes' for fun."

"Just so," said another, "suppose you try a game or two with us."

"Wall, I don't mind jes' for the fun of the thing." So the old man sat down and with a good deal of instruction managed to get through with the game and won on the penny ante. "Thar," said he, "if that feller that's gone had been spunky an' put in $5 he'd got it instead of those eight cents, wouldn't he?"

"Why, certainly," said one of the young men, "certainly; it's your deal, uncle; now, why don't you go in for a five dollar ante?"

"Wall," said the old fellow, throwing around the cards, "I dunno but I will, but I hain't got nothin but a $20 bill that I drew outen the bank to come here with."

"Well, uncle," said the other, gathering up and glancing at his cards, "I'll go yer twenty and you can put it in the missionary box when you win it, if you like."

"Sho! so I ken," said the old man, "I don't think it wud be gamblin' at all ef that's the case."

"Not at all," said the other, winking to his companions.

"Wall, then, I don't keer if I go yer this 'ere other fifty—but I 'spose you'll think I'm doin' on it to skear ye—but our denomination's tarnal poor, and a big contribution's just what they're hankerin' arter."

"Oh, no, I cover your fifty, uncle; we ought to be liberal, you know," and so the game went on till finally the old man remarked: "Wall, I had no idea I had this roll of bills in my pocket—so you call, do ye?—$500 up!—yes, you've got three pickers—three queens and an' a jack" Well, it's kinder queer I got 'tother queen—haw! haw! haw!"

"Yes, I'm sorry for you, but what are your other cards?" asked the young man triumphantly.

"Well, three on 'em ez kings—why, darn it, all that ere pot o' money's mine, young feller!" said he, stretching out a powerful paw and squeezing the bills out of the hand of the young man, who had already begun to roll them up. "Praps, mister, you'd like to take you're hand again?" said he to the other, who had returned in the meantime; "they're going to sing some sam tunes before goin' to bed, an' I promised to jine 'em."

There was a blank look of astonishment in the game as he left, and the thought forced itself into more than one mind of the danger of trusting to appearances.

—Marshal Bazaine is living in Spain in very needy circumstances.

A VAGABOND MINER'S LUCK.

HOW BASSICK TUMBLED ON A FORTUNE OF $2,000 A DAY.

Leadville, Col., letter to Chicago Tribune.

One day a mining vagabond, named Bassick, just from Australia, without a dollar in his pocket, began digging in Tyndall Hill. About three feet under ground there was a calcareous substance like chalk or rotten refuse chalky matter. That formed the whole hill. The people of Rosita were all laughing at the poor beggar who had found a mine "as big as a piece of chalk." "Bassick's Whitewash Mine" it was called in derision. The tattered prospector brought the lime down, had assay made of it and found it very rich in carbonite of lead carrying silver. As soon as the discovery was made known the country went wild. Digging down he found bowlders, and pebbles from the size of a hickory nut to that of a pumpkin. They lay like pebbles in the bed of a river, in this horrizontal gulch or river bed of lime. Every pebble was coated with pure silver cloride, as thick usually as the finger nail. The like of this formation—bowlders in silver capsules—is found nowhere else in the known world. It is so far a geological puzzle. From the surface of the ground down 200 feet that ore has paid richer than any mine in this country. Bassick has worked the mine six months, having the ore well worked by Professor Hill, of Black Hawk. So far it has yielded and is yielding Mr. Bassick an average of $64,000 a month. This may be considered a pretty big yarn. I stood with my mouth open for at least half an hour after I heard it. At length I got my paralyzed jaws into working order, and began an investigation. They shouldn't fool me if I was a green one, and had no shares in anything except a half interest in a little blue-eyed girl back East. I found the sum authentic and capable of proof. I felt like hunting up a ravine then and there to die in, when I recalled all the hills—perhaps chalk hills—I have walked over during my lifetime. The thought was agony. Perhaps these hills were full of silver-coated pills.

The Woman in Red.

Boston Transcript.

Soon after Lincoln's inauguration in 1861 Paris was invaded by newly appointed Ministers and consuls—Cassius M. Clay, on his way to Russia; Mr. Marsh, bound for Italy; Anson Burlingame, waiting to see if Austria would receive him, and one or two others, besides Fremont, who was on a special mission to purchase arms. Of evenings, at the Hotel du Louvre, the fun was fast and furious, and all the stories that had done duty on the stump during the preceding campaign were told for the benefit of those who had spent the summer of '60 abroad and missed it all. "Burlingame," said a Kentuckian who happened to be one of the party, "tell 'em about the 'gal in red.'" Burlingame colored up looked at Clay, and seemed puzzled. "Tell it," said Clay, "it's out, and they [illegible] story: "At one time, several years before, Burlingame and Clay were stumping together in the West. One evening they had received a particularly warm welcome, and had returned to the hotel, when they were sitting in their room smoking and congratulating each other on their success. Suddenly strains of music were heard outside. 'They are serenading us,' said Clay; 'open the window and make 'em a speech.' 'No, no,' said Burlingame. But Clay persisted, so Clay stepped to the window, opened it, and began: 'Fellow citizens, I hardly know how to thank you for this touching proof of your esteem and regard. Mr. Clay and myself are indeed grate—' Just at this point a voice in the crowd below was heard saying, 'Boys, that ain't the gal in red. Let's dust!' and they 'dusted,' leaving the laugh on the visiting statesmen They swore secresy and kept it for some time, but it leaked ont somehow and they had to make a clean breast of it."

LANDLESS TITLES.—A curious chapter might be written on the origin of titles in the English peerage. Lord Lyndhurst, who hadn't an acre of property, selected that title from Lyndhurst in the New Forest, where he met his first wife; Lords Trero and Chelmsford from the places where they got their first briefs. Wellington took his title from Wellington in Somersetshire, from a tradition that the Wellesleys originally were seated at Wells-lea, or meadow, in the neighborhood. He owned no property in the county. Monk, Duke of Albemarle, chose that title because his flatterers persuaded him that his ancestry could be traced to the ancient Dukes of Albemarle, or Aumale, as it has since been written, in France. Sir Stratford Canning chose the title of Stratford de Redcliffe because tradition asserts that the Cannings were, centuries ago, connected with Bristol, where the famous Church of St. Mary Redcliffe competes in grandeur with the cathedral. "The bold and strong-minded lord," as Macaulay calls him, chose Ellenborough, it is believed, in compliment to his beautiful wife, whose name was Ellen.

A GREAT ESTATE.—To illustrate the grand scale on which some of the English estates are laid out, I may mention that the Chatsworth estate of the Duke of Devonshire contains 2,000 acres, which he retains for his private park and flower garden, besides thousands of acres more rented for farming. His park is bounded on all sides by hills, which cut it off from the rest of the world and no other house than his own can be seen from the windows of his grand mansion. His flower garden alone comprises 102 acres, wherein 60 laborers are constantly employed to keep it in order. The remainder of the 2,000 acres are all in grass and woodland, and stocked with deer. A forester has charge of the estate, and the understanding with him is that he shall have at his disposal all the produce from the deer—venison, pelts, horns, etc.—on condition that he shall keep at least 2,000 head constantly in the herd.

A MILITARY MINISTER.—The Rev. Charles Carroll Parsons, rector of St. Mary's Church, Memphis, whose death by yellow fever has been already commented on, was a graduate of the Military Academy of the class of 1861, and during the war had command of Parson's Battery of the 4th U. S. Artillery. At the battle of Perryville he commanded the artillery brigade under General Alexander MacDowell McCook, and won two brevets. After the war he served in command of a battery on the frontier, and was afterward made an instructor at West Point. While at West Point he resigned from the army and entered the ministry of the Episcopal church.

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