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The New North-West

VOL. 10, No. 17.

DEER LODGE, MONTANA, OCT. 25, 1878.

WHOLE No. 486.

TERMS - Payable invariably in advance. One Year \$6.00, Six Months \$3.50, Three Months \$2.00.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS. 1. Any one who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office...

EVE-ANGELICA CORNER. Courtyard velvet is one of the novelties of the season.

Ladies are trimming over their summer bonnets with garnet.

Handsome inlaid bonnets are exhibited in colors to match costumes.

A woman need not always recall her age but she should never forget it.

Pleats of all kinds, from wide double box to fine knife pleats, are in order.

Black satin bonnets, ornamented with jet beads, are worn by middle-aged ladies.

Ivory and amber combs are worn for dress; tortoise shells for ordinary occasions.

A Vienna fan is now manufacturing glass slippers. One objection to them is they will not run down at the heel.

Nothing can exceed the intense affection which a girl ladles out to her father a day or two before she's going ask for a new dress.

Mary, Queen of Scots, bonnets and the wide ruffles and ruffs worn in the time of that Queen, will be worn to some extent this winter.

There is a sort of sculpture distinction in the dress models. The long basque is introduced, giving a peculiar grace to the outlines of the form.

Smooth hair is just now the distinguishing feature of the Parisian beauties. It is very trying to plain faces, and unless particularly young and pretty ladies do not adopt it.

The fashion of slashing sleeves and introducing lace or silk of contrasting color has been revived. The lace is antique, or else a gay shade of soft silk is introduced in slashing.

Black ruffles are to be worn around the throat without any white. The ruffles are made of knit-plaited thread lace, with crimped black lisse at the back. They will prove more novel than becoming.

It is given out that fashionably attired ladies will wear this winter. Perhaps, on the whole, it will be well for the other sex to throw in the coat without waiting to have it yanked away from them.

Mary Croly, who plays the part of Jane de la Tour in the company now supporting Clara Morris at the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, is a daughter of Mrs. J. C. Croly (Jennie June), the fashion writer. Her father is Mr. D. C. Croly, editor of the New York Graphic.

Stingy Men. I despise a man who, I don't see how far, and the whole life of a man. He can't stand all that, and hold in the clutch of his hand twenty or thirty millions of dollars, is past my comprehension. I do not see how he can do it. I should not think he could do it; more than he could keep a pile of lumber when hundreds and thousands were drowning at sea. Do you know I have known men who would trust their wives with their hearts and their honor, but not with their pocket books—not with a dollar. When I see a man of that kind, I always think he knows his wife is a beggar!

Think of her asking you every day for a dollar or two, or to buy her a new dress. "What did you do with that dollar I gave you?" Think of having a wife that is afraid of you! What kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and a coward for a mother? Oh, I tell you, if you have but a dollar in the world, you have got to spend it, spend it like a king; spend it as though it were a dry leaf, and you the owner of unbounded forests. That's the way to spend it. I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than to be a king and spend my last dollar like a beggar. If it's got to go, let it go. Get the best you can for your family—and look as well as you can yourself. When you used to go counting how low nice you looked! Ah, your eye was bright, your step light, and you just put on the very best you could. Do you know that it is insufferable egotism in you to suppose that a woman is going to love you all your life? Any woman on earth will be true to you when you do your level best.—Bob Taperell.

A HAPPY MAN.—We once knew a man who was always praising his wife. On the corner, down the street, at the post-office, at the race track, in the skating rink, at the theater, in the sal—that is, at the chair meeting, he was always telling what a happy man he was, just because he had such a splendid wife, and he talked every man he met into a perfect frenzy of envy about her. Well, one winter morning when it was not yet too late to make one appear overly ostentatious, we sneaked into that neighborly yard to steal a fence board for kindling, and had to wait before we could safely obtain it until that man's wife came out and sawed a couple of square feet of wood, shovelled out the snow, patted, fed and groomed the horse, and cleaned out the cowshed, and then she went into the house and we heard her call to her husband that the sitting room was warm enough for him to dress in if he wanted to get up now, we were so amazed that we forgot what we were waiting for, and went back and kindled the fire with a corncob and a pint of kerosene.—Hunkley.

BRUSH'S PRIZE.—The S. F. News Letter says: A few days ago a tramp, who was sparring his devious way along near Reno, conceived a brilliant idea for raising the money to buy a new coat. He went to the Wells-Fargo store and saw that the coat was made of half an hour, so he took off his coat, tore his shirt and pockets, rolled in the dust, and finally tied himself, with much difficulty, to a tree. His intention was to tell the stage passengers that he had been foully dealt with by highwaymen, and have a subscription to repair his losses taken up on the spot. The stage, however, took a short cut by a new road, that day and didn't go by at all. After waiting until dark, the tramp tried to take his horse, but he got the first knot loose a bit before he came down out of the mountain and picked off the greater part of his left leg.

POETRY.

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby and cradle and all.

Rock-a-bye, baby; the meadows in bloom,
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room,
Echo the birds with your baby tune,
Coo at the sunshine and fowls of June.

Rock-a-bye, baby; as softly it sways,
Over the cradle the mother love sings;
Brooding or cooing at even or dawn,
What will it do when the mother is gone?

Rock-a-bye, baby; so cloudless the skies,
Beneath the depths of your own laughing eyes,
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest,
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock-a-bye, baby; the blue eyes will dream
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam;
Never again will the world seem so fair—
Sleep, little babe—there are clouds in the air.

Rock-a-bye, baby; the blue eyes will burn
And ache with your mother's love when you turn;
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,
With burdens the weak dimpled shoulders must bear.

Rock-a-bye, baby; there's coming a day
When sorrow's shadowy lips kiss the away,
Days when its soul shall be changed to a moan,
Crosses that baby must bear all alone.

Rock-a-bye, baby; the meadows in bloom,
May never the frost fall the beauty in bloom,
Rock-a-bye, baby; as brightly as day,
May never, baby, "thy cradle be green."

TWO CRIBS.

Side by side rose the two great cities,
Afar on the traveler's sight,
One, black with the dust of labor,
One, solemly still and white.

Apart, and yet together,
They each reached to the living truth,
But a river flows between them,
And the river's name is—death.

Apart, and yet together,
Together, and yet apart,
As the child may die at midnight
Or as the old man may depart.

So close come the two great cities,
With only the river between;
And the grass in the other is green,
And the grass in the other is green.

The hills with uncovered foreheads,
Like the disciples in the desert,
Wife over the flowing water,
Wife over the flowing water.

Is washing their halloved feet,
And out on the grassy expanse,
The white emerald tomb,
The white emerald tomb.

Anon from the east and the palace,
Anon from the hill and the tower,
They come, rich and poor together,
They come, rich and poor together.

And never had life in the garden,
So welcome to all the living,
In the land where the living are dying,
In the land where the living are dying.

On silent city of refuge,
On the plain of the city of refuge,
The gleam of the marble millstones,
The gleam of the marble millstones.

Tells the distance we are from the dead,
Fall of feet, but a city unbuild,
Fall of hands, but a city unbuild,
Fall of hands, but a city unbuild.

Fall of strangers who know not even
That their life-cup lies there spilt,
They know not the tomb from the palace,
They know not the tomb from the palace.

They dream not they ever had died;
God be thanked, they never will know it
From the gleam of the marble millstones,
From the gleam of the marble millstones.

On the face of their last love one,
They come to thy glades for shelter
Who have nowhere else to go,
Who have nowhere else to go.

A Clever Adventurer.

The elderly Spanish woman, arrested recently at Auteuil, a suburb of Paris, by order of the Spanish government, and about whom so many different stories have been told, proves to be the notorious adventurer that swilled the Madrienes, two or three years since, out of near \$2,000,000.

She opened a banking house in the capital; received deposits paying 20 per cent. on receipt thereof, and at the end of the fourth month gave 90 per cent. more, still offering the original amount. Strange as it may seem, the Madrienes, so dazzled were they by the prospect of gain, allowed her to have their money to the extent of \$2,000,000.

A few months she disappeared, and when her bank was opened by the police, of course nothing of value was found. She had paid about \$700,000 in interest, and made off with the rest. The government agents had been looking for her a long time when they traced her to Auteuil, where she was living with her sister in great luxury. She is the widow of Señor Larra, the popular satirist, who, not long since, as a satire on himself, blew out his brains, an act which nature seems to have performed without any fatal result for the creditors of the adventurer. She has been sent to Madrid, where justice will promptly be meted out to her. This affair closely resembles the case of Fraulein Adele Spitzeder, who set up a similar bank in Munich some years ago. She paid 10 per cent a month, and lent money to the aristocracy whose members were temporarily embarrassed, and who still more voraciously. Millions of florins passed through her hands. She lived like a Princess; started and supported a newspaper; was very charitable to the poor, and was a good name which various accusations could not hurt. She continued her bank for eight years, employing 50 clerks and book-keepers, and would have continued it longer had she not suddenly been arrested for fraud and thrown into prison. That her credit was downfall. Her credit was ruined; her shop was forced to shut up. Her liabilities were five times greater than her assets. She was tried and condemned to three years' imprisonment for swindling.

It requires a woman for audacity like this. She is prone to reason along their common sense, and take counsel of their own consciences. Womanhood, and through their wishes and imagination. In this country, Señora Larra and Fraulein Spitzeder would have gone into the lecture-field. How would they draw her in if they should select for a subject the "Poetry of Honesty" or the "Science of Finance?"

CURIOUS ACTION OF JURY.—A strange verdict has been rendered in a murder trial recently concluded in Weldon, N. C., as will be seen in a dispatch from that city dated Oct. 2. In a murder trial which closed here to-day the defense set up a plea of insanity. The counsel for the accused offered to show that the killing was done on the change of the moon. The Court, however, interrupted and insisted that the history would not go that far back into the history of the world as that the sun or moon affected lunatics. They followed a long disputation by counsel on the Jaspersian solar theory. The Jaspersian system and acquitted the prisoner. This is the first time that such questions were ever raised in a Court in this State, and it is exciting a great deal of interest.

THE NEW BONANZA.

THE FRENZY OF 1874 REPEATED IN THE SAN FRANCISCO STOCK EXCHANGE.

San Francisco Correspondence New York Sun. Stock gambling is once more rampant throughout this State and Nevada. The rapidity with which fortunes are won and lost is absolutely startling. After a long period of stagnation in the stock market and the absence of new ore strikes in the Comstock, the discovery of an extensive bonanza north of the Consolidated Virginia and California has literally set people wild. There has been nothing like it since the frenzy of the last months of 1874. Shares in Sierra Nevada, Union and Mexican, which were selling at \$5, \$3 and \$12 in June, are now fetching \$210, \$160 and \$115.

For two or three years past Sierra Nevada shares have been almost worthless and many holders had abandoned their shares rather than pay the assessments, which have been levied with painful regularity. Six months ago 1,000 shares could have been bought for \$1,000; to-day they are \$320,000, and may be worth \$1,000,000 or \$300,000 to-morrow.

It is these rapid changes and appreciations, the chances of getting in for next to nothing and coming out with a fortune, that demoralizes all classes, and turns this people into a community of gamblers. To go largely into Sierra Nevada or Union now requires a heavy investment of capital, and the shares have gone beyond the reach of the general public; but the workman or woman who knows or hears of some one who had the good fortune to invest \$100 when the stock was \$1 a share, and is now the happy possessor of \$30,000, is ready to rush into the first worthless "wild cat" that is offered at 50 cents or \$1, and just now wild cats are a prolific race. At least 150 new companies, with an aggregate nominal capital of \$1,500,000,000, have been incorporated within the last sixty days, and the chances are that one in fifty of these so-called mines will ever produce ore. A few shrewd and fortunate men will be large gainers by this speculative mania, but ninety-nine out of every hundred of their humble and ill-informed followers will lose all the money they may be silly enough to venture. So far as an outsider can judge of their actions and methods, the managers of the Sierra Nevada are treating the public very fairly. They permit free access to an examination of the mine, and do not pretend to possess exclusive knowledge of the extent or richness of the newly discovered ore body. The public are gratified that the new bonanza is in independent hands, who are free from all connection with Flood & O'Brien and their partners in the Consolidated Virginia and California. The Nevada party are not popular in San Francisco, and without expressing any opinion as to the justice of the popular prejudice against that powerful and influential party of speculators, it is gratified by a diversion of the wealth of the new bonanza to other and competing capitalists.

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