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.	12 Inches.	28 Inches.
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	33	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.
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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.
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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. [216.tf

BANKERS.

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

First National Bank,
Helena, Montana.
T. HAUSER, President. D. C. CORBIN, Vice President.
E. W. KNIGHT, Cashier. T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT, Ass't Cashier
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 483,000.00
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 of 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.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,
Meagher County, M. T.
These Celebrated
Mineral Hot Springs,
Are now in charge of
SPENCER BROS.
The Hotel Accommodations are Ample and First-Class. Rates of Board, including Lodging and Baths, $14 per week.
DR WM. PARBERRY, the resident physician is always within call and his charges are exceedingly low for the country.
Guests receive every attention necessary to comfort and convenience.

Girton House,
Butte City, Montana.
Robert Girton, : Proprietor
Good accommodations for lodgers. No Bar in nor saloon near the House.
Guests Will Receive Good Attention.
Board per Week $6.00
Board per Day 1.00
Lodging per Day ..... .50
The traveling public will find this a pleasant hotel, and their patronage is respectfully solicited.
349-tf ROBERT GIRTON.

Blanks for Sale.

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

Subpœnas	per hundred	$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.

H. C. VALITON'S
LIVERY STABLE.
(Sign of the Big Iron Horse.)

Deer Lodge, - - Montana.
The Only Livery Stable in Deer Lodge
Good Single Horses or Teams and buggies Furnished promptly for drives, excursions or journeys at reasonable prices.
This is the old established Livery of the West Side. The same careful attention which has heretofore commended it to patronswill be continued.
390 H. C. VALITON.

POETRY.

SEPARATION.

A wall grown up between the two—
A strong, thick wall, though all unseen;
None knew when the first stones were laid,
Nor how the wall was built, I ween.

And so their lives were wide apart,
Although they shared one board, one bed;
A careless eye saw naught amiss,
Yet each was to the other dead.

He, much absorbed in work and gain,
Grew soon unmindful of his loss:
A hard indifference worse than hate
Changed love's pure gold to worthless dross.

She suffered tortures all untold—
Too proud to mourn, too strong to die;
The wall pressed heavily on her heart—
Her white face showed her misery.

Such walls are growing day by day
'Twixt man and wife, 'twixt friend and friend,
Would they could know, who lightly build,
How sad and bitter is the end.

A careless word, an unkind thought,
A slight neglect, a taunting tone—
Such things as these, before we know,
Have laid the wall's foundation stone.

Springfield Republican.

PACE IMPLORA.

Better it were to sit still by the sea,
Loving somebody and satisfied:
Better it were to grow babes on the knee,
To anchor you down for all your days,
Than wander and wander in all these ways,
Land forgotten and love denied.

Better sit still where born, I say,
Wed one sweet woman and love her well,
Laugh with your neighbors, live in their way,
Be it ever so simple. The humbler the home,
The nobler, indeed, to bear your part.
Love and be loved with all your heart,
Drink sweet waters and live in a spell,
Share your delights and divide your tears;
Love and be loved in the old east way,
Ere men knew madness and came to roam
From the west to the east and the whole world wide—
When they lived where their fathers lived and died—
Lived and so loved for a thousand years.

Better it were for the world, I say—
Better, indeed, for man's own good—
That he should sit down where he was born,
Be it land of sands or of oil and corn,
Valley of poppies or bleak northland,
White sea border or great black wood,
Or bleak white winter or bland sweet May,
Or city of smoke or plain of the sun,
Than wander the world as I have done,
Breaking the heart into bits of clay,
And leaving it scattered on every hand.

Joaquin Miller.

The Industrial West.

Scientific American.

With the oversupply of labor and capital in the East it is natural to look to the great teeming West for an outlet for surplus labor and for the employment of capital in great enterprises and achievements. The West holds a variety of resources and offers an opportunity for industrial employment not found elsewhere in the world.

Bound by ties of blood in a common brotherhood, connected by the iron pathways, and associated in trade and commerce and political and social emulation, the East looks Westward for her provisions and raw material, and for a market for her surplus and the employment of the overflow. How far is the world justified in its expectations of the West, and how much of hope is there of its industrial future?

What is to be the future of the West and upon what enterprise and achievement their prosperity is to be builded, can be only partially nominated. The first principle is the value to be derived from and the dependence to be placed upon her broad, unobstructed agricultural advantages. No other nation or locality has such resources and and advantageous opportunities to begin with, and we are satisfied that the leaven of scientific cultivation now slowly working is soon to produce astonishing results in the great West. Not one-half the fertile land of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois is under cultivation, while but half the returns from the soil are received of which the land is capable. More labor will soon be given to ten acres than one hundred now receive, and the profits will be proportionately high.

Next after the agriculture the mineral resources of the West will yet be scientifically developed, and that to a proportionate profit. All other things upon the earth and in and under it are for the service of the farmer's pursuit, and in no part of the world is it so apparent as in the central Western States. No people can have more than they produce, and we are satisfied that no part of the world will take more interest or more pride in the development of their home resources to their utmost than the West. We are satisfied, too, that the central West is to be the great inland industrial empire of the world.

Thousands for the Harem.

Trebizond Letter to the London News.

It is only a few days since that the chamberlain of the palace, Hamid Pasha, telegraphed to the Imperial Commissioners at Batoum, requiring him to purchase for the Sultan, at the earliest possible date, a dozen girls varying between the ages of 12 and 18. Carte blanche was given for the prices, which I understand will amount to a very considerable sum indeed. In itself the affair is but an example of the peculiar customs of Turkish monarchy, but in connection with the events of the moment seems to indicate an utter disregard for public opinion and the exigencies of the hour. The palace telegram and the money expenditure which its arrival indicates is singularly opportune. Each hour brings us from the abandoned Turkish territory battalion after battalion of sunburned soldiers—their numbers sadly thinned by the ravages of war and disease, their uniform in tatters, their shoes the various heterogeneous materials, animal and vegetable, that the patient Osmanli warrior binds to his feet, until they bear a close resemblance to the great splay walking cushions of his much enduring comrade the camel. Officers seem clothed anyhow, or with any material or color. Even senior majors indulge in a masquerade which would hardly be tolerated by the Queen's regulations. From private to colonel the complaint is universal—no pay is forthcoming. *Parayek.* Some have been two years without money. To such a pass have things come that that the officer considers himself happy if he regularly receives a portion of his pittance. A superior officer can barely live. In view of such a state of affairs it can scarcely be wondered at that an order for a dozen Georgia beauties and carte blanche for their price, probably a month's pay of the Batoum army, jars strangely on the ears of the ragged soldiers and penniless officers, at a juncture, too, when national sentiment smarts under the sense of recent defeat and present loss of historic territory.

THE GOTHARD TUNNEL.

THE GREATEST ENGINEERING PROJECT OF THE CENTURY.

Harper's Weekly.

The building of the Mont Cenis tunnel through the Savoy Alps to France, and the Brenner road to Austria, have made it absolutely necessary for Germany and Switzerland to choose between losing the travel and commerce of the South and building a mountain railroad and series of tunnels that shall eclipse anything of the kind in the world. The world knows how they have chosen. In 1881 Italy, Germany and Switzerland voted large subventions for the building of a road, to be commenced at once, running from the Lake of Lucerne, in Switzerland, to Lake Maggiore, in Italy, a distance of 108 miles. Twenty-one per cent., or nearly 120,000 feet of all this distence, was to be tunneled through mountains of granite. The total length of the main tunnel, which enters the Alps at Goeschenen in Switzerland and emerges at Airolo in Italy, is 48,936 feet. A number of the smaller tunnels, bringing the road up to the proper level in the Alps, exceed 7,000 feet. On the Lake of Lucerne, too, there will be important tunnels and galleries cut alongside of or under

THE CELEBRATED AXENSTRASSE,

High above the waters of the lake. At the time the international treaty for this great undertaking was signed it was believed that the work could be done for the sum of 187,000,000 francs. A company was organized with 34,000,000 francs of stock, in £20 shares, and 68,000,000 francs of mortgage bonds. Italy presented the undertaking with 45,000,000 francs. Germany and Switzerland each gave 20,000 francs. The work, however, was not more than fairly under way when it was discovered, to the astonishment of everybody, that an awful mistake had been made in estimating the cost, and that, instead of 187,000,000 francs, 289,000,000 would be required to complete the word as at first proposed—a blunder in estimates of 102,000,000 francs. This blundering calculation threatened all sorts of bad results. The stock of the company ran down to a minimum, and hundreds of families were nearly ruined by the collapse. The bonds shared in the crash, and even the most ardent friends of the enterprise feared that the money which had been so lavishly given was buried under the mountains forever. It became a serious question whether the work would have to be completely abandoned. There certainly was no choice, except to lose all that had been done or to add many millions more to the subvention.

THE TIMES WERE HARD,

Financial crises were imminent everywhere, and war was raging on the continent. Everybody was discouraged. Some of the little cantons of Switzerland, which would receive the most benefit from the completion of the tunnel, refused to lift a hand or to spend another dollar. In the face of all opposition, however, the money has, at this writing, been almost raised. The three countries parties to the treaty, have added largely to their subsidies, and the leading Swiss railways and cities have each voted sums proportioned to the advantages they hope [illegible] fact, has never stopped. The contract for this enormous work is the most interesting. It was granted to Mr. Louis Favre, of Geneva. By its terms M. Favre promises to deliver the works of the tunnel, completed, by the 1st of October, 1880. For each day that the work may be done before that time the company agrees to pay him $1,000. On the other hand, however, the contractor is bound to pay handsomely for all delays. For every single day in arrear of contract he forfeits $1,000. If delay continues six months the forfeit is $2,000 per day; and should he be one year in arrear with his work he surrenders the contract and forfeits $1,000,000, which he, and his friends for him, have deposited with the company as security. On January 1, 1877, the headings, or a sort of advanced gallery eight feet square, pushed forward at the top of the tunnel, were half way in. Whether the gigantic work can really be completed within the time specified, is a grave question for M. Fauvre. Opinions differ, and even engineers can do little more than guess.

The Misfortunes of a Chevelier.

Among the sufferers by the recent prairie fires in this county was Gustave M. Finotti, who has been engaged in farming James S. Foster's place on the Jim river, and his case is a peculiarly unfortunate one. Chevalier Finotti, was at one time in affluent circumstances, in his native country, Italy, where he occupied a prominent social and political position. He met with reverses, however, and lost completely a fortune of over $300,000. He surrendered all his vast estates to pay his creditors their dues, and came to Dakota two and a half years ago to recruit his fortunes by tilling the soil upon our rich prairies. The first year's efforts resulted in losing his entire crop of corn and vegetables in the grasshopper scourge. The second year he suffered some damage by the grasshoppers and lost all of his hay by prairie fires, though his stacks were well protected with fire-breaks, and to cap the climax the fires of last week swept down upon him and made complete destruction of all his grain and other property, as well as the house of Mr. Foster, in which himself and family resided. Truly Mr. Finotti has had to withstand a hard streak of luck. —*Yankton, Herald. Oct. 12th.*

LARGEST PLANT IN THE WORLD.—We are accustomed to regard the great trees of California as the most gigantic specimens of vegetable growth known to man, but such is not the case. There is a submarine plant growing in the North Pacific Ocean which, according to Professor Reinsch, dwarfs all others in its vast proportions. The *Macrocistis purifera*, one of the *Melanospermæ*, has been known to grow to such an extent as to cover vast areas of the ocean bed. One specimen, by measurement, was found to cover three square miles, and the stem from which the growth proceeded was eight feet in diameter. It is almost impossible to conceive of such a plant, or how a system of nourishment can be maintained through such extended channels in the living organism. Nature performs strange freaks, and certainly none can be stranger than the fact that of this gigantic species there are some specimens so small as to be microscopic, or only to be seen by the aid of powerful objectives.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—Money-syllables—I O U.

—The only reward of virtue is virtue.

—Wild geese alight in the streets at Union, Oregon.

—A fat take—Taking a two hundred pound lady to the altar.

—Ira D. Sankey will join Moody in revival work, at Baltimore, next spring.

—The finest flour in Germany is now said to be made with glass millstones.

—It is estimated that 1,721,000 gallons of wine will be made in the Napa Valley, Cal., this season.

—Lawyers are never more earnest than when they work with a will—that is, if the estate is valuable.

—Dr. Strousburg, once the railroad king or Germany, is to recover his shattered fortunes by publishing a paper.

—An order for half a ton of apples, to be sent to Scotland, is being filled at the Suscol orchard, Napa county, Cal.

—The Rev. Prof. Halpine, classical master of London, Ont., is dead. He was a brother of "Miles O'Reilly."

—Instructions on the preservation of hearing say corners of towels should be kept out of children's ears.

—What a common expression is, "How do you do?" and what yet, what a queer one would be, "How do you don't?"

—A professor of palmistry says that long, thin fingers indicate a love for song. Bank cashiers in Chicago must love song.

—Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry across the lowlands, that you may linger longer on the mountain tops.

—A man who buried four or five wives in Wayne county, Ind., was notified not to marry any more until they started a new cemetery.

—How many amusing and ridiculous scenes should we witness if each pair of men that secretly laugh at each other were to do so openly.

—Friends of Eli Perkins will be glad to learn that he has obtained a situation on the New York *Tribune*. He attends to the cipher dispatches.

—Over one-third of the assessed valuation of Washington Territory is east of the Cascade mountains. Walla Walla county pays over one-seventh of the total tax of the Territory.

—It is said that prairie dogs, which live far from rivers or lakes, obtain their water by digging wells, some of which are 200 feet deep. Each village has a well with a concealed opening.

—The people of Washington Territory are about equally divided on the admission of the Territory into the Union as a State. Parties opposing, claim that it will result in a vastly increased taxation.

—The *Saratogian* tells of a Unitarian clergyman at the recent conference who saw the placard, "Leave your dog outside," and tried to purchase a dog in order to comply with the regulations.

—"Cassie, the Lily of Poverty Flat," a new drama of California life, founded on Bret Harte's poem, will be produced at the Grand Opera House, New York, this month, [illegible] part.

—"He can beat any man talking horse ever I heard. It is as good as preaching," said a citizen yesterday, speaking of some friend of his. Wonder if he will want somebody to talk horse to him when he comes to die?

—Seven thousand tons of wheat were hauled over the Walla Walla and Columbia River Railroad during the month of September. The procession of teams hauling loads of wheat to the depot does not "let up."

—An aurist was so remarkably clever that, having exercised his skill on a very deaf lady, who had been hitherto insensible to the nearest and loudest noises, she had the happiness next day of hearing from her husband in Australia.

—A thorough canvass of Chicago industries shows that there is labor there for every man who will work: but wages are not high. A factory superintendent said that there are some idle grumblers who would not work if they were offered $10 a day. This leads to the inquiry: Have the hard times produced a class of idle men who, hereafter, and in prosperous times, will have become so unused to work that habit will preserve them as vagabonds?

—Persons who have had their ears tortured by the strains of "Grandfather's Clock," will be pleased to know that its author is Henry C. Work, of Brooklyn, who published it in 1876. He is known as the author of a number of popular songs, including "Kingdom Coming," "Marching Through Georgia," "Wake, Nicodemus," "Babylon is Fallen," and others relating to the war, and the great temperance song, "Come Home, Father."

—There is said to be a terrestrial globe in the Jesuit library of the Lyon Lyceum which is 170 years old, containing in great detail the curious system of African lakes and rivers which American and English travelers have lately rediscovered. It is two metres in diameter, and an inscription near the north pole says it was made in the year 1701 by F. F. Bonaventure and Gregoire, brothers of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Woman's Love for the Beautiful.

Virginia Chronicle.

A woman went into a barber's shop on C street some weeks ago and wanted to know how much it would cost to dye a man's hair and moustache. The price was named and she then asked the barber to get his dye and follow her.

"Why can't the man came here?" asked the barber.

"He's dead," replied the woman, "and the last thing he said when he was passing away was: 'Sallie, fix me up pretty for the funeral.' His hair curled beautifully, but was a little gray. It won't look well to see a woman crying 'round a coffin with an old gray-headed man in it, so I want him fixed up a little. He was always a beauty when he had his hair dyed. I know I'd want mine fixed that way if I was gray and dead."

The barber dyed the dead man's hair in the highest style of the art, and the widow remarked, when all was over, that "he was the loveliest corpse ever buried on the Comstock."

FROM AFFLUENCE TO POVERTY.

THE PAST WEALTH AND PRESENT WOES OF A NEW YORK CONGRESSMAN.

Wash. Corr. N. Y. Evening Post.

The friends of Fernando Wood here are endeavoring to excuse the recent demagogical conduct manifested in his speech to the New York Workingmen by stating that he has lost his large fortune and is anxious to be returned to Congress as a means of earning a livelihood. Fernando Wood has for years been considered one of the richest men in Congress. His entertainments have been of the most lavish character. One of the strongest arguments made for him in his candidacy for the Speakership against Mr. Randall in the two last Congresses has been that he could entertain handsomely and could better support the dignity of the Speaker's station than poverty and natural desire would permit Randall to do. The most elegant stag-parties ever given in Washington have been those held at the house of Fernando Wood. He owns the corner house in the row on Fifteenth street, which is quite famous for the celebrities who live there. Among the number are Blaine, of Maine, whose house is said to have cost $30,000; Assistant Quartermaster General Van Vliet, the richest man in the regular army; Governor Swann, of Maryland, who has won a beautiful wife, but lost his seat in Congress because advancing years have induced the younger men to crowd him out; and ex-Senator West, of Louisiana, who, since he has fallen out of politics in that State, has made Washington city his permanent residence.

Fernando Wood's wealth was so great that it was a common saying that, whatever may have been recorded or proved against him in the past, his financial condition was such as to place him above suspicion in Congress. Such a reason for being an honest man is not the highest one, but it is quite certain that there has never been a whisper of suspicion against the integrity of Fernando Wood, since he has been in Congress, and he enjoys the personal friendship of many of the purest men in both parties in public life. That home on Fifteenth street has been a popular centre for dinner parties, entertainments and the like. Fernando Wood's daughter, until she was married, was the hostess, and was noted for her ease and dignity. Since his daughter's marriage a widowed relative has done the honors—for there has for years been a great sorrow at Fernando Wood's hearthstone. His wife some time since became deranged, and lives at an asylum.

But reverses have overtaken Fernando Wood. He is one of the victims to the great depression in real property. He was a very large holder of real estate in New York city. It depreciated in value and became unsalable, while the taxes of the Tammany regime kept consuming the substance. Another shadow on Fernando Wood's hearthstone has been an extravagant son, who has gone himself into bankruptcy and has involved his father by his wild habits. The consequence of this is that Fernando Wood's fortune has greatly diminished and that he will do well if he saves enough from the wreck to keep the wolf from the door in his old days. These circumstances, while they do not justify, may perhaps explain the desperate course which Fernando Wood is now taking in politics to save his which friends tell.

A Gang of Train Robbers Surprised in Camp.

Kansas City Special to the Globe-Democrat.

About noon to-day word was received at the headquarters of the Kansas Pacific railway, in this city, that an organized band of train robbers had been captured and killed; while attempting to rob an express car on train No. 2, bound west. The rumor was founded on the following facts: Last Thursday night a detective gained information that an attempt would be made to rob the express car of the Kansas Pacific on Saturday morning, at Rock Spring, a small station 204 miles west of this city. The information was obtained from one of the gang, who came into Brookfield and gave his "pards" away, claiming that they had "done him dirt." Acting on this information, the Sheriffs of Rice, Hays and Saline counties organized a band of picked men and started for the *rendezvous* of the robbers. It was known just where they were, and a descent was made about daylight, and a terrible fight took place. The robbers were armed with Sharp's shooters and seemed to know of the attack. Mike Rourke, known as Big Mike, and the leader of the gang who robbed the Kansas City, St. Joe and Council Bluffs train at Winthrop, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe at Kinsley, was captured, Dan Dement, another of the gang, was wounded, and escaped into the brush, while the remaining three fled in the darkness. A posse of men are now chasing them in a southerly direction, and it is thought that a fight will take place near Fort Dodge, as a telegram has been sent to that point for aid. A reward of $3,000 has been offered for Rourke's capture and he is now *en route* to Junction City on a special train, chained and guarded by four resolute men. It has been known for two weeks that this robbery has been intended, and Superintendent Oakes has had all train men heavily armed. The capture of the leader will break up one of the most powerful gangs of train robbers in the country.

A Sad Romance.

Correspondence Dublin Times.

The inquest held on Miss Ella Hanbury, who died from exhaustion consequent on long immersion in the Thames and shock from the *Princess Alice* collision, is the closing chapter in a touching romance. Miss Hanbury was an American girl of 19, only child of a wealthy New York merchant. She was on a visit here, and went for a run on the river in company with her engaged husband, Mr. Harrison, a member of the American bar. When the crash came Mr. Harrison embraced her and bade her good-by, saying they would meet in heaven. She saw no more of him. They were parted on the instant, and she found herself in the water. Partly swimming, partly supported by a plank, she floated for two hours and a half, and was then picked up, apparently none the worse, for she was about the next week. She then learned, however, the loss of her lover, and since then has altered and pined till she took two days ago to the bed from which her body was this day borne to the grave. Miss Hanbury was a very rich heiress, and what makes the fatality still sadder is that while the inquest was in progress a telegram announcing the death of her father was handed to the Coroner.

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

Parents, school your issues!—*Rochester Chronicle.*

France does't need any Rhine, because she has her Rhone.—*Boston Post.*

Eight or ten different humorous books are promised this fall, each one containing as many as two pages of original matter—probably advertisements, says the *Free Press.*

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, let me remember when last I was tight. Wife at the window, her ma at the door; you all know how it is who have been there before.

Scarcely had the Raccon of Swat been laid among his fathers before the Ameer of Afghanistan appears to test the Atlantic cable with his ill-timed performances; and this, too, while General Phillipopovich is bombarding the Bosnians at Senkovics, and Janovich is whooping them up at Kiobuk. Some ideas of the terrors of a British shindy on the Punjaub border may be gathered from the fact that such names as Barrookullen, Ghuznee, Kouregoorum, Mootakhalla and Muzulfarad are likely to be actively involved day after day.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

If it takes one hog to make a ham how many hogs will it take to make a hammer? *Whitehall Times.* If it takes one egg to make a nogg how many eggs will it take to make an augur?—*St. Louis Dispatch.* If it takes one horse shoe to make a pitch how many shoes will it take to make a pitcher? *The People.* If it takes one baby to make a waif how many babies will it take to make a wafer?—*Des Moines Leader.* If it takes one boy to make a din, how many boys will it take to make a dinner?—*Keokuk Constitution.* If it takes three feet to make a yard how many feet will it take to make a garden?

The Ideal Congressman and the Real.

Of all the mundane things rendered enchanting by distance, Congress bears off the palm. Fancy paints an M. C. a clean, well-shaven, substantial, solid gentleman, in sufficient flesh to speak generous feeding, urbane, genial and wonderfully clever; a larger stockholder in patience than Job, of Uz; a wearer of immaculate linen, and cloth not only broad but fine and well-made; a great-souled man unswervingly devoted to the interests of his district and proud to represent it; an unselfish being primed to commit *hari-kari* any moment for principle, and anxious to die daily for every individual constituent; an exalted mortal, with pockets stuffed with postoffices, consulships pension agencies and other good things; whose very breath is fragrant with the choice perfume of place—in the army, navy, revenue, marine and civil service; a beneficent creature whose wink has force enough to jerk one into a judgeship or snatch from your dalliance a soft surveyorship; an august personage that dares to gauge a gauger or inspect an inspector; whose utterances cleave the ocean and girdle the earth; a statesman who, when in the throes of cramp colic, sends gold up two and a-half, and whose death makes a corner in mourning material. This is our ideal law maker. Look on that picture and then on this. Beholding our Solons from the galleries and listening day after dry to their [illegible] and carking is awfully monotonous men, no better, and let us hope, no worse, than the constituency that sent them here. Some are well-dressed and have the port of gentlemen—one wears a grimy-colored flannel shirt, topped around his neck by a foul paper collar. He carries enough real estate under his finger nails to make him a rich man in flush times.

I have observed this peculiarity about Congressmen: Those who had to do the work of Hercules to get here, usually rest from their labors after their arrival, while those who won easily, through popular will, work like beavers—early and late. It is not all rose-color to even the most commonplace M. C., after the wearying effort of placing his own and wife's relatives in office. He has a private calendar of cases of his constituents to look after. The double dealing and downright deceit he is forced to practice, is something appalling to an honorable man. I once saw in the House reception room three beautiful young ladies exhaust a pack of visiting cards in their vain efforts to bring out the members of a committee having in charge certain legislation. After these baffled demoiselles had departed, I asked if it was really true a whole committee was *non est.* "They were hidden in a cloak room and they told me to lie by the cube foot or they would have me dismissed."

I noticed afterward that the particular measure which these ladies came to plead for was defeated.

AN ELABORATE ORATOR.—The fine speeches of Lord Dufferin, which read as if they were delivered extemporaneously, are really prepared and committed to memory with the greatest care. He works out a speech generally in the morning and dictates it to his short-hand writer, who then transcribes his notes upon large sheets of foolscap, writing upon every second line and leaving a margin of half the page. The extended manuscript is then returned to Lord Dufferin, who improves his composition until sometimes scarcely a word of the original conception remains. The amended copy is then returned to the secretary, who makes a fresh transcription. This, in turn, undergoes transcription, and a third, and often a fourth transcription will be ordered until Lord Dufferin is satisfied. Then he reads and repeats his periods over slowly, walking up and down and reciting paragraph by paragraph. A reply in Greek which he made to the professors of McGill University, when he was given a degree, took him more than a week in its composition. It excited wonder and admiration in English and Canadian learned circles as a piece of off-hand scholarship.

UNSUCCESSFUL CONSOLATION.—A clergyman said that he once visited a lady of his parish, who had just lost her husband, in order to offer consolation; and upon her earnest inquiries as to the reunion of families in heaven he strongly asserted his belief in that fact, and when she asked with anxiety whether any time must elapse before friends would be able to find each other in the next world he emphatically said, "No! they will be united at once." He was thinking of the happiness of being able to offer the relief of such a faith, when she broke in upon his meditations by exclaiming sadly, "Well, his first wife has got him, then, by this time!"—*Fugitive Item.*

A FAMOUS CAPTAIN DEAD.

JUDKINS AND HIS 400 VOYAGES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Captain Charles H. E. Judkins, formerly Commodore of the Cunard line, died at his residence on Mosley Hill, near Liverpool, England, on Monday night. He was in the service of the Cunard line for over 40 years, having worked himself up from a subordinate position. He first commanded the old Caledonia, and afterward flew his pennant as commodore on the Arabia, Persia and Scotia. During the Mason and Slidell trouble, when war with England was thought to be imminent the Persia was chartered by the British government to convey troops to Quebec. With the Sixteenth regiment, 1,000 strong, a detachment of Royal Engineers, and a large force of commissary officers and men, Captain Judkins sailed the Persia up the St. Lawrence river until the ice rendered further progress impossible. He then safely landed all the troops in the ship's boats at Bic. Two of the boats were frozen in while landing the last of the men, and they were able to walk ashore on the ice. The Persia was obliged to leave them and go down the river to more open water. For his gallant conduct in taking the troops so near to Quebec the British government suitably rewarded the captain.

Over 400 voyages across the Atlantic to and from New York, were made by Captain Judkins, without the loss of a single life, and without material injury to the vessels he commanded. So great was his popularity that it was a common thing for passengers to wait over until the vessel he commanded was ready to sail. Ladies and children traveling alone were always placed under his protection, and were well cared for. His life when in New York was one continued round of visits to the houses of those who had made passages with him. On his quarter-deck he was as great an autocrat as the Czar of Russia. The passengers who asked questions as to latitude, longitude or how soon the ship would be at her dock, was referred to the cook in language otherwise than pleasant. In the cabin, however, when off duty, the captain was genial, social and polite. Gout attacked him and in about seven years it compelled him to resign his ship, the Scotia, and live on land. At Mosley Hill he had a room filled with the presents given him by his company, passengers and friends, and these he was never tired of showing to those who visited him. His sight failed him of late, but those who saw him only two weeks ago thought there was little danger of his death for many years. He leaves a wife and grandson. He was about 70 years of age.

A Country Where Everything is Finished.

New England Corr. Cincinnati Commercial.

Many things strike me as being peculiar to New England. The roads are as good as our pikes in the west, being naturally hard and smooth. Toll-gates are unknown. Men do not ride on horseback. Everybody goes in buggies or carriages, drawn by one horse. There are no farm wagons, haycarts with two wheels, drawn by oxen, serving all farm purposes. Everything looks neat and smooth. There are no rough edges, no fence-corners full of weeds, no unsightly plowed ground, no rotten rails, but hay overgrown with [illegible] the bowlders which crop out here and there in pastures and orchards cover themselves decorously with lichens. Nothing is bare, new, crude or raw. Everything seems to have been finished, and the order of life settled for several generations. There are no new buildings, no improvements or innovations, but the same buildings grow grey with age and gather lichens on them, and the people walk in the ruts that their fathers walked in and never do anything striking or original. Farming is done in a careful, frugal manner, and nothing is allowed to go to waste. There is no speculation. A real estate agent would starve here; so would a surveyor. Every one invests in slow-going concerns that pay moderate interest, and, when one of them fails, 'tis as if the granite of their hills had been riven, and the old established order of things dissolved into chaos. If any one is enterprising or original he goes out West, or to the cities, and the country is left with a conservative orthodox population who have respect for ancient traditions. To upset established customs, and disregard the traditions of their forefathers, would seem to them like pulling down the pillars of the universe upon themselves, and toppling all together in a crash of dust and confusion. It is interesting to be a spectator and look on, but I should kick against the pricks if I had to live in this orthodox dullness. I should want to do some unprecedented thing to startle the inhabitants of this mill-pond existence, just as I used to have a desire to talk out loud in a Quaker meeting, or throw a book across the house and startle the elders on the topmost seats.

Shall the Farmer be Educated?

Although it has been said that every farmer should not try to be a geologist, meteorologist, chemist, etc., or to study medicine to be his own doctor, or law to make it unnecessary to employ a lawyer, or theology with the sole view of doing his own preaching, still there is little doubt that all general information, and the more exact the better, has a tendency, if well applied, to be useful to the farmer's best interests. Every cultivator desires to gather from the soil, at small expense, large crops, with as little injury as possible to the source of production. He cannot do this without being familiar with the general principles in the various departments of his profession and understanding most thoroughly the art of agriculture. The man who grows crops must understand the nature of soils, which contains more research than would enable him to arrive at the conclusion that one is sandy and another clayey, etc. Also, if he would market his crops to the best advantage and properly attend to the multitude of affairs that accumulates about the farmer of today, he must possess some knowledge beyond the common branches of reading, writing and arithmetic. What kind of an education, then, should the farmer have? Whatever other opinions they may entertain in regard to the farmer's education, all will agree that one of the most essential branches of that education shall be a thorough training in business affairs. This more than any other one thing will fit him for the various and many-sided transactions of his busy life.

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EVE-ANGELICAL CORNER.

Plain and flat trimmings are to be worn most on fall and winter dresses.

Marabout feather bands are among the most fashionable fall trimmings.

A Parting Glass—The maiden's final look in the mirror at her new hat.

The latest fancy is to trim black silk dresses with bands of colored velvet.

Short costumes take only eight yards of medium width stuff for a full dress.

Humming birds, birds of paradise, and, in fact, all sorts of birds are worn on the fall hats.

"Duck's breast" is the novel cognomen of one new shade of blue, and "gendarmes" the name of another shade.

Gold braids and ornaments are beautiful on a garnet velvet hat or bonnet, as the two colors harmonize most beautifully.

In ear rings one of the latest monstrosities is a silver arrow, which, when worn, looks as if it were thrust through the ear.

Fancy buttons and flat gilt buttons are used profusely on the clan tarletan and fancy plaid suits so fashionable at the moment.

A Georgia man changed his residence eight times in eleven months, and the last time his wife said she didn't even care to go to heaven, for about the time she got fixed up and learned where the water was and everything her husband would want to move.

Mrs. Jonas Hay, of Jameston, N. Y., who had her scalp torn off by machinery, has had it replaced by grafting pieces of skin kindly furnished by her friends, no less than thirteen hundred and seventy-eight sections being engrafted on her cranium. It looks like a flower garden in full bloom.

Some people can say or do humorous things under all circumstances. A lady who was rescued at the time of the disaster to the Princess Alice on the Thames, where so