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

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

ATTORNEYS

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

W. H. 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
—o—
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
—o—

Authorized Capital	$500,000.
Paid Up Capital	100.000.
Permanent Surplus Fund	$50,000.00
Dividend paid March 4, 1878	30,000 00
Average Deposits preceeding six months	435,000.00
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. RAWS 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.
—o—o—
DR. WM. PARBERRY, the resident physician is always within call and his charges are exceedingly low for the country.
—o—o—
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.
396 H. C. VALITON.

POETRY.

"What Art Thou Doing With Thy Life."

What art thou doing with thy life,
Oh, thou with many gifts?
Is thine a nature that inspires
And comforts and uplifts?
Do those in trouble think of thee
As of a precious balm?
And does thy presence lull the storm
Till it becomes a calm?

What art thou doing with thy life?
'Twas meant for others' use,
And awful is the reckoning,
For waste and for abuse.
Better to use one talent well,
Than to misuse the ten,
The smile of God is recompense
For all the scorn of men.

What art thou doing with thy life?
Up and be doing friend:
The days and nights and months and years,
Our God doth only lend.
If time was all our own, why then
It might be freely spent.
But it is borrowed and 'tis theft
To squander what is lent.

What art thou doing with thy life?
Retrieve a past of guilt.
Alas! thou canst not gather up
The drops already spilt.
But God will blot out yesterday
For the Redeemer's sake,
If thou to-day with good resolves,
Wilt trust in Jesus' name.

What art thou doing with thy life?
It is already noon;
The evening shadows are not far—
The night-time will come soon.
And to the Master we must go
At setting of the sun,
To hear him say how our day's work
Has in His sight been done.

Mary Cram.

ONE DAY'S DELAY.

A HEARTRENDING STORY FROM THE SOUTH.

There was no happier household in the sunny South than Jacob Poitevent's at Grenada, two months ago. Alack; the fever broke out and the father sent three of his children into the country, intending to go himself on the following day with his wife and two remaining daughters. The delay was fatal. Before morning, Molly, a lovely maiden, who had been nursing a sick friend, was delirious, and in a few days was dead. Scarcely had the bereaved parents pressed a farewell kiss on the cold lips of their dead daughter, before the second daughter was battling with the fever. It was then that the sorrowing father wrote to his sister: "Mollie is dead, and Ora, we fear, will soon follow her; our family physician is dead, our neighbors are all dead or moved out of town; no nurse or help of any kind to be had for love or money. I am doing the cooking and my dear wife the nursing. Pray for us." After a while there came a feeble little note from the sick girl: "They are all dead but me. I knew when father and mother died, but I could not kiss them good-by. I am better and have a kind nurse; but oh, so few ever recover that I may relapse and follow the others yet." It was many weeks before the sick girl could be taken from the plague-stricken town into the country where her brother and sisters were. Then one of them wrote to the New Orleans *Picayune*: "Ora has come out to us, but so weak that I am jealous of every breath that fan her white cheek. Mother was sick in the same room with Ora; father in the adjoining room. The Rev. Mr. McCracken prayed with mother before she died, and when asked by the holy man of God if she had a last message to leave, she answered, 'Tell son to be a good boy and meet me in heaven.' Then turning her face towards Ora's bed, she said: 'Kiss all my children for me, and tell your dear father good-by for a little while.' Mother died on the 27th and father on the 28th. Father's nurse thought that he might recover, and did not tell him of mother's death. He knew nothing of it until he met her in heaven."

Spiders and Balloons.

The Rev. H. C. McCook, of Philadelphia, describing the ballooning habit, or flight, of spiders, says the spider seeks a high position, at the top of a fence-post, as the point of ascent. The abdomen is elevated to as nearly a right angle with the thorax as may be; a pencil of threads issue from the spinnerets, the face being meanwhile turned to various points until it looks in the direction of the wind. The legs are then stretched upward, thus raising the body aloft, and the insect gradually assumes a position as if resisting some force from above. Suddenly the right claws are unloosed, the spider mounts with a sharp bound and floats off, generally with the back downward, but sometimes with the position reversed. At first the abdomen seems to be in advance, but generally the body is turned so that the head is in front. The pencil of threads is caught by the feet and floats out in front. Upon these threads the spider will climb upward as though to adjust the centre of gravity. Meanwhile a pencil of threads floats out behind, leave the spider to ride in the angle of the two, or sometimes three pencils. The feet seem to be united by delicate filaments, which serve to increase the buoyancy of the balloon. The insect is carried forward by the wind, riding for long distances in an open space, and often high up upon ascending currents. Its anchorage appears at times to be within its own volition, by drawing in with the claws the forward pencil and gathering it in a white roll within the mandibles, but most frequently the progress of the insect is stopped by some elevated object, or by the subsidence of the breeze.

ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY.—Improvements in photography, relating to the production of photographic pictures on woven fabrics, having been announced, the *Photographic News* expresses itself as unable to discern difficulty in the production of such prints in the ordinary way, and it cannot conceive why artisans in this line do not take up more generally the matter of fabric printing. It thinks that handkerchiefs, doilies, mats of all descriptions, servietts, fans and a hundred other things of the kind might be ornamented or marked by the aid of photography; and thus, if a photographer could supply a set of doilies impressed with the portraits of eminent persons, such as statesmen, artists, authors, actors, etc., or should ornament screens, mats and similar articles with pictorial photographs of one kind or another, such novelties would undoubtedly become quite popular—nor would the application of this process to such articles necessarily add much to their cost.

No person, animal, insect, compound or thing will work harder, for a brief period than cider.—*Edenburg Herald.*

A BLACK HILLS TRAGEDY.

A FATAL PISTOL DUEL BETWEEN A MAN AND A WOMAN—ELIZABETH LOVELL KILLED BY ONE WHOM SHE SOUGHT TO ASSASSINATE.

Black Hills Enterprise.

A tragic denouement to a petty quarrel was an event of Sunday. In our issue of that day, it will be remembered, we chronicled the arrest and imprisonment of Mrs. Lovell, who, as a desperado and a hard case generally, has figured conspicuously in the Police Court and elsewhere during the year. Her house stands at the north side of the road running down the gulch, and upon the hillside, immediately in the rear thereof, upon disputed ground, is the residence of J. S. Rogers, access to which is had through the lot of Mrs. Lovell. Ill-feeling has existed between the old Amazon and Mr. Rogers for some time, and on Saturday she was arrested for uttering threats, but was subsequently released upon bail. The tragedy that followed was witnessed by Deputy Sheriff Bennet, whose literal report thereof is as follows:

I was sitting in the front room of Mr. Roger's cabin, where I board, at half-past one when Rogers returned from up town and threw off his coat. At this moment I saw Mrs. Lovell leave the house and start up the hill. I said to Rogers,

"HERE COMES THE OLD WOMAN,"

She came up the path about one-third of the way, where she met the old man who lives at her house, spoke to him and turned him back toward us, both advancing about half-way up, at which point the old man turned and came diagonally towards the house, the old woman approaching by the direct trail. When she got about two-thirds of the way she stopped and

TOOK A SIX-SHOOTER FROM BENEATH HER APRON

And examined it. I said to Johnnie: "I guess she is going to fix the fence. She was on the porch at this time. Instead of stopping where the fence should be she came on toward the house. As she did so I went into the front room. Johnnie said: "I guess she is coming right into the house; she's got a cocked revolver in her hand." He came into the room, apparently to avoid her and said: "Am I to stand and be killed in my own house by this woman," and passed into the back room, where he secured a revolver and returned, conversing with me all the while about the precautions he had taken to prevent trouble with her. He stepped to the front door and sat down on the inside, while he continued the conversation with me and his wife. The old woman had quietly moved out to the front door, leaned against the jamb as if to satisfy herself that I was unharmed, when, without a word of warning she quickly thrust the pistol against Roger's left breast, fired and jumped off the porch. Rogers sprang to his feet and struck at her with his pistol but missed her, when he passed out to the porch a step or two, firing his revolver,

FIVE SHOTS WERE FIRED AT THE WOMAN

I did not stay to see whether the old man fell to shoot or not to shoot, I can't say which.

The third shot, I think, took effect, and the woman fell. Rogers staggered into the room, dropped his pistol and exclaiming, "She's done for me," laid down on the lounge. I ran down town after the doctor, passing Mrs. Lovell on the trail. When I returned she was not to be seen.

Mrs. Lovell was carried to her house, where she lingered in an unconscious condition for an hour, when death ensued. The bullet entered the head at the rear, traversed the brain and lodged beneath the right eye. An inquest subsequently held completely exhonerates Mr. Rogers; the latter was seriously, but not fatally, injured, the ball entering the left side below the heart, taking a downward course and traversing the body, lodged on the right side. He is 28 years of age, a

NATIVE OF EMINGPORT, CAN.,

And was for several years employed as bookkeeper in Plattsburg, N. Y., where, seven years ago, he married. He has resided in the Hills for the past eighteen months.

The Hair.

The quality and color of the hair was a subject of speculative theory for the ancients. Lank hair was considered indicative of pusillanimity and cowardice; yet the head of Napoleon was guiltless of a curl! Frizzly hair was thought and indication of coarseness and clumsiness. The hair most in esteem was that terminating in ringlets. Dares, the historian, states that Achilles and Ajax Telamon had curling locks; such also was the hair of Timon, the Athenian. As to the Emperor Augustus, nature had favored him with such redundant locks, that no hair-dresser in Rome could produce the like. Auburn or light brown hair was thought the most distinguished, as portending intelligence, industry, a peaceful disposition, as well as great susceptibility to the tender passion. Castor and Pollux had brown hair; so also had Menelaus. Black hair does not appear to have been esteemed by the Romans; but red was an object of aversion. Ages before the times of Judas, red hair was thought a mark of reprobation, both in the case Typhon, who deprived his brother of the sceptre of Egypt, and Nebuchadnezzar who acquired it in expiation of his atrocities. Even the donkey tribe suffered from this ill-omened visitation, according to the proverb of "wicked as a red ass." Asses of that color were held in such detestation among the Copths, that every year they sacrificed one by hurling it from a high wall.—*Edinburgh Standard.*

THE Austin *Reveille* gets off the following at the expense of a Democratic saloon keeper: "At Galena there is but one saloon and that is kept by a Democrat. A party of politicians visiting the town naturally found their way into the saloon, and invited the boys to stand in. One of the politicians, who is making his canvass with the brake put down on the whisky proposition, called for some port wine. 'Port wine!' ejaculated the proprietor in a tone of anger and astonishment, 'why, you confounded scrub, do you think this is a Republican saloon? This is a Democratic house and don't keep anything but whisky straight, and you'll take whisky straight or nothing.' There was blood in the proprietor's eyes, and and as he reached his hand under the counter and the politician heard the click of the hammer of a self-cocker, he mildly asked to be excused, and said he guessed he would take a little whisky straight. And he gulped his dose of lightning down without a murmur—and all was quiet on the Potomac."

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—A Nation of Officeseekers—Nomination.

—Current News—Table of tides in the almanac.

—Shakespeare's "Hamlet" has been translated into Hindostanee.

—Excellence encourages one about life generally. It shows the spiritual wealth of the world.

—All the stove foundries in Pittsburg are now in full blast, in anticipation of a heavy fall business.

—Some one ought to invent a sewing machine to collect rents, mend manners and repair family breeches.

—If Kearney succeeds in making the Chinese go, perhaps he will turn his attention to the Keely Motor.

—When a widow and widower, both with children, get married nowadays, they call it pooling their issues.

—Edward Bain, the extensive wagon manufacturer of Kenosha, Wis., will turn out 9,000 wagons this year.

—A resident of Cook county, Texas, has a set of furniture made from the tree which his father was hanged on ten years ago.

—San Francisco buyers are paying $10 per ton for grapes delivered at the Healdsburg depot. Eight dollars was the price last year.

—Don Carlos is as poor as they make em'. He keeps his own hens, chops his own cut-arounds and makes his wife dress the babies.

—A reigning belle of St. Louis is to marry the Mayor of Honolulu in January. From this started the story that she was to marry Tilden.

—If you want a man for your friend never get the ill-will of his wife. Public opinion is made up of the average prejudice of womanhood.

—You may talk of the lean and hungry Cassius, but did you ever take a side view of the man who has run a store ten years without advertising?

—An Arkansas constable's pistol being stolen, he advertised that if the thief would return it he would give him the contents, and no questions asked.

—Milwaukee has discovered that her brewers are using corn and rice instead of malt and hops, and now we shall have the query: "Is there any tonic in tonics?"

—An old hat that once belonged to Napoleon I. was recently sold for $35, which is a good price, certainly, when we consider that both the Nap. and crown are gone.

—The telegraph will be built up the west side of the Yellowstone, and branch at or near Sherman, the main line passing on the same side of the river, the branch to Fort Custer.

—If you desire a little cheerfulness and content, take Lincoln's advice and don't attempt to cross possible bridges before you come to them. The river will take care of itself.

—A client remarked to his solicitors, "You are writing my bill on very rough paper, sir." "Never mind," was the reply of the latter, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

—Already the ranchmen are cutting down the telegraph poles on the Deadwood-Keogh line. It is a penitentiary offense, and the offenders will find the military willing to escort them out.

—A Virginia woman offers to sell her husband and apply the proceeds to the liquidation of the State debt. "I can recommend him to purchasers," she adds, "as a man possessing all the qualities a woman capable of controlling him could desire.

—Out of the 38 employed on the Memphis *Appeal*, only two escaped the fever, and out of 44 employed on the *Avalanche*, only two escaped; twelve have died, 24 are sick or convalescing, and 8 have left. Each paper was at one time reduced to one editor and a single compositor.

—He was something of a cynic, and when he visited the grave of his rich, but henpecked friend, a few weeks after the burial and found there a heroic-sized female figure in marble, he cried out, "Poor, poor fellow!—as though it was not enough in life, here he is held down by a woman in death."

—At an auction art sale the other day, a marine view was knocked down at handsome figure, when a bluff sailor, who happened to wander in, exclaimed earnestly, "My stars, if there ain't there a vessel drifting on the rocks with a strong wind blowing off shore!" The artist took his work home to re-arrange the wind.

—You need not be afraid of giving too much. An old darkey said: "If any ob you know ob a church w'at died ob liberality, jes' tell me what 't is, an' I will take a pilgrimage to it, and by de light ob de pale moon I will crawl upon it's moss-covered roof an' write upon de topmost shingle, 'Blessed am de dead who die in de Lawd.'"

—A clever Tuscarorian was tried at Elko, Nev., for cattle stealing. The jury acquitted him without leaving the box, and upon his return home a friend inquired as to the result of the trial. "No cause for action," said the party, "I merely killed the ox in self defense and ate him for spite, and, of course, I was acquitted by the intelligent jury."

—The Memphis *Appeal* says: The sexton of St. Patrick's church reports a case where a man was shrouded and encoffined, but who, when the lid was about to be shut down, opened his eyes and asked those who were performing the last offices for him, "What in the hell are you doing?" A little trepidated, if not consternated, they lifted him from his close confinement and put him to bed. Treatment was begun again, and, strange to say, he is now convalescent. He was literally rescued from the grave.

—The Bismarck shirt is the coming garment. A Berlin shirtmaker, of whom the Chancellor had ordered a dozen shirts, through some blunder made the right sleeves of the shirts a little shorter than the left ones. The Princess, who is a model housewife, observed this, and wrote to the maker, who expressed his sorrow, and desired her to return the garments for alteration. They did not come, but in their stead came a letter from Bismarck congratulating him on his happy idea in making the right sleeve shorter than the left one, so that the cuff did not bother him when writing.

CLINGING TO THE MAST.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE DURING LAST WEEK'S STORM.

Nantucket, Mass., Enquirer.

Mr. Chas. Killeenf mate of the schooner Etta A. Simpson, and the sole survivor of her wreck, gives the following narrative of the terrible hardships of the crew:

"We left Bath, Me., Friday, the 11th inst., bound to Baltimore with a cargo of ice. We took the gale Saturday forenoon at the foot of the shoals, from the east; at noon it was thick, and we came to an anchor at the east end of Norton's shoal, letting go the three anchors; at 5 p. m. the wind was blowing a hurricane from the N. N. E., and the schooner dragged over the shoal, pounding hard. At 3 o'clock in the evening the vessel rolled over in seven fathoms of water, probably from her cargo shifting, and we all took to the mizzen rigging. Just before she went over I told the captain we had better get the boat ready to lower, but he remarked that she would not live in such a foam, and we had best cling to the largest piece of wood. The second sea that boarded us swept away two of the men. The rest hung on till about 5 o'clock in the morning, when they began to go. The man on my right became a raving maniac, and soon succumbed, the rest following soon after, Capt. Hart and wife and myself still clinging. The sea was breaking over us to the height of 10 or 15 feet continually, and, as it dashed against us, it seemed as if it would dash us to pieces.

"Early Sunday morning we saw the steamers Martha's Vineyard and Dexter come out, and I told Hart to hold his wife tight while I tried to signal them. Put my coat on the shear pole for a waif, but they probably did not see it, as they made their way to vessels on Tuckernuck shoal. During this time Capt. Hart lost his hold on his wife, and I had to jump to his assistance, and we drew her back to a place of safety. When we perceived we were not to be rescued by the steamers, Mrs. Hart became discouaged, and soon gave up, slipping from our grasp about 2 p. m., at which time she was about drawing her last breath. The sea was washing by us at the time waist deep. The loss of his wife completely unnerved Capt. Hart, who turned to me and shook my hand, saying, after I had tried to console him and get him to hold on longer, 'I can't do it; you may, you are a tough man; I don't care now whether I live or die.' He gave me his ring and some money, with the request that if I was saved I would send it to his parents, and then handed me his watch asking me to keep it as a memento. At 9 p. m. Sunday evening he was wandering in his mind and I was obliged to lash him to keep him from going overboard. About 2 o'clock Monday morning he died, with his head resting on my knee. I secured his body and stood up waiting events.

"My feelings through all this ordeal were far from being pleasant, but something seemed to encourage me, and I was a party in a party in a boat from Edgartown, and I was taken off. The boat was too small to take off the captain's body, too, but we afterward returned in a whaleboat and took it from the vessel."

Mice Melodies.

Who ever heard a mouse sing? We have heard their little voices when the room was still and they had no idea that we were nigh, but we had little thought that their notes could be called melodies. They must sing, however, for a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*, who would not dare to tell anything but the truth in that sedate magazine for sedate people, gives an account which even our little folks will enjoy. He tells of some mice singers which he saw, as follows: "The song to which the little creature gave utterance again and again in our full view was as sweet and varied as the warbling of any bird. It must resembled that of the canary, but the melody of the nightingale was occasionally introduced. Every note was clear and distinct, but withal so soft, so gentle, tender, and *pianissimo*, that I can only compare it to the voice of a bird muffled by being heard through a down pillow. In the room was a canary, whose cage was suspended in one of the windows. He had settled himself to roost, and his head was under his wing, but at the sound of 'Nicodemus's' serenade he awoke and listened attentively, and fantastically leaning alternately to right and left, peeped curiously down to the floor. I learned that the mouse and bird were intimately acquainted with each other, and that the former frequently visited his feathered friend and stayed to supper. Accordingly, while we looked on with interest and pleasure, 'Nicodemus' climbed up the drawn curtains, entered the bird's cage, and partook of the seed—the canary showing no symptom of disapprobation or disturbance, but merely from his perch peering down on his visitor in a ludicrously quaint and odd manner. During his supper-time 'Nicodemus' obliged us from the cage, with several repetitions of his song. 'The Chirper,' down below on the carpet, occasionally coming in with a monotonous contralto accompaniment, and sometimes emitting a sound like the squeaking of a corkscrew through a cork. The two little songsters have done their best to please us, were rewarded with all that mice could wish for as components of a feast, and, after selecting the portions they severally preferred, gracefully retired."

THE NEXT ROYAL COUPLE.—Among the newest things in our shop windows are some admirable German photographs of the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia. He is a young man of whom much good is spoken, and who is said to have resolved to claim no advantage from his royal rank, but to rise in the army by sheer hard work and the ordinary rules of promotion. The portrait shows a soldierly looking young fellow, with a frank and pleasant countenance, who would be handsome were his profile not rather too suggesting of George III.'s retreating forehead and disproportionately prominent nose, as seen still upon some of the older coinage. Otherwise there is in the face a strong resemblance to "Albert the Good. The Princess looks so really pretty in the colorless photograph that the chances are she is really pretty in the flesh. She is said to be simple and unaffected, and not above doing her own shopping and carrying her purchases home with her. *London Letter.*

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

A manager is not known by the company keeps.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A great writer says "some people are born Christians," but there's no occasion for worrying over the matter. They generally out grow it.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

Men may come and men may go, but we want to see the man who will come to town in a two-horse wagon, and not go to a crossing to stop his team.—*Brookville Democrat.*

She saw a morning mosquito on the cream-white paper of the bed-room, and crushed him then and there. But she didn't know he was loaded.—*Stamford Advocate.*

A fashion journal says: "Nothing will be worn this summer by the fair sex, except longitudinal striped hose." Good-bye! We are off to the Fiji Islands.—*Norristown Herald.*

An advertisement in a daily at our elbow says these is "a piano for sale, belonging to a lady about to depart for Europe with modern legs." Modern? Ah, padded? *Turner's Falls Reporter.*

It is left for futurity to produce two men who have sufficient Christian grace to occupy different offices on the second floor of a building, and then not wait for each other to sweep the stairs.—*Fulton Times.*

Editors are generally poorly off for clothing. When you hear of one of them having two suits, you can calculate that one is the suit he wears every day and Sundays, too, and the other is a libel suit.—*Rome Sentinel.*

No man can know all things, but there are lots of men who think they do. They are the fellows who give an editor so much valuable information as to how to run a newspaper—into the ground.—*Kennebunk Star.*

The forest leaves are turning, and the chestnut worms are squirming, as the peanut man stands churning them upon a fiery bed; and books will soon be laden, by every city maiden, with leaves which nature made on purpose to be red.—*Wheeling Leader.*

Astronomers tell us, says the *Hawkeye*, that if there was a telegraphic wire from the earth to the nebulæ in Andromeda, it would take 1,250,000 years for a dispatch from here to reach its destination. And suppose the rate was forty cents, and you sent the message to be paid at the other end of the line, how like all eternity the interest would pile up on the other fellow by the time the boy handed him the message. Figure it up, some of you.

Didn't Know Goosey.

S. F. Chronicle.

"A relic of old decency," in the form of a dilapidated specimen of humanity, with a varicolored nose, walked into a Montgomery street saloon last evening and jauntily waltzed over to the lunch corner, remarking as he surveyed the contents of the basalt block and covertly dump about a half pound of crackers through a hole in the lining of his coat. The cocktail being ready the customer leisurely swallowed it, and taking the measure of the cocktail dispenser through the bottom of the glass, asked:

"Has 'Goosey' been around here to-night?"

B. K. replied that he had not the honor of that individual's acquaintance.

"What! Don't know 'Goosey'? Why he hangs around here every night. You must know him. He walks in this way."

He walked toward the door, imitating the waddle of a goose. Having reached the entrance he vanished into space. When the bar-keeper recovered from the paralytic stroke of astonishment he prescribed for himself three fingers of "Old Bluegrass," charged two drinks on a cumstomer's card, and fell to moralizing on the advisability of mounting a small howitzer somewhere within range of the front door.

THE HORSE THAT TOOK A RIDE.—Yesterday afternoon as one of the street cars which run by the City Hall was slowly going up D street between Third street and the Lincoln statue, one of the horses used by the company to assist the car horses up the steep grade at the point named for some cause left his station at Third street and followed after the car, which contained a number of passengers, and among them several ladies. Being a pretty quick stepper he overtook the car, and immediately mounting his fore feet upon the step, entered the car, so far as to rest his hind feet on the back step, and thus rode several rods, to the consternation of the passengers and amusement of outside spectators. The driver of the car stopped it to invite his unwelcome guest out, as he hadn't put any fare in the box. At this time a rather small bystander climbed over the back of the horse to the inside of the car, and raising the head of the animal from the lap of a terrified old lady, who was apparently at the swooning point with fright, carefully backed the sociable animal out at that inhorsepitable stall, and landed him on the cobble-stones on all fours, right side up, nothing broken, and no one injured except some of the female passengers, whose nerves were unstrung by the intrusion.—*Wash. Star.*

Grain Crop of Europe and America.

American Miller.

Europe now produces on an average 5,000,000,000 bushels of grain, of which Russia produces one-third, Germany and France 250,000,000 bushels each, and Austria 500,000,000. The United States produces 1,600,000 bushels, or about the same as Russia. In order to appreciate the advantages of the United States, the population should be taken into consideration. This, for the United States, 40,000,000, and therefore we produce forty bushels per head; while Europe, with a population of quite 300,000,000, produces only 16 bushels per head; Russia, 26 bushels per head; Great Britain, only four bushels per head. As the average quantity of grain consumed per head is 15 bushels, we produce nearly three times as much as we want; Russia, scarcely twice its wants; Europe, on an average, all needed, and Great Britain not much over one-fourth. It will be seen that the general production far exceeds the consumption, but this excess is absorbed by breweries and distilleries all over the world, which do more to keep the price of breadstuffs at a high figure than anything else.

BEAUTY REST.

A HINT TO LADIES ON THE BANISHING OF WRINKLES.

The London *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"What should the lady do who perceives the first trace of a crow's foot in the face reflected by her mirror? She should lend an ear to the Comtesse de Bassanville editress of the Almanach du Savior-Vivre. In the number for the year 1879, just issued advice is offered as to the best means for opposing the ravages of time. Crow's feet, indeed, cannot be altogether removed, but there is no reason why they should assume too prominent an appearance if nature's own most agreeable remedy be resorted to. 'When you are past twenty-five,' says Mme. de Bassanville (and her counsels are tendered to gentlemen as well as ladies), 'never let more than five or six hours pass without closing your eyes for a short time—say ten minutes; not necessarily to sleep, but to repose the muscles of the eye.' Of course every movement and play of the face necessarily tends to fatigue these muscles—whether it be a smile or the expression of surprise or fixed attention. The closing of the eyelids is therefore recommended as a 'beauty rest.' The muscles, reposed, lose their tendency to that nervous contraction which translates itself into wrinkles. It might, however, be objected to this prescription that in our busy age few persons can find leisure to close their eyelids at odd times during the day; that to many enforced inaction—a condition of absolute repose without sleep—is intolerable; and finally, that if a man or woman happens to be tired, a ten minutes nap may develop into forty winks' or a long doze, which is refreshing enough at the time, but loses a precious slice of the day and insures a sleepless night. Few, indeed, share that enviable peculiarity of the late Baron Bunsen, who could go to sleep for three minutes, and then wake with powers restored and a single-hearted appetite for Egyptian chronology or any light work."

A Miner's Superstition.

From the Virginia City, Nev., Chronicle.

A reporter was talking with an old miner a few days ago who implicitly believed that no death ever took place in the mines without a warning of some kind. "You see," he said, "death never comes of a sudden upon the men in the mines. You reporters write up accidents, and how something gave way or fell quick and killed somebody. Now, this ain't so. There's always some warning. When I see my lantern begin to burn down low and blue I know that there is danger ahead. If it keeps on for a few days and then begins to waver and flicker, I'll watch to see where it points. Now, you may set me up for a fool, but what I am telling you is the gospel truth. When the flame leans over, as if it was being worked by a blowing, [illegible] pointed right to him for over an hour, and when he moved the flame would follow him just as if Bill was a loadstone and the flame was a mariner's needle. I knew he was gone, and told him to be careful about the blast. Well, he got through all right and got on the cage. As we got up the candle kept acting strangely, and at times the flame would stretch out and towards Bill. At length it gave a sudden flicker and Bill reeled to one side and was caught in the timbers. I heard his dreadful cry as he disappeared down the shaft, and while he was bounding from side to side, dashing out his braids and scattering his flesh to the bottom, my light went out. I never lit that lantern again. It hangs up in my cabin, and it always will. There's more in a candle flame than people think. I'd rather see a cocked revolver pointed at me than a candle flame; a revolver sometimes misses, but a candle flame is sure to kill when it starts toward a man."

AT A recent meeting of the Scientific Committee of the Royal British Horticultural Society, some beautiful specimens of skeleton leaves were shown, the exhibitor stating that they were prepared in accordance with these general principles: For the dissection of the leaves maceration is too long and tedious, to say nothing of the uncertainty as to the result. The use of alkali in saturated solution is preferable, the specimens to be introduced while the the liquid is heated to boiling point. The time of the immersion is to be regulated by the character of the various leaves, and the nature of the epidermis to be removed. When the specimen is freed from epidermis and cellular tissue, it must be subjected to the action of chlorine to destroy the coloring matter. The introduction of peroxide of hydrogen serves not only to render the lace-like specimens purer in color, but preserves it also. In destroying the coloring matter in ferns this also is invaluable; added to the chlorine it gives a solidity to the bleached fronds, and appears to equalize the action of the chlorine. For skeletonizing capsules, the slow process of maceration by steeping in rain-water is alone available—a moderate heat may be applied to hasten the process, but alkali is useless. The only known flower which can be dissected is the hydrangea japonica. The fibrous nature of the petals renders it easy to skeletonize in the perfect truss in which it grows. Skeletonized leaves and capsules appear to gain in the process a toughness and durabilty not possessed by them in their natural state.

THE KIND OF HOGS THAT SELL.—Hogs in good condition outsell heavy ones. They really ought to bring more per pound, from the fact that the frame, once made, the putting on of additional fat is comparatively easy. While this is true that the difference in the price of hogs suitable for heavy side pork or the rendering tank. For hams for city use especially, and for bacon, a light class of hogs is desirable—those not weighing over 200 pounds. These also are not required to be exclusively fat; nevertheless the pigs must not only be in good condition, but meaty. This class of hogs, whatever the market price of ordinary hogs may be, will always command a high price and bring the best prices.

A Chicago publisher has issued a book entitled "How to Become Plump." The old way, you remember, was to fall out a third-story window and come down plump. The new method is less dangerous, but not so certain.

The New North-West

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EVE-ANGELICAL CORNER.

Anna Dickinson's theatrical experience cost her $30,000.

Madame Nilsson's loss of property is said to amount to $250,000.

Miss Juliet Corson is going to Montreal to teach the young idea how to cook.

Mrs. Woodhull loves England, and it is to be hoped she will continue to do so.

The latest song is, "Why does sister lace so tight, when mamma says she musn't?"

"O Lord, bless me and make me the boss little girl," was the concluding sentence in a Boston 4-year-old's prayer.

An old lady said she had often seen men struck with a happy thought but could nsver see where it hit 'em.

Flowers and autumn leaves made of velvet, and so perfect they seem to rival nature, are found now on nearly every hat.

Invisible checks and stripes are ruling designs in suitings. The ground colors are often confused jettings of dark and bright tints.

Velvet and satin united in the weaving form a splendid dress texture; the raised figures are of velvet disposed in small regular patterns.

Delicate consideration for the elephant: Considerate little girl—"Please, Mr. Keeper, will it hurt him if I give him a currant out of my bun?"

The family of reds is well represented in this season's modes. For example, there are ten separate colors of this character—the Bordeaux and Cardinal take the lead.

An anonymous admirer of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, after one of her recent concerts in Chicago, sent her a costly diamond. She passed it over to the yellow fever sufferers.

At one of the great shoe manufactories of