

RATES OF ADVERTISING table with columns for time and price.

Regular advertising payable quarterly, as due. Special notices 50 cents more than regular.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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

W. K. MENDENHALL, Land and Mining Lawyer.

ATTORNEYS TO ALL MATTERS RELATING TO LAND AND MINING CLAIMS.

A. H. MITCHELL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

PORT R. HANKS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

HANKERS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF DEER LODGE.

W. A. CLARK, President. R. W. DONNELL, Vice-President.

First National Bank, Helena, Montana.

DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Authorized Capital \$500,000. Paid Up Capital \$100,000.

SILVER DEPOSITS are particularly good, and this branch of our business will receive special attention.

HOTELS.

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

SCHWAB & ZIMMERMAN, Proprietors.

Silver Lake House, PHILIPSBURG, MONTANA.

MURPHY & JENKINS, Proprietors.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, Meagher County, M. T.

Mineral Hot Springs, Spencer Bros.

DR. W. M. PARRETT, the resident physician is always within call and his charges are exceedingly low for the country.

Girton House, Butte City, Montana.

Robert Girton, Proprietor.

Blanks for Sale.

We have in stock the following Justices' Blanks, adapted for use in Montana, and in conformity to existing laws.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST ADVERTISING TO REACH READERS OUTSIDE OF THE LARGE CITIES.

Over 1,000 NEWSPAPERS, Divided into Six Different Lists.

Advertisements received for one or more lists. Charges containing names of papers, and other information are sent for estimate, address, BEALS & FOSTER.

The New North-West

VOL. 10, No. 28. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, DEC. 6, 1878. WHOLE No. 492.

POETRY

TIMES' CHANGES.

Ever and ever so long ago, How things will change, as time goes by— We wandered down to the foot of the hill, My black-eyed love and I.

A MUSHROOM OF THE MINES.

THE WONDERFUL RISE OF A CITY TWO MILES UP IN THE AIR.

Leadville, Lake county, Colorado, is the highest, newest, and for its size the noisiest city on the continent.

A TALMAGE TRIP.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON ON GOTHAM BY NIGHT.

Rev. DeWitt Talmage, who has achieved some unenviable notoriety by his night trips in New York, discoursed in the Tabernacle Sunday, Nov. 17, of another his had made from which we take the following extracts of a less objectionable nature:

NEW NOR-WESTERS.

—The new crime is called cryptomania.

—Ex-Senator Jo Lane is still a farmer in Oregon.

—France has 3,000 manufacturers of artificial flowers.

—The Boston Bulletin calls the silver dollar a white lie.

—Woven glass slippers are made and worn in Vienna.

—England proposes to import dried oysters from China.

—A dromedary is a camel that has "got his back up" twice.

—Inspector-General Marcy has entirely recovered his health.

—When is a man thinner than a shingle? When he's a shaviner.

—Henry Simpson has been made President of the Drew Theological Seminary.

—General Fremont thinks the Arizona Indians should be controlled by the military.

—Depression in the iron trade is throwing many English laborers out of employment.

—Tenniel, the great cartoon artist of Punch, is taking his first vacation in 20 years.

—"I'm a yard wide and all wool," is a Kentucky way of describing a high state of hilarity.

—Ben Butler is still in favor of paper money. He thinks the war in the gun kills the bird.

—The London Truth says that public opinion is formed by people between 40 and 50 years of age.

—Hoyle was 70 years old when he wrote his "Treatise on Whist." He indulged in the game until he was 97.

—Senator Blaine, Fernando Wood, Governor Swann and General Van Vliet live in a block of four houses in Washington.

—Mr. Bancroft recently presented the lady who reads the proof of his work with \$50 for discovering an error in a Latin quotation.

—Japan has 15 Protestant missions and 161 missionaries, including wives. Of mission stations there are 94, and of organized churches 44.

—In some English coalpits it is found necessary to force down 350,000 cubic feet of fresh air every minute to supply the needs of the workmen.

We learn from a reliable source that Governor Hoyt, who has been in San Francisco for the past few weeks, has decided not to come to Idaho.

—The unkindest cut of all thrust at Kearney by the eastern press is the proposition that he be appointed "Professor of Profane History" at Harvard.

—A Chinaman and a white man had a stand-up fight at Walla Walla, last week, and the Chinaman came out ahead, to the great amusement of the crowd.

—A reporter of a California fire fight says: "Colonel was what once in the left side, once in the right shoulder, and once in the right saloon adjacent."

A SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.

THE RELATIVES OF MRS. W. C. RALSTON APPEAL TO THE PROBATE COURT TO PREVENT HER FROM PRITTERING AWAY HER PROPERTY.

It will be recalled that at the time of the sad death of W. C. Ralston his friends provided for his widow and children by making her present in money as property amounting about \$300,000.

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—A Norwich teacher gave one pupil the subject "Boy" to write upon; it was treated in three parts: 1. What is it? 2. What is its use? 3. What is it made of?

—These Striped Stockings. A young man whose age might have been twenty-three, and whose red cheeks, saffron-colored necktie, and innocent look proved the innocence of his heart and good bringing up, yesterday made three attempts to enter a Second street dry goods store before he got in to stay.

—The Electric Light. From the Washington Republican.

J. B. Fuller, of New York, the electrician and scientific head of the largest electric company in this country, is stopping at the Ebbitt. After over a year's constant illness Mr. Fuller comes here to look after his patent matters.

—"Is there anything more?" asked the clerk, as he laid the stockings aside.

—"The young man suddenly grew red, then pale, and then, in an entreating voice, he asked:

—"Kin I trust you with a secret?"

—"Why, yes," replied the wondering clerk, "I will."

—"You won't go back on me?"

—"No."

—"I hope."

—"Well, then stockings are for my girl, in—Backs County—engaged to be married—going to Camden to borrow money—done so she won't know it was me. Some fellows would get an accordion, or some jewelry, or a bunch of pink envelopes; but I know them stockings will suit her right up to the head of society, and she'll have more bang up invitations to call on the high toned girl."

—"Yes, but you've got 'em up about four papers, so that the post-office fellows can't spik 'em on 'em."

—"I should like any writing?"

—"Well, you see I kinder want 'em to know I'm the person who sent 'em, and I kinder don't. I don't want her to think some of the other fellows in town is sweet on her, and yet it won't hardly do to send my name."

—"How would it do to say they were from a friend?"

—"That's kinder good, but it would leave her too much in doubt."

—"You might sign my first name, then?"

—"That would be too much," replied the young man, as he leaned over the bed ticking to reflect.

—"There was an awful silence for a minute and a half, and then he suddenly remarked:

—"I'll sign my plump, full name—hanged if I don't. I've been thinking it over, and I don't believe no sensible woman will go back on a feller for presenting her with four pair of striped stockings—do you?"

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WHAT THE WISD SA.

PROFESSOR EDISON IS AT PRESENT ENGAGED IN INVENTING SOMETHING WHEREWITH TO OBLIVATE THE NECESSITY OF GETTING UP AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING TO ROCK THE BABY.

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When the Indians on a reservation cannot get enough to eat, they resort to the expedient of appropriating or misappropriating, they go on a buffalo hunt or on the war-path. Their former resource would be denied them when cooped up on an island, and the latter alternative would be more frequently resorted to. As they would be denied the privilege they now enjoy of marching over thousands of miles on the mainland, with the army in full fall pursuit, their undivided attention would be bestowed on the white man dwelling amongst or near them.—Washington Star.

MODJESKA'S PALACE CAR.

A MODEL WAY OF ADVERTISING.

Modjeska, it would seem has adopted the Barnum style of advertising, in having had a private car reconstructed for her traveling while in this country.

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EVE-ANGELICAL CORNER.

A Parisian says that when a lady chooses a perfume she must never thereafter use any other.

—A happy mother of male twins enthusiastically refers to her treasures as the "sweet boy and boy."

—Somebody observes that when six young ladies sit down to talk about dress, a small boy with a tin horn is refuge for the weary.

—General J. B. Hood, of Confederate fame, has returned to New Orleans with his family, which includes three pairs of twins.

—New Haven claims the girl of the Boston Post. Albany has her—Albany Argus. You ought to go—her family, N. Y. Herald, long.

—Queen Victoria will soon become a great-grandmother, thanks to the eldest daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany, who was married in February last.

—It is more likely that your old maid and frivolous girls will develop into scolding shrines and innate useless mothers than that the mere fact of their remaining single should mar and ruin their whole life.—London World.

—Five English ladies of fortune and position are about to take the veil. They are Lady Edith Noel, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough; Hon. Constance Howard, sister of the Marchioness of Dute; two daughters of Hon. Maxine Stuart, and the youngest daughter of Mr. Mount of Maple-durban.

—"Mother wants you to let her take your polonaise pattern, and so kind as to fill this cup with yeast, and in your clock right, and what time it is, and a little meal in this pan, and won't you please write your receipt for rye muffins, and please not to let your turkeys roost on our fence any more, 'cause dad says he'll shoot them."—New Haven Register.

—A young lady from the city, boarding for the summer at a farm-house on the borders of Delaware county, visited the dairy attached and watched the country maid in her toil with marked attention.

—"Your task is a laborious one," she remarked to the maid. "Somewhat, ma'am." "Nature is indeed wonderful in her workings," continued the lady, "observe the green grass in the fields, and in a short time it is converted into milk, and from milk to butter. After the formation of butter I have been told that the milk is termed buttermilk."

—"Yes, ma'am." "Is there sufficient nutriment in it to be of any practical use?" "Yes, ma'am." "If I am not exhausting your patience may I ask what use is made of buttermilk?" "We feed some to the board."

A Marital Performance. Washington Correspondence Chicago Times.

Heller is about the only amusement this week. Speaking of Heller, an English tourist, fresh from India, now visiting in this city, says: "None of the Western nations know even the alphabet of magic." He added they are all clumsy amateurs as compared with the most common professionals of India.

It would appear so from his descriptions of a trick performed by an Indian juggler in an interior town in lower India. The juggler was accompanied by a small lad, apparently his son. Both were naked to the waist.

The juggler produced a small ball of twice nearly half the size of his fist. He tossed to the spectators and then to his boy with equal facility and precision.

The boy placed the ball in his mouth, made a great gulp, and in an instant it was apparently swallowed.

A second later they appeared under the hard brown skin of the boy, upon his right side, a protuberance the size of the ball swallowed.

The juggler now steps forward. He draws a keen knife from his belt and advances to the boy. He lances gently upon the surface of the protuberance and the blood flows. The long forefinger of the juggler is inserted in the small opening. He feels gently about and later draws out a thread from the wound. Then he gently pulls upon it and winds slowly a ball that reaches the size of the one exhibited only after the performance is gone. This is a simple trick performed for the small sons that can be collected in a street crowd. Explain it who can.

Too Old a Bird. Detroit Free Press.

A couple of boys, whose years will be few in the land if they do not form either a Gratiot avenue saloon five or six days ago, and one of them explained to the proprietor:

"This fellow and me have got a bet. I bet him \$10 that Grant will be the next President, and he takes me. Here's the money—we want you to keep the money till the bet is decided in 1880."

"I will do so," was the calm reply, as the money was raked in.

The strangers departed, each vigorously asserting that he wasn't afraid to trust the saloonist, and they were not seen again until yesterday forenoon. They then appeared to remark:

"We were talking the thing over, and have concluded to withdraw the bet. It has been some trouble to you, and if you will hand over nine dollars we'll call it square."

"I am no such man as dot," replied the saloonist, as he opened the till: "I makes no charge—here is der cash."

He threw them out the two fives they had left, a sly twinkle in his eye, and they slid out he called after them:

"Shentlemen, when you makes any more pets please call around!"

But they won't. The two bills were base counterfeit, and they didn't get mixed up with his honest cash.

There are ten shades of red this season in women's toggery, and three hundred and forty-seven shades of blue about the husband and father who foots the dry goods and millinery bills.—Catskill Recorder.