

Table with advertising rates for various durations and locations.

Professional cards for attorneys, including W. F. Cullen and W. H. Mendenhall.

Advertisement for W. H. Mendenhall, a land and mining lawyer.

Advertisement for A. H. Mitchell, M.D., a physician and surgeon.

Advertisement for Dr. R. Hanks, M.D., a physician and surgeon.

Advertisement for the First National Bank in Deer Lodge.

Advertisement for the First National Bank in Helena, Montana.

Advertisement for the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Helena, Montana.

Advertisement for the Silver Lake House in Phillipsburg, Montana.

Advertisement for the White Sulphur Springs in Meagher County, M.T.

Advertisement for the Mineral Hot Springs in Spencer Bros.

Advertisement for the Girton House in Butte City, Montana.

Advertisement for Blanks for Sale.

Advertisement for the Cheapest and Best Advertising.

The New North-West

VOL. 10, No. 24. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, DEC. 13, 1878. WHOLE No. 493.

POETRY

NOVEMBER. What are the wild winds saying, As they sweep through the stormy sky...

And the sweet September glow, Of the regally-crowned October...

Oh, wind of the wild November, A sorrowful voice is thine—

Of the harvest and the fallow, Of the snow-bound and the bare...

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AMONG THIEVES.

TALMAGE'S LATEST VISIT TO THE HAUNTS OF CRIME. From the N. Y. Herald, Nov. 26th.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., yesterday morning continued his series of sermons on the "Night Side of City Life,"

preaching this time about "Thieves and Assassins." The Brooklyn Tabernacle was crowded as usual, and among the audience

was a large number of clergymen. After the opening hymn, "Stand up for Jesus,"

—during which all the congregation stood up—Mr. Talmage began his sermon with the text, Luke, x, 30: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead."

The scene of these highwaymen's attack, said the pastor, was a rocky ravine, where robbers have a first-rate chance. The scene of this lonely road is repeated every night in our great cities. I have spoken to you of the night of pauperism, of debauchery and of shame, of official neglect and bribery. I tell you now of the night of theft and burglary, the night of pistol and dirk and dagger.

In reply to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" Christ is setting forth the doctrine that wherever there is a man in trouble there is your neighbor. Before we get through I will show you that you have some very dangerous neighbors, and also what is your moral responsibility in their regard.

I said to the chief official: "Give me for the night two stout detectives, men who not only are muscular but look muscular. Show me crime," I said, "the worst, the most villainous and the most violent." I took with me only the officers of the law, for I never want any one to run risks on my account. Having undertaken for Christian purposes to show up the lower depths I felt I must go on till the work was completed.

"Why did you not first look for the criminal classes of Brooklyn?" It was not for any lack of material; there is no place in the land where you can get your pocket picked more easily. There are all kinds of crime from manslaughter to chicken theft.

But the great depot of crime for all this cluster of cities are in New York. Brooklyn sin is as enterprising as possible for the number of inhabitants; but a million people on an island—what a stage and what an audience on that and before whom crime may enact its tragedy!

Nothing impressed me more on the night of my exploration than the respect which the law compels. Why do those ten raffians instantaneously stop their blasphemy and uproar and wrangle? An officer has only turned back the lapel of his coat and displayed his badge of authority. Government is ordained of Heaven, and any police officer, so far as he does his duty, is a deputy of the Lord Almighty. When one is backed up by omnipotent justice he can do anything.

A DEER OF FRIENDS. But what is this glazed window and these mysterious goings in and coming out? It is what the Bible calls a den of thieves. They would not admit it. It can't be proved to be such, for the keeper and patrons are the acoustical men in the city. Before each man is a glass of beer or strong intoxicant. They will not drink to unconsciousness, but will take only just enough to excite their courage.

They want their hands steady and their eyes clear. Some are talking over last night's exploit; others are planning for tonight. They are in collusion with a servant who is to leave a back window unlocked. They know the time the wealthy man goes home, and how they shall come out of the dark alley and bring him down with the slungshot. In this den of thieves how many false keys, ugly pocket-knives, brass knuckles, and revolvers! There are a few vulgar pictures on the wall and the inevitable bar. Rum these people must have to rest them after exciting mauling; rum they must have before they start for a new expedition of arson or larceny or murder. Not ordinary rum. It has been poisoned four times—first by the manufacturer, then by the wholesale dealer, then by the retailer, then by the saloon keeper. Having been poisoned four times it is just right now to fit one for any cruelty or desperation. These men have calculated to the last quarter of a glass just how much is enough to qualify them for their work. They are professional criminals. There are about 2,300 of them in New York. There are the bank robbers—about 60 in number—who bid the night watch and have the liberality of a whole night to see whether the cashier is keeping his accounts correctly.

(Laughter.) These are the men who look to look into your directory, and after dropping the directory investigate the money safe. These are the forgers who get one of your cancelled checks and one of your blank checks, and practice writing your name. These are the pick-pockets—about 600 of them—who ride beside you in stages, helping you pass the change—(laughter)—and stand beside you when shopping, and weep beside you at funerals, and sometimes bow their heads beside you in churches, doing their work with such dexterity that your affliction at the loss of the money is mitigated by appreciation of the skill of the operator. (Laughter.) The most successful of these are females, on the principle that when a woman is good she is better than a man. Some of these thieves take the garb of clergyman, have the dignity of doctors of divinity and look as if they were just going to pronounce the benediction. (Laughter.) Some dash in jewelry windows, and before the clerks know what the excitement is are a block away, looking innocent and ready to join in the pursuit of the offender, with stentorian voice crying "Stop thief!" (Laughter.)

WHO TAKES THE PROFIT. You wonder whether these men and women get rich. No. It is the receiver of the good that gets the profit. They live poor and die poor and are poor to all eternity. Among these professional criminals are the blackmailers, who make people pay or have their characters tarnished. I have no advice to give the guilty, but an honest and upright man need never fear them. Do not fight a tiger with a stick, but let the matter of your own right as well let her bite the one who has got the upper hand. She would let him off with the rest of his body. No one's character is ever sacrificed till he sacrifices himself. (Applause.)

Unostentatious and plain are used for reception and evenings hats.

NEW NOB-WESTERS.

—There are 4,300 Notaries Public in Iowa. —The total number of students now at Yale is 1,022. —Talmage is getting to be a bigger man than old Becher.

—By 1890 Kansas expects to contain 1,000,000 population. —Germany turns out annually 500 doctors thoroughly educated, about 100 of whom emigrate to foreign parts.

—Mrs. Mary Cuddy, who died on the 24 of November, at Worcester, Mass., is said to have been 104 years and 8 months old. —"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I haven't anything to pay you?" "Then don't go."

—The Nevada bank, with the largest capital, \$10,000,000, and reserve \$3,500,000, of any bank in the United States, has but half a dozen stockholders. —The cotton-wool telegraph poles used on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad have sprouted, and give promise of supplying a continuous line of shade trees.

—An Idaho man killed and baked his dog and then invited his neighbors to an antelope feast. After the feast, they invited him to occupy a new cemetery. —Mr. G. was an inveterate punster. Lying very ill of bowel complaint, his nurse proposed to prepare a young tender chicken. "Haden't you better take an old hen," whispered the sick man, "for she would be more apt to lay you on my stomach."

—According to the Boston Journal of Chemistry, hot alum water is the best insect destroyer known. The alum should be boiled in water until thoroughly dissolved, and then the solution applied hot with a brush to all cracks, closets, bedsteads, and other places where insects exist.

—The Inter-Ocean says that castor-oil has been introduced into the Texas schools as an instrument of torture. A teacher in Galveston compelled a boy to take a heavy dose as a punishment for smoking, and rubbed castor oil over a girl's lips for swearing. The punishment was effectual, but the people swell with indignation and pronounce the punishment brutal.

—Sir Garnet Wolsey predicts a fine future for Cyprus. He writes to a friend: "It is going to be a great success. I shall have a surplus this year after what I have spent on roads and paying the Turks what they are entitled to under the convention of June last. Next year I hope to embark upon some more important public works. Laugh at any one who tells you Cyprus is not going to be a complete success."

—Gen. Robert Patterson and Daniel Dougherty, of Philadelphia, are said to be among the very best after-dinner speakers in America, and are consequently in great social demand. Gen. Patterson is now 85 years old, in excellent health, and a man of fortune. We once heard it stated at a Philadelphia dinner table that he had entertained at his own table every President of the United States excepting Washington.

—Gambetta, the dispatches say, is to be tried for fighting a duel. This looks ridiculous inasmuch as the distance between the belligerents was 35 paces, and no man on the other side of the Atlantic was ever hurt in a duel at that distance. If they can graze their adversary at 10 paces they think they have something to boast of. In this country, where a rabbit's eye is not safe at 50 paces, duelling at 35 paces would come under the head of fighting.

—There are seven officers living who were with Nelson at Trafalgar, viz. Admiral the Earl G. Rose Sartoris, Admirals Patton, Johnson, and Smyth, Commodore Harris and Vicary, and Lieutenant-Commander all men verging on their ninetieth year. On the seventy-third anniversary of the battle, Nelson's old ship, the Victory, which now lies in Portsmouth Harbor, was decorated with garlands, and a wreath of laurel on the spot on deck where he fell.

—A correspondent of the Boston Journal of Commerce, writing from Philadelphia, tells of an invention, which has been kept secret pending the procurement of patents, and which, with power derived from a spring like that of a clock, furnishes an electric light of great brilliancy. It is further reported that the whole apparatus occupies no more space than an ordinary lamp, that it can be sold for six dollars per lamp, and that the light itself will only cost one half cent per hour.

—Bob Ingersoll draws a picture which can be matched in its important features in almost every town in the United States. He says: "Here is a mechanics' shop. One man in the shop is always busy at work during the day—always industriously. In the evening he goes courting a good girl. There are five other men in the shop who don't do any such thing. They spend half of their working hours in loafing, and their evenings in dissipation. This first young man by and by cuts off from these others, and gets a shop or store of his own. Then he marries the girl. Soon he is able to take his wife out riding in a little luxury, retire to a neighboring saloon to pass a resolution that there shall be no eternal struggle between labor and capital."

—During the recent panic in Lancashire a lady who had a considerable sum on deposit went to her bank and told the manager that she needed all her money and that she would have gold. The sum was promptly placed before her, whereupon she and the gold was reposed. The lady left the bank convinced the money was safe, because, as she thought, she had seen it. Perhaps the most ludicrous incident occurred at the bank of England. A person who had a deposit in the bank became alarmed as to the solvency of the institution, and "protected himself" by drawing out the amount—in bank notes! He is the Irishman, linear descendant of one of the Irishmen who, desiring to be revenged on an unpopular banker, bought up and destroyed his notes. One very comical incident is reported from Ashton. A man who had a deposit in the local branch of a Manchester bank had hastily withdrawn the amount and posted to Manchester, where he deposited it in the head office of the same bank. His explanation was that he thought the small banks would "go first."

A BOY'S LIFE.

CHAPTER I.—"IT'S A BOY." His advent is heralded in the brief but strong sentences just quoted. No matter what hopes have been indulged concerning girl babies, there is something in the pithy announcement, "It's a boy," which dispels all fanciful dreams and sets everybody squarely on a prose basis. His very voice, as it utters a defiant war whoop to the grand army of humanity, tells the story to experienced ears. The vision of a dainty girl darting very soon vanishes before this positive piece of prose, who kicks his sturdy heels through the delicate pink socks intended for his sister, and who grows as fast as a turkey cock's head at Thanksgiving times when he is expecting to show off to a good advantage before callers. He persists in an abnormal development of nose and a puffiness about the eyes, along with several other little tricks known only to interested parties. Parents and nurses become reconciled and accept him on trust, seeing no alternative. He emerges from his puffy and rosy obstinacy to a roly-poly, wide-awake thing of beauty, which is a joy fully one-half the time. There is a process from infancy to little boyhood, a sweet time when the man-child is half baby, half angel. In the clear depths of his baby eyes is a world of trust and hope and love. His white brow is fair as a freshly opened lily, and his lips as sweet as heron's roses. He is most wretched at this age, for the peculiarities which mark the infant terrible are yet undeveloped. He is an awful love and beauty and promise and ardor and dread and hope. Love him while there is no guile on the tender lips, no sin in the unwritten soul, no touch of the world's breath upon God's finished work.

CHAPTER II.—"GET UP, OLD HORSERY!" "Meroy, what a noise! Look at that chair with a string tied on the arms and made fast to the writing desk and flower stand, all to be driven tandem by that young imp in kilt skirt and fancy shoes! Who upset that work basket and good graces, what work has been made with my wool and thread? That's the last of your form to scrape and stuff in the cuspidor with my screw driver that I lost a week ago. What is he doing with the cat? and dear me, if he hasn't thrown grandma's spectacles into the grate!"

Where's Harry? Run to the kitchen and see? All the eggs are broken in the basket of folded clothes, and the milk for budding has been fed to the cat and dog. Bridget Lanigan is in a towering rage and says: "That's the use of shavin' to kape clane wid such a young divil forinst ye!" Miss Frigidly Fuschbush calls, and is horrified by being requested to "be a horse and let Harry ride straddle to Boston."

She is questioned also on many delicate points. He gets very close to her and asks what that white stuff on her face is, and what makes her wear such a funny little hat.

A few years of this juvenile terror and then come another stage of the boy. He gets a fever only appeased by marble. It is useless to head off this phase; if it is shut off in one direction, it breaks out more violently in some other. It goes through a period of six or seven years, and costs much in anxiety, broken window panes and mortified pride. He is afflicted with rags, pigeons and other boyish complaints, which are harmless, but annoying. He brings in six dirty stool traps to amuse his sick sister, who grows worse under it, and in his solitude he straps his legs fast to six feet of stilt and stoops to enter the door of her room, to the horror and dismay of his mother. He brings little titles home from school, which he tries to explain in a favorable light, but fails to convince his parent.

There are several officers living who were with Nelson at Trafalgar, viz. Admiral the Earl G. Rose Sartoris, Admirals Patton, Johnson, and Smyth, Commodore Harris and Vicary, and Lieutenant-Commander all men verging on their ninetieth year. On the seventy-third anniversary of the battle, Nelson's old ship, the Victory, which now lies in Portsmouth Harbor, was decorated with garlands, and a wreath of laurel on the spot on deck where he fell.

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CHAPTER III.—"THE SECRET OF THE NEW ELECTRIC LIGHT." The Scientific American gives its attention to Mr. Edison's discovery in electricity, and presents to the public some idea of its precise nature. "It is based," it says, "on the well known fact that a wire may be heated by an electric current, the basis of many attempts to accomplish what Mr. Edison claims to have done. The reader may have seen the gas jets of the dome of the Capitol at Washington lighted by similar means. Over each burner is placed a coil of platinum wire, which when heated by the electric current, ignites the gas. Mr. Edison uses the coil itself as the source of light, the current sent through it being strong enough to make the coil white hot or self-luminous. The difficulty to be overcome at this point was the liability of the wire to fuse and stop the light; a difficulty which Mr. Edison claims to have overcome by the introduction of a simple device which, by the expansion of a small bar, the instant the heat of the coil approaches the fusing point of the platinum, interposes a check to the flow of the current through the coil. This automatic arrangement, in connection with an auxiliary resistance coil, secures, it is said, an even flow of electricity through the coil, and consequently a steady glow of pure light. If this is done economically it is obvious that a marked advance has been made in artificial illumination." The Scientific American, however, does not think the mission of burning gas is ended, even with the successful introduction of the electric light. On the contrary, its use promises to be enormously increased in future as fuel for domestic purposes.

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DOMESTIC DIPLOMAT.

HOW JONES SECURED THE RESPECT OF MRS. JONES. Vicksburg Herald.

Mrs. Jones was standing in her back yard feeding the chickens, when Stowell Jackson came running in, crying as though his heart would break, and told her that Bill Brown had slapped him for nothing. Mrs. Jones never said a word, but she grit her teeth hard and went into the house to get cabbage, and chopped it so fine thinking it was Bill Brown's head, that she might have sifted it through a colander. While Jones sat eating his dinner that evening, Mrs. Jones told him of the outrage that had been committed, and asked him what he was going to do about it. Jones pondered. Bill Brown was fully twenty-one years old, a shining light in the fire department, pitcher in a base ball club, and had the reputation of being "a good man."

After considering these things carefully, Jones came to the conclusion that the best course to pursue was to treat Brown with silent contempt, and so he told his wife, adding by way of parenthesis, "My dear, such cattle are beneath our notice."

"All right, Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Jones; "if you are not man enough to protect your family, thank God, I've got a brother-in-law, and she swept from the room with a look that Jones knew only too well. He had seen that look on his wife's face once before, when he brought a friend home to dinner on washing day, and he knew it meant war. There was no help for it; he flashes upon Jones with the swiftness of lightning; there would be no peace in the Jones family until the insult of the morning had been wiped out with blood."

"That night the boys were all sitting in a neighboring beer saloon, and his general proprietor was telling them what he would do if he got the nomination for Alderman. This gentleman, whom we will call Mike, because that was not his name, was an expert fighter, could barely write his name, and was in many other respects especially qualified for an alderman. He kept good beer and offered it with that lavish liberality and recklessness for which Vicksburg candidates are famous. Jones came in, took his pro rata of beer, and sat himself down to meditate upon the Brown affair. At last a happy idea seemed to strike him; he called for another "shoo-fly," and sat down and rubbed his hands and shipped his knees in gleeful anticipation.

At last he said to Mike, with a careless air, "Mike, is Bill Brown one of your supporters?" "You can just bet your mucky-muck on it," said Mike; "that's a boy I'd stand solid with."

"What's strange?" said Jones. "What's strange?" said Mike, with that uneasy, suspicious air, so common among candidates.

"Oh, nothing," said Jones, mysteriously. "I don't think I ought to tell." "Jones," said Mike solemnly, "if you are a friend of mine you'll tell."

"Well, I will," said Jones, "out you must keep it confidential."

"All right; go ahead," said Mike anxiously. "Well," said Jones, "I just came from the Central bar room, and heard Brown say that you didn't know your head from a shotgun; that he caught you one day reading a newspaper upside down; that he'd sooner vote for the lowest down nigger in the ward than vote for you, and that if you were elected city scrip would go down five cents on the dollar, and the taxes would go up so high you couldn't reach them with a balloon."

Mike put on his hat and coat and made a beeline for the Centennial bar-room. Jones went home and sat down on the front gallery, smoking his cigar with that peace of mind which only one can know whose blood is distended with the proud consciousness of having done a good action.

About a half an hour afterward he said to his wife, who was sitting inside: "Mrs. Jones, I don't think Bill Brown will hit our boy any more."

"Why?" "Come and see?" Mrs. Jones stepped to the window and looked out. They were bringing Brown home on a shunter, with both of his eyes bugged up and his nose dripping blood at every pore.

Mrs. Jones turned to her husband and said: "Darling, can you forgive me?" Jones drew himself up haughtily and replied, with withering sarcasm: "Mrs. Jones, I don't think I am able to protect this family; you had better send for your brother."

Mrs. Jones was crushed.

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STARVING TO DEATH.

SIX WEEKS WITHOUT SLEEP AND TWO WITH-OUT WATER. Dubuque Herald.

Conrad Knupp, the man who is starving himself to death, is a resident of Keokuk, and has been for the past 23 years. For a number of years he has been employed in the Keokuk and Des Moines car shops at Keokuk. Nothing unusual was noticed in him until it was announced that the Rock Island railroad had leased the Keokuk and Des Moines, and the probability was that the shops would be removed from Keokuk. This seemed to add to Conrad's troubles, and it began to be noticed in the shops that he acted very queerly. His fingers were always in motion, and he seemed to be constantly figuring. He grew worse, and finally it got so that it took him three days to do a job of work which he used to do in so many hours. He lagged so in his work that he was discharged about six weeks ago, and then he became convinced that his family were destined to die by starvation. Four weeks ago, when invited to sit down to the table, he refused, saying there would not be enough to keep the family, and from that time to this day he has eaten nothing, except during the first week an apple occasionally. For the past three weeks he has tasted absolutely no food at all, and for the past twelve days not a drop of water or anything in liquid shape has passed between his lips. Dr. Wiseman, who is an old friend of Knupp, has been attending him, and has endeavored to coax him to take some medicine, but he firmly refuses, and when pressed upon this point, or to drink or to partake of food, he leaves the room.