The New North-West.

VOL. 10, No. 26. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, DEC. 27, 1878. WHOLE No. 495.

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

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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Land and Mining Lawyer
ROOM 8 MAY BUILDING, CORNER 9TH & E STREETS, WASHINGTON, D. C.
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References—Judge O. B. O'Bannon and Hon. W. W. Dixon, Deer Lodge, M. T. 459-1y.

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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

PORTER HANKS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
—OFFICE OPPOSITE KENNON & ZENOR'S.—
Deer Lodge, - - Montana.
☞ Residence with O. Beardsley.
Will attend promptly to all calls from town or country. 433-*

BANKERS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
DEER LODGE.
W. A. CLARK, President.
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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, 1874	30,000.00
Average Deposits preceeding six months	485,000.00
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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 Mst Commodious Hotel
ON THE WEST SIDE,
☞ Rooms Lighted and well ventilated.
☞ Accommodating First-Class.
389-3m MURPHY & JENKINS, Proprietors.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,
Meagher County, M. T.
These Celebrated
Mineral Hot Springs,
Is now in charge of
SPENCER BROS.
The Hotel Accommodations are Ample and First-Class. Rates of Board, including Lodging & Baths, $14 per week.
—o—o—
DR. WM. PAGERRY, 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 perday .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:

Subpoenas, per hundred	$6 00
Summons	6 00
Writs of Attachment	6 00
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In ordering 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.

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. Our Catalogues containing names of papers, and other information and for estimates, address
BEALS & FOSTER,
10 Spruce Street, New York.

POETRY.

SHE GAVE HIM DEAD AWAY.

'T was Sunday noon, the board was spread,
With more than liberal fare,
And Flint and wife and Aunt Maria
And Parson Jones was there.

The bread was praised, so white and light,
Likewise the well-cooked meat,
The vegetables smoking hot,
The rich plum pudding sweet.

Says Aunt Maria, with eagerness,
"Matilda Jane, I wish
You'd tell me where on earth you got
That splendid plate of fish.

"They were not in the house last night,
I looked the basket through
To see what Stephen had brought home,
Just as I always do.

"And then you know the breakfast things
I put away myself,
And high and low no fish I saw
In ice-chest or on shelf."

Steve in his chair uneasy sits,
Matilda's ill at ease;
But Aunt Maria heeds them not—
"I'll take another, please.

"I do declare they are so fresh,
Unlike those that are bought,
That one would think that these, dear Mat,
Had only just been caught.

"I know that Stephen left the house
To-day at early dawn,
And did not come to breakfast, Mat,
Till we to church had gone.

"But there! He couldn't buy them then,
For shut were all the stores;
Unless, indeed,—that may be it—
They sell behind closed doors."

Matilda's face grows red as blood,
Steve squirms upon his chair,
Flint and his wife their winks exchange,
The parson does not dare

To look to right or look to left,
No word he has to say,
While Stephen mutters 'tween his teeth,
"She gave me dead away."

The moral of this tale is this:
Don't ask home folks to dine
Upon the fish on Sunday caught—
No matter, sir, how fine;

That is, sir, if you have an aunt,
Whose tongue is prone to play
And clean upset your kettle o' fish
And give you dead away.

Boston Transcript.

KENTUCKY'S CIVIL WAR.

FATAL CULMINATION OF POLITICAL FAMILY FEUDS.

LEXINGTON, Nov. 20, 1878.—Breathitt county, in this State, is in a state of civil war. Only a few years ago the military had to be sent to Jackson, the county seat, to protect the Circuit Court, while it was in session, and citizens of the place who were in Lexington recently declare it was the only peaceable session of court held there since the war.

A LAWLESS COMMUNITY.

The people who inhabit the creek bottoms between the mountains, secluded in their almost inaccessible retreats, defy the law and its officers and wreak their vengeance upon each other according to the code of the assassin. The rifle and the revolver are their constant companions, and their feuds frequently take upon them the form of pitched battles. In these conflicts more men are often killed than in a heavy skirmish preceding a battle, from the fact that the men are dead shots with the rifle at from one to three hundred yards, and economize their bullets because of the scarcity of lead. Jackson, the county seat of Breathitt county, is located on the north fork of the Kentucky river, about one hundred miles from Lexington, and seventy-five miles from a railroad or telegraph office.

THE CAUSES OF THE TROUBLE.

In the last election great bitterness of feeling arose between the two contesting candidates for county Judge—J. W. Burnett and Ned Strong—and their respective adherents. Captain Bill Strong, a noted desperado, assisted by the Freemans, a family of negroes—for there is no distinction between races up in that country—championed the side of Ned Strong. The Allens and the Littles are the names of other families who take a hand in every bloody affray that disgraces the country. Judge Burnett has also his special supporters, and but little inducement was wanting to cause an exchange of shots. Besides these causes of troubles there was last August a hotly contested election for School Commissioner, a mere nominal office, but very desirable to a citizen of a pauper support. The opposing candidates were supported by the respective friends of Burnett and Strong. The race for Judge resulted in the election of Burnett, and that for Commissioner in a drawn battle and an appeal to Frankfort.

HORRIBLE WIFE MURDER.

The last addition of fuel to the flame was a horrible murder. A man named Jason Little, coming to his home intoxicated, attempted to lead his horse into the house. His wife remonstrated, at which the drunken wretch drew his revolver and shot her in the abdomen, killing her and her unborn babe. The woman's brother witnessed the murder, but was threatened with death if he informed anybody. Little buried his wife, giving out that she died in labor. The crime leaked out, however, the body was exhumed, the pistol shot wound found, and Judge Burnett committed Jason to jail without bail, sending him to Lexington for safe keeping. On Saturday last the Sheriff of the county came to Lexington for Little, bringing a strong armed guard to conduct the prisoner back to Breathitt.

BLOODSHED AND LAWLESSNESS.

He was confronted by his own deputy, named Little, a relative of the murderer, who also had an armed guard and came to demand the prisoner. For some time it looked as if a bloody tragedy would be enacted upon the streets of Lexington, but the presence of police officers and other influences prevailed to prevent this. The prisoner was delivered to the Sheriff and his party, who openly said that he expected an attempt at rescue before he reached Breathitt. Both parties started for home by different routes, and reached there on Monday, when a scene of lawlessness ensued that almost beggars description.

THE MOB IN CONTROL.

A letter from Jackson on Wednesday says:

The town is under control of a mob. Good citizens are fleeing for their lives. Women and children are seeking shelter from any one who will protect them. The officers of the law are defied, and havoc and desolation prevail. Men, drunk and wild with frenzy, armed to the teeth with pistols and guns, are walking the streets, yelling at the top of their voices, proclaiming that they intend to kill. In fact it is as much as your life is worth to appear upon the streets, for you are liable to be attacked by either party at any moment. This is the third day of this terrible condition of affairs. The people have been sorely afflicted in the past, but the outrages and lawlessness then are not to be compared with the terrible crimes of this week.

BATTLE OF THE CLANS.

Judge William Randall convened the Breathitt Circuit Court on Monday morning, instructed the Grand Jury and adjourned till afternoon. During the afternoon John Aikman, leading about a dozen men, dashed into town on horseback, armed with pistols and guns, dismounted and furiously attacked Captain Bill Strong's clan, who were standing in the street in front of Breeding's store. Thirty or forty shots were discharged, two taking effect on William and Daniel Freeman, the former shot through the body, the latter through the head. They were removed late in the evening to their homes several miles up the river, and it is reported to-day that Daniel Freeman is recovering, but William is dead.

FIGHTING IN THE STREET.

Strong and his followers received no injuries, but barricaded themselves in a little log cabin 100 yards from the Court house, and a regular interchange of shots was kept up during the afternoon. One of the Freemans, who fell in the middle of the street when shot, was forced to lie there for two hours, his friends fearing to attempt his removal during the strife. Hideous yells and shouts of defiance could be heard from both parties.

DREAD OF THE CITIZENS.

The court was puzzled; the officers of the law dumbfounded. The citizens watched from a distance, and not a single effort was made to quell the bloody riot. At last with light came hope, and all was quiet save the bedlam whoop of the drunken rabble. There was no sleep or rest, everybody living in dread expectancy of the morrow, and slowly next morning (Tuesday), as light was thrown upon the scene, it was discovered that Aikman and his party had withdrawn from the Court house and quartered themselves near the river bank, while Strong and his clan held their fort still. One by one the citizens made their appearance on the street, congratulating themselves the war was over. About 10 o'clock Strong retired, and soon thereafter straggling drunken men, armed to the teeth, began to parade the street in defiance of law and order. It was whispered that the guard which had been sent to Lexington under charge of the Sheriff to bring back Jason Little would soon return, and an effort would be made to release the prisoner. Deputy Little had returned, and to the credit, however, of John Aikman, be it it said, he refused to participate in this crime and left for home.

THE MURDERER IN JAIL.

A willing leader was found in a Justice of the Peace named J. C. B. Allen, supported by the Littles, Crawfords and others, numbering about forty, who loitered about the streets, impatiently waiting for the guard to appear. Judge Randall, to defeat the aim of the mob, had the Deputy Sheriff and County Judge to detail an extra guard of fourteen men, who went under the leadership of the County Judge, John W. Burnett, to the assistance of the Sheriff. About 3 o'clock p. m. they returned with the prisoner, and safely confined him in jail, the guard numbering about twenty-five well-armed men. No effort at release was made, but immediately after the guard returned from the jail to the street and began to disperse, thinking the danger was over, Crawford and Little began an attack on Judge Burnett, threatening to take his life.

JUDGE BURNETT KILLED.

Excitement ran high immediately, shouts and yells rent the air, and suddenly the deadly revolvers were brought into play, and a volley was poured in upon the guard, who, taken by surprise, sought shelter wherever they could find it. When the smoke was cleared off it was seen that Judge Burnett was down. He was dead, with a bullet through his head. The firing was maintained in a desultory way the whole evening, the mob yelling like very devils at every indication of a slight advantage over the faction that for the present were champions of the law. Allen and his men being in the Court house yard, sought shelter behind the Clerk's office and in the Court room, while the guard retreated up the street to the point where Strong and his clan were barricaded. The forces now numbered some thirty or forty on each side. The men were all armed with the latest improved Colt's navy repeaters, Spencer and Ballard rifles, and being good shots, could kill their man at from 200 to 300 yards, wherever he might appear.

ATTEMPT TO BREAK JAIL.

During the picket shooting a posse of Allen's clan, with axes, attempted to burst open the jail door and rescue the prisoner. His brother, Tom Little, of Compton, appeared at this moment and begged the rioters to desist. A shot through the body stretched him lifeless upon the ground. This caused the jail-breakers to retire, which they did, breathing vengeance for the death of Tom Little. The Allen party deserted the Court house last night, and the Sheriff took possession, thus commanding the door to the jail. Of course no Court has been held, and the Circuit Court Judge suddenly disappeared this morning before 7 o'clock, leaving no orders as to the disposition of the prisoner Little. Efforts are being made, however vainly, to secure the services of some magistrate who will assume the responsibility of ordering Little to be returned to Lexington or some other place for safe keeping. The Court has left without making any provision for the keeping of county paupers or idiots, which leaves many persons in destitute circumstances.

ATTEMPT TO BURY JUDGE BURNETT.

A guard was detailed to dig the grave of Judge Burnett, the spot selected being by the side of his sweetheart, who died one year ago. Ladies and citizens who came to town to-day to attend the funeral have beaten a hasty retreat. Lawlessness and disorder are so rife that the remains of the late County Judge will have no followers save an armed guard who will avenge his death. Everybody is leaving the town, and there is a cessation of all business, as it is all people can do to protect their lives from the wanton cruelty of the rabble. An appeal has been made to Governor McCrary for State troops to enforce the law and arrest the murderers. At the present writing Little has not been returned to the Lexington jail. When he comes it will be surrounded by bayonets.

Hindoo scientists claim that the earth is 4,000,000 years old. Ancient William Allen, of Ohio, says the earth is in better repair to-day than it was four years after it was made, and he doesn't see why it shouldn't last 4,000,000 years longer. *Norristown Herald.*

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—Friendship is the wine of life.

—Gratz Brown has fallen heir to an English estate worth $45,000.

—Gen. Harlan, an American, is in command of Shere Ali's army.

—"How to get fat"—Go to the butcher-shop and purchase it by the pound.

—Will Carleton, the "Betsy and I Are Out" poet, is traveling in Scotland.

—It is said that Mr. Black received $20,000 for his novel, "Macleod of Dare."

—In furnishing a house the most hatractive furniture should be placed in the hall.

—It is estimated that 70,000 boxes of raisins have been made in California this year.

—"I don't like winter," said one pickpocket to another. "Everybody has his hands in his pockets."

—Colonel Ingersoll proposes to pause in his mad career and indulge in the practice of law in Washington.

—Mr. Alex. K. McClure, of the Philadelphia *Times*, is soon to approach the matrimonial altar.—*N. Y. Com.-Adv.*

—Senator Chaffee is said to be receiving $4500 a day from a silver mine in which he is interested. His pay as Senator is $12 a day.

—"Harry," the body-servant of Alexander H. Stephens, is, by his own thrift and saving, a richer man than he whom he serves.

—Edison's application for a patent for his electric light has been favorably passed upon by the Patent office and the patent was issued.

—Ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, has served formal notice of contest on Seth H. Yocum for a seat in the next Congress.

—The Grand Lodge of Chinese Masons met at Vallejo, Cal., on the 1st, and was attended by many Chinese dignitaries from various sections.

—The Ameer should not have put his trust in Russian Princess. Instead of helping him Russia seems inclined to divide up the country with England.

—Accident insurance companies have put kings and emperors down in the fourth class of risks, along with engineers, brakemen, firemen and book agents.

—Mr. Horace W. Tabor, the new Lieut.-Governor of Colorado, was in 1854 a stonecutter in Augusta, Me. In 1859 he went to Colorado, where he became a miner and a rich man, if $2,000,000 mean riches.

—Charles Francis Adams appears to be slipping from the grip of Massachusetts. He bought $40,000 worth of Kansas City lots recently, and will build a cotton mill, with cottages for the operatives.

—Virginia is in a queer fix, it being alleged that a clause in the new Constitution provides that the Legislature shall meet biennially. In the meantime the State Treasury is empty, and the government in a "bad box" entirely.

—In 1862 Vermont had an average of one divorce for about every 21 marriages. Last year's statistics showed an average of one in every 15 marriages. Vermont is rather old-fashioned, but hopes to be as far advanced as Illinois one of these days; and the figures do indicate progress.

—Can any one give the solution of the following charade? It has gone the rounds extensively, and as yet no one has been found sharp enough to furnish an answer:

"Man cannot live without my first—by day and night 'tis used.
My second is, by all accounts, by day and night abused.
My whole is never seen by day and never used by night;
'Tis dear to friends when far away and hateful when in sight."

—Don't point your gun at yourself. Don't point your gun at anyone else. Don't carry your gun so that its range includes all your hunting companions. Don't try to find out whether your gun is loaded or not by shutting one eye and looking down the barrel with the other. Don't use your gun for a walking stick. Don't climb over a fence and pull your gun through muzzle foremost. Don't throw your gun into a boat so that the trigger will catch on the seat and the charge be deposited in your stomach. Don't use your gun for a sledge hammer. Don't carry your gun full cocked. Don't carry your gun with the hammer down. Don't be a fool. Don't you forget it.

Josh Billing's Proverbs.

Truth iz sed to be stranger than fickshun—it is to most pholks.

If yu undertake to hire a man to be honest, yu will hav to raise hiz wages every morning, and watch him dredphull close besides.

I hav finally cum to the konklushun that if I kant prove a thing without betting $5 on it, the thing hez got a dredphul weak spot somewhares.

The reputashun that a man gits from hiz ancestors often wants az much altering to fit him az their old clothes would. It is truly thus.

Yung man, set down, and keep still; you will hav plenty of chances yet to make a phool ov yourself before yu die.

It is a wise man who profits bi hiz own experience—but it iz a good deal wizer one who lets the rattlesnake bite the other phellow.

I never question a suckcess enny more than I do the right ov a bull dog to lie in hiz own gateway. No, I don't.

The things i kant prove i beleave the most; i beleave that one apple iz sour, and another one iz sweet, but i will give enny highly eddikated man a span ov matched mules who will tell me what makes them so.

The best thing i know ov iz a fust-rate wife, and the next best thing iz a sekond-rate one.

Caushun is a good thing for a man to hav, but when he has got so much ov it that he iz afrade to tutch a cast-iron lion, for fear it will bite, ignoranse iz what's the matter ov him.

There iz 2 things in this world for which we are never fully prepared, and that iz—twins.

There ain't nothing so cheap as bad spelling, and if it iz such an element of suckcess az some shrewd kritticks hav diskovered, they owe it to their ears and assines to adopt it at once and bekum ritch and famus.

How kan yu expekt to find 2 people in this world who are alike when yu kant even find one who is alike haff the time?

MAKING CITIZENS OF CHINAMEN.

THE ONE WHO FRIST SERVED ON A JURY—WUNG AH LING'S NATURALIZATION.

N. Y. Sun, Nov. 20.

Our residents from the Celestial Empire, in their undemonstrative manner, have evinced much chagrin at the publication of an announcement that Wong Ah Yee was the first Chinaman to be admitted a citizen of this country. They read with much interest the account published in yesterday's *Sun*, of John Ah Wah, who alleged that he knew of several who, like himself, had not only sworn allegiance to the United States, but who had adopted with pride its customs and manners. It is estimated that there are at least 5000 Chinese in this city and Brooklyn. They are a quiet, patient hard-working class. Of these there are a few who belong to the aristocracy and educated classes of China, and who still retain their prejudice of race. Accompanying A. P. Sutherland, of 90 Centre St., who is the authorized interpreter of the Chinese of this city, a visit was made yesterday to Wung Ah Ling, of 20 Mott St., the Commissioner of the Chinese Emigration Society of San Francisco, and the acknowledged agent, adviser, and friend of his countrymen. He occupies the entire house, a three-story brick, one with a clean, freshly painted door. The green blinds, partly closed, gave an air of comfort to the whole premises. The door was opened by a neat Chinese servant. The hall is thickly carpeted, and a gay chandelier is suspended from the ceiling. The parlor is a large, handsomely furnished, thickly carpeted apartment. On the chimney-piece stand three large vases, painted with excellent taste. The walls are hung with Chinese paintings of a peculiar richness of color, and the furniture is of polished rosewood and black walnut, covered with crimson rep. Commissioner Wung Ah Ling, who was dressed in the costume of an American gentleman, heartily greeted the visitors and introduced his wife, a pretty brunette of German parentage, who took intense delight in showing her infant daughter, only four months old. Commissioner Wung Ah Ling speaks English fluently. He had read the announcement that Wong Ah Lee had been made a citizen and was indignant at the averment that he was the first Chinaman to assume such a character. "My cousin, Quong Lee," he said, "was made a citizen in 1873. Two years afterward he served as a juryman, and was the first Chinaman that ever acted in this capacity in Europe or America. I was made a citizen in 1876, and could name several of my countrymen, risen to positions of distinction, who are citizens. Here," Wung Ah Ling added, producing a document from a wallet locked in a drawer and covered with a delicate silk handkerchief, "is my citizen or naturalization paper. I love it greatly, for it is the talisman to a great era in the history of our country." To him it was the most precious document in the world. He would not lose it for a fortune, as it had given him a prestige among his countrymen, which, he proudly remarked, could not be matched. It has been used by him on several occasions in voting, when he "knew the men were good." It was issued in St. Louis, Mo., on March 9, 1876. Commissioner Ling spoke with pride of Yung Wing, now accredited Minister to China, who was made a citizen ten years ago, and who has voted in Connecticut for four years.

GAMBLERS SMOTHERED IN A VAULT.

HOW THE CHICAGO KNIGHTS OF THE GREEN CLOTH TRY TO ESCAPE THE POLICE—A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

Chicago Dispatch.

Among the desperate devices resorted to by faro bank proprietors to evade the vigorous raids of the police, one is to lock up the inmates in fire-proof vaults, which are supplied with ventilating holes for this purpose. The other morning at one o'clock George Hankin's den was raided and seventeen players were bundled into the vault, the door locked, and the police admitted, Hankins and a negro servant remaining on the outside. Instead of going away, as usual, on finding the room deserted, the officers, who were up to the dodge, sat down and waited. Noticing the ventilating holes, they stuffed paper into them and again sat down. In about an hour the air in the vault had become so vitiated that the prisoners became desperate and from the inside came faint cries of "Let us out; we are nearly dead!" Even then the proprietor refused for a time to liberate them, and when he did the seventeen inmates rushed out in a state bordering on suffocation. One old man was nearly dead and all were terribly exhausted. They were taken to the station to be arraigned next morning in the police court. The confinement of seventeen men in an air tight vault only eleven feet square was a dangerous experiment, which faro-bank patrons will hardly consent to try again, and a disastrous result will be of value in aiding the police in their efforts to suppress gambling in Chicago.

IS THERE A HOLE THROUGH MERCURY? In the course of his observations during the recent transit of Mercury, Mr. R. A. Proctor, the eminent astronomer, noted a very interesting circumstance. A bright spot was seen on the planet's disc, which appeared to be perfectly central and of sensible size. It looked he says, just as if the disk were a round piece of black card, and the bright spot a hole pierced through with the compass point in striking the circumference. One feature seemed decisive of the subjective nature of the bright spot when a small cloud passed part of the sun's face, nearly the whole of which was in the field of view, the spot perceptibly diminished in brightness, though not crossed by the cloud. Another feature was, that as the spot thus waxed and waned, it was triangular in shape, but when the lustre of the spot was steady, Mr. Proctor could not distinctly recognize this peculiarity. The appearance of the spot was not modified when the planet was allowed to approach the edge of the rather wide "field." Commenting upon this remarkable observation, an American paper suggests that Mercury may have a hole through it, and that the bright spot may have been nothing more or less than the sun shining through; while the question is also asked whether, if Mercury be tubular, the earth may be so also. *Cassell's Magazine.*

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

The South must stop raising hell and go to raising pumpkins.—*R. B. Hayes.*

A letter received at the Post-Office yesterday directed to Be Jabers was delivered to B. J. Beers.—*Troy Press.*

The dairy-maid pensively milked the goat,
And pouting she paused to mutter,
"I wish, you brute, you would turn to milk,"
And the animal turned to butt her.

We understand two blarsted Englishmen have been caught fishing in Umbagog Lake, on the American side. Now, Mr. Evarts, file your set off. We've got 'em.—*Boston Post.*

"Where shall we find rest?" asks a religious weekly. My dear sir, the very best place to find rest, and plenty of it, is to become clerk in a dry goods store that don't advertise.

"How Jonah lost his Umbrella," was the title of a sermon which drew to a Newport, (R. I.,) church many people who never suspected that the preacher referred to the prophet's gourd.

A Jordan valley man tied one end of a rope around his waist and lassoed a cow with the other. He thought at first he had the cow, but at the end of the first half mile he began to suspect that the cow had him.—*Idaho Avalanche.*

"Mother, what is an angel?" "An angel? Well, an angel is a child that flies." "But, mother, why does papa always call my governess an angel?" "Well" explained the mother, after a moment's pause, "she is going to fly immediately."

A FUNNY STORY ABOUT EDISON.

WHAT HE DID ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

Among Edison's first inventions was a contrivance for procuring perforations on paper. Among the girls he engaged to work with it was one who attracted his notice one day, and he gazed at her until she became confused, whereupon he abruptly asked her:

"What do you think of me little girl. Do you like me?"

"Why, Mr. Edison, you frighten me. I—that is—I—"

"Don't be in any hurry about telling me. It doesn't matter much, unless you would like to marry me."

The young woman was disposed to laugh, but Edison went on:

"Oh, I mean it. Don't be in a rush, though. Think it over; talk to your mother over it, and let me know as soon as convenient—Tuesday, say. How will Tuesday suit you, next week Tuesday, I mean."

Edison's shop was at Newark in those days, and one night a friend of his, employed in the main office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in New York, returning home by the last train, saw a light in Edison's private laboratory, and climbed the clogy stairs to find his friend in one of his characteristic stupors, half awake and half dozing over some intricate point in electrical science which was baffling him.

"Hello, Tom!" cried the visitor cheerily, "what are you doing here this late? Aren't you going home?"

"What time is it?" inquired Edison, sleepily rubbing his eyes and stretching like a lion suddenly aroused.

"Midnight, easy enough. Come along."

"Is that so?" returned Edison, in a sleepy sort of way. "By George, I must go home then. I was married to-day."

Rules on Playing Poker.

1. Don't buy out half as many chips at the start as the other players. The expectation is that you will win, and if you lose it is better that you borrow or "owe" up.

2. Never ante until some one tells you to, and then say that you have, and stick to it, which will generally persuade some one else to come in twice.

3. Toward the end of the evening it is always better to "owe" up your ante for a minute than to "put" up, as the winner of the pot frequently forgets to charge the debt, and none of the other players will remind him, as they may wish to do the same thing.

4. When the credit system begins to creep in, as it generally does about the middle of the game, you should "owe up" if possible, and bet chiefly against those who always "put up." This is one of the most important rules. To win in cash and lose on credit is the great secret of successful poker playing.

5. In dealing always observe the bottom card, which you can easily do before the cut. Then, by noticing how thick a cut is made, you can tell whether that card goes out. This may help you in the draw.

6. Keep a sharp eye on the discards. This may be of service if your draw is not satisfactory.

7. When you are "in luck," watch your opportunity, from time to time, to put some of your checks in your pocket without being seen. This will enable you to "owe up" if your luck turns, and will prevent the others from borrowing from you.

8. When any one wants to buy more checks, and you have plenty, get him to buy of you, if possible, in preference to the bank. It enables you to conceal the amount of your winnings, and besides, the bank may not be able to pay up.

9. When you are "chipping out" for drinks, etc., put a cigar in your pocket every once in a while. You are sure to be so much ahead of the game, and they come in very handy, even when when you don't smoke.

10. Never permit anything to make you forget for a moment that the whole object of the game is to save your money and secure some one else's, and let everything you do, however trifling, tend to this desirable point.

11. When the game is over, if you are winner, deny it entirely, or fix the figures as low as possible; if you are loser, declare that you have lost twice as much as you really have. This rule is never departed from. The money lost at a game of poker always foots up twice as much as the money won.

12. When it is inconvenient to avoid paying your pokor debts entirely, use discrimination in the matter. Debts to persons whom you are not likely to meet often you can avoid. Many players feel a delicacy about asking for a poker debt—these are safe ones not to pay.

A MAN WITH A MOVABLE HEART.

THE CONGENITAL MONSTROSITY THAT IS INTERESTING GEORGIA MEDICAL STUDENTS.

From the Augusta Chronicle, Nov. 30.

Dr. Elias Thomas, the man who possesses the faculty of transferring his heart from place to place in his body at will, gave an exhibition before the students at the Medical College. Dr. Thomas says that he was born in Calcutta, India, and is 39 years of age. He has recently been studying medicine at the College of Edinburg, where he took his degree.

Commencing his experiment, he made a peculiar wave action of the abdominal muscles 15 or 20 times. The abdomen was examined and found to be perfectly soft and natural. Then, after a momentary contraction, there was made to appear a complete shield of ribs, covering two-thirds of the front of the abdomen. Previous to this the heart was felt and found to be in its proper place, beating naturally. Immediately afterwards Drs. Campbell, Black and Col. Rains placed their hands over the left lumbar region, whereupon, low down on that side, a large tumor, larger than a man's fist, appeared under the hand, pulsated like the beating of a heart and synchronously with the beat of the pulse at the wrist. After this the tumor was taken over to the right side of the abdomen and there left as before. Then the wonderful man carried the heart back into the chest, transferring it from the left side to the right side and back again to the left. Dr. Thomas also gave an exhibition of voluntary heart-stoppage. The heart's action and pulse at the wrist disappeared. He was much fatigued when the exhibition was over. He says that his heart is without a pericardium and his chest without a diaphragm.

A Miner's Inspiration.

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 gospel truth. When the flame leans over, as if it was being worked by a blowpipe, and points to a man, death has marked him. Some years ago, when Bill Hendricks was killed in the Savage, the flame of my lantern 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 strech 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 brains 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.' *Virginia City, Nev., Chronicle.*

Electric Light.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—Edison, who is resting confidently in the conviction that his subdivision of the electric light is an accomplished fact, is now experimenting to obtain a better generating machine. He has more than doubled the capacity of any generators previously known. He claims he can already get more than six lights per horse-power; that a hundred horse-power engine and proper generators would cost $5,000, and the light would not cost more than one-eighth of gas at present New York prices.

Wesley W. Gary, of Boston, whose electric motor has recently attracted attention, also claims to have solved all the difficulties in the way of the general use of the electric light. He makes no secret of his discoveries or inventions. His latest claim is that he has successfully applied his own electric motor to the production of the necessary power for generating electricity for lighting purposes. The principle on which his motor is based is claimed to be the discovery of the existence of the neutral line at the point in the magnetic field where its polarity changes. This principle is antagonistic to the heretofore accepted theory that magnetism is a static force. Gary claims he generates electricity at absolutely no expense save the machine itself.

UNIQUE REMEDY FOR A LOST VOICE.—Miss Sallie E. Patterson, of Boone county, lost her voice on the 10th of July last. She has since that time been unable to speak in an audible tone of voice. At the suggestion of her attending physician she went before the Boone County Medical Association for examination. The association suggested the idea of an electric-galvanic battery, which was tried, together with other remedies, without any perceptible benefits. Recently while in Columbia she met a Mrs. Hume, who proposed to cure her by ardent spirits. Miss Sallie, having but little confidence in the virtues of that from which so much evil results, did not accept the offer of her generous benefactor. Their remedies having failed, a few days since she determined to try the spirits, the result of which was the recovery of her voice while in the worst stage of intoxication.—*St. L. Republican.*

AN AMUSING THIEF.—A gentleman entered a grocery store at North Vernon, Ind., the other day and asked for a gallon of molasses. Having drawn it, the grocer asked him what he would take it home in. "In my hat," replied the customer, calmly holding out a new silk hat, in which the grocer, not to be out done in *sang froid*, poured the fluid. Then the customer jammed the hat on the grocer's head, and having thus occupied his attention, took what money there was in the till and departed. *N. Y. Mail.*

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NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

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2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher will continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

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Remittances by draft, check, money order, or registered letter, may be sent at our risk. All Postmasters are required to register letters on application.

EVE-ANGELICAL CORNER.

Hand painted buttons are a novelty.

There is still a rage for Scotch plaids.

The new corduroy cloth is very fashionable.

The French twist is going out of fashion.

Buff kids are worn with garnet costumes.

Fur-lined and fur trimmed wraps will be fashionable.

Black velvet takes the lead—is the *ton* among bonnets.

The Whitehall *Review* hints that Victoria is getting queer.

Colored glass bonnets, bullet shaped, are very fashionable.

The chatelaine braid worn down the back, is again in style.

Colored fringes are used in light shades for evening dress.

The "Cottage" bonnet is one of the reigning favorites.

The most hideous bugs are popular ornaments for bonnets.

Engraved metal buttons with raised gilt figures are very stylish.

Undressed kid gloves are very stylish, and worn on all occasions.

The new style of wearing the hair smooth is very trying to plain faces.

Flat buttons of colored jet come specially for use on Scotch plaid dresses.

The most stylish galloons are mossy looking, forming a