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.	24 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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Special Notices are 50 per cent. more than regular advertisements.
Local advertising, 15 cents for the first insertion; 10 cents per line for each succeeding insertion; lines counted in Nonpariel measure.
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PROFESSIONAL CARDS

ATTORNEYS

HIRAM KNOWLES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in building formerly occupied by W. W. Dixon. Court House Square,
Deer Lodge, - Montana.

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

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

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. 483-*

O. B. O'BANNON,
Land Agent and Attorney,
Deer Lodge, Montana.
Office—N. E. Corner Main and First Streets, next door to express office.

G. A. KELLOGG,
Civil Engineer and U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor,
DEER LODGE, M. T.
Office with O. B. O'Bannon. Orders for Surveys of Mineral and Agricultural Lands will receive prompt attention. Orders can be left with Mr. O'Bannon in my absence. 519.

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.
Authorized Capital $500,000
Paid up Capital $100,000
Surplus and Profits $100,000
S. T. HAUSER, - - President.
E. W. KNIGHT, - - Cashier.
T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT, - Ass't Cash.
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
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.
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S. T. HAUSER, JOHN CURTIN,
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GRANVILLE STUART, A. J. DAVIS,
T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT. [503

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.
369-3m MURPHY & JENKINS, Proprietors.

GILMER, SALISBURY & CO.,
CARRIERS OF
U. S. Mail,
—AND OF—
WELLS, FARGO & CO.'S EXPRESS.
Run a Daily Line of Passenger Coaches to
Franklin Terminus and Butte City,
And Tri-Weekly from Deer Lodge to Helena, Pioneer, New Chicago, Philipsburg, Beartown, Missoula and points on the West Side.

FURNITURE.

I TAKE pleasure in announcing that I have purchased of Peter Lansing
HIS ENTIRE STOCK
OF
FURNITURE and SADDLERY
And will continue business at the old stand. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
M. BIRN.
Deer Lodge April, 12, 1878.

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	$4 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	3 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.

SHERIDAN AT WINCHESTER.

THE MESSAGE IN TIN-FOIL—A ROMANTIC INCIDENT OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

Correspondence of the Detroit Free Press.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—The Confederates had it all their own way for a long time in the valley, and Grant was beginning to fear a mistake had been made in placing Sheridan there. The Southern army were massing about Winchester, evidently for another invasion of Maryland. Affairs had a discouraging outlook for the Federal army's marching and fighting had ended invariably in retreat.

AN EVENING CALL.

A round moon, warm and golden, shone on the quaint old town of Winchester, Va., one evening in the middle of September, 1864. In the vine-covered porch of a house, whose broad, brooding roof enveloped it in sombre shadow, sat a brown haired, hazel-eyed girl waiting for a visitor.

A man erect and soldierly, wearing a gray uniform, came up the walk. The moonlight reburnished the faded gold lace of his epaulettes and sword knots with something of their pristine splendor as he advanced. They talked of the then all-absorbing topic, the war that was blazing its way through the lovely valley at their feet with the ashes of homesteads, the charred skeletons of mills and forges and foraged lands. The officer was a member of Gen. Early's staff, a Louisianian, fervid with hope and fierce with desire to drive the Union soldiers back. The girl was a Virginian of that simple faith which disbelieves in strife and bloodshed, and her name was Rebecca. It was another "Rebecca at the well," with this difference—that she drew from the glib-tongued officer the number and position of Gen. Early's army, their intrenchments and batteries on the Oppequan, and what troops had been withdrawn. This was done in the most natural manner possible, for to know these things was interesting, and she had no idea of making history or becoming a heroine, for the two had only met a few evenings previous at a social gathering, when he had sought an introduction and the privilege of calling upon her. This was his first visit, and it proved his last. When the young aide-de-camp departed that Wednesday night he had told so much that he had placed the fortune of his command in the keeping of Rebecca.

THE BIRD CALL IN THE GRASS.

On the following Friday, while sitting on the same porch, she heard a bird call, low and tremulous, in the shrubbery of the lawn. She answered it by clapping her hands softly, when a man, as black as the shadows she sat in, came up, and taking something out of his mouth, handed it to her and vanished into the night. Speeding up to her chamber, she found the gift to be a small roll of tin-foil, such as is wrapped about various articles, among others, chewing tobacco. Unrolling and straightening the piece of paper was found within, on which was written:

"Have you any definite information of the forces and position of Gen. Early? If so, transmit by bearer." SHERIDAN.

How strange is destiny! She alone, of the few Union-loving souls in Winchester, knew what the harassed cavalry commander desired. To put the information down and roll it into the same receptacle did not require many moments, when she again appeared on the porch, clapping her hands. The slave seemed to rise out of the earth. He hastily placed the tiny packet in his mouth, and, without word or gesture, disappeared.

THE BATTLE AT WINCHESTER.

Before daylight, on the 19th of September, 1864, the Confederate pickets were charged on the Oppequan, and Sheridan moved like an avalanche upon Winchester. A terrible contest followed, the two armies advancing and retreating like the surging billows of the ocean. The battle never ceased until sundown, leaving Sheridan the victor of the Oppequan. A series of disasters pursued Early, and on the 19th of October—a month later—was fought the memorable battle of Winchester—which brought peace to the Valley of the Shenandoah. I talked with the gentle Quaker lady yesterday. She said she was unconscious of doing anything of moment at the time. She had known General Crook, of General Sheridan's staff, and during the brief occupancy of Winchester by the Union troops, had said to him: If he ever saw a way that she could serve the Union cause, to command her; and he had mentioned her name to General Sheridan. She showed me an elegant watch, a souvenir of the event, a gift from General Sheridan. On the inside is engraved:

Presented to
REBECCA L. WRIGHT,
Winchester, Va., by General P. H. Sheridan
A memento of September 19, 1864.

The charm-holder is an ingenious arrangement of a horse-shoe, gauntlet and spur. The charms are a tiny Cavalry sword, field glass, orderly cap, and other military objects in miniature. The fate of the young staff officer is unknown to her.

K. E.

Key West.

It is at first difficult to believe that Key West is in the United States. Here are found Americans, Spaniards, Cubans, West India negroes and American negroes, and these all mixed into every shade of color. There are from twelve to fifteen thousand people in Key West. Its buildings are mostly of wood, and constructed with verandas on all sides to shut off the heat which broils animal life for eight months in the year. There is no country about it to sustain a greater population than it now has. It has some trade with the inhabitants of the keys, or islands, eastward and northward on the Atlantic coast as far as Indian River inlet. But these people are poor and their wants are few. Their trade is carried on by means of small sailing vessels, which can go among the reefs and through the sounds and inlets that skirt the entire coast, and thus gain access to the main land when they wish to. On the Gulf coast there are no inhabitants until Punta Rassa is reached, where the submarine cables of the Cuban or International Ocean telegraph join the land wires. The main industry of the place is the manufacture of cigars, which rank in commercial value next to those of Havana. There are several very large establishments, and a great number of small ones, employing hundreds of hands in rolling tobacco into cigars.—*Correspondent Springfield Republican.*

CANADIAN RAILWAY LANDS.

HOW THEY ARE WITHDRAWN FROM SETTLEMENT.

The Canadian Government have made new regulations as to the Dominion lands in the Northwest. They withdrew from free settlement a tract of one hundred and ten miles on each side of the Pacific railway. As to the five miles on each side of the line, to be called Belt A, the whole of the lands are absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry and from pre-emption, and are to be held for sale at $6 per acre. As to the remainder, it is to be divided into belts, which are to be called respectively Belts B, consisting of 15 miles each; Belts C, 20 miles each; Belts D, 20 miles each; and Belts E, 50 miles each. The even-numbered sections therein, are open for homesteads and pre-emptions at the prices hereafter mentioned, and the odd-numbered sections are to be railroad lands.

The price put upon the railway lands in the several belts is:

Belt B, $5 per acre; Belt C, $3.50; Belt D, $2; Belt E, $1.

The railway lands are to be sold at these rates, neither above nor below them, and purchasers are to pay for them in cash, one-tenth at the time of purchase, and the balance in equal annual installments, with interest at six per cent. Under the new regulations a man can homestead only 80 acres, and pre-mpt only 80. The order goes into effect August 1. The Toronto *Globe*, in commenting on the new regulation, says: "The effect of the regulations is, therefore, to withdraw from the reach of the poor man the whole of the Canadian Northwest."

Fortifying the Sub-Treasury Building.

The government is turning the Sub-Treasury building in New York into a fort. The building itself is one of the strongest in New York, but as even the strongest buildings have yielded to to the united action of mobs, it has been thought judicious to further strengthen it, so as to protect the millions of treasure stored there. For this purpose the windows of the basement and first floor are being protected by steel bar gratings 1½ inches in diameter. When the gratings are complete, the iron shutters within the steel bars may be partially opened when there is no fear of danger. The iron shutters are to be further strengthened by ½ inch plates of steel, and each one is being pierced for rifles, the loop holes being protected by small shutters covering them from behind. From these loop holes the riflemen, protected by the shutters, can sweep the streets in almost every direction. The windows under the eaves are to be protected with iron shutters, which can be opened in such a way as to form a covering for men who may be engaged in throwing hand-grenades, and thus protect them from missiles sent from opposite houses. As riflers might get on top of opposite houses and thus be secure, [illegible] windows of the treasury building, three steel turrets are being constructed on the roof, and from these protected points rifles and Gatling guns can send their missiles over every housetop. The work is now in progress and will be completed by the middle of September.

A Lost Opportunity.

Gail Hamilton, in the *Independent*, deeply regrets that the Christain world lost an opportunity of winning a great soul and of showing the loving and sympathetic nature of their faith by speaking kind and consoling words of and to Robert G. Ingersoll in his recent severe affliction, instead of indulging in severe criticisms and ill-natured sneers over his tender and touching address at his brother's grave because it failed to express the Christian's full faith in God and immortality. She had hoped it might be otherwise: "I thought it might be God's way. I, believing faintingly, doubtingly, but hereditarily, instinctively, desperately in a God, thought it might be God's own way in revealing himself to a lost soul and making him an exultant prophet of a new faith who had been the high priest of unbelief. * * * * * In such a case what a force would be brought over to the cause of religion—a man endowed with powers so marvelous that if faith could compel his convictions and secure his adhesion it would have conquered a stronghold and martialed an army with banners."

A Delicate Discussion.

Boston Transcript.

The Arminian community of Calcutta appear to be engaged in a delicate discussion with their Bishop. For some time pass, according to one of the Indian papers, they have remonstrated with him in vain on account of the unreasonable length of a visit which he has been paying to them. Over and over again they have begged him to relieve himself of his pastoral duties and go back to his country, assuring him that his presence was not necessary in Calcutta, and that they would get on well enough without him. The Bishop, however, could not see matters in the same light, and showed no signs of moving. They have, therefore, by latest accounts, actually got up a petition, in which they earnestly but respectfully beg his lordship to have the goodness to leave the diocese. The reason they assign for thus urging him to go home is that he came to Calcutta merely on a tour of inspection; that many months have elapsed since he arrived; and, as he has exceeded the prescribed time allotted to inspections of this nature, it is really high time that he should bid them farewell.

CHINESE LABORERS FOR THE SOUTH.—We saw yesterday a letter from a Chinese merchant in New Orleans to Mr. L. G. Aldrich, of this city, says the Natchez (Miss.) *Democrat*, July 22, in which it is stated that "an opportunity is now offered to bring Chinese laborers to this section, in such numbers as desired, by the 1st to the 15th of September, on a contract to work from 12 to 15 months—the terms being $12 a month, and a pound and a half of rice per day, with 50 cents per week in lieu of all other rations, the wages being payable at the end of each month in current funds. The laborers, under this contract, are to work 25 days in each month, and all lost time is to be deducted. The cost of transportation on the Mississippi river, south of Memphis, will be $45 per head, to be advanced by the planter and deducted from the wages of the laborer at the rate of $5 a month."

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—Only thirty-five men are now employed at the Sutro tunnel.

—It is a noticeable fact that no laundryman ever got rich in Texas.

—A clock and a business concern have to be wound up when they run down.

—One Boston firm sold 16,000 panes of glass at retail the day after the recent storm.

—Reno is troubled with drunken Indians, the Tar Brigade, diptheria and hot weather.

—The New York *Herald* now claims a daily circulation of 115,000, and is rapidly increasing.

—Walker Blaine, the eldest son of Senator Blaine, has entered a law firm at St. Paul as a student.

—The Zulus stole from the body of the Prince a watch which was carried by Napoleon Bonaparte.

—There are now 76 inmates in the Washington Territory Insane Asylum at Steilacoom, some 12 or 14 of whom are women.

—How doth the little busy fly
Crawl o'er your mouth and nose,
Until you snort and curse and swear
And kick off all the clothes.

—Tilden has disposed of his interest in the New York elevated railroads for $1,000,000 cash, and is ready for another campaign.

—Druggists say that it is very amusing to see the customer mentally stand on one foot when broaching a purchase of bedbug poison. Most everybody is sent in by a neighbor, you know.

—Boise *Statesman*, July 31st: "Sixteen families drove into town yesterday—half of them from Missouri and the other half from Kansas. The Missourians will stop in Idaho, and the Kansans go to Oregon or bust.

—Ansley Grey is a member of the Dakota Legislature and writes Hon. before his name. A few days ago he was put behind the bars in Bismarck for handling bogus checks, which reduces the crop of statesmen by one.

—Set down Minnesota for 45,000,000 bushels of wheat the present year. Statistics indicate the yield will, with favorable weather for harvesting, reach a couple of million bushels more than this estimate. 2,800,000 acres is a good-sized wheat field for one State.

—Gen. John A. McDonald, who figured in the whisky-ring disclosures at St. Louis is in misfortune. His wife is dying of a cancer, he has lost his property, and he has just been found guilty of an assault upon a lawyer in Fond du Lac, Wis.

—General Lew Wallace, Governor of New Mexico, writes to his old friends in Indiana that he likes his new field, though at times he is sorely perplexed in preserving the peace in that lawless region. Mrs. Wallace is not so well pleased and longs to [illegible]

—Pitt[illegible] of July, 1877, and the supineness of her authorities in dealing with them will probably cost her dearly. The Supreme Court of the State has decided that the county of Allegheny is liable for the damages, and the amounts claimed so far amount to over $2,700,000.

—Col. J. W. Forney, after referring to the fortunes of the Northern Pacific, says that Jay Cooke, who is still only fifty-eight years of age, seems now likely to redeem his good name from all reproach, to recover his own lost fortune, and to pay off dollar for dollar those who invested in the securities of the Northern Pacific.

—The representative of the heir of the great Henry Clay was in Boston last week to negotiate the sale of the famous Clay vase, bought by the generous contributions of the enthusiastic Whigs in 1844. About everything else has gone for the benefit of this young spendthrift, and now this testimonial to his grandfather is put on the market. The vessel is of solid silver, two and a half feet high, and is elaborately fabricated.

—The story goes that there is a flock of one hundred and seventeen ostriches in New Mexico, the ancestors of which, eighteen in number, were imported with the intention of utilizing them instead of horses for the United States cavalry. Col. Hatch, of the Ninth Cavalry, it is reported, is about to mount one of his companies on the ostriches, which are strong, docile, fleet as a horse, will live for days without eating or drinking, and need little or no grooming.

—The Rev. Joshua Frazier, of Louisiana, made a trip to Kansas for the purpose of taking a calm and unprejudiced view of its opportunities and advantages for his colored friends, and, returning, reports that the promised land is a hard place to live in, unless a man has $700 or $800 and is determined to work hard. He found only a few contented emigrants from the South, but saw numbers of negroes who were exceedingly anxious to return, but could not for want of funds.

—In all the "places fortes," or fortified towns in France, a military pigeon house has now been established, and great attention is paid to the breeding and training of courier pigeons, which, in case of siege, would render signal services. The Minister of fine arts has just placed at the disposal of the Minister of War fourteen Sevres vases to be distributed as prizes for the encouragement of the breeding and training of carrier pigeons.

—This incident of the Crimean war is now related in Paris: An Irishman of the Eighty-Eighth Regiment was brought up for striking a French sentinel. On being asked to explain the matter the Frenchman said: "I heard somebody say 'Qui va la?' 'Je,' says I, speaking the language. 'Ou est votre lanterne?' 'Il est sortie,' says I, meaning it was gone out. 'Comment,' remarked the sentinel. 'Come on,' says I, and I gave him one."

—Fortune does not smile upon any of Tweed gang. Florence M. Todd, the wife of a New York policeman, who recently appeared in court at Poughkeepsie and asked to be relieved from court expense in the case of her sister, wife of Tom Fields, of Tammany Ring notoriety, who is now in the insane asylum, said: "Mr. Fields is in St. Andrews, Canada, about seventy-five miles from Montreal; he is a broken down man; he is about 54 years of age, but he looks as old as a man of 70; his hair is as white as snow; he once weighed 300 pounds, but now he is thin and has a very old look."

New York Sixty Years Ago.

Editor's Easy Chair in Harper's Magazine for August.

Sixty years ago a shrewd observer landed here from England and wrote the inevitable description of the town. It was but two generations ago, yet the moderate proportion of the seaport had then kindled no sense of rivalry. Indeed, only a few years before, little Newport, in Rhode Island, was commercially unimportant. It is a pleasant, opulent and airy city, says the good-natured reporter, for which nature has done everything and art nothing. The only public building worth noticing—hear it, urbane wilderness of architectural triumphs!—is the city hall. Poor old city hall, with its rear of dark stone, because, according to tradition, the growth of the city was not likely to bring the rear into much observation. The simple economy assumed in this touching tradition casts a fairy glamour over the municipal story. It suggests a public spirit, a civic virtue, a political conscience, which would not waste money even upon a public work. It is a beautiful legend of fable. The new court house is now immediately behind the city hall—the flaunting monument of enormous public thefts and unspeakable contempt for civic honesty. But as the observer saw no splendor, she also saw no poverty. Within cannon-shot of the new court house, the mine of our vulgar Sardanapalus, are now dens of a poverty and squalor and crime as wretched and repulsive as those of any great city; but our observer found only streets of private comfortable dwellings in that New York of the golden age—no dark alleys, no hovels, no dark and gloomy cellars, with noisome atmosphere and vexing population. Successful industry, she exclaims, has everywhere fixed its abode. Before she died the observer had gained much notoriety in the happy land and town that she celebrated. For our observer was Miss Fanny Wright, a familiar name in the angry social, political and religious contests of forty and fifty years ago.

The Profits of Farming.

Indianapolis Journal, July 14.

It is now estimated that the wheat crop of Indiana for this year will be from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels, and will bring into the State and add to its invested wealth from $35,000,000 to $40,000,000. No such sum has ever been added to the wealth of a State with as little risk or as great profit upon the capital and labor invested. It is not an unusual or exceptional thing for the product to be equal to one-half the value of the soil that produced it. Thousands of acres of land in the State have, in two years, produced wheat equal in value to the land producing it. The product of corn has been very little behind that of wheat in point of profit. This, of course, is not a common or even an average result, taking one year with another. The past three have been favored years with farmers, and the farmers may reasonably conclude that there is something wrong in the case demanding investigation. We make no reference here to indebtedness and embarrassment from that cause, under which thousands of farmers are laboring in common with all other classes. Such indebtedness in nine cases out of ten is the result of some other cause than following their agricultural pursuits. Considering, therefore, the profit of the business as it is pursued by the average western farmer, what must it be made when, by diligent research and experience, it is brought to that degree of perfection which has been attained in England and in some of the New England States.

Orville Grant.

Clermont, Ohio, Courier.

Mr. Orville Grant, brother of the General, spent last Sunday in Batavia, and was the guest of his kinsmen, Judge Ashburn and J. S. Griffith, Esq. Mr. Grant, who, some months since, was undergoing treatment in the New Jersey Insane Asylum, seems to have nearly regained his mental balance, though it is evident to a close observer that he is still slightly "off." "I never had a hobby," said Mr. Grant, "and I am perfectly sane." It will be remembered that the unfortunate gentleman was upset by money reverses, and his present hallucination is that he engaged in a gigantic speculation with "millions in it." He converses intelligently and in well chosen language upon the topics of the time, knows the run with the political ropes, speaks with brotherly pride of the General and dwells lovingly upon the accomplishments of his children. He whistles softly to himself between the lulls of conversation, is somewhat emphatic in gesture, but his manner, as a whole, is agreeable, and in face and feature he is an almost exact counterpart of the brother whose soldierly abilities and wise statesmanship have won the admiration of the world. Mr. Grant was handsomely dressed in a suit of navy blue, and on the street would be regarded as a man of means, intent upon business. He is but forty-four years old, is temperate in habit, and has splendid physical strength and force. With these valuable aids to a skillful physician, it will be strange if Mr. Grant is not eventually restored to the full possession and control of his faculties.

AN EXPERIMENT IN OPIUM SMOKING.—Opium smoking, it seems, falls far short, after all, of the many delights which it is popularly supposed to afford. One Herr Maclay, in the course of a stay at Hongkong, has made an experiment upon his own body which should be considered pretty conclusive. After fasting eighteen hours he smoked twenty-seven pipes, holding in all 107 grains of the opium used by the Chinese. It is interesting to know that after the third pipe he ceased to feel hungry; that the fifth left him unable to walk about comfortably; the seventh brought his pulse down from 70 to 30; the twelfth caused singing in his ears, and the thirteenth caused a hearty fit of laughter. Twenty-five pipes affected his hearing, but within one hour after the trial, which had only lasted about 160 minutes, he was able to wake and go to bed, where he slept so soundly as to wake up fresh and hungry the next morning. The point especially to be noticed is that during the whole experiment he had no dreams or hallucinations of any sort whatever. Opium smoking is accordingly a failure in this respect. It does not even equal the study of politics as a producer of illusions.—*London Telegraph.*

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

In this world, brayin' is too often taken for brain.—*Transcript.*

It is now mistrusted that David Davis got down from his fence in order to mend it.

Pluck and luck are twins, and where one is found there is the other also.—*Camden Post.*

The faster a man is the quicker he can run through a fortune.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Taking medicine will make a well man sick much quicker than it will make a sick man well.

Give a woman a hen instead of a gun, if you want to see her shoot.—*Ottawa Republican.*

A big head is no more an evidence of brains than a paper collar is or a shirt.—*Observer.*

The most treacherous memory in the world belongs to a young man with a new watch.—*Recorder.*

In Nebraska there is a laconic epitaph over the grave of a citizen recently deceased—"He twisted a mule's tail."

The sun never sets on David Davis.—*N. Y. Herald.* Very likely; but then it does not seem to rise on him, either.—*Buffalo Herald.*

The tribe of Niagara Falls Indians deserve a government reservation where they can raise pin-cushions in peace.—*N. O. Picayune.*

There is something passing strange about human nature. If a man had to support his family by playing billiards at $2 a day he'd swear he had to work awfully hard for a living.—*Transcript.*

If Noah had foreseen the future, and killed the two mosquitoes which took refuge in the ark, he would have rendered some of the strongest words in the English language unnecessary.

It is dangerous work for women to play with souls.—*Francis H. Burnett.* Stay, mother, stay, whate'er may hap; remember your nervous "flipper;" remove the lad from off your lap, nor play with the sole of your slipper.—*Transcript.*

A Dresden man owns an old doe, that was lately caught butting his head against the bucket as it swung over the well. This act was referred to once by a poet who wrote:

"The old doe can buck it,
That hung in the well."

Whitehall Times.

Down in Georgia, says the *Courier-Journal*, they are in favor of removing the tax on quinine and putting it on dogs. In other words, they want to take from quinine and put it on canine. Or, to add another idea, they would take the tax off Peruvian bark and put it on dog's bark.—*Lowell Courier.*

Old Mrs. Cuir says she has always noticed in the winter, when it was cold and while in the winter, when it was cold as would be very agreeable, it is as cold as an icehouse. We have noticed this too. It must be the fault of the almanac makers.—*Nor. Herald.*

His optic was red as the sky in the west,
When the rubescent sun sinks slowly to rest;
And softly he murmured, while heaving a sigh,
"A sty on the farm is worth two in the eye."

His friend gazed upon him with wonder and fear
And, raising his hand, smote him on his huge ear;
The fiend calmly took it, and smilingly said,
"A cuff on the wrist is worth two on the head."

His friend again raised his right hand up on high
Resolving to cuff that arch-fiend on his sty,
But he suddenly dodged and bewitchingly said,
"A man-shun on earth is worth two overhead."

Hackensack Republican.

WHO IS THE TRUE GENTLEMAN?

A LESSON IN POLITENESS AND HUMAN NATURE TO THE RISING GENERATION.

Virginia Chronicle.

"I beg your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat Harry Edmond handed an old man against whom he accidentally stumbled the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not harm you. We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit!" said the old man cheerily. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it;" and lifting his hat again Harry turned to join his playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charles Gray. "He's old Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one."—*Moral Exchange.*

THE STORY CONTINUED (ON THE COMSTOCK.)

"What kind of taffy is you givin' us," demanded Charles Gray, with a haughty sneer.

"It's the true racket," replied the noble boy, proudly.

"Aw, pull down your vest," was the rude retort.

"I'm the gamest rooster of my size in the ward," cried Harry, his blue eyes flashing with honest indignation at the implied doubt cast upon his motives.

"See here, cully," said Charles Gray, thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets, spreading his legs wide apart and closing one eye, "see here, cully; give us the business. What's yer game in doin' the pretty by that old snoozer? None of your Sunday-school pie now, but biz—the cheese, you know. You don't think he got any seads hid away in a sack that he'll leave you in his will, do you? P'r'haps yer think he's long on Scorey Nevady, but yer off. He ain't worth a short bit, an' he came out of soak yesterday after bein' in for five months for petty larceny."

"Peel yer rags, Gray," hissed Harry through his teeth. "I'm on it bigger'n a wolf, an' yer scalp's mine."

"Peel goes," rejoined the wicked boy, and in a moment after Virtue and Vice were rolling in the dust on Howard street, with all the boys in the neighborhood gathered around offering odds, with no takers, that the ear of Virtue wou.ldn't hold out as long as the teeth of Vice.

Old Giles, observing the crowd, hastened back and quietly gathering up the jackets and hats of his young friends hobbled sadly away.

—Kearney's last year organ says of him now: "No lie is too barefaced for utterance by the cowardly sand-lot whiffet."

IRISH GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

THE YOUNG GIRL OF TO-DAY IS EDUCATED FOR MUSIC AND MATRIMONY.

Baltimore Sun.

In Dublin, a young lady is educated for music or matrimony—or both. She is a perpetual piano player or a constant husband-seeker. There are no longer the "Baby Blakes" or the "Lady Gay Spankers" of yore; her follies as to field sports are no more. The Irish girl of the period abhors declamation about woman's rights. She generally takes them—in a Platonic way. She is much more Irish than the men, twice as witty and ten times as intriguing. These girls have an indescribable way of capturing you (mentally at least) before you know where you are. They are fine-looking rather than pretty, and commanding rather than coquettish, yet they have their share of all that ubiquitous family. In point of education they are more glittering than English girls, and more solid than the American. They dress too much—an excess of fal-abs. Frills and lace, bog bak and ribbons, abound about these girls, and their merry laughter and soft-solder dash of "grammachree ma cushla" serve to make them intensely interesting, even at the respectable distance they invariably keep you. The type of the Irish girl, with her rosy and white complexion, her large blue eyes and auburn hair, in her 18th year is more of a child than an American girl of thirteen.

The Irish girl of the period has one bright star ever before her in the heaven of her hopes—a husband with a title. She had rather be poor Lady Splurge than parvenu Mrs. Shady. Yet she is the most loving and devoted of wives—when properly wedded. The Irish girl loves to make a noise in the world—has a grand passion for dash. She will leap social five bar gates and double stone walls to get the right man, while she would prefer to be an old moping maid rather than be chained to the wrong one. She dislikes a tame one and can control a wild one. In the courage of her opinion she excels both as to quality and quantity. She would rather rule in a certain dreadful place below than to serve in a better one above.

How the Indians Made Their Arrow-Heads.

A young man in the Smithsonian Institute (writes the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*) has just made public the discovery of the method employed in making the stone and volcanic glass into arrow-heads, daggers, knives, axes and razors of the prehistoric races. Up to this time this has been a great problem to all antiquarian students, but no theory has ever been advanced showing so practical results as Cushing's. He started to solve the difficulty by putting himself in the identical position of the Aztecs or Mound Builders—without anything to work with and his hands. After making some rude implements by chipping one flint with another he discovered that no amount of chipping would produce surfaces like the best of those which he was trying to imitate. He therefore came to the conclusion that there was another way of doing it, and, by chance, tried pressure with the point of a stick, instead of chipping by blows of a stone; when, presto! he found that he could break stone, flint and obsidian in any shape he chose. Soon he had made spear-heads and daggers that would cut as well as any he had before him, which had been picked up from all over the world. By a little more observation, he found that the "flaking," which he calls his process, on the old arrow-head, left grooves that all turned one way. He produced a like result by turning his stick the easiest way, from right to left. He therefore concludes that the prehistorics were right-handed people like ourselves. This conclusion is reinforced by the fact that occasionally an arrow-head is found that has flakes running from left to right, showing a left-handed person. The importance of the discovery is that it shows that the early races were able to do this work without the use of iron or bronze—a thing long doubted.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR A ROMANCE.—A romantic tale, how true we cannot say, is told of the late Prince Imperial, which now serves to explain the unusual grief displayed by the royal family at the untimely death of the young Napoleon. The Prince, the story goes, was passionately in love with the Princess Beatrice, and at a ball one memorable night, in the interval between the dances, she said, "I had rather see you in a battle-field than in a quadrille." Her wish was law to him, and to the battle-field he went to prove his devotion. On parting with the Queen she placed a diamond ring upon his finger, and it may be that he then revealed his heart's secret. When at last the news came that the fair scion of a noble house had been slain by the savage assegai, the Princess was overcome with grief and remained long insensible, while Victoria's visit to the Empress was marked with the most profound tokens of sorrow. The Prince of Wales said of the murdered Napoleon, "I loved him as a brother." There is much to corroborate the story, which, if true, will only cast deeper regard over the memory of one whose life was so full of promise, and, alas, was blighted so soon.—*Cor. Boston Traveler.*

DIDN'T ENJOY LIFE IN LIBERIA.—Laura Lane, a negro girl of Valdosta, who went to Liberia in 1877, returned to her old home last Friday morning. She gives anything but a cheerful account of her life in that model African Republic. Among other things, she says that the natives season everything very highly with pepper, and when a child is born among them they stuff its mouth with red pepper and gruel and lay it out in the sun for an hour. They say it will make it strong and healthy. She also says the natives are very hard on our people when they commit crime. She mentions the case of one Reuben Cayho, an emigrant from America, who stole something from one of them, and they caught him, tied a big rock around his neck and threw him in the river. That was the last of him. She concludes her recital by saying: "I am glad to get back and am satisfied to remain in America. Other colored people who want to try foreign counties can do so, and learn by experience what I have learned. I feel better since I have reached my own white folks."—*Savannah News.*

The New North-West

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EVE-ANGELICAL CORNER.

Lace fans are always in fashion.

Every honeymoon has a man in it.

Dress sleeves are becoming shorter and shorter.

Grace Greenwood has become a convert to spiritualism.

A mirror is the only tolerated reflection upon the beauty of woman.

There are 14 journals in the United States exclusively devoted to music.

Why does Queen Victoria never drink lager? Because it's the reverse of regal. *Globe-Democrat.*

Mary L. Booth, the editor of *Harper's Bazar*, is a matronly-looking woman with no nonsense about her.

Pretty little picture-frames are in the shape of a horseshoe, and are black, hand-painted in dainty floral designs.

"Darling husband," she said, "am I not your treasure?" "Certainly," he replied, "and I should like to lay you up in heaven."

Always add a line or two on the margin of a letter to a lady. You can't imagine how much satisfaction a woman obtains in turning a letter upside down to read a postscript.

A factory girl at Waterville, Maine, has a wonderful head of hair, its length being six feet three inches. When she allows it to fall unrestrained upon the floor it exceeds her height by 11 inches.

Queen Kate, wife of Henry V. of England, received from Charles, her father, a missal which afterwards became the property of the three succeeding Henrys. It has just been sold in Paris for $15,000.

A widow near Paradise, Nevada, filled out the assessor's blank with the following statement of taxable property: Bedstead and two chairs, cash $3, one finger-ring, one horse, one hog, one dozen fowls; sage-brush, half a ton; one peck of wheat, one wagon, one egg-beater and 640 acres of land.

Irene House, who, it will be remembered, shot and killed her husband, Orson Alonzo Moore House, a notorious New York divorce lawyer, at their country house, near Trenton, N. J., June 30, 1876, has married again, and is living on a farm. Her husband (her fourth) is