Historical Association X

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	32	45
1 Month	5	8	10	14	16	25	38	55
2 "	7	10	12	18	24	35	50	75
3 "	9	12	15	22	30	50	70	100
6 "	11	15	25	35	50	75	100	160
1 Year	16	25	40	55	70	90	140	250

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

ATTORNEYS

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

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

Physicians and Surgeons.

A. H. MITCHELL, M. D., — A. E. IVES, M. D.
MITCHELL & IVES,
Physicians and Surgeons.
—Office on Main Street,—
DEER LODGE, - - - MONTANA.
Prompt attention by night or day to patients in town or country. 583.

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. 488.-*

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. 512.

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.
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First National Bank!
HELENA, - MONTANA.
Authorized Capital $500,000
Paid up Capital $100,000
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S. T. HAUSER, - - President.
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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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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.
389-3m 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, 1879.

Blanks for Sale.
We have in stock the following Justices' Blanks, adapted for any township or county in ontana, and in conformity to existing laws. The following are the prices:

Subpoenas ... per hundred	$4 00
Summons	6 00
Writs of Attachment	6 00
Undertaking on Attachment	6 00
Affidavit of Attachment	5 00
Executions	6 00
Warrants	5 00
ALSO,	
Bonds for Deeds	8 00
Deeds, Montana form	12 00
Notices of Location	3 00
Road Receipts	3 00

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.

POETRY.

A REVERIE.

BY FATHER RYAN.

These hearts of ours—how strange!—how strange!
How they yearn to ramble and love to range
Down through the vale of years long gone,
Up through the future that is fast rolling on,

To-days are dull as they wend their ways
Back to their beautiful yesterdays;
The present is blank, as they wing their flight
To future to-morrows, there all seems bright.

Build them a bright and beautiful home—
They'll soon grow weary and want to roam:
Find them a spot without sorrow or pain,
They may stay a day, but they're off again.

These hearts of ours—how wild! how wild!
They're as hard to tame as Indian's child;
They're as restless as wren on the sounding sea,
Like the breeze and the birds—they're fickle and free.

These hearts of ours—how lone!—how lone!
Forever, forever they mirn and moan;
Let them revel in joy, if them riot in cheer,
The revelry over, they'rall the more drear.

These hearts of ours—how warm!—how warm!
Like the sun's bright ray, like the summer's charm,
How they beam and burn! How they gleam and glow!
Their flash and flame lie but ashes below.

These hearts of ours—ow cold!—how cold!
Like December's snowon the waste or mold;
And though our Decembers melt soon into May,
Some know Decemberthat pass not away.

These hearts of ours—ow deep!—how deep!
You may sound the sea, where the corals sleep;
Where never a billow hth rumbled or rolled,
Depths still the deepe our hearts hide and hold.

Where the wild storm ramps hath ne'er been known,
The wreck of the sea is low and lone;
Thus the heart's surface may sparkle and glow,
There're wrecks far down—there're graves below.

These hearts of ours—but after all,
How shallow and narrow—how tiny and small;
Like scantest streamlets or summer's least rill,
They're assesy to empty, as easy to fill.

One hour of storm and how the streams pour!
One hour of sun and the streams are no more!
One grief, how the tears of the heart gush and glide;
One smile, flow they ever so fast, they are dried.

These hearts of ours—how wise!—how wise!
They can lift their thoughts till they touch the skies;
They can sink their shaft like a miner bold,
Where wisdom mines—hide their pearls and gold.

Aloft they soar with undazzled gaze;
Where the halls of the day-king burn and blaze;
Or they fly with a wing that will never fail,
O'er the sky dark sea, where the star-ships sail.

These hearts of ours—what fools!—what fools!
How they laugh at Wisdom—her laws and rules;
How they waste their powers, and when wasted, grieve,
For what they have squandered, but cannot retrieve.

These hearts of ours—how strong!—how strong!
Let a thousand sorrows around them throng;
They can bear them all and a thousand more—
And they're stronger than they were before.

These hearts of ours—how weak!—how weak!
Not a single word of unkindness speak;
Like a poisoned shaft, like a viper's fang,
That one slight word leaves a life-long pang.

These hearts of ours—but I've said enough,
As I find that my rhyme goes rude and rough;
I'll rest me now, but I'll come again
With to-morrow's sun to resume my strain.

Orchards.

Every farmer should set apart several acres of his land for fruit growing. He can make use of the land for various purposes while the trees are growing. Indeed it is probably the better plan is to set the trees so far apart that they will never meet and overshadow the ground so much that a crop of some other kind cannot be raised between them. After all that has been said and written against raising crops in the orchard, the opinion appears to be that it is better for the trees and also for the proprietor, to keep on cultivating the soil and keep on raising tillage crops than to lay it down in grass. Some crops are more suitable for orchards than others. Hoed crops of any kind are beneficial, because the soil is kept in a fine state of tilth, weeds are banished, and the surface of the soil, being shaded by crops, retains moisture, which is grateful to the minute, sponge-like mouths of the fibrous roots of the fruit trees. The cost of fruit trees, even of the best varities, is comparatively small, and the land need not be idle while the trees are coming to a bearing age, for the orchard, by proper cultivation, may be made to produce excellent crops of various kinds. When an acre of apple trees is in its prime, it will produce about 400 bushels of fruit, and if these are of the best variety they will be worth one dollar a bushel. There will be windfalls and inferior fruit which will be of much use feeding hogs or cattle. Some orchards, it is true, produce crops only every second year, because, having borne a very heavy crop, they need recuperation. It is a common saying: "One year for wood and one for fruit," but it is also a well established fact that, by proper management, such as judicious pruning, and the application of special manures, the trees may be caused to yield a crop of fruit every year. Peaches and plums are uncertain fruits; yet, if precautions are taken fine crops may be obtained. If peach trees of the best varieties are planted in suitable soil, and in favorable situations, they will bear almost every year. They do best when shaded from the morning sun and exposed to that of the noon and evening, as in this case the frozen branches thaw gradually, and the slender tissues of the wood are not fractured by rapidly thawing after being frozen. The best of all the remedies for the curculio is to remove the soil to the width of three feet and to the depth of six inches from around the plum trees, scattering it thinly over the surface of the orchard or garden, so that the pupæ of the curculio may be exposed to destruction. This should be done when the trees commence to blossom. The cavity around the trees should be filled with rich muck or compost. In every large orchard a considerable portion should be set apart for growing peaches, plums and pears, as these fruits find a ready market, and, when they succeed well, are very profitable.

A CLERK'S MISTAKE.—A Lake George letter describes an amusing mistake made by a clerk at one of the hotels on the lake. He had observed the devotion of a man of 60 to a widow much younger, and, believing that an intrigue was going on accosted the old man very rudely, intimating that such proceedings were not allowed there. The man of 60 flew into a passion; threatened to chastise the impudent fellow, and made a grand scene. The sequel proved that he was the woman's husband and had been for ten years. The clerk humbly apologized; expressed his profound regret, but added that his mistake was natural enough. Asked afterwards to explain, he said he had noticed that the patron of the house had, while sitting on the piazza in the evenings, repeatedly put his arm around his feminine companion and bent down and kissed her warmly, and in his clerical judgment that was not the way husbands were in the habit of treating their own wives.

PRESIDENTIAL AMBITION.

SENATOR CARPENTER TALKS ABOUT THE NEXT CAMPAIGN—HIS OWN AMBITION.

Corr. Philadelphia Times.

YORK, Pa., Aug. 18.—Senator Matt H. Carpenter has been visiting Judge Jeremiah Black, and his visit is supposed to have reference to the approaching bribery trials at Harrisburg, especially as lawyer Irwin, of Harrisburg, is also here. I saw the Senator and ex-Chief Justice yesterday at the residence of the latter and had some talk with them, finding that they were communicative on everything except the business they had in hand. Although somewhat thinner than he was when first in the Senate, Mr. Carpenter has not lost any of his joviality, and is the same good-natured, frank and honest Matt Carpenter. The conversation soon drifted into national politics, in which the Presidential question took a leading part. Your correspondent recalled to the mind of the Senator the year 1871, when he desired to bring the Senator out for the Presidency; the offer was renewed, with the addition of the name of Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, for the Vice-Presidency. Senator Carpenter replied: "I do not now, nor did I ever have any ambition to be President. I do not care to be tossed in a blanket for four years before the public and then left, for when a man finishes with that office he cannot expect to come before the people for anything else. He must retire into oblivion. If I have any ambition, it would be to become of member of the Supreme bench of the United States." Judge Black here remarked, "Well, if Mr. Carpenter will stick strictly to the Constitution and obey all its laws, I would have no objection to support him for the Presidency."

The conversation then extended into the desire of men for Presidential honors and how Chase and Davis had made bids for this position. The Senator said that he did not believe that a member of the Supreme bench would ever make the Presidency. The two jurists then referred to the days just preceding the second Grant campaign, and on one occasion when they were together, in which the proposition was made to try the jury system of striking; they each were to select six men and then commence to strike an see who would be the man. The first name written was that of Senator Carpenter, by Judge Black, but by mutual consent it was stricken. The next name was that of Judge Black, by the Senator. As the Judge had the first right to strike a name he struck his own. They continued striking alternately until there were but two names remaining on the list, those of Blaine and Garfield. The Judge had the last strike and he stuck Blaine, considering Garfield the most preferable.

The next subject discussed was that of Presidential ambitions, and the Judge recited the following bit of experience, saying: "I have been a great deal around the Presidential fever, and have found it far worse than the yellow fever plague in Memphis, and it has carried off politically, more men. I have nursed and cared for those who have been stricken with it, and seen many go down under its influence; but at no time have I ever felt its contagious influence upon myself, and I can truthfully say the Presidential fever never got the least hold upon myself."

The difference between Western and Eastern men was referred to, and Senator Carpenter spoke about Senator Conkling, and when he first met him the impression was that he was a vain man; but after he became acquainted with the Senator he found that his politeness was not vanity, but simply part and parcel with Conkling, and that it was impossible for him to get along without it, and at the same time it was unknown to Mr. Conkling. In the West the Senator said people cared nothing for a man's pedigree, and he would as soon go among the Western people as the son of John Smith as of Daniel Webster. It was what a man could do and did after he went West, and not what his father was or what he had been in the East, that made the man. Senator Carpenter left for Washington yesterday afternoon.

Europe's Next War.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The continued concentration of large bodies of troops in the north of Italy, and especially toward the Austrian frontier, is beginning to be viewed with some suspicion in Austria, and to be much commented upon by the Austrian newspapers. From a table published lately in Vienna it appears that, while Austria has only 9,500 infantry, 940 cavalry, 1,400 field artillery, 700 garrison artillery and 200 engineers, or altogether a force of 12,700 men, quartered in the neighborhood of her Italian frontier. Italy, on the other hand, has now assembled 49,700 infantry, 10,366 cavalry, 7,200 field artillery, 2,700 garrison artillery, and 3,750 engineers- or a total force of 73,710 men of all arms, of the service near the Austrian frontier, the four fortresses forming the famous quadrilateral being especially strongly garrisoned. It is also known that much attention has lately been given by the Italian military authorities to perfecting the organization of the so-called Alpine troops—the force which, permanently quartered in the mountains in the northern frontier of Italy, would, in the event of the latter country becoming involved in hostilities with either of her neighbors on the north, be called upon to cover the mobilization and concentration of the Italian forces or act as an advanced guard to any forward movement made by them in the prosecution of an offensive campaign. All the units of this Alpine force are always kept on a war footing, and arrangements have lately been made which are designed to insure that the several battalions and batteries shall be ready to take the field at the shortest possible notice. As the Italian Irredenta party in Italy is daily becoming more clamorous, it is not surprising that the strength of the armed forces in the north of Italy should excite some uneasiness in Austria, although it is generally believed in the latter country that, unless aided by allies, the Italian army would be altogether unable to cope with that of Austria.

The game law should be amended some more. It is all right to impose a fine for shooting game out of season, but what is wanted now is a clause to enable a man to shoot game and catch fish in season. We have found it easy enough not to shoot game out of the season. To kill it in season is what bothers us.—*Norristown Herald.*

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—Colorado is nearly out of debt.

—Henry Ward Beecher is sixty-six years old.

—Only 35 men are now employed in the Sutra tunnel.

—Since 1859 the Colorado mines have yielded $82,000,000.

—Schuyler Colfax will reappear as a lecturer during the coming seasod.

—The library of the late Caleb Cushing will be sold at Boston this month.

—Chicago is said to waste 40,000,000 gallons of water per day, and Cincinnati 5,000,000.

—Paris has 65,000 houses, London 460,000 more than Paris, New York and Berlin combined.

—The Southern States received $5,000,000 in charitable contributions from the North last year.

—Georgetown College, Kentucky, offers free tuition to three young men from each county of the State.

—Talmage gets $100 apiece for his letters to a story paper, and the paper isn't published in an insane asylum.

—The great farmer is not the person who owns the most land, but the one who grows the biggest crop per acre.

—Etiquette no longer requires a man to tip his hat on meeting ladies on the street. A polite bow, not too profound, is the latest.

—In ninety years the number of postoffices in the United States has increased from 75 to 40,870. The number has doubled since 1852.

—Bismarck reads, writes and lies awake all night, and when daylight comes and the noises of the day begin, he falls asleep until noon or later.

—A Nevada bedbug bit a man on the upper lip, and both man and bug died from the effects of it. The doctors don't know which to post mortem.

—An exchange says: "There is no royal road to matrimony." Correct; both king and paupers have to walk right up to the captain's office and interview the old man.

—A boy will fight like fury for his place at the first table, but when it comes to turning the grindstone after dinner he's harder to find than five aces in a pack of cards.

—The American Bible society has distributed 36,226 copies of the Scriptures in Texas during the last twelve months. The Texans love the Bible. They use it for gun wads.

—General E. B. Tyler, postmaster of Baltimore, deserves renown as a horticulturalist. He has plucked in his garden a single tomato weighing two pounds and thirteen ounces.

—The term of a convict in the Illinois State Prison was not to expire till the first of September; but, in order that he might go to Sweden in time to share in the division of an estate, he was pardoned on the 1st ult.

—An ex-Federal soldier, who has been reading General Longstreet's account of the battle of Gettysburg, says that he must be excused, but that he was there and always had a slight impression that a Federal victory was won there.

—When one reads the head line "Truth is mighty and will prevail" in a religious journal, and then glances down the article only to find it is a quack doctor's advertisement, his faith in denominational journals is considerably shaken.

—Mr. A. K. McClure delivered a lecture on "The Mormons and Life in the Rocky Mountains," at Piatt's hall, Tunkhannock, on Tuesday evening, August 25. The proceeds went to the public school for the purchase of educational apparatus.

—The National educational Association has called upon Congress to appropriate public lands to maintain a system of technical education for young women, as it has done for young men. It will probably be a long time before Congress does anything of the sort.

—A Florida man who owns 150,000 cattle and is richer than anybody else in the State, is a recluse, living in a shanty which has neither fireplace nor chimney. He sells his surplus cattle in Cuba; seldom sees men and hides his money on cans on his land.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Oliver omerville, of near Jackson, Mich, is a lad who likes fun, and in order it he caught a young pig and made off with it. The fun came in when the old sow caught him. She broke the bones of his arm, chewed his neck and arm, and shook him up as a terrier shakes a rat.

—R. C. Woodville, a rising young English painter, is engaged upon a large picture of the Prince Louis Napoleon in Zululand. The Prince is represented on horseback at the head of a reconnoitering party, half turning in the saddle, field glass in hand, and scanning the surrounding country. An escort of the Seventeenth Lancers is seen in the middle distance.

—The great map of the moon upon which Dr. Julius Schmidt, of Athens, has been at work since 1867, shows 32,856 craraters and ring-like formations on the lunar surface, and 348 rills or clefts. The number of craters would be increased to 100,000, according to Schmidt's estimate in a complete chart representing the moon as it appeared when seen with a magnifying power of 600.

—Mr. D. Hanchet, of Indianapolis, is one of the oldest actors in the United States, if not the oldest. He went on the stage in 1846, and during his long career has known most of the great actors of the period, and played with many of them. He was leading man at the old Broadway Theatre in 1854, has supported Edwin Booth, traveled with Charlotte Cushman, and played with the elder Booth. Mr. Hanchett, though temporarily retired from the stage, has good work in him yet.

—A nine-year old daughter of Henry Holdeman, of San Antonio, Texas, died a few days ago. Eight years ago, she being then an infant, she got hold of a can of concentrated lye and drank a portion of the stuff. She came near dying at the time but recovered so that she grew to be plump and seemingly healthy, though her throat never healed, and she was compelled to subsist on liquid food. Eventually, however, she began to fail, and the indications are that she was actually starved to death.

IMPROVEMENTS IN BUSINESS.

THE COUNTRY ENTERING AN ERA OF HEALTHFUL PROSPERITY.

Interview with Hon. Abraham Hewitt in New York Sun.

"The revival of the iron trade," said the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, yesterday, sitting in his office at 17 Burling slip, "is the legitimate result of the revival of business generally. In February I said in Congress that as soon as we came down to a basis of solid values—that is, values measured by gold—we should have prosperity. The trouble was not that we had no money. There was plenty of capital, but there was a lack of confidence. Capitalists were afraid to invest their money when we had a depreciated and fluctuating currency. Now that values are fixed, an era of prosperity begins. Railroads are being constructed, factories built, western settlements are rapidly springing up, and long-hoarded capital is again in circulation. In short, there is a general increase of prosperity. A revival of the iron trade never precedes, but follows a revival of general business. Iron is needed to carry out the revival. When an era of prosperity begins, when trade revives and great enterprises are planned, iron is needed to carry on the work. Hence the revival of the iron trade is proof positive of o revival of business generally. The evidence is this: Every iron-works that kept at work during the period of depression is now overrun with orders, is working at its full capacity and unable to fill its orders. Others that had to stop operations are now going to work again. The raw material for making iron ores, pig and scrap iron has advanced from 10 to 25 per cent. Coal alone has not advanced. The reason is unusual. It is because the producers have a capacity for putting coal on the market far in advance of the demand, and not warranted by the condition of things. Hence coal can't go up.

"But, as I said, there is no doubt that we are beginning an era of healthful prosperity. Nothing can check it. We are the granary of the world. Our crop this year is enormous. Industries thrive. Last year we put down over 3,000 miles of railroad. This year it will be 4,000. Many iron manufacturers that were able took advantage of the period of depression and rebuilt their furnaces. Under the most approved plans iron can be made as low as $13 a ton. The profit of $4 on a ton is not great, but it is remunerative, and so the outlook is encouraging.

"The only question is whether the prosperity will continue. It is bound to continue, I think, but we shall have no era of high prices; simply a healthy, remunerative business, with moderate prices that will enable consumers to go on with their enterprises. This is true prosperity. High prices check progress. We have got to that stage when everything will go on with out an era of high prices."

Old and Young.

A man is ordinarily said to be young, even in this country, where we live preternaturally fast, up to 35 or 40, to be middle aged from 40 to 50, and not to be positively old, if he be of sound health and well preserved, until he shall have reached 60 or thereabout. This estimate of years would indicate the normal age of man to be 100, (as Buffon declares it should be,) though his average age is scarcely 50, and 60 is much beyond it. What reason is there, then, for speaking of 35 to 40 as young, and 40 to 50 as middle age? None, unless we consider that we begin practical and useful existence, as we really do, with the attainment of our legal majority; and, as a rule, people have very little life—30 to 35 years—after that. It is common to speak of men, especially in public positions, of 60, as in their prime. A very few appear to be so, notably in Europe; but they are not actually, since, at 75, the public distrusts them merely from their age. The great majority of men are buried and forgotten before they have gained three-score; and he who is in his prime then, in a seeming sense, is an exceptional as he who lives to 90 or 95. We all like to delude ourselves in respect to life. When our neighbor is 60, he appears to be very old. When we are of that age, we are not young, to be sure; but we feel as young, we say, as ever; in fact, we are in our prime. While we can creep around, and are in possession of our faculties, we insist that we are not very old; but our friends, Smith and Brown, with not a year more than we, if the truth were known, make themselves ridiculous by trying to appear young.

Hot Water in a Bonanza.

Virginia City (Nev.,) Enterprise.

At the Juliet mine, last Wednesday, a powerful stream of hot water was struck in the crosscut on the 2,000 foot level. The Burleigh drill was set to drill a hole in the face of the crosscut at a point about two feet from the bottom. When the drill had advanced about two feet into the rock, there occurred a tremendous burst of hot water from the hole. The stream of water was equal to 24 miners' inches, and it was scalding hot. It was spouted to the distance of several feet diagonally across the drift, spreading as it flew till all the space was filled with the scalding spray and steam. The steam filled the end of the crosscut where stood the man who had been running the drill. He was held a close prisoner, as he could not pass out through the jets of boiling water, and even in his prison he was in danger of being suffocated and cooked by the steam and heat. He would probably not have escaped alive but for the drill. He opened the exhaust valve and allowed the whole head of compressed air to rush out in a full and steady stream, and this not only furnished him pure air to breath, but also cooled and protected his head and the whole upper part of his body. His fellow workmen were soon aware of his perilous position—for the roar and rush of the water could be heard a great distance—but they could no more pass in to where he was than he could pass out. Finally the men went out and procured some heavy gum boots reaching to the hips and large and heavy gum coats. Guarded by these one of the men dashed in through the steam and scalding spray, carrying to the prisoner a like outfit. Shielded by their heavy gum clothing the pair rushed forth and waded along the drift. Altogether it was a peculiar affair, and one that might have ended seriously but for the supply of pure air furnished by the pipe leading to the drill. As it was, the miner had his leg pretty badly scalded. The water is still pouring in, at last a cocounts was slowly gaining on the pumps.

WHAT THE WITS SAY.

There are 40,000 unmarried women in Massachusetts—40,001 if you count the widow.—*Albany Journal.*

Any man who can swap horses or ketch fish and not lie about it is just about as pius az men ever git to be in this world. *Josh Billings.*

He was a disgusted boy. He had exercised great caution and finally succeeded in crawling, unobserved, under the canvas into the tent. And he found it was not a circus, but a revival meeting in progress. *Boston Post.*

The Henderson, Texas, *Times* comes to the Norristown *Herald* with this inscription written on the margin: "Exchange or go to H—l." A brief inspection of the paper, says the *Herald*, induces us to prefer the latter alternative.

A young man seems to be nearer fulfilling the law and the prophets when he walks along the street helping his wife trundle their baby-wagon than when he strolls out in bachelor freedom, grinning at the girls and carrying a dog-headed cane under his arm.—*Steubenville Herald.*

"The greatest bird to foight," says Pat,
"Barring the agle, is the duck;
He has a foine large bill to peck,
And plenty of rale Irish pluck.

"And thin, d'ye mind, the fut he has?
Full as broad ever as a cup;
Show me the fowl upon two ligs
That's able fer to thrip him up!"

Boston Journal of Commerce.

A young lady graduate in a neighboring college read an essay entitled "Employment of Time." Her composition was based on the text, "Time wasted is existence; used, is life." The next day she purchased eight ounces of zephyr of different shades, and commenced working a sky-blue dog with sea-green ears and a pink tail on a piece of yellow canvas. She expects to have it done next Christmas.—*Norristown Herald.*

The boy stood on the backyard fence, which all but him had fled, the flames that lit his father's barn shone just above the shed. One bunch of crackers in his hand, two others in his hat, with piteous accent loud he cried, "I never thought of that!" A bunch of crackers to the tail of one small dog he tied; the dog in anguish sought the barn, and 'mid its ruins died. The sparks flew wide and red and hot; they lit upon that brat; they fired the crackers in his hand, and ske those in his hat. Then came a burst of rattling sound—the boy! Where was he gone? Ask of the winds that far around strewed bits of meat and bone, and scraps of clothes, and balls, and tops, and nails, and hooks and yarn, the relics of the dreadful boy that burnt his father's barn.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." It is, it is. And when we reflect that Solomon wrote that when he was the richest man in the world, and carried enough money loose in his pockets to pay the national debt, and "silver was accounted as nothing in the days of Solomon," and he wouldn't sit upon, ride in, or eat or drink from anything but pure gold, and was raising a family of the worst boys that ever troubled Israel, we—but this is not the sermon department of the paper; what we were thinking about was that—perhaps we don't make it very clear, but Solomon's head was level, after all. That may not be what we started out to say, but it's a great deal better.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Queer Post-Boxes.

Boston Transcript.

They appear to have a very curious way of posting letters in some of the letter-boxes in remote India stations. The receiving boxes are about the size of a child's savings bank according to one account; according to another, about the size of a milk pan, and when the "chupprassies" come up laden with the bulky official missives they are accompanied by a "babu" to empty the box as soon as filled. The "babu" will not take the letters from the "chupprassies" unless they pass through the box, even though to make the passage they have to be rigorously thrust over with a stick. But he is not altogether oblivious to the necessities of such a case. When a letter makes its appearance which by no mortal ingenuity can be squeezed into the box, he opens the lower door and places his bag under it. The messenger then thrusts his letter into the box until one end appears at the lower door. It must not be pulled out, but by the aid of a stout stick it is crammed, jammed and smashed into and out of the box, falling in due course into the bag. And no persuasion can induce the "babu" to act otherwise. The missive must be posted and issue from the box in due obedience to red tape. And yet people say that India is a backward country.

What is it Coming To?

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

If the causes for which people commit suicide nowadays advance in triviality, we shall expect to read in a few years from now some such newspaper items as the following:

De Gopher Go shot himself dead yesterday with a revolver. A new pair of shoestrings which he bought the day before didn't fit him.

John Smith stubbed his toe as he was going into the house yesterday evening, and the circumstances so worked upon his more than usually sensitive nature that he cut his throat.

"I cannot survive this disgrace," cried a young and handsome stranger, on Fourth street yesterday, when a lady he had never seen before passed him without speaking. Then he went and jumped off the Suspension Bridge and was drowned.

Wives cannot be too careful. A woman on Front street, who takes in washing to support herself and nine little children, incautiously asked her husband, who had dropped in a moment on his way to get a drink, to bring in a few kindlings from the woodshed. He went out without saying a word, but the poor woman says she will never forget to her dying day the troubled look he wore. Rendered uneasy by his prolonged absence, she went out to the woodshed only to find his bleeding and lifeless remains on the floor. He had blown out his brains with the sawbuck.

—General Grant has been favorably impressed by the Chinese in their own country, and thinks that in less than half a century Europe will be complaining of the rapid advance of China.

FOURTEENTH SIDING.

A LITTLE ROMANCE OF THE PLAINS OF DAKOTA.

Mr. R. G. Thwaite, associate editor of the Madison *Journal*, has recently made the trip to Bismarck, which is graphically described in letters to that paper. The following romance of the Dakota plains is interesting. He says:

Yesterday, in coming up the road I witnessed a scene which to a "States' man" could not but have a melancholy, though romantic aspect. There was a bridal couple aboard the tram. He was a pleasant, intelligent-appearing young man, with evidences of a farm training and a fair education. She was as fair as Maud Muller, the day the judge met her in the fabled field; of evidently far superior training to her sturdy consort, she was one of the loveliest and brightest and gayest brunettes one may meet in years of long-extended jaunts. She had a band-box, evidently containing her summer hat; a guitar carefully wrapped in an embroidered bag, of a workmanship so exquisite as to surely have been her own; a music roll, a shawl-strap encasing two or three of the latest novels; and all the miscellaneous satchels and bundles with which the average young lady possesses herself on a pilgrimage to the sea shore or on a tour to Aunt Betsey's among the rural hills of New England.

The brakeman hoarsely called "Fourteenth Siding!" There was not a building in sight, save the one-roomed 6x10 shanty barracoon of the switchman, and the eye lost itself trying to fathom the dreary beyond. This was the stopping place for the bride and her groom. He was taking her to his new home, 50 miles back on the plains; but there was no one to meet them as expected, and the thread-like trail disappeared over the horizon, five miles away, with no sign of greeting team. It seemed like a dark revelation to the poor girl; it was the first test of devotion to her husband—and a severe one. On being lifted down from the car steps, she gazed around in the utmost dismay; then, with a quick, beseeching glance into the young man's face, down which sympathetic tears were streaming, despite his evidently brave resolutions, the bride of the plains sank into his arms and sobbed aloud. The scene told its own melancholy story, and visibly affected the hundred or more spectators who had crowded to the platforms, as usual upon all occasions of leaving a passenger on a siding. Let us hope that the messengers from that far-away home finally reached "Fourteenth Siding," and that a husband's love may soon be an all sufficient solace for that city-bred bride so suddenly transported to the treeless wilds of Dakota.

Moths in Furniture.

There are two species of moth which invest furniture—one is a large fly of silver-white color; the worm is also white, shaped like a chestnut worm, and is familiarly known. It only infests furniture. The other is a small fly of a dark-drab color; the worm is about one-fourth of an inch long, and tapering from the head to the tail. It was first observed by upholsters about seven years ago.

This fly penetrates a sofa or chair, generally between the back and seat of sofas, or under the seats, where the vacancy among the springs affords a safe retreat. It may make a lodgment in one week after the furniture is placed in the house. If such be the case, in two months the worm will appear, and the continual process of procreation in a few months increases the number to thousands.

This moth has no season. It destroys in winter and summer alike, as it is kept in active life by the constant heat of the house. We find at the same time, in the same pieces of furniture, the fly, the worm, and the eggs—thus showing that they are breeding and destroying all the time. It does not eat good, pure curled hair, but fastens its cocoon to it, the elasticity of which prevents its being disturbed.

The inside of the furniture is used by it only for the purpose of propogation. The worm, when ready for food, crawls out and destroys the covering, if of woolen or plush material, and falling to the carpet destroys it.

They rarely cut through plush from the inside, but there are instances where they have cut up muslin on the back of sofas. There is no protection against it except continued care.

New furniture should be removed from the walls at least twice a week in the spring of the year, and should be well whisked around, particularly under seats, to prevent the fly from lodging. This is an effective preventative—and the only one known.

Cayenne pepper, Scotch snuff, camphor, turpentine, and all other remedies for protection from the large moths, are of little or no avail against the furniture moth. Saturation with alcohol will not destroy them on any piece of furniture.

If the furniture is infested they may be removed by taking off the muslin from under the seats and off the outside ends and backs, where they congregate most, and expose it to the air as much as possible. Beat well with the whisk or open hand, and kill all the flies or worms that show themselves. This done often will disturb them and may make them leave the furniture. Their desire is to be left quiet.

When furniture is free from moths, and is to be left during the summer months without attention, it may be protected by camphor, in small bags, or highly concentrated patchouli. The safest way is to have the furniture well whisked twice a week.

If the moths attack the carpet, which they will first do under the sofas and chairs, spread a wet sheet on the carpet and pass a hot flat-iron over it quickly, and the steam will effectually destroy both worm and egg.—May 19, 1877.

A BOY'S VACATION LETTER.—A small boy was sent to the country to board a short time ago. He promised his mother he would write a good long letter, describing his trip and boarding place, etc. A week went by and his poor mother was nearly distracted when she got the following interesting letter from him: "I am here, and I swapped my watch for a pup, and he is the boss pup; and I went in swimmin' 14 times yesterday, and a feller stole my pocket-book and I shall want some money; and I shall bring the pup home."—*Boston Globe.*

The favorite wraps are very small straight scarfs, self-trimmed.

The New North-West

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3. The courts have decided that refusing to take the newspapers or periodicals from the Post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facia* evidence of intentional fraud.

Papers ordered to any address can be changed to another address at the option of the subscriber.

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.

Panier polonaises will be much worn in the early fall.

Feather fans are the caprice of the moment, but will not last.

There are 450 women dentists in the United States, and 1,350 are studying dentistry.

The new veils are made of a kind of white net, covered almost with small dots resembling beads.

Ornamental Japanese paper napkins are used at fashionable afternoon teas instead of linen damask ones.

Some of the new sashes are finished with hand-painted ends instead of embroidered ends as formerly.

Lace mitts and gloves are almost universally worn at present, and may be bought in a great variety of colors.

Felt bonnets and round hats will be worn again in the fall, notwithstanding the suggestion that they were losing favor last year.

A Syracuse boy put his his sister's switch into a cannon for wadding on the Fourth. He said that was the proper way to bang her hair.

When some women get to be angels they'll spend half of their time comparing the feathers on their wings, and the other half flying around looking in their neighbor's second story window.

He was inclined to be facetious. "What quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stebbins! Nice room for a donkey to get into." "Make yourself at home," she responded, with sweet gravity.

A Michigan lady wants to know whether or not it is honorable for a young man to stand idly by and watch a girl pass out of her teens into the twenties and so on down to the shady side of forty still bearing her maiden name.

Sashes are again coming into favor. They are worn in a variety of ways, draped loosely about the hips or tied closely about the waist, and are of all widths and lengths