

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Table with columns for Time (Year, Month, Week, Day) and Rates (Per Line, Per Column, Per Square Inch).

Regular advertising payable quarterly, in advance. Special notices are 50 per cent. more than regular advertisements.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

ATTORNEYS

HIRAM KNOWLES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in building formerly occupied by W. W. Dixon.

W. F. SANDERS, W. E. CULLEN, SANDERS & CULLEN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office on Main Street.

MITCHELL & IVES, Physicians and Surgeons. Office on Main Street.

PORT R. HANES, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office opposite Kennon & Zeno's.

O. B. O'BANNON, Land Agent and Attorney. Office on E. Corner Main and First Streets.

G. A. KELLOGG, Civil Engineer and U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor. Office with O. B. O'Bannon.

HANKINS, FIRST NATIONAL BANK. DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

W. A. CLARK, President. W. B. DONNELLY, Vice President. S. E. HARRIS, Cashier.

First National Bank. Authorized Capital \$500,000. Paid up Capital \$100,000.

S. T. HAUSER, President. E. W. KNIGHT, Cashier. T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT, Asst. Cash.

Directors: JOHN CURTIN, JOHN H. WILSON, JOHN H. WILSON, JOHN H. WILSON.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL. No. 37 & 39 Main Street, Helena, Montana.

Silver Lake House. PHILIPSBURG, MONTANA. MURPHY & JENKINS, Proprietors.

JOHN MARCHION'S Meat Market. Main Street, Deer Lodge.

Game in Season. My Prices Are Reasonable.

Blanks for Sale. We have in stock the following Blanks, adapted for every township or county in Montana.

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE. The best sewer. The strongest and best finished.

The New North-West

VOL. 11, No. 12. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, SEPT. 19, 1879. WHOLE No. 533.

POETRY

A SUMMER DAY IDYL

More on the mountains wide and far His rosy cheeks are glowing...

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

Secretary Schurz addressed a grand assembly at Cincinnati on the evening of Aug. 20th on the political questions of the day.

THE MINERS AND THE BIG HORN CANON

Through the Big Horn Canon in a creaking shell! Who would have imagined that such a mad freak would be attempted...

DEATH OF A FEMALE BLACKSMITH

Rebel Yent, who was buried on Monday afternoon from the residence of her niece, Mrs. Dora Remschmidt...

RUSSIAN RAILWAYS

The unpunctuality, disorder and general mismanagement of the Russian railways have become some time ago so notorious...

THE POSITION OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

On the one side, what do you find? Predictions put to shame and ridicule by facts and results almost as soon as they were made...

NEW NORTH-WESTERS

Robert Honner is now the owner of Rarus.

William H. Vanderbilt now employs 27,700 men.

How to draw teeth without pain—On paper with a pencil.

Daring August 2,787,059 standard silver dollars were coined.

The excess of exports over imports during 1879 is \$383,578,698.

Moses never had the goat. This was one of the missed aches of Moses.

Dogs ought to succeed as novelists; they have such wonderful narrative powers.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the British House of Commons has held his office for 43 years.

Ninety-nine folks in a hundred make a mistake when they out of a dog's tail. They preserve the wrong end.

Faustian dispatch from musical New York man to wit from Coney Island—"Hold your tongue for a moment."

It is proposed to convert Manchester, England, into a port for the largest steamers, at a cost of \$16,000,000.

Forget not thine own importance. It is an old proverb. It's about the only thing that some men don't forget.

Every man at some time or other is endowed with a train of thought; but how few of these trains are heavily freighted.

The New York World alleges that the remains of A. T. Stewart were recovered a month ago, and that \$50,000 were paid for them.

There is a man in this city who has been angry for 30 years on a stretch. It is the worst case of standing cholera that we ever knew.

Alexander H. Stephens was somewhat overcome by the heat the other day, but he stuck his cane in the ground, sat down in the shade of it, and soon quite recovered.

If a man undertakes to travel on the line between truth and dishonesty, says Josh Billings, he is sure to stumble, and all who know on which side of the line he will fall.

Thomas Carlyle has expressed a wish to be buried as quietly as possible in the choir of the old Cathedral at Haddington, where he laid his wife 13 years ago. He is believed to be at death's door.

The receipt used by the government for making molasses out of postage stamps is as follows: Distilled 5 ozs. acetic acid 1 oz; alcohol 1 oz; water 5 ozs. A very good manure, however, is made by simply dissolving distillate in water.

A Union soldier, writing to the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* concerning the horrors of the Andersonville prison pen, says: "When I entered the place I was a Democrat, but when I came out I was a Republican, and will be as long as I live."

A person looking over a catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the names of one who was of the bustling order: "Has been accused of possessing talents." Another scolded it, immediately wrote under: "Has been tried and acquitted."

The best paid military post in the world is that of the British commander-in-chief in India, the salary being \$90,000 per year. The next highest is that of the German Emperor, \$75,000. Sir Garnet Wolseley is to have the place in the spring of 1880, when Sir Frederick Halley will have completed five years of service in that position.

In 1874 a German farmer planted a single grain of wheat and harvested 7,717 grains; in 1877 the yield from these was 12 pounds; this year the crop is "45 dozen bundles, not yet threshed," but which he thinks will give 25 bushels—the product of one grain in the third generation.

A Massachusetts man, having secured the contract for the marble to complete the Washington monument, the Buffalo *Express*, with justified sarcasm, says that next year some time we shall hear of the man who is to supply the mortar. Thus the mortar is being hurried toward completion.

A visitor to the top districts of New York writes to the *Utica Herald* that the grovers "would sooner allow their chickens to be killed than a skunk," since this useful creature, usually in such bad odor with most people, proves a very great help in the struggle against the grub which does so much injury to the vine.

Geo. P. Rowell & Co., in the American Newspaper Directory for July, show that the whole number of newspapers in the United States has increased since January of the current year from 8,708 to 9,153. New papers abound in the Territories. Suspensions have been fewer than in any corresponding period for several years.

An old gardener writes as follows: "After trying for a number of years, almost in vain, to raise good celery on ordinary dry garden soil, I finally borrowed the use of a little batch of reclaimed swamp land—deep black muck, well drained, but moist, and for the two past seasons have grown at my very fine celery with but very little labor."

—C—, whose death is just announced, was one of the most secret, dark and midnight men imaginable. He did not wish the fact that he was ill to be made public; and so, when his faithful friend X was asked how the old gentleman was, he took the inquirer by the button-hole and whispered in his ear: "He's dead, but he doesn't want it known."

A gentleman who had been dining out the night before, went into a barber's shop next morning to be shaved. He saw that the barber had been taking more than good for him, for his hand shook very much, and, naturally indignant, he began to give him a little moral advice by saying: "Beating things, drink!" "Yes," said the barber, "it makes the skin tingle."

A little fellow rushed into the street, recently, to look at a monkey that accompanied an organ grinder who was playing in front of an adjoining block. Never had such a monkey to be shaved. He was handsome in wonder and admiration a few moments, and then rushing into the house he met his grandmother, so when he addressed this inquiry: "Grandmother, who made monkey?" "God, my boy," replied the old lady, in her usual way. "Well, I said the monkey's grandpa in Indiana." "I bet God laughed when he got the first monkey done."

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY

Not long ago we described the process by which instantaneous photographs of horses in motion were taken by a San Francisco photographer under the patronage of Gov. Leland Stanford.

The Japanese time-table is enclosed with a blue board fence—Free Press. And a school boy thinks that the other place is fenced in with black boards—Richmond Bulletin.

"Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills; "a considerable opening for you; turn the knob to the right!"

From Sitting Bull, Esquire, to H. R. H. King Getaway, K. C. B. P. L. Q.—Ugh! big chief—come to my wigwam—share all—kill white man—play poker—drink fire-water. I have spoken.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

A precocious youth in North Wheeling, prompted by an unpleasant recollection of the last term, says that school teachers are like dogs, because "they lick your hand." This carries off the palm.—Wheeling Sunday Leader.

"A poet is to be hanged in England." This is the boasted land of freedom and intelligence—this land flowing with—well, with a great many things—going to sit supinely on her hind legs and see England, her rival, making rapid strides toward a better civilization without making an effort to surpass her? Let us hang two poets. *Norristown Herald.*

FATE OF ARCTIC EXPEDITION

Behring's Strait derives its name from Vitus Behring, a Russian naval captain in the service of Peter the Great, who died from exposure on the Arctic coast nearly a century and a half ago.

James Bull, under whom he had previously served, met a similar fate. Still earlier in date Sir Hugh Willoughby, who sailed to discover a northern passage, was with his whole crew, frozen to death.

Sir Hendrick Hudson, whose name was discovered, and his voyage to the mouth of the river which bears his name was simply because his crew had been so long in the country of the north-east. He afterwards discovered Hudson Bay, and on his return voyage was a victim of a mutinous crew.

Gosnold, who discovered Massachusetts and gave Cape Cod its name, died miserably on the James River. Captain Cook was slain and eaten by cannibals. Sir John Ross, who many years ago undertook an exploring voyage, was imprisoned in the ice for four winters and was only rescued by a Russian ship which happened to bear of his condition.

The mysterious fate of Sir John Franklin hardly needs more than a mere reference here, but it may be said that he was killed by the natives. The Grinnell expedition, was a martyr to his enthusiasm. The disease contracted while in search of Sir John Franklin carried him to his grave soon after his return. What will be the fate of the Jeannette and its crew?

BIRTH OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM

The German newspapers are advocating the celebration on October 15th of the fiftieth birthday of the railway system.

That point out that on October 15, 1829, George Stephenson's locomotive ran on iron rails. Next year the first railway in the world, that between Liverpool and Manchester, was opened, and in 1873 Europe had already 104,528 kilometers (65,177 miles) of railroads at work.

Among the interesting statistical details connected with railways which have lately been published, the following are given: Germany holds the first place in Europe in quantity of rail-communications, possessing a network of 80,464 kilometers. Next comes England with 27,540 kilometers; then France with 23,383 kilometers, and Russia with 21,687 kilometers. Austria-Hungary has only 17,997 kilometers, and Italy 8,213 kilometers. The railway mileage of the United States amounts to more than five-sixths of the entire mileage of Europe, being 127,470 kilometers. The other States of America have altogether only 14,000 kilometers, Australia 4,000 kilometers and Africa only 2,900 kilometers.

DEATH OF A FEMALE BLACKSMITH

From the Richmond Dispatch.

Rebel Yent, who was buried on Monday afternoon from the residence of her niece, Mrs. Dora Remschmidt, No. 23 North Spring Street, Baltimore, had for many years worked at the forge and anvil. Her father, George Yent, came to this country from Germany and opened a blacksmith shop on Britton Street, afterwards removing to Eden Street near McElderry. She learned the trade in her girlhood and became as good a hand as any man could be. As her father broke down and grew old she took control of the shop and supported the family by her own dress and a blacksmith's leather apron, and frequently smoked a short clay pipe as she toiled.

When the old man died she still stuck to the trade, but a few months ago she grew enfeebled and rapidly sank. Her work had given her in her days the muscular strength of a man. She had eligible offers when young, but she always refused to marry, preferring to remain single and provide for the family.

LIFE IN MEMPHIS

Life in Memphis is described as being only a little more wholesome than death. Yellow flags are displayed at every turn and crossing. The hospital sign was omitted in slight places along one short square a few days ago, and since then two more have been added.

The curfew bell now rings at nine o'clock, and after that hour the streets are deserted. In the last epidemic a crowd of whiskey-drinking ruffians and salivary-water doctores kept the town alive. In this epidemic the only sign of life is the stampede of colored troops to the bluff. The reviville and the five o'clock nations, when the band plays, are, as a correspondent says, "the cheerful characteristics of the present campaign." Jim always relieved the monotony of a thousand domestic discords. Love and force are as antagonistic in nature and association as fire and gunpowder.

WHAT THE WITS SAY

Gravestones do not mention the fact, but there have been men whose dying was the only good thing accomplished by them.

The rising generation: Tommy—Gimme a cake. Mamma—If what? If you please. Tommy—Oh, let up on that Dinosors business. Gimme a cake.—Toronto Grip.

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A LARGE FLOWER

A VICTORIA REGIA GETTING READY TO BLOOM IN SAN FRANCISCO.

According to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the Victoria Regia, or the Queen Lily, is now developing at the Park Conservatory for the great size which it attains. No other specimen of this plant is known to exist in the United States, and this is the first attempt to propagate this species of water lily in California.

A number of its great leaves have reached their full size, the largest being about seven feet in diameter. Although a nice adjustment of the temperature of the water and air is necessary to bring the lily to perfection, yet under the most favorable conditions which could be produced artificially, the blossom often fails to make its appearance. On this account the stages of growth which precede and accompany flowering have been watched with keen interest by amateur botanists for the slightest indication of blossoming. In the midst of these hopes and fears a colossal bud, about the size of a small head of cabbage, made its appearance under the water a day or two ago, and is growing rapidly. The exact time of its attaining maturity is not known, but it will probably be in full bloom in three or four days. The flower opens only at night, and begins to unfold its petals about 9 o'clock in the evening, to remain in bloom until sunrise.

The Park Commissioners announce that when the flower is in full bloom the Park will be kept open in the evening, and that portion of the conservatory containing the lily will be illuminated, and ample facilities provided for the examination of this colossal flower. Two leaves of the Queen Lily will be placed on exhibition at the Mechanics Fair, and will require for their transportation a frame eight feet wide and sixteen feet long.

A FISHY FISH STORY

Fresno Examiner.

A Nevada paper tells a story of a man that captured a trout and packed it in ice. After thirty hours it was taken out of the pack and found to be frozen stiff. In order to render it in a good condition to clean it was thrown into a bucket of clean cold water. In a few minutes it began to show signs of life, and shortly was swimming around as though nothing had happened.

This, of course, is a remarkable fact for Nevada, and we know of a stranger thing that happened in Fresno Slough during one of the hottest days this summer. He caught a large sturgeon. They were put in the bottom of a wagon and brought to town for sale. Of course their scales got pretty dry before they arrived here. Thirty-six hours after being caught he had a few fish left, but they were dry and already begun to smell.

Among the number was the sturgeon. It did not appear to be entirely spoiled, so the fish peddler, in order to give it a fresh appearance, and enable him to sell it, put it in a little fresh water. Shortly after putting it in the water it began to move, and after drinking a couple of buckets of water it wigged around as lively as it did when it was first drawn out of the water.

A QUAKER PRINTER'S PROVERBS

Never send an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing office, for he that answered the rap saithest in his sleeve and loqueth in thine.

Never do thou loaf about our knock down type, or the boys will love thee as they do the shade trees—when thou leavest.

Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printer's cases, or the shiner and hoodlum contented, or he may knock thee down, for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what concerns the shop, for that is not meet in the sight of a good proof-sheet.

Never examine thou the proof sheet, for it is not right to meet this eye that thou mayest understand.

Thou shouldst not delude thyself with the thought that thou hast saved a few cents when thou hast secured a deadhead copy of his paper, for whilst the printer may smile and say it's all right, he'll never forget your manness.

LEMON VERBENA.—The well known, fragrant sweet-scented lemon verbena is regarded among the Spanish people as a sign of domestic affluence. It is either used as a cold decoction, sweetened, or five or six leaves are put into a teacup, and hot tea poured upon them. The author of the report says that the flavor of the tea thus prepared is "simply delicious, and no one who has drunk his Fakos with it will ever again drink it without a sprig of lemon verbena." And he further makes a statement, more important than all the rest, if true, to the effect that if this decoction be used, no one need suffer from flatulency, never be made nervous or old-maidish, and never have cholera, diarrhoea, or loss of appetite.

THE WHISTLER.—You must him everywhere—on the street, in the store, the saloon, the Post-Office—wherever he can indulge in his favorite amusement without immediate danger of being kicked or arrested for his evident lack of manners. If you sit on the sidewalk in the cool of the evening, or trapeze important business on the street, he is sure to be around, and to force his execrable noise upon you, to the imminent risk of your reason. You cannot withstand the annoyance, and by from the home circle, friends outside of the home circle. Love is a sickness, and force of compulsion of any kind avails it instantly. The idea that married people are not to enjoy any society apart from each other is simply monstrous. Some must be turned into a cell to insure the affections. Unless the husband and wife are as each other's conscience they must be content to bear it. Certain it is that it cannot be manufactured or driven. This is the key-note to a thousand domestic discords. Love and force are as antagonistic in nature and association as fire and gunpowder.

THE DIFFERENCE

BOSTON AND CHICAGO HOSPITALITY.

A writer in the Boston *Transcript* tells this good story of the late visit of the Chicago Commercial club to Boston:

"Many years ago two young men, John and James, Boston boys both, were fellow clerks on Killy street. John went to Chicago in his middy days, prospered, married, raised a family, and ere his hair was gray, became a well-to-do, substantial citizen, open-handed and open-hearted. James remained at home. He too prospered, married, raised a family, and became one of the solid men of Boston. Now, it fell out that when John's oldest son—they called him Jack—was 21, he visited Boston, bearing a letter to his father's old friend, whom he found in a dingy front street counting-room deep in the *Advertiser*. Jack presented the letter, and stood hat in hand, while the old gentleman read it twice. 'So you're John's son?' he said. 'You don't look like your father.' Then there was a pause, Jack still standing. 'What brought you to Boston?' he was asked. 'Well, sir,' said Jack, 'father thought I'd better see his old home, and take a taste of salt air.' 'Going to be here over Sunday?' 'Yes, sir.' 'My law is no—at Trinity. Hope to see you there. Glad to have met you. And there the interview ended.

Now, it chanced that not long after, James' son, roving through the West, reached Chicago. He remembered his father's friend by name, and hunting him up in his office. 'Well, my son?' said a pleasant voice before he had closed the door. 'My name is James—son, sir, and I thought—' 'What! You don't mean to say that—of course you are! I might have known it! Where's your baggage?' 'At the hotel, sir.' 'At the hotel! We will go and get it, and take it right up to the house I entered the old gentleman, closing the door with a vigorous slam. 'I'll get right up now! There's plenty of time for a drive this afternoon. This evening you can go to the theatre with my girl, and tomorrow you and I will take a run out on the C. & Q., and have a look at the country. Then I want to take you out to the stock yards, and have a trip on the Lake.' 'But, sir,' broke in the overwhelmed young man, 'I must go home tomorrow.' 'But! but! my boy, don't talk that way! You can't begin to this city unless you get to know it. You can't stay long, anyhow!' and he did. In fact, he's there now."

Mrs. Malaprop's Own Brother

A certain colonial region, now extinct, possessed at one time an officer who would have passed for our own brother to Mrs. Malaprop. His knowledge of the meaning of many English and other phrases was unfortunately limited, yet his conversation was always interspersed with quotations or misquotations. The best job of the man seemed to be his quiet, absurd sayings—some true, some fathered upon him. This one, however, was recorded genuine. His son became a victim to the tender passion, and while the spooning was at its hottest, "O'mum," meets Malaprop and says:

"Old fellow, is it true that your son Joe is engaged to Miss Dash? Every one talks so."

"It matters but little, Captain S," says Malaprop pompously, "what people say. There are always so many ornate fying about it that it is difficult to believe anything. Whoever I hear I swallow with a dose of salts. Joe is not affianced. Miss Dash has certainly enamored him, completely enamored him. He has put her other shoothers hors d' combat; but no betrothal is yet on the tapes. That will come, I suppose, of course, when I hardly yet know—but post morera, I fancy."

MARRIAGE AND FRIENDSHIP

A second consideration of great moment is that married people must not attempt to resist by any show of force or authority the formation of proper friendships and the promotion of social friendship outside of the home circle. Love is a sickness, and force of compulsion of any kind avails it instantly. The idea that married people are not to enjoy any society apart from each other is simply monstrous. Some must be turned into a cell to insure the affections. Unless the husband and wife are as each other's conscience they must be content to bear it. Certain it is that it cannot be manufactured or driven. This is the key-note to a thousand domestic discords. Love and force are as antagonistic in nature and association as fire and gunpowder.

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