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.	25 inches.
1 Time	$	$3	$5	$7	$8	$10	$20	$30
2 "		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

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; dines 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. F. CULLEN.
SANDERS & CULLEN,
ATTORNYS -AT-LAW,
HELENA, MONTANA.

O. B. O'BANNON,
Land Agent and Attorney,
Deer Lodge, Montana.
Office—S. W. Corner of First and D Streets, Opposite Episcopal Church.

G. A. KELLOGG,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
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.

Physicians and Surgeons.

A. H. MITCHELL, M. D. — A. K. 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. 528,

PORTER HANKS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
—OFFICE OPPOSITE KENNON & ZENOR'S.—
Deer Lodge, - - Montana.
Will attend promptly to all calls from town or country. 483.*

S. LOWELL, M. D.
—LATE OF IOWA—
Having located permanently at New Chicago offers his professional services to the citizens of the town and surrounding country.
Office at Chicago House.
☞ Special attention given to chronic diseases of all kinds. 379-3m.

M. M. HOPKINS,
Resident Dentist,
Office over Peoples' Meat Market—Opposite McBurney House, Deer Lodge, Montana.
Teeth Inserted on Best Bases Known to the Profession, Filling, Extracting, Etc., Etc.
ALL WORK FULLY WARRANTED.

BANKERS

R. W. DONNELL, W. A. CLARK
S. E. LARABIE,
Donnell, Clark & Larabie,
BANKERS,
DEER LODGE, M. T.
Do a General Banking Business and Draw Exchange on
All the Principal Cities of the World.
NEW YORK CORRESPONDENTS.
Donnell, Lawson & Co.
No. 92 Broadway.

First National Bank!
HELENA, - MONTANA.
Authorized Capital. $500,000
Paid up Capital.....$100,000
Surplus and Profits .$150,000
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.
Directors.
S. T. HAUSER, JOHN CURTIN,
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JOHN H. MING, C. P. HIGGINS,
GRANVILLE STUART, A. J. DAVIS,
T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT. f503

DAVIS & BENNETT,
ASSAYERS,
BUTT - - - MONTANA.
PRICES—Gold & Silver.....$2 50
Silver.....2 00
Copper.....2 00
☞ Samples sent by mail promptly attended to
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HOTELS.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL,
Nos. 37 & 39 Main Street,
Helena, Montana
SCHWAB & ZIMMERMAN,
Proprietors.

Scott House.
DEER LODGE, MONTANA,
Sam. Scott, Proprietor.
Board Per Day, $2.00. Single Meals, 50 c.

CITY HOTEL
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
CHARLES ROULEAU - PROPRIETOR.
Board and Lodging, per day, - $1.50.
Single Meals - - - 50 Cents.

E. S. PAXSON,
House, Sign and Ornamental
PAINTER,
[SHOP OVER O'NEILL THEATRE,]
Main Street, Deer Lodge.
All work promptly done and at reasonable prices
☞ SATISFACTION GUARANTEED .23

POETRY.

THE VETERAN.

He stood, a bronzed and battered form,
Within an old embrasure warm,
And leaned upon a cannon old,
Half sunken in the fragrant mold;
Then turning from the rusty gun
With help of crutch he tottered on.
A sweet girl face looked up at him,
And sweet eyes scanned his aspect grim,
And sweet voice said, in quaver low,
"Oh, gallant warrior, do not go,
But tell me—tell me where you fought—
And where those fearful wounds were wrought.
Were smitten in the furious tide
That drenched in blood the bastion's side?
Or fought upon the slippery deck
And sang defiance from the wreck?
Or waved the starry banner high.
Bravely resolved to do or die?"
"Hold on, young girl," the veteran said;
"I am a whitewasher by trade;
I never fit; the trouble is
Inflammatory rheumatis!"

—*Andrews' Queen.*

AN OLD STORY

Fisherman John is brave and strong,
None more brave on the coast than he;
He owns a cottage and fishing smack
As snug as ever need be.
And what is truer than I could wish,
Fisherman John loves me.

Often and often when day is gone,
With smiling lips and eager eyes,
He comes to woo me; in every way
That a man may try he tries
To win me; but that he can never do
Though he woo me till he dies.

Fisherman Jack is a poorer man;
He owns not cottage nor fishing smack,
But a winning voice and smile are his,
And a manly grace. Alack!
It will not break my heart to tell
That I love Fisherman Jack.

He loves not me; but every night
He sits at the feet of Kate Mahone;
Never a heart has she for him—
For she loves Fisherman John,
Who cares no more for love of her's
Than the sea he sails upon.

Often we wonder, do Kate and I,
That fate should cross us so cruelly.
We think of the lovers we do not love
And dream of what life would be
If only Fisherman John loved her
And Fisherman Jack loved me.

—*Carlotta Perry.*

WHAT MY LOVE SAID.

ATTRIBUTED TO HORACE GREELEY.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me—
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room.
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed, till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand, as he whispering said—
How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head
To listen to all that my lover said!
Oh, the clover in bloom—I love it.

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet grass bent over,
But I could not pass on either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover—
And he held me there, and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes, and said—
How the leaves bent down from the limbs o'erhead
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh, the leaves hang lowly o'er me.

Had he moved aside but a little way,
I could surely then have passed him,
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast nim.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us;
But he drew me nearer, and softly said—
How the pure, sweet wind grew still instead
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh, the pure, sweet wind around us.

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed
As the night was come with its dews at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling:
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story;
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
How the stars came out when the white moon led
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh, the moon and stars in glory.

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry his secret so safely and well
That no being will ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover.
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

Jim Webster and the Chickens.

Galveston News.

There was a powerful revival the other night at Parson Bledso's Blue Light tabernacle, and among those who experienced a change of heart was Jim Webster. Yesterday he met Parson Bledso, who asked him:

"Is yer gwine to stick, James?"

"Parson Bledso, ef anybody offers to gamble on my not stickin' yer kin make money by takin' 'em up. I'se gwine ta hold fast to the gospel tidings like a seed tick in de spring ob de yeah. I'se gwine to lead a new life till de lake whar de wum is neber squenched is friz over wid ice thick enough to bar a train of cars loaded wid railroad iron."

"I'se glad to hear yer talk in dat strain," said the Parson, gravely, "but kin yer pass by a yard after dark whar dar is close hangin' out widout histin' yer leg ober de fence?"

"Look heah, you don't 'spect me to become a saint in less than two days. I'se a gospel infant, what has ter be fed on light diet, but I tells yer I'm makin' rattlin' good time on de road to de New Jerusalem when yer looks at my record foah de pass four yeahs."

"How 'bout chickens?"

"Last night after I had jined the gospel band, I started foah home, and I had to pass down de alley which leads by de back yard of Colonel Jones' house. I hadn't moah den got pass his yard when I found I was carryin' one ob his Spanish breed ob roosters, wid big combs, in each hand. Satan must hab shoved dem fowls in my hands."

"Jim Webster, you is gwine to bring de church into discredit. Don't you know Col. Jones is de on only man what raises dem Spanish breed of chickens on Galveston Island? Yer mustn't yield to temptation wid chickens what kin be identified by der police."

"Dat's jest what my conscience tole me. I was filled wid remorse as soon as I saw what kind of poultry I was totin' off. Besides dem old roosters ain't wuff a cent to bile, so I jest went back and put 'em right back whar I got 'em."

"Bress de Lord."

"I put 'em back and tuck two young pullets, which looks like say udder chickens, and was jest the right size ter bile."

"Don't add lyin', Jim Webster, to yer udder sins."

"I can't tell a lie, Parson, but of yer believes I isn't one ob de elect, jest cum home wid me and hab some of de breast and de stuffin' for dinner. I kin smell dem briled pullets now."

He went.

DO WE EAT TOO MUCH?

A Suggestion that Most People Consume More Food than They Need.

From the London Spectator.

Nothing consumes the general wealth of the world like the feeding of its populations, and it is by no means yet completely settled that the majority of men, once above the restrictions of poverty, do not eat a good deal too much. An idea has been very generally spread that it is healthy to eat very often, till certain classes, and more especially servants, eat five times a day; and the medical aphorism, that he who eats often should eat very little at a time, is very often forgotten. The *Lancet* of September 4th, in a curiously cautious article, hints that the modern world eats too much in positive bulk of food—a statement certainly true of great bread eaters, a distinct and well marked type—and thinks the modern regularity of meals has induced us to regard appetite as the guide, rather than hunger, which is the true one. Regularity of meals developes appetite, not hunger. We rather question the previous proposition, as a hungry man is apt to eat too much, but we believe that the extension of wealth and the extreme public ignorance upon the subject tend to foster a habit of taking too many meals. Men and women eat three in ten hours and a half—breakfast at 10 a. m., lunch at 1:30 p. m. and dinner at 7:30 p. m.—a division of the twenty-four hours of the day which can hardly be healthy. It leaves thirteen hours and a half without food, while in the remaining ten and a half there are three meals. It would be better, we imagine, for sedentary men to reduce theirs to two, taken at considerable intervals; or, if that is too worrying, to confine the intercalary meal to the merest mouthful, taken without sitting down, and with no provision to tempt the appetite. Lunch for those who work with the brain is the destruction of laboriousness, and for those who work with the hands is the least useful of the meals. It is very doubtful whether the powerfully built races of upper India, who eat only twice a day—at 10 a. m. and at 10 p. m.—are not in the right, exactly equalizing, as they do, the periods of abstinence, though it is difficult to decide from the example of hereditary teetotal vegetarians, the bulk of whose food is out of all proportion to its nourishment. The great evil to be removed however, is not so much the midday meal as the great ignorance, even among educated men, of the quantity of food indispensible to health and the quantity most beneficial to it.

On the first point most men know nothing, or at most only the amount of a convict's ration, which is fixed at the standard found most conducive to hard labor in confinement and is no rule for ordinary mankind. Cannot the doctors tell us some handy rule of thumb about this? They have told us that the beneficial quantity of alcohol is the equivalent of a pint of ordinary claret a day, but what is the beneficial quantity of food? It must differ according to diet, physique and occupation, but still there must be some formula which will convey in intelligent fashion the average maximum for men of different weights. We believe most men would be surprised to find how very low it is, and how very much they exceed it, especially in the consumption of meat. Vegetarianism, which some among us exalt as a panacea, has been tried for thousands of years, by millions of people, and has, as a rule, failed, the flesh-eating peoples out-fighting, out-working and out-thinking the eaters of vegetables only; but between vegetarianism and the flesh-eating habits of well-to-do Englishmen there is a wide distance. Mr. Banting, too, wrote wild exaggerations, but the way in which Englishmen of reasonable intellectual capacities will swallow a crumb of bread, often not half-baked, by the pound at a time, would account even for severer melancholy than that under which they labor. We want an intelligent rule, to be obeyed or disobeyed, but to be remembered.

A Weird Legend.

Dean Stanley tells the following story in *Frazer's Magazine:*

In the middle of the last century the chief of the Campbells of Inverawe had been giving an entertainment at his castle on the banks of the Awe. The party had broken up and Campbell was left alone. He was was roused by a violent knocking at the gate and was surprised at the appearance of one of his guests, with disheveled hair and torn garments, demanding admission. I have killed a man and am pursued by enemies. I beseech you to let me in. Swear upon your dirk—upon the cruachan or hip where the dirk rests—swear by Ben Cruachan—that you will not betray me. Campbell swore and placed the fugitive in a secret place in the house. Presently there was a second knocking at the gate. It was a party of guests, who said: Your cousin Donald has been killed. Where is the murderer? At this announcement Campbell remembered the great oath which he had sworn, gave an evasive answer and sent the pursuers off in a wrong direction. He then went to the fugitive and said: You have killed my cousin Donald. I cannot keep you here. The murderer appealed to his oath and persuaded Campbell to let him stop for the night. Campbell did so and retired for the night. In the visions of that night the blood-stained Donald appeared to him with these words: Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed; shield not the murderer. In the morning Campbell went to his guest and told him that further shelter was impossible. He took him, however, to a cave in Ben Cruachan and left him there. The night again closed in and Campbell again slept, and again the blood-stained Donald appeared. Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed; shield not the murderer. In the morning he went to the cave on the mountain and the murderer had fled. Again at night he slept and again the blood-stained Donald appeared and said: Inverawe, Inverawe, blood, has been shed. We shall not meet again until we meet at Ticonderoga. He woke in the morning, and behold it was a dream. But the story of the triple apparition by him, and he often told it among his kinsmen, asking always what the ghost could mean by this mysterious word of their rendezvous.

In 1758 there broke out the French and English war in America, which, after many rebuffs, ended in the conquest of Quebec by General Wolfe. Campbell, of Inverawe, went out with the Black Watch, of the 42d Highland regiment, afterward so famous. There, on the eve of an engagement, the General came to the officers and said: You had better not tell Campbell the name of the fortress which we are to attack to-morrow. It is Ticonderoga. Let us call it Fort George. The assault took place in the morning. Campbell was mortally wounded. He sent for the General. These were his last words: General, you have deceived me; I have seen him again. This is Ticonderoga.

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—Bismarck has for many years believed that he will die in 1881.

—Washington Territory possesses 20,000,000 acres "of the finest timber land on the face of the earth."

—It is reported that the publication of the St. Louis *Times*, a Democratic paper, is to be suspended.

—The county of Calloway, Ky., in the late election gave 1173 votes for Hancock and not one for Garfield.

—Secretary Schurz will take up his residence in Milwaukee when his Cabinet term expires, it is said.

—The firefly only shines when on the wing. So it is with the mind: when once we rest we darken.

—Twenty-five Chinamen voted at the recent election in New York, having become legally naturalized citizens.

—Gen. Harrison, of Indiana, will either be sent to the Senate or have a seat in the Cabinet close to the President.

—There are in the United States 343,888 miles of postal routes, which, including all expenses, cost annually about $22,000,000.

—Carriage building has become one of the great American industries. The trade employs 75,000 men and they hold an annual convention.

—The Washington *Post* (Democratic) has come to the conclusion that Hancock was a better man than the Democrats deserved for a candidate.

—One of the inexplicable phenomena of nature is the effect the emptying of a pan of ashes has in suddenly reversing the direction of the wind.

—Oshkosh has the largest match factory in the world. In one year 2,000,000 feet of logs were consumed and $300,000 worth of revenue stamps used.

—A telegraphic message of sixty-nine words was recently sent from Melbourne, Australia, to London in twenty three minutes; distance, 31,398 miles.

—Our Presidential terms are not long, yet it has not happened before since 1859 that we have had an ex-President, a President and a President-elect all living.

—That General E. O. C. Ord will be retired and General Miles appointed Brigadier-General to succeed to the vacancy is the latest military rumor in Washington.

—It is said that at the close of the present year there will be no less than 200,000 telephones in use in this country. At the beginning of 1879 there were but twelve thousand.

—The Mormon temple at Salt Lake City has been in course of construction for twenty years, and is not yet finished. It is built of Utah granite and its total cost will be over $28,000,000.

—A cubic inch of gold can be hammered so as to cover a space 35 feet wide and 100 feet long, and twenty $20 gold pieces can be hammered into a wire that would reach around the globe.

—Mr. Henry Clay, grandson of "Harry of the West," who joined the Howgate Polar expedition, did not return with the ship Gulnare, but is spending the winter at Rifenbank, Greenland.

—All the nickel from which our five cent coins are made comes from a mine in Lancaster county, Penna. It has been worked for seventeen years, and produces from 400 to 600 tons of ore monthly.

—The Czar, when at his Palace in Livadia, is continually surrounded by policemen and soldiers. The park and castle are watched night and day by imperial spies, to prevent the influx of Nihilistic assassins.

—Mr. Evarts will return to the practice of the law at the close of his Cabinet term. He has been a member of the firm of Evarts, Southmaide & Choate during his term. The firm is one of the leading combinations at the New York bar.

—This from the New York *Herald* is true and it is a pity: More than a mile of new steamships are being built in England, but none of them will fly the American colors. Americans are not allowed to purchase such property either at home or abroad.

—The Presidential electors will meet at their several State capitals and cast their votes for President and vice-President on the first Wednesday in December. Congress is directed by law to open and count these votes on the second Wednesday in February and to declare the result.

—Chamois skins are not derived from the chamois, as many people suppose, but are the flesh side of sheepskins. The skins are soaked in lime water and in a solution of sulphuric acid; fish oil is poured over them and they are carefully washed in a solution of potash.

—In the last one hundred years St. Paul's Church, New York City, has had but nine sextons. The present sexton, Mr. Henry Weld, has held the office thirty years. He is eighty years old. He remembers the cutting down of the old elm tree on the corner of the lot, which called out Morris' popular song of "Woodman, Spare That Tree." It was cut down to give room to extend the offices of the vestry.

—Some of the Baptist Churches of California refuse to meet with the San Francisco Association until it has rid itself of the Rev. I. S. Kalloch. The First Baptist Church of Stockton notified the officers of the association that it would not entertain the association, because it would be in the hands of those who sustain Mr. Kalloch, for whose regular practices the churches desire to hold no responsibility.

—The revised Bible, now that it is almost done, seems to find scant welcome anywhere among religious bodies. Although it is the work of the united scholarship of the churches, and has been carried on under the initiation and auspices of the Church of England, the Episcopal Church Convention, in session at New York, has developed a strong opposition to it, and the recent Presbyterian Council only pointed to its charter provision forbidding to use any revised scriptures.

—A motor yacht without steam now makes her way about Boston harbor. It illustrates the working of a compressed air petroleum engine. No smoke pipe is visible, for there is none nor need of any; for there is no smoke and not as much fire as the flame of an ordinary kerosene lamp. The whole engine and running machinery are contained in a long, low box in the bottom of the boat, occupying scarcely more room than would be occupied for the ballast of a boat of its size. The peculiarity of the engine is that a common match instantly brings it into full working power.

"Won't another whale please kick Wade Hampton?" says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Kick him yourself, says the *Inter Ocean*.

IMPORTANT MINING DECISION.

Defining When Representation of Lodes Must be Made.

WASHINGTON, November 15.—The Supervising Architect of the Treasury to-day rejected all bids for work and material required for the construction of sidewalks, roadways, fencing, etc., of the San Francisco appraisers and builders, and directed Superintendent Holt to advertise for separate proposals for the different classes of work. All granite work will be included in one bid, the iron work in another, and artificial stone for sidewalk flagging in another. The reason assigned for this action is, that the combined proposal which included the best artificial stone, was, in its total, too high.

The Commissioner of the General Land Office has written a letter to Senator Hill, of Colorado, announcing an important ruling in regard to the present law concerning the annual expenditures on mining claims. The question submitted by Senator Hill, in behalf of his constituents, was, in substance, whether the department would recognize, as in compliance with the act of last January, an expenditure of $100 worth of work between October 10th and 20th, 1879, upon a mining claim located October 1, 1879. Commissioner Williamson, in reply, writes as follows:

"Under the act of May 10, 1872, (Section 2324, Revised Statutes,) the annual expenditure for improvements was due within each year, commencing with the date of location, except in regard to claims located prior to the enactment of that law, the annual expenditure upon which were made due by June 1, 1873, and annually thereafter. The purpose of the amendatory law of January 22, 1880, was to secure a uniform period, within which the annual expenditure should be required on all locations, and it provided that such period should commence on the first day of January succeeding the date of location of each claim. It therefore follows that a claim located on October 1, 1879, requires the expenditure of $100 worth of labor or improvements thereon within the calendar year 1880; and that whatever may have been expended during the year 1879 will not answer the requirements of expenditures in 1880. It also appears by reason of the change made in the requirements of the act of May, 1872, by the amendatory law of last January, that a claim located on any date subsequent to the first day of January, 1879, requires no further expenditure during the remainder of that year than is made necessary by the local laws."

The Commissioner adds that he finds that he has inadvertently signed a letter indicating a different construction of the section aforesaid; but the construction now given has been reached after careful consideration, and will control his official action.

At the Mercy of the Waves,

New York Sun.

The 365 cabin and steerage passengers that arrived here yesterday on the Anchor line steamship California saw a thrilling spectacle in mid-ocean. When four days out from London a bark was seen in an apparently sinking condition. The sea was boisterous, and the crew, clinging to her shrouds, waved their hats in appeal for help. Captain Donaldson of the California, ordered his steamship up into the wind. "Hardie," he said, calling to the first officer, "lower the big cutter and try to get to her." Hardie, a veteran mariner, lost no time in clearing away his boat, which, manned by a hardy crew, was soon in the heavy seas that had been generated by a fierce north-easter. Officer Hardie says that, with great exertion, he succeeded in getting to the leeward of the bark, which was tossing about helplessly in the trough of the sea. After many attempts his crew got the ends of the line which had been made fast to a broken spar and thrown overboard by the bark's crew. His boat was pitched up and down on top of the waves as though it had been in the surf, and before he could approach nearer the line parted. Many of the crew in the rigging seemed to have their dunnage strapped in the rigging, and they did not respond to his appeal to jump overboard. By their signaling he learned that the bark was the Macedonia, from Pensacola for Berwick, England. She had ten feet of water in her hold and was leaking badly. The day was waning and a thick haze setting in. So great difficulty had Hardie and his crew experienced in reaching the sinking bark, and so heavy a tax upon his men had it proved to keep their boat-head to the sea, that he finally decided that it would be fatal to all hands to remain longer away from the steamship, which was fast becoming indistinct. Before returning, however, he made a final effort to induce the men in the shrouds to jump overboard. This they seemed loath to do. Their ship was lounging about in the sea-way, the waves making a clean breach over her. It would have been fatal, he says, to have approached her. Had he touched her rearing sides his boat would have been crushed. This was the reason, he says, that he was finally compelled to sheer off and make for the steamship. His men were so exhausted when they reached the ship that they had to be lifted aboard by a fall and tackle. Captain Donaldson decided to remain as near as possible to the sinking ship and make another attempt at rescue in the morning. When darkness set in a white signal light was seen on board of the bark, and a red one was displayed by the steamship in response. The gale continued all night, and in the morning the sinking bark was not in sight. After describing a great circle, with lookouts in the tops, without seeing anything of the bark, the California proceeded on her way hither. The officers of the California are of the opinion that the bark was settling very rapidly into the sea. They say she was, when last seen, directly in the path of passing vessels, and they think she may have been rescued. The bark was last seen in latitude 48 degrees 47 minutes north, and longitude 21 degrees 57 minutes west.

What Mrs. Hancock Says.

New York Telegram, 8th.

A lady who came over to the city in a boat from Governor's Island remarked that she had just visited Mrs. Hancock, and she never saw a happier woman in her life. "I hope you will pardon me for asking the question, Madam," said a reporter, "but why should she feel happy when her husband has just been defeated in a contest for the highest office in the United States?" "She thinks she has escaped a vast amount of trouble and responsibility," was the reply. "Mrs. Hancock is a lady who loves a quiet, home-like life more than the distinction she would have as the mistress of the White House. She knows that as long as the country is at loggerheads for husband's position as General in the army is made she is agreeable than that of President. She prefers her tranquil home on Governor's Island to the turmoil of Washington life. In this matter she is a sensible woman, and I know that I am repeating her sentiments, for I had a long talk with her this morning."

An Unqualified Retraction.

"I want to see the boss liar who runs this libelous sheet," roared a muscular looking young man of the base ball species, walking into the office of the *Post* last Monday morning.

"The managing editor is out," said the office boy, hastily getting behind the high counter.

"Blast the editor!" growled the stranger, rapping on the counter with the big end of his four-foot club. "I want to see the head pirate—the proprietor—the fellow that your paper says wants to be held responsible for those infernal lies about the Carnival people in Saturday's *Post*."

Through the open door of the inner office came a subdued, rustling sound, as though a terrier was chasing a rat into a hole, followed by a silence that might have been cut with a knife.

"He's out, too," replied the boy.

"Gol dern the luck!" said the muscular party, much annoyed. "I came around on purpose to batter him up with this here club."

"He will be sorry to have missed you," said the boy, soothingly. "Isn't your paper left regularly?"

"Paper be everlasting blanked to blanknation!" thundered the visitor. "My sister is the Queen of Sheba."

"Queen of what-ba?"

"Of Sheba, idiot; don't you understand,"

"Once more for the beer!" said the office boy, leaning forward.

"Why, the Queen of Sheba; up at the Carnival, I mean. She was brought home from the matinee day before yesterday in a hack and fits. This is what did it," and the aggrieved brother drew out a copy of our superior family journal (only fifteen cents a week by carrier) and pointed to the following paragraph:

"We would rather find a thousand dollar bill, lost by a poor widow washerwoman, than say anything unkindly personal in this article; but, all the same, we mean to overhaul sacred history the first chance we get and ascertain whether there is any definite Scripture for supposing that the Queen of Sheba had access to unlimited quantities of Limburger cheese. Unless we find that fact fully substantiated we shall be reluctantly forced to conclude the counterfeit presentation of that potentate up at Mission and Eighth to be an atmospheric fraud and miasmatic mockery."

"Must be some mistake," softly suggested the boy.

"Mistake be blowed," said the Queen's brother, brandishing his club to the extreme discomfort of the cashier's nose. "It's an infernal, miserable lie. My sister never eats cheese; and, besides, she chews cardamon seeds and things. Never ate Limburger in her life."

"I do," said the office boy, in a consoling way.

"So I see," said the outraged party, pushing the boy's nose around with the end of his club. "The minute I read that cowardly slander I just went out to the wood pile and picked out the knottiest stick I could find I whittled it down at this end for a square grip. When will the old vampire be in? I'll

A couple of gentle taps came from within.

"He'll be gone two months," answered the boy.

The knocks were repeated more vigorously.

"I mean two *years*," continued the youth, hastily. "He's away off up on a ranch somewhere—building a new stable—one for mules. Ten to one he never gets back at all."

"Just my infernal hard luck," muttered the athlete. "Is there anybody here who would like to step out and represent him a few minutes?"

But there was nobody who could spare the time."

"All right," said the representative of the Scriptural ruler. "I will now go and have a lot of base ball spikes screwed into this club, and if there isn't an unconditional retraction in next Saturday's paper I'll drop in again. Unconditional, mind," and after savagely kicking a newsboy off the door step he shouldered his redwood and triumphantly marched off.

And as he disappeared in the mazes of Montgomery the proprietor emerged from beneath the table and, clasping the intelligent office boy to his breast, raised his salary two dollars a year.

CLEAN CUT PHILOSOPHY.

A Southern Organ On the Result.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The *Constitution* will be published right along just the same as ever, and will contain all the news, good, bad and indifferent.

This is one of the few precints that Garfield didn't carry, but if he will behave himself and be nice we will treat him kindly.

We have removed the gaffs from our well-known rooster, and laid him away in the pi box. Those who desire to view the remains should apply to the foreman of the composing room.

The result of the election shows how absolutely necessary it is that the Democratic party should revise its list of statesmen.

The one element the Democrats needed in the campaign was the fine Italian hand of Uncle Samuel J.

The solid South is not as bulky in all respects as the solid North. She is livelier, perhaps, but she doesn't weigh so much.

We trust Mr. Barnum will never give up the contest until he vindicates the posthumous fame of Morey and the innocence of Philp. No stone should be left unturned.

There is now room for another Ohio man in the Senate.

The Democratic party at the North had occasion Tuesday to go out and see a man.

It is useless to fight a prize bull with a blue ribbon tied to his tail.

The South should save her tears to turn a cotton factory.

Mr. Barnum has succeeded in astonishing the country.

It is fair to presume that Mr. Wade Hampton's address is still Hail Columbus, S. C.

It is a severe jolt, but we will endeavor to save the pieces.

Your Uncle John Kelly lost his grip on the boys.

We trust Mr. Hendricks feels better now.

Letter From Garfield.

The following letter was written by Gen. Garfield the evening before the election to a friend in Washington:

MENTOR, Ohio, Nov. 1, 1880.

DEAR ——. The evening mail brings me your letter of the 31st, and I take a moment in the lull before the battle to say how greatly glad I am for the earnest and effective things you have done for me. Whatever may be the issue of to-morrow, I shall carry with me through life most grateful memories of the enthusiastic and noble work my friends have done, especially my college classmates. The campaign has been fruitful to me in the discipline that comes from endurance and patience. I hope defeat will not sour me nor success disturb the poise which I have sought to gain by the experience of life. From this edge of the conflict I give you my hand and heart as in the other days of our friendship. As ever yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

THE ANGER OF A GOD.

Legendary Origin of a Dead Lake.

Crescent City, Cal., Record.

What is known as Dead Lake lies between Lake Earl and the coast, about midway on a line from the mill to what is known as Keller's Pond. There are many strange stories connected with this mysterious lake, which has no visible outlet, and yet, despite the ceaseless flow of a small stream which empties into it, retains a uniform volume of water. Its depths have been sounded and although it has been asserted that bottom was found at a depth of 25 feet, this must have been very near to the shore, as others who have dared to venture upon its dark waters report that there is a considerable area where no bottom can be found. There is an old Indian legend in regard to the origin of the lake, that long years ago, long before the invading feet of the white man had sought this coast, there dwelt here a numerous Indian tribe. Many summers they lived in peace and contentment. The waters abounded with fish, the forests were filled with game, and the Indian's heart was glad. But at last came the time of sorrow. One day the old chief while at the council, became angered at one of the most respected men of the tribe, and struck him to the ground. This one blow forever destroyed the harmony which had until then existed. The friends of the gray-haired councilman rebelled at the authority of their chief and cried for vengeance. But the greater portion of the tribe remained loyal and were victorious, pursuing the vanquished and fleeing enemy back among the sand dunes near the coast.

The heart of the Indian god, Clu-te-nogg, was filled with wrath because of this discord among his people, and he determined to inflict a terrible punishment. The heavens became covered with menacing clouds of terrible darkness, and the wind swept over the shifting sands, blinding and blocking the way of pursued and pursuer. Suddenly a deafening sound broke upon their ears, and, like the jaws of a mighty dragon, the earth opened beneath their feet and they were swallowed from sight. The storm burst in all its wild fury, the torrents poured into the gaping abyss, and the rippling waters of Dead Lake now lave the sides of that sepulchre. To this day no Indian can be induced to approach Dead Lake. They tell the story that two, bolder then the others, conquered their dread, and building a canoe ventured upon its waters, but they were never heard of afterward. Its depths are said to be infested with reptiles of enormous dimensions, to which assertion a strong semblance of truth is given by the report of F. W. Wilson, Esq., last summer, that he saw an immense serpent in the vicinity of Lake Earl. This monster opthidian doubtless crossed over from Dead Lake, and as it has not since been seen, the probability is that it has returned its home.

A Boom in the Iron Trade.

Philadelphia Press, Nov. 2d.

In the prospect of assured prosperity and protection a very brisk movement has begun in the iron trade in the past three days. Iron of all descriptions has been sold in large lots, the makers are asking an advance from one to to two dollars per ton. Pig iron of inferior descriptions, which was almost unsalable a short time ago, had been picked up at low figures, and buyers find a market bare of stock. Holders, while they ask an advance as mentioned, are unwilling to accept orders for forward delivery or for large lots, and there are evidences of considerable activity during the remainder of the year. Three steel rail mills in this State have received orders for about 20,000 tons, and are now as full as they care to be. Prices realized were a fraction under $60 at mill. Iron rails have also been more active, and several thousand tons have been placed in the Pennsylvania mills, which are full of work. Old rails, which last week were unsalable in quantity at 25 to 25½, have been sold in large-sized lots at 26 to 26½, the market closing strong with many holders asking 27 to 27½. Scrap iron is also dearer, and all descriptions of raw material appear to be scarce, and are held with a degree of firmness that denotes the utmost confidence in a future rise. At present there is no change in finishing iron, bars, plates and sheets all selling at last week's prices, but the consumption of these is so large, and certain to be large, that it cannot fail to influence prices of all descriptions at an early date. The consumers of bars and plates are full of work, the Baldwin Locomotive Works, for instance, having entered orders for about one hundred first-class locomotives, and others engaged in the manufacture of machinery and tools are equally well situated, so that a heavy demand for iron of all descriptions seems to be fully assured.

Not All In One Basket.

San Francisco Stock Report

Rich strikes and really valuable discoveries continue to be made throughout the State, and from Nevada, Utah, Idaho and New Mexico come news, which cannot be doubted, of most valuable developments. Yet capitalists do not take hold freely; only the longest-sighted of them take hold, while the general public take no interest in these new discoveries of gold quartz, argentiferous ore and free metal than of so many exhibits of cobble stones. Such is the force of habit. The people of California have been educated into the idea—or, perhaps, we should say have educated themselves into the idea—that the Comstock lode is the greatest lode on earth and the representative lode by which all other lodes and even deposits must be judged. They have therefore decided that if that is a failure everything else must be; but they might as well conclude that if California's wheat crop did not come up to expectations there would never be a wheat crop again and that no other country would ever raise a crop. We do not believe that the Comstock is going to prove a failure; but even if it should that would not be an end to mining on this coast. It might actually be for the benefit of the coast were the Comstock lode to be declared a failure and be abandoned altogether. A new system of mining would then begin to come into vogue. Grand combinations would give place to smaller enterprises. The countless mines of the coast would be opened one after another and the aggregate result would be greater than ever. The success of the Comstock will be a great thing for thousands; its failure would probably be a great thing for millions. Its success will retard the opening up of our mineral resources; but still in time the opening up will come. The future of the coast does not hang on the Comstock by any means and there are undoubtedly mines in our own State which, when developed will no doubt equal in quantity and richness the celebrated mines of the Comstock.

The New North-West

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

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Six Months.....3 00
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1. Any one who takes a paper regularly from the Post-office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

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

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.

Broad linen collars and turn-over cuffs, similar to those worn by children, are fashionable for young ladies.

The widow of the Confederate General Albert