

The New North-West
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Time: 10c per line per day.
Month: \$2.50 per line.
Year: \$25.00 per line.

The New North-West

DEER LODGE, MONTANA, JUNE 17, 1881. VOL. 12, NO. 51. WHOLE NO. 623.

The New North-West
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
TERMS - Payable invariably in advance.
One Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00
Three Months \$1.50

Regular advertising payable quarterly, as due. Transient advertising payable 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, Court House Square.

THOS. L. NAPTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE - Opposite Murphy, Higgins & Co's DEER LODGE, MONT.

O. B. O'BANNON,
Land Agent and Attorney,
Deer Lodge, Montana.

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 Survey of Mineral and Agricultural Lands will receive prompt attention. Orders can be left with Mr. O'Bannon in his absence.

A. H. MITCHELL, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office Opposite Scott House,
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

PORTER HANKS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
-OFFICE IN J. E. DICKEY'S DRUG STORE-
Deer Lodge, - Montana.

S. LOWELL, M. D.,
-LATE OF IOWA-
Having resided permanently at New Chicago offers his professional services to the citizens of the town and surrounding country.

M. M. HOPKINS,
Resident Dentist,
Office over Peoples' Meat Market, Opposite Bellmont, Deer Lodge, Montana.

Donnell, Clark & Larabee,
BANKERS,
DEER LODGE, M. T.

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, - Asst. Cashier.

DAVIS & BENNETT,
ASSAYERS,
BUTTE - MONTANA.

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

Scott House,
DEER LODGE, MONTANA,
Sam. Scott, Proprietor.

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

POETRY.

THE PLOW-HANDS' SONG.

Nigger mighty happy 'en he layin' by co'n -
Dat sun's a-shinin' -
Nigger mighty happy 'en he hear de dinner-bell -
Dat sun's a-shinin' -
En he mo' happy still 'en de night draws on -
Dat sun's a-shinin' -
Dat sun's a-shinin' 'en de sho's ho' he'n -
En it rise up, Primus! 'en git 'im strong -
Dat ole dum cow de a-shakin' up her bell -
En de frogs chunin' up 'fo' de dew done fall -
Good-night, Mr. Whippo! I wish you mighty well!
Mr. Killdee! I wish you mighty well!
-Don't stay long!

THE MAN O' AIRLIE.

Oh, there a'ye'er you heather hill,
Where footie' comes but rarely,
There is a house they point out still,
Where dwelt the man o' Airlie,
He wore a coat o' haddin' gray,
His hand was hard wi' labor,
But still he had a homely way
O' standin' by his neighbor.
His sturdy laugh made men rejoice,
His words the neighbors' joy,
The little bairnies loved his voice,
And in his smile confide,
The words to-day that left his lip
Became a deed to-morrow -
He was the first o' the grip
Who'd lift the heart o' sorrow.
He was na' loud, he was na' proud,
He lacked in laurie' the crowd,
And yet he'd pick him frae a crowd,
The honest man o' Airlie,
His wealth it was na' in his land,
It was na' in the city;
He had a heart na' in his hand,
His heart a mair' o' pity.
He'd heard and gone, his prince o' Fife,
Mute is his music o' his pipe,
But, ah! the music o' his pipe,
That bids with us lang after,
His memory lives, the man may die,
But his name's in the air,
Just like a star low in the sky,
Whose rays survive his ruin.
-As sung by Lawrence Barrett.

NEW YORK NOTES.

Pierre Lorillard's Capture of the Derby. - Corset-Blower Levy's New Trouble. - Giving a Newspaper a Good Name. - Change in the "Evening Post."
Congratulations were cash, Pierre Lorillard would be another million ahead in his bank account since the news came that he had won the Derby. But it seems the good news for Lorillard was bad news for the commission houses. One of them reports a loss of about \$10,000, another a loss of \$12,000, and a third a loss of \$14,000. Guess they must have been betting on the wrong horse, or something. The whole amount that changed hands in Gotham on the result is figured at \$250,000. It seems to be just as common now-days to make bets in New York on races - horse races, boat races, and go-as-you-please affairs - in England as if they were taking place at Jerome Park, on Harlem River or in Madison Square Garden.

THE LORILLARDS.

Lorillard always backs his horses like a man. He was said to have cleared \$50,000 by Parole's victory a couple of years ago. The general tone of the paper remains about what it was before the change, and the only noticeable thing since the change took place is a peculiar twist of the English language now and then in the leading articles, as though the man with the pen did not feel quite sure of his ground. Possibly the intricacies of this mother tongue of ours are still, occasionally, just a trifle beyond the grasp of Mr. Schurz. There are predictions already that if a question should come up some day on which Schurz, Godkin and White hold these several distinct opinions, the worst kind of a deadlock that ever was heard of may happen in the Evening Post sanctum.

TRAVELS FOR LEVY.

One of our distinguished fellow-townsmen, the illustrious correct man, Levy, is in a lousy, lousy, lousy, and it looks pretty serious this time. The charge against him now is nothing less than bigamy. It is made by a woman who came here from England a few

NEW NOB-WESTERS.

Genius is eternal patience. - Michael Angelo.

General Butler and General Roger A. Pryor are about to form a new law partnership. - Senator David Davis is in poor health. He started for California and Oregon last week. - If you like, try to save your breath. Works like a man, but don't be worked to death. - In the cadet Whitaker court martial 7,062 pages of testimony have been taken already. - It is now fashionable for the musicians to sing for dancing. The idea comes from Paris, of course. - In Saxony they make cheese from potatoes. In America it's hard to tell what they make cheese from. - In Wall street they call them Windoms - the new stamped three and a half per cent bonds. A bright and breezy name. - Queen Victoria wrote with her own royal hand the obituary notice of Beaconsfield that appeared in the London Court Journal. - Not one hotel in forty, large or small, places a good cup of coffee on the table, says a New Yorker who has traveled for 20 years. - A Pond du Lac banker absconded with \$200,000, but his tender conscience compelled him to send back \$150 belonging to a cemetery fund. - Jay Gould's profits last year were \$5,000,000. How nice it must be to be able to buy a whole estate at once and not feel that you have to suffer for the extravagance. - A paper lately read before an English society states that British heads are growing smaller, the dimensions having shrunk on an average one-seventh of an inch in the last quarter century. - A Maine jeweler has been made seriously ill by inhaling the dust from an old clock which he was repairing. Paris green had been put in the clock to kill bugs and it came near killing the jeweler. - The dairy business in California is largely in the hands of the Swiss. They generally settle together and form small colonies, helping one another, so that in a few years each has a small piece of land and a few cows. - Oakley Hall, when he was asked the other day if he liked newspaper work, said: "Yes, for it has no yesterday." This sums up very forcibly the charm there is in newspaper work. It is always the work of the morrow. No retracing of steps, no delving into the past; in fact, no yesterday - always to-morrow. - Forty thousand wax candles are instantaneously lighted by a single match in the Royal Palace, Berlin, and the wicks are previously connected with threads spun from gun cotton, on igniting one end of which all the candles in the seven hundred apartments are instantaneously lighted. - Professor Hemholtz expresses the opinion that our planetary system must sooner or later come to an end by the exhaustion of its forces. The sun must ultimately "run down," like a clock. He thinks that the existing stock of power available for the maintaining of life may last some 71,000,000 years. - After all the worry over Mother Shipton's prophecy of the end of the world, it is rather aggravating to learn that not only the prophecy was a forgery, but even the old lady herself was a myth. Some anxious Londoner has been ransacking the British Museum to make a biography, and he finds her a sort of historical Mrs. Harris - there never was such a person. - The oldest specimens of timber in the world are supposed to be the dove pins contained in the ancient temples of Egypt. These dove pins are incorporated with the stone work, which is known to be not less than 4,000 years old, and the wicks are made from the tamarack or abitchin wood tree of ancient Egypt, a tree now often found in the Nile valley. - A Washington telegram reports the finding of a cipher dispatch among the war records being compiled for publication which General Burnside, then in command at Knoxville, Tenn., sent to General Halleck in September, 1863, proposing that a march be made by way of Atlanta to the sea, to be undertaken without trains, and the troops to be subsisted on the country. - A suggestion to employ artificial lights for the capture and destruction of noxious insects has found considerable favor. A model was awarded at the last exhibition of agriculture and insectology in Paris for a lamp especially adapted for catching insects. The electric light has been found to be a very effective insect trap, and its eventual coming into use for this purpose in bug-infested gardens and orchards may be regarded as among the things that are possible.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Bradshaw's Appeal From Parliament to the People.

I appeal from the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland to the people from whom alone that Parliament derives its power. I have only this appeal to make; there is no remedy in the law courts against the House of Commons if that House should do injustice. I am a duly elected member of the House of Commons. There is no petition against my return; not the slightest allegation of legal disqualification has been attempted. I have been illegally, and in a manner without precedent in history, prevented by the Conservative party from taking my seat, and this under cover of a resolution which the House had no authority whatever to pronounce. In order to induce some members who were not Conservatives to support Sir Stafford Northcote in his attempt to force other members to abstain from supporting the law, it was pretended that the objection was only that the Conservatives desired to prevent the oath from being profaned. This declaration hardly came with a good grace from those who among them have put forward a common informer to prosecute me for heavy penalties for not having taken the oath last year. This session Mr. Gorst had personally admitted in direct and actual communication with common informer plaintiff. The private solicitor of Mr. Newdegate conducts the suit for the common informer, and Sir H. Giffard, who moved the resolution last year preventing me from taking the oath, thinks it an act worthy a Christian gentleman to earn a fee by pleading against me in the penalty suit for not having taken that oath. When Sir Stafford Northcote, with the help of two hundred and nine other members, had succeeded in breaking the law by preventing me from taking the oath, he suggested that I should, having made my claim, wait until some legislation was undertaken. Now that legislation is proposed, it turns out that every means and excuse of delay is to be resorted to. It is not the form of admission; it is the man to whom the Tories object. As a powerful section of the House illegally shut out John Wilkes one hundred and ten years ago, so a powerful section of the House today exclude me today. John Wilkes had private fortune; he had rich and titled friends. I have no fortune and my friends are among the poor. I appeal to the people for justice. To-day the Tories seek to exclude me; to-morrow they may seek to exclude some other chosen representative of the people. My opinions are, it is said, 'noxious to these men; but my opinions were for my constituents alone to judge; and, despite the grossest misrepresentations by my enemies, they have never denied me the choice and the lawful and unimpugned return should have been given. The House of Commons has overriden the law and I now turn to the people. Sir Stafford Northcote says that he trusts there will be no repetition of scandalous scenes. It was, indeed, a scandalous scene when prejudice set aside all law and members trampled on the statute book. The House has broken that law, and I appeal to the people. My antagonists harass me with lawsuits; they assail me with calumny; they beat that they will drive me into the Bankruptcy Court by ruinous litigation. I appeal to the people. The government of Mr. Gladstone has taken a step to afford legal remedy against a continuance of this wrong to myself and to my constituents. Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Randolph Churchill, the first representing the property and the second the piety of the Tory party, hinder even that remedy. I appeal to the people with petty obstruction and paltry obloquy. I appeal to the people. The Conservatives really wish, under cover of my case, to jeopordize the Irish Land Bill and to delay the business of the country. I ask the people to speak out clearly, distinctly, thoroughly, and at once on this issue.

CHARLES BRADSHAW.

An Accommodating Road.

Several days ago a stranger made his appearance at the Union Depot and asked officer Burton how long before the Grand River Valley train would go out. "In about twenty minutes," was the reply. "Then I'll have time to go and get a drink, won't I?" "You will."

ANCIENT INK.

A Better and More Lasting Article Than the Modern.
The Little Giant Which Sir William Thompson Has Received from France.

THE LITTLE GIANT WHICH SIR WILLIAM THOMPSON HAS RECEIVED FROM FRANCE.

London Dispatch to the New York Herald.
Sir William Thompson, F. R. S., of the University of Glasgow, has received from the Camille Faure, of Paris, the discoverer, a box of electric energy. A gentleman writes to the Times this morning as follows: "On Monday last, in Paris, a French inventor, M. Faure, was charged with his electric fluid direct from an ordinary Grove battery in my presence. The receptacle consisted of four Faure batteries, each about five inches in diameter and seven inches high, forming a cylindrical leaden vessel, and containing alternate sheets of metallic lead and platinum wrapped in felt and rolled into spirals, with acidulated water, and the whole placed in a square wooden box, measuring about one cubic foot and weighing some 15 pounds. This was protected by a loose wooden cover, through which the electrodes in lead protruded, and were fastened down for the convenience of transportation. This box of electric energy was handed to me by M. Faure, with the object of submitting it to examination and measurement at the hands of Sir Walter Thompson in about seventy hours from the time of charging the jar in Paris. I had the satisfaction of presenting France's rare offering of a box of electricity to the patent commission with the patent equivalent to near one million feet. The superb being is now deposited in the laboratory of Glasgow University, and is being submitted to a series of tests and measurements. The result of some of these made Sir William exclaim, 'Why, it's a little giant!' The advantages to science and humanity which this discovery, or rather the perfection of Faure's discovery, is destined to afford, are of such transcendent importance that we cannot for the present from any correct estimate of its magnitude. What ever may be the practical results obtained, I have the satisfaction of recording that for the first time to my knowledge in the history of the universe, a box of electric energy nearly equivalent to a million feet, contained within less than a cubic foot of space, intact and potent, has been transported from France or elsewhere to Great Britain."

ALLEGED BITS OF WIT.

The Reading Times says: "What shall we drink?" Did they ever try water?

A western editor wrote an article on "Rhubarb," and the compositor made pi of it - "Yonders Star-corn."
There are over \$300,000,000 of national bank notes in circulation, and yet how often they elude our grasp - "New Haven Register."
Astronomer Proctor says that the world will last 60,000,000 years yet. That will do. Any man who demands more is a hog. - N. W. World.
The Philadelphia Chronicle is anxiously waiting to see if the Revised Testament, with purple autumn leaves as good as the other edition.
A Chicago drummer is in limbo in a Wisconsin jail for hitting a hotel landlord with twenty-one out of a possible twenty-three baseballs.
The inhabitants of the Cannibal Islands say that the flesh of American politicians tastes exactly like mule-meat. - Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.
"Let me see," said some one to Dean Telford, on a cold winter day, "I believe you never wear a great coat?" "No," was the quick reply, "I never was."

FLYING MACHINES.

Sixty-five Contrivances for Navigating the Air Patented.

Washington Corr. N. Y. Evening Post.
A description of Dr. Daniel Ashby's flying machine is now "going the rounds of the press." This, the latest invention, is not dissimilar to many other contrivances of the kind patented at the Patent Office and the case devoted to the original drawings describing them is one of the most curious in the building. A. M. Quinby, of Wilmington, Del., has been very faithful and persevering in his designs. He has three or four winged figures which remind the visitor of the apparition of Apollon to Christian when the giant Adversity straddles quite over the way and swears there shall be no further Pilgrim's Progress. Lambey's flying machine is another singular winged apparatus. Mr. Greenough took out a patent for an ingenious kite-shaped machine, which seems to be based on scientific theories. A clumsy, old-fashioned drawing depicts the plan of Chester W. Sikes for a marine balloon, which is a kind of mechanical flying fish, able to fly in the air or float in water, as conscience dictates. The invention which has been shown to be of the most practical use is Ritchie's flying machine, which was patented in 1878, and which has become more or less familiar to the public by the exhibitions given in various parts of the country. While this machine falls short of solving the baffling problem of aerial locomotion, it is so far successful that if a person can raise himself from the ground and in a measure regulate his elevation and course. Almost all flying machines are made on one of two plans; the imitation of the structure of birds or some application of the principles of marine locomotion; we have the fan or wing and the paddle-wheel or screw. Buoyancy is gained by the use of gas, save where, as in Greenough's kite, the attempt is made to make the air sustain the apparatus by an artificially established equilibrium of forces. The radical effect in most of the plans is the disproportion of the weight of the machine to the lifting power of gas and their great bulk, which would render them unmanageable in high and adverse winds, even were they found to work successfully in favorable circumstances. But while there is much to laugh at in these designs, they show a hopeful process and justify the confidence that aerial locomotion is feasible and soon to be realized.

A PICTURESCUE PIONEER.

Colonel Albert H. Pfeiffer's Revenge for the Murder of His Wife.

Del Norte Prospector.
For the past six months Colonel Pfeiffer has been bedfast, and at no time have hopes been entertained of his recovery. On Wednesday, April 6, 1881 about eleven o'clock, he died. His last request was that he be buried quietly and unostentatiously. He has interred among the foothills overlooking his beautiful ranch, with no crowd or ceremony, only a few being present.
Colonel Albert H. Pfeiffer was born in Friedland, on the coast of Holland, in October, 1822. His father is, or was, a Scotchman, and his mother was of a Dutch descent, from a Scotch noble family. He left his native country when twenty-two years of age and came directly to the West as a soldier in the ranks. He married a Spanish girl of Abiquiu, New Mexico, when about thirty-four years old, by whom he had two or three children, only one of whom is alive. It was at this point in his life which he gained national celebrity. He was in command of Fort Macrae, and was taken ill. There are some hot springs located about six miles from the fort, and near the Rio Grande River. Himself, wife and another lady, with an escort of ten soldiers, went there to bathe, and while he was still in the bath the Apache Indians rushed down on them, whooping and yelling like the demons that they were, and frightened the soldiers so that they took to their heels and escaped; but not so with the ladies - both were shot dead. Colonel Pfeiffer leaped to the bank, grasped his rifle and fired, killing one of the fiends; but the odds were too great, and his only escape was in running and plunging into the river, which he did, but not before two arrows, one of which was poisoned, had been lodged in his left side and leg. He managed to swim the river, found medical aid, and soon recovered from the wounds. Then it was that the Indians found a terror in our hero. Many were the fiends that fell victims to his unerring aim. He fought in his capacity offered. He would at one time be at the head of a band of Indians who were at war with the Apaches, then again he would muster up a body of Mexicans or whites and go on the war path, thirsting for vengeance. The principal part of his fighting was done under Kit Carson, and he was an associate of Bill Bent, Strain, Maxwell and others of a like stamp. From the time of the death of his wife he led a roving life, but not so with the ladies - both were shot dead. Colonel Pfeiffer leaped to the bank, grasped his rifle and fired, killing one of the fiends; but the odds were too great, and his only escape was in running and plunging into the river, which he did, but not before two arrows, one of which was poisoned, had been lodged in his left side and leg. He managed to swim the river, found medical aid, and soon recovered from the wounds. Then it was that the Indians found a terror in our hero. Many were the fiends that fell victims to his unerring aim. He fought in his capacity offered. 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