# The New North-West

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**The New North-West**

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

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## POETRY.

### UNDER THE SNOW

A Story in Rhyme

BY ROBERT COLLYER.

It was Christmas eve in the year fourteen,
And as ancient dalesmen used to tell,
The wildest winter they ever had seen,
With the snow lying deep on moor and fell.

When Wagoner John got out his team,
Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray,
With the light in his eyes of a young man's dream,
As he thought of his wedding on New Year's Day,

To Ruth, the maid with the bonnie brown hair,
And eyes of the deepest, sunniest blue,
Modest and win-some and wondrous fair,
And true to her troth for her heart was true.

"Thou's surely not going:" shouted mine host,
"Thou'll be lost in the drift as sure as thou's born,
Thy lass winnot want to wed wi' a ghost,
And that's what thou'll be on Christmas morn.

"It's eleven long miles fra Skipton toon,
To Blueberg hooses and Washburn dale,
Thou had better turn back and sit thee doon,
And comfort thy heart wi' a drop o' good ale."

Turn the swallows flying south,
Turn the vines against the sun,
Herds from rivers in the drouth,
Men must dare or nothing's done.

So what cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death on the haggard way,
He sings to himself like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December to May.

But the wind from the north brings a deadly chill,
Creeping into his heart, and the drifts are deep,
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blueberg hill,
He is weary and falls in a pleasant sleep.

And dreams he is walking by Washburn side,
Walking with Ruth on a summer's day,
Singing that song to his bonnie bride,
His own wife now forever and aye,

Now read me this riddle, how Ruth should hear
That song of a heart in the clutch of doom
It stole on her ear, distinct and clear,
As if her lover was in the room.

And read me this riddle, how Ruth should know,
As she bounds to throw open the heavy door,
That her lover is lost in the drifting snow
Dying or dead on the great wild moor.

"Help! help!" "Lost! lost!"
Rings through the night as she rushes away,
Stumbling, blinded, and tempest-tossed,
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.

And swift they leap after her into the night,
Into the drifts by Blueberg hill,
Pullan, Ward, Robinson, each with his light
To find her there, holding him, white and still.

"He was dead in the drift, then,"
I hear them say,
As I listen in wonder,
Forgetting to play,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

"Nay, nay, they were wed," the dalesman cried.
"By Parson Carmalt o' New Year's Day.
Bonnie Ruth were me great great-grandsire's bride,
And Master Frankland gave her away."

"But how did she find him under the snow?"
They cried with a laughter, touched with tears.
"Nay, lads," he said softly, "we never can know,
No, not if we live a hundred years.

"There's a sight o' things gan
To the making o' man."
Then I rushed to my play
With a whoop and away,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

### SNOW-FLAKE

We parted in the winter;
And from the distant hill
She watched my ship sail outward
O'er the waters cold and still.

I could not see the tear-drop
That glistened in her eye;
Nor her dainty kerchief waving
Against the frosty sky.
But I knew her heart was breathing
A gentle word of prayer;
I knew her eye was streaming
And her kerchief waving there.
I said before I left her,
"Farewell, my love, farewell,
I am sailing to the sunshine,
And the land where myrtles dwell;
But still my longing fancy
Will turn to rest with thee;
My Snow-flake on the mountain
Is more than all to me!"

You know how the pure snow melteth,
When the winter's cold is sped,
Ay, so before that ship returned,
My sweet Snow-flake was dead.
—*All the Year Round.*

### A New Anecdote of Old Abe

*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

It was just after he was nominated in 1860 that a prominent Mason called on him at Springfield and said:

"Of course you expect all the Masons to vote against you, Mr. Lincoln?"

"No; why?"

"Because all the other Presidential candidates are Masons."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Old Abe, "is that so?"

"Certainly," said the visitor. "Bell has taken all the degrees, and is a member of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee; Breckenridge is an officer of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, and Douglas—why he is Grand Orator of the Grand Lodge of Illinois—right here under your nose!"

Mr. Lincoln turned around in his chair without turning the chair, laid his legs across the top of the other table laughed, rubbed his face, stuck his fingers through his hair and said:

'Jones, you have been down in Egypt a good deal yourself?"

"Well, yes," admitted the visitor, "sorry to say I have frequented that locality."

"I am reminded," said Mr. Lincoln, "of an incident that occurred in the old Shawneetown Court House. An old woman who was a real, hard case was a witness, and the lawyer, bound to get even, asked her: 'Are you a virtuous woman, madam?' She was slightly surprised and said: 'That, sir, is a very hard question to ask a lady who is a witness before a public Court.' He rose and repeated the question sternly. Still she evaded it; but when he persisted she finally answered: 'This much I will say, that I have a great respect for the institution.'"

## TWELVE HUNDRED MILLIONS.

The American Company which Claims the Guano Royalty from Peru and Chili.

The cause of the great interest which ex-Secretary Blaine and some others have manifested in the conflict between Chili and Peru has become known since the departure of the diplomatic commission last week. It is a part of the Constitution of the Peruvian Government that whoever makes an original discovery of any of the country's resources shall be entitled to one third of the profits resulting from such discovery. As long ago as 1833 Alexander Corbet, a Frenchman, discovered both the existence and valuable application of the guano and nitrate deposits of the Republic, and in 1844 another Frenchman, named Landerau, discovered additional guano beds. The claims of both of these discoveries were acknowledged by the Peruvian Government, but they never received anything more than a number of unfulfilled promises. Corbet died in a poorhouse in France, and the other man became a penniless wanderer. The claims of these men, however, were acquired by what is known as "The Peruvian Company," a corporation organized under the laws of New York. It is held that if justice had been done to Corbet he would have realized $500,000,000.

The total amount which this gigantic company proposes to collect, including interest on the original claim and the value of the annual yields of the guano beds since the date of discovery, is $1,200,000,000. The legality of the claim has been pronounced sound by some of the most learned lawyers in the land, and Congress has taken a most favorable view of the case in the past. This Peruvian company has been very quiet in all its steps, but it has, nevertheless, made a very exhaustive examination of the title which it has acquired, and it has little doubt of the ultimate success in forcing the payment of the immense sum. It has made a formal demand on the representatives at Washington and the Presidents of the Chilian and Peruvian Republics for the release in its favor of all custody, control, claim or assertion of title. The company expects Chili to account for whatever guano she has removed or suffered to be removed from the original deposits in Peru at any time since January 1, 1841; also that Chili is expected on and after the day of notice to recognize and protect the title so long as the military forces of Chili shall continue therein, and for any failure of these observances the company will hold Chili responsible and rely upon the protection of the American Government.

There will be no delay in pressing this immense claim to an immediate issue, and it is safe to say that if these claims had not been in existence the Special Commissioners recently appointed by Secretary Blaine would not now be on their way to the Peruvian capital. Some of the parties interested in the success of the claim have held the very highest official places in the American Government.

### S. S. Cox at Jerusalem the Other Day.

*N. Y. Express.*

The tombs grow denser as we pass down the valley, as the Jews strive in life to locate their tombs as near in death to Mount Moriah as they can. Now we enter the dry brook Kedron. We see Arabs digging in the piles of gravel and rubbish for old pottery. What for? To pulverize for cement. It makes rare and valuable cement, and thus the ruins of one age become the habitation and support of another. Then we turn down the rocky, meandering Kedron, to the Fountain of the Virgin. It is said that here the Virgin washed the clothes of the Child. Various rubbish is told about this fountain, and various modes to account for the appearance of the water were given, until some little science was brought to bear upon the phenomenon of its irregular flow. We see many women here washing clothes in a most motherly way, and filling their goatskins for the irrigation of their little gardens below. We retrace our steps and go up out of the cave into the somber light of the valley. Tombs of the "Judges" and tombs of the "Prophets," old and new, surround our steps. There are tombs on every side. Indeed, we begin to find the place populous with other beside the dead. There are waters flowing here, and some green results appear. Old Arabs in striped mantles appear also with antiques to sell in the shape of coins in the time of Titus, and pottery in the age of Herod. We buy much doubtfully, for ever so little. Now, we are under the southeast corner of the Temple plateau. How finely the battlements stand. This is, indeed, Jerusalem, and fills every expectation! From the village opposite comes the sound of a rude flute and the jabber of multitudes. The hills opposite are terraced and tenanted to their tops. In the valley below are some olives, some cabbages, and a cow! A few carouba trees and many caves; a few vegetable plots and many donkeys. From another point Siloam seems a larger village. We pass a well; there is a bronzed Rachel at it, filling her goatskins with water to irrigate her patch below in the "King's Garden." The lime-rock and soil are very white, and the dust and gravel very thick, and the wonder is that, even with water, anything can grow here. Here we are called on to examine some excavations recently made by a German palæontologist. He had found the old wall of the city, and was proceeding to make out of his inner consciousness the Temple, in all its parts and majesty of proportion, when the good Pasha called a halt on his enterprise.

### Suspicious Symptoms.

*Harper's Magazine.*

A minister who was, perhaps, not too careful in his habits was induced by his friends to take the teetotal pledge. His health appeared to suffer and the doctor ordered him to take one glass of punch daily.

"Oh!" said he, "I dare not. Peggy, my old housekeeper, would tell the whole parish."

"When do you shave?" asked the doctor.

"In the morning."

"Then," said the doctor, "shave at night, and when Peggy brings you up your hot water you can take your glass of punch just before going to bed."

The minister afterward appeared to improve in health and spirits. The doctor met Peggy soon after and said:

"I'm glad to hear, Peggy, that your master is better."

"Indeed, sir, he's better, but his brain's affected; there's something wrang wi' his mind."

"How?"

"Why, doctor, he used to shave at night before going to bed, but now he shaves in the morn, he shaves before dinner, he shaves after dinner, he shaves at night—he's aye shavin'."

## NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—It is quite safe to reason that the backbone of summer is broken.

—The late Wm. F. Weld, of Boston, left an estate valued at $10,000,000.

—Prince Bismarck is again an invalid from inflammation of the veins.

—Satire lies about men of letters during their lives, and eulogy after their death.

—The deepest insult that can be given in Deadwood is to say: "You ain't worth lynching."

—Speaker Keifer is the owner of many thousands of acres of valuable land in Nebraska.

—"Pinafore" is to be given in German at Berlin under the title of "Amor an Bord."—"Love on Shipboard."

—A New Jersey man "couldn't see any danger in smoking while weighing powder." He can't see anything now.

—Africa, according to reports, shipped 1,500 pounds of diamonds to London last year. Seems as if any kind of a man could wear at least one.

—They won't need only 2,100 miles of snowsheds on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Some folks thought the thing would be shingled over from end to end and lighted by windows.

—The Queen of England has the dressing room of the Prince Consort at Balmoral arranged as he left it. His hat and gloves are on the table. There is in addition an effigy of him on the bed.

—The Vatican will not sanction confessions by telephone. This reminds of an attempt to repeat by telephone an old-fashioned orthodox sermon, which had so much Hades in it as to melt the wire.

—Some of the Catholic priests of Canada do not obey the Pope's express command and Archbishop Tascaereau's express injunction not to interfere with the elections. Cases are mentioned where, despite these orders, priests instruct their congregations to vote for the Catholic candidates.

—J. C. Bancroft Davis, who has been confirmed Assistant Secretary of State, began his career in diplomacy as Secretary of the Legation in London in 1849. He became Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. Fish in 1869. In 1874 he was appointed Minister to Berlin. He was until confirmed a Judge of the Court of Claims.

—Edward McPherson has already been been for twelve years Clerk of the House of Representatives. If he lives to complete the term for which he has now been elected he will have had the longest service as Clerk of the House of any incumbent of that office from the foundation of the Government. Already he has had the longest continuous service.

—Says the London *Truth*: "To realize the terrible inflictions that bores are in the House of Commons, a party has only to imagine a large dinner party at which the stupidest ass who could catch the eye of the host was allowed to prose on upon some subject respecting which he knew nothing, without fear of interruption, as long as he pleased."

—*Truth*, one of the brightest of all the London weeklies, tells the whole story of Guiteau and finds the right name for him in two sentences, as follows: "As for his being mad, this is nonsense. He is a pernicious fool, and if he were acquitted on the ground of insanity, the life of no President in America would be safe against the endeavors of pernicious fools like him, seeking to thrust themselves into notoriety."

—Emma Abbott says that a miser whom she knew in London, died of hunger and left £20,000 to an Irishman, on condition that he would bury £1,000 with the corpse. Six London lawyers sat on the case, and the coroner on the corpse, and it was decided that to get the bequest he must comply with the condition. But the legate went to Dublin, and found a real Irish lawyer, who told him to draw a check to the order of the deceased and bury it with the body, which he did, and lived happy on the whole bequest, minus the Dublin lawyer's fee.

### HOW DENVER GOT THE CAPITOL.

The Archives of Colorado Hauled Thither on a Hay-Rack by an Ox-Team.

*Denver Inter Ocean.*

Mr. A. H. Barker, a gentleman who came to Pike's Peak in the summer of 1858, remembers when the capitol of Colorado was less fixed than it is at the present time. He says he went to Colorado City in the winter of 1863 with his ox-team, and on a hay-rack brought the capitol to Denver. The capitol consisted of benches, tables, and about a gunny-sack of the archives, and several pairs of snowshoes, on which members had walked over the range. "If I am not mistaken," said Barker, "one pair of those shoes belonged to Representative H. A. W. Tabor, of California Gulch." Mr. Barker says he halted at Denver for a few days to rest his cattle and await further orders. Judge Samuel Elbert was then Secretary of the Territory, and directed him to move on to Golden City, and there unyoke his oxen and be in readiness to evacuate. "For," said the Secretary, "three days will be glory enough for Golden. The members can't hang on nails, and there is not lodgings enough for them if they slept three in a bed."

It took a little more than three days to make the change. The Governor was troubled to get members enough over from Denver at any time to constitute a quorum. But when he did, fifteen minutes changed the capitol. The oxen were yoked, the traps were loaded, and Barker whooped up the bovines toward the Platte. Since that day the capitol has been one of the permanencies of Denver.

### A Husband Not Liable.

A singular case involving the question of a husband's liability for his wife's debts was tried in London the other day. It was against a Mr. Thistlethwayte, residing in Grosvenor square. An upholsterer sued for the amount of an account for repairs to furniture, the orders for which had been given by Mrs. Thistlethwayte. The question raised was the authority of the lady to pledge the credit of the husband, and on that point the defendant stated that in consequence of his wife's extravagance he had made her an allowance, in consequence of which she had promised not to contract debts without special authority. In addition several thousand circulars had been forwarded to tradesmen, among whom was the plaintiff, warning them not to supply goods to the order of Mrs. Thistlethwayte. Notwithstanding this it appears that she had succeeded in contracting debts to the amount of £25,000. The jury found that no authority to pledge the defendant's credit existed, and a verdict in accordance with that finding was entered.

## RISKS OF RIDING RACES.

Jockeys Raced to Their Graves

*London Telegraph.*

There are few spots more attractive to the Old Mortalities of the Turf than the graveyards at Newmarket, and a man who is well acquainted with the history of horse-racing may wander at will through the precincts of All Saints' Church, and through the new cemetery at the top of "the little town in Cambridgeshire," without ever coming across the grave of a jockey who has died a violent death in pursuit of his profession. There will he find stone after stone which records that beneath lie the remains of jockeys who have gone to their final rest in the course of nature, and often in the fullness of years. Less than twenty miles away the body of Frank Buckley lies entombed at Long Orton, near Peterborough, suggesting the thought that, as man and boy, he followed his profession actively for fifty years, without ever sustaining an accident of any kind, and that, taken altogether, his was the finest and least mercenary character that ever distinguished a member of his trying craft. Reverting to Newmarket, we shall find that in the churchyard of All Saints, repose the ashes of Elnathan Flatman, who won the Derby on Orlando, the St. Leger on Surplice, Warlock, and Imperieuse, and the Two Thousand Guineas on Idas, Hernandez, and Fazzoletto, without ever sustaining an accident in the saddle. The only casualty which ever befell him during a riding career of forty years was from a kick in the ribs which he sustained in the stable from a filly belonging to the late Duke of Bedford. By his side lies his great antagonist, and his superior as a match rider, Frank Butler, who steered two winners of the Derby, two of the St. Leger, and two of the Two Thousand Guineas to victory, without experiencing any mishap. One narrow escape from death or disability, it is true, he was fortunate enough to emerge from without broken limb, when, in the Derby of 1845, which was won by Merry Monarch, he bestrode Lord Chesterfield's Pam, and was capsized by Mentor, as the field of thirty-one horses swept round Tattenham Corner. There was no story which Frank Butler was more fond of relating than that in which he described how he was struggling with his prostrate horse and how he escaped from seemingly inevitable death, or, at any rate, from the fracture of a limb, by the lucky circumstance that Old England and Weatherbit leaped over him and his horse as they lay on the ground amidst the thundering turmoil of hoofs by which they were surrounded. Close to the grave of Flatman is that of Patrick Connolly, who rode Plenipotentiary and Coronation in their respective Derbies, and completed his career without accident. In the cemetery at the top of the town lies Tom French, the rider of Kingcraft and Favonius in the great race at Epsom, who subsequently capitulated to an enemy against whom neither jockeys nor ordinary men are proof—tubercular consumption. Hard by rests all that is mortal of Jim Robinson, one of the most finished and accomplished horsemen that were ever tossed into the saddle, who died in ripe old age, having ridden for the greater part of a long life-time without sustaining an accident until he fell and broke his thigh, his stirrup-leather having given away, from a colt belonging to the late Lord Clifden.

Turning to the north of England, we come across the graves of jockeys without number who had no reason to speak of their calling as specially full of peril. In the sporting county of York, Bill Scott, who rode nine St. Leger and four Derby winners without disasters, lies in his narrow bed; to which an inordinate love of the bottle rather than the perils of the race-course prematurely consigned him. In the neighborhood of Middleham are the graves of Tommy Lye and of Job Marson, who will live in turf history so long as the racing animals of the nineteenth century shall continue to find a chronicler; while in the East Riding Sim Templeman, who rode his first race more than fifty years since, and won his first Derby upon Bloomsbury in 1839, still survives, a hale and hearty veteran, though bereft of sight. Time has also spared Charles Marlow, inseparably identified with memories of the Flying Dutchman, but doomed, like many others of his craft, to pass his declining years in abject poverty. The only jockey connected with Yorkshire who was instantaneously killed by being precipitated from his horse when riding a race at Hull was one long forgotten by the present generation of turf habitues, if, indeed, his name—George Herring—has ever been heard by them. At the commencement of 1807, Samuel Chifney died in great distress at his lodgings in Fleet lane, within the rules of the adjoining prison, which has long passed away. Although, in the opinion of his contemporaries, he had no equal in the pigskin, his nerve was notoriously deficient, nor would he have ridden for so many years had he deemed the profession of which he was so successful a member specially obnoxious to risk.

### No Doubt of It.

*Detroit Free Press.*

We have received from "Mr. A. M. Blake, Astronomer, South Cleveland, Ohio," the following document inscribed upon a postal card:

"October 11, 1877, was superior planetary conjunction, there was then a change in the inclination of the earth to the sun—in the inclination of the axis of the earth to the sun in the parallelism of the axis of rotation of the earth. The zones of the earth were changed. The new equatorial line passes right through the United States. The entire United States is in the Torrid Zone. The mean annual temperature has increased two degrees, equals eight degrees since 1877. We will now have all the distinguishing characteristics and meteorological phenomena of the tropics and Torrid Zone. In 1890 we will have the full blaze of an unclouded equatorial sun. In 1884 all kinds of tropical fruits and productions can be raised successfully in the United States."

One has only to run back a few months in his recollection of the weather to confirm Mr. Blake's assertion, that the United States is gradually becoming a tropical country. Every one will easily recall the torrid nature of last winter; how, that early in November (1880) the winter set in like a blast from a furnace in Greenland—after the fire has gone out; how the thermometer seldom went below zero; how that temperature lasted six months, during which all sorts of tropical products and phenomena flourished—ice two feet thick, railroads buried under snow-drifts, northwestern farmers scarcely able to go out of their houses on account of the blizzard, forced to live with one another, and to burn their barns, sheds, fences, and even their neighbors' houses, in order to keep warm; while their stock was buried alive and frozen to death. There can be no doubt at all that the Torrid Zone has slipped over on to the United States.

## WHY WE LAUGH.

The mean temperature is what disgusts a man with every climate.

A good husband, like a good base burner, never goes out nights.—*Toledo American.*

The Arabic for cat is "gitt." That ought to be the English of it, too.—*Somerville Journal.*

No matter how obstinate a man may be he generally hauls in his horns after entering a tavern.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

"Know thyself" may be an excellent proverb, but it's forcing a pretty tough acquaintance on some folks.—*Boston Post.*

Inquirer: No, we don't love dogs at all. The reason we keep three big ones is that we don't like our neighbors.—*Boston Post.*

Every family is said to have a skeleton in its closet, but Hanlan and gentlemen of his craft are said to prefer a scull.—*Andrews' Queen.*

Elephants are now quoted at $7,100 each, but most people would rather have a $1.50 turkey, even if it won't last quite as long.—*Boston Globe.*

Whatever you have to do, do it with all your might. Many a lawyer has made his fortune by simply working with a will.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

What eminent hero is suggested by Mr. Eichburg's going to visit Patti? Well, Julius sees her (with profound apologies all around).—*The Score.*

If a two-wheeled vehicle is a bicycle, and a three-wheeled a tricycle, it does not follow that the one-wheeled is an icicle. It is a wheelbarrow.—*Scientific American.*

A pupil in history was asked the manner of death met by Latimer, who, it will be remembered, was burned at the stake. She replied: "He died from overheating himself."

There was a severe frost in North Carolina the other night. Not only was only vegetation killed, but about one-half the population got up in the morning black.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

A lesson for little children: What a large Dog. He is going swiftly up the street. So is a Tin Can. Will the Dog win the race? I should smile. It is wrong to tie a Can on a Dog's tail if the owner of the Dog catches you.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Was there ever a better example of the witty and concise form of expression common to the real Western American than the answer of the grim man of the Sierras, who, when asked about the character of a neighbor, sententiously replied: "Mister, I don't know much about him, but my impression is that he would make a first-class stranger."—*Hartford Times.*

"What did you do with that letter that was on my table?" asked Gus De Smith of the colored boy who cleans up his room. "I tuck it to de Postoffice, sah, an' put it in de hole." "What did you do that for? Did you not see that there was no address on the envelop?" "I saw dar was no writin' on de 'velop, but I 'lowed yer did dat are on purpose, so I couldn't tell who yer was writin' to. I'se an edicated negro, I is."—*Texas Siftings.*

### Vanderbilt's Decorations.

*Mrs. Hooper in Philadelphia Telegraph.*

I took a journey the other day away to the other side of Paris, to that far-off quarter where Bouguereau and other great artists abide, to see the magnificent window in painted glass which is destined for the dining room of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt's new house in New York. This splendid work of art, which is the largest one of the kind ever executed for a secular building, is due to the talent of M. Oudinot, who is said to be the first artist in the world in his peculiar line. The subject of the picture is the meeting of the two Kings, Francis I. and Henry VIII., on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. In the center of the foreground the two young sovereigns, magnificent in dress and in appointments, each mounted on a superb and fiery steed, clasp hands, while at the right Queen Claude, of France, surrounded by her attendants, contemplates the greeting of the rival monarchs. King Francis rides a snow-white charger, with trappings of azure and gold, while Henry's horse is a dark bay. A gaily-clad jester holds two hounds in a leash in the immediate fore-round to the right, while the rest of the picture is filled with the knights, nobles, spearmen, etc., in attendance upon the two Kings. In the background rise the gorgeous tents erected to shelter the throng of royal and aristocratic personages. The coloring of the work, which includes some forty or fifty figures, is very superb. Nothing can be imagined richer in effect than is the velvet carpet of the dais of the Queen, its glowing crimson and rich gold border extending so far over the field that it is fretted by the hoofs of King Francis' steed, and throws out to advantage the pure white of the animal and the glittering azure of the silken tassels that adorn his housings.

This immense and gorgeous work will, if I understand rightly, fill in one end of Mr. Vanderbilt's dining room, while at the sides of the room will be placed smaller windows, representing armor, banners, panoplies, etc., each surmounted by the coat of arms of one of the nobles that took part in the splendid ceremonies of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. These esutcheons are all of unquestionable authenticity, having been studied by the artist from the MSS. and contemporary records of the time, preserved in the National Library. M. Oudinot who is a genial, courteous and most intelligent gentleman, founds on this elaborate work his hopes of transatlantic fame, and has bent all the resources of his energies and his talents to the production of a masterpiece.

Whenever I go among the artists of Paris I hear of some new and munificent order given by that most munificent of modern millionaires, Mr. Vanderbilt. All that is of highest merit in the world of modern art is secured by him, not only to add luster to his already famous home, but to enrich the scantily plenished art treasures of the New World with peerless and resplendent jewels. Baudry has already sketched out the ceiling for his drawing room, representing the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, and some of the finest antique tapestries that have of late come into the market have been purchased to adorn his library.

### The Guilty Boston Soldiers.

BOSTON, December 17.—The most searching investigation of the committee into the conduct of the Boston regiment at Yorktown, resulted in the establishment of certain misdemeanors against twenty-one members for intoxication, disobedience, unsoldierly and ungentlemanly acts complained of. Many of the complaints are not founded on fact. They recommend the summary discharge of the guilty men.

## THOMAS OF TIGRE.

A Man Who Has Been Lawyer, Editor, Actor, Buccaneer, and Who Is Worth Millions.

*Leon Letter in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Joaquin Miller's "Thomas of Tigre" is not only a real person, but he is the most prominent man in Central America. His name is James Thomas. He was born in New York, studied law, and went to Cincinnati. There he fell in love with a "Juliet" and decided to become a tragedian. He turned up in New Orleans, where he started a newspaper. Having joined the Lopez expedition to Cuba, he was shipwrecked and floated around on a log for two days. Returning to New York he became a Bohemian, formed the acquaintance of Lippard, North, Fitz James O'Brien, and other noted writers, scribbled rhyme, and finally became the editor of a widely-known journal, which is still being published. Returning to New Orleans he killed a rival in a duel. Other adventures followed in Texas, Northern Mexico, and California. A return to Texas was characterized by a duel with a famous desperado named Jack Turley, known as "The Diamond Merchant," from having stolen a large number of valuable diamonds in Brazil and made good his escape. Next came the expedition of Walker to Nicaragua, which he joined. Since he has been here he has amassed an immense fortune. At the end of a lively revolution he was taken before the successful ringleaders.

"What would you have done with me if I had fallen in your power?" asked the opposing general.

"Had you shot in three hours," replied Thomas.

"Very well," was the answer; "that shall be your doom."

There chanced to be in the audience a wealthy Spanish lady, who did not approve of the summary execution of handsome young men, and to her golden influence popular opinion attributed the immediate reprieve and speedy release of Thomas. He now determined to bid a long farewell to perilous conspiracies and filibustering experiments. In the center of the city he purchased a block of ground, built a spacious residence on it, and, to use his own peculiar expression, "took up his eternal rest."

To such impetuous spirits, however, repose is impossible. He had no sooner become established for life than the mania for European travel seized him. Shipping $40,000 in gold to San Francisco, he arranged his affairs for a long absence and speedily followed the treasure. In three long years he expended every dollar of it in the leading capitals of Europe. He formed the acquaintance, while abroad, of Swinburne, the Rosettis, and other English writers, and also became on friendly terms with many French writers of renown. He returned to Leon recently and is now living regally. I observed a copy of the "Songs of Sun Lands" in his well-selected library, and, taking it down, recited that much admired poem, "Thomas of Tigre." He seemed highly pleased with it, but expressed regret that Miller should have depicted him as a gambler, when, in fact, he had never staked a dollar on a game of chance in his life.

### FOURTEEN MILES UNDER GROUND.

A Kentucky Cave that Rivals the Mammoth Discovered Accidentally by a Farmer.

*Litchfield Letter in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

There was discovered recently on the farm of Evan Rogers, about one mile from the Postoffice of this place, a cave that bids fair to rival, if not surpass, the world-renowned Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Back of Mr. Rogers' house stands a high hill, in which there are several small caves, one of them being used by the family as a cellar. Mr. Rogers, desiring additional room, conceived the idea of blasting out some of the rock in the rear. In doing so he struck a vast opening, and was greatly astonished to find before him an immense cave, with avenues at least 100 feet wide. Saddling his horse he rushed into town and communicated the news of his great discovery to the astonished citizens. Torches were at once prepared, and he started back to explore the mysteries of the wonderful cavern, accompanied by well known business men and county officers.

Entering the cave they were at once greatly impressed with its grandeur. For three long hours they explored its spacious avenues amidst its wonderful formations without meeting a barrier to their progress until they came to a wide deep river, which they found contained vast shoals of eyeless fish and other sightless wonders of the marine world. They retraced their steps, determined upon a complete exploration of the cave the following day. So the next day a much larger party entered the cave, accompanied by Surveyer John E. Stone, who took an accurate measurement of the distance they traversed. They came to what seemed to be the end of the main avenue after traveling a distance of fourteen miles, and it was near midnight before they reached their homes. There are evidences on all sides that the cave was the abode of a prehistoric race, and that that race was identified with the ancient Egyptian races, as can now be proved by the light which can be given us in this very important discovery.

### The Trying Climate in London.

*London News.*

The absence of light in London—due largely to coal smoke—becomes, year after year, a subject of very serious consideration. It is this that drives the middle classes to the suburbs, or to any spot where once in the course of the day they can seem to live; and there is no one class of the community that is not affected in health and spirits when the autumn is upon us and the advent of winter is fairly threatened. Both young and old are subject to this seasonal influence; no man, however robust, can defy the treachery of the English climate, while for the weak a peril lurks at every window, and a danger at every door. If there is one feeble spot in a person's constitution the winter will find it out. Leave off a garment too hurriedly, or neglect to put one on at the right time, and too probably the penalty will be paid. The vigorous individual who gets along from November to May without rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, cold, low feverish symptoms, or bronchitis is a miracle to his less hardy brethren. No doubt there are heroic creatures, of faultless digestion, who make a boast that they never wore a greatcoat in their lives, who scorn draughts, who neglect even as years advance the necessity of studying underclothing, who come out of hot rooms and refuse to wrap up, who break the ice in their bath or bathe all the year round in the Thames or the Serpentine; but such strong pitchers as these go once too often to the well, and chill October sometimes forces the oaken gate while the creaking door is still on its hinges.


**The New North-West**

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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.

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Remitances 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.

The Sphinx head is the fashionable thing in buttons.

A Londoner asserts that most æsthetic people are very silly.

Frost grasses adorn some of the latest imported small and elegant bonnets.

Immense white satin bows are worn at the belt with white evening dresses.

Manufacturers of buttons have gone back to the time of the Cæsars for many of their designs.

One of Colonel R. G. Ingersoll's daughters is said to have become a member of the Presbyterian Church.

Real silver buttons are cut in facets which sparkle like diamonds and look very rich upon street jackets of velvet or plush.

A San Francisco paper speaks of a German maiden lady in that city, "who made $20,000 during the flush times, as a domestic."

Straight, square shoulders are considered the model figure at present, and every fashion that gives this effect is considered desirable.

A bill is in the Kentucky Legislature to make wife-whipping punishable with "stripes—not less than twenty-five nor more than fifty—well laid on."

Among novelties are flat nails or spikes of gilt, silver or jet, with large heads, that are used to fasten the fronts of sacques, and are also thrust into the cuffs.

Miss Davis, the daughter of the President of the late Confederacy, is a tall young woman, with dark hair and eyes, an extremely pale face and an expression of intense reserve.

There is a group of young ladies among the diplomatic families in Washington. The Mexican, Spanish, Portuguese, Chilian, Haytian, and Hawaiian Ministers all have unmarried daughters.

The New York *Mail* says the menu cards at a luncheon party in that city the other day were printed by the divorced wife of the hostess' husband, who now earns her living in this artistic way.

M. Meissonier, the great French artist, is painting a portrait of Mrs. J. W. Mackay, wherein the subject is represented as wearing a costume of black *merveilleuse*. The price to be paid for this portrait is, it is reported, $16,000.

For full evening dress, floral necklaces of white star blossoms, tinted picotees, trailing arbutus devoid of foliage, lilies-of-the-valley, or crystallized snowdrops, will encircle the dainty throats of society belles at the coming parties.

Some of the English religious papers find fault with the Princess Louise for traveling to Chester on Sunday to meet the Marquis of Lorne, and they insist that the fact that she went to the cathedral in the evening does not exonerate her.

Mrs. Keifer, the Speaker's wife, is reported to be not only a tall and graceful woman, but amiable and sensible wife and mother. She has four children—three sons and a daughter—and will now remain in Washington, as she has not done heretofore.

### Beware of the Newspaper Man.

*Chicago Tribune.*

"Do you love me, Reginald?"

The supper given by Stuyvesant McGuire in honor of the nineteenth birthday of his only child was over, and the spacious parlor was lined with the younger portion of the assemblage. Reginald Mulcahey and Aphrodite McGuire had been gliding through the soft, sensuous measures of a Strauss waltz, and as the music ceased, they had strolled into the dimly-lighted conservatory, where, as they sat with clasped hands, her pure, sweet face looking lovingly into his, the question with which our story opens had been asked.

"Do I love you, my little one?" responded Reginald. "Your heart, that unerring and ever vigilant monitor of the soul, must tell you in words far plainer than any utterance of mine that without the inspiration of your love my life would be as dreary and aimless as the editorials in a Cleveland paper, and the days drift wearily by without one gleam of light to brighten the dreary horizon of my existence. You surely cannot but know, Aphrodite, that before I knew you I was a wild, reckless man, and that when your love burst upon my sin-scared soul, a sweet joy stole over my being. With your bright face as a beacon light, my course shall be as unswerving as that of the majestic and eternal sun, whose fevid rays are even now kissing the limpid waters of the Pacific."

"Say no more," interrupted Aphrodite; "I believe you fully."

* * * * * * *

An hour later Reginald had just finished a polka with Juliet Mahaffy, and is standing near the conservatory, when the sound of voices reaches his ear. Glancing carelessly into the conservatory, he sees Adelbert Quirk leaning over Aphrodite MaGuire. Adelbert is speaking very earnestly, and as Reginald listens he hears him say:

"Your heart, that unerring and ever vigilant monitor of the soul, must tell you in words far plainer than any utterance of mine that without the inspiration of your love my life would be as dreary and aimless as the editorials in a Cleveland paper, and the days drift drearily by without one gleam of light to brighten the dreary horizon of my existence. You surely can not but know, Aphrodite, that——"

"Curses on the reporter!" said Reginald in hoarse, passionate tones. "He has sold us both the same speech."

### General Butler Buys the Sprague Estate.

A special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Times* from New York, December 16th, says information was obtained this evening to the effect that the complicated Sprague litigation was about to come to an end and that General B. F. Butler had progressed so far in his negotiations as to warrant the announcement that the settlement with the creditors is virtually accomplished. The effect of the settlement will be to secure to the creditors of the Spragues thirty per cent. of the debt, which amount added to what has already been received will net them nearly fifty per cent. of the principal of their claim. The exact details of the settlement could not be obtained, but it is understood that General Butler purchased the entire property, including Ex-Governor Sprague's house at Canonchet, and assumes certain liabilities which will oblige him to pay in the aggregate about $3,000,000. This is estimated by creditors to be more than could be realized by selling the property at auction and in parcels.