The New North-West

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

	Card.	1 inch.	2 inches.	3 inches.	4 inches.	6 inches.	13 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; lines counted in Nonpariel measure.
Job Work payable on delivery.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS.

THOS. L. NAPTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office—Opposite Murphy Higgins & Co.
Deer Lodge, - - Montana

HIRAM KNOWLES. JOHN E. FORBIS.
KNOWLES & FORBIS
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
West Granite Street.
Butte, - - Montana
Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory.

W. F. SANDERS. W. F. CULLEN
SANDERS & CULLEN
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Helena, - - Montana

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

G. A. KELLOGG,
County Surveyor, Civil Engineer and U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
Deer Lodge, - - Montana
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. J. MITCHELL M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office Opposite Scott House
Deer Lodge, - - - Montana
Will attend professionally to calls from town or country.

L. TERRY,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office At J. E. Dickey's Drug Store,
Deer Lodge - - Montana
☞ Calls made promptly, in town or country. 629

JOHN H. OWINGS M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office Court House Square, formerly occupied by O. B. O'Bannon
Deer Lodge, - Montana
Calls in town or country will receive prompt attention. Can be found at office night and attend to professional business. 643

M. M. HOPKINS,
Resident Dentist.
Office over Kleinschmidt & Co's Opposite McBride's House, Deer Lodge, Montana.
Tooth Inserted on Best Bases Known to the Profession. Filling, Extracting, Etc., Etc.
ALL WORK FULLY WARRANTED.

BANKS AND BANKERS.

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
A. M. HOLTER, R. S. HAMILTON,
JOHN H. MEEG, C. P. HIGGINS,
E. W. KNIGHT, A. J. DAVIS
T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT. 1599

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 & Simpson
No. 102 Wall Street.

HOTELS.

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.

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

DAVIS & BENNETT,
ASSAYERS,
BUTTE - - MONTANA.
PRICES—Gold & Silver $5 00
Silver 3 00
Copper 3 00
☞ Samples sent by mail promptly attended to. 541-1y

The New North-West

VOL. 13, NO. 30. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, JANUARY 20, 1882. WHOLE NO. 654.

POETRY.

HE CURED HIS WIFE.

BY WILL CARLETON.

JOHN.

I've worked in the field all day, a plowin' the "stony streak;"
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs)
When the plow p'int struck a stone and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and a half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell mell;
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-bye, I'm a-going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a *lovin'er* man than I was I guess she'll never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoke be chang'd to scorpion stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I; she'll some time rue this day;
She'll some time learn that hate is a game that two can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born;
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn!

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, a others do,
That she who is false to one can be the same with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was something or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I will know that I can—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems, when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown: I wonder she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-bye! I wish that death had severed us two apart.
You've lost a worshiper here—you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel before you run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half an hour ago.

JANE (*entering*)

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what've you lost or found?
And here's my father here, a-waiting for supper, too;
I've been a-riding with him—*he's* that han'somer man than you.

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.
Why, John, you look so strange! Come, what has crossed your track?
I was only a-joking, you know; I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside*)

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty sickish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer;
I hope she don't; good Lord! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought I'd understand!
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes in hell.

TACKLING A TIGER.

A Wild Rush Through a Jungle in a Monster's Jaws.

John Bradley in Burmah.

In the afternoon we continued on our march, but with no signs of being likely to meet with sport, and about 4 o'clock we turned toward our camp. We marched along carelessly, without observing order or caution, and were not prepared to take advantage of Akbar's warning when he exclaimed, "Beware, sahib!" and a full-grown tiger went past us at a gallop. A straggling volley was fired after it, and although evidently not struck, the beast stopped, and rearing itself on its hind legs, clawed the bark of a tree just as a cat scratches the leg of a chair or table. Mr. Grant and myself fired simultaneously, but without effect, and before a thought of the creature's intention had time to flash through my mind, I was down under its claws.

Seizing me by the left thigh, the tiger shook me as a dog shakes a rat; and then growling horribly, dragged me at a tremendous rate through the thick undergrowth of the forest. I heard the frightened shouts of my companions, and the report of several shots, and then a dizziness came over me, but I did not lose consciousness. As I was jostled through the forest I several times caught hold of the trees, but the tiger, growling fiercely, shook me free in an instant. All this time, though quite calm and collected, I felt a strong desire to preserve my existence, and never for a moment experienced that apathy with regard to my danger that some persons have described under very similar circumstances.

How long I was in the jaws of this brute I cannot tell. It seemed to me an age before the creature stopped. My companions afterward declared that I had been dragged at least half a mile.

They followed as fast as they could run, and although I was unaware of it at the time, never lost sight of the beast. To this circumstance I undoubtedly owe my life; for had there been any delay in rendering me assistance it must have been fatal to me.

The moment the tiger halted it released my thigh, and seemed to be attracted by the approach of my companions, though, as yet, I could not see them myself. Taking advantage of my release I tried to creep to the shelter of some tall bushes near at hand. In an instant, and with a terrible roar, the creature pounced upon me, seizing me this time by the shoulder, and lacerating my chest with his claws. A shot was fired and I heard the bullet whistle overhead. Fear of hitting me had caused them to fire so high.

The second and third shots were equally unsuccessful, and the tiger, again releasing me, began to lick up the blood which oozed through my jacket. I began to feel very faint, and could not repress a groan. Several times the tiger dabbed his paws, apparently in play, about my face, but did not use his claws, very fortunately for me. Presently the beast seemed to be seized with a sudden rage, and commenced to spit like an angry cat at some one approaching, whose footsteps I could hear, but I could not see him, for I was lying flat on my back. There was the sharp bang of a rifle close to my head, and a heavy weight fell across me, and then I comprehended that my brave friend Grant was pulling me from under the tiger.

Captain Lacy and some of the natives came up, and proceeded to staunch the flow of blood from my wounds. That on my thigh was the worst. The flesh was bitten and torn to such an extent that the bone was visible.

The wounds on the chest were also severe, but my shoulder was not very much injured. When the bleeding was stopped I fainted, and upon recovering consciousness found I was being carried along on a rough litter formed of boughs. I suffered great pain, especially in the leg, and was exceedingly thankful when we arrived at our camping place.

As soon as the news spread about Shallangat that a tiger had been slain, the people came crowding around our tent to see it. The hubbub they created was horrible. There was shouting, singing, beating of tom-toms and drums, blowing of reeds, dancing and exulting over the dead animal. In my weak state the noise was particularly irritating; and as it was in vain to appeal to the sympathies of these people, the dead beast was removed to a distance, where the rejoicing continued all night.

The following day fever set in, and toward noon I became delirious. With a few lucid intervals I was in this state for five days.

Walter Scott on the Literary Profession.

The Academy.

The following characteristic postscript to an unpublished letter of Sir Walter Scott's has been placed at our disposal by the courtesy of the correspondent to whom it was addressed. It gives in a forcible form Scott's well known opinion of literature as a profession. It is dated February 2, 1828, when Scott was hard at work on "The Fair Maid of Perth:"

"Will you excuse my offering a piece of serious advice? Whatever pleasure you may find in literature, beware of looking to it as a profession, but seek that independence to which every one hopes to attain by studying the branch of industry which lies most within your reach. In this case you may pursue your literary amusements honorably and happily; but if ever you have to look to literature for an absolute and necessary support, you must be degraded by the necessity of writing whether you feel inclined to or not, and besides must suffer all the miseries of a precarious and dependent existence."

This letter was addressed to the Rev. Charles Room, under the impression that Mr. Room, then a young man, purposed making literature a profession. This, however, was not the *case*, as Mr. Room was at that time preparing to enter the Christian ministry.

A Fast Engine.

The Fontaine engine, which it is expected by the inventor will be able to make ninety miles an hour, has been transferred from the Pennsylvania railroad to the New York Central. It was taken by boat some days ago from Jersey City to Mott Haven. The engine will soon be put to a practical trial by drawing the Central's fast train between New York and Albany. The average running time of the train as now run between New York and Chicago is forty-one miles an hour, and, counting stops, the engine will be required to run at a much higher rate of speed. The engine will be kept on the Hudson River division of the Central for some time, to make a series of tests for speed, power, and economy in fuel.

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

—The Duke of Portland has an income of $950,000 a year.

—Drinking saloons are being blown up with dynamite in Indiana.

—Afternoon private threaticals are quite fashionable in London and in country houses in England.

—General George McDonald, the "father" of the British army, entered it in 1805. He is in his ninety-eighth year.

—There are now fifteen men under sentence of death in Pennsylvania, having been convicted of willful murder.

—Dr. G. G. Glen, of California, has put 30,000 acres in wheat, and expects to cultivate 25,000 acres more.

—Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) has recently sent a young Hartford sculptor and his wife abroad to study for a year.

—A cucumber from Talbott county, Ga., that weighed fifty-five pounds, was on exhibition at the late State fair at Macon.

—The street letter boxes in San Antonio, Texas, have been robbed so frequently that the Postmaster has ordered them taken down.

—The new Capitol building at Austin, Texas, is to be 336 feet high, 566 feet long, and 280 feet in depth, the seventh highest building in the world, and second in the United States.

—Forty years ago Charles Gavan Duffy was a leader of the Young Ireland party. Three weeks ago he was married in Paris to "a beautiful blonde of eighteen."

—The big bell recently cast for St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is the largest in England, and one of the largest in Europe. Its weight is seventeen and one-half tons.

—The German scientist, Ehrenberg, finds that a single drop of water may contain more than 800,000,000,000 animalculæ. This would make victuals and drink of the crystal beverage.

—The telephone has been introduced on board the screw steamer City of Gloucester, a vessel of 2,150 tons gross register, which was launched a few weeks ago at the Stockton-on-Tees, England.

—"A Sailor on the Tennessee," writes to a New York paper that he has been in the navy nearly two years, and has not had a square meal in that time. His Christmas dinner was hard-tack, salt junk and 'scouse.

—The state line between Pennsylvania and Ohio has recently been surveyed, and is now being marked by stone monuments which project one foot above the ground. They are set four feet deep, and are dressed to a point and appropriately inscribed.

—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Cincinnati, in consequence of dancing having been allowed at some church fairs, has issued a circular positively forbidding dancing after dark at entertainments given for church purposes, and round dances at any time.

—Great Britain employs in underground occupations no fewer than 378,151 persons, and the length of the galleries where the mining is carried on is found to be 58,744 miles. The greatest depth of the coal mines is 2,800 feet below the level of the sea.

—The new postage stamps issued by the English Government have appeared on matter recently received by mail. The Queen's head is in profile, and beside the denomination there is printed around the head the legend "Postage and Inland Revenue."

—The Java process of shaving the bark of the chinchona, which was introduced into Darjeeling by Dr. King, has proved a decided success. The bark renews itself perfectly within about a year, and the trees do not appear to have suffered the least shock.

—Dr. Francis Guiteau, grandfather of the assassin, was the medical expert of the defense on the trial of Alpheus Hitchcock for murder, which trial was held in a barn in the town of Sullivan, N. Y., beginning on July 4, 1807, being the first murder trial in Madison county.

—Christmas is a hard time on the mail carriers. In New York it was found impossible to deliver the Christmas mail in one day, 100,000 letters having been left over until the next. The task of delivery meant in the case of many letter carriers a walk of twenty-five miles.

—The sphinxes at the base of Cleopatra's needle, on the Thames embankment, have been placed with their heads toward the needle and their tails toward the spectators. This is entirely contrary to the intentions of the architect, but was accomplished by a committee of Aldermen.

—General Albert Pike—who is, by the way, the highest ranking Free Mason in the United States—is now 72 years old. He is still so vigorous that he enjoys field sports with as keen a pleasure as when, fifty years ago, he hunted in New Mexico, Texas and Arkansas. He is more than six feet tall and bent but little.

—Senator Windom's new house in Washington is built of pressed and moulded bricks, with brown stone trimmings. All the interior fittings are of native woods. The cost of the house will be about $35,000. Justice Stanley Matthews' house, on Connecticut avenue, also of brick and brown stone, and is to cost $40,000.

—M. Eugene Duchesne, in dissecting the body of a Mozambique negro twenty years of age, who died recently of pulmonary consumption, discovered, both in the thoracic and abdominal viscera, peculiarities which he describes as retrogressive, and which Dr. Pozzi also considers to be indications of a of a reversion towards an inferior organization.

—The latest triumph of electricity was a few days ago accomplished in experiments between Harrisburg and Philadelphia, a distance of 105 miles. Music was received in Professor Barker's study at the University of Pennsylvania so perfectly that it was easily heard in all parts of the room, and by persons twenty five feet distant from the receiver.

—Vitriol throwing has become so much the mode in Paris that a special manufactory to meet the increased demand has been established in the plain of St. Denis, and the police authorities are considering the advisibility of requiring purchasers to present a physician's prescription. This is the exaggerated statement by which the *Rappel* doubtless means to convey a useful hint.

—The following is the estimated area in acres of coal lands yet remaining the property of the United States: Washington territory, 826,020; Oregon, 414,535; California, 246,020; Colorado, 4,127,655; Utah, 2,762,620; Wyoming, 42,000; Dakota, 50,000; Montana, 50,000. No coal has yet been discovered in Arizona or Nevada. The coal-bearing rocks of Nebraska, Indian Territory and Arkansas cover the respective areas of 5,000 and 13,800 square miles.

GEN. SCOTT'S FAVORITE FINE-CUT.

How a Whim Lead to the Use of Tinfoil Wrappers for Tobacco.

N. Y. Sun.

John Anderson made his fortune mainly from a brand of fine-cut chewing tobacco called Solace, which was first produced when "plug" was the popular form of chewing tobacco. Solace has made other fortunes beside Mr. Anderson's. The millionaire tobacconist was fond of recalling the history of this brand, and it made an interesting tale.

Thirty or more years ago he kept a little tobacco shop in Wall street, close to Broadway. It was so small that three men could not move freely before the counter, yet it was haunted by the conspicuous men about town. General Winfield Scott, Colonel Monroe, son of the President; Mr. Williams, the translator of Eugene Sue's works; Park Benjamin, of whom Mr. Anderson used to say that "he was editor of more papers than there were streets in that ward;" C. Edwards Lester, who wrote "The Glory and Shame of England," and many of the fops, the merchant princes, and the politicians of the metropolis were among the frequent visitors there. Snuff-taking was universal then, and many of the young men felt privileged to go behind the counter and mix the snuff to suit themselves.

One day General Scott asked why it was not possible to obtain a special brand of chewing tobacco better than that which was in general use, and of course at higher cost. John Anderson replied that it was possible, if they would pay to have the tobacco specially manufactured.

"How can it be done?" asked General Scott; "how can you make tobacco better than tobacco?"

"I'll tell you how," Mr. Anderson replied, and then he addressed Colonel Monroe, adding: "And you, Colonel, will understand me, because you are familiar with tobacco. You know that the top leaves of the tobacco plant are always the finest, just as the fruit on the south side of a tree is always better than that on the other side. Well, I would use none but the top leaves, and those I would treat with special care. You know that the tobacco leaf is always rid of the central stem, a woody, fibrous stock containing properties that do not exist elsewhere in the leaf. I would not only take out that backbone, but I would carefully cut out all the smaller ribs leading from it. I would brush each leaf to rid it of foreign particles; and all through the process of preparation I would use the utmost care without sparing expense."

The military men ordered this special brand made, and it was not long before it became the standard tobacco among the officers of the army, and thence it became known to the public generally. It was packed in big jars, which General Scott ordered, and emptied rapidly, for he was an inveterate chewer.

"As it was mainly the fancy that they were paying more than others could afford that General Scott and Colonel Monroe dwelt upon," said Mr. Anderson, last summer, "I complimented them, and those who adopted the fashion of chewing the new tobacco, by charging a handsome price."

At this time chewing tobacco was put up in paper wrappers. This was bad for it. In a dry place it crumbled into a fine dust. In a damp place it became musty. The Mexican war broke out, and General Scott was ordered to the command of the troops in action. He was a very big man, very gorgeous in dress and very imposing in his manners, and Mr. Anderson recalled the fact that all these characteristics became immeasurably aggravated when the big chieftain stooped at the doorway of the little tobacco shop and made his way in. What with his high chapeau and higher plume, his widespread epaulets and his rattling sword, he always seemed, as a wit of the day put it, to be in the mysterious position of those ships that ingenious triflers build in wine bottles to excite curiosity as to how they go in or out.

"Anderson," said the General, "I have got to go to Mexico directly. You are an ingenious and an inventive man. I want you to suggest some way of packing chewing tobacco so that it will keep. I can't go lugging that forty thieves' jar around Mexico with me, and I must have some means of packing small quantities of tobacco in my saddle bags."

"How would India rubber do?" queried Mr. Anderson.

"It wouldn't do at all," the General replied, "the smell of it would get into the tobacco."

"Bladders," suggested the tobacconist. "how would bladders do?"

"No, d— the bladders," replied the Commander-in-chief; "I see too much of bladders in the army. Whisky is smuggled in to the men in bladders, which the women conceal about them. Bladders won't do."

Mr. Anderson thought it over and tried tinfoil. General Scott was delighted. He took a packing-box full of the little oblong packages. Down in Mexico the people in the Commissary Department broke open the box, and General Scott had only what he had put in his saddle bags. He wrote a characteristic note to Mr. Anderson, saying that he was thankful for a plenty of whisky, but wretched for want of tobacco. He ordered three cases sent to as many Mexican cities, so as to be sure of tobacco wherever he might be. While the war went on the proprietors of the City Hotel sent word that they wanted to put on sale some of the tobacco General Scott was using, and thus began the distribution of tinfoil parcels of fine-cut.

But Mr. Anderson was troubled for a name to give to the new brand. One day Mr. Williams, the English literateur who translated Eugene Sue's books, happened along, and Mr. Anderson confided his trouble to him. Williams laughed at Mr. Anderson for poring over the dictionary, and hastily wrote down a dozen words, the first of which was "Solace." "That is the word," said the tobacconist; adding, "I won't look at any other."

When General Scott returned to New York, he found John Anderson in a big and showy store at Pine street and Broadway. He took the tobacconist's hand, and looked at him with an expression of friendly regard.

"John," said General Scott, "you are going to be a rich man. I know nothing of your affairs, but I have seen all along that you are going to be a very successful man. Take my advice. Don't give way to whisky, and on no account be led into fashionable society."

Of how he came to succeed, Mr. Anderson said that it was mainly by always attending to his own affairs, permitting no one to do anything he could do himself.

WHY WE LAUGH.

"Talmage on the North Pole" is an inspiring but delusive headline.

Chinamen don't rock the cradle; they make the sky rocket.—*St. Louis Hornet.*

A Mill River man is trading off sewing machines for chickens, the latter being easier to feed.

"Man wants but little here below," which means a little more, you know.—*Buffalo Express.*

"Excuse the impudence of the clerk, as he is my son," is the sign hanging up in an Iowa hotel.

A Philadelphia actor lugged away a pound of butter from a boarding-house the other day mistaking it for a wig.

The man who can see sermons in running brooks is most apt to go and look for them on Sundays when trout are biting.

A great many article of daily use in a well regulated family will at times get misplaced and lost, but somehow people always manage to keep fifty-two cards together.—*Modern Argo.*

This is a picture of Freddy's Rabbits. But it is the Picture of a Fox. The Fox is very Fat. Where are Freddy's Rabbit? Freddy's Rabbits are in the Fox.

Worse and more of it: "You think yourself awfully smart," said Brown to Fogg, who had just uttered a sharp thing. "Oh, no," replied Fogg, "I think you smart."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Patent Office has issued patents on 591 different styles of spring beds, and yet the number of men who come in at midnight and pull off their boots with the fire screen is on the increase.

In his Christmas sermon Mr. Beecher declared that "hell had the management of most of the theologies of this world." Mr. Beecher should be more specific. Which of the theologies has escaped the infernal inspiration?—*Chicago Times.*

The Mother has made a Lap. The boy is in the Lap. He is Looking at the Carpet. What has the Mother in Her Hand? She has a Shingle in Her Hand. What will she do with the Shingle? She will put it where it will Do the Most Good.—*Puck.*

A model newspaper: "Yes," said the Denver editor, "I think I must have got out a very readable paper this morning. I've been licked by three prominent citizens to-day, another chased me with dogs and gun and the people had hard work to keep a mob from wrecking my office."

Thomas Schofield, aged 91 years, walked nine miles to renew his subscription to a New London paper. It is the general impression among publishers that there are a number of subscribers who are waiting until they are 91 years old to come in and pay for their paper.—*Danbury News.*

A candidate for the office of Auditor of Public Accounts was suddenly called upon for a speech. On rising he commenced: "Fellow-citizens, you have called on me for a few remarks. I have none to make. I have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker; I have no desire to be a speaker—I only want to be an Auditor."—*Yankee Reporter.*

A VALLEY OF ROSES.

Christmas Weather in Santa Barbara, Cal.

Says a San Francisco letter in the Baltimore *Sun*: The vale of Santa Barbara, for sixty miles facing the Pacific Ocean, we consider the most attractive in California. The soil is extra deep dark alluvium. By the formation of the coast it is sheltered from the rude trade winds, elsewhere so unpleasant on our shores. San Francisco being in north latitude thirty-seven and a half degrees, Santa Barbara is thirty-four and a half degrees north, three degrees southwardly. Here flourish in luxuriance the fig-tree and the olive, the prune and the almond, the orange and the lemon, the nectarine and the pomegranate. Here grows Alfalfa clover giving three cuttings a year and pasture through the winter. Here flowers bloom perennial. Here only is a paradise of roses and other fragrant flowers cultivated for commercial perfumery. Here the bee pastures all the year, the hivers gather honey every day and abstaining themselves they give to man nearly their whole production. Only in stress of stormy weather they draw upon their hoarded sweets. Feathered songsters never migrate from this elysium. Man's dwelling is enlivened by the chirp of birds and their music gives perpetual cheer, unchecked by winter frosts. Happy, thrice blessed are they whose lot is cast where happiness is so lightly wooed and won! Here in mid-December the company's rose gardens are a sight to charm the eye, when, day by day, children gather ever-blooming flowers for extraction of perfume for the toilet.

Warm and Cold Baths.

The physiological effects of warm and cold baths are thus noted by a writer in an English medical journal:

Warm baths produce an effect upon the skin directly contrary to that which is brought about by cold water. The cutaneous vessels dilate immediately under the influence of the heat, and, although the dilation is followed by a contraction, this contraction is seldom excessive, and the ultimate result of a warm bath is to increase the cutaneous circulation. The pulse and respiration are both quickened in the cold bath.

The warm bath increases the temperature of the body, and, by lessening the necessity for internal production of heat, it decreases the cell which is made upon certain of the vital processes, and enables life to be sustained with a less expenditure of force.

While a cold bath causes a certain stiffness of the muscles if continued too long, a warm bath relieves stiffness and fatigue. The final effect of both hot and cold baths, if their temperature be moderate, is the same, the difference being, to use the words of Braun, that "cold refreshes by stimulating the functions, heat by physically facilitating them, and in this lies the important differences between the cold water system and the thermal mode of treatment."

Why Churches are Not Full.

The Boston *Christian Register* expresses the opinion that the real reason why so large a proportion of the Christian churches are more than half empty is that the people are away ahead of the preachers and like to read rather than hear sermons on Sunday. It quotes one who said of the preachers: "They don't realize that the people are miles and miles ahead of them. People have got outside the old notions. They read books and learn something, and when they hear the preaching they find it isn't so good as the reading."

SOME OF THE DEBUTANTES.

Large Numbers of Fresh Girls Coming Out This Season.

There are two or three remarks, according to a New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, that are most always made upon every social occasion. One is in regard to the very large number of weddings which are taking place this season; second, the equally large number of debutantes; third, what an exceedingly gay season it is. The demand for luxuries was never so great, the prices paid for them never so high as now. Anniversary weddings are as frequent as real weddings, and at many of them the gifts are even more profuse and costly. Flowers—roses from twenty five cents to one dollar each—are used in such profusion that florists can not obtain a sufficiently large supply, and on days when several large balls or receptions take place are obliged to refuse all transient custom. There are always certain fancies which distinguish every season. This year it is that every debutante shall carry one or more immense bouquets of pink "crushed" roses. Some have, besides, a straw basket filled with them, or with daisies suspended from the side; and on the occasion of a "coming out" the reception rooms will be filled with magnificent baskets and bouquets of pink and white roses, carnations and azeleas, tied with long loops and ends of ivory satin ribbon.

The debutante always wears white and looks like a bride minus the veil and orange blossoms. Sometimes it is tulle over satin, with satin bodice, the drapery drawn tightly across the front and the sides, showing a cascade of lace and white roses amid long, wide loops of ivory-satin ribbon. But usually it is a dress that will prove more serviceable, that can be worn more times than the easily crushed tulle—an ivory-satin brocade combined with plain satin, or a satin merveilleux trimmed profusely with the pretty modern imitation of old needle point lace. The girls are very lovely, very charming in manner, very bright, and one wonders what is to become of them in a world that has little for women but a jibe or a sneer, and in a country where a click of the telegraph, a turn of the tide, may deprive them of all their roses and leave only the thorns. The mothers of the young ladies not unfrequently look, however, like the elder sisters of their own daughters, and are as handsome and attractive. Their dress is usually a combination of two colors and two fabrics, very often a striking combination of such colors as one would not have supposed a few years ago could be placed in juxtaposition. For example, a matron recently wore with a pink satin train and petticoat a coat of ruby-red velvet trimmed with rare old lace.

The World Moved by Lightning.

N. Y. Mail-Express.

It was but forty-four years ago that the telegraph was exhibited for the first time in New York, but to day there are more than three hundred and fifty thousand miles of telegraph wire operated in the United States by the Western Union Company. It was but thirty-seven years ago the 27th day of last May that the first practical use was made of the telegraph, over a wire extending from Washington to Baltimore, but now about thirty five million telegraphic messages are sent in the United States by the Western Union in a single year. It was but twenty-three years ago last August that the first Atlantic cable was finished, but now there are more cable messages sent between New York and London every week than there were letters during the whole year in which the lightning flashed the first intelligence under the great ocean. It is almost incredible that the vast telegraphic business of the world could have been developed within the short space of thirty-seven years, for so great are its extent and importance that to destroy it would be to paralyze commerce and reduce the world's traffic to half its present dimensions. As an indication of the growth of the telegraph business, take the statement of Dr. Green, president of the Western Union, of the Company's profits for the last six months of 1881. The surplus of the Company on the 1st of July was $127,000 in round numbers, but the net revenues of the next quarter were $2,104,000, or $154,000 more than the estimates, so that after the disbursements of the three months had been made the surplus had been increased to $731,000 on the 1st of October. The estimated profits of the present quarter are $2,010,000, and after the disbursements of the three months have been made, including $1,200,000 for the required one and one half per cent. dividend, there will be a surplus of $1,014,000. Such an accumulation of profits is a striking indication of the growth of the telegraph business in the United States, and there is a similar growth in all civilized countries, and the beginning of it in some countries that are not civilized. In view of the dependence of the people everywhere upon the telegraph, it is no exaggeration to say that the world is moved by the lightning which Benjamin Franklin brought down from the sky upon his kite-string.

The Penalties of Greatness.

New Orleans Times.

General Sherman wept the other day after hearing "Marching Through Georgia" played at a banquet. His neighbor, General Grant, asked him:

"Wherefore dost thou weep?"

The General answered:

"I never was so all fired sorry that I marched through Georgia as I have been in the last five years. Geo gia be darned. The people are good enough, but I'm listening to that tune for the 2,465,857th time. How would you like, Ulysses," he continued, "to hear that infernal melody over 3,000,000 times? They have played it to me from Maine to Texas, and from Florida to Toronto," and here he wept afresh.

But General Grant quietly patted the hero on the shoulder and said:

"Sherman, it is only one of the penalties of greatness. I suffer worse than you do—I've had 7,000,000 cigars given to me because people think I like to smoke, 824 bull pups, and more horses than I can count. Sherman," continued the General, "whenever I see a horse, a cigar, or a bull pup, I feel just as badly as you do, but I never give way to my feelings. I—I sell 'em."

"Yes," answered Sherman between his sobs, "you can sell cigars, bull pups and horses, but I can't sell that d—d tune for five cents."

A Military Horseman.

Volunteer Captain (Acting Major—first time)—"Now, then! what are you boys staring at? Did you never see a war-horse before?" Boys (who had followed, expecting a "spill")—"Aye—we've whiles seen a wear horse, but never a wear rider."

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EVE-ANGELICAL.

Manchion is the new name for the muff.

The latest form of the train is oval and detachable.

Velveteen dresses are beginning to come in fashion.

Many gathers and pleats take the place of the crinolet.

Trains are again in favor for house and evening dresses.

Raised laces, showing the petals of flowers in additional pieces, are in demand.

The tendency to increase the size around the hips is a marked feature in the newest costumes.

Advice to wives—Man is very much like an egg; kept in hot water he is bound to become hardened.

Grace Greenwood is residing in Paris this winter with her daughter, who is studying for the operatic stage.

The man that says that woman has never invented anything should listen for a few minutes at the keyhole of the sewing society.—*Courier Journal.*

A variety belle, wishing to be very severe on a rival, said the only thing that wasn't false about her was the hole in her stocking.—*Chronicle Herald.*

A Baltimore physician says that high heels cause the calf of the leg to dwindle away to the leanness of decrepit age and become a thin, unshapely shank.

At Boston weddings the newest feature is to have the bride and groom stand during the ceremony in a floral grotto made of chrysanthemums, asters, lilies, passion flowers and smilax.

Is it fair for a woman to sue a man for breach of promise, such promise having been made before the small-pox played havoc with her charms? A case involving an answer to this question is now before the courts of Illinois, and the decision is looked for with interest.

Sojourner Truth, having reached her 106th year, and finding herself the owner of about $4,000 worth of property in Battle Creek, Mich., has just made her will. Her three known daughters become her heirs. She had many other children while she was a slave, but their names and the places of their residence are unknown to her.

Shaking hands is an art much cultivated in high society this year. To squeeze exquisitely without being bold, to surrender the hand just freely enough to be cordial without being spooney, to get it back without any seeming effort, to disengage it from the masculine grip—all these are achievements of more or less difficulty.

The New York *Star* has been discussing American stage beauties with reference to Mrs. Langtry's pretensions to personal pulchritude. Here is one paragraph: "Mary Anderson, with her tall statuesque figure, lithe and willowy, and her classic face, will be one of the most notable rivals which the coming contestant will be compelled to meet. Her face and figure are familiar to every theatre-goer in America. She is Kentucky-born, coming from that famous land of good stock, and has been upon the stage about five years."

He had been introduced to a girl from Boston, and together they pawed aimlessly through a broken-backed album. "And shall you hang up your stocking?" he inquired as they talked of Christmas. "Sir!" exclaimed the Boston girl, drawing herself up proudly and fixing her quivering glasses firmly on her nose