The New North-West

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

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Will attend promptly to calls from town or country.

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Makes a specialty of repairing fine watches. Good work guaranteed and prices reasonable. 678tf

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DEER LODGE, MONTANA,
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CHARLES ROULEAU, - Proprietor.
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Nos. 37 & 39 Main Street,
Helena, - Montana.
SCHWAB & ZIMMERMAN - Proprietors.

THE NEW NORTH-WEST: DEER LODGE, MONTANA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1882.

The New North-West

VOL. 14, NO. 12. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, SEPTEMBER 15, 1882. WHOLE NO. 688.

POETRY.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patience, grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run;
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

A CONQUEST.

I found him openly wearing her token;
I knew that her troth could never be broken;
I laid my hand on the hilt of my sword,
He did the same and spoke not a word.
I bade him confess his villainy;
He smiled, and said: "She gave it me."
We searched for seconds; they soon were found;
They measured our swords and measured the ground;
To save us they would not have uttered a breath;
They were ready enough to help us to death.
We fought in the midst of a wintry wood,
Till the fair, white snow was red with his blood;
But his was the victory, for, as he died,
He swore by the rood that he had not lied.

THE YELLOW PANE.

WALTER LEARNED.

When overhead the gray clouds meet,
And the air is heavy with mist and rain,
She clambers up to the window seat,
And watches the storm through the yellow pane.

At the painted window she laughs with glee;
She smiles at the clouds with a sweet disdain,
And calls: "Now, papa, it's sunshine to me,"
As she presses her face to the yellow pane.

Dear child, in life should the gray clouds roll,
Heavy with grief o'er thy path amain,
Stealing the sunlight from thy soul,
God keep for thee somewhere a yellow pane.

THE ONE CERTAINTY.

"I will be rich" I said,
And I am poor;
"I will be great!"
And I am least of all;
"When I am old!" said I,
And I am dead;
"I will be loved!"
And I am clean forgot;
"I will be wise!"
This one truth I have learned:
That death alone was certain in my life.

Sunrise Thoughts.

M. D. Conway.

Seated in the warm, rosy dawn, watching the morning star, a true Lucifer, peering through the faint flushing rifts of cloud, to spy out what is going on upon the earth—and beholding the steady ascent of the sun, piercing all the long cloud pythons; or looking at the crystal blue of the vault spreading away from the purple over the soft summer sea, I see pass before me the early elemental gods. To these beautiful phenomena were sung the earliest hymns of all races. In most languages the name of God is day. What must have been the emotions with which the young eyed world gazed upon the splendors of sun and star, of dawn, sky, sea, when it fully believed they were each and all conscious of their own glory and joy. As the day waxes on it repeats the further epochs of the world. The gods and goddesses draw nearer. Beauty rises from the waves. The nymphs and naiads play and splash about in the sea with light cries of laughter, and the sharp eared fauns are out there sharing their lusty delight. Ships pass silently along the horizon. Argonauts are on every one of them, seeking the golden fleece. In the afternoon the scene changes to the modern world; as Tennyson says: "In the afternoon we came to a land where it seemed always afternoon." The mild eyed lotus eaters are here seated on the yellow sand, and wishing that they could no more return to the world with its consuming cares. And here are the children "sporting on the shore," as Wordsworth says, we hear them, "though inland far we be." Wordsworth also says that our manhood sees these rosy beauties of life's dawn brought with us from our preexistence "fade into the light of common day." Common day? There is no common day. Every day the world is created anew.

Or perhaps I should say there ought to be no common day; that every day would be a festival if people were wise. But Goethe, in in his large, Olympian way, says: "The day cannot be known by the day." The present needs a perspective in time to unfold what was in it. That is rather hard lines—that we should only know all the treasures that were in the day when they are gone! That is Nature's trick of conservatism. What would be the effect on the people of any country if they could see the facts of to-day as they will look to their posterity five hundred years later? What would have been the effect upon the people who used to burn witches and heretics, who did not know how to read and write; who had no newspapers, and passed their lives soildering, had they suddenly seen themselves as we now see them? They would have been revolutionized. Nature does not like revolutions. She does not wish people to become conscious of their superstitions, their follies, or to realize the treasures just an inch under the spot where they toil for pennies. Nevertheless, the wisest man is he who is the sharp for nature in this. He may not be able to see all that is in his day, or what may come out of it, but he will come as near it as he can. And I take it that the aim of all culture is to secure just this wisdom which can see as nearly as possible, the meaning of his time. It will appear at the end of all that Greek gentlemen can do that, they are foolishly said to be in advance of their time because they are the people who live most in their time. The rest of us can only approximate to the test of our power.

A HEROIC YOUNG WOMAN.

A Georgia Girl's Brave Conduct at a Railroad Accident.

Athens Banner-Watchman.

We cannot refrain from mentioning the heroic conduct of Miss Annie Martin, a young lady of Augusta, Ga., who was on the train at the time of the recent accident on the Northeastern Railroad. Miss Martin was an occupant of the first coach, and was sitting beside Captain W. D. O'Farrell. When the car had settled on top of the engine, and the hot steam was pouring into the coach, threatening to suffocate all the inmates, Mr. O'Farrell threw a cloth over this lady's face to protect her from the steam and passed her out through the window unhurt. But Miss Martin, not content with being saved herself, bravely set to work to rescue other occupants of the steaming car. She instantly rushed to the scene of the wreck, and with her own hands saved the lives of three persons, one of them a gentleman, by dragging them through the car windows. How this delicate young lady accomplished a task before which some of the stoutest men present quailed is more than we can say. She seemed endowed with supernatural strength.

Miss Martin, during the excitement, saw a lady being crushed beneath the coach where she had fallen, and threatened with instant death. Turning to a young man, who was standing idly by at some distance, she asked him to rescue the party. "I am not going to risk my life to save any one," was the cowardly response. Miss Martin then, with her own hands, extricated the victim, who proved to be a married lady, and dragged her to a place of safety. But it was at the expense of serious injuries to herself, as she received bruises from which she was for some time delirious. Nobly did she continue the work until the last person was rescued from the wreck, when Miss Annie set to work and carried bucket after bucket of water, until the last spark was extinguished in the engine.

It must be remembered that this heroism on the part of Miss Martin was performed in the face of imminent danger to herself, and after the excitement the young lady was discovered to have her arm dislocated in two places, her side badly scalded, besides serious bruises on her body. Had she repaired to a place of safety as soon as released from the coach, instead of returning to the scene of danger, Miss Martin would have escaped without a scratch.

A Venomous Lizard.

C. C. H. in Land and Water.

A great surprise has visited herpetological London, in the shape of a venomous lizard. We have so long been accustomed to ridicule as fabulous the belief prevalent in some countries that certain lizards have a poisonous bite, that we are slow to commit ourselves to the recognition of a living lizard, "all of whose teeth are grooved and connected with poison glands," as we are informed at the Zoological Gardens. This startling reptile, presented by Sir John Lubbock, is from Mexico, it arrived on July 16th, and has since drawn crowds of the zoologically curious to inspect it, and, at first, to doubt it. As yet I have seen no printed or authentic account of the distinguished stranger; but, until more able pens shall give your readers a scientific description of it, I may briefly describe it as about one foot and a half in length, of somewhat thickish form, and with a rather short, pointed tail. Except in color its aspect is not prepossessing. Heloderm is its name, *Heloderma horridum* scientifically. My only knowledge of the Greek language is that it is subservient to science, and zoologically defiant of gender and case, sometimes of spelling; therefore conjecturally *helo*, the first part of the generic name, may have reference to the pale, yellowish, or sunny color of this creature, as certain flowers, helianthemum, heliotrope, and helianthus, are named from *helios*, the sun, as our botany books instruct us; and *derm* is certainly skin. Heloderm is of a pale ocher or maize color, with a coarse reticulation of black marks all over it; and its specific *horridum*, deferentially inferring its terrible, dreadful qualities, is not given in slangy disgust, as is supposed to be the case with its neighbor, *Crotalus horridus*. "Horrid rattlesnake!" exclaimed a lady visitor in my bearing. "What's the use of calling that one 'horrid,' as if they are not all horrid!"

An interesting field of inquiry is now open to herpetologists in seeking for a "missing link" among the saurian tribe, and to discover by what singular modification one lizard has developed—not a single pair of fangs like its ophidian relatives, but—a whole row of grooved teeth, and by what process of evolution all these teeth are supplied with venom.

It would appear that this lizard is not altogether unknown, for—as the story goes—a gentleman in Mexico was once bitten by one of the species, his hand and arm in time becoming so seriously injured that amputation seemed the only hope for him, so he lost his arm but saved his life, and afterward entertained the regretful idea that he might have enjoyed the latter without the penalty of the former. The only deducible argument from this accident is that Heloderm's venom is very different from serpent venom, which rapidly, instantaneously decomposes the blood to the remotest extremity of the body, "acting on the nerve centers," as experimenalists tell us, and "destroying every vital function. However, those who suppose the Heloderm fortunately escaped a bite, which is probably due to the fact that the reptile was languid or lethargic after its journey, for it was handled fearlessly—because unconscious of danger—by the keepers and others; but its dangerous qualities having been reported, it was tested with a frog, which died after a few savage bites, and then a guinea pig, which was convulsed and dead in three minutes after one bite on its leg.

Wives of Men of Genius.

Gentleman's Magazine.

The world is too apt to think that men of genius can not be good husbands, and that the wives of men of genius must inevitably be martyrs. If the world would be honest enough not only to recognize the fact that most wives are martyrs, whether their husbands are geniuses or not, but also to save wives from much risk of martyrdom by allowing women to be in all respects as free as men are to make the best of their lives, and by passing no artificial restraint be the intellectual and social independence of either but which is not imposed by nature, men of genius, as well as men of no genius, would be less likely than they now are to have unhappy wives, or to be themselves made either happy or unhappy by their wives' influence.

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

Iceland is threatened with famine and with a plague of measles.

Coup's great circus has collapsed and the proprietor is $100,000 short.

The *Western Advocate* says: "If the rebellious Arabi could turn this movement into a holy war of islam, he would make his mark in history."

One of the typos on the Adams County, *Gazette* has worked at the case sixty-three consecutive years. He is a graduate of the Concord, N. H., *Patriot* office.

There are two classes of professional tramps. One is the wealthy idler who will not toil; the other is the impecunious idler who will not toil.—*Balto. American.*

A tune played on a church organ in New Britain, Conn., was distinctly recognized by telephone in Worcester, Mass., a distance of ninety miles. "This is music from afar."

During twenty-one years, or since early childhood, a man of Lewiston, Pa., has not spoken to his father. There was no quarrel at the outset, but an instinctive antipathy.

A big shark, accused of swallowing a missing steam tug engineer, was caught the other day in Mobile Bay. Human bones and part of an arm in a woolen jacket sleeve were found in its stomach.

The London *Spectator* remarks: America exhibits greater general kindness, more of the politeness which takes trouble and risks discomfort for others, greater regard for the feelings and rights of others, in short more of the old *homo mun* spirit than any of the three greatest countries of Europe."

Hon. Alex. H. Stephens is said to have recently defined a Bourbon as "an idiot who seriously believes that Confederate money will, if the Democratic party gets into power, become as good as gold, and that the time is not far off when he will be allowed to wallop a nigger, as in the glorious antebellum days."

A Boston special says it is reported that the great organ in Music Hall has been sold to a western city and will soon be removed, and that a new organ will be built in the alcove where its predecessor formerly stood, and that by moving back the front line of the stage a few feet, a seating capacity of 300 will be gained.

"The heaviest loss of Protestantism is not merely in numbers, but in earnestness. It is true that money is freely subscribed for missions and other charities, and that humanitarianism is growing in the churches, but the old stern Protestantism, that made religion the law of life, is fading away.—*Balto. American.*

From the deacon who snores through his one service a day, and the clergyman who carefully times his vacation so as to strike the "chickens," down to the youngster who goes to Sunday school at the "long stop," or "first base"—all religious services in summer are a delusion and a weariness to the flesh.—*Chicago Herald.*

Gen. Hazen, chief signal officer, U. S. A., desires to make a collection of the popular weather proverbs and prognostics used throughout the country, and by all classes and races of people, including Indians, negroes and all foreigners. Proverbs relating to the sun, moon and stars; to rainbows, clouds, rain, snow or dew; and to thunder and lightning and winds; prognostics relating to animals, birds, insects; and from trees and plants; as also objects and winds are described.

In a conversation about grave robberies by medical students, a leading physician of Syracuse, N. Y., said that a student in a medical college of that city a few days ago graduated in a neat suit of broadcloth taken from the body of a well-to-do citizen, which was removed from the grave immediately after burial. It fitted him very well, except that the coat was a little too long. All the medical students knew whose clothes they were, but as the graduate was poor, nothing was said about it.—*Chicago Times.*

A curious church squabble is reported from St. Johnsbury, Vt. A Presbyterian society intending to build a church, was requested by a gentleman owning adjoining premises, to place its building far enough from the line to allow of a passage between the two estates, and to prevent the snow slides from the roof falling on his premises. This was refused. The irate landholder erected a board fence thirty feet high, covered next the church with barbed wires, and served an injunction on the society restraining it from touching the fence. And work progresses with the side of the new building only twenty inches from the fence.

A brief item which carries its own lesson. In a certain mercantile house not a year's journey from this section are employed a couple of young fellows. One belongs to the class of "I'm-too-smart-to-live-a-minute" young men, who is noted for his constant criticisms of his employers' methods of doing business, and the eloquence he uses in describing the way he would improve and run things in the establishment, if he only had an opportunity. His companion in the store, on the contrary, belongs to the class of "I'm-a-silent-plodding-attend-to-my-business" young men. There is to be a change in the firm soon, and he is to be admitted as a partner, contributing his business skill against so much capital. Moral: Fortune doesn't always favor the "I'm-too-smart-to-live-a-minute" young man.

Gen. Abe Buford, the converted Kentucky horse racer, is out in a card denouncing the editor of the Lexington *Transcript* as a liar, and offering to fight him. The offense of the editor was in stating in his paper that Gen. Buford called a colored boy, who charged him a quarter of a dollar for a slight service, "a d—n scoundrel." Gen. Buford says: "Mr. Craddock certainly did very wrong and plainly misrepresented me in the matter. The facts in the case are these: While I was at the fair I gave a little boy a duster to hold, and in about five minutes took it from him. He followed me to the carriage and said: 'General, you owe me a quarter for holding your duster.' I took the money out of my pocket and handed it to him, and being a little annoyed, said: 'My boy you should not commence this extortion so soon in life; damn it, if I am a Christian it is not right.'"

The Mocker Mocked.

There were plenty of seats in the car, but as he walked down the aisle he looked sharply to the right and left until he reached a pretty girl who was sitting alone.

"Seat engaged, miss?" he asked with a knowing wink.

"No-no, sir," stammered the girl, looking round in dismay.

Down he plumped and braced himself for the campaign. He was a regular passenger, and held his commutation ticket in his hand.

"Shall I open—?"

"Tickets!" roared the conductor, who had watched him from afar.

The regular passenger smiled sweetly on the pretty girl and put up his pasteboard, out of which two sides were promptly snipped.

"Hold on!" protested the regular passenger; "you punched this twice. This lady isn't with me!"

"Sorry," replied the conductor; "but you walked in, sat down, and went to work in the regular married style. Supposed, of course, it was your wife. Too late now. Take a second-class next time. Tickets!"

And the passengers went to the conductor and asked him to drink, and offered him cigars, and bought out the train boy for him.

"I know they weren't married," said he as he squinted at a fresh of extra prime. "I've seen him before, but this is the first time it cost him a couple of dollars to play it."

"Do you know who the lady is?" asked an inquisitive man.

"My wife, gentleman!" replied the conductor, and every mouth flask chuckled a merry rolling gong as he spoke.

COLLECTING A DIVIDEND.

A Reminiscence of the Early Days of Railroading in Missouri.

Oil City Derrick.

In the early days of railroading in Missouri a six foot stranger, with a bad look in his eye, one day entered a station on the line of the Blank and Dash road, pulled out ten shares of stock in the company and inquired of the station master if there were any dividends on the stock.

"Never heard of any," was the reply

"Didn't anybody ever try to collect dividends?"

"If they did, they didn't get anything."

"This stock ought to pay ten per cent," continued the stranger. "Here's a thousand dollars. Ten per cent a year would be $100. I've held these shares three months, which would be $25. Pardner, I want my divy!"

"But I've nothing to do with it. You must go to St. Louis."

"Too fur away! I'm going to collect here and save time. Pilgrim, count out my divy!"

The above peroration was followed by the sight of a six-shooter, and an expression which meant business, and the agent didn't consume three minutes counting out the money, which the stranger took and walked out, with the remark that he never invested in stock paying less than ten per cent, and didn't believe in cumulative dividends. This was the only dividend paid by that road for thirteen years, and the agent on a salary of $40 a month had to stand that.

Literary Notes.

Mr. John Ruskin does not like autograph hunters.

The Bronte sisters are said to have done most of their literary work after 9 o'clock in the evening.

Joaquin Miller's story in the September *Century*, "The Col. Bill Williams Mine," is said to be "entirely commonplace."

Prof. John Stuart Blackie has retired from the Greek chair of the University of Edinburgh, which he has occupied for thirty years.

A great grandson of Daniel Defoe is said to be living in London in destitute circumstances, and a penny subscription from readers of "Robinson Crusoe" has been started for his relief.

Mr. Ruskin wisely suggests that the "prettier attention to an old man" is to read what he wishes to say and not to pester him with silly letters on general subjects about which he cares nothing at all.

A critical New York literary journal of good standing says that "Mr. William Black wasted part of his youth on landscape painting." Which suggestive remark is respectfully referred to several Deer Lodge amateur artists.

An English writer in the London *Spectator* is concerned about the unjust articles and books that have lately been written about the United States, and calls on Mr. James Russell Lowell, our Minister to the English court, to come to the defense. The writer don't seem to realize that this nation is getting too great to care for the petty flings of men who know nothing practically of its life or of others who see more in a title than they do in a man.

The first number of the united *Californian and Overland Monthly* will contain a critical study, by Prof. E. R. Still, of the doctrines of Ralph Waldo Emerson; Rev. S. H. Willey, pioneer organizer of the College of California, will contribute an interesting sketch of what was proposed by the trustees at that time for that institution; also a story from the pen of W. C. Morrow; poems by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Carlotta Perry; "Modern Ethics and Egotism," a philosophical paper by Milicent Washburn Chinn; sketches of early California, by Jas. O'Meara; a pathetic poem entitled, "The Baby on the Wall," by Dr. Gally, which will be welcomed by the many who followed the interesting chapters of "Sand" and "Big Jack Small;" a history of "The Vigilantes of Montana;" besides other stories, sketches, poems, etc.

One of Sothern's Jokes.

Mrs. Florence, as every one knows, is a trifle jealous. Billy Florence had breakfasted with Sothern, and after his departure Sothern found Florence's handkerchief, with embroidered initials, on the floor. Sothern seized a pen and, in a feminine hand, indited the following note:

MY DARLING BILLY—I found this handkerchief on the floor after you left me this morning. How could you be so careless? Suppose my husband had come in and seen it! I love you ever.

Yours only and always,

ANNIE.

He then called a messenger, posted him as to the number and location of Florence's room at the hotel, told him not to leave the note at the office, but to deliver it to the lady who came to the door, and *not* to wait for an answer. Everything worked as he had planned, and the result must have exceeded his most sanguine anticipations. Florence was taking a nap, and in answer to the messenger's summons, Mrs. F. opened the door, received the note, read it, and—Well, the result and explosion can be better imagined than described. Poor Florence protested his innocence in vain, and finally sent an unaddressed note to Sothern, calling him a few choice pet names, and saying that he had carried his joke too far, as Mrs. F. was in hysterics and he in a pretty mess. At this time Florence and Boucicault were not on speaking terms, so Sothern, as soon as he saw that the note was simply addressed 'Sir,' sent it to Boucicault, who immediately wrote a furious letter to Florence, saying that he had "always despised him, but until this unprovoked attack, had considered him at least a gentleman." There was a lively row, a challenge, and no end of a circus, all of which Sothern hugely enjoyed; but the upshot was that Sothern owned up to his share in the mischief, and Boucicault and Florence became warm friends.

The Boss Lie.

A Colorado correspondent of an Iowa paper is responsible for the following: "Bill Nuckells, a prospector, fell down a prospect shaft forty feet deep, right into a nest of blacksnakes. Most men would have died of fright, but Nuckells was not that sort of a man. He tied several snakes together and started them up the side of the shaft, tying a fresh snake as fast as the rest went up. Pretty soon the head snake got over the edge and started down hill. Nuckells kept tying on fresh reptiles until he had used up a couple of hundred—every snake there was in the shaft. By this time the crowd of snakes on the outside was strong enough to pull him out of the shaft, and he soon reached Maud's ranch safe and sound.

WHY WE LAUGH.

"Pa has 170 horses and only one me," said a little girl of Iowa.

The Chinese say there are two good men—one dead, and the other unborn.

Latin is a dead language, and that is why doctors use it for writing out their prescriptions.—*Picayune.*

They make a banana ice cream now. And it's so slippery that a man has to lie down on the floor and hold on with both hands to swallow any of it.—*Hawkeye.*

He was so mad to find his wife not at home that he took the soap and wrote across the looking glass: "Betsy Jane is a big fool." She amended with "'s wife."

A chambermaid in a Pennsylvania hotel attempted to drive a nail with the butt of a loaded revolver. We don't know whether the revolver went off or not, but we'll bet she hit her thumb a fearful blow.

A silk company has started a manufactory at Aberdeen, Miss., the manager saying that the climate is even better than that of Japan. This is the only real good thing that has been said about Mississippi in 500 years, and may be it isn't true.—*Hawkeye.*

A ladies' journal announces that a marked change will take place this fall in the fashion of arranging ladies' hair. We are given no hint as to the character of the innovation, but it is expected that instead of hanging the hair over the back of a chair at night, upon retiring, it will be suspended from a nail in the ceiling.

A candidate met Uncle Mose and said to him: "Be sure and come to the ward meeting to-night and bring all your neighbors with you." "You ken jess bet dey will cum 'long wid me, or I stay at home myself. Dar wouldn't be a chicken left in my coop if I was ter go to the ward meetin' and luff dem neighbors at home."

"Ah, dear," sighed Miss Fitzroy, as she yawned wearily, "there isn't anything to occupy one's mind now. I've made toilet cushions and tidies, and embroidered slippers and painted majolica jugs, until I am weary of life. I believe I'll go down into the kitchen and watch Jane make bread. I suppose I ought to know how many pints of yeast it takes to a loaf." And she penetrates the business part of the house, only to find that bread was raised from the "baker's" cart.

Remember, young man, dat de best frien' yer's got on earth is a better friend ter himself den he is ter you. Pay no attention ter a man by de boasts what he makes. Thunder doan all de time tell ob a coming rain. Doan turn a man outen the ranks ob respectability case he's a coward. A hound dog ain't much on a fight, but he's a mighty useful animal. While Nature was a foolin' away her time paintin' different colors and stripes on de horns ob de Jack snappers and udder bugs, I doan see why she didn't contrive some easier way fur a chile to cut its teeth.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A facetious Paris journalist, wishing to "take a rise" out of Leon Gozlan, inserted the following paragraph among the odds and ends of his paper: "M. Leon Gozlan was at one time a sailor, and while serving on board a brig not only caused the crew to mutiny, but also killed the captain." In the very next number of the journal appeared a letter, addressed to the editor by the author of "Notaire de Chantilly." It ran thus: "Monsieur: You say that I have been a sailor, which is quite true; that I caused the crew of a brig to mutiny, and then killed the captain, which is also perfectly correct; but you forgot to add a detail which may particularly interest your readers: after killing the captain I ate him!"

Conversing about old-fashioned names, ex-Secretary Blaine recently told a correspondent a story about an aunt of Mr. Cheeney, of Boston, who named her children after names she found in French novels. "Every child," said Mr. Blaine, "had a romantic French name. One was named Valet—Valet Cheeney." "Where did she get the name from?" was asked. "Well, it was in this way. I knew Valet well when I was a boy. I also knew that he had a middle name, for he used to write it Valet D. C. Cheeney. One day I asked him to give me his whole name. 'Mother got it out of a French novel,' said Valet. 'My full name is Valet de Chamber Cheeney. Pretty name, isn't it? And uncommon, too. They spell it in French *Valet de Chambre*.'"

Patch-Work.

Annie Wakeman writes from New York to the Chicago *Morning-Journal*: Old-fashioned industries are coming into vogue. The latest is the patch-work mania. One day last week I took a flying trip to Fort Lee. Seated on the broad piazza of its fine hotel, and listening to the afternoon concert by the band, I amused myself with studying the people seated about me, most of them regular boarders at the hotel, who were plying their fingers over various kinds of fancy work. There is always one kind which is the rage for the summer. Last summer the preference was given to serpentine braid "ric-rac" work, consequently every woman you met had her muslin gown elaborately decorated with this showy trimming. This year the rage is for the "Oscar crazy quilt." On a piece of cambric half a yard square there is basted in the center a sunflower made of either yellow broadcloth, silk, or velvet, or a lily, a daisy, or pansy of one of the same materials. The square is then filled in with bits of silk and velvet of all colors, arranged helter skelter, a sort of artistic confusion of colors. The bits are of irregular pattern, just as your friends give them to you—squares, triangles, circles, jags, and tags. After basting these on the edges are neatly turned in, and the piece is sewed down firmly with a chain stitch of old gold, alternating with cardinal sewing silk. When the cambric squares are completely filled out, and enough of them have been made for a bedquilt or sofa comforter, they are joined together with narrow black velvet ribbon, which is ornamented with chain and herring bone stitches in shaded silk floss, to suit the artistic taste of the worker. The sunflower gives the name of "Oscar," and heaven knows the patches are "crazy" enough in shape. Such is fame. Oscar Wilde has immortalized himself in silk quilts, to be handed down to generations yet unborn as heirlooms of what "grandmamma did when she was a girl." Spirits of former grandmammas, how you must fume as you haunt the garrets where are ignominiously packed away your faverite calico quilts, the much-treasured "spider-web," "fox and geese," and "log-cabin" patterns! "What is this folly?" you ask in sepulchral tones; "the 'Oscar crazy' young women, you are all clean daft along with your trumpery quilts."

Never mind, this serves to revive the homely industry of quilt-making, and a prominent society lady tells me that one of the novelties next season here will be the social quilting bee, in order to quilt and silk line the summer-work of Dame Fashion's daughters.

Study the Flowers of the Field.

Boston Transcript.

A midsummer exhibition of wild flowers given by the Middlesex Institute at Malden, furnished a vigorous text for a sermon upon this branch of science. With a good amount of enthusiasm, and with much more hard work, a handful of public-spirited men and women have been trying for two years past to interest the young people of their town in this most fascinating of scientific studies. There ought to be a feeling in an intelligent community that a certain disgrace attaches to ignorance of our common ferns.

MEN OF THE HOUR.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

A Royal Soldier in Egypt.

Illustrated Correspondence New North-west.

Major-General his Royal Highness Arthur, Duke of Connaught, K. G., K. T., K. P., G. C. M. G., as our British cousins call him, was born May 1, 1850. He entered the Woolwich Military Academy as cadet in 1866, became a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers in 1868, and a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1869, a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade in the same year, and a captain in 1871. His staff services are:—brigade-major at Aldershott in 1873; brigade-major to the cavalry brigadier at the same quarters in 1875; in October of the same year he was appointed assistant adjutant-general at Gibraltar, which post he held until April, 1876. In 1880 he was made a general of brigade at Aldershott. Besides holding other appointments, the Duke is colonel-in-chief of the Royal Rifle Corps and personal aid-de-camp to the Queen. He has never before taken part in active service. In Egypt he commands the Guards Brigade in the First Divison. Prince Arthur is a studious and accomplished man, said to be the most intellectual man in the royal family of England.

At the Battle of Inkerman

Temple Bar.

Our decimated troops, having fought desperately since daylight without food or rest, were beginning to wear the aspect of men engaged in a hopeless struggle. They were losing ground from the mere numerical superiority of an enemy whom they defeated whenever they were brought to close quarters. Even Lord Raglan's confidence in the ultimate issue of the battle was understood by some of his staff officers to waver when he was heard to mutter, in reply to a proposal of partial retreat, the ominous words: "Yes, I fear we are in a mess. But I shall hold on a while." A sudden cry of many voices came ringing from the rear in French: "Courage, Englishmen; we are here." Zouaves, Chasseurs, Algerian Rifles, and three battalions of the line were coming up at double time and out of breath. Gen. Bosquet had brought them up at the right moment. The regiment of Zouaves was led by a young vivandiere skipping and dancing before them in her gay costume. A Russian general on seeing those troops, remarked to his staff: "The French are saving the English at Inkerman as the Prussians did at Waterloo." That general's column seemed thunderstruck at the appearance of the timely reinforcement. It had been advancing, and was halted. Standing at about fifty yards from Gen. Bosquet it seemed to await orders which were apparently not forthcoming. "Are they going to present arms to me?" said the humorous Bosquet to his staff. "If they are going to march past we must go to the saluting point." Then he ordered the Zouaves and Algerian Rifles to attack. "Do not fire!" he shouted. "You would shoot down the brave English. Use your bayonets! Zouaves! show that you are still my fearless children!" he called out in French, and then continued in Arabic: "Algerian Rifles, let them see that you are always my old fire-eaters!" While he was thus addressing his troops one of the Zouaves petted an Englishman on the back, and told him that he and his comrades had had their share of fighting, and might stand at ease while the French would do the rest. He spoke the best of English, and it proved, on inquiries being made, that he was a highly educated Scotch gentleman of good family, who had enlisted at Algiers and was much liked. His corps soon went slinging on in their jaunty way at a rapid pace, which left the measured tramp of our infantry behind when it was ordered to attack with the French. A Russian fire of grape-shot opened on both lines. Our allies dashed furiously forward with wild clamor. They soon obliged the enemy opposed to them to retire. The English kept coolly firing and loading as they steadily advanced in perfect silence. The Russians before them also fell back on their reserves. Both attacks were successful so far, but they differed in the amount of loss inflicted upon the enemy; that produced by the English fire being much greater than the damage done by the French. With regard to the numbers of killed and wounded respectively in the ranks of the assailants, the French had a decided advantage over us. In this instance, the Zouaves had to deplore the death of one very dear to them, their pretty little vivandiere. She cheered them on, always in front, till she fell mortally wounded. No ball had disfigured her fair young face, which seemed still to smile as she lay dead on the field.

The Use of the Piano.

New London Telegram.

But after all, the real mission of a piano in the house is this—a place for a young lady to sit and idly turn the leaves of a blackbird book, a something for a young gentleman to hang over and now and then breath softly in the young lady's ear to let her know that he is growing weak, but he still lives. It is an affecting sight to observe a young man hang over a piano. Few young men know how to hang over a piano in good form. One must not bend too low, as if he were looking for a lost sleeve button or nickel, nor yet be too rigid and inflexible, like a wooden soldier or a weather vane. A compromise of these attitudes with a little oblique leaning towards the steel and its occupant is about the correct thing in piano hanging.

Now and then by way of novelty an attempt is made on a grand social occasion to actually play the piano. A dismal young man leads an exhaustive young lady to the piano. An awful silence pervades the drawing room. The somber young man slowly lifts the lid, as if he was about to view the remains of the last relative he had on earth. The young lady wildly runs her fingers over the keys—there is a sob, a wail, a vociferation of violent grief, a cry of comfortless despair and all is over. The young lady sinks upon the nearest sofa. The young man lowers the lid, turns away his head and is seen no more.

The New North-West.

DEER LODGE, Montana.

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