Historical Association X

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	Card.	1 inch	2 inches	3 inches	4 inches	6 inches	13 inches	25 inches
1 month	$3	$5	$7	$9	$12	$20	$40	$60
2 months	5	8	10	12	14	20	35	40
3 months	7	8	12	14	16	20	45	48
4 months	8	10	14	16	18	25	50	55
5 months	10	12	16	18	24	35	60	75
6 months	12	14	20	22	30	40	70	100
9 months	14	20	25	30	35	75	100	160
12 months	16	25	30	35	50	90	150	250

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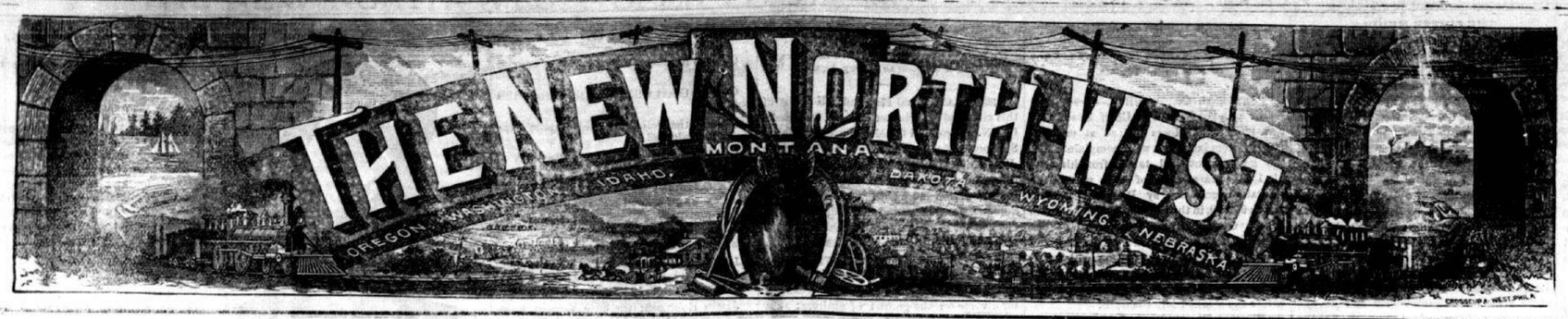
Reading notices, 15 cents for the first insertion and 10 cents for each succeeding insertion, measured in Nonpareil measure.

All Work payable on delivery.



VOL. 14, NO. 43. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, APRIL 20, 1883. WHOLE NO. 719.

TERMS—Payable Invariably in Advance—

One Year.....$4 00
Six Months.....2 00
Three Months.....1 25

When not paid in advance the rate will be Five Dollars per year.

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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.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post-Office, or leaving uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Papers ordered to any address can be changed to another address at the option of the subscriber.

Remittances by draft, check, money order or registered letter may be sent at our risk. All Postmasters are required to register letters on application.

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

G. A. KELLOGG,
County Surveyor, Civil Engineer and U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor,
Deer Lodge, - - 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.

WM. H. TRIPPET,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Deer Lodge, - - Montana.
OFFICE—In Lansing's new building, near corner of D and First streets.
☞ Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory. 685tf

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

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

A. S. HIGGINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
—Office old North-West building, First street—
Deer Lodge - - - - - - Montana.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory. 718

F. R. BILL,
Justice of the Peace and Notary Public.
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
713.

LAND PATENTS!
Patents procured for Townsites, Mines, Spanish Grants and all classes of Public Land entries, Appeals, and Contests in Interior Department conducted. Applications for Mineral Patents prepared. JAMES H. MANDEVILLE, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. U. S. SUPREME COURT, Court of Claims and Circuit Courts. Also in Patent Infringement Suits. Offices, Le Droit Building, WASHINGTON, D. C.
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JOHN H. OWINGS, M. D.,
Physician and Sugeon,
Office—Kleinschmidt Building, formerly occupied by M. M. Hopkins.
Deer Lodge, - Montana.
Calls in town or country will receive prompt attention. 643

A. H. MITCHELL. EDGAR LAURIN.
MITCHELL & LAURIN,
Physicians and Surgeons.
Office—Opposite Scott House.
Deer Lodge, - - - Montana.
Will attend promptly to calls from town or country.

DR. C. G. GLASS,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, and ACCOUCHER.
Office, at present, with the
Deer Lodge Drug Co.,
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
703

BANKS AND BANKERS.

First National Bank!
HELENA, - MONTANA.
Paid up Capital.....$300,000
Surplus and Profits $203,476
TOTAL CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $929,225
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.
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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.
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No. 102 Broadway.

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Scott House.
DEER LODGE, MONTANA,
Sam. Scott, Proprietor.
Board Per Day, $2.00. Single Meals, 50 c.
550.

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.

METROPOLITAN
BILLIARD ROOMS
Truman & Strang, Proprietors
—Successors to John Gerber.—
Having purchased the above commodious Headquarters of Deer Lodgers and the traveling public, we will be pleased to see our friends as frequently as they may find it convenient. 708tf

DAVIS & BENNETT,
ASSAYERS,
BUTTE - - - MONTANA.
PRICES—Gold & Silver.....$2 50
Silver.....2 00
Copper.....3 00
☞ Samples sent by mail promptly attended to 541-1y

COSMOPOLITAN SALOON.
Main Street, - - Deer Lodge.
R. Boisvert, Propr.
All drinks and cigars 12 1-2c.
☞ A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. 661 tf

A. ANDERSON,
Main Street, Deer Lodge.
BOOT AND SHOE MAKING
and Repairing.
All Work Well and Promptly Done.
Having leased the Kenyon building, one door south of O'Neill's hardware store, and opened a complete shop, I am prepared to manufacture Boots and Shoes, or to do general repairing promptly and neatly at fair prices.
☞ A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.
A. ANDERSON.
691m3

M. BIEN,
Upholstery and Furniture,
[Opposite Scott House]
Deer Lodge, - Montana
Parlor Sets and Bed-room Sets
An assortment of
Wood and Cane Seat Chairs,
WOVEN WIRE
and all kinds of
SPRING MATTRESSES
A No. 1 Feathers in Bulk.
MATTRESSES OF HAIR, WOOL AND MOSS.
☞ Upholstery Jobbing promptly attended to. 622 tf

REVISED STATUTES OF MONTANA
Containing
The Revision of 1879,
The Extra Session Laws 1879,
The Twelfth Session Laws 1881,
Being all the
General and Codified Laws of Montana
In force prior to the Thirteenth Session.
with the special laws since 1879
A few copies of the
Supplementary Edition,
Precisely the same as the United States edition bound in Law Sheep, on hand and for sale.
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Address
698tf NEW NORTH-WEST, Deer Lodge, Montana.

THE
SHORT LINE
OF THE
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul
RAILWAY,
Is now running its FAST EXPRESS TRAINS from both
OMAHA and ST. PAUL
WITH
Pullman's Magnificent Sleepers
AND THE
Finest Dining Cars in the World.
IF YOU are GOING EAST
TO
Chicago, Milwaukee,
Or to any point beyond,
TAKE THE BEST ROUTE, THE
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul
RAILWAY.
S. S. MERRILL, Gen'l Manager.
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Milwaukee, Wis.
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POSTOFFICE BOOKSTORE
AND
NEWS DEPOT,
POSTOFFICE BUILDING, - - DEER LODGE,
Thos. E. Tuttle, Proprietor.
Having opened a store at the above stand, I will keep in stock
Standard and Gift Books,
Full Line of Fancy Goods,
Stationery, etc.,
AND
All Latest Illustrated Papers and Magazines
Yearly Subscriptions for Newspapers and Magazines and orders for Books at Publishers' prices.
☞ A share of patronage is solicited.
699tf THOS. E. TUTTLE.

POETRY.

ALPHABETICAL FARMING.

There is a farmer who is Y's
Enough to take his E's,
And study nature with his I's
And think of what he C's.

He hears the chatter of the J's
As they each other T's,
And Z's that when a tree D K's
It makes a home for B's.

A pair of oxen he will U's
With many haws and G's,
And their mistakes he will X Q's
While plowing for his P's.

In raising crops he all X L's
And therefore little O's,
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also soils his hose.

A BENEDICT CANTICLE.

Of all the insidious
Temptations invidious,
Contrived by the devil for pulling men down,
There's none more delusive,
Seductive, abusive,
Than the snare to a man with wife out of [town.

He feels such a delightfulness,
Stay-out-all-night-fulness,
Shall-I-get-tight?-fulness—
I own it with pain!—
A bachelor rakishness,
What-will-you-take?-ishness,
Next-day's-headache-ishness.
None can explain!
His wife may be beautiful,
Tender and dutiful—
'Tis not that her absence should cause him [delight;
But the cursed opportunity,
Baleful immunity,
Scatters his scruples as day scatters night.
He recalls pranks erratic
In memories ecstatic
As wicked he feels as the bald-heads in row,
Who watch the stage dances
With bold, sinful glances,
And witness with glee the wild, bacchanal [show.

He's possessed with a feel-fulness,
A world-flesh-and-de'il-fulness,
A make-the-stars-reel-fulness,
Who could resist?
And he longs for the poker chips,
For winks that the joker tips,
For rings from the smoker's lips,
Like a blue mist.
With a take-every-trick-ishness,
Full-as-a-tick-ishness,
I'll-be-a-brick-ishness
Though conscience frowns;
With a forth-let-us-steal-someness,
Kick-up-our-heel-someness;
There's-a-wile-of-the-de'il-someness,
In a wife out of town. —*Life.*

THE PANORAMA OF A NIGHT.

Four Views of the World Sketched in the Darkest Hour.

Detroit Free Press.

It is night. A policeman awakes with a sudden start and moves around the corner, having a secret fear at his heart that he had slept through all that night, all next day and far into to-morrow night. It is night in a great city. The poker and faro rooms are in full blast, 10,000 loafers are holding down street corners, and here and there an intoxicated alderman can be seen making his way to a policy shop or the gathering of the pavement ring. Under cover of darkness, first manufactured over 6,000 years ago, the hotel beat lowers his duds from the fourth story window; all who have dead-head tickets start for the opera house; hundreds of young men start out to spark; reporters look forward to fires, robberies and murders, and church choirs meet to rehearse and wrangle and lay up clubs for each other.

'Tis night in the country. The stock has been fed, the squeal of the pig is hushed, and the tired horse munches his corn and wonders why his master throws in so many cobs without a kernel on them. The watch dog sits at the gate, perfectly willing to chew up any of the neighbors for a cent, and in the farm house all is serene, or would be, if John Henry could find the grease for his boots, Mary Ann could find her novel, the old man the hiding place of the bootjack, and the mother solve the mystery of how some of her neighbors managed to get a dress costing two shillings per yard, while she had nothing but calico.

'Tis night on the ocean. The proud steamer sails gallantly on and on, the captain snoring in his berth, the mates playing eucher, the lookouts asleep and everything in readiness to swear, in case of collision, that it was all the other vessel's fault. Nothing is heard but the beat of the propeller, the groans of the immigrants, and the voices of men and women declaring that anyone who plans an ocean voyage for pleasure ought to be shot. The sportive dolphin gambols away his hard earnings, the whale rolls over for another nap, and the businesslike shark follows in the wake to pick up any opportunities that may tumble overboard.

'Tis night on the prairie. The red men gather about the camp fire to count the scalps they have taken within the past week and to grumble at the Government for not furnishing them port wine and repeating rifles. The white hunter and trapper curls himself up to wonder where he can find old bones for breakfast, and to realize what a fool he has made of himself, and the gaunt wolf shoulders his empty stomach and sets out to find something to make life worth living for.

Night grows apace. In the city the weary wife takes her place in the hall with club in hand. In the country the old folks fall into bed aweary with the work of the day, and the young people spark and pop corn. On the ocean the seasickers grow worse and the songs of the mermaids fall flat. On the prairie the Indians finally decide to make war in the spring, the hunter falls asleep to dream of eating his boots for dinner, and the wolf meets a wildcat and offers to toss up to see which eats up the other.

A Railroad King Who Pays for Riding Fast.

Reno Gazette.

From all accounts Henry Villard got a pretty fine whirl over the desert the other day. Nick Cole took hold of him with the 219 at Winnemucca and dashed him down to the Humboldt House, forty miles, in forty-five minutes. He ran from Rye Patch to Lovelocks, twenty-three miles, in twenty-four minutes, and from Bronco to Boca, five miles, in six minutes. He averaged forty-seven and one-half miles per hour, making the best time on record over that division, beating the famous Jarrett & Palmer train ten minutes. Below Sacramento Hank Small took them thirteen miles in eleven minutes.

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

The rule of three is said to be for the third person to clear out.

Alexander H. Stephens was a devoted Presbyterian. He revised his own obituary.

The government clerk who writes a page of foolscap per day is supposed to be overworked and in need of rest.

"Gath" asserts that Wm. H. Vanderbilt is worth $200,000,000, and that he has an annual income of $20,000,000.

Over 2,000 applications for patents for electrical contrivances were filed in 1882, two-thirds of which were granted.

Senator Tabor gave such superb dinners that you can't convince Washington people that it isn't a shame that he wasn't reelected.

The New York *Public*, after a careful computation, puts the revenue reduction likely to result from the new tax and tariff law at $34,000,000.

The Charleston *Courier* says there are too many lawyers in this country, but it doesn't give a recipe for getting rid of half of them in a quiet and satisfactory manner.

The Swedish government has granted a sum of $300 for this year to an entomologist, whose duty it will be to advise farmers as to the best means of destroying injurious insects.

When a country school teacher in Ohio can't agree with Webster's dictionary as to the pronunciation of a word something has to break, and it is Webster who most always gets hurt.

Mr. Frank Hatton did not receive the appointment of Postmaster-General, but he will find compensation in the complimentary fact that every newspaper in Iowa, of all politics, favored his appointment.

A Connecticut clergyman, who was angry at Governor Waller for his six-line fast-day proclamation, took it out of his congregation with a prayer forty-five minutes long. The Lord's Prayer is less than three minutes long.

In Japan fish are kept in a reservoir and killed as they are needed. Fresh vegetables are kept under trickling water, and in all well-conducted places there is a scrupulous neatness manifested in all culinary arrangements.

Shirts which button behind find no sale in Europe. The Germans say that they might as well wear coats and vests which button wrong side to, and the Englishman wants something to growl about Sunday morning.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Within the past twelvemonth four men have died who, at one time or another, filled the office of Postmaster-General—namely, Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut; William Dennison, of Ohio; Horace Maynard, of Tennessee; and Timothy O. Howe, of Wisconsin.

During the last thirty years the California quicksilver mines have produced 109,222,267 pounds, of which 67,397,800 pounds were exported. California produced one-half of all the quicksilver in use throughout the world. The Rothschilds control the Austrian and Spanish mines.

It seems that an American citizen, now residing in England, has lately been created a marquis by the pope. The new marquis is Mr. James Canby Bibolph Cope, and the patent of nobility was granted to him because he had given the pontiff a large sum of money for the Catholic schools of Rome.

The state of Prince Bismarck's health still continues unsatisfactory. He suffers much less than formerly from pain and swollen veins in the lower limbs, but there can be no doubt that the once iron constitution of the Chancellor has undergone a change for the worse, so that he is now very susceptible to atmospheric changes.

A determined effort is being made in Philadelphia to enforce the law forbidding children under twelve years of age in mills. Many mill owners are willingly complying with the law by discharging those under that age, and allowing those between thirteen and sixteen to work only ten hours a day for nine months in the year.

Some negroes, says a Southern exchange, believe that souls of the dead enter graveyard rabbits, and a darkey would as soon be guilty of cannibalism as to eat a rabbit caught in or near a burying ground. As a consequence they multiply very fast there. This prejudice or superstition does not extend to spring chicken, however.

Leland Stanford figures in a flying paragraph as "the largest vine-grower in America," but the fact is, the place of honor is held by R. Nadeau, of Los Angeles, who owns more vines than other man in California. Mr. Stanford aims to lead Mr. Nadeau, however, and is to have 2,500,000 vines planted in Vina, Yolo county, Cal.

The staining of bricks red is effected by melting one ounce of glue in a gallon of water, then adding a piece of alum as large as an egg, one-half pound of Venetian red, and one pound of Spanish brown; redness or darkness is increased by using more red or brown. For coloring black, heat the bricks and dip in fluid asphaltum or in hot mixture of linseed oil and asphalt.

The correspondent or reporter who said that the band played "Good-bye My Lover, Good-bye," at the grave of a prominent "Ingersollite" the other week at Cuba, New York, is now branded as either a liar or a man who can't tell "Old Hundred" from "Champagne Charlie." As a matter of fact, "Pleyel's Hymn" was played. In spite of Ingersoll's defense of thieves, his followers ought not to be lied about. It seems a bad example. And if people lie in defense of religion, these infidels will get to lying in defense of infidelity.

Pullman Cars in England.

London Corr. N. Y. Tribune.

The effort to introduce the Pullman sleeping car has met with indifferent success. On the Midland, between Liverpool and London, it is the most patronized, simply because so many Americans travel over that route; but you will hear on all sides the most absurd objections offered to it, always winding up with the assertion that they are too close and hot. The average Englishman always imagines himself too warm. He is perforce obliged to live without fire, because he has set up a theory that a comfortably warm room is unhealthy, and when there is a fire there is not enough of it to warm any one. So he hardens himself by a daily ice-water bath in his room, and after it does a day's work with a pair of dumb-bells to keep from solidifying. He objects to a Pullman car because it is comfortably warmed; and then he will never let up on that "modern instance" of the burning of the Pullman and loss of the life of the man who set it on fire, and, as is generally understood here, was in too convivial a condition to save himself.

A Novel Banquet Club.

Philadelphia Times.

A novel banquet took place at the Hotel Bellevue. It was the third annual dinner of the Last Man's Club, formed three years ago. It has seventeen members. Each member must attend the dinner annually. Death, serious illness, or separation by great distance alone excuses. At every dinner a place is kept for each absent member, whether living or dead, and the dishes and wine are served opposite their empty chairs, the same as if they were present. A curious and elegant tankard of beaten silver, filled with wine, is passed around the table and quaffed by each one present until emptied. As each member dies his name will be engraved on the tankard until finally the last man, surrounded by the overflowing plates, the full glasses and the empty chairs, will drink to their memory alone. Then the dinners will cease and the tankard will become the last man's property.

WEISBERGER'S APRIL JOKE.

The Citizens of Lebanon Take in Hook and Bait.

An April Exemplification of Standard Folly.

From the St. Louis Democrat.

The public authorities, business men and other citizens of Lebanon had a cruel April fool played upon them on Sunday last by G. Weisberger, an extensive coal operator in the same place. As has been reported in this paper, the extensive Helmbacher Iron Manufacturing company of St. Louis have determined to remove their works from that city and have been visiting Belleville and other places looking for an advantageous location. So Mr. Weisberger took this as a ground work for an April-the first joke upon his fellow citizens. Saturday he returned from St. Louis and reported to Mayor Webb, several business men and others, that while in St. Louis that day he had been approached by the president and directors of the Helmbacher Forge company concerning the removal of their work to Lebanon, and that on Sunday the said president and directors would arrive in Lebanon on the noon train to investigate the advantages offered by the city of Lebanon for the location of their immense iron works. This information had a magical effect upon those to whom it was imparted, and they plainly saw Lebanon was to become the Pittsburg of the west. The mayor called a session of the city council to discuss the windfall in store for the city, and make proper arrangements for the reception of the forge works company, and show them about the city and present the advantages Lebanon had for iron industries.

Several leading business men issued a call for a meeting of all the business men to assemble that evening for the same purpose as that which had called the city council together. The glowing future of heretofore quiet and dull Lebanon was discussed, several proclaiming that they always knew that Lebanon had a grand future in store, or else they never would have located in it. One grave and gray haired man mentioned that the proper thing to do in the premises, was to immediately organize a board of trade, something that Lebanon had as much use for as a prayer meeting had for a billy goat. But this elderly business man claimed that Belleville had a board of trade, and the Helmbacher folks had been there and that they would look with disfavor upon any city as a location for their forge works that did not revel in a board of trade. The idea took like wild fire, and a board of trade was immediately organized, though there was at first difficulty in doing this as no one knew exactly what the objects of a board of trade were. But this was gotten over by resolving to just call themselves a board of trade, elect officers, appoint a committee to recieve the Helmbachers and adopt a constitution and by-laws, and settle other details at a future meeting. This was all done. Then the bankers held a meeting and also appointed a committee of reception. The common citizens also assembled in the town hall and adopted resolutions welcoming the iron workers to Lebanon, and also appointing a committee on reception to act in conjunction with the other reception committees. These proceedings were telegraphed to and published in the St. Louis papers on Sunday morning. Sunday, April 1, arrived, and all Lebanon was astir, every one wearing his best clothes to impress favorably the Helmbachers. The committees of the council the embryo board of trade, the bankers and the citizens met and agreed upon a plan of action, etc. The best hotel in the place was authorized to have a grand lunch at two o'clock, with wines, etc., for the edification of the Helmbachers. Carriages were procured and the reception committees under the command of Mayor Webb, Merchant John Chamberlain and Banker Jim Baker, proceeded to the depot. Those who owned gold-headed canes had given them an extra polish that morning and silk hats were carefully brushed.

At the depot, besides the committee of reception, there were hundreds of men, women and children awaiting with feverish anxiety the arrival of the train from St. Louis, which was to bring them the Helmbacher Iron Works men.

The train at length arrived, and the committees sprang for the cars to grasp the hands of their expected visiting capitalists. The conductor and brakeman and the porter only alighted. "Perhaps," the train men have not cried out "Lebanon," said Mayor Webb, "That's so," said Merchant Chamberlain, "Let's see about it," exclaimed Banker Baker. They did see about it, but Lebanon had been cried outand none had moved from their seats, and the conductor further informed them that no one was on the train who had a ticket for or had paid his fare to Lebanon. The conductor signalled to the engineer to go ahead and the train moved off and no Helmbachers were in Lebanon. The reception committee were all crestfallen over their non-arrival, and it was suggested that the forge people had missed the train. But the committee resolved to drive in their carriages, followed by the crowd of people, to the residence of Weisberger, the coal operator, and inform him of the miscue of the day. Weisberger was standing on the front porch as the assemblage drove and walked up. He was convulsed with laughter and shouting, "April fool; April fool!" Then it dawned upon the excited populace how they had been done for by the coal operator Weisberger and what fools they had, sure enough, made of themselves through the April-first sell of the operator. Numbers of them fumed and swore and threatened violence, and Weisberger found that the feeling against him was so great and bitter that he concluded it best to retire within the house, which he did, locking the doors behind him. It can be imagined with what feelings the city officials, and business men, the bankers and the common citizens wended their way home. The churches were poorly attended that day. The hotel dinner is unsettled, but must be paid for. No further action will be taken to perfect the organization of the board of trade. The reception committees are discharged. The Helmbacher forge works will not go to Lebanon. And Lebanon will be the same in the future as in the past, and the students of the college will pursue their studies undisturbed by sounds of the hammer, roll of the mill or the evil effects of the sooty smoke.

General O. O. Howard made the last treaty with the Chiricahua Indians, now raiding in Arizona. He did it, as he said, "by the grace of God and prayer." All the parties to the treaty, except the Indians, appear to have been badly left.—*Ogden Pilot.*

WHY WE LAUGH.

By the way, has it occurred to any one that Adam was Number One?—*S. F. News.*

"When the swallows homeward fly," the bar-tender rakes in the stamps.—*New York News.*

"A Woman of a Few Words" has created a sensation in New York. This does not surprise us. Such a woman would be a sensation anywhere.

Artificial eyes have been found among the Egyptian mummies. Artificial lies are an old invention; but it is not polite to say so. Mum is the word.—*Transcript.*

Be respectful to every one, no matter what his or her position may be in the world. Never, for instance, ask your washerwoman where she "hangs out."—*Earville Graphic.*

An illustration of stinginess is cited by an Arkansas editor who knows a man who talks through his nose to save the wear and tear on his false teeth.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Zip (Lao) Coon: Miss Keokuk (pointing to Hollis Holworthy's favorite bronze): "O, Mr. Holworthy, what are those poor men doing all tangled up in the hose?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Amateur theatricals have gone out of fashion in New Orleans, as traveling combinations have supplied their places in giving performances as bad as any audience can stand.—*N. Y. World.*

The *Tombstone Epitaph*, of Arizona, tells of a dear little boy, who when told, upon his first day at school, thas the first letter in the alphabet was called "A," said to the schoolma'am: "How in h—l do you know?"

How much pleasanter this world would be to live in were it as easy to go to bed at night as it is to remain there in the morning, and as easy to get up in the morning as it is to talk of getting up when you go to bed?—*Transcript.*

An ear for music: "Yes," said Fenderson, "I've got quite an year for music." "You have quite an ear, sure enough," said Fogg, "but I wasn't sure it was for music. I didn't know but it was intended for a windmill."—*Transcript.*

It is thought that building will be greatly stimulated in Cincinnati this spring, enterprising citizens contemplating running up their wall a story or two in order to place thereon some marks where the recent high water reached.

A book just published is entitled "How to Make $500 Yearly Profit with Twelve Hens." During the past few years some persons have asked such a high price for eggs that an impression prevailed that they wanted to make a profit of $500 a year with one hen.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I heard yer old mudder was dead?" said Sam Johnsing to Gabe Snedgrass, a colored citizen of Austin. "Jes' so. She died las' week." "Was she sick long?" "No; she jes' tuck sick one day an' died de nex'." "Only sick one day! De Lor', why dat was hardly wuff while."—*Texas Siftings.*

Said the angry judge to the lawyer: "The prisoner would steal horses, and I consider you no better!" And the lawyer said he flattered himself that he did know better, and wished he could return the compliment with justice. And this was one of the most enjoyable incidents of the trial—for the audience.

It may be a base slander, but we have the authority of the usually veracious Cleveland *Leader* that the following are extracts from ex-Senator Tabor's autograph album:

1. "When you extract a pearl from memory's casket think of *Edmunds.*"
2. "And the harbor bill is moaning." —*Georgie F. Hour.*
3. "Who taught me to swing upon a cobweb?—Senator Tabor!" —*Davy Davis.*
4. "The Rose is red, the Violet's Blue, The Grass is Green, and So are You." —*Georgie H. Pendleton.*
5. "30 Days have September, And no more has Mr. Tabor. —*Your Senate-mate, Hal. Dawes.*
6. "Fare thee well, and if forever Good enough." —*Johnny Logan.*

"THEM" OR "THOSE."

A Little Grammatical Question Settled in Three Minutes.

Middletown Mercury.

A few days ago a flash young man from an eastern college arrived in Tombstone, Arizona, and registered his name at the principal hotel. A socially-inclined person in a blue shirt and wide-rimmed hat who chanced to be in the office good-naturedly answered every question and volunteered a vast amount of interesting information about Arizona in general and Tombstone in particular.

"Do you see them hills over yonder?", asked the Tombstoner, pointing through one of the office windows. "Well, them hills is chock full of pay dirt."

The young man from the east looked shocked.

"My dear sir," he said proudly, but kindly, "you should say 'those hills are—not 'them hills is!'"

The Tombstoner was silent for a moment. He looked the young man from the east critically over, as if he was estimating the size of a coffin he would wear. Then drawing out an ivory-stocked seven-shooter of elaborate style and finish, he said in a soft and musical tone of voice that sounded like a wild-wood brook coursing o'er its pebbly bed: "My gentle, unsalted tenderfoot from the land of the rising sun, this here's a pint that you and me disagrees on, and we might have it settled right now. I haven't looked in a grammar lately, but I say 'them hills is' is correct, and I'm going to stand by that opinion while I've got a shot left. I'll give you three minutes to think calmly over the subject, for you probably spoke in haste the first time, and then I'll hear your decision."

The young man from the east looked down the delicately chased barrel of the revolver, into the placid depths of the eye of the Tombstoner, and began to feel that many points of grammar are uncertain and liable to grow more so. Then he thought of the coroner's inquest and of the verdict, "Came to his death by standing in front of Colorado Tom's seven-shooter," and of the long pine box going east by express with $69 charges on it, and before half of three minutes were up he was ready to acknowledge his error. "Since he had thought it over calmly," he said, "he believed that 'them hills is' was right. He had spoken on the spur of the moment," he added, "and begged a thousand pardons for his presumptuous effort to substitute bad grammar for good."

The Tombstoner forgave him freely and, grasping his hand, said:

"I knewed you'd say you was wrong after you thought a moment. I admire a man who gives right in without arguing when he knows he's wrong. Come along and irrigate." And they irrigated.

A Pastor's Remarkable Pie.

Dorchester (Md.) Era.

The members and friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church at East New Market called upon the pastor, Rev. T. O. Ayres, on Saturday night, and presented him a "Dorchester pie." It was a very peculiar sort of pie. The bottom crust was a sack of corn; the top crust was a purse of gold; the filling was made up of sausage, hams, coffee, sugar, cake, lard, fruit, honey, crackers, eggs, jelly, butter, hominy, potatoes, hosiery—yea, a pie with a stocking in it—handkerchiefs, chocolate, catsup, bread, dried fruit, fresh pork, beef, etc. It was a big pie—a whole wagon-load of pie.

The Wonders of the Sky.

[From a Providence *Press* report of a trial of the largest telescope in the world. It was built for the Russian Government, and will soon be transported to its destination in the Pulkowa Observatory, founded by the Czar Nicholas, and overlooking the city of the Czars from its lofty position on the Pulkowa Hills, nine miles south of St. Petersburg.]

A suspicion of twilight still lingers in the west, the slender crescent of the new moon, only a day old, holds in her arms the old moon, with an outline of remarkable distinctness, and the zodiacal light extends its cone of pale gold high up toward the zenith. The stars swarm in the dark dome arching above us, as they twinkle and glitter in the frosty air. The brightest stars, the most superb clusters that spangle the firmament, are included in the grand procession, the princely Jupiter marshaling the host. Rising from an unbroken surface of snow, and looming up in the blackness of night with ghostlike indistinctness, the huge telescope seems to pierce the skies, and dwarf to Lilliputian dimensions the observers at its base. Object-glass, eye-piece and other required appurtenances are in position, and the great eye is pointed to the planet Saturn. The transformation is like a vision of fairy land. The pale star, on which a moment since, we had looked with unaided eye is now a creation of surpassing lovliness, the most charming telescopic object the heavens reveal. Saturn, his rings and moons are before us. The disc, a golden sphere crossed by delicate cloud bands of pale creamy tint, the wonderful rings softly cradling the planet, seven of the eight moons, beaming from the dark back-ground of the sky. Titan, the largest moon, showing a perceptible disc, make up the shining picture. The coloring of the picture is exquisite. The glorious orb, its surface resplendent with liquid gold, is crossed by a central band of creamy white, and flecked with spots of delicate prismatic hues, and the rings are curiously varigated in color, the innermost being of a rich purple. The planet seems almost to stand upright within the engirdling rings, only a small portion being visible beneath them. We are fortunate in seeing him under a very favorable aspect, for his rings are opening wider, his northern declination is increasing, and he is approaching perihelion. This condition will culminate in 1885.

Jupiter is the next object to test the space-annihilating glass. Though by no means as magnificent as Saturn, he far exceeds him in mass and volume, and as he is twice near, we see him on a much larger scale. The giant of the system takes on grand proportions, the flood of light irradiating his surface brings out every minute detail. His broad belts are delicious in coloring, suffused with pale rose, mottled with soft gray, purple, brown and delicate green. We have seen Jupiter when the definition was much more perfect, but never with the variety of tint and tone we behold this night; never before did he seem so near, so grand in proportions, so symmetrical in equipoise. His four satellites are in line on his left, and bear witness to the power of the telescope by presenting discs instead of points. We find it difficult to tell which of the pictures is most beautiful. Saturn is more magnificent, more complex, more curious, but Jupiter is more majestic, more like the great sun himself.

We have time for only one more view, and this is to be the great nebula of Orion. The most wonderful nebula the northern skies reveal is before us, filling the field of view, and suffused with a celestial light suggestive of the holy city that had "no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it." The delicacy of the celestial glow prevading the scene is beautiful beyond expression. Spiral curves of nebulous haze fill in the field of vision, the radiating mass being of a delicate green tint, while dotted over the shadowy haze, and mingling with it in mysterious union, are numerous bright stars, imparting an element of life to the formless void, and helping to light up this scene of indescribable grace and grandeur, which no pencil may paint, no words describe. The fascinating picture holds us spell bound. Imagination seeks in vain to fathom this mystery of mysteries, this chaotic mass so beautifully fashioned, this lovely blending of tints of gold and delicate green, this flood of light that started from distant space hundreds of years ago, this spiral form that reveals the quickening pulse of material life. We feel, as we gaze upon the celestial scene, that we are standing on the threshold of the golden portal that separates the earthly from the heavenly. We have a glimpse of the glory to be revealed.

Progress of the Canal.

S. F. Chronicle, April 8.

It is stated by the son of Count de Lesseps, who has just arrived in New York from Panama, that 7,000 laborers in the company's employ and less than three per cent. of them are on the sick list. The preparatory work has now occupied two years of the seven years in which the great ditch was to be completed from ocean to ocean, according to the views of de Lesseps in 1881. They allowed two years then for this preparatory work, which included the practical surveys, clearing away trees, brush, rubbish, building houses for the workmen, securing tools, provisions, dredges, hospitals and medicines. Now, at the beginning of the third year, the company is entering upon the work of dredging, digging and blasting, with a fair prospect of completing the whole job at the end of five years from date. At this time the whole expenses of the company are estimated at $550,000 per month, $6,000,000 a year. This is probably apart from the cost of dredging machines. When these begin operation at both ends the expenses will be increased. At the very highest, and allowing an average of $550,000 a month for the two years of preparatory operations, the company cannot have expended to date more than $13,200,000, probably not $10,000,000 exclusive of dredging machines and contracts for future work to be done by the contractors. From these cold facts there does not seem to be any good ground for the damaging assumption that the canal, fully completed, will cost anything like the enormous estimates made by its enemies, the Transcontinental railway directors. In fact, there is reason to believe that it can be done for less than $100,000,000, certainly less than $120,000,000. The present assets of the company amount to $85,000,000, $60,000,000 of it capital stock nearly up to par and $25,000,000 for the Panama Railroad purchase. When Mr. Appleton says that not one-half of the capital stock has been exhausted, he probably includes in the amount spent a vast deal of machinery and material purchased for future use.

EVE-ANGELICAL.

Dress bonnets are of medium size.

Bright plaids will be much worn by children.

Double apron fronts for dresses are revived.

Mirrors should not be hung where the sun shines directly upon them.

Colored lace mitts in all the new shades will be worn in the summer.

To relieve hiccough at once, take a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar.

Stylishly-dressed children now wear lace shoulder capes instead of collars.

Women distrust men too much in general, and too little in particular.—*Commerson.*

The return to fashion of gros-grains and failles has met with universal approbation.

Slang never heard from the lips of a bride, "Don't give me away."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mother Hubbard and Kate Greenaway dresses of wash goods are seen on children as much as ever.

New flannel suits for children are made of cheviot flannels, garnet, blue, dark green and gray being the favorite colors.

There are in the United States fifty two Theological Seminaries where 2,000 young men are training for the ministry.

New veilings come in lovely shades of cream and pure white, with dots, wheels, stars, feathers, and leaves in small detatched silk brocaded figures.

A simple but delicious dish for dessert is made by cutting oranges in small pieces and then pour over them some rich bo