HELENA Historical Association

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	4	7	8	12	14	20	33	48
Month	5	8	10	14	16	25	38	55
	7	10	12	18	24	35	60	75
	9	12	15	22	30	50	75	100
Year	11	15	25	35	50	75	100	150
	16	25	40	55	70	90	140	250

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THE NEW NORTH-WEST

MONTANA DAKOTA WYOMING NEBRASKA

VOL. 15, NO. 17. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, OCTOBER 26, 1883. WHOLE NO. 746

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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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ATTORNEYS.

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

E. B. Waterbury,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER,
ANACONDA, M. T.
729

Batterton & Holmes,
CIVIL ENGINEERS and SURVEYORS
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
JAS. H. BATTERTON, County surveyor. 727
L. J. HOLMES, Civil and Mining Engineer.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

JOHN H. OWINGS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
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 LARIN.
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.
708

DR. J. W. REED,
DENTIST,
☞ Office corner Main and Broadway, over Casy & Brophy's.
BUTTE - - - MONTANA.
734-3m

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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E. C. POWER, H. M. PARCHEN,
T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT. [503

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 Broadway.

HOTELS.

CITY HOTEL
Deer Lodge, - Montana.
CHARLES ROULEAU, - - Proprietor.
Board and Lodging, per day $1.50
Single Meals - - 50 Cents.

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

METROPOLITAN
BILLIARD ROOMS
Strang & Mills, Proprietors.
—Successors to Trafant & Strang—
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.....2 00
☞ Samples sent by mail promptly attended to. 541-1y

H. CHAIM,
Manufacturing Tailor,
—Two Doors North of Scott House—
DEER LODGE - - - MONTANA.
Full Lines of Samples. Goods Ordered for Suits or prices on Short Notice.
Clothes Cleaning and Repairing Promptly Done.
Having regularly learned my trade and had six years' experience in New York, I feel assured I can give customers satisfaction in cutting and making good suits. My prices are reasonable. Give me a call.
7383m H. CHAIM.

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. 652 tf

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.
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J. T. CLARK, Gen'l Superintendent.
A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen'l Pass Agent.
GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Ass't Gen. Pass Agt. Milwaukee, Wis.
707y1

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS
In chronic dyspepsia and liver complaint, and in chronic constipation and other obstinate diseases, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is beyond all comparison the best remedy that can be taken. As a means of restoring the strength and vital energy of persons who are sinking under the debilitating effects of painful disorders, this standard vegetable invigorant is confessedly unequaled. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

JOHN O'NEILL
DEALER IN
Stoves, Tin and Hardware,
DEER LODGE (Stone Block) M. T.
I carry a full stock of
Stoves,
Tinware,
Hardware,
Queensware,
Glassware,
Lamps,
etc., etc., etc.
669tf

POETRY.

THE RIPENING FROST.

I wonder if oak and maple,
Willow, and elm, and all,
Are stirred at heart by the coming
Of the day their leaves must fall?
Do they think of the yellow whirlwind,
Or know of the crimson spray
That shall be when chill November
Bears all the leaves away?

"If die we must," the leaflets
Seem one by one to say,
"We will wear the color of gladness
Until we pass away.
No eye shall see us falter,
And before we lay it down
We'll wear, in the sight of all the earth,
The year's most kingly crown."

So trees of the stately forest,
And trees by the trodden way,
You are kindling into glory
This soft autumnal day;
And we who gaze remember
That more than all they lost,
To hearts and trees together,
May come through the ripening frost.

MILLIONAIRE AND BAREFOOT BOY.

'Tis evening, and the round red sun sinks
slowly in the west,
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly
to their nest,
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit
to and fro,
And tinkle-tinkle up the lane the lowing cattle go;
And the rich man from his carriage looks out
on them as they come—
On them and on the Barefoot Boy that drives
the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish
that I were he;
And yet, upon maturer thought, I do not—no
sirree!
Not for all the gold his coffers hold would I
be that duffer there,
With a liver-pad, and a gouty toe, and scarce
a single hair;
To have a wife with a Roman nose, and fear
lest a panic come—
Far better to be the Barefoot Boy that drives
the cattle home."

And the rich man murmurs to himself:
"Would I give all my pelf
To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I
know myself.
Over the grass that's full of ants and chill
with dew to go,
With a stone-bruise upon either heel and a
splinter in my toe!
Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the
ocean's foam
Than be one day the Barefoot Boy that
drives the cattle home."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

I'VE GOT DE PLUES TO-NIGHT.

De Nacht is dunkel as de grave,
But, oh! nicht halb so still!
De music made by fiddlers brave
De Luft mit Larmen fill.
Upon de fence die Katzen run,
Und singen mitt voll night.
Tho', shpide of all dis nerrlich fun—
I've got de plues to-night.

The lofely sounds of Nature fail
To cheer mein traurig' Brust,
Des Mondes Schimmer, suss und pale,
To-night gibt keine Lust;
I don'd know vat to make of dis
So awful ionesamkeit:
Am gestern war ich froh mit bliss—
I've got de plues to-night.

Kein Stimmen of des Madchen's Lied,
Kein fiedle's deep-toned lays—
Ein beer macht keinen Unterschied—
None can my shbirids raise.
The shweedest dings vot Dichters tell,
My soul's deep Dunkelkeit
I don'd believe dey can dishbell—
I've got de plues to-night.

Warum is all dis bizness thus,
Und all dis Herzenweh?
Vielleicht I better not discuss
De cause in dis sad lay;
For, if de Warheit now must come
Und show my Herzen's blight—
Am gestern war ich auf ein bum—
I've got de plues to-night. —*Puck.*

Virginia Mountaineers.

Unless my geography has gone back on me right smart, I am in the midst of the Apalachian range. That has a foreign sound and reads well. If I should say it was in the heart of the Alleghanies everybody would know it was only a couple of hundred miles away from home. It is nearly 3,000 feet above tide water, this settlement. All around it are high peaks and towering hills. The valleys are deep and the natives are free as air. They go and come when they please. None of the little hindrances of civilization interfere with their enjoyment. They toil not, neither do they spin! They hunt b'ars, raise cattle, chew tobacco, and run their face at the grocery. There are no constraints, and there is no soap. Put one of these mountain natives in New York, where he would occasionally meet another man in the streets, and he would pine away and die. They never shave, never black their boots, never have their hair cut, never let their left cheek grow lonesome for want of a quid, never refuse a drink, and I am dead certain they never wash. Yet only yesterday I saw one of the most uncouth of them, in speaking to a woman as unkempt as himself, take off his hat like a courtier. They are a queer mixture of bears and gentlemen, these Virginia mountaineers, and with their surroundings of wilderness and rocks and mountains, they not only have many good stories to tell, but are almost able to tell them well.

The Oldest Woman in the World.

London Lancet.

At Auberine-en-Royans, a village in the Dauphine, situated between Valence and Grenoble, may be seen an old woman living in a hut in a narrow street who has reached the extraordinary age of 195 years. She has no infirmity except slight deafness, being in full possession of her mental faculties.

According to her marriage certificate she completed in January last her 100th year since marriage. She was a "cantiniere" under the First Empire, and had two sons killed at the battle of Friedland and in Spain. She is supported entirely on the alms given her by visitors, who go from great distances to see her as an object of curiosity, and her neighbors help her to do her household work.

She lives almost exclusively on soup made with bread, to which is added a little wine, and sometimes a little brandy. Dr. Bonne, who practices in the neighborhood, states that she is never ill. Her skin is like parchment, but she is comparatively upright and is of scrupulously clean habits.

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

There are 10,000 saloons in Philadelphia.

The Texas lecture managers lost money on Beecher.

The Zuni Indians were the inventors of the cigarette.

Beecher has made $13,000 by his lecture tour in the West.

The Mormons have gained 3,000 by immigration this year.

A case of "barber's itch" in Philadelphia was settled for $400.

Henry Villard's combined salaries are said to amount to $80,000 a year.

W. H. Vanderbilt pays $170,000 taxes on real estate and $22,000 on personal property.

The Salvation Army Captain, Booth by name, is engaged in a revision of the Bible.

The lawyers who procured ex-Governor Tabor's divorce for him are now suing for their fees.

Mr. Blaine, it is said, has sold his new book to his publishers for $75,000 and 15 cents per copy royalty.

Mr. Joel C. Harris, the author of "Uncle Remus," which had a very large sale, is said to have made $3,000 from it.

Senator Pendleton is defending himself from Andy Johnson's old enemy—the charge that he was drunk while delivering a recent speech.

Shakspeare's bones will not be moved. The town council of Stratford-on-Avon has put a final veto on the contemplated desecration.

One of the Marquis Tseng's dispatches to the Chinese government is said to have cost twenty-five thousand dollars. He must be as bad as Evarts.

A letter weighing half an ounce can now be sent for two cents. A proposition to remove this limit and make it an ounce is already being agitated.

The Chicago *Times* thinks that Lord Coleridge has struck the finest free lunch route since the one discovered by Gen. Grant on his trip around the world.

Mr. Parnell has paid off the mortgages on his property to the amount of $65,000 with the money raised for him, and the estate is believed to be now quite free from debt.

During the last five years 124,000,000 ounces of silver have been coined into standard silver dollars. The profits to the Government arising therefrom were $17,300,000.

The temperance movement in Germany, headed by Von Moltke and Unser Fritz, draws the line at beer and wine. The purpose is to discountenance ardent spirits and inebriety.

President Arthur's message at the opening of Congress will, it is believed, contain references to his Western tour during the past summer and conclusions drawn from his experience.

Two lovers in Milwaukee agreed to commit suicide at the same hour the other night. Next morning both were up an hour earlier than usual to look over the paper, and their disappointment and disgust at such conduct on the part of the other was too deep for utterance.

Lord Coleridge will be given another banquee in New York next Thursday night, at which ex-Secretary Evarts will deliver the address of welcome. If Lord Coleridge could only spare the time he would find it well worth his while to remain in America until the speech is finished, but engagements which cannot be broken oblige him to leave for England in a couple of weeks.

Rufus Hatch was asked by a reporter what he proposed to do about the decision of the Court of Appeals regarding the Western Union case. Mr. Hatch approached the reporter, and, throwing his arms about him, drew him near and whispered confidentially in his ear: "It's a cold day when Uncle Rufus lets his ice house burn down." Then smiling broadly the financier waved an adieu and walked away.

Pulverized charcoal forms part of the ingredients of a poultice of any kind for man or beast. It proves one of the best cleansing applications for an old sore, or a painful and festering wound, that can be used. It will effectually prevent the growth of "proud flesh," and leaves the edges of the sore as bright and clean as a new cut. It may be used in connection with flax seed, slippery elm, bread or cracker poultices; just add finely powdered charcoal enough to cover the poultice after it is spread.

Mr. Charles Creighton Hazewell's literary habits, the Boston *Traveller* says, were of the most regular character. He was passionately fond of fiction, and his taste in novels turned to the best. At certain periods of each year he re-read his favorites—the leading works of Scott, Cooper, Hawthorne and Marryatt. A few months ago he said in familiar conversation that he had bought the first copy of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" issued from the press, and that he had read it over every March since that date. So tenacious was his memory that he affirmed his ability, should every copy of the "Scarlet Letter" be blotted out of existence, to produce it, word for word, from beginning to end.

It is of interest to remember that Mr. Blaine and Mr. Arthur are of the same age. They were both born in 1830. Roscoe Conkling was born in 1829; so was William B. Allison. George F. Edmunds, Thomas F. Bayard and Samuel J. Randall were born in 1828. William Mahone was born in 1827. John A. Logan was born in 1826, although you won't find the date in his Congressional Directory biography; so was Joseph R. Hawley. Wm. R. Morrison and L. Q. C. Lamar were born in 1825. Sunset Cox so long ago as 1824. John Sherman and Randolph Tucker in 1823; James B. Beck, Wm. S. Holman, John A. Kasson and Abram S. Hewitt in 1822; Joseph E. McDonnald, Thos. A. Hendricks and W. S. Rosecrans in 1819; Benj. F. Butler in 1818; Henry L. Dawes in 1816; Henry B. Anthony in 1815; Wm. D. Kelley in 1814; Justin S. Morrill in 1810. Among the young men in the upper circle of politics are Benjamin Harrison and John J. Ingalls, who were born in 1833, and John G. Carlisle, who was born in 1835.

Edison's Toy Baby and Patent Shirt.

New York Sun.

Undergoing general circulation is a story that Edison, the inventor, has produced an electrical toy baby that can arrange the letters of any name from among spelling blocks; that can say "Come in," "Mamma, I'm sleepy," and two or three other sentences, and that can cry, laugh, sing and play the piano.

"Is that a fact? I hadn't heard of that story yet," said Mr. Edison's private secretary. "That must be the latest out about Mr. Edison. Is that a European or an American tale?"

"That's of Waterbury, Conn., manufacture—that is, if it is manufactured."

"Well, it certainly has no truth in it. Most of the clever stories about Mr. Edison, however, are European. The latest was published in the Vienna *Tagblatt*. That was about the 365 shirt—a garment that Mr. Edison was said to have succeeded in manufacturing of 365 delicately thin sheets of paper in layers. You tore off the outer sheet every morning, and started each day with a spick and span clean shirt. For leap years you bought a 366 shirt. A man in Paris went to an exchange office, bought a $5 bill, and mailed it to Mr. Edison for a sample of the garment, and a chap in Berlin tried to buy the agency for it in Prussia."

Standard Railroad Time.

Railroad Gazette.

The subject of standard time is now before the railroad managers of this country, demanding not simply approval, but action. It will be remembered that at the spring time convntions the proposition of Mr. W. F. Allen, Secretary of both these conventions, to adopt for North America five standard times, exactly an hour apart, namely, the time of 60,75,90,105 and 120 degrees west of Greenwich, was unanimously approved, and Mr. Allen was instructed to send information concerning the new standards proposed to the managers of all the railroads, and endeavor to have them adopt them. This information has been given by Mr. Allen in the completest way by means of two maps of the United States, on one of which all the railroads having the same time standards at present are colored alike, and on the other they are colored in accordance with the proposed uniform standards. The map showing the present standards makes a striking picture of the existing complexity. There are different times close alongside. A line run by Philadelphia time projects through a network of lines run by New York time; in some places there are several kinds of railroad time; and in the United States there are no less than *forty-nine* time standards, which by the proposed change will be reduced to four; for the time of the 60th meridian will apply only to the British maritime provinces. Roughly speaking, the time of the 75th meridian, which it is proposed to call "Eastern time," will apply to all railroads of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the two Virginias and the two Carolinas, the exception being the extension of the 90th meridian time ("Central time") to Buffalo, Pittsburg, and other western terminl of the trunk lines; while in Canada, "Eastern time" will extend to Detroit and Lake Huron. The chief points of junction between "Eastern" and "Central" time are Sarnia, Detroit, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Huntington, W. Va., Bristol, Tenn., Gastonia, N. C., Augusta, Ga., and Charleston, S. C. This time is four minutes slower than New York time, one minute faster than Philadelphia, and eight minutes faster than Washington time.

But by far the larger part of the railroad system of the country will come under "Central time," or that of the 90th meridian, which is but one minute faster than St. Louis time, three minutes slower than Vicksburg time, just New Orleans time, and nine minutes of Chicago time. It takes in all the railroads from Buffalo, Pittsburg, and Savannah to the Missouri river in Dakota, nearly to the Colorado line in Nebraska and Kansas, and the whole of Texas except a little corner from New Mexico south to the Rio Grande. Nine tenths of the railroads of the country come under these two times. The 105th meridian (Denver) and the 120th (the line between California and Nevada) naturally cover a small mileage.

Whether a time which in some places will be half an hour from solar time will be adopted for general use is questionable; but for the railroads the proposed standards are certainly a great improvement on the present confusion, and perhaps as likely as any that could be proposed to come into general use.

Mr. Allen has studied out the subject thoroughly, and has prepared "translation tables" by which the proposed standards can be substituted for any one of the fifty existing standards without any computing. A large number of important railroads have agreed to adopt these standards if the majority of the roads in their district do so, and at the coming time convention it is hoped that something may be effected.

A March of 8,000 Miles.

Idaho Springs Gazette.

Noticeable at the Spa Hotel is the tall figure of an old soldierly-looking gentleman, whose military career is interesting. It is General A. W. Doniphan, a man seventy years old, who, at the beginning of the Mexican War, in June, 1846, went from a large practice into the ranks, whence he was at once elected to the Colonelcy of the First Missouri Regiment of Mounted Volunteers. The similarity between the names Xenophon and Doniphan has been noted, but the resemblance does not stop there. General Doniphan, like the Greek leader, made one of the longest marches on record. Starting at Fort Leavenworth, the First Missouri Volunteers marched to Mexico, then around Chihuahua and Del Norte, conquering New Mexico and other States, participating in the battles of Brasito and Chihuahua, losing but one man in both, but capturing five hundred and killing the same number of the enemy. The hardy band of less than a thousand men, without a cent's pay till their return, made a circuit of 8,000 miles in thirteen months, ten of which were constantly in the saddle. General Doniphan finds at Idaho Springs C. G. Bangs, a member of his regiment, and in the State ex-Governor Gilpin, who was a Major under him, and "Commodore Ecatur," one of his volunteers. An uncle of Dr. Hall, of the navy, now here, was in his regiment and was elected from the ranks to Congress. He, with General Doniphan, framed the present laws of New Mexico. The General is still hale and hearty, and seems to enjoy his advancing years as he deserves to.

The American Hotel System.

London Telegraph.

If we turn to the United States, we find a country in which prevails a hotel system the most elaborate and the most extensive in the whole world. A guest may obtain nearly all the requirements of life in an American hotel. There he can eat, and drink, and sleep, wire telegraphic messages to the uttermost ends of the earth, read at Chicago by means of the "perpetual tape-worm" machine the quotations of the exchanges of London and Paris, have his hair cut, be "barbed" and "fixed," purchase tickets for the play, read the papers by the electric light, have his visiting card engraved, his boots polished and his corns cut, borrow umbrellas and dress suits by the day or night, and buy cigars, chewing tobacco, railway tickets, comic publications, white kid gloves, and molasses candy. "Essentials" and "non-essentials" alike are provided at fixed prices, and no fees are nominally expected. When the traveler pays his weekly bill for board, he does not find it supplemented by a charge per day for attendance; and if the traveler be really what the Americans term a "right mean cuss," he may travel from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate, from the Gulf of Mexico to Washington Territory, without, so far as his hotel bills are concerned, disbursing a single cent beyond the stipulated charge.

WHY WE LAUGH.

The . for putting the : has , gain.—*Boston Star.*

The first weather report—Thunder.—*Telegraph.*

The horse prefers to dine at the table d'oat.—*Bulletin.*

When a giraffe wants a drink, he knows what a long-felt want is.—*Picayune.*

When the man with the deep voice sings, he is sure to get off his bass.—*Boston Post.*

A man at Charleston, S. C., has a petrified oyster, which he offers to hire out for church social stews.

Coffee-tinted lace is the latest. The ladies wear it to the theatre—it matches their escorts' breath.—*Chicago News.*

Beer was made in Egypt 400 years B. C. But it didn't pyramid other nations until some years afterwards.—*Telegraph.*

Oscar Wilde's play is on the rounds, traveling south? Will some one please misplace a switch and ditch the blamed thing before it reaches us.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Why don't you ask a blessing?" said the boarding-house keeper to the boarder. He looked all over the table, and gloomily asked: "I'd like to know what for?"—*Merchant Traveler.*

"Will you please state that Miss Anderson is not the only dignified American. I, too, have in my day refused to see the Prince of Wales, although at the time I held three jacks."—*Schenck.*

Before a young man can court a Mexican girl he has to tell her parents on the doorstep of the house what his prospects in life are. If he says he is a curve pitcher for a champion baseball club, the old folks say "go in."—*Norristown Herald.*

That Milwaukee girl who declares that she married one brother supposing him to be the other, has a very poor excuse. Suppose they did look exactly alike, she ought to have courted long enough to tell them apart by their breaths.—*Free Press.*

On visiting Chicago, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge was lost in admiration of the lake scenery, but didn't care to witness the operations at the great slaughter-house very long, and positively declined to inspect the process of sausage-making, saying, quietly: "I eat sausages myself, sometimes."

A health journal says: "Too thick underclothing causes unnatural redness in the face and nose." If a person buys his underclothing by the gallon, and puts a tumbler-full into his vital parts too thick, it probably does have that effect. Beware of underclothing that comes in jugs.—*Peck's Sun.*

"If you let me take your stick of candy, I'll show you how I can swallow it, and make it come out of my ear." The candy was delivered. The young magician deliberately ate it. Then for a space of two minutes he threw himself into violent contortions. The candy failing to appear, he said to the expectant spectator, with an air of great disappointment: "I believe I've forgotten the rest of it."—*Peck's Sun.*

On a train two gentlemen were discussing the nativity of a third who sat near them. "I'll bet he's a Southern man." "No, he looks more like a Westerner." "We can tell by asking him a question, can't we?" "All right, for the cigars, now he's a Westerner, and I'll ask him the question." So he went across the car and politely said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but what time is it?" "Well, sah," he replied, looking at his watch, "it is fo' minutes befo' fo'." That settled it.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A photographer fell asleep in a street-car the other day, and during the time he was wrapped in the arms of Morpheus the car filled up with passengers. A lady got in, and as the photographer occupied more room than was necessary, she touched him on the shoulder and asked him to move up a little. This aroused him, and as he looked up and saw a lady standing in front of him, and thinking he was on duty, said: "Full length or bust?"

It was on a Western railroad. The conductor had been his rounds, and taken his seat beside a very quiet and unassuming passenger. "Pretty full train," finally observed the passenger. "Yes." "Road seems to be doing a good business." "Oh, the road makes plenty of money, but"—"But what?" asked the passenger, as the other hesitated. "Bad management. It is the worst managed line in this whole country." "Is that so?" "That's so. The board of officials might know how to run a side-show to a circus, but they can't tackle a railroad." "Who is the biggest fool in the lot?" "Well, the superintendent is." "I'm glad of that," said the passenger, as his face lighted up; "I was afraid you would say it was the President." "Suppose I had?" "Why, I'm the man."

EXPENSIVE MATCH SAFES.

Gold, Silver, Bronze and Copper Pocket Pieces for Gentlemen.

New York Sun.

Two ladies, one elderly, the other young, sauntered to a counter in Tiffany's and asked to see some pocket match safes.

"Of any particular kind, or at any special price?" the salesman inquired.

"No, we want to select from the prettiest you have," the young lady replied.

The salesman showed several in bronze with raised designs in silver. One of the designs was a cluster of small, growing daisies and a bug hovering over it. The salesman pressed a spring, the top flew open, there was a crack and a flash, and a wax match stood bolt upright ignited. The hinge on which the lid worked was perforated, and by a peculiar spring the match immediately beneath the perforation was thrust through and ignited by the friction.

How much is that one?" the elderly lady asked.

"Twenty-five dollars, madam."

"Oh, mamma," the young lady said, in an undertone, "I don't care to get a match safe as cheap as that for him."

"Let me see some other designs," said the elderly lady.

She was shown some more in copper, with raised letters and monograms in silver, and at about the same price. The young lady shook her head negatively at these, and also at some beautiful safes of fine tortoise shell with silver clasps.

"You can have initials in silver or gold on these," the salesman remarked, "and on these of alligator skin."

But none of those were satisfactory, and the salesman brought out another, saying: "Those range from $50 to $175."

The most expensive one was a safe of gold, beaten and lumped so that it looked like rich ore. A diamond sunk in one of the lumps indicated the position of the spring. The cheapest was of beaten silver with a ruby. From the lot the young lady selected one in beaten gold, with burned gold designs and a small diamond. It cost $125. A man looking through the entire lot would undoubtedly have selected that in copper and silver first shown, as the most tasteful and practicable.

A woman's glove is to her what a vest is to a man. When a man is agitated or perplexed he attacks his vest buttons. A woman's vest doesn't admit of this, but her glove is always a source of inspiration and a refuge from any embarrassment. She expects on the finger, rearranges the buttons, drags out the wrinkles, looks critically at the fit, and does a dozen little things with her glove that allay nervousness.

Lakeside Musings.

Chicago Tribune.

"Whoa, Carl Schurz!"

The eleventh Duke of Galway leaned listlessly over the dashboard of the street-car as he spoke these fateful words in an imperious tone to the gallant palfrey whose bouyant spirits had caused him to shy at an oat which a passing farmer, with the inborn recklessness of his class for money, had seen blown from his wagon without even a muscle of his face changing. It was a scene for a poet or a policeman. To the westward, his lithe, manly form sharply outlined against the crimson red of the horizon, Pizarro McGinnness, Earl of Blue Island Avenue, leaned listlessly against an ash-barrel, and as the street-car rocked idly at its moorings a cold, cynical smile hovered like a last week's pie around his finely chiseled lips, and in the azure depth of his eyes there was a baleful light that told all too plainly of some terrible resolve—perhaps to go to work. A hen fluttered through the back yard of the Castle Mulcahey, and a dead horse threw all the surrounding harmonies into a minor key.

Still the horse-car moved not, and Pizarro was equally motionless. From over the dashboard the Duke of Galway cast a fierce, contemptuous glance at the young man, but he heeded it not. Carl Schurz champed the bit impatiently, and ever and anon struck viciously at the earth with his iron-shod hoof. Brought up on all the luxuries of the season, including a Kentucky pedigree, the noble animal would ill brook restraint, and once aroused, his passion was terrible to behold.

At last the sound of a clear, girlish voice broke the silence, and an instant later the Lady Constance Clancarty, daughter of the proud Duke, emerged from the castle. Shooing with one wave of her hand a large flock of geese from the front yard she walked in a stately fashion to the gate beside which Pizarro was standing. Then, for the first time, she saw her father's street-car, and as her glance fell for an instant on that piratical craft a shudder passed over her lissome form, and into her eyes there came a startled, fear-haunted look, like that with which the fawn regards the hunter or the dry-goods clerk a wash-bill.

But it was too late to retreat, nor, indeed, had any such idea entered the lady's head. Walking up to Pizarro she looked at him with a look that spoke only of love, and before he could tell which foot his corn was on was walking with him in the direction of the street-car.

"Father," said she, stopping directly in front of the Duke, "I love Pizarro McGinness, and God willing, will one day be his bride. Have you aught to say why this should not be?"

"Divil an aught," was the reply, "except that he is wan av thim joods."

In an instant the blood had left the face of Lady Constance, and she stood there as pallid as a marble statue. "Pizarro is not a dude, father," she said in low, haggard tones.

"And why not?" queried the Duke in a sneering manner.

"Because," she answered, bursting into a storm of sobs, "he has inherited the family feet."—*From "And Yet a Woman," by Murat Halstead.*

The Making of Steel Pens.

Scientific American.

The steel pen is a modern invention, not fifty years having elapsed since it was introduced, and like many other innovations it met with much opposition and had a number of rivals. Of these the quill pen was the most formidable, and to this day the quills of geese are used by some old stagers. Pens of silver and gold, the latter especially, have been great favorites with those who admire much flexibility with a pen, and the handy self-feeders, as the stylographic, have plenty of users. But, after all, the steel pen is the most generally used, and unlike most inventions, the method of its manufacture has not been essentially changed or improved.

The steel from which pens are made is the finest crucible cast steel rolled into sheets 7-1000 of an inch thick. From this the blanks are cut by means of a punch and die in presses worked by hand or foot, the operators being girls. The side slits in the pen, the central oval or semicircular hole, the corrugations or embossings, the curved or semicircular form to the original flat blank, and the stamp of the pen or the maker, are all formed and produced by similar means—the screw hand press or the lever foot press—by the use of punches and dies, each pen being handled separately.

These corrugations and slits and central cuts are not merely fanciful ornaments, but are intended to adapt the pen to the user. Some want a resisting pen, very stiff, and allowing considerable pressure without opening the nibs wide enough to make a heavy mark; others a yielding pen that requires but a touch to open the nibs. Then there are many degrees of these qualities required as well as differences in sizes; so that a single establishment makes no less than 46 styles of steel pens.

Of course, cast steel of such extreme tenuity becomes hardened by these successive pressings and punchings, and must be annealed. This is done by placing the blanks, or unfinished pens, in a cast iron box, which is then covered by a larger box, leaving a space all around of half an inch, or more, which is filled with ashes or fine charcoal. The whole is then subjected to a glowing red heat for about two hours, and allowed to cool. When annealed, these blanks may be rolled up by the fingers just like so many bits of tea lead, which they much resemble in softness.

In heating for hardening the same method is used—packing in double boxes six or eight inches square—and when the pens are red hot they are poured into a tank of animal oil. When taken out from this bath they must be handled carefully, as they are not only stiff and brittle, but crumbly; they can be squeezed to minute fragments between thumb and finger. They are then placed within a cone-shaped sheet iron receptacle, open at the large end and mounted on a spindle, and are rotated over a glowing fire until they turn to a full or "low" blue. They are then chilled in oil, and when cool are rattled in sawdust until they are quite clean and bright. The next process is the grinding of the nibs on minute wheels of fine emery and corundum, and lastly comes the essential process that completes the pen and makes it a pen—the slitting of the nibs. This is done by a pair of shears acting the same as the presses and punches. This splits the steel from point to central hole without removing a particle of material. The pens are then lacquered straw or brown, blued or blackened, or left bright, as the style demands, and packed for the market.

EVE-ANGELICAL.

In Eden's green retreats
A water-brook there played;
Between two mossy seats,
Beneath a plane-tree's shade,
Whose rustling leaves
Danced o'er the brink;
'Twas Adam's drink,
And also Eve's.

There, by the parent spring
Of that young brook, the pair
Their morning chant would sing,
And Eve would dress her hair,
Kneel on the grass
That fringed its side,
And make its tide
Her looking-glass.

Green of every shade is immensely popular this season.

Fierce-looking little bonnets of velvet come in helmet shape.

Wm. M. Evarts' third daughter will be married in November. The remaining eight will winter at home.

Wide bracelets, heavily chased, and bangles, lace-pins, and dog-collars of various patterns, all of solid silver, are again the height of fashion.

The full name of a young woman at West Fork, Iowa, is Iowa Dakota Minnesota Bennett. The truth leaked out when her young man applied for a marriage license.

Mr. Ruskin says: "What was beautiful yesterday is beautiful to-day." It is very evident that John never happened to notice Mrs. Ruskin after she had sent her bang over town to be fixed.

Plumes are always fashionable, but never did there promise to be such a rage for the feathery tribe as this season. Soft wings and stiff wings, large wings and small wings, heads and breasts, whole birds and half birds, all will be widely worn.

A party of English young ladies, well chaperoned, recently sojourning at Montreal, Canada, carried slender switch canes of ebony, with small gold heads, richly chased, and wore jockey caps of plain black velvet, which were most becoming and natty looking. Both cane and cap are said to be very fashionable abroad, both in England and France.

A Willimantic factory girl wrote her name and address and her desire to be married in a nice little note, which she placed inside the band of the