RATES OF ADVERTISING

	Card.	1 inch.	2 inches.	3 inches.	4 inches.	6 inches.	12 inches.	25 inches.
Time	$	$3	$5	$7	$8	$10	$20	$30
2 "	"	5	6	10	12	15	25	40
4 "	"	7	8	12	14	20	33	48
1 Month	"	8	10	14	16	25	38	55
2 "	"	10	12	18	24	35	60	75
3 "	"	12	15	22	30	50	70	100
6 "	"	15	25	35	50	75	100	160
1 Year	"	25	40	55	70	90	140	250

Regular advertising payable quarterly, as due.
Transient advertising payable in advance.
Special Notices are 50 per cent. more than regular advertisements.
Local advertising, 15 cents for the first insertion; 10 cents per line for each succeeding insertion; lines counted in Nonpariel measure.
Job Work payable on delivery.

VOL. 15, NO. 28. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, JANUARY 11, 1884. WHOLE NO. 757.

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 Postoffice—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher will continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take the newspapers or periodicals from the Postoffice, or removing and leaving them 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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.

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

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

Jas. H. Batterton,
CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
JAS. H. BATTERTON, County Surveyor.
727

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. 648

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.
706

O. LEISER, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
ANACONDA, M. T.
—Office on Oak Street— 748.

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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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.

Hiram McDole. Frank Tetrault.
McDOLE & TETRAULT,
Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers,
Second St. Deer Lodge.
(KING'S OLD STAND.)
Horseshoeing a Specialty.
Having opened a shop in Ed. King's old stand on Second street, we are prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing in a first-class manner. A share of public patronage is solicited.
McDole & Tetrault.
729tf

METROPOLITAN
BILLIARD ROOMS
Strang & Mills, Proprietors.
—Successors to Trufant & 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.....3 00
Copper.....3 00
Samples sent by mail promptly attended to
5d-1y

D. J. SCHREIER,
—Shop with A. Anderson—
Deer Lodge - - - Montana.
TAILORING & REPAIRING
PROMPTLY AND WELL DONE.
Clothes Cleaned and Repaired, Prices Moderate.
Please Give Me a Call.
754tf D. J. Schreier.

DEER LODGE
BakerY
BARBEAU & MENARD, Proprietors.
Deer Lodge, M. T., opposite Postoffice,
FRESH BREAD EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK
The Restaurant connected with this establishment is presided over by a first-class French cook and parties are assured of excellent satisfaction at the table. The Bar is stocked with the best Liquors, Wines and Cigars. Please give us a call.
741-3m BARBEAU & MENARD.

M. BIEN,
Upholstery and Furniture,
[Opposite Scott House]
Deer Lodge, - Montana
Parlor Sets and Bed-room Sets
An assortment o
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. 692 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
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Milwaukee, Wis.
707y1

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS
As an invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has received the most positive endorsement from eminent physicians, and has long occupied a foremost rank among standard proprietary remedies. Its properties as an alterative of disordered conditions of the stomach, liver and bowels, and a preventive of malarial diseases are no less renowned, and have been accorded emphatic professional recommendation.
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.
FOR DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMplaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale by J. E. Dickey. 742tf

POETRY.

THE DEBUTANTE.

Have you got the jellies made, mother,
Are the sandwiches *au fait*—
Are the salads wrought and the wine all bought
For the splurge on New Year's day?
You look serene as a regnant queen,
But there'll be some hitch, I fear,
For I'm to receive this year, mother—
I'm to receive this year.

My dress is such a daisy, mother,
What wonder if I am vain;
'Tis a white pekay, decolleté,
With a princesse skirt, en train;
That's why I yearn and impatient burn
For the splurge that is, oh, so near—
For I'm to receive this year, mother—
I'm to receive this year.

Jack says he will come at ten, mother,
And tarry the rest of the day—
Why turn up your nose—you don't suppose
He'd *dare* to stay away!
Though Jack *is* proud and hates a crowd,
I'm certain he will be here,
For I'm to receive this year, mother—
I'm to receive this year.

So call me at half-past eight, mother,
Don't let me sleep till nine—
I've crimped my hair, and over the chair
I've thrown my dresses fine;
At half-past eight—now don't be late—
Come early, O mother dear,
For I'm to receive this year, mother—
I'm to receive this year.

A LAKESIDE MUSING.

Chicago Tribune.

Oh! the snow, "The Beautiful Snow,"
Filling the papers where'er we go;
Over the latest news, over the "ads,"
Over the cut of the last liver pads;
Soiled,
Leaded,
Knocked into "pi,"
"Beautiful snow" evermore meets the eye.
Flying to kiss the waste-basket's cheek,
Lunched on by goats in a frolicsome freak,
"Beautiful Snow," coming in by each mail,
Makes every editor quake and turn pale.

Oh! the snow, "The Beautiful Snow!"
How all the people who wrote it blow;
Claiming each verse as their own priceless gem—
Nemesis waits for the last one of them.
Writing,
Lying,
Always on hand,
As proud as a colt in the rear of a band;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Sniff the air in disdain when a poet's around.
The town is alive, and a mighty poor show
Would be given the author of "Beautiful Snow."

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Each with a copy, well-kept, of the song;
How the smart critics mount four flights of stairs,
Tackling the editor in squads and in pairs,
Puffing,
Blowing,
Up-stairs they go,
To tell what they know about "Beautiful Snow."
"Constant subscriber" is there from Racine,
"Reader," "Scrutator," and "Vindex," I ween.
Then to them all speaks the editor bold:
"Don't get rattled; it's you, and not me that's been sold."

"Once I was pure as the snow—but I dropped;
Dropped like the snowflake—until I was stopped;
Dropped, till the sidewalk and I coalesced;
Dropped, as the red sun was sinking to rest.
Cursing,
Snorting,
Dreading to rise,
With anguish at heart and with tears in my eyes.
Mourning the fate that had landed me there,
Chilled by the blasts of the keen winter air,
Merciful God! what a terrible blow
To slip and fall down on the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful verse,
'Stead of making men better should make them all worse!
How strange it would be if, in Christmastide's glow,
We should find the real author of 'Beautiful Snow'
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone!
Would we give him a crust, or a well-polished bone?
Not much! We would instantly kill him, and then
Wrap him up in the work of his misguided pen.
Let us get out our shot-guns and cheerfully go
On a hunt for the man that wrote 'Beautiful Snow.'"

A ROMANTIC STORY.

Marshal Ney Said to Have Been a Brother of Mrs. Garfield's Grandfather.

The Cleveland *Leader* publishes a story to the effect that Marshal Ney was not only an American, but that he was a brother of Mrs. Garfield's grandfather. At the beginning of the Revolutionary war the Rudolph family, composed of several boys, lived in the Shenandoah valley, Virginia. One of the brothers was the great-grandfather of Mrs. Garfield. Another, Michel, left a young wife, and enlisted in the Colonial army, doing good service. News reached him in camp that his wife had proved unfaithful. Stung almost to madness, he left the army and country. His friends never heard from him again. In 1789, shortly after the close of the Revolution, Michel Ney was a Sub-Lieutenant in a French regiment of hussars. With his subsequent history everybody is familiar. The story goes that after Ney's execution for alleged treasonable utterances, a Frenchman came to Baltimore. He said that among Ney's effects was found a short autobiography, in which he wrote that he was not a Frenchman, as was supposed, but an American. His name was Michel Rudolph. He left America because of a great trouble, and sought to change his individuality by changing his name and enlisting in the French army. Mr. Z. Rudolph, Mrs. Garfield's father, was seen at Mentor by a reporter, and questioned concerning the story. He said he had heard it, and in his mind there was no doubt that Michel Rudolph and Marshal Ney were identical. He remembered hearing his father talk of his brother Michel, and his departure from the country. "About six years ago," said Mr. Rudolph, "a newspaper containing this story came into possession of our family, but it has been destroyed. While I have no doubt that Marshal Ney was my uncle, I would not like to claim relationship without further proof."

Five thousand persons are said to have died from fever in Sonora and Sinaloa, Mex.

NEW NOR'-WESTERS.

Yankee farmers save chicken and turkey fat for boot grease.

Emigration to Texas is said to be 25 per cent. greater this year than last.

P. T. Barnum says in a recent letter that he has but one disease—old age.

The valuation of property in New York city is as great as that of London.

A train of 140 teams recently arrived in Palouse valley, W. T., from Texas.

All of the leading farm and garden seeds are admitted to this country free of duty.

London Bible societies have given away 4,989,000 copies of the scriptures this year.

New York has had but one Speaker, John W. Taylor, who served nearly sixty years ago.

G. F. Train will begin the publication of a paper called *Train Oil*, to be devoted to psychology.

Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, is the only member of the Senate who has never been married.

There are mountains of solid iron ore in northern Sweden, less than a hundred miles from the Atlantic Ocean.

Assistant Secretary of State Hunter has been in the Government service in Washington for fifty-three years.

Kitchen gossips say that $6,000 worth of unused "stuff" was taken from Vanderbilt's house the day after his ball.

A Presbyterian minister of Oshkosh walks an average of twelve miles a day. He perhaps collects his own salary.

People in Cleveland take dog oil to cure consumption. Veterinary surgeons also use it in compounding liniments.

The story that a case of small-pox had appeared in the back section of Gen. Sherman's house in St. Louis is a cruel hoax.

One hundred vessels, $3,000,000 worth of property and two hundred lives were lost in our lake navigation the past season.

First-class passenger rates on American railroads are less than they are for similar traveling accommodations in Europe.

The Pons comet, which, when visible in 1812, had but one tail, now has two. It can be seen with the naked eye early in the evening.

Eighty of the 325 members of our present National House of Representatives are not lawyers. There has been a great oversight somewhere.

The ordinary Japanese bed consists of a quilt spread on the floor, a blanket with sleeves for a coverlet, and a block of wood for a pillow.

The century plant, which takes 100 years to ripen in the North, takes but 12 years to mature in California, and takes only five years in Mexico.

Nellie, the oldest horse in Connecticut, has just died at the age of thirty-nine. On the day of her death she helped her son pull a load seven miles.

A bill has been introduced in the House to reduce the price of Government lands within the limits of railroad grants from $2.50 to $1.25 per acre.

Chief Mampoer was led naked to the scaffold at Pretoria. The first rope broke. A second attempt to kill the condemned South African was successful.

There are 27,000 blind persons in France, who live in pauperism and mendacity, in consequence of the scarcity of charitable institutions for the blind.

The largest cow in America, it is believed, belongs to John Pratt of Chase county, Kansas. It is three years old, 22 hands high, and weighs 3,200 pounds.

An excellent authority on spiders informs the *Scientific American* that in one species the female is 1,300 times bigger than the male. This peculiarity is not confined to spiders.

The Ashland *Times* thinks the editor of the Bucyrus *Forum* is putting on airs since being elected State Senator, as he has begun suit against a man owing seven years' subscription.

Kentucky papers say that Speaker Carlisle forbids the use of his name as a candidate for the United States Senate before the caucus of the Democratic members of the State Legislature.

The Rev. John Jasper, D. D., LL. D., who upholds the theory that "De sun do move," writes to a friend in New York that his congregation has dwindled from nearly 2,000 to 20 members.

England is sending to Egypt all the soldiers who can be put into the regiments now there. In this way it may be "diplomatically" said that she is not increasing her force on the Nile.

The new ice velocipede consists of an ordinary bicycle, with spikes on the large wheel to catch the ice, and an outside frame with four steel runners like those of the common skate.

A breastpin containing an Edison glow light, fed by a small waistcoat pocket battery, is sold for $9 at Nuremberg, Germany. But is the hotel clerk to give up his diamond for every new toy?

The New York *Morning Journal* notices a new paper shirt bosom, which consists of six layers, the top one to be torn off when soiled. With good care one of these pads will last for six weeks.

When asked the question what American writer he considered the ablest, W. D. Howells replied that Sarah O. Jewett was the most satisfactory literary worker of whom he had any knowledge.

Contrary to all precedent the Virginia House of Delegates has snappishly refused to remove the political disabilities of the fifteen Virginians who had fought duels since the whitewashing of the previous batch.

Mr. Bennett, the owner of the New York *Herald*, is said by persons who have seen him in Paris lately, to have become "prematurely old. His hair is turning gray, and he is as slow and precise in movement as an old man."

You have all noticed while visiting a menagerie how indifferently the lion gazes over your head into the space beyond. Well, that is about the same expression the British lion wears when asked by this country to grant O'Donnell a reprieve.

The Iowa friends of Gen. W. W. Belknap are anxious that he should represent his district in Congress. He says that he has no desire to re-enter public life, and it is a confirmed habit with him not to be interviewed concerning political affairs.

The schooner Polly, built in 1804, and now undergoing repairs at Owl's Head, Me., is said to be the oldest vessel of the United States merchant service now afloat. Her condition warrants the hope that Polly may live to see her one hundredth birthday.

Two of the known comets of short period arrive at perihelion in 1884—D'Arrest's on January 13, and Brorsen's about September. For several months astronomers have been unsuccessfully watching for the former, and it is probable that it may pass unseen at this return.

Most people may not know that the Solanum tuberosum is a totally different thing from Ipomœa batatis. As it is a pity that folks should be going around this festive weather supposing them to be the same, it may be stated that one is the sweet potato and the other the Irish potato.

Efforts are being made by the Catholics of Denver, Col., to make that city the seat of the largest Jesuit college in America. Twenty-five thousand dollars have already been subscribed toward a fund for the erection of a necessary building, and much more is promised under certain conditions.

THE GAMBLERS' NEW YEAR.

Unhappy Victims of the Fascinating Green Cloth.

Portland Northwest News.

Gambling, of all other vices, is perhaps the most absorbing. The sowing of so-called "wild oats" of the young man of the period, if it does not embrace a touch of the demon of game, is remediable to a great extent, but when the fascination for the "green" becomes strong, there seems to be no help for the unhappy victim. The ties of home are but as straws, the counsels of the indulgent father are but idle words, the tears of the wife or mother have but an irritating effect, and the votary at Dame Fortune's shrine sinks lower and lower, until the once bright and happy countenance assumes a more and more brutal aspect, and the "bird of prey" stands revealed in all its native hideousness. Yesterday morning as the reporter, unlucky enough to have the late watch on his detail to attend to, was wending his weary way along First street, about 1:30 o'clock, his attention was attracted to two thin, shadowy figures standing in a doorway near the Cosmopolitan gambling saloon, corner of First and Alder streets. The rattle of chips in the den within polluted the freshness of the bracing night air, and suggested the appropriateness of applying the term of

"RATTLESNAKES"

to the fraternity. Their sting is surely effective enough to justify the term.

"Hello, Jim," said one.

"Hello, Billy," was the answer.

"Any luck to-night?"

"Busted. Got any money?"

"Not a red. Say, I thought you'd left off playing?"

"So did I, but you see I had got in the box so deep that I thought I'd try once more. I coppered the queen for a fiver and let it stay three times. By golly, she won. I cashed her in, and started for the door with $40. First I thought I'd take my overcoat and sealskin cap out of my uncle's hands, being as the cold spell has come to stay awhile. But I had to go back. I had a kind of aching in the bones as I got to the door, and it seemed as if I was getin' away from a good thing. You know how it is yourself," with a groan.

"Oh, of course, you had to go back and tackle the tiger agin, and got clawed," said the other. "Hain't I told you time and agin. You'll get into the poor-house yet, if you keep on the way you are going."

"Some of 'em says, 'Follow up your luck,'" was the plaintive rejoinder.

"You needn't think a man loves you, because he calls you back when you're winning," said Billy, who seemed to be somewhat of a satirist.

A RHEUMATIC TWINGE.

"No one called me back," was the irritated response. "I felt it in my bones, but it must have been the rheumatism. I was playing to win grub, too."

"Phew, but its cold. Let's get a drink. But we can't. Money's gone. Just listen to that wind."

"Git out, and go to bed."

"You needn't be so fresh. You ain't nothing but a tinborn gambler, nohow. You never blowed in your wife's duds, like me."

"That's true. But you ain't a circumstance to the feller from Vancouver I met some time ago. He enlisted in the army for five years, in the regular service, at a salary of $15 a month. He served the time and didn't draw a cent. Last fall he cum to town with nearly $800 in his pocket. Hadn't been here twelve hours before he dropped $700 up to Frenchy's. That same night he went right in here to Paul Fuhr's and staked all he had—nearly $100—on one turn, and lost. He borrowed two bits for a bed, and went and enlisted for five year more. That's what I call sand."

The trio (including the reporter), separated, each occupied with his own thoughts.

Novel-Reading Made Odious.

A bitter wag, made angry by the ever increasing output of novels, has devised a new and bitter antidote for the appetite for romance. He declares that he will write a supplement to every modern love story, to be sold at half price, setting forth the matrimonial adventures and experience of the hero and heroine. The sweet and pathetic maiden with the mild blue eyes and the golden hair is to be developed into the fat and ruddy shrew with a tendency to quarrel with her husband and row her servants. The gallant gentleman with the long moustache and the silver voice is, on his part, to be ruthlessly pictured marching up and down his bed room in airy attire, with a squalling baby in his arms, redolent of sour milk and catnip. The will of the rich old uncle, which brings wealth and happiness at the end of the first volume, will be proved a forgery in the second. What with the upsetting of every pretty conventionality and the disclosure of the inevitable conditions into which no well-bred novelist ever follows his characters, this cynic hopes to make novel reading nauseous and novel writing as unprofitable as it is a dark industry.

A Royal Horsewoman.

London Letter.

Elizabeth Amalia Eugene, Empress of Austria, is perhaps the keenest horsewoman in Europe to-day. It is no small compliment to the attractions of these islands that the Empress of Austria and Queen of Bohemia and Hungary, desiring to seek health and recreation in the open air, should desert the broad plains of the countries over which her husband holds sway to seek the delights of an English hunting field.

It is about six years since she first made her appearance in the hunting field in this country. It was at a celebrated meeting in Leicestershire, where, without any preliminary flourish of trumpets, the Empress rode into the field and cantered to covert side, many being unaware of her identity. The generally "correct" appearance of the lady, the admirable cattle on which masters and servants and a well-known cavalier in charge were mounted, drew attention to the small cavalcade, and soon it became abundantly apparent that the Empress, who had come to England to hunt, knew perfectly well what was requisite, and could hold her own with the best. "Hands," "seat," and knowledge of pace, it was observed, were all possessed in a high degree by this imperial lady, and pilot or guide not only very often found his place a sinecure, but on many occasions had to do all he knew to live the place. She has made several visits since, both to Ireland and to England, hunting with the Westmeath hounds in the former, and with Sir Watkin Wynn's in the latter.

WHY WE LAUGH.

"I'm down to bed-rock," said a henpecked Pittsburg husband, as he swayed the cradle containing his howling son and heir.

"Isn't this tea too steep?" inquired the customer. "Certainly it is, sir," was the reply, "it is to steep."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A coon club in New Hampshire, after having been organized ten years, has captured its first coon. The coon is supposed to have been unwell.

A Baltimore woman by the name of Charity struck her husband over the head with a boot, and came near killing him. Charity begins at home.

Queen Victoria is very fond of apples, and they do say it is interesting to watch the old lady popping the seeds on the kitchen stove, to see if she will get married this year.

"Well, may I hope, then, dearest, that at some time I may have the happiness of making you my wife?" "Yes, I hope so, I am sure," she replied; "I am getting tired of suing fellows for breach of promise."

"Is this a singing doll?" asked she of the clerk. "Yes, mademoiselle." "How do you make it sing?" "Just as you would any other young lady." "How is that?" "By pressing it." "Oh!"—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A bust of Mary Anderson is being made for the Princess of Wales. After she has tried to pull the Prince away from it two or three times she will probably send it up to the back garret, with orders that it be turned face to the wall.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"Oh, to think," said a religious Englishman to his gamekeeper, "that I should have called you a d—d infernal fool! I'm very sorry. To think that one Christian should use such language to another! Heaven forgive me! But it's God's truth all the same."

A gentleman was giving a little Keokuk baby boy some peanuts the other day. The good mother said: "Now, what are you going to say to the gentleman?" "With childish simplicity the little fellow looked up in the gentleman's face and replied, "More!"

A Lafayette lady—a model wife and mother—broke her husband of the saloon habit by walking up beside him and calling for beer. A Cincinnati woman tried that, but her husband only replied: "Now, you're acting sensible; here John, give us two schooners."

Two little girls were saying their prayers prior to being tucked in for the night. When both had finished, the younger of the two climbed on her mother's knee and said in a confidential, but triumphant whisper: "Mother, Clara only asked for her 'daily bread.' I asked for 'bread and milk.'"—*Detroit News.*

The young man who, at the rink Saturday evening, observed the writer and a lady skating together, and made some remark about "Beauty and the Beast," will hear of something to his disadvantage if he will call at this office. No punishment is too severe for a brute who will call a lady a beast.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., recently bought "a piece of an apartment house" in New York for $110,000. The query arises naturally as to how many millions a man must be worth in New York before he can buy an entire slebang of his own, with a nice yard, hot and cold water and a stationary wash stand.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

"Yes," coincided Mr. Williams, as he bit a pretzel, "I know a piano is a dreadful infliction, and a violin is worse that 60 days in jail; but as a reliable agony producer, the banjo takes the first premium. You can shake some melody out of a piano without being obliged to sing, but a banjo must have an accompaniment. And when a spavined banjo and a half-acre band and a mowing machine vocal organ come together, the result is Woe, with a big W."

There is a certain Austin man who is linked for life to a lady who enjoys the unenviable reputation of sadly neglecting her household duties. One evening her convivial lord returned from the lodge in a condition several degrees above the dead level of plain sobriety. "O you miserable wretch!" she exclaimed, "I'm just burning up with rage." "Yer are, are you?" replied the man. "Well, Betty, thash all right. I'm glad it ain't the beefsteak this time."

An exchange relates the following about Mr. O'Hara, the colored Representative from North Carolina: Not long ago in that State Mr. O'Hara had introduced to him a couple of lately-landed Hibernians, who also bore the name of O'Hara. Having a vein of humor and good powers of mimicry, he indulged in some fun at their expense. "Phwat did Oi understand that yer names moight be, gentlemen?" he asked: "O'Hara is it? Not O'Hara av Kallmainock?" "The same," replied they in amazement; "an' who the devil are you?" "Ol'm yer kinsman, begorra," said he; "an' be the same token the cloimat av this country has been bad for me complexion, as ye may notice—" The two "sons of the sod" have not been seen in North Carolina since.

Beating a Deaf Man.

Will Kieth is a very clever drug clerk who compounds cross-bone prescriptions for a leading drug house on Washington street. He is a very genial young man, and some of his many friends often call upon him at his place of business. Last week while entertaining three or four Y. M. C. A. boys, a man entered with a prescription which was promptly compounded, and with an air of "see-my-modus-operandi," he threw the package before the customer with:

"Twenty-five cents, please."

The man, who was almost deaf, threw out five cents and started out.

"Twenty-five cents, sir," said W. K. in a louder tone.

"There is your five cents," said the d. m., pointing to the nickel and walking toward the door.

"I said *twenty*-five cents," at the top of his voice.

"I say there is your five cents," said deafy as he passed through the doorway.

Our affable d. c. allowed a bewildered expression to hover over his handsome features for but a moment, when it was dispelled by a bland smile as he remarked:

"O, well, let him go; there's three cents profit anyway."

Camphor.

Camphor is made in Japan in this way: After a tree is felled to the earth it is cut up into chips, which are laid in a tub on a large iron pot partially filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises and, heating the chips, generates oil and camphor. Of course the tub with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubs with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubs is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a straw layer which catches and holds the camphor in crystal in deposit as it passes to the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs and is ready for the market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes.

A Noteworthy Stenographer.

Washington Post.

J. J. McElhone, the chief of the official stenographers of the House, has been in the service of that body as an official reporter since 1849. He was an expert stenographer when a mere boy. When he was eighteen years old he was reporting the official debates. Dennis Murphy, the chief of the Senate staff, began his official work for Congress six months earlier than McElhone. Both are from Philadelphia. McElhone is a very tall, straight, vigorous, young-looking man. He has more the air of a dashing soldier than that of a civilian. His eyes are clear and resolute, his nose straight, while his military mustache and imperial accentuate his appearance of vigor and energy. He is a very cultivated man, and few members have such a thorough knowledge of public affairs as McElhone. It is strange that none of the younger stenographers of Washington who are looking forward to fill the places of the official stenographers of Congress are not doing something to qualify themselves for the work. The average stenographer looks only to the mechanical part of his work, without a thought of how necessary to his final success is the possession of a thoroughly broad and comprehensive education.

Mr. McElhone explained to me the other day his method of working. It will probably be a revelation to the average reporter. He pays no attention to the mechanical part of his work. He writes the Pitman system in its simplest forms. When he is reporting a speaker he follows his every sentence, criticising it and taking in fully its sense, while his hand follows his thought like a bit of exquisitely trained mechanism. The result is that he has never yet met a speaker who can talk too fast for him. When he meets a man who can think faster than he can, then only will McElhone be at a loss. He said that in the last House the three hardest men to report were Thompson of Iowa, Blackburn of Kentucky, and Ranney of Massachusetts.

The hardest piece of reporting ever done by McElhone was during the exciting incidents of the counting in of Hayes by the House of Representatives. When Beebe, of New York, immortalized himself by jumping upon his desk, perfect Bedlam appeared to have been let loose. To report what was said with twenty or thirty members apparently talking at once, must have seemed almost an impossibility. In less than a second McElhone saw that his reputation as one of the greatest of living reporters was at stake. He seized his note-book and dashed right into the center of the excitement. The voice of every member was familiar to him. Without turning his head he stood erect amid the wildest confusion, and caught with rigid accuracy the words of the most distant speaker. He was very nervous over the result, because if any member at that time had by chance been omitted from the page of history of that day, McElhone would have been the subject of many a row. None of the members believed that he had been able to get them all, yet when his report came out in the Record next day, not one had a single word of fault to find. In fact, it is the only perfect picture of that exciting period. It was one of the greatest feats of stenographic reporting ever done in Congress. When McElhone had finished he was bathed in perspiration from head to foot, and was as weak as if he had been running in a ten-mile match.

Spain's Auction Mart.

The Rincon is the auction mart, whither all the trash of the kingdom finds its way for sale. Bric-a-brac, relics, curiosities and antiquities are the fine names they give to these dregs. Let us have a look at them. The Rincon consists of a number of wooden sheds and stalls in the street, and a number of shops which surround the stalls. The entire space is filled with old traps. Here are a few that attract my attention: A Moorish saddle, $15; a lot of Roman copper coins, $2; a Spanish dollar of 1419, $12; ditto of 1763, $3; braziers for warming the hands and feet, (still used in Madrid), from $1 to $20; a French General's sword, captured in the peninsula war, the hilt set with brilliants, $200; Moorish muskets, any price; knick-knacks for devotional purposes, all prices.

Mingled with these antiquities were a heterogeneous lot of modern goods, chiefly cheap cutlery from Sheffield, cheap iron, tin, brass and pewter wares from Birmingham, and cheap cotton goods from Barcelona. Besides the stalls and shops, the ground was covered with goods, while the air was filled with the shouts and clamors of the salesmen and women. "A traveling pistol for his excellency" (this meant my humble self; the pistol was a double-barreled muzzle loader of the year 1). "'Twill serve to keep off the bandits of Catalonia." "Hear that wench Morales. She is abusing my Catalonia, and she, too, from thieving Toledo!" "Buy a ticket in the lottery, senor. The wheel turns to-morrow, and sure your handsome face will bring you luck!" I had heard similar arguments in Cork. The smallest coin will buy something on the rincon. It is always thronged with people, and to the curious traveler is not a bad place in which to study the history of Spain—the past in the curiosities offered for sale, the present in the appearance and manners of the people who sell them, and the future in the mien of the purchasers.

Women Who Tell Their Ages.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The common objection among woman kind to letting their ages be known is not shared by the ladies of Japan, who actually display the facts as to their age in the arrangement of their hair. Girls from nine to fifteen wear their hair interlaced with red crape, describing a half-circle round the head, the forehead being left free with a curl at each side. From fifteen to thirty the hair is dressed very high on the forehead, and put up at the back in the shape of a fan or butterfly, with interlacings of silver cord and a decoration of colored balls. Beyond thirty a woman twists her hair round a shell pin placed horizontally at the back of the head. Widows also designate themselves, and whether or not they desire to marry again. One may compare with this remarkable hirsute honesty of the Japanese a story told in one of the American papers of the reluctance of American women to adopt any such candid policy. A theatrical manager was producing a farce in which one of the characters was to be a bald woman, and it so happened that the actress who was cast for the part had no hair on the top of her head. But instead of availing herself of this natural advantage she wore a wig over the bare spot, and laid thereon some palpably false baldness.

EVE-ANGELICAL.

A WINTER SERENADE.

I'm awfully bold,
For it's very cold,
To be singing under your winder;
O the wind doth blow,
And in drifting snow
I am singing to you, Belinda!

But I greatly fear
That you do not hear,
And I wish that I knew the reason.
Does my voice seem lost
Amid all the frost,
And can I be crowding the season?

I see the trouble—
Your window is double!
And I might as well serenade Nero!
So homeward I'll slink,
Get a hot ginger drink,
For it's ten degrees below zero!

Small half-face veils are either red or black.

Engagement rings made entirely of sapphires are the latest.

Figured velvets are much worn, but are never so elegant as plain ones.

Dark-colored stockings are more worn than the unbleached balbriggans or striped ones.

Tan-colored Suede gloves divide favor with white and black gloves for evening wear.

Children's dresses are all made loose about the waist, in the late revived English styles.

Short dresses are much in vogue for evening wear, even when the wearers do not dance.

Fancy muffs, or "finger cosies" as they are called, are made of the plumage of birds to match the bonnets.

Mrs. Gen. Belknap, whose No. 1 shoes paralyzed Washington society a few years ago, is in Paris, as handsome as ever.

Bangles of gold are now more worn than those of silver. The more bangles there are on a bracelet the more stylish it is.

Sleeves of costumes of ceremony are made tight, but with puffs or epaulette appendages in the armhole or on the shoulders.

"Now, children," she continued, "what is the meal you eat in the morning called?" "Oatmeal," promptly replied a member of the class.

Bouquets of one-color roses, tied loosely with a broad satin ribbon and fastened on the left side of the belt, are fashionable for evening wear.

An exchange suggests that housekeepers have a memorandum book in which to note down the location of articles packed away for use at a future season.

A young man urged, as one of the reasons why a girl should marry him, that he had a collection of over 400 different kinds of wood. She said if it was kindling wood she'd think of it.

No Norwegian girl is allowed to have a beau until she can bake bread and knit stockings, and, as a consequence, every girl can bake and knit long before she can read or write, and she doesn't have to be co