THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

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POETRY.

Indian Summer

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

[The following was written some years since by a gentleman now a resident of Montana. The author, in transmitting a copy to the NEW NORTH-WEST, says: "You incurred the enmity of all poetasters by once announcing that you 'would not publish the bosh called original poetry,' and contributors might as well save their foolscap.' Don't tell me this is not Poetry. I know it quite well. If it passes for fair verse, I am satisfied. But our grand Indian Summer, so much longer and more grateful than in the East, is so charming that I do wish some genius would transfer it into words." Well, we suspend the rules with pleasure. This has fine imagery and felicitous expression, and it has the glow of Autumn in it. The author has the pure fire in him. We trust the mirror of his mind will not tarnish by disuse. Come again.—ED.]

The days are full of witchery;
so subtle in their dreamy calm,
They float away with mystic charm,
Like phantom gallions o'er the sea.

The sun pours forth from golden urns
Rich floods of throbbing, mellow light,
Which mantles o'er each blushing hight,
And through the valley softly burns.

I see the glossy raven's wing
Glance back the gentle sky's warm smile,
As far, for many a shining mile,
It floats, the only living thing.

Along th' indented mountains' side
The lights and shades each other kiss,
Holding such dalliance in their bliss,
They blend like ripples on the tide.

And to the ardent, lingering gaze,
The conscious hills in happy mood,
Seem with a peaceful life imbued—
Expressive as a human face.

Superb, the drapery of Day
Trails queenly from her crystal throne,
O'er a submissive realm upborne,
Its matchless glories to display.

And yet the goddess bends benign,
And like a sister talketh sweet,
Seeming to leave her regal seat
Her arms around my neck to twine.

When her fair handmaid, Twilight, goes
To gently quench her altar's light,
Silent the dusky Prince of Night
Abroad his starry banner throws,

And launching his imperial barge,
Sails grandly up the moon-lit main,
Stately amid his gleaming train
Which swarms the circling crystal marge.

On his proud frontlet flashes Mars;
Pure Lyra and Capella gleam
From either shoulder, while they seem
Twin sapphires mid the myriad stars,

His silken mantle's mottled hue,
White-flecked with cloud-racks here and there
Dissolving in the liquid air,
Leaves naught but stainless, melting blue.

The beauties of both Night and Day
Come trooping to the open heart,
And, like congenial friends, impart
An influence that I'd fain obey.

They come to take the place of friends
Fled many a weary league afar,
As Memory doth her gates unbar
The while each presence clear attends.

These friendly, velvet-footed hours
Say—"Take fair Nature by the hand,
And wander through a charmed land,
And linger in her magic bowers,

"Bring offerings to her rarest shrine,
Hold converse with her secret moods,
And while her spirit o'er you broods,
Her welcome bonds around you twine.

"Binding in healthsome union strong
To thine her beating Heart of hearts;
While a new voice within you starts,
To warble forth her native song."

W.

A Race for Life—Narrow Escape of an Entire Family.

On Sunday afternoon, says the Jackson (Mich.) *Citizen*, the Fort Wayne Railroad Company sent a construction train up the road, preparatory to the commencement of work on Monday morning, as is the usual custom. The engineer, anxious, of course, to make his Sunday work as short as possible, rushed the train out of the depot and around the curve to the bridge at the top of her speed. Upon arriving at the bridge, however, he saw that which caused him to reverse the engine and apply the brakes with all his force. A man with his wife and two children were on the narrow portion of the bridge, where it is only just wide enough for a train to pass, about midway of its length of six hundred feet. Neither end could be reached by the imperiled family before the train would rush upon them; but the father and husband was equal to the emergency. Catching up the children in his arms, he told his wife that he would see to them, and bade her run toward the end of the bridge, until the train should reach her and then jump into the water. She must run for her life, as her safety depended upon her getting near enough to the shore to find shallow water before being overtaken by the train. She did as he directed, and when she felt the hot breath of the iron monster she jumped from the bridge, fortunately alighting in not more than two feet of water and weeds, and the train passed her in safety. But what of the father and little ones? He could not run with them, and while almost distracted with fears for his wife's safety, he was bound to find some escape for them. Taking the little ones in his arms, he coolly and steadily, in the face of the approaching train, lowered himself with them to a brace beneath the bed timbers, and there held them fast within a few feet of the water, while the train came thundering over them. About the time the engine reach the centre of the bridge, the exertions of the engineer and brakesmen effected the stoppage of the train, and their assistance was rendered to extricate the frightened family from their yet perilous position, and they went on their way, thankful for their deliverance.

AVERAGE HUMAN WEIGHT.—The average weight of several thousand persons who have been weighed on the Howe scales at the Pavilion during the present Fair, as per record kept, is 120 pounds. This is a low average, and is made to appear, no doubt from the fact that a large portion of those weighed were females, and probably some who were adults. Quetelet, who devoted much attention to this subject, says that the average weight of adult males is 136-9-10 pounds, and the average heigbth 5-6 feet.—*San Francisco Mining Press.*

"Josh Billings."

Josh Billings, (H. W. Shaw), is thus written of by one who knows him: "He is certainly quite as ugly as 'Nasby.' In many of his articles in broken English, he surpasses all who have tried that class of writing. But to fully appreciate him, one must see and know him. He is about forty-eight years old, and is the quaintest specimen of humanity with which we have ever met. Five years ago he was an auctioneer in Poughkeepsie, New York. He has since removed to New York city, where he keeps a boardinghouse amused by his irrepressible oddities. As he passes down Broadway he cannot escape observation. His broad, bent form, his immense hat, and his large, eagle-like features are always noticeable. His weakness is for chewing tobacco and telling stories. There is no such story teller in the land. Such quaint, laughable yarns as he can spin, are not easily put in print. His only lounging place is in the office of the *New York Weekly*, for which paper he contributes weekly. When the lecture season is at hand he makes from three to four thousand dollars a year from his lecturing, and as much more from his newspaper work. Always cheerful and genial, always witty, and yet kind, he is liked exceedingly by his circle of friends. Perhaps some of our readers will remember the publicity that was given a little time ago to the marriage of one his of daughters, whose beauty had become noted. She was as handsome as he is ugly."

George Francis Train.

The editor of the Louisville *Courier* paints this pen-picture of the "Prince of Blatherskites:" A locomotive that has run off the track, turned upside down, with its cow-catcher buried in a stump, and the wheels making a thousand revolutions a minute—a kite in the air which has lost its tail—a human novel without a hero—a man who climbs a tree for a bird's nest out on the limb, and in order to get it saws the limb off between himself and the tree—a ship without a rudder—a clock without hands—a sermon that is all text—a pantomine of words—an arrow shot into the air—the apotheosis of talk—the incarnation of gab. Handsome, vivacious, versatile, muscular, as neat as a cat, clean to the marrow, a judge of the effect of clothes, frugal in food and regular only in habits—a noon-day mystery—a solved conundrum—a practical joke in earnest—a cipher hunting a figure to pass for something; with the brains of twenty men in his head all pulling different ways; not bad as to heart, but a man who has shaken hands with reverence.

The Caspian Sea on Fire.

A phenomenon of a most extraordinary nature has lately been witnessed by the inhabitants of the borders of the Caspian Sea. This huge salt lake is dotted with numerous islands, which produce yearly a large quantity of naptha, and it is no uncommon occurrence for fires to break out in the works and burn for many days before they can be extinguished. About two months since, owing to some subterraneous disturbances, enormous quantities of this inflamable substance were projected from the naptha wells and spread over the entire surface of the water, and, becoming ignited, notwithstanding every precaution, converted the whole sea into a semblance of a gigantic flaming punch bowl, many thousands of square miles in extent. The fire burnt itself out in forty-eight hours, leaving the surface strewn with the dead bodies of innumerable fishes. Herodotus mentions a tradition that the same phenomenon was once before observed by the tribes inhabiting the shores of the Caspian Sea.

THE ORIGIN OF "HAIL COLUMBIA."—On a certain Monday evening in the summer of 1798, an indifferent singer, of the name of Fox, belonging to the Philadelphia Theatre, was about to take his benefit. Saturday morning came; not a ticket had been sold and a "beggarly account of empty boxes" was before him when a good thought struck his brain. Congress was in session; political strife exciting; the storm of war was lowering, and a patriotic song, especially if he could get one written to Feyle's "President's March," would save him. He knew a clever young lawyer, once his schoolmate, and son of the witty author of the "Battle of the Kegs." His name was Joseph Hopkinson—name then famous in law and literature, but still more famous now. The poetic lawyer pities his friend Fox, bids him call again on Saturday afternoon, and then he gives him—O the prize that glides into the poor player's fingers, and through those fingers into the great nation—he gives him "Hail Columbia." Nine times the audience called for it, and then, rising altogether joined with rapturous tongues in the full chorus.

Napoleon's "Hall of Truth."

The favorite apartments of Emperor Napoleon, at St. Cloud, are the Library, the "Hall of Truth" (Salle de Verite), and the "Red Hall," from which a most beautiful view of the park and vicinity may be enjoyed. In the library Napoleon I, had established his topographical cabinet. The Hall of Truth was used as a card-room by Charles X. It was here that, on the 24th of July, 1830, Messrs. Dembeville and d'Argout informed him of the threatening events that had taken place in Paris, and told him among other things, that unless he should take back the famous ordinances and reform his Cabinet, next day there possibly might neither be a king nor a crown, prince nor a Duke de Bordeaux. However, he quietly continued his game of whist. "My brother, Louis XVI., perished through his weakness. At all events, I am ready to appear before God." Napoleon I. kept his library in the Red Hall. The three apartments are now reception rooms of Emperor Napoleon III., who generally, leaning on the arm of one of his adjutants, promenades in them in the morning.

HOPING THESE FEW LINES—

—Accounts current—tide tables.

—A pair of tights—two drunkards.

—Belle—a female boss of the situation.

—General Beauregard is about to marry.

—Peabody will winter in South France.

—Eastern beauties eat soap to cure freckles.

—The Pope expects to live ten years longer.

—Dressed to kill—an Indian with his tomahawk.

—Queen Victoria will pass Christmas in Germany.

—The old are mown down—the young cradled up.

—Outrage on the high C—the efforts of opera singers.

—Mrs. Abraham Lincoln is living at Frankfort, Germany.

—Eugenie wears what was once Joseph's engagement ring.

—Susan B. Anthony drinks. P. S.—her beverage is coffee.

—Low necked shirts are the latest style for nice young men.

—Beecher caught the hay fever by taking his text from Timothy.

—"Should old acquaintance be forgot?" Not if they have money.

—The "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into Chinese.

—A son of O. W. Holmes is private secretary for Charles Sumner.

—The Couldocks were playing at the Adelphi, Boston, October 12.

—Fisk, Jr.'s guiding star is a solitaire diamond shirt pin worth $17,300.

—France has 337 theatres; Italy, 298; Spain, 168, and England, 159.

—Miss Braddon's insanity in no way interferes with her novel writing.

—The Cincinnati Opera House has been transformed into a Bible House.

—Why is an over-worked horse like an umbrella? Because it is used up.

—Two things that can't safely be calculated upon—lightning and juries.

—Of three hundred Presbyterian ministers in Canada, only nine are D. D's.

—The new chignon is out. It hangs down the back, and costs $4. flax; $25, hair.

—Why is a beaf-steak like a locomotive? It's not of much account without it's tender.

—When a pretty girl falls in love with a lucky Irishman, her heart always goes pity Pat.

—Providence, Rhode Island, in proportion to its population, is the wealthiest city in the Union.

—A sister of General Buell is Sister Celia, Superior of the Sisters of Providence, at Indianapolis.

—A married man is said to be like a candle—he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to.

—The New York *Mail* says a beautiful young lady has made $250,000 by the recent gold speculation.

—The Surgeon of Empress Eugenie, Dr Marion Sims, is in New York, looking after her visit next spring.

—Ninon de l'Enclos defines a kiss: "An alms which enriches him who receives without impoverishing him who gives."

—The queen of Prussia gives five hundred dollars to every woman in the kingdom who has given birth to twelve children.

—Horatio Seymour, one of the leading dairymen of New York, predicts that his State will go Democratic by 50,000 majority.

—"Mamma! mamma!" bellowed the angel of the household from the top of the stairs, "I'm mad, and Hannah won't pacify me."

—A newsboy in New York the other day, was heard crying out, "'Ere's your *Police Gazette*. 'Nother one of them things by Missus Stowe."

—Voltaire said of Mademoiselle de Livey: "She was so beautiful that I raised my long, thin body, and stood before her like a point of admiration!"

—The new Republican paper of Louisville, Kentucky, will be started about the 1st of December. Colonel Croxton, of Paris, Kentucky, will be its editor.

—A sentimental chap intends to petition Congress for a grant to improve the channels of affection, so that henceforth the course of true love may run smooth.

—A fashion authority states that the fashion for coats this fall will be a good deal like that for last fall, especially with those who have to wear last fall's coats.

—General George B. McClellan and family, and General Marcey, father of Mrs. McClellan, have engaged quarters at the Metropolitan Hotel, Washington, and will spend the winter in that city.

—An old stable keeper in England says he has never had a bad foot on his horses since he commenced the practice of beding on a thick layer of sawdust. Pine sawdust he finds the best, oak the worst.

—The Boston *Post* avers that at a Cabinet meeting in Washington, last week, several of the members had to be introduced to the President; it was so long since he had seen them he had forgotten their names.

—General Lander's war horse says neigh to the story that he is doing hack duty in Boston. He is enjoying the luxurious hospitality of a New Hampshire farmer, and takes life with the utmost equine-imity.

—Mark Twain is incubating industriously at Elmira, New York, on his new lecture, and will enter on his tour November 1st, at Pittsburgh. His engagements are all in the East, and close peremptorily on January 15th.

A marriage license, issued by a Kentucky county clerk August 5, 1840, was returned to the office of the clerk by the minister who celebrated the marriage about three weeks ago, after a lapse of more than twenty-nine years, in accordance with the law which requires it to be returned within sixty days after the marriage ceremony is performed. This must take rank as one of the longest engagements on record.

The Northern Pacific Railroad.

From the Pittsburgh Commercial, Oct. 19.

A Northern Pacific Railroad from the Western end of Lake Superior, has resolved itself into a question of a few years—probably not more than five. An air line road from Chicago will tap this Northern Pacific road at some accessible point in Minnesota or Dakota, and for all practicable purposes transfer the west end of Lake Superior to the southern extreme of Lake Michigan. This is Portland's grand opportunity. Her independent railway will compete on favorable terms with New York, for the trade of the Union Pacific, now in operation, while it cannot but monopolize the traffic of the Northern Pacific. In fact, it will be a continuation of the latter road, for both together will form an unsurpassed route across the continent, terminating on our Eastern and Western coasts, in the most commodious and accessible harbors nature has given to the Western hemisphere.

Puget's Sound, the proposed terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, is two or three days by steamer nearer the great commercial cities of China than San Francisco, and in this fact we have the explanation of the probable growth of a great city so far north of San Francisco. The climate, tempered by the warm breezes of the Pacific, in winter resembles that of Richmond, Virginia, and in summer that of Newport, Rhode Island. The harbor of Puget's Sound will hold the navies of the world, and by its depth of water, would be accessible to a fleet of Great Easterns. It is a fact that vessels coming from China to San Francisco first make the American shore opposite Puget's Sound, and then run down the coast to California.

To sum up, by this line of railroad from Portland to Puget's Sound, over which the cars will be running in five years, Europe will be brought 2,000 to 2,500 miles nearer China than she is or can be by any existing route. The time of transit from England to Hong Kong will be reduced from forty-two days, by the shortest route on the Eastern hemisphere, *via* the Suez Canal, to thirty-three days *via* our Northern American line of railway to the North Pacific and thence by steamer to China.

This does not seem to be a will-o'-the-wisp that Portland is chasing, but a substantial reality, requiring the three great essentials of time, money and brains, to make it an accomplished fact.

Alice and Phœbe Cary.

New York correspondence Cincinnati Gazette.

Alice and Phœbe Cary have begun the Sunday evening receptions that every winter render so attractive their little house in one of our pleasantest streets. It is a small nest of a place, just large enough for the two gracious maidens who have chosen to abjure the constant companionship of the superior sex. It possesses one feature rather unusual in New York houses—it has a hall running through the centre, on one side of which is the drawing room, and on the other the library. Both rooms are as cosy as they can be, wearing an air of gentle refinement and unobtrusive culture. Everything is so tastefully disposed that upon entering it is only the *tout ensemble* that is perceived. No glaring picture rushes at you from the wall. No flowery sofa confuses the vision with an absurd mixture of color. Soft-toned draperies and skillfully grouped artistic trifles at once melt the visitor with a delightful sympathetic rapport. A peculiarly striking object is an exquisite mosaic table, imported from Germany, and presented to the sisters by an appreciative friend.

Their more favorite visitors are invited to come to tea, at which banquet, Miss Phœbe's sparkling humor almost makes her friends forget the more material feast before them. Mr. Greeley's amiable countenance often beameth above their table at these Sunday evening teas. For many years he has been a devoted friend to the sisters. During the evening the *literati* of the city assemble, dropping in one by one in an informal way that is very charming. At the last reception Oliver Johnson's gray locks and strong face was visible in a corner, their owner discoursing amiably to a knot of attentive listeners. Under the gaslight sat Miss Phœbe, plump, laughing-eyed, piquant. She wears all sorts of willing cut bonnets and sashes and bracelets and beads, perfectly in accordance with her cheery style. There's nothing of the proverbial old maid about her—not a bit of it. Conversing with her is Lord Adare, son of the Earl of Dunraven, who is just now traveling here with his wife. He has a slight figure, an intellectual face, and a long tawny moustache. Lady Adare is Scotch, and consequently bright-eyed and bonny. She looks rather amused as Miss Phœbe energetically remarks that she wishes some other than Booth might become the high priest of the drama in America. At one side, Susan B. Anthony, in the inevitable scarlet crape shawl and spectacles relates her recent experience in Cincinnati to a sympathetic hearer. Susan's nose takes an upward turn and her eyes snap as she goes into detail. About the room roams the philosopher of the *Tribune* radiating smiles and common sense until he grows tired and takes his leave in his own characteristic manner—that is, he wanders vaguely away without saying good-bye to anybody. The conversation very often turns upon spiritualistic matters, the sisters being devoted to Spiritualists of the higher type. While Miss Cary's accomplished nieces were here, music was one of the attractions of these gatherings, but they have long since borne all but its remembrance to happy homes of their own. Throughout this nest breathes the most exquisite culture, the sweetest purity, and a beautiful picture is the lives of the two singing birds within.

—The first chapter of a Western novel has the following: All of a sudden the fair girl continued to sit on the sand, gazing upon the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by, freighted—ah! who can tell with how much joy and sorrow, and pine lumber and emigrants, and hopes and salt fish?

The Ecumenical Council.

The structures now erecting in St. Peter's for the approaching religious council and exhibition *universale*, are begining to present an intelligent shape. The stalls for the bishops are finished, and rapid progress is being made with the tribunes, which some authorities declare to be intended for short-hand writers, and some assign to diplomatists. The vestibule is cut off from the cathedral by a high partition, now being fitted with a great door, which will remain open, when the council is in public session, but ordinarily will be closed. Even when the door is open the public will not be allowed to advance farther than the threshold. The fathers of the council will enter by another door removed from observation. As a precaution against Mazzinian incendiaries, the works are watched by firemen, and, during the sitting of the council, engines will be placed in different parts of the cathedral, and the number of firemen doubled. The council is not only distasteful to the Mazzinians, but it is warmly opposed by many of the Italian episcopacy. Monsignor Charvas has resigned the archbishopric of Genoa rather than consent to attend. The resignation has been accepted by the Pope, and the ex-prelate has retired to Savoy, to reside with his family. The preparatory congregation of the council have elaborated two propositions, which the fathers of the council will be required to approve and to promise all their efforts to carry them to a successful issue. The first proposition relates to the Peter-penny, the collection of which is to be so organized as to produce annually a sum sufficient to pay the interest of three-quarters of the pontificial debt, the fourth quarter being undertaken by the Italian government. The second proposition demands the maintenance by the Catholic world of a pontificial army of 7,000 men so long as the Holy See shall remain in its present exceptional state—that is severed from the Romagnas, the Umbria, and the Marches. The proposition declares that this force is necessary for the maintenance of order in Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter, and that the Holy See is without the means of supporting it until the lost provinces are restored. The congregation of cardinals has again debated the question of the admission of representatives of the Catholic powers, and now recommends that they shall be allowed to attend as "spectators." The Pope expresses his conviction that he has a mission to replace the principles of the revolution of 1798 by those of the Syllabus, which the council is to pronounce canonial law. He will resist any opposition to the design, or to the adoption of the dogma of infallibility, and lately a Roman bishop was told by one of his physicians that the rejection of these propositions might have the most serious, even fatal, consequences to his holiness. The holy father believes himself that he will live ten years longer, and the other day he remarked to some member of the household that, if the Catholic exhibition of next year proved a success, he would have one on a grander scale in 1871. One of the objects of the exhibition is to promote the introduction of uniformity in sacredotal vestments, those now used in Germany and England being quite different from the vestments authorized at Rome.—*Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.*

Railroads in Oregon.

From the Alta California.

It seems that the contest between the two railroad companies in Oregon—the East Side and the West Side—for the Congressional donation of land, has not yet been settled, or, at least, the settlement is not yet admitted, although the Legislature recognized the East Side Company, which has now graded 20 miles and expects to put down the iron before the winter sets in. The road on the western bank of the Willamette is also advancing. As the river is navigable, and the valley is not wide, there is no need at present of two roads, and even one will not be profitable until after it makes a connection with the Pacific railroad and the California roads. The work on this end of the California and Oregon railroad is advancing very slowly. A *quo warranto* suit was commenced not long since by the Attorney General of the State, or in his name, to inquire whether the rights of the company had not lapsed by failure to comply with the demands of the law, but no decision has been rendered, or, if so, it has not been made public.

The tide has gone out and now begins to return. The first waif of fashion it throws at our feet is the chatelaine style for the hair. The chignon must vanish. Farewell to the old old lump of hair; it has done remarkable service, but it is doomed. The chatelain braids are to supersede it. The puffery and frizzing of the hair is to be no more forever, under the rule of the time-sobered Empress. The braid is looped at the back of the head, and falls to the shoulders. It is a drooping style decidedly; but it comports with the sobriety of increasing years, and is of course a fit feature of the whole style of dressing, which becomes sober and subdued to correspond. The era of fluttering ribands is over for our day. Some other queen must rule in Israel before these weighty trivialities can return.

It is a disgusting sight to take up a newspaper, as we frequently do our exchanges, and see such remarks as these: "Those of our subscribers who are indebted to us are requested to pay up." "It takes money to run a newspaper." "We are obliged to have food for our family." "We have to pay money for paper and help," and a hundred other such frivolous excuses as the foregoing to try to extort money from those who are kind enough to allow their names to remain upon the subscription books, of the said papers. Gentlemen, don't believe them. It is all bosh. If those editors can't run their papers without money, and can't get along without insulting their patrons who are in arears every week, let them sell out to some one who can.—*Colorado Transcript.*

THE WEST.

Deery, billiardist, is in California.

The mines of Arizona are idle for want of water.

A Colorado man has bought $1,200 worth of Cashmere goats.

The material of the San Francisco *Herald* has been sold at auction.

The Walla Walla *Statesman* has hauled in its horns—reduced its size.

Chinamen are making wages in San Juan Valley by gathering mustard seed.

A mile and a quarter of track was laid on the Denver Pacific Railroad, October 6.

The *Daily Register* is the name of a new paper published at Albany, Oregon.

A Chinese theatrical troupe are giving performances at Marysville, California.

The Hale & Norcross, Virginia, Nevada, is yielding about 170 to 175 tons per day.

The yield of the Union Hill mine, Nevada county, California, last month was, $10,000.

The old Succor mine, situated near the Devil's Gate, is now being profitably worked.

Booth & Co., Union Iron Works, San Francisco, have built twelve first-class locomotives.

On the way from Los Angeles to San Francisco, ex-Secretary Seward was robbed of his trowsers.

Rev. T. J. Dalton has been promoted to the dignity of Vicar General of the Diocese of Grass Valley.

E. S. Davis, of Austin, has been appointed Receiver of the First National Bank at Hamilton, Nevada.

Suit has been commenced by C. C. Wilson against the *Alta California* to recover $25,000 for alleged libel.

The new University of California began its career on the 23d ult., by the admission of thirty-six students.

During the month of September, 8,078 acres of land were disposed of at the Roseburg, Oregon, Land Office.

A hog in Havilah, California, has seven ears. The Kern county people are giving themselves airs in consequence.

The Yo Semite Valley has absorbed about $200,000 from tourists this season, there having been nearly 1,000 visitors.

A Kansas paper most piously heads an article as follows: "Conversion and death of twelve more heathens. Glory to God and our cavalry!"

The earnings of the Union Pacific Railroad for September were, $743,996. The total earnings since opening last May reach over $3,000,000.

Billy Dwyer, the pugilist, who was shot in San Francisco a few days since by G. L. Hoge, has so far recovered that he is considered out of danger.

The Board of Statistics, Emigration and Labor Exchange for Oregon is now fully organized. Rooms have been opened in Portland for the association.

The Savage Company, Virginia, Nevada, are still sinking their main shaft. They are now down about 30 feet below the 950-foot level. Very hard rock is encountered.

John Labatt, tried in Monterey, California, lately, for the murder of L. Williams, in San Juan South, on the 27th of June, was acquitted, the jury being out but a few moments.

James Kilfoyle, on October 15, was sentenced in Salt Lake city by Chief Justice Wilson to imprisonment for life—for the murder of Thomas Frazier, at Wanship, on the 25th of July last.

A fashionable young lady was seen walking down Montgomery street, San Francisco, recently, with five dollar gold pieces on the tips of the heels of her boots. She was well "heeled" for any man.

"There are nearly 1,600 men working at the Mare Island Navy Yard, California, with a prospect of a still greater increase."—*Era.* The prospect would be better if some of the men were women.

A colony, consisting of Fred Menge, Julius Kern, Edward Vogel, Wm. Gabriel and others, are about settling in Pleasant Valley, on the Owyhee river, Idaho, some twenty miles below Cape District, for the purpose of engaging in farming and stock raising. It is proposed to christen the settlement New Germany.

A little boy in a Sioux City sunday school put a poser to his teacher. The lady was telling her class how God punished the Egyptians by causing the first-born in each household to be slain. The little boy listened very attentively, and at a proper interval, mildly inquired, "what God would have done if there had been twins?"

Died—in Hamilton, White Pine, October 13, of typhoid fever, Judah Ann, wife of B. S. Ingram, aged 33 years. All old travelers over the Donner Lake route will remember with pleasure the Ingram House, where the deceased and her husband so long presided. When the railroad was finished Mr. and Mrs. Ingram removed to Reno, and from there to Hamilton. She had just returned from a visit to her native home, Jackson county, Missouri, bringing with her her only daughter, who had been East attending school.—*Inland Empire.*

A dispatch dated Elko, October 12, to the San Francisco *Bulletin*, has this item about a well known resident of California and Western Nevada: "Sam Wittgenstein passed here to-day, crazy, in his brother's charge. Last night, between Wadsworth and Humboldt, while the train was running at the rate of twenty miles an hour, Wittgenstein got up from his berth unnoticed, and walked from the platform of the hind car, falling upon the track. An extra engine following the train, ran into him, throwing him from the track some ten feet. The engine was stopped, and Wittgenstein picked up and found unhurt. He was brought to the station in time to resume his place in the train. He passed here feeling quite comfortable.

The Smartest Pickpocket in America.

From the New York Sun.

Kate Gorman, alias Sarah McGroan, alias Kate Leary, the shrewdest, smartest, most accomplished pickpocket in America, was again arrested last week for indulging in her old diversion of pocket-picking. She was arraigned before the police magistrate at the Jefferson Market Court, who held her to bail, her bondsman being Mr. Houghtalin. Nor did the case rest here. A delegation of politicians, bummers, pimps and thieves, all loyal subjects of Queen Kate repaired to the residence of the complainant, and partly by threats, partly by promises, coerced him to sign a request to the authorities withdrawing the charge. When this was accomplished, Mr. Houghtalin's bond was canceled and "the sword of Damocles" went away to hang over somebody else's head. Lady Gorman is, strange to say, a fugitive from justice, having forfeited her bail in Boston. Information has been sent to Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts, concerning her whereabouts, and a requisition for her lovely person will be forthcoming in a few days.

Lady Kate is still young and good looking. Among thieves and criminals she is the acknowledged queen. She boasts of carrying a half dozen judges in her dress pocket, and so she defies the authorities.

Lady Gorman was once married to another pickpocket. His flash name is Red Leary. His lordship formed one of the large number of aristocratic Americans who visited the gay capital of France during the late Universal Exposition. He was accompanied abroad by his friend Jimmy Dolan, alias Fatty Davis. These two worthies, after their arrival in Paris, busied themselves in picking pockets. They very soon came to grief. The authorities of Paris are not like those of New York, and the criminal courts are not controlled by politicians. Messrs. Leary and Davis, deprived of a tender-hearted prosecuting officer or a political judge, were tried, convicted, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude in the galleys of Toulon, where they still remain.

But to return to Kate Gorman. This lady, although arrested at least fifty times, always managed to escape punishment. The District Attorney has now a glorious opportunity to check her career of crime. Let him investigate this last case. It is his duty, and he must do it. The politicians endeavored to keep this case quiet by buying up the reporters at the Jefferson Market Police Court.

Transmission of Mental Disease.

Dr. Charles Kiam, an English physician, has just published a book in which medical problems are discussed. Of the transmission of mental disorders, he says:

"There is no form of heritage more remarkable than that of the tendency to suicide without any other marks of aberration of intellect. Dr. Winslow relates the case of a family where all the members exhibited, when they arrived at a certain age, a desire to commit self destruction; to accomplish which the greatest integrity and industry were manifested. Dr. Gall relates a very striking instance of seven children of one man who all enjoyed a competency and good health, yet all possessed a rage for suicide, and all yielded to it within thirty or forty years. 'Some hanged, some drowned themselves, and others blew out their brains.' Many other examples of the same tendency are brought forward by the same writer. I may add one case to the above from my own experience. Sitting one day with an acquaintance, I noticed some depression in his spirits. After a prolonged silence, he broke out in the following dreary attempt at conversation: 'My grandfather hung himself, my uncle took poison, my father shot himself, I shall cut my throat.' The facts were correct; but constant surveillance prevented the sequel in his own history."

SLIGHT DIFFICULTY IN MISSOURI.—On September 25th, a little while before sundown, a party of four young men, James Ross, of Fayette; David Kirby, son of Elisha P. Kirby of Howard county; Mr. Wilson and George Brashears, left the city, going east of town. A majority, or all of them, it is said, were under the influence of liquor. Mr. Ross and Kirby each had a pistol, a small, four-barrelled ring pistol. On the road they were shooting at trees and other objects along, trying their skill in marksmanship. After a time a difficulty arose between Kirby and Ross, when they commenced firing at each other. Ross fired three shots and Kirby two. The latter was shot twice, once through the heart, once in the hip; Ross in the face, near the mouth. Both fell dead on the ground together. Kirby leaves a wife and two children. So says the Fayetteville, Mo., *Banner.*

A Game of Bluff.

From the Fort Scott Post.

We heard a good "goak" the other day, on one of the "young bloods" of this city, who went down to the edge of Arkansas on business. While down there he went to a party, and while at the party danced with one of the settler's wives. Rackensack stood it as long as he could, but finally becoming enraged, went up to the blood and says: "Look here, mister, that is my wife you are dancing with." "Well, what of it?" said the blood. "Why, this: you dance with her again, you speak to her, you even look at her again, and I'll blow the top of your head off." "Now, look here," said the blood coolly, "do you see that umbrella sittin' thar?" "Well, s'pose I do?" "Well, you handle that umbrella, you touch that umbrella, and I'll ram it down your throat, and *I'll spread it!*" Rackensack "scooted."

TRACING PAPER.—A happy thought suggested itself to an engineer in want of tracing paper and unable to procure it readily, to try petroleum. To his surprise he found the experiment extremely satisfactory, and by coating the paper with the petroleum, and pressing it between blotters to extract the excess of oil, he obtained a paper in a few minutes, which was superior to anything that could be found elsewhere, taking as readily as ordinary paper any marks with writing ink, Indian ink, or colors.