NEW NORTH-WEST.

DEER LODGE CITY, FRIDAY, DEC. 24.

Sea of Galilee.

From Mark Twain's Innocents Abroad.

During luncheon the pilgrim enthusiasts of our party, who had been so light hearted and happy ever since they touched holy ground that they did little but utter incoherent rhapsodies, could scarcely eat, so anxious were they to "take shipping" and sail in every vessel upon the waters that had borne the persons of the Apostles. Their anxiety grew and their excitement augmented with every fleeting moment, until my fears were aroused, and I began to have misgivings that, in their present condition, they might break recklessly loose from all considerations of prudence, and buy a whole fleet of ships to sail in, instead of hiring a single one for an hour as quiet folk are wont to do. I trembled to think of the ruined purses this day's performances might result in. I could not help reflecting bodingly upon the intemperate zeal with which middle-aged men are apt to surfeit themselves upon a seductive folly which they have tasted for the first time. And yet I did not feel that I had a right to be surprised at the state of things which was giving me so much concern. To look upon this sea they had forsaken home and its idols, and journeyed thousands and thousands of miles, in weariness and tribulation. What wonder that the sordid lights of work-day prudence should pale before the glory of a hope like theirs in the full splendor of its fruition? Let them squander millions! I said—who speaks of money at a time like this?

In this frame of mind I followed, as fast as I could, the eager footsteps of the pilgrims, and stood upon the shore of the lake, and swelled, with hat and voice, the frantic hail they sent after the "ship" that was speeding by. It was a success. The toilers of the sea ran in and beached their barque. Joy sat upon every countenance.

"How much?—ask him how much, Ferguson!—how much to take us all—eight of us and you—to Bethsaida, yonder, and to the mouth of Jordan, and to the place where the swine ran down into the sea?—quick!—and we want to coast around everywhere—everywhere!—all day long!—I could sail a year in these waters!—and tell him we'll stop at Magdala, and finish at Tiberias!—ask him how much!—anything—anything whatever!—tell him we don't care what the expenses are!" [I said to myself I knew how it would be.]

Ferguson (interpreting)—"He says two napoleons—eight dollars. One or two countenances fell. Then a pause.

"Too much!—we'll give him one."

I never shall know how it was—I shudder yet when I think how the place is given to miracles—but in a single instant of time, as it seemed to me, that ship was twenty paces from the shore, and speeding away like a frightened thing! Eight crestfallen creatures stood upon the shore; and, oh, to think of it! this—this—after all that overmastering extacy! Oh! shameful, shameful ending after such unseemly boasting! It is too much like "Ho! let me at him!" followed by a prudent "Two of you hold him—one can hold me!"

Instantly there was wailing and gnashing of teeth in the camp. The two napoleons were offered—more if necessary—and pilgrims and dragomen shouted themselves hoarse with pleadings to the retreating boatmen to come back. But they sailed serenely away and paid no further heed to pilgrims who had dreamed all their lives of some day skimming over the sacred waters of Galilee, and listening to its hallowed story in the whisperings of its waves, and had journeyed countless leagues to do it, and—then to think that the fare was too high. Impertinent Mohammedan Arabs, to think such things of gentlemen of another faith!

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Pilgrims, sinners and Arabs are all abed now, and the camp is still. Labor in loneliness is irksome. Since I made my last few notes I have been sitting outside the tent for half an hour. Night is the time to see Galilee. Genessaret, under these lustrous stars, has nothing repulsive about it. Genessaret, with the glittering reflections of the constellations flecking its surface, almost makes me regret that I ever saw the rude glare of the day upon it. Its history and its associations are its chiefest charm, in my eye, and the spells they weave are feeble in the searching light of the sun. Then, we scarcely felt the fetters. Our thoughts wandered constantly to the practical concerns of life, and refuse to dwell upon things that seem vague and unreal. But, when the day is done, even the most unimpressible must yield to the dreamy influences of the tranquil star-light. The old traditions of the place steal upon his memory, and haunt his reveries, and then his fancy clothes all sights and sounds with the supernatural. In the lapping of the waves upon the beach he hears the dip of ghostly oars; in the secret noises of the night he hears spirit-voices; in the soft sweep of the breeze the rush of invisible wings. Phantom ships are on the sea, the dead of two centuries come forth from the tombs, and, in the dirges of the night-wind the songs of forgotten ages find utterance again.

In the starlight Galilee has no boundaries, but the broad compass of the heavens, and is a theatre meet for the birth of a religion able to save a world; and meet for stately figures appointed to stand upon its stage and proclaim its high degrees. But in the sunlight, one says: "It is for the deeds which were done and for the words which were spoken in this little acre of rocks and sand eighteen centuries gone, that the bells are ringing to-day in the remote islands of that sea and far and wide over continents that clasp the circumference of the huge globe!"

One can comprehend it only when night has hidden all incongruities and created a theatre proper for so grand a drama.

Dr. H. P. Russell, of Sierra City, Sierra county, California, was found dead in the street, recently.

Catharine Neeman, a German girl aged 22, committed suicide in Maryville last Sunday, by hanging.

Died Like a Dog.

A Millionaire Miser Dies in a Garret Alone.

From the New York Evening Post, Nov. 22.

On Wednesday morning a little bed-room in the highest story of Taylor's Hotel, in Jersey City, was broken open by the bill collector when he found that no answer was made from within to his calls, and the lifeless body of one of the oldest boarders in the house was found sitting upright in a chair before the table. The man was very old, and had been for years subject to disease, and the discovery that he had at last died alone and without warning, though a matter of surprise and regret, did not cause suspicion. For five or six years the old man, who dressed in the roughest garments, had been gliding silently from his garret to the dining-room and back again to his retirement. What his occupation was no one knew, or seemed to care. Only one person was ever admitted to his room. This was the chambermaid, who was admitted to arrange his room while he was at dinner. When questioned, the girl replied always that there was nothing remarkable in the room, except the absence of anything to make it comfortable. A few old coats, coarse shirts, patched stockings, and patched boots there were, and two old trunks, old and battered. There was one singular circumstance connected with the man's life. Though meanly clad, he was among the promptest in paying his bills.

The old man was without friends, and during the six years of his abode in the house, no one came to see him. It was known by the proprietor, however that he had a sister living in Groton, Conn. His name—Lyman Allen—was known to none but the proprietor and book-keeper. What were his antecedents his resources, or his occupation, no one could ascertain.

When he was found dead, the servants were ordered to lay him out and watch by the corpse until his friends, if he had any, could be called. This morning there came—a sister, a brother-in-law, and two nephews. They said he was born in Connecticut in 1799, and had many years ago, been a commission merchant in New York, where he amassed a large fortune. What had become of it they did not know. They soon learned where he kept a part of it, however, for upon unlocking one of the trunks a heap of bonds and stocks, gold and currency, was found tumbled carelessly in. An examination showed that there was property in the room worth over $600,000, besides securities for large sums elsewhere. A will was found among other papers, dated fifteen years ago, bequeathing the entire property to his sister and her children.

The evidences of the old man's meanness were plentiful in the narrow room, and the sight of his ragged garments, in which he clothed himself, brought tears to the eyes of his sister. The miser died as he had lived, alone.

Mining Statistics.

Mr. R. W. Raymond, Commissioner of Mining Statistics, has prepared a summary of his annual report. His principal work during the past six months has been the collection of information regarding new enterprises, and the condition and prospects of the industry in the different districts, and statistics of production. The principal mining and commercial centres of Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon and Idaho have been visited, and operations therein carefully noted.

The Commissioner reports that the product in California for the year will certainly fall below that of last year, on account of the extraordinary drought which put an end to the placer and hydraulic mining of the northern counties very early in the season. Another temporary cause of decreased production was the stoppage of several important mines in the foremost quartz mining districts of the State—Grass Valley—on account of the miners' strike. In Nevada the yield of the Comstock mines has been largely reduced this year by the exhaustion of various old workings upon which some of the companies have been relying, but especially by the disastrous fire in the Crown Point, Kentuck and Yellow Jacket, which has interfered with the production of those important mines. The prospects of this district for the future, however, are considerably brighter than they were a year ago.

This year's product of bullion from Nevada will probably not fall far behind that of 1868, the deficiency from Washoe being made up by the greater yield of White Pine. On the whole the prospects of the State have improved, especially in view of the late discoveries in depth on the Comstock lode, the completion of the Pacific Railroad, and the gradual introduction of cheaper labor, particularly of Chinese, into the mines.

In Oregon the product of gold during the past year has been unusually small, very little quartz mining is now carried on in the State, and the placer and hydraulic mines have stood nearly all summer for the lack of water.

In Idaho the same causes which have affected the placer mines of Oregon will render this year's product of gold comparatively small; but the results of quartz mining in the Owyhee and other districts will probably not fall short of last year. The drought has also extended into Montana, and a decrease in the yield from the hitherto so productive gulches is anticipated.

The Commissioner is of the opinion that Colorado is destined to advance henceforth with great rapidity toward wealth and power. The yield of the mines for 1869 is highly encouraging in view of the fact that it is the product of steady industry, and not the first fruits of a speculative activity, which might be expected to die out at an early day.

Oroide Watches.

How They are Made—Tricks of the Trade.

From all accounts, the "Oroide" watch trade continues to flourish in proportion to the stock employed, as the capital. Infested, than any other business, not excepting the bogus prize concerns and gift institutions of the metropolis. The New York Sun shows up the rascalities in exclusive detail. The seventy-five importers and dealers in the Oroide trade in New York, have each by the bogus watch imposition, who have this energetic slit of fifty dealers in the bogus goods. These fifty dealers sold upwards of 300,000 bogus and needle watches last year. Their profits are almost fabulous. A single dealer on Broadway states that he has sold from $[illegible]000 to $40,000 worth a month, the greater portion of which is realized from gentlemen from the rural districts. For the benefit of these, and the uninformed in our large cities, we will describe how the fraud is practiced:

In Switzerland the several pieces that go to make the complete watch are made at several factories, remote from each other, and the watchmaker is the party who puts the different pieces together. The watchmaker purchases his stock by the thousand or ten thousand pieces from the different factories. As a consequence of such a want of system in making the different pieces, there are always large quantities that are improperly finished and imperfect. These imperfect pieces are again slightly altered and put together, and constitute the movement for the oroide watch. These movements are placed in brass cases manufactured for this very purpose, costing about seventy-five cents each, and exported to England and America, where, it has been definitely settled, the greatest number of fools exist. The French Government will not admit them unless they are truly and correctly described, and the English Government places them under the ban in so far as to prohibit the use of genuine names or trade marks; but, like our own Government, it reaps a profit from their importation and sale. These are the famous oroide watches. They are worth, according to some of the largest genuine practical dealers and watchmakers in this city, from $1 80 to $4 each. The very best quality cost but $55 a dozen. They sell in the bogus stores from $7 to $25 each.

Some of these watches are advertised as "full jewelled, adjusted to heat and cold." Of course no one but a fool would suppose that a watch could be adjusted for much less than the sum demanded, $17, $20 and $25. Then again, the bogus dealers spell Waltham *Waldham*, or change the name of a well known trade mark slightly, and are never at a loss in the wily use of their tongue. Upon the whole, it would seem that the safest way to buy "oroides" is to purchase—say a peck at a time, either for playthings for your children, or for brass castings.

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Victor Lebaucher & Chas. Complainville

RESPECTFULLY inform their numerous friends and the public generally they have become proprietors of the above-named

First Class Restaurant

The Kitchen will be under the supervision of the foremost *Chef de cuisine* of Montana, VICTOR LABAUCHER.

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☞ Every attention paid to the comfort and accommodation of guests.

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☞ HIGHEST PRICE PAID IN CASH FOR BEEVES of all kinds.

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