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THE MUSIC OF THE GRAVE.

BY MRS. HELEN M. TAYLOR.

Softly sweet of heaven stealing,
Earthly sweet of Heaven, a part,
Like the minor chords of feeling,
Trilling from a breaking heart.

Lingering the winds low cadence,
Whispering pens of changeless love,
And the sops, faint to silence,
Catch the music from above.

Soon the leaflets, all unwound,
Lisp a sorrow, vague before,
Like the echoes, Sybil-haunted,
Floating round the Cumean shore.

And a wild strain prophetic,
Fills the branches with its power,
Marital chords, sympathetic,
Fierce convulsions, wildly lower.

Hearken they the dimly sorrow,
To the moanings of the wraith,
Hushed in anguish, lest no morrow
Shall reveal a doubting faith.

May the voice which never falters,
When the waves of passion flow,
Calm the strife, as once the water,
In the ages long ago.

Benack, M. T.

The Dead-Head Passenger.

AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF MISS.

We rode in the dark post-wagon,
We two, through the pitch-dark night;
We laughed, and sang, and chattered
Like magpies, till dawn of light.

But, then, how we hushed our darning;
We saw that we were three;
For, curled, the lamp had stolen
A rifle, love, with you and me.

HURRYING UP THE CAKES.

Breakfast Biscuit Made From Wheat Har-

vested the Same Morning.

(From the Marysville, Cal. Appeal, July 27th.)
Yesterday morning, just when the drowsy
gods holds us the closest, we were startled
from our innocent dreams by a heavy knock-
ing at our bed room door. We thought of
burglars, murder, fire, everything in short,
except the cause of the alarm. Hastily put-
ting on our unmentionables, hind side first,
which caused us to walk backwards, we
opened the door and beheld the earnest face
of M. C. Ellis, one of the heaviest ranchers
of Sutter county, now a resident of Mary-
sville, connected with the Plaza flouring
mills, who, in answer to our inquiry of
"What is the matter?" replied: "Dress
yourself and go out to the ranch with me;
we have something to do there this morn-
ing." Grumblingly we obeyed orders—that
is a reporter's duty—and donning our gar-
ments, went down to the Marysville stables,
where we supposed we should find a team
ready. Disappointment is apt to follow too
great expectations, especially when one ex-
pects too much of stable men. The hostler,
who is a second cousin of Rip Van Winkle,
had fallen asleep after being awakened, and
before we could arouse him and get a team
ready a half hour had passed, and "four
o'clock in the morning" came just as we
rolled out of the stable. "Drive with tight
lines," said the stable man. "Did we do it?"
"Not much. Ellis rather pushed them on
instead of holding them tight. After taking
a drink from a bottle found in the baggy—a
preacher drove it the day before—and
lighting our cigars, our companion conde-
scended to inform us what we desired. He
said: "You know that once upon a time
General Bidwell cut some wheat, thrashed
it, ground the wheat, baked bread from the
flour and ate it for supper. Now, I propose
to beat this and eat it badly. It is seven
miles to my ranch, and I intend to drive
there, cut and thrash some grain, take it to
the flour mill, grind it, have my wife make
biscuits from the flour, and we will eat them
with our breakfast before nine o'clock this
morning." After finishing this long speech
he gave another push on the lines and re-
lapsed into silence. In fifty minutes we
were at the ranch, but here another disap-
pointment awaited us. The team were not
in the field, and another half hour went
by before the machinery was ready to be put
in motion. Then Mr. Ellis mounted to the
heavier full of the "golden grain." We laid
aside our coats and mounted the foot board
of the thrashing-machine, and when the
grain arrived we fed it through. From the
grain thus cut and thrashed our sack was
taken, and as grain cannot be ground with-
out thoroughly soaking, it was thoroughly
wetted there in the field. We then started
for the city, which we reached in forty min-
utes from the ranch. Arrived at the mill
another disappointment awaited us. The
grain was too wet, and another half hour
was lost in drying it. It was then put
through the screens, from there into the
hopper, and soon a sack of flour was pro-
duced from the wheat which stood in the
field a few hours before. From the mill to
the residence of Mr. Ellis, where Mrs. Ellis
took charge of it, and in half an hour we
heard the welcome to breakfast. At 7:55 by
the watch which timed us all the way
through, we sat down to a splendid break-
fast, and before us was biscuits made from
the flour we had worked so hard to obtain.
This is a true story, a plain statement of the
quickest work ever done in the State. If any
man can beat this he will have to eat his
biscuits for supper the day before the wheat
is cut.

Whatever may be the form of government
in Paris, a frightful experience makes it
over cautious, timid, and suspicious. Be it
Empire, or Republic, or Monarchy, there is
always a feeling that it is not safe to trust
the newspaper press. There must be cer-
tain money deposited, and an unblemished
character. Journals published three times
a week in the city must now deposit 10,000
francs, and the country journals 12,000 or
8,000. There can be but little doubt that
this regulation makes the very mischief
which it is intended to prevent, and experi-
ence has shown that the apprehension of
losing money is quite insufficient to restrain
the ardor of the Parisian journalist. They
will break the law simply because they hate
the law, if for no other reason.

A CALIFORNIA ORCHARD.

An Illustration of the Wonderful Pro-

ductiveness of the Pacific Coast.

From the Marysville Standard.

A few days ago it was our pleasure to visit
the orchard of John Briggs, located about
two miles south of Yuba City, in Sutter
county, the proprietor is the owner of 483
acres, mostly bottom land, lying along the
west bank of Feather river. The soil is
rich, sandy loam, and composed of the year-
ly deposits of the river many years ago.
No better or richer land is to be found in the
State, and the orchard we shall briefly notice
promises to be the pride of the Briggs Bros.,
who have a state reputation as orchardists
and fruit-growers.

Before reaching the orchard proper we
rode through a field of 150 acres of castor
beans, growing in the most luxurious man-
ner—which field, by the by, is to give place
to a new orchard next year, the fruit trees
for the same at present growing in the nur-
ery by the side of the field of castor beans,
and containing 25,000 one-year old budded
peach trees, 15,000 plum trees, 6,000 Eastern
walnuts, 25,000 California walnuts, 2,000
apple trees, 500 Italian chestnut trees, etc.

Passing along through this forest of young
trees, we arrived at the present peach or-
chard consisting of 600 trees, two years of age,
and some of them bearing this season 150
pounds of peaches. These trees have made
a remarkable growth, owing to the rich
ground upon which they are planted, and in
another year will make a tremendous yield
of fruit.

We next rode into the cherry orchard,
containing three thousand of the most thrif-
ty young trees ever seen on any ground.
The different varieties, fifteen in number,
gave this orchard a variety of aspect, and
broke up the usual monotony of the steeple-
like formed cherry orchard. These cherry
trees were all imported from Rochester, N. Y.,
about three years ago. At the south of this
wonderful wilderness are two thousand
five hundred plum trees, of twelve varieties,
and five hundred apple trees, mostly of winter
varieties.

Passing the peach orchard we reached the
apricots, two thousand two hundred in num-
ber, which are also two years old, and have
borne a fair crop the present season. This
orchard presented a sad sight in one respect.
The heavy storm had prostrated many of
the tree-entire, while in others the limbs
had been torn off as if a tremendous tornado
had swept over the place. However, the
trees were healthy and stout, notwithstanding
the mutilations here and there.

On returning from the orchard by the
wagon road we had entered, we visited the
Briggs Bros.' steam power castor oil mill.
Here we found a magnificent hydraulic
press, with eighty pounds pressure, and pos-
sessing a capacity of compressing three hun-
dred gallons of oil per day. The mill also
contained twenty tons of castor beans and
two thousand five hundred gallons of oil,
nicely bottled and cased and ready for mar-
ket.

Longfellow and his Owner.

A Saratoga correspondent of the Boston
Journal writes: "I took a drive out to the
track to see the wonderful horse Longfel-
low, and his remarkable owner, Mr. Harper.
The horse is a marvel of beauty. He is but
four years old, and stands seventeen hands
high. His tapering neck, well fitted head,
clear liquid eyes and wide nostrils indicate
intelligence, and speaks his aristocratic
blood. He is quiet and good tempered, and
as kind as a plow horse. His color is dark
mahogany, and his long, black tail is cut in
the English style. He is something of an
elephant to keep. Nine men have charge of
him, with three other horses. Longfellow
is not left alone a minute. Whoever exam-
ines him finds a man stationed at his head.
The men who keep guard at night are armed.
The constant fear is that some damage will
come to him—that somebody will poison
him, lame him, put something into his
mouth or into his food. No one is allowed
to go up to his head. Visitors are welcome
to look, but hands off. Three fast horses
brought on with Longfellow from Kentuck-
y have been sick ever since they came
here. The greatest care is taken with the
food of the horse. The grain and hay are
kept under lock and key, and the water is
carefully guarded.

The owner of the horse is quite as great
a curiosity as the animal himself. Mr.
Harper sleeps in the stable, and never
leaves the grounds day or night. He over-
sees personally the feeding of his horse. He
is a small-sized, muscular-looking old man,
and calls himself sixty seven. If he isn't
seventy seven his kinks belie him. He
wears the poorest kind of Kentucky clothes,
ill fitting and not clean. He says he is the
youngest of three brothers who have been
engaged in horse-raising from boyhood. He
has a sister over sixty, and the whole fam-
ily are rich. He owns 8,000 acres of blue
grass, and has no need of money. I asked
him how much he had been offered for
Longfellow. He said he had refused \$50,000.
I asked him why he did not sell. He
replied: "I don't want money; Longfellow
has beaten the world, and I want to own
him. I am coming on here with horses
from year to year, and I don't want to be
beaten by my own stock. My horse earned
me 5,000 last year, and has earned me \$3,000
so far this year. He will run once more,
on the 16th of August, and then I am going
to take him back to Kentucky."

It is well known that ice-burys cool the
water around them to a very considerable
distance. An American gentleman has made
this fact the foundation of an invention to
protect vessels against collision with ice-
bergs. He proposes to place on the bottom
of steamers or other vessels an apparatus so
arranged as to sound an alarm on the in-
stant a ship's keel enters a stream of cold
water. On board steamers it is customary
to take the temperature of the water every
time the log is cast.

NOE WESTERS.

Ode to the New North-West—4th to 5th.

Sherman's at St. Albans.

Thompson's at St. Albans.

Ninety thousand aboriginals in Pennsylvania.

Thank God is sick in London.

Is a jolly hot held along by foreigners of long hair?

"Coughing hoars" is the Indian name for locomotive?

Mr. Andie & Balcom is marrying people in Clatsop.

Tickets around the world can be had in London for \$1,500.

Victor Hugo's fortune is estimated at over 2,000,000 francs.

Politeness, like running water, smooths the most rugged stone.

Bishop Simpson is in very bad health at Clifton Springs, New York.

Lawrence Barrett is to manage the New Varieties, New Orleans, next season.

Forty thousand Americans are expected to go across the ocean this summer.

The thermometer rested at 104 degrees in the shade in California the other day.

It is said that Phil Sheridan was made an LL. D. on account of his knowledge of canon law.

The census of Great Britain shows that out of about 31,500,000 people, only 30,000 are land owners.

The grandfather of George H. Pendleton was the second of Alexander Hamilton in his deal with Aaron Burr.

A New York burglar was captured while slaying "Do They Miss Me at Home." They do, for ten years.

Divorces are obtained in Maryland without publicity. They take their wives out fishing and lightens the boat.

It is a singular fact that the ablest and most influential journals now published in Italy are either edited or controlled by Jews.

A little girl of eight or ten summers, being asked what dust was, replied, "That is what was used with the jakes squeezed out of it."

At a break-taking match in Burlington, Iowa, last week, one man put down 670 bricks in 23 minutes and 45 seconds.

Robert Houdin, the renowned French conjuror, died recently at Blois, in France. His age was 66.

Florida has an entertaining daily newspaper that announced recently that it was a flourish, that it paid \$1 25 a month for its telegrams.

Lightning struck the gas-pipes in a church in Iowa City, July 10th, and exploded the street mains all over the city.

The girls have got a new hobby. This time it is the collection of different patterns of printed calico. One in New Hampshire has gathered together 1,000 different kinds.

At the Leodece rolling mills in St. Louis, petroleum gas was used in one of the furnaces, and preparations are making for introducing it in the remainder.

A Boston paper, published in the interest of the dumb animals, calls upon truckmen to provide their horses with sun bonnets.

The stone used in building many of the great bridges in the country, even as far west as Omaha, is brought from Mosquito Mountain, Maine.

We inadvertently neglected during the campaign to publish Mr. Clagett's appointment to speak in the House of Representatives next December. Men of all parties are invited to be present.

The following advertisement appeared in the London Times: To the proprietors of the London Standard, 20 Fleet Street, and 100 Littlewood, most of them presented by the author at 50 cents. Address, &c.

Another relic of the aboriginal Mexican empire has gone to the resting place of the Mexicans. Señal de Huasteca, whose father was a Banquer of Mexico, died in Philadelphia the other day, and received no token of imperial burial.

Among the young ladies who took the white veil recently at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Chicago, were Miss Kate Fay of New York, and Miss Mary Frances Rodgers, niece of the Messrs. Knapp of the St. Louis Republic.

John Alltop, one of the poll-tax fellows who held all day the key of the English post on at Waterloo, received only 10 cents per day for his services, and it is only during the last three years that he has been allowed to retire on a pension of "100 hundred."

The Duke de Chartres has been promoted to captain in the Chasseurs d'Afrique. He resided in the late camp with Canby under the name of Robert Ledet. A devoted friend of the Le Lion of Honor for distinguished services. During part of our civil war he was in the 1st U. S. Cavalry.

An editor in this city read in another paper that there is a man in this city who has a chest which will make him forget that he owes a shilling. In the world, however, concludes that many of his subscribers have been furnished with the article.

In Boston they tell a story of a dog who was greatly interested in music. He attended a singing school and was subsequently found in the back yard with a music book before him, beating time with his tail on the ground and howling "Old Hundred."

Those who do not feel inclined to believe that the Paris instruction was a formidable one have only to notice the number of am-taken: 408,691 guns; 1,007 field cannons, and 1,610 art. lery wagons. The guns on the fortifications, amounting to 1,100, are not counted in this statement.

Mr. Joseph Calkins, a well-to-do citizen of Columbus, Ohio, unaccountably disappeared more than 13 months since, and very recently, as it has been discovered, died in a pauper's grave in New Orleans, and was buried in a pauper's grave. He left an estate worth \$120,000, and one of his relatives is now enjoying it.

Tipplers will be interested in learning that a new drink is in store for them. It consists of mythological spirit, which is simply alcohol that has a certain quantity of wood-spirit and naphtha added to it to render it unpalatable. For five years it has been in use in various counties in Ireland, where it was proposed by Catholic priests as a substitute for whiskey. The annual consumption is calculated at ten thousand gallons. Belfast alone, consuming four thousand. The price of the mythological ether is one shilling and six pence per lb., while that manufactured from the pure spirit is as high as five shillings. Sooner or later, we presume, the drink will be introduced into the United States, and run the gauntlet here. It is said to be found of use in curing inflammation of the bowels. As its vapor, mixed with the air, is very explosive, a danger akin to spontaneous combustion starts in the face all who succumb to the new beverage.

PEACE RIVER.—A late number of the Kelowna Review bears from a private letter from the Peace river mines, dated June 7th, that the Germanen creek was started off for sixteen miles, and that chains had been laid over until June 15th, at which time some tall jumping was anticipated. Lots of men were "dead broke" and out of "grub," having arrived too early. Flour was selling at \$1 per pound, tea \$3 per pound, and bacon \$1.50 per pound.

Chinese Immigration.—A California Repub-

lican's Views.

The Hon. Newton Booth, Republican candidate for Governor of California, made the opening speech of the campaign at San Francisco the other day. His view of the much agitated question of Chinese labor and immigration, which is that of his party, was expressed as follows:

The Chinese immigration constitutes a marked class, a distinctive element of society. We cannot be blind to the fact that China, with a population of not less than 300,000,000, as near as practically, in the expense of transportation, as New York, may send here such a volume of immigration as would modify our society and substantially change the relations of capital to labor. That modification would not be such as we desire in American civilization—that change would not be in the interest of labor.

There are two theories of political economy. The one suits only to stimulate production; the other looks mainly to equality of distribution. The one would create values without regard to means; the other regards that community as the happiest where labor enjoys the great proportion of the values it creates. The latter is the Republican theory. The true element of strength in a republican government is independent manhood. The impetration and employment of labor simply because it is cheap is at war with that theory. If it creates values more rapidly it interferes with their just distribution. It tends to make human labor simply a part of the machinery of production—to be supplied with bread as fuel, and run at the lowest cost, without even a margin for "wear and tear." Beside these considerations, the presence of a larger population in our midst, to whom we are unwilling to accord equality of political rights, establishes to that extent a system of caste, and is at variance with the genius of our institutions. I believe public sentiment will generally concur in the view that while the Chinese who are here, or who may come, under the stipulations of our treaty, should be protected from violence, and from all persecutions under the forms of law, the general Government should call for such a re-adjustment of the treaty as will restrain their further emigration.

ABOUT ALASKA.

We copy the following extract from a letter written by Capt. Hamilton, brother of Mr. James Hamilton, of Toledo, from the Fairfield (Iowa) Ledger:

This is, indeed, a very strange locality, and all nature seems to be turned topsy-turvy. At this season of the year it seems almost impossible for the sun to set, and even when it does go down, it only sinks so short a distance below the horizon that the whole western sky remains perfectly bright all night long, and there is no darkness. People here to produce artificial night by using very dark curtains at their windows. They say that during the winter just the reverse obtains, and the sun is only seen a few hours each day above the horizon, and the nights are long and dreary and so drearily dark during that season it rains and snows with scarcely any let-up, and for weeks and weeks rendering it almost impossible to move about out of doors with any degree of comfort. Even during the summer we get a dose of rainwater now and then which makes us shudder to think how much more of the like is in store for us next winter. The vicinity of the warm oceanic current temperatures the climate here very much, and it never gets very cold nor yet very warm. The thermometer, I believe, averages about 50 degrees. We are surrounded on all sides by high and rugged mountains, which are covered to their very summits with dense forests. Their summits and valleys are still white with snow which does not entirely disappear during the summer.

The harbor of Sitka is quite picturesque. The entrance is guarded by a huge volcano whose crater is distinctly visible, and is covered with snow during the entire year. It is about eight miles in length and five or six in breadth, and is dotted with a large number of small, rocky and curiously formed islands. The town settles at the foot of a high mountain, on a little plateau raised not many feet above high water level. One half the town consists of Indian houses made of bent logs, and containing nearly two thousand inhabitants; the remainder of Russian and American dwellings. The Russian part of the population is not much of an ornament to society. They are very poor, ignorant and degraded, and are nearly all paupers, and have to be supported by the government. The Indians are self-supporting, and gain a good livelihood by hunting and fishing. They give us no trouble at all, have always been friendly, and we would rather have them near us than the Russians.

For fish we are now having salmon, halibut and mountain trout, and for game venison and grouse. You can imagine, therefore, that we are hardly reduced to the diet of whale and seal oil. There are five ladies here belonging to the army, and several other wives of the citizens, who form the female portion of our society. We have no unmarried American young lady, however.

My health was never better than it is now, and I am inclined to think that the climate is a very healthy one, notwithstanding all the rain and the consequent dampness. My room in the old Russian Governor's mansion is quite gorgeously furnished, and is really the most pleasant one that I have ever had anywhere in the army. I am collecting quite a variety of furs and Indian curiosities, and these, with my antique Russian furniture, give my room an air of novelty and magnificence combined, which I am sure I never had before.

FRANK.

Major Powell, after doing 800 miles of Colorado canons, has returned to Salt Lake to rejoin his family, having met such far with not a single mishap.

THE WEST.

The tri-weekly edition of the Boise News is discontinued.

William Morrison of Colusa, California, has a watermelon weighing 68 pounds. A muskmelon five feet long is shown at Los Angeles, Cal.

Over 700 men are now employed in the Cerro Gordo, California, mines. A stylish bonnet in California costs more than a mule.

Over two hundred stalls are already taken by parties who will exhibit stock at the California State Fair.

Ex-Governor John Bigler was tapped for drugs and relieved of three gallons of water.

A terrible hail and wind storm passed over Walla Walla, W. T., recently, doing great damage to crops.

A salute was fired (from shot guns) in honor of the arrival of the first stage coach in Yosemite valley.

Six camp meetings are being held in Oregon, and a California paper says that State "has become religiously disolute."

Alexander Bell, an old pioneer of 31 years a resident of Los Angeles, died July 24th, aged 71 years.

At the election of Monday, August 7th, the aggregate vote of Salt Lake City, was 3,833, of which the Gentiles polled 345.