# THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

VOLUME 3, NO. 18. DEER LODGE CITY, MONTANA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1871. WHOLE NUMBER 122



**The New North-West,**

**DEER LODGE, MONTANA.**

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## THE RUINS.

### A Graphic Picture of the Ruins by Night and by Day.

The Chicago *Evening Mail* draws the following pictures of the ruins of that city—one a day and the other a night scene:

DAY.

Under the light of the sun, wandering among the ruins of a day, the beholder cannot help dispel the illusion that he is the victim of some Aladinic dream, and that he has been transported with the speed of light, by the genius of the lamp or ring, and set down among the ruins of the Titanic ages. Arabia Petra looks upon us from the stone walls of the Post Office, and the catacombs of Egypt stare at us from the embrazure-like windows of the Court House wings. Cleopatra's Needle and the Tower of Babel find duplicates in the water tower and the smoke stacks of ruined factories. Tadmor of the desert, with its sandy tumuli, appears on every hand in the crumbling piles of brick and mortar, the walls of ancient Jerusalem arise in the ruins of the great Central and Rock Island depots, and the pillared ruins of Cairo and Alexandria in the roofless front of Honore Block. The puzzler Sphynx is doubly reproduced in the one-time green lions of Ross and Gossage, while the Parthenon, the Acropolis and the gladiatorial arena of ancient Greece and Rome find their counterpart in the firebuilt ruins of last week's palaces. Here all time is reproduced in a moment. The destroyer works by earthquake, by storm, by the attrition of the ages and by fire. Time works slowly and takes a thousand years in which to make an ornamental ruin; fire works with lightning speed, and sets before our eyes the ruins of a world in the compass of a night.

NIGHT.

A night of more grandeur can scarcely be imagined than that of our ruined city after nightfall. As far as the eye can reach to the north, east and south of the *Mail* office, the smoldering flames, scarcely perceptible during the day, give just enough light to render indistinctly visible the ruined walls of the one-time busy palaces, teeming with life and traffic; now not even a fit abiding place for bats and owls. Away in one direction appear the walls of a marble front row on Wabash Avenue, the spectre windows of which are lit up by the blazing ruins on the other side, looking like the fire demon with a hundred burning eyes, crouching for a spring across the South Branch, to bring destruction on the remainder of the doomed city. Looking through their iron stays of one of the remaining bridges, to the northward, an immense heap of burning grain and coal lights up the background, against which every thing is clear cut and definite; a disjointed skeleton stretches its bare and bony arms toward heaven, as if chained in an attitude of supplication by the fire-fiend. Here and there blue, red and green lights flit like spectres and hobgoblins over the graves of buried commerce. Ever and anon a falling wall pitches headlong to the earth with a heavy, deadened thud, like the drum beat of the destroying angel, calling a rally of his sooty cohorts for a fresh and final charge. Against this threatening host a wall of stout hearts is the only thing opposed.

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One of our old timers, whose sir name is "Casey," tells the following delectable story of his Indian scare: "I was out mowing on 'the island'—about thirty miles from Denver—when Indians were announced. And, by Jove, sir, they come sweeping down on me by brigades. I made for the house to get my new Sunday vest—a relic of civilized days—and the folks gave me the baby as a consignment to the first place of safety. I hadn't time to take off my rubber boots—I had been mowing in swamp land—and so I lit out, baby and all, just as I was. After running a few rods I came to the sand hills, and laid the baby down in the first water course. I piled up some buffalo chips beside it, and thus left it supplied with wood and water—all I had—and I knew it was safe, because the Indians hadn't lost any baby. After that, I commenced to run and very soon got scared. I tell you I made a powerful good run, and didn't stop till I struck the Planter's House, in Denver. And, sir, I wasn't tired nor thirsty,—only just scared. I knew they never watered horses when they were hot, but still I thought I ought to do something, so I went around to a place to get a drink. My ears began to burn like fun, and I allowed they had got sun-burned, but when I come up to the bar, what do you think I saw in the big looking-glass back of the crockery shop on the counter? I know you won't believe me, but it is a certain fact, that I saw that the *heels of them rubber boots had worn the skin all off my ears!*"—*Colorado Register.*

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A VAST DEPOSIT OF ORE.—The *Enterprise* says the great deposit of rich ore in the Crown Point and Belcher mines, as far as developed, is of the following dimensions: It is 533 feet in length, from 50 to 70 feet in width, and is known to be 300 feet in depth; that is, beginning at the 900-foot level, it has been explored down as far as the 1200-foot level, where it appears to grow wider and stronger in every respect. The ore from the Belcher is singularly rich in gold—the bars running from 88 to 96 fine in gold, while those from the Yellow Jacket are but from 36 to 32 fine in gold.

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Jim Smith and Johnny Greene, after having had a good bout one night, concluded to go home. Arriving at Smith's house, which they knew by some peculiarity that even a drunken man could not mistake, they commenced to shout: "Mrs. Sum—hic—mith! Ho, Missusmith!" "What do you want, you drunken brutes?" shrieked Mrs. Smith from the window. "Ers yours Miss Mith?" "Who ees you, and what do you want?" "Et yur Missus Sum—his—ith, come 'wy and pick out Mister Smith, for Johnny Green wants ter go home."

## *Jay Cooke, and How He Placed the Loan.*

Townsend says in the Chicago *Tribune:* At eighteen years of age Jay Cooke had power of attorney to sign the firm name of his employers, and at twenty-one he went into the firm, retiring, as I have said, with a fair fortune in 1858. At this time he had no acquaintance with Governor Chase of Ohio, but the Governor knew Eulletheros Cooke, and had brought Henry D. Cooke down from Sandusky, where he edited a newspaper, to take charge of the Ohio *State Journal.* It was not until the rebellion was in progress, and Mr. Chase was named for the Treasury Department, that Jay Cooke was introduced to the "Father of the Greenbacks."

I asked Mr. Cooke if he had suggested the National Banking system?

"No," he replied, "Governor Chase conceived the whole financial policy of the period, modeling it in part, I think, upon the banking system of New York State. I went to work selling the bonds, and as the banks all over the country came up nobly and subscribed, I was apprehensive that to carry out his bank system would put the State banks, the money depositories of the country, at antagonism with the sale of the bonds. He insisted, however, that the National banks would make the bonds go better, and appeared to be anxiously, almost painfully absorbed in his purpose. My brother Henry, who was a capable writer, entered entirely into sympathy with Secretary Chase, and in last I felt a like enthusiasm. A great many articles were written to explain and indorse the new banking system, and we had these published in the Washington *Chronicle*—a whole broadside they made—and directed at Congress, where their potency was shown in an immediate increase of support. It was a long time, however, before we could muster any votes to speak of in either House, and the theory was scouted at and beaten. Henry Cooke tried to make an impression on good old Mr. Gales of the *National Intelligencer*, who finally asked him to put his views in the shape of an editorial. This article, written in the old and stately style of Mr. Gales, appeared one day, to the rejoicing of Secretary Chase, who thought it was the offspring of that ancient establishment."

The birth of the system of National Banks was celebrated by the First National of Washington City; the second bank was the First National of Philadelphia. The pamphlet "How to Organize a National Bank" was written by Jay Cooke himself. The point of the country which moved the slowest and embarrassed the Secretary most was New York City, with its nearly eighty millions of specie capital. Jay Cooke & Co. had organized four hundred bank bills from the printers before New York had ceased to call it a wildcat system.

Finally, Mr. Cook offered to proceed to New York in person and make the Fourth National there with a capital of $5,000,000, and he volunteered to exhaust all means to accomplish it in three days. Beginning with a subscription of $100,000 on behalf of his firm—meantime revived with his brother-in-law, Morehead and others in it—he found that with Vermilye, William Sprague and others they barely brought the sum up to $2,500,000, and here it was proposed to stop, a proposition withdrawn by Mr. Cooke's threat to take back his subscription. Mr. A. T. Stewart had no confidence in the National bank plan, and would not give anything, but the flinty-handed Daniel Drew, to the surprise of everybody, added $400,000. When the subscription amounted to $4,200,000 the residue was made up by Cooke, Vermilye, and the rest putting their hands into their pockets a second time, and thus, after three days of labor, dividing the city up into precincts and canvassing for men of capital over its whole extent, a sufficient bank was formed to make some small impression.

In this way, between the bonds and the banks, the health, of fully one half the clerks in the house of Jay Cooke & Co. was destroyed, a large number died, and the banker ascribes his own preservation to his country home and an equal, cheerful temper.

At one period, when the city bank and bankers of New York kept up their obstinacy on the subjects of the National system, Jay Cooke threatened to establish a bank there with a capital of $60,000,000.

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A tree was felled the other day at Sandy Creek, Wagga Wagga, for the purpose of procuring honey, which it was known had been collected there by a rather large swarm of bees. When the tree was cut down there was found in the hollow one of the most astonishing collections of honey ever known, probably, to have been gathered by one swarm of bees. There were several immense layers of comb ten feet in length, and of great density, extending along the inside of the trunk and clothing the hollow of the tree almost entirely. After it had been carried home (having been wasted considerably by the fall of the tree and the primitive mode in which it was collected), the comb yielded over two hundred pounds of honey of the purest quality. Could Canaan beat this?—*Melbourne Argus.*

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Mark Twain tells the following funny incident: "Why, Captain, you appear to have a bad cold." "Yes, madam," said the Captain, who is fond of working in the garden early in the morning, in his shirt sleeves, "I suppose I deserve it. I caught it while breaking the seventh commandment last Sunday." The party, male and female, started and looked blank, and the lady who brought out the remark said, as well as a choking fit would let her, "Well, upon my word, Captain, considering the unusual circumstances of the case, and your present surroundings, it was hardly necessary for you to enter into such full particulars." When the innocent Captain got home he found to his amazement, that the seventh commandment was not my." Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy!"

## *NOB' WESTERS.*

—Alexis fancies brunettes.

—Neck or nothing—A ball dress.

—A rooted sorrow—The toothache.

—London is to have a "children's theatre."

—To prevent nightmare—pay the printer.

—Each fire alarm costs New York city $5,000.

—Steam omnibuses have been introduced into Paris.

—Twelve papers in Illinois have hoisted the Hendrick's flag.

—A hint to mothers—Treat your babies kindly, not cordially.

—Dogs, the color of the dress, are the winter style for ladies.

—A sun flower five feet in circumference lights up an Illinois farm.

—Gravity is no more evidence of wisdom, than a paper collar is of a shirt.

—Ex-Secretary Seward has to be fed at the table, both arms being paralyzed.

—Gambetta has four brothers, of whom two, like himself, are blind in one eye.

—A young lady translates the C. O. D. on express packages into Call on Dad.

—Billings, in his new almanac, says "prudes are coquettes going to seed."

—Dr. Nelaton, the greatest surgeon of France, intends to remove to London.

—Osceola county, Iowa, with 274,480 acres of land, contains not a single tree.

—Blondin is coming back to scale the giddy heights of a rope across Niagara.

—A Charleston amended preacher discoursed recently on "Jones in de whale."

—Epitaph on a blind wood sawyer: While none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw.

—King Louis, of Bavaria, has forbidden all officers in his army from joining the Masonic Order.

—For ten years but five Greenlanders have left their icy mountains for a dwelling in more genial climes.

—"Loud" New York youths have adopted the mercurious habit of wearing a small thermometer on their hats.

—Theodore Tilton says Mrs. Woodhull can't climb a tree like an ath etc." This man knows entirely too much.

—An Indiana preacher evolved a terribly persuasive and personal sermon from the text, "You know how it is yourself."

—In 1850 the Jesuit body throughout the world was a little in excess of 4,000. At present there are nearly 9,000 members.

—Indiana claims the largest woman in the United States—a Mrs. Thornton of Rensselaer—whose avordupoise is 418 pounds.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said Jones with a sigh,
As her voice of a tempest gave warning;
"Quite out, sir, indeed," was the servant's reply,
"For she finished the bottle this morning."

—The largest cotton mill in the world will commence operations in Norwich, Ct., in a few weeks. Its capacity is 110,000 spindles.

—Every day in the week, excepting Sunday, at least one steamer leaves the United States for England, and England for the United States.

—The people of the United States pay $100,000,000 a year for medicines and medical services, exclusive of $35,000,000 for patent medicines.

—According to a careful classification, a portion of the Democratic press of Alabama stands thus, six for the "New Departure," and fifteen hostile to that movement.

—The largest number of men employed by one firm in England, is ninety-six thousand. The employers are John Taylor and Sons, and the men are engaged in mining.

—The newest word out is itzecueintepolzoth, and it means in English a man who can't take a joke, and "gets his back up" at the merest trifle. Its Mexican definition is a hunchback dog.

—An absent husband received the following comprehensive letter from his wife in Bangor: "My dear husband—I have washed and baked, and had a boy baby; got through at 2:30. Think I'll rest a week. Affectionately, your wife, M——."

—General Butler once said to a friend of his: "You have often heard people call me a — rascal; but you never heard any one call me a — fool." That was before he ever run for office against one of the all-pervading Washburnes.—*Louisville Cour.-Jour.*

—There are different sorts of political economy. For example:

"To make a blade of grass to grow
Where none has grown before."
H. CLAY.

To buy the Court, defraud the State,
And steal a million more.
BOSS TWEED.

—During a heavy shower, a New Londoner noticed a poor fellow asleep on the sidewalk, and soaked through. He gently aroused him and admonished him of his exposure. "Go way," said the inebriate, "go way, now do. This shower [hic] is doing me [hic] and the rest of the crops a [hic] sight of good [hic] I tell you."

—It is stated that the practice of brewing beer from rice is rapidly coming into use in Germany. The beer is said to be of a very clear, pale color, of an extremely pleasant, mild taste, foaming strongly, and yet retaining well its carbonic acid. The Chinese prepare a drink from rice, "Sam shu," that is not only intoxicating, but, like absinthe, peculiarly mischievous in its permanent effects.

—Of "kangaroo tail," the latest article of food in England, a London journal says: Those who object to the destruction of animal life can eat this meat without a scruple, as the tails of kangaroos are so large that they must be an incumbrance to their owners, while by placing the animals under the influence of chloroform, their tails can be painlessly amputated and packed in ice before they are aware of the operation.

## *Playing Cards.*

In the time of George III., Horace Walpole tells us that everybody followed Hamlet's direction, and spoke "by the card." They were made the vehicles of messages of all kinds, and even reverend bishops would take up an ace of hearts to convey instructions, or serious matters of business, some of which are still in existence. Caricatures, then a new species of satire, were sometimes drawn upon them, and ministers of state condescended to invent the devices. Charles Townsend himself caricaturing the trial of Admiral Byng so cleverly that the pack was afterwards engraved.

It has often been asked why the nine of diamonds was called the "Curse of Scotland" and as an answer has already been given by a late writer in Notes and Queries, we may perhaps conclude this article by giving the three historical facts which he assigns as having caused the saying. In the distracted state of the country during the reign of Mary, a man, George Campbell by name, attempted to steal the crown out of Edinburg Castle. In this he was unsuccessful, but managed to abstract nine valuable jewels and escaped to a foreign shore. To replace these a heavy tax was laid upon the country which the poor, oppressed people thought so great a grievance that they termed it the curse of Scotland; and until very recently, the card itself bore the name of George Campbell in the Highlands. The second explanation relates to the well-known massacre of Glencoe. The mandate for this cruel deed was signed by the eldest son of the Earl of Stair, who was at the time Secretary of State for Scotland. The coat of arms belonging to the family bears nine daimonds on its shield, and the people, not daring to stigmatise the Master of Stair as the curse of Scotland, applied it to his armorial bearings. The third explanation relates to the battle of Culloden, which extinguished the hordes of the Stuart party, and wars at the time considered a national curse. The Duke of Cumberland, who was known to have been a gambler, is said to have carried a pack of cards in his pocket; and when he had won the famous field, he took out the nine of diamonds and wrote his account of the victory on it.—*Chamber's Journal.*

## The Ex-Empress Eugenie—How She Looks and Dresses.

Caswell's Magazine, for October, contains an article writen by a lady who visited and conversed with the ex-Empress Eugenie, at Chiselhurst. The writer says:

She looked what Tennyson calls "divinely fair," but as one who has suffered much. There was a worn, weary look inexpressibly pathetic in her eyes, just touched with the lower lids with black; her cheeks were thin and very pale, her fair hair simply arranged low on the neck behind, drawn back at the sides, and with curls on the forehead, and it was her own hair—distinctly and palpably her own. Her dress was of black paramette, self-trimmed, with a small tunic, and a general look of scantiness about it. She wore a little white shirt-collar and cuffs, and not a single jewel, save one diamond star that held the little collar. Her manner suits her imperial presence, simple, courteous, earnest. It is as of a ready-witted woman, sweet-tempered, full of human interest and feelings, impressionable, mobile, fascinating; emphasizing all she says with her grandly cut Spanish eyes, that might almost indeed stand her in lieu of speech, so eloquently do they converse. There is a wonderful and varied charm about her, Cleopatra-like, that neither age nor custom can wither or stale. To see how the woman struggled with the Empress, and how it brought her down to calm sympathy and pity, from a solitary stranger, was very touching. Decorum alone kept tears from my eyes.

## *A New Collection.*

The following epitaphs, having been prepared expressly for the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, that journal cautions all persons against using them without obtaining consent:

Epitaph for a liar—
In life he lied while he had breath:
And strange to say lies still in death.

For an Angler—Waiting for a rise.

For a Baker—He kneads no more on earth.

For a Betting Man—"Better off.

For a Brewer—
A well known brewer lieth here,
His ale are o'er—he's "on his bier."

For a Waiter—"Only waiting."

For a Doctor—Waiting with patients.

For a Beggar—I asked for bread and they gave me a stone.

For a Bootblack—With the shining ones.

For a Potter—
On earth he oft turned clay to delf,
But now he's turned to clay himself.

For a Razor Grinder—Under ground.

For a Dressmaker—"For the fashion of this passeth away."

For a Musical Director—
In beating time his life was passed,
But time has beaten him at last.

For a Sailor—Anchored.

For an Auctioneer—Gone!

For a Watchmaker—Stopped.

For a Barber—Sent a-head.

For a Wheelwright—Tired of life.

For a Telegrapher—Despatched.

For a Sealemaker—
His weights were ways of pleasantness
In all life's sad dream,
He struck a balance with the world,
And then he kicked the beam.

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A shell, during the height of the bombardment of Strasbourg, passed through one of the beautifully painted windows of the cathedral, flew across the nave, and smashing to pieces the organ pipes lodged in the heart of the gilded organ, which is one of the wonders of Europe. Had the shell exploded the organ and the greater part of the cathedral would have been destroyed; but strange to say, this missile lay embedded in the centre of the musical instrument without doing further damage. It has now been extracted, and has been placed in the aisle of the cathedral, on a marble pedestal, bearing an inscription which gives the date and a description of the occurrence.

## *THE WEST.*

Work on the State Capitol is being rapidly pushed.

Chicago sufferers are beginning to arrive in California.

Dakota has suffered considerably from fires this season.

Work is progressing on the mines in Winnemucca Mountains.

Bill Jones shot and killed John Lang in a saloon in Columbia, Or., Oct. 15th.

The Albany, Oregon, *Register* has been enlarged, and now appears in quarto form.

The Napa *Register* comes out in favor of Henry Edgerton for United States Senator.

The discovery of gold quartz in Bingham canon assaying over $1,900 per ton is a fact.

Grace Greenwood calls a garden in Colorado fenced in with cactus, a prickly-pear-adise.

The Calaveras *Chronicle* favors the election of Hon. Wm. Higby, of Oakland, to the U. S. Senate.

State Controller Hobart, of Nevada, has gone to Washington to urge the payment of the State war claims.

The barn of D. W. Jones & Son, Muggins ville, Scott's Valley, was burned on Monday. Loss $4,000

Judge Deady of Portland, Oregon, was injured severely during a panic a few days ago. The dispatch gives no particulars.

Brick are $25 per thousand in Cheyenne, and the *Leader* says "a town cannot be expected to grow with such a state of things."

The Corvallis, Oregon, *Gazette*, boasts that twenty dollar pieces are as plenty in Benton county as half dollars were last year.

Down in Chico, Cal., the citizens raised a purse of 99 cents and sent it to English, the Indianapolis millionaire, who gave Chicago one dollar.

Two of Darwin's sons have been on a visit to the Yosemite. The monkeys recognized them at once, and asked kindly after their father.

Mrs. Duniway, editress of the Portland, Oregon, *New North West*, stumps the State this winter in behalf of women who are anxious to vote.

The city of Denver has given more than one dollar for each and every inhabitant of the place to the Chicago fund, and St. Joe, Mo., over $2 each.

The Spring Valley mining and ditch company, of Cherokee Flat, have sold their mines and ditch property to a company of English capitalists for $1,200,000.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* says that after dinner gambling in fashionable society in that city, where the hostess usually fleeces her guests, is becoming prevalent.

The citizens of Arizona are signing petitions to the President that General Crook be allowed to subjugate the Apaches without the influence of Peace Commissioners.

L. J. Stewart, of Boise, Idaho, left Chicago some time since for the West, with a large amount of money. Nothing has since been heard of him and foul play is feared.

Mr. J. Beadle writes from Salt Lake, that a fearful drouth exists in Utah, sickness prevails to an alarming extent, and that the water in Salt Lake is two feet below the mark of 23 years ago..

The Walla *Union* says the small pox is disappearing from that place. Jonathan Buzzard, Mr. Snead, Edwin House, Ida L. Ewing and a child of Jos. Hancock were all the fatalities. None had been vaccinated.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company advertise for proposals for grading, bridging and track laying for thirty miles of the road north, commencing thirty-five miles from Kalama, making sixty-five miles to be completed as soon as the work can be done.

San Francisco does'nt increase very fast in population if the statistics can be relied upon. According to this authority, during the last nine months the increase was 4,702, out of which number 2,913 were from Japan and China. Statistics ought to know.

The latest Idaho report is that there is a big excitement over recent rich discoveries in South Mountain. It is thought that when the extent and richness of the mine become known to the world the excitement will exceed anything heard of since the days of 1849.

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TILTON ON THE PURITY OF MRS. WOODHULL.—From a notice by Tilton, of an article in *Hearth and Home*, we take the following: You chide me for vindicating a lady who has suffered more private sorrow and more public obloquy than fall to the lot of ordinary mortals. This criticism I accept with pride. When I know a woman well, and believe her to be honorable and pure, and she is attacked by "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease" and is reviled by slanderers who strike at her from the safe shelter of an anonymous press, I hope I shall never be coward enough to withhold my own poor pen from her defense. I have an extensive acquaintance among the public men and women of our time, including many whom I believe to be uncommonly pure and white in their moral and social character, for instance, Lucretia Mott, Horace Greeley, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Charles Sumner Harriet Beecher Stowe, Wendell Phillips, Laura Curtis Bullard and others; and among these—the peer of any in all that constitutes personal purity of life—I place Victoria C. Woodhull. I speak from knowledge; I weigh my words; I mean what I say; and I stand by it. But I am ashamed of my many brethren of the press who, without evidence, without provocation, and without inquiry, have made haste to strike a woman whose private life is a white lily of blamelessness, and who, if altogether a female, is also altogether a Christian.

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A TURKISH BREAKFAST.—A Turkish breakfast comprises about thirty dishes. Soon after the first dish comes lamb, roasted on the spit, which must never be wanting at any Turkish banquet. Then follows dishes of solid and liquid, sour and sweet, in the order of which a certain kind of recurring change is observed, to keep the appetite alive. The pillau of boiled rice is always the concluding dish. The externals to such a feast as this are these; A great round plate of metal, with a plain edge, of three feet in diameter, is placed on a low frame, and serves as a table, about which five or six people can repose on rugs. The left hand must remain invisible; it would be improper to expose it while eating. The right hand is alone permitted to be active. There are no plates, or knives, or forks. The table is decked with dishes, deep and shallow, covered and uncovered; these are continually being changed, so that little can be eaten from each. Some remain longer, as roast meat, cold milks and gherkin are often referred to. Before you an attendant or slave kneels, with a metal basin in one hand, and a piece of soap on a little saucer in the other. Water is poured by him over the hands of the washer from a metal jug; over his arm hangs an elegantly-embroidered napkin for drying the hands upon.

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BARNUM IN A FIX.—When George Wood was about to open his Museum, Barnum's last Museum was burned. Wood fearing that Barnum would erect a new Museum up town, contracted to pay him $12,000 per year for ten years on condition that he should not open any place of amusement in New York during that time. Barnum retired, and for several years has received his thousand dollars per month from Wood. But, lying idle having made Barnum restive, he started an immense traveling show that has swept all before it through the country, frequently taking $9,000 to $10,000 in a single day. Now Barnum wants to bring his traveling show to New York for a month, and offers Wood $12,000 for the privilege. Wood replies, "No, sir! But tear up the agreement by which I am to pay you $84,000 during the next seven years and you may show in New York whatever and whenever you like." Barnum is in a brown study.

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USEFUL INVENTION.—The Gilroy *Advocate* describes a piece of machinery, invented by a citizen of that place, which promises to be of great service to farmers and contractors. It is designed for digging ditches, grading railroad tracks, turnpikes, etc. It is worked by sixteen horses and three men, and is capable of digging a ditch three feet deep and removing the dirt a distance of six feet from the ditch. It is so constructed that when the ploughshare cuts the earth it is received into pans, which by the aid of machinery revolve round to the proper distance from the trench—six feet—when the weight of the dirt causes the pan to tip, landing its contents at the desired point. By a careful estimate made, it is capable, with the sixteen horses and three men, of removing more earth than 123 men.

The *Advocate* says all the trials of the working capacity of the machine have afforded complete satisfaction, and thinks it is bound to become generally popular for the uses intended.

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A FEW GREAT FIRES OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.—London, 1666, 13,200 buildings destroyed; loss $55,000,000.

Moscow, 1812, 30,800 buildings burned; loss $150,000,000. Only 6,000 houses left standing.

Savannah, 1820, 463 buildings burned; loss $12,000,000.

Pittsburgh, 1845, 1,200 buildings destroyed; loss $50,000,000.

St. Louis, 1849, 316 buildings and twenty-seven steamboats burned; loss $6,000,000.

San Francisco, 1851, 2,500 buildings $17,000,000.

Constantinople, 1852, 3,500 buildings burned.

Hamburg, 1842, 1,747 buildings burned.

Portland, 1866, 1,600 buildings burned; loss above insurance, $5,500,000.

Constantinople, 1870, over 7,000 buildings burned; 1,000 lives and $25,000,000 worth of property lost.

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The New York *Tribune*, referring to Chicago, most suggestively says:

"The dates of its history seem more fantastic than any fiction. John Kinzie built his cabin there in 1804. The Indians massacred the garrison of Fort Dearborn in 1812. In 1830 there were twelve houses scattered about the marshes, giving shelter to a hundred parti-colored squatters; and in 1870, when the hair of the first-born white native of the town had not begun to grizzle, the census-takers found 300,000, and gave mortal offense to fifty thousand more, who insisted they were not counted. A week ago Buffalo had in store 692,890 bushels of grain; Montreal, 511,210; St. Louis, 777,861; Milwaukie, 792,335; Toledo, 1,282,487; Chicago, 6,078,560. There is a magic in these ciphers which, to the practical American mind, means more than any baptism of poetry or romance."

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WESTERN JOURNALISM.—We rather like Western Journalism. It is peculiar. We give the following specimen:

A little bit of romance has just transpired to relieve the monotony of our metropolitan life. Old Sam Choggins, whom the editor of this paper has so often publicly thrashed, has returned from Mud Springs with a young wife. He is said to be very fond of her, and the way he came to get her is this: Some time ago we courted her, but finding she was on the make, threw her off, after shooting her brother and two cousins. She vowed revenge and promised to marry any man who would whip us. This Sam agreed to undertake, and she married him on that promise. We shall call on Sam to-morrow, with our new shot-gun, and present our congratulations in due form.

—*Hangtown Gibbet.*