THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

VOLUME 3, NO. 30. | DEER LODGE, MONTANA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1872. | WHOLE NUMBER 134

The New North-West,

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

ONE COPY ONE YEAR, ...$6 00
ONE COPY SIX MONTHS.....$3 00

ADVERTISING RATES—Quarterly as Due.

	1 Card	1 Square	2 Squares	¼ Column	⅓ Column	½ Column	⅔ Column	1 Column
1 Time	$2.	$3.	$5.	$7.	$8.	$10.	$20	$30
2 "	3.	5.	6.	10.	12.	15.	25	40
3 "	4.	6.	8.	12.	14.	17.	30	47
1 Month	5.	8.	10.	14.	16.	18.	35	55
2 "	6.	10.	12.	18.	25.	30.	40	65
3 "	7.	12.	18.	25.	30.	40.	60	90
6 "	9.	18.	30.	40.	50.	60.	80	140
1 Year	16.	25.	40.	55.	65.	75.	120	225

A Card is Five Lines; a Square Ten Lines, of this type. Local Business Notices 25 cents per line.

☞ Correspondence, short and newsy, solicited from each camp. Writer's name must accompany each letter, to guarantee good faith. Permission to use name or initials preferred.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS

JAMES H. BROWN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
COURT HOUSE SQUARE,
Deer Lodge City, Montana.

W. F. SANDERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE IN THE WHITLATCH BUILDING,
HELENA, - - - - - MONTANA.

W. H. CLAGETT, W. W. DIXON
CLAGETT & DIXON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Court House Square,
1-1y DEER LODGE CITY, MONTANA.

G. G. SYMES,
(Late Associate Justice)
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Will practice in all the Courts of Montana Territory.
OFFICE OPPOSITE S. H. BOHM & CO'S BANK,
Main Street, - - - Helena.
8tf

JAMES E. CALLAWAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA TERRITORY.
Will practice in all the Courts of Record in Montana, and give prompt attention to all business intrusted to his care.
Particular attention given to Collections and drafting Deeds, Mortgages, Contracts, Powers of Attorney, etc., etc.
☞ Office adjoining Secretary of the Territory.
(105-1yr-daw)

Physicians-Surgeons-Dentists

A. M. MITCHELL, M. D. | L. B. HOLMES, M. D.
MITCHELL & HOLMES,
Surgeons and Physicians,
Office at County Hospital, Corner 3d and D Street.
DEER LODGE, - - - MONTANA. 71-1y

BANKERS.

S. H. Bohm & Co.,
BANKERS,
HELENA, ...MONTANA
Highest Price Paid for Gold Dust and Bars.
Telegraphic Transfers on Helena, and on all principal Cities of the U. S.

R. W. DONNELL, W. A. CLARK, S. E. LARABIE,
Donnell, Clark & Larabie,
BANKERS,
DEER LODGE, MONTANA.
Draw Exchange on
All the Principal Cities of the World.
NEW YORK CORRESPONDENTS,
Donnell, Lawson & Co.,
No. 4 Wall Street.
79-1y

S. T. HAUSER, President. D. C. CORBIN, Cashier.
First National Bank,
Main Street, Helena, Montana.
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES
17-6m

A. E. F. HEINZE,
DEER LODGE.....MONTANA
[First St., New Post Office Store.]
Watchmaker and Jeweler.
All kinds of Watches repaired and kept in good order at Five Dollars per Year. A printed guarantee to this effect will be given.
NO CHARGE FOR KEY OR CRYSTAL
On parle Français.
24tm A. E. F. HEINZE.

JOHN O'NEILL, "404."
Manufacturer and Dealer in
FURNITURE,
Wood and Iron Turning, etc.
MAIN STREET DEER LODGE CITY, MONTANA

Medical Notice.
DR. O. B. WHITFORD,
OFFICE (with front and rear entrance) in Harris Bros. Building,
MAIN STREET, DEER LODGE CITY, M. T
The Doctor having permanently established in this city, (if not professionally engaged) may at all times be found at his office to attend to calls in the city or from the country, and, having ten years experience in the treatment of diseases peculiar to the mountains, can safely say that if within the reach of medicine, his patients will be successfully treated.
Private Diseases treated (without the use of mercury) with unparalleled success. Syphilis in all its various forms, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Orchitis, Hydrocœle, Spermatorrhœa, and all Urinary diseases. Consultation, by letter or at the office, free. P. O. Box 196
64 1y

Pioneer Livery Stable,
PIONEER CITY, MONTANA,
Rains, Taylor & Dadlow
PROPRIETORS.
Good attention paid to the feeding and care of stock
HAY AND GRAIN
always on hand
A fine Ranch connected with this stable, with the best of feed.
Charges reasonable. 49-1y

International Hotel,
MAIN STREET, - - - - HELENA, M. T
Henry Wyttenbach, Prop'r.
The Largest Hotel in the Rocky Mountains!
TERMS MODERATE.
The patronage of the travelling public is respectfully solicited.

POETRY.

PROMISE.

Do you know, sweet heart, that under the snow
A million roses lie?
That over the clouds which hang below
The stars are in the sky?

That a rainbow shone ere the day was gone
Over the darkest place?
That the fair new moon goes rounding on
To the fullness of her face?

That our garden brook, so small and slow,
Is widening toward the river?
That when the ice its fetters has broke
Makes music sweet as ever?

That the naked trees are all astirr
With the great flood in their veins?
That blindly reaching they yearn and ask
For the blessed April rains?

That the precious seeds of life are pressed
Under the frozen sod,
Till the great earth throbs thro' her fruitful breast,
With the spirit of her God?

—*Golden Age.*

On a Curve.

Young and lively William Walt
Worked up steady from the freight
Till he drove the night express,
Number eight.

Blue-eyed, light-haired Fanny Fair,
Lovelier than a palace car!
She and William would be coupled
Ere a year.

Happy William! Ah, but what?
Grown out of a whisky bottle
And a switchman! Woe to the hand that's
At the throttle!

Whistles two, then plunging crushed—
Forty tons of engine smashed—
William's skull and ribs, of course, were
Simply mashed!

Fanny pined away and died,
Grass creeps o'er them, side by side—
William, who has done his duty,
And his bride.

But, they say, through midnight rain,
Rushes by a phantom train;
Forks are shining through the darkness
Of them twain.

—*Washington Capitol.*

Similes, Grotesque and Comical.

[From Appleton's Journal.]

A grotesque simile is sometimes very expressive. We mentioned those of Daniel Webster, who likened the snow "would" in Rufus Choate's handwriting, to a small gridiron struck by lightning; of a sailor, who likened a gentleman whose face was covered with whiskers up to his very eyes, to a rat peeping out of a bunch of oakum; of a Western reporter, who, in a weather item on a cold day, said that the sun's rays in the effort to thaw the ice was as futile as the dull relief of a painted yellow dog; of a conductor, who in a discussion across speed, said the last time he ran his engine from Syracuse the telegraph poles on the side looked like a fine tooth comb. Similes of a like character are often uttered among the common people, and are supposed to be the peculiar property of Western orators. Instances: as sharp as the little end of nothing; big as all out doors; slick as grease or greased lightning; melancholy as a Quaker meeting by moonlight; flat as a flounder; quick as a wink: not enough to make gravy for a sick grasshopper; not chicken enough to wad a gun; as limp and flabby as an India rubber stove-pipe; uneasy as a cat in a strange garret; not strong enough to haul a codfish off a gridiron; after you like a rat-terrier after a chipmunk squirrel; useless as whistling psalms to a dead horse; as more than a grasshopper wants an apron; don't make the difference of the shake of a frog's tail; soul hobbling up and down in the bosom like a crazy porpoise in a pail of red hot grease; entrails boiled over, like a bottle of ginger-pop; as impossible to penetrate his head as to bore through Mont Blanc with a boiled carrot; as impossible as to ladle the ocean dry with a clam-shell, or suck the Gulf of Mexico through a goose-quill, or to stuff butter into a wild cat with a hot awl, or for a shad to climb up a flag-pole with a fresh mackerel under each arm, or for a cat to run up a stove pipe with a tearle tied to its tail; or for a man to lift himself over a fence by the straps of his boots. There is another class of similes scarcely pertinent, as for instance: straight as a ram's horn; it will melt in your mouth like a red hot brickbat; talk to him like a Dutch uncle; smiling as a basket of chips; cold as Dick's hat band; happy as a clam at high water; quicker than you can say Jack Robinson; like all possessed; like fury, like old nature; like all sixty; as quick as anything; mad as hops; mad as Halifax; sleep like a top; run like thunder; double-fastened as a tailor's nail; getting along like two forty on a plank road.

Small Pox and Scarlet Fever.

At this particular time, everything which appears to be a remedy for these diseases possesses unusual interest and value, and the following from the pen of a correspondent of the Stockton (Cal.) *Herald* may not be entirely useless in this latitude. If it is a panacea, its importance cannot be estimated:

I here by append a receipt which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the small pox, even though the pustules are filled. When Jenner discovered the cow pox in England, the world of science hurled its avalanche of fame on his head; but, when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this receipt as a panacea for small pox, it passed unheeded; but it is as unfailing as fate, and cures in every instance. It is to be taken while taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the receipt as I have used it and cured many children of the scarlet fever; here it is as I have used it and cured the small pox, when learned physicians said the patient must die:

"Sulphate of zinc, one grain; fox glove (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonfuls of water."

When the above has been thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to its age; for cities would compel physicians to use this, there would be no need of pest houses. If you heed advice and administer this child for that terrible and dread scourge.

Gibbon the Historian.

One of the drollest incidents in the annals of gallantry is related of Gibbon, the historian, who was short in stature and very fat. One day being alone with a beautiful Madame de Crousaz, he dropped on his knees and in the most passionate terms. The astonished lady requested him to rise. The attached historian remained on his knees. "Mr. Gibbon, I beseech you rise." "Ah, Madame," at last he was able to gasp out, "how can I rise? Have I not fallen?" Madame de Crousaz, deeply distressed, had hurried to her husband, and in a moment Gibbon was flying out of everything, with the good lady at his heels.

In the Region of the Wonderful Lake.

[From Notes by C. C. Clawson.]
[Continued.]

Thus for the greater part of two days we watched anxiously from every point and through every opening for the first glimpse of the great and wonderful lake. We were at last rewarded for all the troubles and dangers of the journey, when, from a high hill, on which was an open space in the timber, we looked down upon and out over the grand and beautiful water, clear as glass of finest finish, lying calm and still as death in the evening sun. The like of

YELLOWSTONE LAKE

Has not yet come under the eye or within the knowledge of civilized man. The curious and marvellous sights that encircle it; the wondrous beauty of the mighty peaks that overshadow it as they stand arrayed in gorgeously colored garments of red and purple and yellow, like gigantic sentinels guarding the precious treasure entrusted to their care and keeping; its romantic shores, fringed with forests of richest green, which the frosts of winter or the heats of summer cannot fade; the unequalled beauty of its outline—all unite to enveil it in an unnatural, indescribable appearance; unlike any other spot or place seen or heard of—as if not of this world—something spiritual, beyond the reach of pen or tongue. The eye must behold the glory thereof to believe;

And even then
Doubting, looks again.

Perched upon the roof of the Rocky Mountains, and the highest body of water of any size in the world (excepting lake Titicaca in South America), with a delightful summer climate; surrounded with wonders and curiosities, any one of which is worth a trip across the continent to see; its healthy location; the fishing and hunting grounds, where elk and moose and deer and bear have maintained their rights to this their Eden since the day they were given possession; the medicinal springs that send forth their healing rivulets, only surpassed by the life-giving waters of Siloam; the grand, majestic falls over which the river leaps nearly 500 feet at a single bound as it bids farewell to its mountain home—together with being the center of our

NATIONAL PARK,

With many minor attractions, will make the Lake and vicinity the most desirable summer resort for the people of the United States, and no doubt will attract many visitors from other countries, when our railroad now building is completed. The lake is at least thirty miles in length and from ten to twenty in width; the depth no one yet knows, and may never know; for this quiet, unassuming crystal lake was not always a lake of water; yet when looking at it of a beautiful summer or autumn evening, when fanned by the zephyrs that float down from the mountains, causing sweet ripples to play upon its face, it is hardly possible to realize that it was once a

VOLCANO OF WONDERFUL MAGNITUDE.

So great, in fact, that it hurled forth from its terrible maw rivers of lava and mountains of fiery substance, which intermingling as they fell, formed those richly colored peaks that stand to the north and southeast. The country for fifty miles or more around the lake is scattered over with volcanic glass, lava and cinders, increasing in quantity until its shores are reached. And to all appearance, this volcano, whose anger has long since cooled down, and in whose tranquil bosom now repose this beautiful water, threw, when in its most active state, stones, ashes, etc., many thousands of feet into the air, and even possibly to the height of miles. And yet there is nothing unreasonable in it, either, when we remember that it was one of the principal chimneys or safety valves of the earth, by which those internal heats and molten masses found vent, without which this beautiful earth of ours, through the powerful pressure within, would have been

[illegible]

And had no longer a place among the planets.

After admiring for a while the scenery from the point where we first came in sight of the lake, we turned our attention to looking for a place to camp. We gradually worked our way through the woods and followed down the lake, which, along this part of its course, is bordered with terraces and small springs, some of which had steam up preparatory to "blowing." Some places the ground in the woods was several feet high. The timber was uncommonly large and dense, and where it had fallen in heaps [illegible] Every other way, it was difficult to get the horses through, especially those that were packed. We unsaddled in a grassy opening a few rods from the lake, and turned our stock in the woods, for in the opposite direction the ground was trembling from the force of numerous slow going geysers and steaming and puffing mud holes, some of which emitted a sickening, almost deathly smell. In sight, and half a mile above, was

A VOLCANO OF BOILING WATER,

Which had overflowed large islands in the deepest of ends and lines, as white that it resembled snow. It was no easy matter to get to the lake, whence we had to bring our water, and yet but one night to camp without drawing into pots of boiling water.

[illegible]

Our first night on the lake was a lonely one, at least to me. I had charge of guard [illegible] strange sights or sounds. Fronting the [illegible] slowly rising their lines away, while now and then one of greater magnitude chipped in with a solemn splash. This joined the [illegible] some distance away and howled and yelped a most heart-rending war song, that seemed to terrify even our dog, who was a wolf-hunter by profession. But with my back to a geyser and the dog and Ballard in front of me, I gazed into the dark, dismal woods and dared either devil or wild beast to "tackle" me. I felt greatly relieved, however, when the first streak of day glided over the high mountains far away to the East.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Mark Twain Introduces Himself to His Hearers.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—By request of the chairman of the committee, who has been very busy, and is very tired I suppose, I ask leave to introduce to you the lecturer of the evening, Mr. Clemens, otherwise Mark Twain, a gentleman whose great learning, whose historical accuracy, whose devotion to science, and whose veneration for the truth [laughter] are only equalled by his moral character and his majestic presence. [Renewed laughter.] I refer these vague general terms to myself. [Giggling.] I am a little opposed to the custom of ceremoniously introducing the lecturer to the audience, because it seems to me unnecessary where the man is properly advertised, [laughter] and besides it is very uncomfortable for the lecturer. But where it is the custom, an introduction ought to be made, and I had rather make it myself in my own case, and then I can rely on getting in all the facts. [Continued laughter.] It is not a simple introduction that I mind. I don't really care for that at all, but it is the compliments that sometimes go with it—that is what hurts. It would make any one uncomfortable. You can fancy a young lady introduced to a parlor full of company as the best conversationalist, the best model in every way, in her section of the country. You might just as well knock her in the head. She could not say a word the rest of the evening.

I never had but one public introduction that seemed exactly the thing; that seemed to be a very inspiration in the way of an introduction. The gentleman had a good head, and he said he supposed I didn't want any compliments. I said he was exactly right, I didn't want any compliments. And when he introduced me he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall not waste any unnecessary time in the introduction. I don't know anything about this man [laughter]; at least I only know two things about him; one is that he has never been in the penitentiary, and the other is I can't imagine why." [Prolonged laughter.] Now, such an introduction puts a man right at ease. [Laughter.]

Daily Bulletin.

"Gath," in the Chicago *Tribune*, says: Matt. Carpenter is the brilliant Bohemian of the Senate. He dresses in the Webster style, with the exception of a black slouch hat, which he pulls over his eyes, and he is generally to be seen riding on the front platform of a street car, like Walt Whitman, with the stump of a cigar in his mouth. Frowzy gorgeousness exhibits itself in his apparel, and he appears to be calling up in his mind which of the two reputations is most enviable—that of a rowdy or an exquisite. Carpenter and Morton are nearly of the same age—about forty-six. Carpenter went to West Point twenty-eight years ago, but left at the end of two years, tried the law under Rufus Choate, and became a *protege* of Governor Dillingham, of Vermont, whose daughter he married. He settled at Beloit, Wisconsin; but, on account of a little peculiarity, more laughable than serious, he removed to Milwaukee. Not much was known of him in Washington, until he appeared, two or three years ago, before the Supreme Court in a new and gorgeous costume, with kid gloves on his hands, and, then kidded and *nonchalant*, after the manner of Dazzle, he rattled off a fine argument, which put him into the newspapers, and immediately afterward sent him to the Senate. He was a Democrat during nearly the whole of the war. Carpenter is a large, heavy, well fed sort of man, with an originally good complexion, fine eyes, thick brown hair, and immense mustache. He is a fluent, worldly, agreeable debater, but without balance of character or consistable positions in the same direction for any long period of time. Now and then, out of sure instability or wantonness, he shows a disposition to kick over the traces of the party, but the administration is too valuable to him, and directly he drops into harness again, like a lawyer to his rich client, true to his profession to the last.

A Pen-Picture of Jefferson.

(James Parton in the Atlantic Monthly.)

Jefferson was a stripling of seventeen, tall, raw-boned, freckled and sandy-haired, when, in 1760, he came to Williamsburgh from the Far West of Virginia, to enter the College of William and Mary. With his large feet and hands, his thick wrists and prominent elbows bones and skin, he could not have been accounted handsome or graceful. He is described, however, as a fresh, bright, healthy-looking youth, as straight as a gun-barrel, sinewy and strong, with that alertness of movement which comes of early familiarity with rapid, gun, canoe, chase and forest dance—that sure, elastic tread and air of bearing which we still observe in the country lads who have been exempt from the rude toils of agriculture, while enjoying in full measure the freedom and the sports of the country. His teeth, we have reason to believe, were sound, because a contemporary dentist of other choice, he says, which were all he saw, were remarkably good and expressive; and this dentist was a man of sense to do a quaint thing and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Make you [illegible] round [illegible]

[illegible]

NOR' WESTERN.

—Civil service—Good waiters.

—The best countersign—No trust.

—A leading article—A locomotive.

—The tune of the smoker—spit-tune.

—Rome has a beet-root sugar factory.

—Italy and Greece are having a little tiff.

—The Minister of the Interior—The cook.

—Sacramento exults in a "flying man."

—There are ten million cows in the United States.

—Cure to our colds: take a nail, no doubt;
And sing psalm, on empty, down one out.

—The tobacco factories of this country number 1023.

—Sixteen railways of England own 8,400 locomotives.

—Paris contains eighty thousand unoccupied dwellings.

—A St. Louis minister charged $300 for a first rate funeral sermon.

—Russia has recently organized fifteen thousand public schools.

—It is said that every pension agent in Ohio is now a one legged soldier.

—A goose, aged seventy-two, is agitating the quills of Missouri local editors.

—Vito de Mare, an Italian brigand, is said to have committed 180 murders.

—A wit being requested "to say a good thing," laconically responded "Oysters."

—An Illinois girl made eighty flour barrels in six days, and thereby earned $11.20.

—"A splendid though sad vehicle" is a New Orleans reporter's puff of a new hearse.

—Sam'l L. Clemens, of Hartford (Mark Twain) has been granted a patent on an "adjustable and detachable strap for garments."

—Botts, the murderer of "Pet" Halstead, in Newark, N. J., was to be executed on the 26th inst.

—Human hair stands—or hangs, third in value on the list of articles imported into this country.

—Captain John Drew, of Hallowell, Me., 87 years of age, has sailed around our planet fifteen times.

—Trenton, N. J., owns the largest circular saw in the world. It is twenty-two feet in circumference.

—The three most difficult things are to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

—There are two things which I abhor: the learned in his infidelities, and the fool in his devotions.—*Mahomet.*

—A newly-invented photometer proves light penetrates 100 fathoms below the surface of the sea—seventy fathoms more than hitherto supposed.

—Bill Sykes was sweet on Nancy. Wirt Sykes was likewise on Olive Logan. Bill was hung and Wirt married. Such is the fate of the transgressor.

—A Norwich Enoch Arden went back on the regular programme, and calmly but firmly insisted on clothing his wife's eyes in purple and fine linen.

—S. Peck, of Ohio, has, by an eccentricity on the part of Mrs. P., been made the father of three simultaneous girls, which is more than he S. Peckted.

—In future no white horses are to be employed in the French army, they were found to be such excellent guides to the Prussians where to direct their fire.

—The Cincinnati *Commercial* says that it is no secret that over two hundred and fifty persons died of small pox in that city during the month of November.

—The tenacity of bad habits is well illustrated by the case of Mr. Kellogg, of Wisconsin, who has chewed tobacco without cessation for eighty-three years.

—A Dutch Justice gives the following oath to witnesses: "You do awfully swore you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, what you can't."

—Christiansburg (Va.) is in ecstacies over a venerable turkey gobbler who has bulldozed for himself a nest and is now gravely sitting upon four apples. It is presumed that his action is intended as a grave satire upon the woman's rights business.

—It is said that the yak, or grunting ox of Thibet, in the Central Park collection, has grunted but once since his arrival in this country. An eccentric gentleman of New York stands by the stall in which the creature is kept for hours at a time, almost every day, in hopes of hearing him grunt.

—Making dwarfs and beggars is a business thing in China. For the last, children are put into heavy porcelain vases, where they have to remain, so that it is impossible for them to grow any larger than the interior of their prison; while the latter involuntarily submit to having their eyes taken out or their limbs broken in order to excite public commiseration.

—Nasby tells a story of an old lady who applied to him to print a death notice in his paper. Says she "will you print poetry to the end of it?" I replied that if necessary we do add an another stitch. And then she took a piece of paper out of her pocket, and adjusting her venerable spectacles, read this, in a sort of diseased, hurdy-gurdy tone:

"Two little boys, blest with blue eyes,
Died on the Cholera last year.
God he gave them, God he took them,
Oh, be I ready when I hear."

—At Boston, at least of the fire houses, which the bell pulls are placed in various parts of the building, up stairs and down stairs, enabling a fireman to ring the alarm. When an alarm is sounded, by pulling one of these bells the horses are unlocked and the stables flooded through open. As the horses are trained to stand there their stands, at the sound of the gong, the contrivance happens that they are in the proper place at the proper time. [illegible]

THE WEST.

Salt Lake City has a new National Bank.

Prof. Fowler is humping about California.

Forty inches of snow in Ochsco valley, Or.

Denver is going to build a $100,000 Opera house.

"Devil's Delight" is a pleasant Kansas village.

In Truckee City, Nev., the snow is five feet deep on the level.

Work on the Walla Walla railroad is being vigorously prosecuted.

Denver celebrated the opening of her first street railroad week before last.

The White Pine News is down to half sheet, owing to the paper famine.

Pork is said to be offered for sale in Texas at two and a half cents per pound.

A progressive Californian proposes to manufacture gin out of sage brush.

L[illegible] year 65,000 gallons of wine was produced in Santa Cruz county, Cal.

Snow in the northern part of Sierra county, Cal., is from seven to ten feet deep.

The flood upon the Carson river has done great damage to the quartz mills located there.

Ripe strawberries were presented to the editor of the Los Angeles *News*, on the 22d ult.

A funeral procession, composed entirely of sleighs, was a recent Virginia City, Nev., sensation.

Ex Senator Ross, of Kansas, is about to start a weekly paper in Coffeeville, to be called *Hush Paper.*

A Mr. Fisk froze to death on the night of the 23 of Dec., about four miles from Walla Walla on his way home.

The *Enterprise* of Jan. 7th says: The Sutro Tunnel was yesterday in a distance of 2,670 feet; ground hard.

The Columbia river is frozen up between the Dalles and Cascades, and the mails are carried by the trail, very irregularly.

The story of three thousand sheep burned on the west side of the San Joaquin river some weeks ago is now reduced to 150.

Alexis would not visit Omaha, and the papers wreak out a bloody vengeance upon him by calling him the "grand dupe."

In Nevada the roads being entirely impassable, some of the contractors have been obliged to employ Indians to carry the mails.

A Walla Walla Judge got fuddled on Christmas day, and amused himself by chopping down telegraph poles with a sword.

The *Gold Hill News* says that the shipments of bullion from Gold Hill and Virginia during the past year amounted to over $12,500,000.

Inhabitants of the interior portions of Alameda county (Cal.) are rising in their wrath and protesting against the county seat going to Oakland.

A man named Harvey Thatcher, aged 128 years, and believed to have been the oldest man in the United States, died lately in Shasta county, California.

General Schenk has disposed of his stock in the Emma Mining Company, of which he was a director, and concerning which so much trouble has been made.

Mrs. Joaquin Miller attempted to lecture in Oregon City on the evening of December 24th, but was so frequently interrupted by a crowd of roughs that she was obliged to desist.

Some sixteen or eighteen persons are passing the winter in the Yo Semite Valley, entirely cut off from the rest of the world by the heavy snow-drifts that fill the mountain passes.

The Walla Walla *Union* says the weather is intensely cold and snow all over the valley. Cattle are dying by the hundred, and sheep by the thousand. The thermometer on the 27th day of Dec, was 13 degrees below zero.

A mountain of magnesia, the Willamette Farmer says, has been discovered on Butte creek, Oregon. The specimens furnished are not quite as white as that sold at the drug stores, but the chemists say it is almost pure.

A man named Anderson, taken to the penitentiary some two months ago from Baker county, Oregon, for horse stealing, was lately delivered to the authorities of the Insane Asylum, he having gone crazy.

A correspondent at Rogue river, Or., writes: "The mines discovered by Hawkins continue and are paying even better than at first. Half a dozen tunnels are being run into the hill. All who have reached the old river channel have found large pay. Some pieces weighing an ounce each have been found. The mines are just below the mouth of Applegate Creek.

BUFFALOES IN A GREAT STORM.—A correspondent writing of the late terrible snow storm along the line of the Pacific railroad says: The train was caught in a bank—it could neither back nor go ahead. The wires were tapped and dispatches sent to different quarters for men and shovels. While the train was waiting the buffaloes gathered from the plains to the lee side for shelter. If any one felt disposed he might, from his seat in the cars, pop them over with his revolver—the sled would not move—they could not be driven away by engine whistling or human voice, but crowded their shaggy sides close up to the cars, and there stood with bowed heads for the storm to pass. Many were seen to fall down in their tracks, dead from cold, and when at last the train was dug out and moved off, the track was lined with these large, shaggy, frozen carcasses. We think a robe a luxury in the winter—so is a—Imagine the severity of the weather when the animal freezes to death under his natural protection.

THE WOMEN.

Forty-seven young ladies are applicants for clerkships in the Iowa Legislature.

An Iowa girl has contracted to cut and clear 320 acres of timber land this winter.

The "best safety match" is said by the New York *Express* to be "marrying a rich wife."

"Home," says some one, "means a meerschaum pipe, a lady's workbox, a candle and a doll."

Parepa Rosa is making a first class prima dona out of an Irish girl she picked up in a hair cloth factory.

Grace Greenwood acknowledges that "man is a grand creature, even if he is a little stingy about the franchise."

Theodore Tilton is said to be making arrangements to bring out Helen Mansfield as a lecturer on the woman's right's question.

Madame Radutsky, one of the Russian *noblesse*, is a convict at Sing Sing, and has recently become heiress to a large fortune in her native land.

The latest improvement in a lady's artistic "make up" is to color the palms and nails of the hand a delicate vermillion, which is a pretty contrast to the delicate white of the outside.

Some western churches have adopted the plan of having the collections taken up by young ladies of beauty. They look smilingly at a reluctant victim and give him a sly wink. This process always wins.

"What would you do if mamma should die?" asked a lady with whom we have the honor of an intimate acquaintanc, of a little three-year old girl that we wouldn't take a hundred dollars for. "Well, mamma," was the melancholy response, "I 'spose I should have to spank myself!"

"General" Ryan in the Meshes of the Law Again.

[From the New York Standard, Jan. 4.]

In the suit of Oliver D. Taylor against Wm. A. C. Ryan in the Common Pleas, a motion was made yesterday before Judge Loew to discharge Ryan from arrest.

The plaintiff charges that the "General" passed on him a check for $140 on the Union Square Bank, knowing he had not funds to meet it. On this statement an order of arrest was issued. Ryan says that though he had an account there, he had not enough money to meet it then; but the check was post-dated, and on the day when it became due he took money to meet it, but the check had been presented early in the day. He says that the plaintiff had accommodated him in similar ways before, and intimates that this is a malicious trick of the plaintiff's, inspired by the fact that certain Havana business of the plaintiff would be injured by the success of the Cuban patriots.

In reply, affidavits were read that this was not the only transaction of the kind in which the defendant was concerned. Coming to one affidavit, counsel for plaintiff thought perhaps it was better not to read it, and submitted it to the Count Johannes, Ryan's counsel. The Count insisted that it should be read. Gen. Ryan informed him it was an atrocious slander, and if it affected his (the Count's) honor that it should be read and answered.

The affidavit, when read, was to the effect that Ryan, calling himself a soldier was one of a class whose residence was doubtful, though his claim to that title was doubtful, in view of the fact that he had been dishonorably discharged from the United States army in 1863 by sentence of court-martial.

A week was given the defendant to answer this, and the case accordingly went over.

A Justly-Enraged Editor.

A well known Tennessee editor, having no faith in professional correspondents, went to Washington a few weeks ago, intending to write a series of letters from the capital of the nation to his paper in Tennessee. Almost as soon as he arrived, he began to collect matter for his first letter, and a magnificent letter he wrote too. One paragraph was devoted to an excellent clergyman of Washington, of whom he wrote as "a pretty aged minister," and he calmly awaited the arrival of a copy of his paper which should contain the letter. When the paper came he sat down to read the "Washington Correspondence," and about the first thing that struck his eye was the paragraph alluding to his friend, the minister. Fancy his feelings as he read, instead of "the Rev. —— is a pretty aged minister," "the Rev. —— is a putty eyed monster!" That Tennessee editor did then "Greeley" until the air turned blue, and he went to his hotel, packed up and departed for Tennessee on an errand of death. The funeral expenses of the compositor will be paid by the Typographical Union.

Northern Pacific Railroad.

The work of construction on the Northern Pacific Railroad is making rapid progress, and trains will soon be running regularly across the State of Minnesota—225 miles. By the first of July the Dakota division, extending 200 miles westward, from the crossing of the Red river to the crossing of the Missouri in central Dakota, will be finished, and the track is now being laid on a section of sixty-five miles, between the Columbia river and Puget sound in Washington territory. The main line of the St. Paul and Pacific road, which was purchased last year by the Northern Pacific company, has been completed to the Red river at Breckinridge. Contracts have been let for a branch of this road from St. Cloud on the Mississippi to Brainard on the trunk line of the Northern Pacific, and also for another branch road from St. Cloud to Pembina on the British border, and under these contracts work is being actively pushed. It is expected that at the end of 1872 the company will have 600 miles of road in operation in the fertile and prosperous State of Minnesota, and that the trunk line of the great thoroughfare will have been completed for nearly one-third of its distance across the continent.—*New York Sun.*