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NO. 9.

## The Puget Sound Mail.

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## LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Shinkel, stroke of the Cornell crew, who was out of health some days before the race, is now the victor.

It is reported that Parker, the Alton-dack guide who assaulted Mrs. Bull, died from the shot wound received while resisting arrest.

The News and Observer has official returns from 75 counties in North Carolina, giving \$3,905 majority against prohibition. So far it stands alone.

A dispatch from Mecheria announces that the flying columns under Gen. Conill-co will leave on the 13th for Ainsafia, the present whereabouts of the Algerine chief Ben Auen.

A correspondent of the Epoca reiterates the report that the Spanish consulate at Six was sacked by French troops and declares that the Austrian government is ready to assist the statement.

The Directo says the appointment of LeGoux as French consul at Tunis is incontestably satisfaction given to England and Italy, and helps to restore the good relations between the three countries.

Gen. Cook, agent of the Spotted Tail Indians, arrived at Yankton on the 10th en route to the agency. He fears an outbreak as the result of the murder of Spotted Tail. He leaves by stage in the morning.

Another small fleet of ships, suitable for wheat, five in number, arrived at San Francisco on the 10th, and quite a number of others are known to be not far off, some having been sighted by the Australian steamer.

Yell county, Arkansas reports another cowardly assassination. The victim was a school teacher, Mr. Sturdevant, who for taking the part of a child that was being abused by a ruffian named Burgess, was slain and his body thrown into a well.

The Alabama state temperance convention lasted two days. An executive committee for the state and for each county were appointed. All attempts to make the question a party one were voted down. Among the resolutions was one of regret for the shooting of the president.

James Howard, of San Francisco, was arrested on a charge of killing his daughter, Mrs. Joseph Wellford, by beating and kicking her while both were engaged in drinking the night before last. An autopsy shows death to have resulted from cerebral hemorrhage, but whether caused by whiskey or violence, is uncertain.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company elected directors as follows: Charles Crocker, Charles F. Crocker, H. M. Newhall, Charles Mayne, W. V. Huntington, N. T. Smith and J. L. Willcutt. The directors elected the following officers: President, Charles Crocker; vice president, Charles F. Crocker; treasurer, N. T. Smith; secretary, J. L. Willcutt.

The New York Chamber of Commerce sends delegates to the transportation conference Aug. 18 at Utica in accordance with a call signed by many prominent farmers throughout the state, to consider whether our government is to continue a government of the people, for the people and by the people, or whether it will be a government of corporations by corporations for the benefit of a favored few.

Daniel Goodnow, a Boston merchant, was fleeced out of \$10,000 by some young rascals, who claimed to be agents of the Peppercorn manufacturing company, of Biddeford, Me., and got him to ship a large cargo of cotton, wines, etc., to Biddeford and they would buy the ship. The ship cleared on the 28th ult., and has not been seen since. The Peppercorn company does not know the man, who gave the name of G. D. Fuller.

Fifty representatives of railroads were present at the meeting in New York on the 10th, trying to adjust the railroad rates. No facts are known. It is reported that they tried to restore the rates of grain from Chicago to New York to 20 cents. Report says that the meeting decided to restore the tariff on grain to its old freights. This makes the grain rate from Chicago 25 cents.

A very distinguished party of Canadian government officials arrived at Chicago Aug. 10th and registered at the Grand Pacific. The party was composed of Sir Charles Tupper, Canadian minister of railroads and canals, and Lady Tupper of Ottawa, Collingwood Schreiber, chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Ottawa; L. K. Jones, secretary of Ottawa; Sir Alex. T. Galt, commissioner of Canadian affairs, and George Galt, secretary to the commissioner. The commissioner is on his way to Winnipeg on official business, having lately arrived from London. But Sir Charles and other officials are journeying to British Columbia by way of San Francisco to inspect the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, intending to be absent about two months. They are accompanied by Jas. A. Dickey and wife of Nova Scotia, R. Hurd and wife of Hamilton, Ontario, Dr. Barker of Halifax, and Col. and Mrs. Clark, of Halifax. These ladies and gentlemen make the trip for pleasure.

During the session of the Irish convention in Chicago it was stated that one of the trustees of the Bismarck fund was Alexander Sullivan. That gentleman, having his attention called to the statement, said he had never been connected with the fund in any respect whatever. The names of the trustees are well known in New York. He says also that the convention was not discordant, as reported, but was harmonious. Fully one-third its membership were professional men, and one-third were engaged in the business of 1881 in this country. The convention had no possible sympathy with Boss, and abhorred the idea of dynamite being used against non-combatants. Especially would they refuse to assault American passengers on English ships when the memory of Americans' kindness to Irish sufferers is so fresh. They believe that the time will be ripe to strike for independence as a nation, and when England shall become involved in foreign difficulties, and that then they will have the full right to wage war.

Shorts O'Connor and Reddy Vary, of McKeesport, Pa., was banished, surrendered.

Superintendent Carlisle P. Patterson of the coast survey, died on the 16th near Washington.

General Hancock declines to meet the veterans' reunion on account of the condition of the president.

The Western Nall Association has advanced the card rate from \$2.75 to \$3, after a full discussion.

Jack Harris, road agent and friend of Billy the Kid, was mortally wounded while resisting arrest in Texas. Half the money stolen was recovered.

Manuel Cordana was murdered Saturday, near Las Animas, Col., by one Sanchez, who committed the deed to obtain \$20, which the victim was supposed to have in his pocket.

Above 10,000 troops have signified their intention to be present at the Yorktown celebration. It is believed that the military part in the celebration will exceed 30,000. Many states will send full regiments.

A Boomerang special from Rawlins says Hon. J. B. Adams, just in from White river, emphatically denies that the Utes were willing to go to Indian reservation, and says they have already gone there recently. The last party left White river for the new reservation on the 11th inst. No trouble is anticipated.

The Times special to Winnipeg says 40 miles of the main line of the Canadian Pacific is completed west of Portage la Prairie. The grading on the whole air line between Winnipeg and the Portage was completed. Tracklaying has been commenced and the road is expected to be ready for traffic by November. The dominion government has appointed James Dickey of Nova Scotia inspector of the Pacific road.

Wm. C. Johnson and wife, of Omaha, parted some weeks ago, as they could not agree, and recently the woman took up with John Evans, a horse dealer, who began living with her at her house. Johnson went to the house, and catching Evans there, he smashed in the windows with a pitchfork and then attacked Evans, who struck him with an ax and fractured his skull. It is thought Johnson will die. Evans was arrested.

The following telegram has been received by the war department: PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 15, 1881. To Adjutant-General, Washington, D. C.—The following has been received from the commanding general of the department of Arizona: Agent Tiffany of San Carlos seems to apprehend trouble with the White Mountain Indians, Tonto and San Carlos Indians, and has been given authority of a band of medicine men. A number are congregated near Apache. Tiffany wants additional arms, and I have authorized the agent to purchase such arms as he may need and telegraphed the adjutant-general for authority to turn them over. Have heard nothing from Carr, who is at Apache, to warrant alarm. He reported that the Indians were quiet, but some days ago without special significance. Hatch telegraphed reported movements of hostile Apaches from the Rio Grande towards Arizona. All necessary instructions have been given to Carr at Apache, and Bidle at Grant, to cover both contingencies.

[Signed] KRETZ, A. A. G.

The land bill as amended in the common council is for consideration in the house of lords. It is reported that the Argyle's amendment excluding from right of free sale of tenancies on which permanent improvements had been made by the tenant, has been given effect.

Of proviso inserted in the commons that the improvement must be substantially maintained, the lord's amendment relative to Minister tenant right, which was referred in committee, was reinstated by 172 to 46. The latest intelligence from the lords indicates that the amendments of the commons are not being generally accepted. The Times editorially commenting on the refusal of the house of lords to recede from its amendments to the land bill regards a settlement of the questions at issue as likely to follow a formal conference.

And then, laughing heartily at her own blunder, Mrs. Haven related the morning adventure of her brother.

"It must have been Una," said Ellice Jocelyn, with a slight shadow of annoyance upon her smooth brow.

"No, it was not Una, severely. If I sent old Hans home with the ladder, instead of recalling him to your assistance?"

"Of course it would," said Haven.

"So do I," said Una; "but I mean to be magnanimous. Hans! Hans!"

"Cried and fluted-like her voice sounded down the glen, and old Hans' husky accents replied:

"Yaw, yaw! I ish coming!"

Una Jocelyn in the meantime stood looking at Mr. Haven as coolly as if he were a Sphinx or an obelisk, or some such marvel of the universe. Mr. Haven regarded her on his part with a sort of meek propitiation; and when at last he had descended, and stood on the green turf beside his fair rescuer, he held out his hand.

"I hope we are friends?" said he.

"Oh, certainly."

But she made no motion to take the extended palm.

"Won't you shake hands with me?" he asked, in some discomfiture.

"I didn't suppose you cared to shake hands with a regular Amazon," said Miss Una, sarcastically.

"It was a foolish speech," said Haven, vehemently, "and I've been sorry for it a score of times since it was spoken."

Una turned to him with a smile that illumined her piquant face like sunshine.

"In that case it shall be forgotten," said she; "and I'm very glad that old Hans brought the ladder here to look for my pollyparrot, that has been lost these two days."

"I wonder if I couldn't help find it?" said Mr. Haven, eagerly.

"You don't know," said Una, demurely.

"They did try. The parrot was not found, for he had been stolen by a tramp who slept in the Jocelyn barn, two nights before. But Mr. Haven and Miss

## UNA'S LOVER.

"A regular Amazon!" said Junius Haven, shrugging his shoulders. "On the very top of a load of hay, with a straw hat pulled down over her eyes and a pitchfork in her hand!"

"Now, Junius," cried out Mary Haven, "you are talking arrant nonsense!"

"A man must believe his senses," said Haven. "I asked for Miss Jocelyn, and the ancient bedlame who was shelling peas by the kitchen window pointed one skinny forefinger across the fields, and answered, 'There she is, a-gettin' in the hay. They all stir round lively in these parts when there's a shower comin' up. Guess you'll find her, if you goes across lots.'"

"And you?" questioned Mary.

"Mr. Haven smiled ironically.

"I?" said he. "You must bear in mind that I was looking for a young lady, not for a farm-boy's assistant; so I just turned around and came home again."

"But there must be some mistake!" cried out impetuous Mary. "My Ellice Jocelyn is a princess among women, tall and slender, and graceful, who plays the harp and writes delicious little, transcendental essays, and—"

"There was neither harp nor writing-desk on the top of that load of hay," said Haven, very decidedly. "And pray, Mary, don't be offended, but I am rather disenchanted with your rustic belle, after my afternoon's experience. Reach me a cigar, please, and don't let any one disturb me for awhile, there's the darling!"

Mary Haven obeyed. Was not Junius, newly arrived from Europe, a very shah and an amusing man, to be waited on and humored in his every caprice?"

But while she found the cigar-case, handed the newspaper and regulated the exact fall of the curtain-folds which should be most agreeable to her brother's optical partialities, she puzzled her brain as to how and why and wherefore the little plan of hers for an instant attachment between Junius and Ellice Jocelyn had thus come to an untimely standstill.

"It's the most unaccountable thing in the world," said Mary Haven to herself. "I think I'll go over and see what it all means."

Low and long, with gabled fronts and bay-windows, all wreathed about with trumpet creepers and blue-capped convolvuluses, Jocelyn's farm-house stretched itself out under the umbrageous walnut trees, with Ellice's ham-mock swinging in the porch, and Ellice herself posed like a woodland nymph, all mauve muslin, curls of gold and blue, just taken out of the windows of a New York modiste—and she came forward, cool and composed, to meet Miss Haven, as if the June sun were not blazing overhead, and the thermometer in the porch did not stand at ninety degrees in the shade.

"So glad to see you, dear!" said Miss Jocelyn, with the princess-air which seemed to sit so naturally on her.

"Dear Ellice," said Mary, plunging precipitately into her subject, "where have you been all the morning?"

"Where have I been?"

"Believe me, I am not asking from mere curiosity," pleaded Mary. "I have a reason. You will answer me, I know."

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I?" said the serene one, lifting her golden brows the sixteenth part of an inch. "Let me see—I was in the glen, sketching the beautiful mossy boulders by the spring, until the shower came up, and then I sat in my own room and wrote a few letters in the shade."

"Then it couldn't have been you after all!" bluntly ejaculated Mary.

"What couldn't have been me?"

"The girl with the pitch-fork on the top of the load of hay."

And then, laughing heartily at her own blunder, Mrs. Haven related the morning adventure of her brother.

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"They did try. The parrot was not found, for he had been stolen by a tramp who slept in the Jocelyn barn, two nights before. But Mr. Haven and Miss

I am as little anxious to, make his acquaintance as he is mine."

And exit Una, not without some slight emphasis on the closing of the door.

"How pretty she has grown!" said Mary Haven, in involuntary admiration.

"Do you think so?" said Ellice, a little doubtfully. "She is so dark and so abrupt, you know; and then she has no charm of manner—poor, dear little Una!"

Junius Haven laughed a little when the younger Miss Jocelyn's message was brought to him.

"She need not be alarmed," he said. "There is no sort of probability that she shall be brought into contact with each other."

"But man proposes and God disposes," says the saying, and the week was not out before Mr. Junius Haven, strolling among the picturesque woods which surrounded the old house which the pater familias Haven had rented for the summer, found himself in silver-haired old man, tall, sweet fern bushes grew through the yawning crevices of the mouldering fawn, and the sunbeams sifted like misty lines of gold between the cracks in the roof above.

There must be a view from that peak," said Haven to himself; and springing up a slight ladder, which reared itself from beam to beam, he picked his way across the perilous flooring to the window, which looked out on the broad stretch of vale and upland, where the blue windings of the river flashed in the sunshine, and the undulations of a distant mountain chain seemed to close up the horizon with its purple gateways.

As he stood there, feasting his eyes upon the prospect, a slight noise below attracted his ear; he hurried to the edge of the floor, only in time to discover that the ladder, his sole means of escape, was walking off upon the shoulders of a stout other man, who whistled cheerfully as he went.

"Halloo!" he shouted. "Hold on there, my man! Where are you going with that ladder?"

"No answer—no response of any nature. "Is that man deaf?" cried Haven, in a sort of frenzy.

"That was precisely what old Hans Diefendorf was. As deaf as the proverbial post!"

Pretty Una Jocelyn was waiting for him, and the edge of the ruins, holding up one pretty finger.

"Hush, Hans!" said she. "Don't you hear some one calling?"

"No, no, no!" said old Hans, whose dull ears could catch Una's clear, airy tones, when all the shouting of the farm-hands was inaudible to him. "It must be de cat birds, or some one who shoots squirrels in de glen, may hap-pen."

"No," said Una, crisply; "it is a voice calling. Stay here, Hans, until I come back."

Hans stood still, contentedly, with the ladder on his back, while his young mistress hurried up the steep bank as fast as she could in the shade.

"What is it?" she cried, in a voice sweet and shrill as a thrush's warble.

"It is I!" responded Mr. Junius Haven, plaintively. "I climbed up here, and now some one has taken the ladder away, and I can't get back."

Una stood there, tall, slight, brown-checked, with her hands clasped behind her back, and the wind blowing her chestnut curls about, while a mischievous light scintillated under her long, dark eyes.

"Oh," said she, "I understand! You are Mr. Haven?"

"And you are Miss Una Jocelyn?" said he, coloring and biting his lip.

"Exactly," responded the girl. "And here is an excellent opportunity for me to be avenged. You have called me an Amazon, a farm-boy's assistant—all manner of names; and you are at my mercy now."

"Yes," confessed Mr. Haven, penitently. "It's all true."

"Don't you think it would serve you right were you on Una, severely. If I sent old Hans home with the ladder, instead of recalling him to your assistance?"

"Of course it would," said Haven.

"So do I," said Una; "but I mean to be magnanimous. Hans! Hans!"

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"You don't know," said Una, demurely.

Jocelyn became excellent friends in the progress of the quest.

Una forgave him his city-bred prejudices, and he began to see things through the medium of her clear and brilliant eyes. They had called her a child, but she was such a bright, original sort of child.

And every evening about a fortnight subsequently Mr. Haven astonished his sister by saying, abruptly:

"Well, Polly" (the name he always used when he was in an especially good humor). "I've a piece of news for you. I have proposed to Miss Jocelyn, and she has been graciously pleased to accept me!"

Mary clapped her hands in delight.

"Oh, Junius!" she cried rapturously.

"But not your Miss Jocelyn," she added—"not the one like an exaggerated wax-doll. It is Una that I mean—my dark-eyed queen of the brunettes—my little compound of fire and dew, and sparkle!"

"But she thought, and so did Miss Ellice Jocelyn, that there was no accounting for the erratic direction taken by the current of true love.

Indian Robbers.

The delicious coolness of the night has succeeded the fierce heat of a day. The moonlight makes a mimic day, but how soft is its light, however

**PUGET SOUND MAIL,**  
**La Conner, W. T.**  
 JAMES POWER, PROPRIETOR.  
 SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1881.

**The Last General of the Mexican War.**

The funeral of General ROBERT PATTERSON took place on the 11th inst., from the family residence in Philadelphia. The pall-bearers were Generals Grant, Sherman, Porter and Hancock, Joseph Patterson, John Welsh, Judge Biddle and Wm. H. Drayton.

The deceased was 89 years of age, and the last surviving General of the war with Mexico 35 years ago; the others were Scott, Taylor, Worth and Wool, of the regular army, and Pierce, Cushing, Lane, Cadwallader, Shields and Pillow, of the volunteer service. The pall-bearers—Grant, Sherman, Porter and Hancock—were then Lieutenants in the regular army. These were all great men; no other group so closely associated shed greater lustre upon the history of the country in both civil and military character.

General Scott, the hero of two great wars, the great pacificator in averting the third, and the head of the army on the inauguration of the fourth, was defeated for the Presidency by one of his former subordinates, and died at a ripe old age the most distinguished military chieftain of that era.

General Taylor had added to his well-earned military fame the highest civil distinction which a grateful country could confer; he died President of the United States.

Generals Worth and Wool both died in the army, full of years and full of honors.

General Pierce, who had been a Senator in Congress, was among the first to volunteer in the Mexican war; was mustered into the service as a private soldier, with a musket upon his shoulder; was commissioned a Brigadier General and in less than five years after the close of the war was elected President.

General Cushing, with no military training, not only volunteered his services at the first call for troops for the Mexican war, but raised and equipped a regiment, chiefly at his own expense, in a community in which the popular sentiment was bitterly hostile to the war. He was subsequently commissioned Brigadier General by President Polk. He was Attorney General in the Cabinet of General Pierce and has since held the distinguished positions of American Commissioner for the settlement of the Alabama Claims, and his last official position was that of Minister to Spain. He died at an age past the period usually allotted to man.

General Joseph Lane volunteered and was appointed Brigadier General by President Polk at the beginning of the Mexican war, where he won the soubrette from Gen. Scott of "Marion of the Army." Very soon after the war he was appointed Governor of the Territory of Oregon, was soon after elected Delegate in Congress, secured the admission of the State into the Union and was chosen one of its first Senators. In 1860 he ran on the ticket with Breckinridge for Vice President, and as parties were then organized, if the election had gone to the House there could have been no election of President by States, and the Senate would have elected Gen. Lane Vice President and acting President; a result which seemed almost inevitable in the beginning of the contest. The General, retired to a rural farm and mingled very little in public life after that election. He died a few months since, at the age of 79 years, greatly beloved by his neighbors for his many social virtues and purity of private life.

General Shields, a naturalized citizen, after serving with marked distinction in the Mexican war, achieved civil distinction which has never been won by any other American citizen—he represented at various times three different States in the United States Senate; above which his foreign birth barred him by constitutional prohibition. He died last year.

General Cadwallader was a Philadelphian of the highest social position and the most irreproachable personal character. He was a distinguished jurist, not ambitious of political honors, but frequently called to judicial position and civic honors. He has been dead but a short time.

General Pillow took service as a General in the Confederate army and died since the close of the war, highly honored and esteemed by those engaged in the same cause.

General Patterson, the last of this noble line of heroes and statesmen, was born in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, January 12, 1792. He came,

while young, to the United States, was placed with a merchant in Philadelphia. He received a collegiate education, and early manifested military propensities. He entered the army, and was Captain of the 32d Infantry, April, 1814. Returning to commercial life, he became largely engaged in manufactures and owned several mills. At the beginning of the Mexican war in 1846 he was made a Major General of volunteers. He commanded his division at Cerro Gordo, led the cavalry, and advanced brigades in pursuit, and the next morning captured Jalapa, receiving the thanks of General Scott. He commanded the three months' Pennsylvania volunteers in 1861, was assigned to a military department composed of the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia, and crossed the Potomac June 15 at Williamsport. He was not continued in command after the three months' term had expired because he was not of the regular army and was deemed too old for active service, being in his 70th year.

In reviewing the character of the Generals and the officers and soldiers under their command engaged in the war with Mexico, and their wonderful achievements, it is painful and humiliating to consider how little recognition those heroic patriots have received from the Government in comparison to the value of their services to the country. With an army hardly equal to a skirmishing squad in the late war, they entered the country of a civilized enemy outnumbering them in able-bodied men as hundred to one, conquered a peace, dictated terms of indemnity to them in the citadel of their own capital and acquired concession of territory equal in extent to the whole of the seceding States—Texas excepted—and of more value to the country, commercially and politically. In view of these splendid results it seems incredible that Congress for over thirty years has uniformly discriminated against the officers and soldiers of the Mexican war as the only volunteers in the military service of the United States not entitled to bounty or pension. The Generals are all dead, but there are thousands of brave and patriotic soldiers who live to suffer the humiliation of this contemptuous treatment.

**Advantages of State Government.**

To thoroughly realize or appreciate the advantages accruing to Oregon from being a State in the Union one has only to glance over the following facts and figures relative to the expenditures of the General Government in the interest of commerce and navigation in that State, all owing to the influence of its delegation of two Senators and one Representative in Congress. This Territory, on being admitted as a State, would be similarly favored. The statement of the appropriations and estimates would appear incredible to the average citizen but from the fact that it is taken from the official report of Col. Gillespie, of the Corps of Engineers, stationed at Portland, recently forwarded to the Department at Washington, a synopsis of which is given as follows:

"Operations on the lower Willamette and Columbia rivers in Oregon from Portland to the sea are given in detail. The work of timber construction, suspended in December last, the report says, cannot be resumed until after the next low water season. Col. Gillespie suggests as a still further improvement at the entrance to the Willamette river the construction of a small submerged dam behind Nigger-Ton island. The dredge used at Swan island having been worn out, will be replaced by a powerful and good dredge. The money available for this improvement during the next fiscal year is so small that the allotment for renewing dredges will be limited to the manufacture of machinery and construction of a new hull and appliances. The past appropriations for this work, including that of March, 1881, have aggregated \$485,355, of which amount there has been expended up to June 10, '81, \$305,627. The unexpended balance will be applied in building and running the new dredger during the present year and in purchase of material for the protection and preservation of existing improvements. The report recommends an appropriation of \$100,000 for improvement of rivers, exclusive of the bar at the entrance to the Columbia river. On the upper Willamette and Yamhill rivers, \$24,000 was expended during the year in continuing improvements, and \$9,221 was available for future operations. It is estimated that \$38,000 is yet required to complete existing projects, and an appropriation of \$10,500 is recommended to continue these improvements during the fiscal year. In the upper Columbia and Snake rivers, Oregon, more than \$13,000 was expended during the year, and \$20,000 is recommended as the amount of appropriation for the next fiscal year. The work of

constructing a canal around the Cascades of the Columbia, which will open free navigation to the Dalles, has been pushed forward vigorously during the year, and nearly \$78,000 has been expended in it. There is still needed \$1,224,000 to complete the work, and \$750,000 is recommended as the amount of appropriation for the ensuing year. On improvement in Coos Bay harbor, Oregon, nearly \$25,000 was expended during the past year. Nearly \$17,000 was available at the close of the year. \$902,000 is still required to complete the projected improvements and \$60,000 to be expended during the fiscal year. On Yaquina Bay improvements \$26,000 was expended during the last year. It is estimated that \$415,000 is yet required to complete the work, and \$60,000 is asked for the next fiscal year.

**Spoonydyke as a Sportsman.**

HE PURCHASES A GUN AND EXPLAINS TO MRS. S. THE METHOD OF USING IT.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Say, my dear," said Mr. Spoonydyke as he drew a gun from a case and eyed it critically, "I want you to wake me up early in the morning; I'm going shooting."

"Isn't that too sweet!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoonydyke. "I'll wear my new dress and my Saratoga waves. Where do we go?"

"I'm going down on the island, and you'll probably go as far as the front door," granted Mr. Spoonydyke. "Women don't go shooting. It's only men. All you've got to do is to wake me up and get me a lobster, and bring it down with you."

"When I come home we'll have some birds."

"Won't that be nice!" chimed Mrs. Spoonydyke. "Can you catch birds with that thing?"

"Mrs. Spoonydyke, I hunted around the island for a week, and I got a shot-gun, firmly impressed with the idea that it was some kind of a trap.

"I can kill them with this," explained Mr. Spoonydyke, "This is a gun, my dear; it isn't a nest with three speckled eggs in it, nor is it a barn with a hole in the roof. You stick the cartridge in here and pull the trigger, and down comes your bird every time."

"Well, isn't that the greatest thing! I suppose if you don't want a partridge you can stick a duck or a turkey in that end, or a rabbit or a lobster, and bring it down just as quick."

"Yes, or you can stick a house or a corn field, or a dog-gasted female idiot in there, or if you want to snort Mr. Spoonydyke, you can stick a lobster and a partridge? It's a cartridge that goes in there."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoonydyke, "I see now. I see now. Where does the bird go?"

"He goes to night school, if he hasn't any more sense than you have," snorted Mr. Spoonydyke. "Look here now, and get it straight in your head. I got a spoon-nydyke, whose ideas of a gun were about as vague as those of his wife, inserted the cartridge half way in the muzzle end, and pointed cocked the hammer. He thought 'And when the bird sees that he comes and pecks at it! Isn't that the funniest!' and Mrs. Spoonydyke clapped her hands in the enjoyment of her discovery. Then you put out your hands and catch him."

"You're stuck!" howled Mr. Spoonydyke, who had the hammer on half-cock and was vainly pulling at the trigger. "If you had seen a yellow-bill and a spoon-nydyke, whose ideas of a gun were about as vague as those of his wife, inserted the cartridge half way in the muzzle end, and pointed cocked the hammer. He thought 'And when the bird sees that he comes and pecks at it! Isn't that the funniest!' and Mrs. Spoonydyke clapped her hands in the enjoyment of her discovery. Then you put out your hands and catch him."

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"At home, we used to always chop off their heads with an ax," faltered Mrs. Spoonydyke.

"So would I, if I was going after mealy old hens," retorted Mr. Spoonydyke, who managed to uncock the contrivance, "but when I go for yellow-bills and spoon-nydies, I go like a sportsman. While I'm waiting for a bird, I continued Mr. Spoonydyke adjusting the cartridge at the breech. "I put the load in here for safety. And when I see a flock I aim and fire."

"Bang! went the gun, knocking the tail-feathers out of an eight-day clock and playing a loud rattle in the wall, perforating the closet door and culminating in Mr. Spoonydyke's plug hat.

"Goodness, gracious!" squeaked Mrs. Spoonydyke. "Oh, my!"

Mr. Spoonydyke gathered himself up and contemplated the damages.

"Why couldn't ye keep still?" he shrieked. "What'd ye want to disturb my aim for and make me shoot? I think I can hold back a charge of powder and a pound of shot while a mealy woman is scaring it through a gun barrel!"

"If that had been a bird how nicely you would have shot it," suggested Mrs. Spoonydyke, soothingly. "If you should ever aim at a bird, you'd catch him sure!"

"Oh! you know what I could do! With your information about gunnery you only need a wad in your mouth and a kick like a mule to be a moun ain howler! If I had your intelligence on sporting subjects I'd live out for a shot-awer! Don't you know you've spoiled the doggedest gun?"

And Mr. Spoonydyke, anxious for some excuse to take it back to his friend Specklewottle, who loaned it to him, held it out and eyed his wife sternly. "You've ruined that gun," he continued solemnly. "It won't ever go off again."

"Never mind, dear," consoled Mrs. Spoonydyke. "It's been off enough, and I'd just as lief have some claims as birds. You go to bed and we'll try to do without any birds."

"It won't ever go off again," repeated Mr. Spoonydyke, as he snatched his hat. "That is a ruined gun," and he turned his face to the wall.

Mrs. Spoonydyke slowly disrobed, having first turned a stream of water into the gun from the faucet, and betook her to rest. "It may not go off again," she thought, "but if it does the neighbors will think the watermelon has burst. With this reflection she began to pat the ear of Mr. Spoonydyke, who turned over like an earthquake and wanted to know if she thought she hadn't done enough mischief without making him like a dog-gasted blacksmith!

Senator James G. Fair's personal tax assessment is \$10,000; J. C. Fild's is \$30,500,000, with an addition of 20,500,000 as trustee for J. W. Mackey; and the next Census is Mr. Charles Crocker, whose personality is assessed at \$20,000,000.

**"WHY SHOULD THEY KILL MY BABY?"**

(The aged mother of the President is reported to have exclaimed as above upon hearing the news of his attempted assassination.)

Why should they kill my baby—for he seems the same to me. As when, in the morning twilight, I tossed him on my knee, And soiled for him hopes to blossom when he should become a man, And dreamed for him such a future as only a mother can.

I looked ahead to the noon-time with proud but trembling joy; I had vision of splendor for my sweet, bright-eyed boy; But little enough I fancied that when he had gained renown Base Envy's poisoned bullet would suddenly strike him down.

Why should they want to kill him? Because he had out his way Through poverty's gloomy woodland out into the open day, And sent a shout of good cheer to those who sat within That honor is born of striving and honesty yet can win?

Or was it because from boyhood he had manfully bared his breast To fight for the poor and lowly and aid the weak? Ah, me! the world is working upon a treacherous plan When he who has struck for mankind is stricken down by man!

Or did they begrudge his mother the hand he reached her still, No odds how high he clambered up Fortune's glittering hill? For the spirit of life-day he turned from the honors of earth, And came down to earth to bless me—the mother who gave him birth.

Shame to the wretch that struck him and grieves that it did not kill! May God in mercy aid him his black crime to atone! And help me to forgive him—I cannot do it alone!

WILL CARLETON.

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THIS INSTITUTION is now entering upon its Third year. The Fall Term opens October 3d, 1881. Board \$2 50 per week; and Tuition from \$6 to \$8 per term. Instrumental Music—use of instrument included—Organ \$5 and Piano \$10 per term of 24 lessons. Pupils able and willing may earn from 10 to 15 cents per hour and so reduce expenses.

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All applications will be made to the Superintendent. For further particulars address  
 Rev. E. O. TADE, A. M.,  
 Superintendent, Anacortes, W. T.

**DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.**

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the style of Jackson and Le Baillet, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent.

CHAS. F. JACKSON,  
 CHAS. H. LEBALLISTER,  
 July 20th, 1881. jy30-5w.



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Millman's Gibbon's Rome, 5 vols., cloth, \$3; half Russia, gilt top, \$4; postage 52 cents.

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BY L. A. P.

I never can forget a time when all the world was fair. And life was all a golden dream without a touch of care...

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There are a great many people who behave well otherwise, but at table they do things that, if not absolutely out and ensemble, are at least pianissimo and sine die.

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"Did you ever see them buckskin bronchos of mine that I used to drive, named Yeller and Yaller?" asked Buck Brammel...

"He didn't laugh any more. It was a terrible reality. He seemed to think we had imposed on him somehow. Every little while he'd look at old Yeller...

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