Courier

Puget Sound Dispatch.

VOL. VIII | SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, MONDAY, AUGUST 16, 1880. | NO. 39.

Puget Sound Dispatch.

Published every Monday morning by

BERIAH BROWN.

TERMS—$3 a year, invariably in advance.

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Opposite Yesler's Hall, Seattle:

Administrator's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Probate Court of King County, Washington Territory, made on the 26th day of July, 1880, in the matter of the Estate of John H. Ryan, deceased, the undersigned Administrator of the said Estate, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, on

Saturday, the 4th day of September, 1880.
at 10 o'clock. a. m.,

in front of the Real Estate office of Mackintosh & Reeves, corner of Mill and Commercial streets, in the City of Seattle, in said King county, all those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land lying and being in the said City of Seattle, known and designated as follows, to-wit: Lots numbered One (1), Two (2), Three (3) and Four (4), in Block numbered Thirty-three (33), in A. A. Denny's Addition to Bell & Denny's plat of the town (now city) of Seattle.

TERMS AND CONDITONS OF SALE:—Cash, Gold Coin of the United States to be paid on the day of sale. Deed made to purchaser on payment of purchase money. Deed at expense of purchaser.

Dated August 2d, 1880.

EBEN S. OSBORNE,
Administrator of the Estate of John H. Ryan, deceased. 38-4

GENUINE
GERMAN MILK BREAD,
FRESH DAILY,
—AT—
PIPERS' BAKERY.

Chicago Market,
FRONT ST. SEATTLE.
Fresh and Salt Meats
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Farm Produce Bought and Sold.
ONSUM & OLSTAD.

M. R. MADDOCKS,
Seattle Drug Store,
SEATTLE, W. T.
DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,
TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.
SIGN—SEATTLE DRUG STORE.

THE BOSS BEER SALOON.
The above resort is located on
Commercial St. opp. Opera House.
Headquarters for
Miners Bound for the Skagit.
The best brands of Beer and Cigars always on hand.
A finely finished Club-Room in the rear for patrons. Give us a call, we solicit your patronage. *EVERSHAM & DILLON.*

JOHN KENNEY,
Boot and Shoemaker,
Prices low and good fit guaranteed. Repairing neatly done.
Commercial St., Seattle, W. T.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,
SEATTLE, W. T.
Board and Lodging at moderate rates.
This is the Largest Hotel North of San Francisco, and is First-Class in all respects.
Free Coach to and from House.
JOHN COLLINS & CO., Proprietors.

Bow down your head, ye haughty clam,
And oysters, say your prayer,
The month has come the "R" is in,
You're on the bill of fare—

IN EVERY STYLE AT THE
SADDLE ROCK RESTAURANT.
COMMERCIAL STREET,
—AT—
25 Cents Per Plate.
CHAS. KIEL, Proprietor

Revolutionary Letter.

Another letter from Hancock has been brought to light, announced in advance by the Republican papers—notably the *Oregonian*—as "revolutionary" in sentiment. There is a remarkable accordance in sentiment of all the letters of General Hancock which have been represented as revolutionary and treasonable; revolutionary in aiming at the restoration of the Union upon the basis of the Constitution, and treasonable to the Republican party usurpation and domination. "The man who quotes the Constitution is a traitor," said Ben Wade and Thad Stevens. In that view, and that alone, is Gen. Hancock a double-dyed traitor. The following is one of his old letters, published in the *Oregonian* under a display heading: "Revolutionary!"

NEWPORT, R. I., July 17, 1868.

S. T. Glover, Esq, St. Louis: MY DEAR SIR—I am greatly obliged for your favor of the 13th inst. Those who suppose that I do not acquisce in the work of the National Democratic Convention, or that I do not sincerely desire the election of its nominees, know very little of my character. Believing as I really do, that the preservation of the Constitutional Government eminently depends on the success of the Democratic party in the coming election, were I to hesitate in its candid support, I feel I should not only falsify my own record, but commit a crime against my country.

I never aspired to the Presidency on account of myself. I never sought its doubtful honors and certain labors and responsibilities merely for the position. My own wish was to promote, if I could, the good of my country, and to *rebuke the spirit of revolution* which had invaded every sacred precinct of liberty. When therefore, you pronounced the statements in question false, you did exactly right. Principles, and not men, is the motto for the ruggid crisis in which we are struggling. Had I been made the Presidential nominee I should have considered it a tribute, not to me, but to the principles which I had proclaimed and practised. But shall I cease to revere those principles because, by mutual political friends, another has been appointed to put them into execution? Never! Never! Never!

These, sir, are my sentiments, whatever interested parties may say to the contrary, and I desire that all may know and understand them. I shall ever hold in gratful remembrance the faithful friends who, hailing from every section of the Union, preferred me by their votes and other expressions of confidence, both in and out of the Convention and shall do them all the justice to believe that they were governed by patriotic motives; that they did not propose simply to aggrandize my personal fortunes, but to *save the country through me*, and that they will not now suffer anything like personal preferences or jealousies to stand between them and their manifest duty. I have the honor to be, dear sir, very respectfully yours, WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

The Surrender of Port Hudson.

Before daylight on the 8th July 1863, Gen. Gardner sent a flag of truce with a communication to Gen. Banks, asking him for confirmation of the news of the fall of Vicksburg. This confirmation, substantiated by copies of the official dispatches, was immediately given, and at 9 o'clock Gen. Gardner sent three commissioners to treat for the surrender.—The preliminaries occupied the whole day, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the commissioners returned—An unconditional surrender had been insisted upon, but the terms verbally agreed upon were satisfactory. The enlisted men were to be paroled and set free; the officers would remain prisoners of war, but would be allowed to retain their arms and private property. The ceremony of surrender would take place at 7 o'clock on the next morning. There had been much discussion during the long interview. Our commissioners asked a good deal and defended their pretentions inch by inch, claiming that we could hold the place another month, if not indefinitely, and would hold it unless we got our own terms. When, late in the afternoon, the terms agreed upon had been referred to Gen. Banks, and had received his sanction, Colonel Miles exclaimed, "That's not all! I have another demand to make!" "What!" retorted Gen. C. P. Stone, "are you going to raise new difficulties after all the trouble we have had to come to an agreement?—What can you want after we have granted you so much?" "Are we not virtually your prisoners, now that we have agreed on the terms?" asked Miles.—"Assuredly." "Well, you are bound to feed your prisoners. We are tired of our half rations of mule meat and hard corn, and must have a squre meal to-night." Gen. Stone burst out laughing. "That's cool," said he. "Here you have been bragging of your ability to hould out as long as you please, and you confess now that you are out of provisions." "It was my duty to make a strong case, but now I am not pleading, the case is settled, and the truth may as well come out," replied Col. Miles, who was a lawyer, and as well known for his hits at the Bar as for his indomitable bravery in the field. "By the by, General," he resumed, "I may as well add that we are about as short of ammunition as of provisions." "We shan't send you ammunition," laughed Stone, "but provisions you shall have, and that speedily." Abundant rations did come that evening, and, what was more precious, medicine for the sick. A large number of Federals entered our lines at different poinst, seeking the particular commands against which they had beed pitted, and fraternizing with the men with whom they had been so recently engaged in deadly strife. The enmity of the true soldier ends with the battle, and it is only the coward or the savage who will trample upon the vanquished foe. The marks of respect and sympathy the defenders of Port Hudson received at the hands of Bank's victorious army were as a soothing balm that took away much of the bitterness of defeat. On the morning of the 9th a little over 3,000 gaunt, weather beaten men formed into line. The remainder of the devoted garrison were lying sick or wounded in the hospital. Two hundred and fifty slept under the green sod of the Port Hudson hills. Gen. Gardner rode up to the right of the line and awaited the approach of Gen. Anderson, the officer designated to receive the surrender, who, with his staff, preceded the Federal column. On his riding up. General Gardner advanced, and presenting the hilt of his drawn sword to Gen. Andrews said: "Having thoroughly defended this position as long as I deemed it necessary, I now surrender to you my sword, and with it this post and garrison." Gen. Andrews replied: "I return your sword as a proper compliment to the gallant Commander of such gallant troops—conduct that would be heroic in another cause." This last remark, stereotyped from General Bank's first demand of surrender, was properly rebuked by General Gardner's words as he returned his sword to the scabbard with an emphatic clang: "This is neither the time or place to discuss the cause."—*Col. P. F. DeGournay, in the Philadelphia Times.*

BONAPARTE LUCK.—I gave you recently an account (it was intentionally far from a full account) of the distress into which Prince Pierre Bonaparte's family had fallen. They are again on fortune's crested wave. Roland Bonaparte is to marry a daughter of Blanc, the farmer of the gaming tables of Baden and Monaco, who, besides the fortune to his children, left his widow $30,000,000. Roland Bonaparte is to marry her daughter. He has bought San Donato, Prince Demidoff's place, near Florence. The King of Italy, at Prince Napoleon's request has given him the title of Prince San Donato. The estate of San Donato contains 75 acres; the palace has a marble terrace and gilded dome; has stables for fifty horses; coach-houses for thirty carriages; a riding school; hot, temperate and cold green houses; orangeries; green houses of orchards; a conservatory four hundred yards long; pigeon shooting lawn; steam baths, Turkish baths, Russian baths; is lighted by gas; has lawns, lakes, bridges, islands, aviaries, grottos, swimming school of 1600 yards, orchards, olive groves, kitchen garden, vineyard, dairy. Mme. Blanc has paid $200,000 for it. The family of Roland are, of course, delighted. His sister will no longer try to get bread by sculpture, and he will no longer look forward eagerly to the $20 bank note which Prince Napoleon sent him occasionally.—*Paris Correspondent of the N. O. Picayune.*

A NEW BODIE INDUSTRY.—Over two years ago Louis Sammons, the veteran pioneer of Mono lake, sank in that extraordinary sheet of water the dead bodies of three native born sons of the forest with a view to their petrifaction. The other day he brought in one body to land and sawed off a portion of the scalp, which he left at the Grand Central Hotel in this city. It is just as fully a piece of petrified humanity as ever was seen. The remainder of the body was again committed to the turbid waters of the lake. Louis intends to let the bodies remain in the water six months longer at which time he expects a perfect petrifaction of the whole of them, one of which he will send to the Academy of Science at Philadelphia and another to the Medical Musuem at San Francisco. There is probably no better use that the Indians could be put to than immersion in Mono lake with a view to their petrifaction. Mono lake is capable of petrifying a million of aborigines, and we advise the immersion of a thousand squaws. Friend Sammons has struck the right business, and it is to be hoped that his first instalment of Indians may lead to a large demand from European countries. If it only takes three years to petrify, an immense future is in store for a company who will follow up the busines.—*Bodie Daily News.*

THE FIRST DUEL IN THE UNITED STATES.—The first duel in the United States was fought at Plymoth, Massachusetts, on the 18th of June 1621, between Edward Doty and Edward Leicester, two servants, both of whom were wounded. For this outrage they were sentenced to the punishment of having their hands and feet tied together, and of lying thus twenty-four hours without food or drink. After suffering, however, in that painful posture an hour, at their master's intercession and their own humble request, with the promise of amendment, they were released by the Governor.—*Portland, Maine, Press.*

WHY DR. TANNER IS FASTING.—Professor Hawk has endeavored to explain the motive of Dr. Tanner in fasting forty days. He has conversed a great deal with the Doctor. Professor Hawk says he holds that uncleanliness and impurity in the body, from which diseases spring, and on which it feeds, arise from two sources—excess of food taken over the body's need and debris of the worn out tissues of the body itself. The latter must exist while life lasts; the former may be cut off by fasting, and while abstaining from food, the proceas of nature are then more easily capable of freeing the system. Dr. Tanner thinks the cardinal error being over feeding, he means to show by fasting forty days that it is perfectly safe for others to fast four, five, six or ten days, and that they will derive benefit from so doing.

A little girl being asked what generosity was, answered "It's giving to the poor all the old stuff you don't want yourself."

Puget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

A Woman's Wisdom.

You blame me that I cannot love
As you can love, my friend;
You call me heartless—light of faith—
Because my fancies end!

Do not say it is not true;
Oh, no! your words are right;
But you who love, and I who laugh,
Which gains most in the fight?

And why, if you were seeking love,
Should you have turned to me?
I, who of all who meet your gaze
Have sworn inconstancy!

Go further yet, poor heart, and seek
For one who still can give;
Or, if your heartbreak prove too sharp.
Curse me, my friend—and live.

Yes! Once I cursed—and lived. Alas!
'Tis better far to die.
Hands meekly clasped and prayerful
Eyes upturned to the sky.

I loved too well—as you, my friend,
Are loving me this hour;
Such loves die hard, are cursed, we know,
With overwhelming power.

My love went out—as yours will do—
But after many years;
And in those years I was not glad,
And bitter were my tears.

My love was like your love, my friend—
It met with no return,
In spite of passionate appeal.
In spite of words that burn.

But you who love, and I who laugh,
May part at least in peace;
One day you'll thank me for my words,
One day your pain will cease.

—*N. Y. Mail.*

The Man Who Put Up at Gadsby's.

When my odd friend Riley and I were newspaper correspondents in Washington, in the winter of 67, we were coming down Pennsylvania avenue one night, near midnight, in a driving storm of snow, when the flash of a street lamp fell upon a man who was eagerly tearing along in the opposite direction. This man instantly stopped, and exclaimed,

"This is lucky! You are Mr. Riley, ain't you?"

Riley was the most self-possessed and solemnly deliberate person in the republic. He stopped, looked his man over from head to foot, and finally said,—

"I am Mr. Riley. Did you happen to be looking for me?"

"That's just what I was doing," said the man, joyously, "and it's the biggest luck in the world that I've found you. My name is Lykins. I'm one of the teachers of the high school—San Francisco. As soon as I heard the San Francisco postmastership was vacant: I made up my mind to get it,—and here I am."

"Yes," said Riley, slowly, "as you have remarked,.....Mr. Lykins .....here you are. And have you got it?"

"Well, not exactly *got* it, but the next thing to it. I've brought a petition, signed by the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and all the teachers, and by more than two hundred other people. Now I want you, if you'll be so good, to go around with me to the Pacific delegation, for I want to rush this thing through and get along home."

"If the matter is so pressing, you will prefer that we visit the delegation to-night," said Riley, in a voice which had nothing mocking in it—to an unaccustomed ear.

"O, to-night, by all means! I haven't any time to fool around. I want their promise before I go to bed—I ain't the talking kind, I'm the *doing* kind!"

"Yes.....you've come to the right place for that. When did you arrive?"

"Just an hour ago."

"When are you intending to leave?"

"For New York to-morrow evening—for San Francisco next morning."

"Just so.....What are you going to do to-morrow?"

"*Do!* Why I've got to go to the President with the petition and the delegation, and get the appointment, haven't I?"

"Yes.....very true.....that is correct. And then what?"

"Executive session of the Senate at 2 P. M.—got to get the appointment confirmed—I reckon you'll grant that?"

"Yes.....yes," said Riley, meditatively, "you are right again. Then you take the train for New York in the evening, and the steamer for San Francisco next morning?"

"That's it—that's the way I map it out."

Riley considered a while, and then said,—

"You couldn't stay.....a day..... well, say two days longer?"

"Bless your soul, no! It's not my style. I ain't a man to go fooling around—I'm a man that *does* things, I tell you."

The storm was raging, the thick snow blowing in gusts. Riley stood silent, apparently deep in a reverie, during a minute or more, then he looked up and said,—

"Have you ever heard about that man who put up at Gadsby's, once? .....But I see you haven't."

He backed Mr. Lykins against an iron fence, buttonholed him, fastened him with his eye, like the ancient mariner, and proceeded to unfold his narrative as placidly and peacefully as if we were all stretched comfortably in a blossomy summer meadow instead of being persecuted by a wintry midnight tempest.

"I will tell you about that man. It was in Jackson's time. Gadsby's was the principal hotel, then. Well, this man arrived from Tennessee about nine o'clock, one morning, with a black coachman and a splendid four-horse carriage and an elegant dog, which he was evidently fond and proud of; he drove up before Gadsby's and the clerk and the landlord and everybody rushed out to take charge of him, but he said, 'Never mind,' and jumped out and told the coachman to wait—said he hadn't time to take anything to eat, he only had a little claim against the government to collect, would run across the way, to the Treasury, and fetch the money, and then get right along back to Tennessee, for he was in considerable of a hurry.

"Well, about eleven o'clock that night he came back and ordered a bed and told them to put the horses up—said he would collect the claim in the morning. This was in January, you understand—January 1834—the 31 of January—Wednesday.

"Well, on the 5th of February, he sold the fine carriage, and bought a cheap second-hand one,—said it would would answer just as well to take the money home in, and he didn't care for style.

"On the 11th of August he sold a pair of the fine horses,—said he'd often thought a pair was better than four, to go over the rough mountain roads with where a body had to be careful about his driving,—and there wasn't so much of his claim but he could lug the money home with a pair easy enough.

"On the 13th of December he sold another horse,—said two warn't necessary to drag that old light vehicle with,—in fact, one could snatch it along faster than was absolutely necessary, now that it was good solid winter weather and the roads in splendid condition.

"On the seventeenth of February, 1835, he sold the old carriage and bought a cheap second-hand buggy—said a buggy was just the trick to skim along mushy, slushy early spring roads with, and he had always wanted to try a buggy on those mountain roads, anyway.

"On the 1st of August he sold the buggy and bought the remains of an old sulky—said he just wanted to see those green Tennesseeans stare and gawk when they saw him come a-ripping along in a sulky—didn't believe they'd ever heard of a sulky in their lives

"Well, on the 29th of August he sold his colored coachman—said he didn't need a coachman for a sulky—wouldn't be room enough for two in it anyway—and besides it wasn't every day that Providence sent a man a fool who was willing to pay nine hundred dollars for such a third-rate negro as that—been wanting to get rid of the creature for years, but didn't like to *throw* him away.

"Eighteen months later—that is to say, on the 15th of February, 1837—he sold the sulky and bought a saddle—said horse-back riding was what the doctor had always recommended *him* to take, and dog'd if he wanted to risk *his* neck going over those mountain roads on wheels in the dead of winter, not if he knew himself.

"On the 9th of April he sold the saddle—said he wasn't going to risk *his* life with any perishable saddle-girth that ever was made, over a rainy, miry April road, while he could ride bareback and know and feel he was safe—always *had* despised to ride on a saddle, anyway.

"On the 24th of April he sold his horse—said 'I'm just 57 to-day, hale and hearty—it would be a *pretty* howdy-do for me to be wasting such a trip as that and such weather as this, on a horse, when there ain't anything in the world so splendid as a tramp on foot through the fresh spring woods and over the cheery mountains, to a man that *is* a man, and I can make my dog carry my claim in a little bundle anyway, when it's collected. So to-morrow I'll be up bright and early, make my little old collection, and mosey off to Tennessee, on my own hind legs, with a rousing good-bye to Gadsby's.'

"On the 22d of June he sold his dog—said 'Dern a dog, anyway, where you're just starting off on a rattling bully pleasure-tramp through the summer woods and hills—perfect nuisance, chases the squirrels, barks at everything, goes a-capering and splattering around in the fords—man can't get any chance to reflect and enjoy nature—and I'd a blamed sight rather carry the claim myself, it's a mighty sight safer; a dog's mighty uncertain in a financial way—always noticed it—well, *good*-bye, boys—last call—I'm off for Tennessee with a good leg and a gay heart, early in the morning!'"

There was a pause and a silence,—except the noise of the wind and the pelting snow. Mr. Lykins said, impatiently,—

"Well?"

Riley said,—

"Well—that was thirty years ago,"

"Very well, very well—what of it?"

"I'm great friends with that old patriarch. He comes every evening to tell me good-bye. I saw him an hour ago—he's off for Tennessee early to-morrow morning, as usual; said he calculated to get his claim through and be off before night-owls like me have turned out of bed. The tears were in his eyes, he was so glad he was going to see his old Tennessee and his friends once more."

Another silent pause. The stranger broke it,—

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

"Well, for the *time* of night, and the *kind* of night, it seems to me the story was full long enough. But what's it all *for?*"

"O nothing in particular."

"Well, where's the point of it?"

"O, there isn't any particular point to it. Only if you are not in *too* much of a hurry to rush off to San Francisco with that postoffice appointment, Mr. Lykins, I'd advise you to '*put up at Gadsby's*' for a spell, and take it easy. Good-bye. *God* bless you!"

So saying, Riley blandly turned on his heel and left the astonished school teacher standing there, a musing and motionless snow image shining in the broad glow of the street lamp.

He never got that postoffice.—*Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad."*

"Invisible Fire."

An English gentleman discovered that the fame of electricity as a curative power had penetrated Persia.

While tarrying at Shiraz, on business connected with the overland telegraph, he was visited by a Persian noble. Having received a paralytic stroke in his left shoulder and arm, the nobleman came to inquire if the Englishman's fire (electricity) would not cure him.

He had heard that there were magicians in England, who cured all diseases by the aid of this fire? The Englishman, having moderated the Persian's expectations by remarking that the statement was an exaggeration, accompanied him to the office of the telegraph.

A powerful battery had just been prepared, and the officer in charge readily consented to operate upon the paralyzed arm. To the two poles of the battery a copper wire was attached, and at the extremity of each wire a dampened sponge. The Persian was instructed to tightly grasp one of the sponges in his paralyzed arm. Timidly complying, he was astonished to feel no sensation.

"Wait a moment," said the Englishman, clapping the other sponge on the man's shoulder. With a leap and a yell, he bounded out of the room, amid the uproarious laughter of the officials.

All Shiraz was excited, the next day, at the shock the nobleman had received. Though it effected a partial cure, the frightened man refused to submit to a second application of the "invisible fire." One shock was sufficient, for, he declared, all the stars of the heavens were visible to him in that awful moment.

He would visit the telegraph office and look with awe at the "fire" machines. Mournfully shaking his head, he would depart without uttering a word.

Another Persian, whose curiosity conquered his fear, while examining the telegraph, touched one of the terminals of the machine. As he felt no sensation, he laid his hand on the other terminal. A sudden yell and a backward jump were the result.

The man told his companions, in an awe-struck tone, that he had been bitten by the genii of the machine. The Englishman attempted to explain the operation, but his words did not disturb, in the least, the Persian's credulity.

Why We Butter Our Bread.—The layers of the wheat berry, as we proceed toward the center, become more and more completely starchy, and at the center but little else is found, and this portion makes our finest flour. The finer the flour the less fit it is for nutrition. In its natural state the wheat, with all its components present, is not fitted for perfect human development. There is a deficiency in the potential heat-producing materials, especially for cooler climates, there being only two per centum of fat in wheat. We instinctively supply this deficiency by the addition of fatty bodies. We spread butter upon bread, we mingle lard or butter with our buscuit or cake, and the fat meat and bread are taken alternatively or coincidentally. The starch, being a carbon hydrate, can afford, comparatively, but little heat in consumption, and the fats are demanded by the wants of the system.

To Destroy Worms on Rose Bushes.—One ounce fluid extract May apple root to one gallon rain water. Sprinkle the bush while the sun is shining on it. It is said by good authority that if the May apple root is gathered in sufficient quantity and boiled until strong enough, and used in the same way, it will effect the same purpose. It is also suggested that this preparation will kill the potato bug, cabbage moth and other insects that destroy vegetation.

Carbolic acid soap rubbed on the neck and legs of a horse will keep away flies. The strong odor of the soap drives them off. Take a dry cake of the soap and rub on after grooming. This will also give the animal's coat a fine polish.

Many persons who rake through another's character with a fine-tooth comb, to discover a fault, could find one with less trouble by going over their own character with a horse-rake.—*Whitehall Times.*

Then comes re-action; this cold gray hour of moral indignation; the breaking of a new day.—*Jet.*

Oh! Lu, How is Your Mother?

Once upon a time I had two young lady acquaintances, whom I met out in company, and I admired them extremely.

Soon after I called informally upon them, with a number of friends, and was again charmed by their wit and brilliancy. They returned my call very soon, and I received them alone. I made myself as agreeable as possible, and thought how pleasant they were, when, suddenly the truth dawned upon me—I was doing all the talking. I paused, looked at the elder, and awaited a witty remark, on my long dissertation.

She sweetly returned my gaze, and said so prettily, "Oh, yes!" It did not occur to me then that it did not apply, she was so very pretty. A pause ensued. I broached a topic which I thought possessed general interest, but—ah! me, another silence more unendurable than the first.

The younger broke the stillness by saying, enthusiastically, "Isn't this weather perfectly lovely?" "Yes," I answered, "this last week has been very fine."

But it flashed upon me the few days before had been what they would have termed "perfectly horrid." I was uncomfortable.

They, however, did not appear to notice, as their serenity remained unruffled. I never did succeed with the weather; my blunders thereon have been sadly numerous.

We exchanged calls for some time, and they remained the same, save when I met them in company, where, with the gentlemen, they were great favorites.

The question was, why were they so brilliant at times, and then so stupid. I arrived at a conclusion. The next time I called, I took a gentleman friend. They were all animation and I all observation.

Having a friend visiting me named H—, who was a thorough society girl, and equal to any conversational emergency, I confided in her, and we called upon my friends. I told her she was not to entertain them, only sustain her part of the conversation. Oh! that call! We tore the weather piece meal, wore it entirely thread bare, tossing it from one to another, until there was nothing left, but the storms and fair days of which we had not even a suspicion. If we did not mention every day since the creation, it was not our fault, but owing to our ignoronce.

But even that subject may be exhausted. A silence—long and deep—broken by a long sigh from me, which called a few laughing remarks from H—, but at a warning look from me she subsided.

I yawned, then tried to look as though I hadn't.

The silence had lasted about three minutes or more, when the voice of the elder sister "was heard in the land" in the most confidential tone I ever heard, with an expression of eagerness, satisfaction and a happy-thoughtity combined, inquiring, "Oh! Lu; how is your mother?"

My mother had called there about an hour before.

My friend H— had a severe coughing spell. We made our adieus immediately, and indulged in sarcasm and laughter about girls who can entertain only gentlemen.

We wickedly rehearsed the call for the "other girls," and now, when a pause occurs in the conversation, intentional or otherwise, some one is sure to inquire with great solicitude, "Oh, Lu! How is your mother?"

A general laugh ensues, and there are no more pauses.

I wonder how many readers know such girls.

Advice to the Girls.—First of all cultivate industrious habits; be willing to work, and try to do your work thoroughly. It is not enough to be busy; we must do our work well. To be thorough in study, to be thorough in all work, ought to be the aim of every girl, not less than every boy. Our methods of female education have encouraged superficiality rather than thoroughness; we have given our girls smatterings of many things, and mastery of few things. After thoroughness, independence. A habit of relying on your own judgment, a habit of thinking for yourself, and caring for yourself, not selfishly, but in a true womanly fashion—a habit of taking responsibility and bearing it bravely—is one of the habits that women as well as men need to cultivate. Your parents ought to give you some chance to form this habit; it is a great mistake to shield a girl from all care, and then, by and by, when the helpers on whom she has leaned fall by her side, to leave her with judgment untrained and powers undisciplined, to carry the burdens of life. A woman should have self-reliance as a man.

Where Her Bow Was.—Many Boston girls are learning to play the violin, which fact reminds the *Transcript* of an incident:

At one of the evening fiddling-schools, the "professor" asked one of the misses rather abruptly, "Where is your bow, Miss Rosinwell?" "Oh," she said, abstractedly, "he's waiting for me, outside, I guess." And then every drop of blood rushed into her face, and when she began to practice, her violin gave vent to cries as of one undergoing torture. If it felt all the indignation the young lady put into her work, the cries were all too mild in their heart-rending weirdness. She was just as mad as she could be.

Careless Farmers.

It is amazing to consider the extent to which losses are incurred on the one hand, and sales and occupations afforded on the other hand by the inexcusable carelessness of people who know better and ought to do better. The fastening of a well-bucket is deranged or a hoop is loose; but the thoughtless man or woman never notices the trouble until the bucket is dropped in the well or the bottom is out. Then time is lost, the family is inconvenienced, and perhaps a neighbor gets a job of work and the pay. The gate latch is out of order; no attention is paid to it; the hogs or cows get in; the yard is rooted up; the shrubbery is destroyed; the gardener is employed, and the nurseryman has an order. A tire is loose on the wheel; the wood is swiftly wearing away—a little care would set the matter right; no pains are taken; away on the road a wheel is crushed, and the wheelright has some employment. A shingle is out of place on the roof; one nail would mend the trouble; that nail isn't driven; the rain steals in, and soon the plasterer is paid to use trowel and brush. A bridle rein is weak; a bit is worn; nobody thinks of examining either; a horse is drawn to one side, or a horse runs away; a vehicle is broken—and a carriage-maker or blacksmith is profited, or perhaps a surgeon has a profitable engagement.

The water of a well is impure; those who use it complain, and no proper steps are taken; the family have serious sickness; the druggist sells his medicines, and the doctor gets his fees. In the same way the cellar is foul, and the mephitic gases escape through the floors; the blood is poisoned, and the fever rages; some suffer, some die; the physician has a harvest, and even the undertaker and sexton find employment. A stove chimney is in dangerous condition, people have eyes to see, but don't use them; the fire soon does its dreadful work, and carpenters and merchants have a good time. So of many—very many things.

Are you innocent of such neglect? There are far better and cheaper ways to give work and profit to others. By taking care of what you have you may become able to add other and more valuable things which you desire. This is true economy in paying proper attention to small as well as great things.

Profitable Hens.

Those who breed or expect to breed large numbers of fowls, says the *Land and Home*, want the most profitable variety. Parties who raise a few fine birds for pleasure rarely think of getting a profit from their pets. With farmers, however, who look on the prosy side, letting the poetic take care of itself, and demand a profit both in eggs and flesh, the question of breed is generally a secondary consideration. But in most cases it pays better to breed pure-bred fowls, for the simple reason that the extra fine ones, in point of markings, form, etc., can usually be disposed of at double the price, and often more than could be obtained in the open market if sold for food. This fact is well worth remembering, especially when we take into account the fact that pure-bred fowls are as profitable to raise for market as common ones. No particular breed combines the heaviest weights and greatest laying powers, though the famous Plymouth Rocks come nearer, perhaps, to a golden medium than any other. If our prime object is eggs, then the Leghorns noticeably the Brown variety, take general precedence, though but small-bodied and compact fowls. If you wish heavy weight, and don't care for the eggs, then the Brahmas and Cochin claim front rank, the Light Brahma heading the list. After all, care and proper management determine the profit, for all kinds of stock, whether fowls or cattle, must have plenty of the right kind of food and water to keep their machinery in motion and make use of all their powers.

What Makes the Wires Hum?—Most boys believe that the humming sound made by the telegraph wires is caused by the messages hurrying along to their destination; and most men believe that the sound is caused by the vibration of the wire in the wind. A writer in an Australian newspaper, however, calls attention to the fact that one who will give close observation to both the wires and the sounds will find that the latter make themselves obvious likewise when there is a total absence of wind; in a quiet morning in winter, when the wires appear to be covered with frost to the thickness of a finger, they nevertheless carry on lively vibrations and singing, while the air is totally quiet. According to this writer, therefore, the vibrations are due, not to the wind, but to changes of atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering of temperature induces a shortning of the wires extending over the whole length of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced on the supporting belis, thus inducing sound, both in the wires and the poles.

The Supervisor of the census at New York says the population of that city is between 1,300,000 and 1,500,000.

The Duke of Bedford's remissions to his agricultural tenants during the last eighteen months amount to over £100,000.

Plymouth, Massachusetts, gets $3,000 or $4,000 every year for the May flowers it sends to New York.

The Political Mrs. Grundy.

There are two familiar sayings the source of which is generally unknown. One is, "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed; and the other is, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" They are from two plays of Thomas Morton's, the first from "A Cure for the Heart-Ache, and the other from "Speed the Plough." The Mrs. Grundy saying is one that tersely expresses the motive by which action is controlled. There is a social Mrs. Grundy, and a religious and a political Mrs. Grundy, and it is always the fear of what that terrible lady may say which makes cowards of very estimable men.

In the beautiful and stately essay of Elia, "Blakesmoor in H——shire," Elia speaks of "that haunted room—in which old Mrs. Battle died—whereinto I have crept, but always in the daytime, with a passion of fear." But it is old Mrs. Grundy living of whom we are all in such mortal terror, and it is from the dire thought of hearing her voice that we creep about with a passion of fear. Men do the most unworthy and unexpected acts, and their only excuse and explanation is that they could not help themselves. But if you press them home upon so obscure an assertion to learn why they were unable, they own with a certain shame that it was fear of this awful being. "Who is the woman?" said the Turkish cadi when a complaint was laid before him, assuming that at the bottom of all trouble there was a woman. His assumption was justified by the oldest tradition in literature, the siege of Troy, at the bottom of which lay the beautiful Helen, and by the last incomprehensible political or social, or sectarian cowardice, at the bottom of which lies Mrs. Grundy.

The scholar in his study simply and naturally reaches conclusions that are not generally accepted. That is to say, the mass of those who have no time to think or study upon such subjects receive the common tradition about them, which is different from the conclusions of those who do think and study. The scholar's opinion is sincere, and founded upon apparently incontrovertible reasons. Loyalty to truth demands the dispersion of illusions that exhale from ignorance, and he is morally bound to speak. But his mouth is sealed. In vain he is chided by his own conscience and by conscientious friends. "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" is his terrified answer. In "society" it is the same. This tyrannical woman is omnipotent. The brave and generous wife proposes to Edward, whose salary is small, to take cheap and pleasant rooms in a pleasant street. "Good heavens! what will Mrs. Grundy say if we live in Y street?" Men go down to early graves or to the mad-house because of the struggle and despair to maintain a certain "style." To every remonstrance Edward has but one reply, "My dear, we live in Mrs. Grundy's world, and if we break her laws, what will Mrs. Grundy say?"

The attention of the Easy Chair has been attracted to this permanent and pervasive question by some recent events in the political world. Some conspicuous persons naturally decided to say what they thought, and to do what they felt that they ought to do, and when asked in blank dismay, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" they replied, pleasantly, that they did not care a—say, button—for what Mrs. Grundy might say. It was a position so unprecedented that to take it seemed to the church of Mrs. Grundy to be equivalent to attempting to subvert the moral laws of the universe. This is not surprising when it is considered that the political Mrs. Grundy is a very important personage. The social Mrs. Grundy's sneer may ban Edward and his wife as "those queer people," which is a form of the sentence of exile to the social Siberia. The religious Mrs. Grundy may brand the honest scholar as an "unbeliever." He may stoutly deny Mrs. Grundy's supremacy; yet it suffices to hurt his influence and career. The political Mrs. Grundy is very powerful. The man who does not mind her will or word is "recreant," "dishonorable," "sore," "silly," or "false." He merely follows his own conscience instead of her will; that is to say, he does merely what every honorable man ought to do, and the only comment is a scream of horror, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

Many of those who join the cry despise it, and very probably they despise themselves for swelling it. But it is the condition—or they think it to be the condition—of their personal and political advantage. Besides, Mrs. Grundy's "say" has a tremendous echo. It is constantly and infinitely repeated, and it is that reverberation which makes it terrible. A man might be very willing that one copy of one newspaper should call him a dirty dog, a thief, and a liar. But when he is called by these names in a hundred thousand copies of it every morning in the week, and hundreds of other newspapers repeat it, the millions of people who do not personally know him, and who are apt to believe what they constantly see, read every day that he is a dirty dog and a liar, a man naturally begins to count the cost, and asks himself whether he had not better keep his opinions to himself if this is the penalty of expressing them.

But the moment he yields and falls dumb, he helps to make the tyrannical Mrs. Grundy. Mrs. Grundy, in other words, is the creation of those who despise her. If those who really spurn the idol would but show their contempt for it, the stone would drop and be shivered in a moment. On the other hand, the enormous power of the political Mrs. Gundy is shown in the consternation with which contempt of her word is treated. There is nothing more ridiculous than the air with which those who themselves secretly hate her look upon those who quietly say so, as if they had causelessly committed hari-kari. Yet, we repeat, it is those who hate her who themselves make opposition to her will a kind of political suicide. "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" But what matters what she says, if her word is impotent? And impotent it is if every man who scorns it laughs at it instead of fears it. It is not courage which is most unfortunate in in this world, by any means. "For the first time in my life," said a distinguished public man recently, "I don't care what the political Mrs. Grundy says, and I never was so happy and light-hearted." Other distinguished public men—Webster, Clay, Calhoun—lacked the courage, asked with terror what Mrs. Grundy would say, and died broken-hearted.

Every man who defies this tyrannical old woman does a great public service. She is a kind of malign Diana, a triple Duesso of society, religion, and politics. Every man who helps to rivet her yoke is a public enemy. "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Let her say what she will, so long as the honest man asks only what honor and manliness say, and having heard, goes quietly on to make their word his deed.—EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A Lover of Shakspeare.

One of the most noted characters on the border twenty years ago was old Jim Bridger, of fort Bridger, in Utah. On one occasion he came to New York. He did not like the narrow down-town streets with high buildings on each side, and complained that he had once lost his way in "Dey Street Canyon," and been rescued with difficulty by the police. He liked the theaters, and expressed the utmost delight at a performance of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. He had no clear idea who Shakspeare was, but conceived and developed the most extravagant admiration for him.

Returning to the fort, he sold stock and supplies to emigrants and other travelers as in time past. One day a man wished to buy some oxen, and Jim said he could have any except one yoke, which he had made up his mind to keep at all hazards. In the morning a messenger came to say that the man wanted this yoke, and none other.

"He can't have 'em," said Jim. "There's no use talkin'."

"Well, he wants them, and is just a waitin' for them," said the messenger. "He's a settin' there, readin' a book called Shakspeare."

"Eh?" yelled Jim, jumping to his feet. "Did you say — Shakspeare? Here, ——you, give me my boots."

He ran to the corral.

"Stranger," said he, "jest give me that book, and take them oxen."

"Oh no," said the man. "I only brought the book to read on the way. I will give it to you."

"Stranger," said Jim, resolutely, "jest you take them oxen, and give me that book." And so the man did.

Jim hired a reader at fifty dollars per month, and listened to Shakspeare every evening. All went well, until one night, as the reader came to the proposed murder of the princes in the Tower, Jim sprang from his seat, with blazing eyes, and yelled, in thundertones, "Hold on there! Jest wait till I git my rifle, and I'll shoot the —— scoundrel!"

As one of his old "pards" justly remarked, a sincerer compliment was never paid to Shakspeare.—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A gentleman living a short distance out in the country, who has a telephone in the same circuit with several other instruments, has come to the conclusion that the system possesses many objectionable features. He heard that loud conversation near the transmitter could be heard by all other parties along the line. The other evening he had a quarrel with his better half near the "plaguey little talking machine." At the conclusion of the discussion, Mr. ——, remembering the distinctness with which the conversation must have been heard by the others in the circuit, explained through the telephone, as follows: "If any of you have been listening, let me explain that my dear wife and myself are practicing our parts in an amateur play."—*Troy Times*.

Queen Victoria's attitude at the recent drawing-room is described to a correspondent of *The North American* by a young lady presented to her. "I was very much disappointed," says this irreverent young lady; "she seemed so small and insignificant. She did not smile at all, but looked very cross. She did not take the slightest notice of me, beyond holding out her hand for me to kiss, nor say anything. My aunt had to courtesy as she passed the Queen, but she did not take any notice; but the Prince of Wales and the others spoke to aunt. I didn't like kissing her hand at all. I'm very glad it's over."

"Goods at half price," said the sign. "How much is that teapot?" asked the old lady who had been attracted by the announcement. "Fifty cents, mum." "I guess I'll take it, then," she said, throwing down a quarter. The dealer let her have the teapot, but took in his sign before another customer could come in.—*Boston Transcript*.

LOSSES IN FEEDING.—It is a well settled fact that a large per cent of the food of poorly bred stock is utterly wasted. Only well-bred stock of any kind have a good capacity for assimilating their food. When a given quantity of feed may with confidence be relied upon to make ten pounds of beef, pork, etc., when fed to well-bred stock, it is a fact of all experience that when fed to poorly-bred animals it will fall a large per cent short of that number of pounds. The difference, as already stated, lies in the widely different capacity to assimilate and digest. So it is seen that the laws of breeding lie at the bottom of the matter. Farmers and stock men, when considering the matter of stock on the farm, should consider whether it is their interest to be content with that class of low-bred stock which certainly results in farm waste; especially so when with a good animal they can soon bring up their stock to high grades. A good one at the head of the herd may cost a hundred or two dollars, but not half so much as the usual annual waste of food and time.—*Indiana Farmer*.

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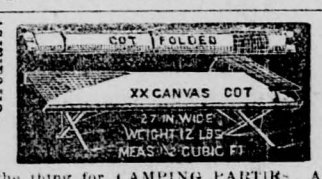

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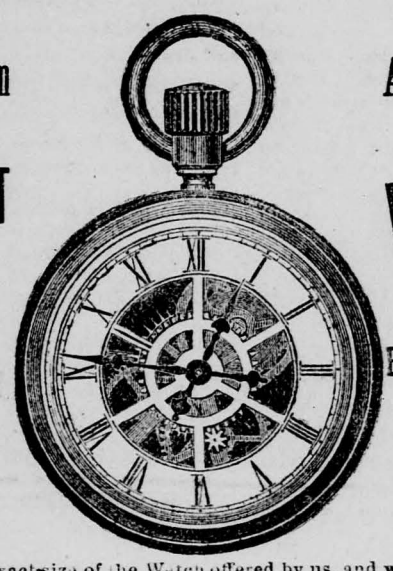
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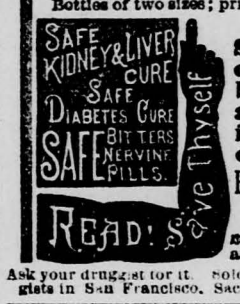

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National, State, City and County Bonds and Warrants, and other Securities, bought and sold.
Banking is a business that should be reciprocally beneficial to borrower and lender.
Favor and benevolence are not the attributes of good Banking; strict justice and a rigid performance of contracts are its proper foundation.
A good Banker is one who takes better care of other peoples money than his own.
A Prudent and Conservative Course is one of the first principles of successful Banking. This will be our policy.
Yours, very respectfully,
S. G. MURPHY, Cashier. R. H. McDONALD, President.

N. CURRY & BRO.
113 Sansome St., San Francisco,
Sole Agents for the

SHARPS RIFLE CO., OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
—FOR—
California, Oregon, Arizona, Nevada, Washington Territory and Idaho. Also Agents for W. W. Greener's Celebrated Wedgefast, Onozebore, Breech-loading Doublebarrels; and all kinds of Guns, Rifles and Pistols made by the Leading Manufacturers of England and America. Ammunition of all kinds in quantities to suit.

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

Puget Sound Dispatch.

BERIAH BROWN EDITOR.

SEATTLE, MONDAY, AUG. 16, 1880.

An Historic Name.

To the crowd who met him at the town of Hancock, Gen. Garfield spoke as follows:

Fellow Citizens:—You have a town here named after one of the framers and first signers of the Declaration of Independence. He signed his name in very big letters, and he helped to make a nation that we think should be spelled with a big initial letter; that name I have no doubt reflects a part of its glory upon the people of your town and all citizens of the Union and the sharers of the blessings of the nation which he helped to found.

This is a graceful tribute to one of the most distinguished names among the fathers and founders of this Republic; a name to be venerated so long as this Republic shall last. It reminds us at the same time that the grand-son of that illustrious statesman and patriot, who bears his name associated with that of one of the most illustrious Generals of the Republic, the hero of two wars, will in history bear a no less distinguished part in restoring the Republic than his great ancestor did in forming it. Mr. Garfield, however, perverts history when he says John Hancock "helped to make a nation." The immortal Declaration to which he gave his signature in such a bold hand, emphatically says:

"These United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which INDEPENDENT STATES may of right do."

If Mr. Garfield will examine the original enrolled Declaration signed by John Hancock, on file at Washington, he will see the words capitalized as in the above extract, evidently to emphasize the fact that it was the act of independent sovereign States, and not that of a consolidated government. The Revolution was in itself a conflict with nationality; a rebellion against national domination.—This idea was maintained by the Fathers of the Republic at every stage from the beginning of the war until the formation of the Union under the Constitution.—The Treaty of Peace with Great Britain, at the close of the Revolutionary war, recognized each State specifically as an independent sovereignty. The Articles of Confederation were of the same tenor. The Constitution which was established "in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity," utterly ignored the consolidation expressed by the term national. No such term was used. All the powers conferred upon the General Government were expressly delegated and specifically limited, applying only to general objects, all others being reserved to the States, or the people in whom the sovereignty was inherent. The Constitution expressly says:

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

No terms could be employed to more distinctly express the idea that sovereignty resided in the States respectively, and that the powers of the General Government were exclusively delegated, not sovereign. The form of the Government intended was expressed in the phrases: "Republic of Republics," and "Inseperable Union of indestructible States"—"*Esto Perpetua*," and in the motto: "*E Pluribus Unum*"—a union of many independent individualities, not a consolidated unity, but like the solar system, each star revolving in its own orbit around a common centre by a law of gravitation common to all and independent of each other. Under that system there never could have been any clashing or collision so long as the General Government confined itself within the limits of its charter and the States abstained from meddling with the affairs of others. The compact was perpetual in its terms, with no provision for its annulment, but by general consent. The exercise of [illegible] specifically delegated to it, was usurpation which it was not only the right but the duty of the States to resist; the attempt of a State to secede without the consent of its confederates, was a declaration of war—not insurrection or rebellion, for a State cannot commit treason.

From the organization of the Government there has been a party in the State hostile to the Republican system of confederate Union, and aiming at centralization and consolidation which would reduce the States to the colonial system and destroy the sole safe-guard of personal liberty which rests upon municipal independence. Mr. Garfield represents that party in his views when he uniformly speaks of the Government as the nation instead of the Union, and in his letter of acceptance sacrifices grammar to his political idea of consolidation: "*This* United States *is*," etc.

Winfield Scott Hancock is now writing his name in characters as bold as those of his distinguished ancestor, to a Declaration of the same intent and purpose—that the United States of America "are, and of right ought to be *Free and Independent States*;" that this Government is not a nation in any political sense, but a Union of sovereign States, the abode of Liberty, a refuge to the oppressed of all nations, who can exclaim when setting foot upon our soil: "Where Liberty dwells there is my country!"

It is no fault of Mr. Garfield that no such splendid historic associations cluster around his name; that he is of Hessian descent both on his father's and mother's side. His mother's maiden name was Stem. The family moved to New York State soon after the Revolutionary war, his grand-father having served in a Hessian regiment. The original name is Garield, but the "feld" has been Anglicized into "field." Hancock and Garfield each follow their several family instincts. It is a remarkable fact that the people of the United States have now, in the second century, to choose for President between a grandsson of one of its chief founders and a grandsson of a mercenary soldier employed by a tyrant King for their subjugation. We speak of this only as a curious historical fact, not as a reflection upon Mr. Garfield's character as an American citizen.

An Hired Advocate.

Mr. Carl Schurz is the recipient of unbounded praise from the party he serves and a reasonable amount of credit from the opposition, for his masterly speeches in behalf of the Republican party, in whose service he has been retained for pay from the time he first entered public life as an American citizen—never having volunteered a set speech as a tribute to patriotism or party, or for any other consideration than so much cash in hand paid, or a guarantee of payment. He is a politician by profession and an orator by calling, using his splendid gifts and studied acquirements at their highest market value to further his own fortunes. As an orator he is a success; as a miltary commander he proved an humiliating failure; as a diplomatist, utterly worthless; as a statesman, a fraud, especially in the management of Indian affairs.—His arguments, so far as they are based upon facts, are entitled to their full weight; but his unsupported *dictum* and brilliant rhetoric should be taken with the understanding that he is employed and paid to tickle the fancy of the people in order to pervert their understanding in the interest of a party.

In his reported speech in San Francisco, Mr. Schurz dwelt long and eloquently upon the acts and efforts of the present Administration towards propitiating the South, as an argument for the election of Mr. Garfield. But he scrupulously ignored the notorious fact that Mr. Hayes's so called "Southern policy" had very few supporters outside of the Democratic party and was bitterly assailed by nearly all the leading Republicans.

Another of Mr. Schurz main arguments—the two being the basis of the bulk of his discourse—was the civil service policy of the present Administration, as represented by Order No. 1, forbidding Federal appointmets. How does that fact redound to the credit of the Republican party in view of the fact that the President and three members of his Cabinet—Schurz, Sherman and Thompson—are at this very time away from their post of duty at Washington, doing party duty upon the stump? Again, how does Mr. Schurz reconcile the civil service reform claims which he sets up for his party [illegible] Arthur, who was removed from the Collectorship at New York by his own advice and consent as a member of the Cabinet, for the reason as expressed in the President's official letter—"With a deep sense of my obligations under the Constitution, I regard it as my plain duty to suspend you *in order that the office may be honestly administered*"—for which he and the President were snubbed in a very humiliating manner by the party?

All of Mr. Schurz "glittering generalities," when analyzed by facts and common sense, prove of a like unsubstantial character.

Candidates for Delegate.

An Olympia correspondent of the *Oregonian*, after mentioning among the innumerable Republican candidates for Delegate to Congress the names of Brents, Minor, Ballard and Allen, continues:

"In this connection I shall mention but one more name from among the many—that of my esteemed friend A. S. Abernethy, and I do so lest he should be left out in the race for no other reason than that he is too modest to make his claims known to the people. In good common sense, business capacity, industry, sobriety, manners and address—the qualification most requisite in a Delegate, he has no superior, if an equal, among his rivals. In addition to which he is an "old settler"—a pioneer, who has done his share in rescuing this Territory from the wilderness. His party would honor itself by honoring him."

There are very few, if any, within the large circle of Gov. Abernethy's acquaintance, who would not cheerfully endorse all that is said of him in the above extract; but the qualifications enumerated do not include those most likely to be successful in a Convention of the Republican party in Washington Territory. Either of the gentlemen before mentioned could beat the honest old Governor out of his boots in packing a caucus or manipulating a Convention. Whoever gets the nomination will have first promised a Federal appointment to each of a majority of the Delegates who voted for him. That is the way the thing is done, and that is the way the Governor can't do it. Either of the others could.

Such a Little One.

Carl Schurz rings to bear the full powers of his splendid rhetoric, not to disprove, but to belittle the charge of Garfield's connection with the Credit Mobelier of infamous notoriety. "Is there a sane man," says Mr. Schurz, "who, when candidly reviewing the charges made against James A. Garfield, will for a moment, believe that a public man of such qualities of mind and heart, of an ambition so honorable, would throw away his whole life, with all its prospects and all its usefulness, for the sum of $329?"

This argument is of a piece with the extenuating circumstance pleaded by the wet nurse in Maryatt's "Midshipman Easy," when rebuked for applying for a place for which she had not become qualified by lawful wedlock: "Please ma'am it was such a leetle one." Garfield's baby was "such a leetle one," but it was, nevertheless, as illegitimate and ill-begotten as if it had been the size of an elephant. The poor girl would probably have saved her reputation if she could have foreseen the consequences of her folly; and it is fair to presume that Garfield would not "throw away his whole life" for such a miserable little sum if he had dreamed that it would become a subject for Congressional investigation.

A STRAW.—At a Republican primary, held for the precinct of Duwamish on the 7th, for the purpose of electing Delegates to the Republican County Convention, a resolution endorsing Garfield was defeated by a vote of 20 to 31—a majority of 11 against Garfield in a meeting composed exclusively of citizens who had heretofore acted with the Republican party. Our Republican cotemporary publishes this fact with the comment: "Rather queer Republicans grow in Duwamish precinct." We have heard the opinion expressed by intelligent citizens, that a test vote on the Presidential question, if taken at the Republican primary recently held in this city, would have developed a result similar to that at the Duwamish meeting. Whether that is so or not, we know of very many influential Republicans in this community who publicly declare their preference for Hancock, and we believe that an avowed Garfield man cannot be elected [illegible] unless he has the elements of personal popularity with him in a remarkable degree and the Democrats lose the opportunity by their own mismanagement.

The population of the Territory is cosmopolitan, representing nearly every nationality and every State in the Union, and the people are comparatively free from the party trammels which restrain the expressions of those who have a voice in the Presidential election. Hence popular expression here may be taken as a fair index of popular sentiment in the States where the canvass is being made. From this token it may reasonably be inferred that the sentiment for Hancock is overwhelming.

Democratic Territorial Convention

After consultation personally and by correspondence with the members of the Territorial Committee, it has been determined to call a Convention of the Democracy of Washington Territory, to meet at KALAMA, on Wednesday, September 15, 1880, at 1 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Delegate in Congress, and candidates for Prosecuting Attorney in the several Judicial Districts. The following will be the representation of the several counties:

Cachalis	2	Pierce	5
Columbia	8	Spokane	4
Clallam	1	Stevens	2
Clarke	4	Snohomish	2
Cowlitz	3	Skamania	1
Island	2	San Juan	2
Jefferson	3	Thurston	6
King	8	Walla Walla	8
Kitsap	2	Wahkiakum	1
Klikitat	3	Whatcom	4
Lewis	3	Whitman	4
Mason	2	Yakima	3
Pacific	1		

L. B. NASH, Chairman.

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TEN INSTRUCTORS.

Boarding Department.

FALL TERM—Begins Wednesday, Sept. 1st, 1880. For admission or Catalogue apply to the President,

A. J. ANDERSON, A. M.
Seattle, W. T.

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SADDLES,
BRIDLES,
WHIPS, ETC.

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Miners' Pack Straps

ON HAND.

Repairing Neatly and Cheaply done. Everything marked down to PORTLAND PRICES.

J. FUSSELL, Manager.

Foot of Washington Street, in rear of Horton's Bank. *SEATTLE, W. T.*

Independent Candidate.

FOR

TREASURER

I hereby announce myself to the citizens of King County an Independent Candidate for Treasurer, and ask the support of their suffrages in the coming election.

I promise to do the best I can to secure my election, and if elected I promise faithfully to discharge the duties of the office.

G. F. FRYE.

Seattle, June 12, 1880. 30-2m

DENTISTRY.

DR J. C. GRASSE, DENTIST. OFFICE over L. P. Smith & Son's Jewellery Store, Sullivan's Block, Seattle. Also Agent for Chickering & Son's celebrated Pianos.

TO THE VOTERS OF KING COUNTY.

BELIEVING THAT PARTY POLITICS ought not to influence the Administration of Local affairs, and owing fealty to no party, untrammeled by personal or caucus dictation, having no other claims than my own fitness and equal righ with others to aspire to office; I hereby offer myself as a Candidate for the office of Sheriff of King County, and respectfully solicit your votes at the coming election.

Seattle, June 7th, 1880. [illegible] DAN.

S. & W. W. R. R.

SEATTLE TO RENTON

—AND—

NEWCASTLE.

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT CARS OF Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad will leave Seattle every day (Sundays excepted) at 7:30 A. M. and 2, P. M. Arrive at Renton at 8:30, A. M. and 3, P. M. Arrive at Newcastle at 9:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

RETURNING, leave Newcastle at 11 A. M. and 5 P. M. Arrive at Renton at 11:45 A. M. and 5 4:45 P. M. Arrive at Seattle at 1 P. M. and 7 P. M.

DEPOT, KING STREET, FOOT OF COMMERCIAL.

J. M. COLMAN, Genl Supt.

PONY SALOON.

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SULLIVAN'S BLOCK,

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JEWELLERS.

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Notarial and other seals made to order.

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"BOSS"

BEER!

STILL TAKES THE LEAD!

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THE NEW ENGLAND

Is eligibly located and its accommodations for families are unsurpassed. The house is newly built, is hard-nished throughout, has large and well furnished rooms and first class board, on the

European Plan

Can be had at moderate prices.

— IT IS —

The Best Hotel in the City.

L. C. HARMON,
Proprietr's.

For Tacoma, Steilacoom & Olympia

THE STANCH AND SEAWORTHY STEAMER

ZEPHYR

W. R. BALLARD, Master.

Carrying U. S. Mails and Wells, Fargo & Co's. Express,

WILL LEAVE SEATTLE EVERY Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7 A. M. and Sunday at 6 P. M., connecting with the Railroad at Tacoma.

nd119

Puget Sound Dispatch.

MONDAY.....AUGUST 16. 1880.

Local News.

Democratic County Convention.

At a meeting of the King county Democratic Committee held in Seattle. July 23, 1880, it was resolved that the primaries for the next County Convention be held in the respective precincts on Saturday, August 28, 1880, at the usual voting places, and that the County Convention be held at Seattle, Saturday, September 4, 1880, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating County officers and members of the Legislature, and electing Delegates to the Democratic Territorial Convention, and that the representation be one Delegate for each ten votes cast for Caton at the last general election, one for each fractional thereof, and one for each organized precinct, as follows.

Seattle	35	Duwamish	4
White River	6	Slaughter	4
Porter's Prairie	3	Green River	2
Squak	2	Tolt	2
Mox La Push	4	Newcastle	6
Samamish	2	Snoqualmie	2
Milton	4	Juanita	2
Duvals	2	Cedar River	2

All Democratic conservative, and other citizens of King county, irrespective of party political associations or differences, who can unite with us in an effort for pure, economical government, are cordially invited to join in sending Delegates to the Convention.

Judges of Election for Seattle 1st Ward. M. McAndrews; 2d Ward, M. R. Maddocks; 3d Ward, Moses Keiser.

The election for Delegates, in Seattle, will be by ballot.

ALBERT M. SNYDER,
Chairman.

S. F. COOMBS. Secretary.

Republican County Convention

The King County Republican Convention was called to order by Gard Kellogg, Chairman of County Committee, at Yesler's Hall, August 14, at 10 o'clock A. M.

On motion, Hon. L. P. Smith was elected Chairman and E. S. Ingraham and S. G. Benedict Secretaries.

On motion, G. A. Weed, K. C. Ward, G. W. Tibbetts, James McNaught and C. Burrett were appointed committee on credentials.

A. J. Anderson, I Ballard, J. A Smart, Ira Wooden and W. W. Perrigo, were appointed committee on permanent organization.

Convention took a recess tid 1 o'clock.

On reassembling, the report of the Committee on Credentials was read and adopted, except as to Duwamish Precinct, upon which there was a majority and minority report; the majority—Messrs. Weed, Ward and Tibbetts—reporting in favor of the Delegates elected by a minority of the precinct meeting; and Messrs. McNaught and Burrett in favor of the Delegates elected by the majority.

The report of the majority of the Committee was adopted by the remarkable proceeding of a vote by ayes and noes by ballot.

The Committee on Permanent organization recommended that the temporary officers be made the permanent officers of the convention. Adopted.

A resolution was adopted levying an entrance fee of one dollar for the campaign fund upon each candidate whose name should be presented to the Convention.

The Convention then proceeded to elect Delegates to the Territorial Convention to be held at Vancouver. Three printed tickets were presented, understood to represent severally, the candidacy for Delegate to Congress of Messrs. Ballard, Allen and Sparling. The Ballard ticket was elected as follows: George W. Tibbetts, Charles W. Young, W. A. Jennings, S. Baxter, George D. Hill, Irving Bailard, G.A. Weed, Kirk C. Ward, D. L. McCowan and W. H. Pumphrey.

The Convention then proceeded to the election of candidates for the several County offices, with the following result:

Councilman—A. S. Miller.

Representatives—L. P. Smith and Watson Allen.

Sheriff—L. V. Wyckoff.

Treasurer—George D. Hill.

Auditor—S. C. Harris.

Assessor—Edgar Bryan.

Probate Judge—I. M. Hall.

County Commissioners—Rob't. Abrams, C. M. VanDorn and J. M. Colman of Lake Washington.

School Superintendent—E. S. Ingraham.

County Surveyor—F. H. Whitworth.

Coroner—Dr. Hilton.

Wreckmaster—I. Waddell.

The voting was by ballot, and every candidate nominated with the exception of Messrs. Hall, Bryan, Whitworth and Waddell, was a Delegate in the Convention, a majority engaged in peddling their own tickets through the hall during the session; an exhibition we never before witnessed in a nominating convention, and hope we may never witness it again.

The following Delegates were appointed members of the Central Committee for the ensuing year: James McNaught, G. W. Tibbetts, C. M. VanDorn, W. A. Pumphrey, W. S. Dudley, C. W. Young and A. S. Miller.

On motion, Messrs. W. H. Pumphrey and D. B. Ward were appointed to act with an equal number from Kitsap, to select a joint candidate for Representative.

A resolution was passed endorsing the Chicago nomination.

The following candidates were nominated for the Seattle Precinct:

Justices of the Peace—L. Diller and G. L. Hatch.

Constables—H. A. Biglow and W. P. Smith.

A party of Government engineers from Portland, are expected here this evening, with instructions from the Department to examine the Snohomish, the Stilaguamish, the Skagit and the Nooksack rivers, with a view of ascertaining their needs for freer navigation, their commercial importance and their adaptability to improvement.

OLD PEOPLE.—The Salem correspondent of the *Standard* gives the following: One of the most interesting occurrences of a social nature took place at the Methodist parsonage yesterday. It was a party given by Rev. Mrs Dillon in honor of her venerable mother, Mrs. A. Plemondon; the guests numbered twenty-two, their nationality and ages summing up as follows: Mrs A. Plemondon, Canada, 84; Mrs. Elizabeth J Smith, (mother Tebritus Smith). New Hampshire, 94; Rev. J. Morcland, North Carolina, 75; Mrs. Sarah Berry, Kentucky, 75; Mrs. Sarah G. Kemp, Virginia, 75; Mrs Sarah G. Wade, Massachusetts. 75; Mrs. Margaret Parrish, Canada, 74; John C. Berry, Esq., Indiana, 73; Mrs. A. M. Bewley, Tennessee, 73; Mrs. M. A Watt, Ohio, 70; Mrs. Amanda P. Eddy, New York, 81; Hon. J. Quinn Thornton, Virginia, 70; Mrs. Thornton, Pennsylvania, 69; Mrs. Adelia Leslie, New York, 59; Mrs. Theresa Jeffreys, Tennessee, 65; Mr. A. Morland, Indiana, 68; Mr. E. Garrison, New York, 62. The united ages of the party was found to be 1,540 years, and the average age 74. After an elegant dinner they were grouped in front of the church, where they were photographed by Hugh Willis. The curious in statistics cannot fail to observe the majority of ladies—18 out of 22—which gives sufficient material for study, or at least reflection upon the comparative longevity of men and women.

PASSENGES BY S. S. CHESTER.—The following is a list of the passengers by the Chester, which left San Francisco on Tuesday last: Seattle—Mrs. G. W. Boyd, Mrs. M. Bucklin Mrs. Mary Spence and three children, Mrs. Lingtedt and daughter, Herman Fisher, P. G. Caldwell, Mary Hurley and daughter, Wm. Mears, A. McCrutchen, A. McCullum, John Stanmick, Mrs. M. Peebles, Mrs. E. Peebles, Capt. W. F. Webber, M. Simoson. Tacoma—T. B. Potter, wife, two daughters and son, L. Murr, Miss G. Crawford, C. C. Clarke and wife, W. H. Stombs.—Olympia—H. F. Morton, C. C. Dunn. Port Townsend—J. T. Seymore and wife, J. Brockway.

The Bureau.

Messrs. Plummer & Young have just received a Large and Fresh stock of Confectionery which arrived on the Idaho from San Francisco. This last invoice comprises many new varieties heretofore unknown in this City, and are very delicious. By same steamer was also received a new stock of all the favorite brands of Cigars, both Foreign and Domestic; also Cigarettes, Tobacco, Pipes, etc. The prices on these goods are put down at the lowest living rates, and the public are invited to test our sincerity in this matter as well as the quality of our goods. PLUMMER & YOUNG, corner Mill and Front sts.

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BREWERY.

AUGUST MEHLHORN, PROPRIETOR.

[SUCCESSOR TO M. SCHMIEG.]

The Best Beer always on Hand.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

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WINES AND LIQUORS.

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Domestic Wines,

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and Tobacco.

EXPORTERS OF

Wool, Hides, Furs, Grain,

Potatoes, Hops, Etc.

OFFER FOR SALE TO THE TRADE only, at Wholesale prices, to arrive per British Ship Golden Gate, now due from Liverpool to San Francisco, and other vessels to follow.

IN BOND OR DUTY PAID

100 Cases * Hennessy Brandy
20 Cases *** " "
100 Cases * Martel "
20 Cases Holland Red Case Gin
50 Cases Fine Old Tom Gin,
50 Casks Guinness' Porter, qts. and pts.,
50 Casks Bass' Pale Ale, in quarts and pints,
10 Octoves Fine Old Martell Brandy.
10 Octaves Fine Old Hennessy Brandy
5 Octaves Holland Gin,
Fine Old Port and Sherry Wines.

We also have constantly on hand a full line of fine OLD BOURBON WHISKIES and other Domestic liquors which we offer to the trade at San Francisco prices.

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DIRECT IMPORTATION

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HOME HOUSES.

We are the sole agents for the Pacific Coast of the

Celebrated Fair Oaks

Bourbon Whiskies,

UN-MEDICATED.

Imported by them direct from Eastern Distilleries thus avoiding the doctoring process of San Francisco cellars; are guaranteed pure, and offered to the trade in lots to suit, at lower prices than goods of a similar quality can be bought for elsewhere.

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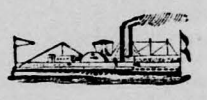
THE NEW STEAMER



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Easiest and Cheapest Route.

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(Successor to Geo. W. Harris & Co.)

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

DRUGS and MEDICINES.

ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR ATTENDED TO WITH PROMPTNESS AND DISPATCH.

We carry a full line of *TOILET* and other Articles usually kept in a First Class Drug Store.

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GROCERIES!

The largest and best selected stock on Puget Sound on hand, and for sale cheap for Cash.

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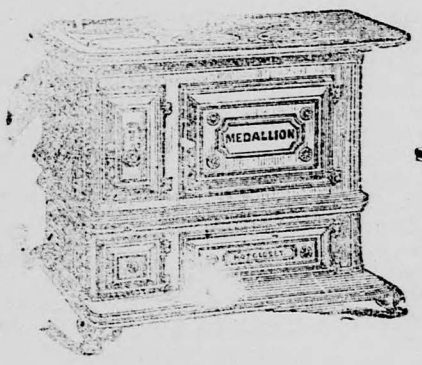

Sheet Copper
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Granite
Ironware,
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Etc.

MEDALION RANGE

—AND—

BUCK STOVE.

All JOB WORK pertaining to the business promptly attended to. Orders from abroad solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Commercial Street, Seattle, W. T.

STETSON & POST.

SEATTLE PLANING MILLS.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER

Rustic, Flooring, Casings, Gutters, Packing Boxes,

Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Shutters and doors

Finish of Every Description.

EASONED LUMBEB OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

The Baby's Bedtime.

This is the baby's bedtime,
Dimple-chin climbs on my knee,
With, "Muzzer, I's dest as s'eepy
An' tired as I tan be."
So I take up the dear little darling,
And undress the weary feet
That have been making, since daylight,
A music busy and sweet.

"Tell me a pity 'tory,"
She pleads in her sleepy way;
And I ask, as I cuddle and kiss her,
"What shall I tell you, pray?"
"Tell me,"—and then she pauses
To rub each sleepy eye,
"How ze big pid does to martet,
An' ze 'ittle pids all cry."

Then I tell, as I smooth the tangles
Ever at war with the comb,
How the big pig went to market,
And the wee ones staid at home,
And I count the pigs I tell of
On her rosy toes once more,
And she laughs at the "pitty 'tory"
As if never heard before.

Then I fold her hands together
Upon her breast, and she,
In her lisping, sleepy fashion,
Repeats her prayer with me.
Before it is ended, the blossoms
Of her eyes in slumber close,
But the words that are left unuttered
He who loves the children knows.

Then I lay the bright head on its pillow,
With a lingering good-night kiss,
Thinking how much God loved me,
To give me a child like this.
And I pray, as I turn from the bedside,
He will help me guide aright
The feet of the dear little darling
I leave in His care to-night.

—*Youth's Companion.*

John Conroy's Luck.

In the year 1849, John Conroy, who had been admitted to the bar in the State of Massachusetts, finding that his native town was pretty well stocked with lawyers, made up his mind that he would leave his home and seek his fortune in the South. He was a young man of good talents and great industry, but, being poor, had not the means to sustain himself till he could acquire a reputation in the profession that would yield him a requisite income. He therefore gathered his little store of money, and set out one cold winter day to seek some place to locate on the Mississippi river. At least, such was his intention. The most trifling circumstance, he remarked, often turns one's destiny for good or evil.

I had spent some little time in most of the towns along the Mississippi, and finding nothing that seemed to justify a young lawyer of Northern birth in living there, I finally arrived at Columbus, Tennessee, just eight months after I had left my home. It was here I met a gentleman who gave me a letter of introduction to a lawyer residing in Hickman, Kentucky, who he thought could assist me in my efforts to become established.

It was a bright morning that I mounted my horse, and with my letter safely stowed away in my saddle-bags, set out on my journey. I had ridden until late in the afternoon, and was somewhat weary, when the roofs of a small village, situated about a mile in advance of me, came invitingly before my vision. My tired horse must have discovered them about the same moment as his master, for he pricked up his ears and commenced to accelerate his pace. Turning from the highway and following a lane bordered with green sward, I made a short cut to the village street. But just before I reached the houses I met a short, puffy person on horseback, who was coming down the road.

"Good-day, sir," he said reining up his steed, which at a glance I saw was a thoroughbred. "Good-day, sir. Are you going to halt here, or do you go anywhere in the neighborhood of the Kentucky State line?"

Not being acquainted with the topography of the country, I could not answer his question directly, but told him I was going to Hickman.

"Ah," he returned, "that is all right. You'll have to pass my place, and perhaps put up there for the night. Now, sir, I would be obliged to you if you would do me a small favor. My name is Northup—Ellison Northup—and I live only some fifteen miles from Hickman."

"I shall be happy to oblige you, if in my power," I replied; "but permit me to ask you if you are in any way related to Lawyer Northup of Hickman?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "he is my brother."

"I am very happy to meet you, sir," I continued, for I bear a letter of introduction from Major Saunders, of Columbus, to your brother." And I immediately opened my saddle-bags and got out my letter, which I handed my new acquaintance to read.

"Old Saunders," he said, with a smile, as he finished reading it, and handed it back to me. "He is a good fellow. Is his nose as red as ever? I haven't seen him for a couple of years."

"I must confess," I replied, with a laugh, "that the major's nose is pretty fiery."

"He is an awful drinker," said Mr. Northup. "Few men can hold the night with him, and I never once remember having seen him at the bar."

"You astonish me," I replied. "I was at the hotel a week with him, and I never once remember having seen him at the bar."

"No, no," exclaimed Mr. Northup, "Saunders don't drink at a bar. He's a very peculiar man, very methodical; all his drinking is done at the club. But, really, I am detaining you. My object was to ask you to inform my daughter, whom you will find at home, that Jake has run away from me again, and I suppose has taken to the woods. Tell her, if you please, to inform Thompson, the overseer. No doubt he'll be sneaking around before I return."

"Run away?" I ventured to observe.

"Yes," replied Mr. Northup. "I was taking him up to Larkin's plantation to sell him, for he's no manner of use to me. So he managed to slip away soon after I arrived at the village yesterday"

Promising to attend to Mr. Northup's request, we bade each other good-by, and separated. After a good night's rest, I set out the following morning on my journey.

It was almost dusk when I rode up to Mr. Northup's mansion. A dozen or more hounds seemed determined to dispute my passage up the lane, and their barking had the effect of bringing Miss Northup to the front porch, where she welcomed me and received the message her father had sent.

"Jake is a bad fellow," she replied. "Papa has borne with his bad conduct for a long time, and he never had him punished until last week. The wretch cut out the tongue of one of our favorite hounds, and then papa ordered Thompson to whip him; and as Mr. Larkin was willing to buy him to work in his lumber mill, papa determined to sell him."

"He must be a bad fellow," I said.

"Indeed, you are quite correct," she answered. "But I knew he had escaped before you arrived, for he visited the quarters about daylight. Thompson only heard of it at noon, and started away with some neighbors in pursuit of him, and he has not yet returned. It's a wonder papa had not turned back; but now, that I recollect, he had some business at Cranch's creek. Did he say when he would return?"

"I think not," I replied.

During the evening we had a pleasant conversation, and I took occasion to inform Miss Northup of the object of my visit to Hickman."

"I dare say, uncle will be glad to see you, for he is really overworked with business. He took a young gentleman into his office a short time ago, but they couldn't get along at all; so they separated. Uncle is very forgetful and nervous; scarcely any one can manage to endure him, but he is a kind man at heart and very generous. Papa and he are so very different in temperament you wouldn't suppose they were brothers."

It was ten o'clock when I started to go to bed, and Miss Northup came up the stairs behind me, accompanied by her maid, who carried a couple of candles. On the upper landing I met an enormous black cat with green eyes, who crouched as if she intended to spring upon me. I am not superstitious nor inclined on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them, but a strange and unaccountable feeling crept over me as I stood in front of the animal with its glaring orbs and raised back. At a word from the girl, however, the cat glided down stairs and was lost to sight.

When I reached my chamber, Miss Northup remarked:

"Your door has a bolt on it, and I believe it is the only room in the house that is secured."

"Don't you lock your lower doors?" I asked.

She smiled and replied:

"We never think it necessary."

Musing on the strange custom which, by the by, I did not consider very safe, I went to bed and tried to sleep, but was unable to do so. Strange visions floated across my brain, and I lay twisting and turning in the bed, vainly desiring slumber. I heard the clock in the hall strike two, and then some chanticleer, perhaps as sleepless as myself, began to crow. As the voice of the rooster died away, there came a noise as of a person jumping from the window-sill to the floor, and then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the stairs. I got up quietly, and slipping on some of my clothes, seized one of my pistols.

Step by step the creaking noise came toward my door. I put my ear to the keyhole, and could hear the breathing of the villain. I stood motionless, the pistol grasped firmly in my hand. The step passed on and reached Miss Northup's door. I heard it open softly, and I also opened mine; the moon was shining almost as bright as day. Stepping softly along the entry, I slightly opened Miss Northup's door. No object was visible save the bed within, upon whose snow white sheets lay the intended victim of the assassin. I opened the door still wider, and saw Hannah, the maid, in a sound sleep on the floor, while in the further corner of the room stood a tall man, armed with a knife. He saw me, and was evidently in the act of making a spring upon me. My heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation, and I made a bound into the room, and Miss Northup started up with a scream; the villain made a spring for me and I fired, taking deliberate aim. The blood spouted from his mouth, and Jake fell his full length upon the floor, shot through the brain.

For an instant Miss Northup did not comprehend the situation, and implored me not to murder her. But the noise of the pistol aroused all the household and the truth was soon understood.

* * * * * *

Lawyer Northup and myself agreed very well indeed, and the reader will not be surprised to learn that I ultimately married his niece, whose life I certainly saved. I have now lived many years in Kentucky, but I keep up the old Northern custom of locking up my house when I go to bed.

Brought to Time.

There is no foolishness about some of the fathers of Dubuque county, Iowa, who have marriageable daughters, and they know how to precipitate business when the fruit is ripe for plucking and hangs, wasting its sweetness, when it should be plucked. Matters were brought to a climax with a rush at a certain farmer's residence in Vernon township, recently. A young tiller of the soil had for months been paying most assiduous attentions to one of his daughters, but he was such a bashful, modest chap, never having been much in the company of girls, except this one, that he had never been able to raise his courage sufficiently high to pop the question.

He had gone to the house in which the lady lived, at least on twenty different occasions, resolved to know his fate, but when ushered into the presence of the fair one, in whose keeping he had placed his heart, his courage would invariably "go back" on him, and he would return to his lonely room in greater suspense than before. Upon the evening in question he had determined that come what would, he would tell his Mary that he loved her. He would once for all decide the matter, but, as upon each former occasion, he could not get the proposal further than his throat. There it stuck, and he determined to gulp it down and give up the siege, when the door opened and in walked the girl's father, who advanced to where they were sitting and thus addressed them:

"I came out to put a stop to this foolishness. It ain't countin' expenses I'm lookin' at, for coal is cheap and wood can be had for the haulin', but I'm sick and tired of this billin', and cooin' like a pair of sick doves, keepin' me awake of nights, and it's got to be stopped right here. Do you love John Henry well enough to marry him?"

"Why, father, I—I—you must—"

"Stop that foolishin'" yelled the old man. "Answer yes or no, and quick too. It's got to be settled now or never"

"Well—but, father, don't you know—if you'll only wait, and—"

"Dry up; answer yes or no. Speak!" roared the old gent.

"Well, then, yes! There now," and Mary again hid her face.

"That's business; that's the way to talk. Now, John, look here—look up here, or I'll shake you all to pieces Do you want that gal o' mine for a wife? Speak out like a man now."

"Why, Mr. ——, ain't this rather—I mean can't you—"

"Speak it out, or out of this house you'll go head foremost. I won't wait a minute longer. There's the gal, and there ain't a likelier gal in the State, an' you just heard her say that she wanted you. Now, John, I won't stand a bit of foolin'. Once for all, yes or no?"

"Well, yes, sir. I have been presumptuous enough to hope that I—"

"Oh, stop your soft talk; the thing is settled now. You two fools would have been six months more at the job that I have done in five minutes. I never saw such foolin' as there is among young people nowadays. Ain't like when I was young—an' now, good night. You can talk the thing over, an' you an' me, John, 'll go up to town an' get the license to-morrow. Soon be time to get to plowin; no time for love-making then. Good night, good night; I hope I wasn't too rough, but I was determined to fix the thing one way or t'other," and the old man went back to bed.

Now that the ice was broken, the young people laid all their plans for the future, and John felt just a little bad at the comfort he had lost, when Mary looked up at him shyly, and said:

"This would have been all right months ago, John, if you hadn't been so skeery. I knowed all the time that you wanted to ask me, but it wasn't my place to say anything, you know."—*St. Louis Republican.*

Training of the Young.

There is a bent, a trend, a tendency in the nature of children, which should be taken into account in the culture of their minds and the choice of a pursuit in life. Sometimes it should be discouraged, for it does not always point to usefulness, honor and happiness. Just as the twig, etc. And in early years, even a bad tendency may be repressed or eradicated, which, left unchecked, will become a resistless flood, an ungovernable passion, a fatal power. But this natural force, inclination or propensity, when rightly guided, will be clear gain in the development of character, making a grand success.

It is better in the training of the young to rely more on cautious encouragement, than rough reproof and constant censure or fault-finding. The race is weary enough, and the toil up hill is hard enough, to justify all the help that parent and teacher can afford. Repression and scolding only irritate the soul, without aiding to its power. Often the brain is confused by a harsh word, and the mind is diverted from the point, when a smile and kindly remark would be a ray of sunlight guiding to the true answer. One of the marvels of human nature is that loving parents often abuse their children under a mistaken sense of duty.

Hens are very set in their notions.

Some Curious Facts About the Memory.

M. Delauney has made a communication to the Societe de Biologie respecting memory as studied under the various biological conditions. The inferior races of mankind, such as negroes, the Chinese, etc., have more memory than those of a higher type of civilization. Primitive races which were unacquainted with the art of writing had wonderful memories, and were for ages in the habit of handing down from one generation to another hymns as voluminous as the Bible. Prompters and professors of declamation know that women have more memory than men. French women will learn a foreign language quicker than their husbands. Youths have more memory than adults. It is well developed in children, attains its maximum about the 14th or 15th year, and then decreases. Feeble individuals of a lymphatic temperament have more memory than the strong. Students who obtain the prize for memory and recitation chiefly belong to the former class. Parisian students have also less memory than those who come from the provinces. At the Ecole Normale and other schools the pupils who have the best memory are not the most intelligent. The memory is more developed among the peasantry than among citizens and among the clergy than among the laity. The memory remains intact in diseases of the left side of the brain, and is much affected in those of the right, from which it may be inferred that the right side is more the seat of the faculty than the left. From a physiological point of view memory is diminished by overfeeding, by physical exercise and by education, in this sense, and that the illiterate have potentially more memory than those who know how to read and write. We remember, moreover, better in the morning than in the evening, in the summer than the winter, and better in warm than in cold climates. Memory is, therefore, to a certain extent, in inverse proportion to nutrition, and, more than that, it is in inverse porportion to evolution, since it is greatest in those individuals who are the least advanced from an evolution point of view—inferior races, women, children, the feeble, etc. In short, according to M. Delauney, there is an evolution of the memory, which is first sensorial, literal, then intelligent; but memory properly speaking, diminishes inversely as the evolution.—*Medical Press and Circular.*

Verona.

At the foot of the Alps, whose snowy tops rise prompt from a Lombard plain, sits Verona and washes her feet in the swift, cool waters of the Adige!

Here "Juliet" lived, and in a narrow street—quick with modern life—is shown the Capulet House, a lofty, narrow front, pierced by an arched portal reaching to an inner court, round which the mansion rests.

Over the arch of the inner portal is shown a carved cap on marble, the symbol of the family.

Shops in the front—stables and outhouses in the courts, and the poor, like rats, infest the upper rooms.

Yet we may believe that "Juliet" once on a time lived there, and that may be those lofty marble brackets—up there—upheld the balcony (now gone) to which glad Romeo climbed to reach his bride's arms.

Let us think so; and invest the place with the spirit of its past, and people it with its two heroes—its lovers!

Of all sweet stories what is sweeter than that of lovers?

Of all sad histories what compares to that of these fond, newly-mated lovers, who died in the first passion of consummated love, and whose dust has rested centuries in the tomb?

They show you the wonderful Roman arena of Augustus—like the Colosseum of Rome, but smaller—but, unlike that, it is almost as perfect as when finished.

They show you the tombs of their great families, the "Scaligers"—wondrously carved and mounted on columns! They show you aged churches—aged when "Juliet" lived. But of all Verona, there's nothing so stirs the emotions like "Juliet's" home.

In Verona the day was perfect; the air clear, warm and sunlit.

In Verona one feels as if they were very near to one of the hearts (or birthplaces) of one of the grandest passions that ever stirred the human heart—the epic-poem (if such there may be) of human love! The story of Romeo and Juliet!—F. S., in *Detroit Free Press.*

A society journal offered a prize the other day for a piece of poetry to be twenty lines in length without the letter "s" once occurring in it. Billy Jones sat up all night with his head in a linseed-meal poultice, pegging away like anything, and by daylight he actually pulled it off, and took the result round to Popsy for her opinion.

"You might improve it still," she said.

"How?"

"By leaving out all the other letters, too."

When at Miss Eleanor Sherman's wedding recently, the bride cut the cake, the fateful ring was found in the slice taken by her younger sister, Miss Rachael Sherman. It was a peculiarly bright and happy wedding. "Oh, yes," said the bridegroom joyously, when congratulated upon the charming sunny weather, "everything has gone right with us from the first."

Artic Indians.

The natives inhabiting the coast of Siberia, between Cape Shelagskol and the southern part of Behring Strait, are called Tchuktchis. The number is estimated to be about three thousand, including a nomadic tribe called Bein-Tchuktchis who subsist by keeping reindeer herds. These form a link between their brethren on the coast and the inland tribes of Siberia, to the latter of whom they dispose of their goods, consisting of seal and walrus hides, walrus teeth, etc., which they receive from the country population in exchange for reindeer hides.

The coast population live in villages numbering from three to twenty tents, spread along the coast as near the shore as possible, and at a few miles' distance from each other.

The Tchuktchis are divided into two sections, each with its respective chief. The eastern population have for their chief Menka, who resides at Markowa, on the Anadyr river. The western again are under the chief Amra Urgin, who resides in the vicinity of the Kolyma river.

The tent of the coast Tchuktchis consists of a peculiar and cleverly-constructed frame of wood, the material for which is obtained from drift-logs, with which the shore is plentifully strewed. This is covered with a number of seal and walrus hides carefully sewed together. Inside the tent, and right before the entrance, is a smaller cubiform tent, made of reindeer skins, and used as the sleeping chamber. During the cold season it is heated by blubber lamps. Even during severe cold the atmosphere within this tent is so heated that the natives who occupy it without distinction of sex or age, lie almost nude. The dimensions of the tent depend upon the number of the family. In each tent generally dwells only one family, in which are included the sisters and brothers of the married couple before they settle for themselves.

The Tchuktchis, the children of Nature in the Arctic regions, fostered among ice, snow and cold, familiarized with bloody scenes in the seal, whale and walrus hunt, without any of the influences of civilization, are, notwithstanding, a good-natured, friendly, hospitable and honest people. Although the Vega during the long winter was daily visited by at least twenty natives, it was only on two or three occasions that they were found guilty of dishonestly appropriating anything, and these thefts were of the most trifling description.

The Tchuktchis are a people of small stature, although among them may be found perfect giants; as, for instance, a woman, whom we saw, six feet three inches tall. Their complexion is sallow, the men's being usually darker than that of the women. Occasionally, however, one may see especially among the women, a complexion as fair and clear as that of the inhabitants of northern Europe. The eyes are black, and often set oblique like the Chinese. The hair, which is coal black, is worn by the men quite short, while the women allow it to grow freely, part it in the middle of the brow and wear it in plaits twelve to eighteen inches long, which hang down at each ear. They also wear a lock combed down and cut across, which covers half the forehead. The men also use a similar lock, and sometimes a long tuft at the crown of the head. This tuft is worn, so far as I could learn, only by chiefs.

Their clothing is made principally of reindeer skin and consists of a peek or blouse reaching to the knees, with an opening at the top just sufficient for the head to pass through. In addition the men have tight-fitting trousers of reindeer skin, which are tucked down into boots of the same material, the latter with soles of walrus hide. The women also wear trousers, but those are wide, ending immediately below the knee, where they are similarly tucked into the boots.

In the outer clothing the hairy side of the skin is always to the exterior, but, on the contrary, the hairy side of these articles worn next the body during the cold season is turned inward. A close-fitting hood of reindeer skin, and mittens of the same material complete their dress. In this costume they defy any kind of weather. Often so clad, night after night, even in the most severe cold, they pursue their seal-fishing miles away from the shore without any other protection from the icy winds.

The weapons of the Tchuktchis consist of a bow and arrows, a spear—which, like the arrows, has a point of iron or of bone—a knife and a kind of sling used for catching birds. The iron for the arrow and spearheads is obtained from the Americans and Russians in their bartering transactions. They themselves have no iron at their command, nor any knowledge of its working. To their hunting implements belongs the seal-net, made of fine-cut strips of seal-hide, netted with a three-inch mesh. With these the young seals are caught. The net is extended between two blocks of ice, and the seals are entangled in its meshes and become an easy prey to the hunters.

Do not make a pretense of gentility, nor parade the fact that you are a descendant of any notable family. You must pass for just what you are, and must stand on your merit.

Conkling hates Blaine, Blaine hates Sherman and Sherman hates Conkling.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

Fashion Notes.

Red grows more and more fashionable.

Parasol costumes are the last freak of fashion.

Red balayeuses are worn by girls and women of the period.

Handkerchief bows for the throat have gingham like borders.

Red makes a better accessory than a component part of a costume.

When the hair is dressed high, it is with a crown of Roman braids.

Almond and fawn colored homespuns and cheese cloths are in demand.

Black parasols are made very dressy with iridescent bead embroideries.

Jet or lace collars accompany every Parisian black costume of ceremony.

Small three-cornered kerchiefs trim the backs of many fashionable bonnets.

The most fashionable straw hat for gentlemen continues to be the Mackinaw.

The fashion of wearing ball pins to fasten bonnet strings has been revived.

Gold thread crops out in the handsomest bonnet and hat scarfing materials.

Whole aprons of artificial flowers will be worn on midsummer festival dresses.

Black continues to be the favorite street dress of fashionable American women.

Bodices are pointed in front, rounded on the hips and have postilion basques in the back.

Wash poplins and English homespuns, at very low prices, flood the dry goods market.

For ball and festival dresses the rule is decoration to profusion with artificial flowers.

Elbow and shoulder capes of black lace, chenille and fine, cut jet will be very fashionable.

Handkerchief suits, with umbrellas to match, are pretty, effective and inexpensive novelties.

Embroidery is preferred to lace for trimming young girls' white muslin dresses this summer.

Gingham umbrellas are considered the correct thing to wear with black suits in the morning.

Calico and percale suits, with umbrellas to match, are sold under the name of parasol costumes.

Square bows of gros grain ribbon made of three loops and one notched end, drape the sides of taffeta silk overskirts.

Some silly old women are wearing pretty white muslin parasol hats, such as young girls affect for lawn and garden parties.

Large resettes of white or pale tinted satin ribbon, with swinging loops joining one rosette to the other, are set on the back of white or tinted satin belts to form sash draperies.

Red peonies and yellow asters, sunflowers and chrysanthemums are the favorite flowers for race-course bouquets used on coachmen's hats, horses' bridles, tops of lanterns and carriage poles.

Hired Men.

When a farmer hires men to help him about the farm, he is unwise if he treats them badly in any way, as he needs their services quite as much as they need their wages. When we hear farmers complain of their hired help as disrespectful, dishonest, shirking, and teaching others to shirk, we can but think that the fault is not all on one side. There is much truth in the old proverb, "Like master, like man." Speak to your hired man as you speak to a dog, and if he does not sometimes growl he is above the average of humanity. Pinching him in his food is worse than screwing down wages. We must not expect full work on an empty stomach. One of these scrimping farmers once gave his hired men the soupbone for his dinner, and, hoping to make it relish, remarked: "The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat." "It may be so, sir," said one of the men, "but were you in our place, you would be more impressed with the thought, the nearer the bone the scarcer the meat." There can be no question that kind and generous treatment on the part of the master conduces to respect and faithful labor on the part of the man. We do not mean to imply that the farmer is wholly to blame, for the men are uneasy, being ambitious to better their condition, and especially desirous to be landlords themselves, and masters of other men. This is right, and should be encouraged, when men are capable of running a farm themselves. The truth is, however, the number of men who have the capacity to guide and govern other men is comparatively small. If there were more of them we should have less complaint from farmers and employers generally of trouble with help.

The diligent striving to accomplish any task worthily reveals new fields to conquer and protects us against self-sufficiency. The study of the lives of great and good men, the contemplation of nature's wonderful works, the search into her mysteries, the culture of the faculties—all tend to the same result. Whatever opens up new fields and higher views, whatever broadens our minds and deepens our thoughts, whatever raises our ideal of what we may be, also sobers our opinion of what we we are.

Wit and Humor.

Is it wrong to *take any one* in when it rains?

Can "the stich" be said to be a woman's ailment?

When a thing flashes upon a fellow, is he always struck by it?

Is it quite right to describe the marriage tie as a woman's bow ideal?

Can *alms* for the sick and wounded be said to be the contraband of war?

Should a common soldier, who has been in the ranks a long time, be afraid to meet an excise officer because he's a *private still?*

The house-fly, if in good health, can lay 20,000 eggs in a season. The Danbury *News* thinks it a pity a fly can't be grafted on a hen.

Long Branch has a beautiful beach, yet Brooklyn has a Beecher.—*New York News.* And it is hard to tell which is the most attractive to the ladies.

Said a new man at the cider press: "I shall be able to get along all right as soon as I get my hand in." But when he "got his hand in" and had two of the fingers mashed, he changed his mind.

"John," said a schoolmaster, "you will soon be a man, and you will have to do business—what do you suppose you will do when you have to write letters, unless you learn to spell better?" "Oh, sir, I shall put easy words in them."

Intelligent servant, Bridget, to caller: "Will ye kape still a minute while I look at ye? No, Misses hain't at home. She told me if a woman came with a wart on the end of her nose, to say she wan't at home; and there's no mistaking that wart."

Friend—"I say, when are you going to pay me that sovereign I lent you? Mind, I shan't ask you for it again." Impecunious—"You won't? Now, that's what I call real friendship. I say, haven't you such a thing as——" Creditor rushes off.—[Judy.

A victim of domestic infelicity, who is in the habit of dreaming, should never go to sleep in church. A congregation near Quincy, Ill., was somewhat startled last Sunday when a venerable member excitedly yelled, "Here, now, drop that skillet, old woman!"

"Our members of Congress ought to be arrested as counterfeiters," exclaimed old Colonel Bullet, as he threw down his paper. "Why so?" meekly asked his wife. "Because they're constantly getting up bad bills and passing 'em," answered the colonel.

"Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," remarked the man of quills. "A considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."

A man who wanted to see the rich proprietor of a large store, being told that he was "somewhere about among the clerks," asked, "How shall I distinguish him from the rest?" "By his shabby clothing; he is the worst dressed man in the lot," was the reply.

"Uncle, what is the hardest lesson you ever had to learn?" asked a young lady of a veteran statesman known for his strong prejudices. "That the man who differs with me, not only in opinions but in principles, may be as sincere and honest as I am," was the reply.

"Oh, yes," sobbed a boy to his mother, when he returned from a private interview with his father—"Oh, yes; you take great pains to make sis wear her hat when she goes out of doors, for fear she'll get tanned, but you don't care a bit how much pa tans me!"

The editor of the Wisconsin *Banner* says: "Wednesday's mail brought to us a letter addressed 'Rev.,' another the 'Hon.,' another 'Col.,' one 'Mr.,' and the last 'Esq.' On the way to dinner we accidentally stepped on a woman's trail, and she addressed us thus: 'You brute.'"

A correspondent asks us how dogs should be clipped. As this is the season when dogs are clipped, we give the recipe in full: First obtain a dog; then get a good large hickory club. Prepare your dog by tying him to a post, and then clip him over the head with the club about 500 times.

"Yes," said a fresh girl at a show, "I know my beau goes out between acts, but he's nice, and never drinks anything but a cup of coffee, because I can always smell it as plain as day, and I know the smell of coffee from beer or whisky, if I am a little bit green." It is a very happy thing for a young man to have a girl's confidence.

'Arry—"Phew!" (the weather was warm, and they had walked some distance) "Bring us a bottle o' champagne, waiter."

Waiter—"Yessir—dry, sir?"

'Arry—('aughtily, to put a stop to this familiarity at once).—"Never you mind whether we're dry or whether we ain't; bring the wine!"

Young lady—"Do you understand music, Mr. Jones!"

Jones—"Well, no, I do not; but I remember my music-master telling me when I was young that I would make an excellent musician if I could only learn."

Young lady—"Why didn't you learn?"

Jones—"Well, I suppose it was because I—I was so doosed stupid."

The Number Three.

When the world was created, says an old writer, we find land, water and sky; sun, moon and stars; Jonah was three days in the whale's belly; our Savior passed three days in the tomb; Peter denied the Savior thrice. There were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times. "Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego were secured from the flames of the furnace.

The Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope and charity—these three. Those famous dreams of the baker and butcher were to come to pass in three days. Elijah prostrated himself three times on the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the source of his strength. There are three conditions for man, the earth, heaven and *hades*. There is also the Holy Trinity.

In mythology there were three Graces. Cerberus with his three heads; Neptune holding his three-toothed staff; the oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod; and the nine Muses sprang from the three. In nature, we have male, female and offspring; morning, noon and night; trees group their leaves in three; there is a three-leaved clover. Every ninth wave is a grand swell. We have fish, flesh and fowl. The majority of mankind die at thirty-three. What could be done in mathematics without the triangle? Witness the power of the wedge; and in logic three premises are indispensable. It is common for three to be a lucky number.

A Suggestive Legend.

There is a terrible legend of Crim-Tartary, concerning a very massive and imposing edifice, which is also very ancient. It is so vast and impressive that traverlers are profoundly affected, especially those who come from countries where a certain number of persons are annually destroyed by burning theaters and falling buildings. One such traveler was gazing with admiration upon the edifice, in company with his Majesty the King of the country, and he could not restrain himself from saying:

"O King, what is the secret of the wonderful strength of this building, that it has neither tumbled down nor been burned up?"

But his Majesty the King of the country was coy, and forbore to answer. Being pressed more closely, however, at length he answered, "O stranger, its strength is a secret of the State."

The stranger was not dismayed, and after much entreaty, his pertinacty overcame the reluctance of the King, who finally said, with solemnity: "O stranger, when my ancestor began to build this temple, it was laid upon insecure foundations. Thereupon he sent for another builder, and said to him: 'The present corner-stone will be raised, and the present builder placed under it alive, and upon the stone laid upon the body, you will proceed to erect the wall. Should it be weak or insufficient, it will be taken down; the corner-stone again raised, you will be placed under it alive, the stone will be again laid, and the building proceed once more.' My ancestor said nothing further; and you now know, O stranger, the secret of these massive walls, and why this building does not tumble down."

The stranger, says the Crim-Tartar legend, went his way much meditating the marvelous government which was able to prevent flimsy building.—EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in *Harper's Magazine.*

The Antique Book Shops of Boston.

There is a great difference between the business of an ordinary book store, where new publications are sold, and that of the antique or second-hand bookshop. There is a rich, moldy, literary flavor about the old, worn and dusty books in the latter place which is lacking in the gaudily bound new volume just from the press of the publisher. Many Boston people, who have lived for a lifetime in this city, do not know what an extensive trade in old and second-hand books exists here. In Cornhill there are seven or eight antique book-shops, and at least two of prominence are found in other streets not far away. The traditional bookworm is not a stranger to the Cornhill book-shops. The dealers smile when they speak of an old clergyman who used to sit for hours gazing at the portrait of a famous early English divine in a well-thumbed volume of sermons, because he cherished the idea that he resembled the great man. The collector is not always a book-worm, nor the book-worm a collector. The collector is almost always a specialist, and values books not for "themselves alone," but simply for the material they contain bearing upon a certain subject. He browses around at antique book-shops and auction-rooms for whole days, without buying anything, but, when he finds a volume treating of his specialty, he must have it, cost what it may; and although as a rule he is a close buyer, often spending hours in haggling over the price of a book, yet, when a rival collector begins to bid against him for a precious tome, he will go to unheard-of lengths to secure the prize, not seldom paying more than the market price.—*Boston Herald.*

Mistakes and Prejudice of Religious and Temperance Journals.

Some good Religious and Temperance journals are making the mistake of declining to advertise a most valuable anti-intoxicating medicine, simply because it is called "Bitters," while the same journals are making a greater mistake by advertising some drunken whisky stuff, or nostrum, because it has some nice, fancy deceptive name ending with "eine," "tine," printed on its label, when the bottle is filled with destruction, drunkenness and death. If these good journals will take the trouble to ascertain how many overworked clergymen have had their lost nerve-force, brain-waste and flagging energies restored by the use of Hop Bitters, enabling them to perform their arduous pastoral duties and preach the good sermons that they would have been totally unable to do but for this valuable medicine, and did these journals but know of the host of good Christian Temperance women who rely on them for their family medicine, and how many invalid homes they could make happy and what glad tidings they would send to every neighborhood by publishing the merits of Hop Bitters, they would advertise them without money and without price. And did these journals but know how many have been, and may be saved from forming intemperate habits by doctors prescribing Hop Bitters, instead of beer, where the use of hops are needed, (there being more actual hop strength in one bottle of Hop Bitters than in a barrel of beer, without any of the intoxicating effects of beer,) they would lay aside their fear and prejudice against the word "bitters."

A few of the many witnesses from religious and temperance sources are given below, who use, recommend and advertise Hop Bitters.

The President and Manager of Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. is a veteran Temperance advocate and worker of forty-eight years' service; every man in the Company is an active Temperance worker, and the Company spends thousands of dollars annually in Temperance and Christian work.

WHAT THE RELIGIOUS PRESS SAYS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18, 1878.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN—We do not allow anything in the line of Bitters to enter our paper that contains alcohol, but we are satisfied that your Bitters are free from that ingredient. We feel responsible for the good or bad that may be done to the families of our subscribers that are affected by our advertisements. Therefore our discrimination in your favor, and we trust that our very low rates will meet your approval and that we may hear from you. "THE LIVING CHURCH."

Temperance clergymen, lawyers, ladies and doctors use Hop Bitters, as they do not intoxicate, but restore brain and nerve waste.—*Temperance Times, Brockport, N. Y.*

NOT A BEVERAGE.

They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with curative properties of the highest degree, containing no poisonous drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle contains more hops, that is, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every druggist in Rochester sells them, and the physicians prescribe them.—*Rochester Evening Express on Hop Bitters.*

We are not in the habit of making editorial mention of patent medicines, but in case of Hop Bitters, feel free to do so, because their merits deserve to be known.—*New York Independent.*

$500 Reward--Catarrh Cure.

Some people would rather be humbugged than to get "value received" for their money. Hence it is that such persons run after this and that pretended cure for catarrh, forgetting Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is so positive in its effects, that its former proprietor advertised it for years throughout the United States under a positive guarantee, offering $500 reward for an incurable case and was never called upon to pay this reward except in two cases. This remedy has acquired such a fame that a branch office has been established in London, England, to supply the foreign demand for it. Sold by druggists at 50 cents.

UNABLE TO BREATHE THROUGH NOSE.

PORTLANDVILLE, Iowa, March 11th, 1879.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:

Dear Sir—Some time ago I bought a Douche, some of your Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Golden Medical Discovery and commenced to use them. The aches and pains as well as sore throat and catarrh from which I have been for so long a time a sufferer, have entirely left me with their use. I feel like a new man as well as look like one. For four years I was unable to breathe through my nose. From the use of the Catarrh Remedy I can now do so freely. Your medicines I know to be all that they are represented. Long live Dr. Pierce and the gentlemen connected with him.

Gratefully yours, WATSON SMITH.

The Robertson Process

For working rebellious ores is remarkable for its simplicity and cheapness. No other method is known which so completely reduces rebellious gold and silver ores to the same condition as free milling ore. Parties who have the machinery for pulverizing and amalgamating can erect a suitable furnace for using the Robertson Process at a cost of from $1,000 to $1,500, according to capacity required. For full particulars address John A. Robertson, the patentee, P. O. box 552, Oakland, Cal.

An Unusual Record.

The life of Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester N. Y., was saved by the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, which now bears his name. What this wonderful remedy did for him it has done for thousands, and, we believe, will continue to do for those afflicted with kidney, liver and urinary troubles of any kind. If any reader has any organic trouble, this remedy will prove "a friend in need."

Mr. Waterman, of Duluth, was so exasperated by a corn that he took careful aim with a pistol and shot a bullet through it. The corn is gone, and so is most of the toe.

One Experience from Many.

I had been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! Long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—*The Mother.*

Lippincott's Gazeteer.

A new and revised edition of *Lippincott's Gazeteer of the World* has been issued by the publishers, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. The original edition has been so thoroughly recast, rewritten and enlarged as to give to the present publication almost the character of a new work. It is one of the completest, most comprehensive and exhaustive books extant. The range and variety of information contained within its 2,498 pages is simply marvelous.

Schoenhols Bros. & Co.,

110 and 112 Sixth St., corner of Mission, beg to notify their country patrons of their now complete line of Children's German Knit Hosiery in excellent quality and at lowest possible rates. They are also willing to send a price list to anybody desiring one, as also samples of Laces, Ribbons, Dress Goods, Silks, Satins, Fringes, Gimps, White Goods, Embroideries, etc., and invite all parties visiting the city to inspect their well-selected and cheap stock of all classes of dry goods.

Catarrh a Specialty.

J. A. Hunter, M. D., devotes special attention to diseases of the Head, Throat, and Chest, embracing Catarrh, Deafness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Heart Affections, etc. All letters of inquiry will receive attention. Office No. 321 Sutter street, San Francisco.

Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

Will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days' trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay.

Furniture.

New and second-hand at auction prices. H. Schellhaas', 11th St., Odd Fellows' Building, Oakland, Cal. Country orders promptly attended to.

Among the little items of personal comfort and economy are Ayer's Pills. They are the ready remedy which defeat many disorders, if taken in season, and should be kept in every family.

J. W. Shaeffer & Co., 321 and 323 Sacramento St., San Francisco, employ no drummers. Cigars sold very cheap.

ALL Photographs made at the New York Gallery No. 25 Third St., S. F., are guaranteed to be first-class. Prices to suit the times. J. H. PETERS & Co.

Cancers a Specialty without the knife or exciting pain. Mrs. Dr. Cook, 224 Post street, San Francisco.

National Surgical Institute (Western Division), 319 Bush St., S. F. Devoted to the treatment of Cripples, Piles, Fistula, &c. Send for circulars.

GARLAND'S VEGETABLE COUGH Drops, the greatest known remedy for all Throat and Lung Complaints. For sale by all druggists.

MONTGOMERY'S Temperance Hotel, 227 and 229 Second St., S. F. Board and Room per day, 75c to $1; per week $4 to $5. Six meal tickets, $1. Baggage to and from the Hotel free.

MANUFACTURER OF
OAK LEATHER BELTING AND LACING
L. P. Degen, 10 Fremont St., San Francisco.

W-S. CALIFORNIA BUCK OR GOAT Gloves, cheapest and best. W. Shires, 506 Market St., San Francisco. Send for price list.

H. N. COOK M'f'gr of Oak Tanned Leather and Hose, BELTING Belt Lacing, Mail, Express and Bullion Bags. Factory and office, 415 Market St., San Francisco.

A SURE CURE FOR PILES.

The **Arctic Pile Cure** will cure the worst cases of Blind, Bleeding, Internal, and Protruding Piles. It is undoubtedly the best remedy ever discovered. It removes all pain from the Piles instantly. It has cured persons who had been afflicted with Piles for ten years, when all other remedies had failed. Sold by all druggists. J. R. Gates & Co., Agents, No. 417 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

ART NOVELTIES.

A NEW LOT OF NOVELTIES JUST RECEIVED, comprising Easels, Frames, Engraved Mouldings, Satin-Lined Passe Partouts, etc.

SCHWAB & BREESE, 624 Market Street,
(Opposite Palace Hotel.)
ART GALLERY.....ADMISSION FREE.

Dr. D. McLennan, the world's greatest healer, cures cases that have baffled all other means. Cures guaranteed. Treatment sent by mail. Consultation free. Letters answered. Dr. D. McLennan's Magnetic Institute, No. 111 Geary St., above Dupont, S. F.

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

Is a certain cure for Nervous Debility; and all the evil effects of youthful follies and excesses. **DR. MINTIE** will agree to forfeit **Five Hundred Dollars** for a case of this kind the Vital Restorative (under his special advice and treatment) will not cure. Price, $3 a bottle; four times the quantity, $10. Sent to any address, Confidentially, by A. E. MINTIE, M. D., 11 Kearny St., San Francisco. Send for pamphlet.

Mail and Telegraph.

OMAHA, Aug. 7.—Bender made the following statement: My name is Alexander McGregor; was born in the State New York; lived there till I married my first wife; when I married I had one child called Wm. Houck, begotten in adultery; after being married two weeks John Bender, his son, was born; then I moved to Illinois, where Kate was born. Kate and John were good children, but ran away when 17 years old, and went to Kansas; my first wife died in Illinois with consumption; after two years I married my second wife; she had three children; her name was Nancy Peasly; the children all died; I had no children by my second wife. While living in Illinois I committed my first murder; the killed was a short, dark haired man; I sent him down cellar through a trap door. I got some money from him; buried him back of the house two rods; the old woman helped me bury him. Went to Independence, Iowa, worked on a farm at my trade (blacksmithing) there. After a while I went to Kansas—had heard from John and Kate and they wrote for me to come on. I went to Kansas to live with John and Kate, Maggie, his cousin, was there at the place called Bender's hotel. After being there a few days, I helped John to make a trap door the same as I had in Illinois. The first man killed wouldn't get on the trap door. He and Kate slept together, and she killed him with a butcher knife. She showed me the knife. I buried him near the house. The only man that I ever killed alone in Kansas was a peddler. I hit him on the back of the head with a stone hammer; hit him only once; got a good deal of money from him; don't know how much. I remember others that were killed. One man that John killed and put him under. The two little children, both girls, were buried alive. The children were seven or eight years old. The parents were killed the day before. I used to stand behind the curtain and push the trap door.—Kate and Maggie always went down in the cellar to cut the victims' throats. I often heard them whetting the knives.—John and Kate used to sleep together. Leander Smith was Kate's lover; Justice Grimshaw used to be Maggie's man. After leaving Kansas we went with the Indians. We thought this spring that we must go to Illinois to die. I started with the old woman, Kate, John, Maggie and four children. The old woman and I left them at Scuyler. They had the team, one bay and one gray horse, and an old wagon.

Sheriff Daniel M. Bender, from Kansas, has arrived at Fremont with a requisition. He dosen't know the Benders, and has never seen them before.

OSWEGO, Ks., Aug. 11.—The supposed Benders had a preliminary examination here to-day and were discharged.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 6.—The Grand Standard of the Knight Templars, about to leave for Chicago to attend the conclave of the order, was Consecrated today at Grace church with imposing ceremonies. The Knights, with the standard furled, marched to the door of the church, where they were met by the Rector, Rev. Dr. Platt, and a formal request preferred for consecration of the standard. The procession marched to the altar, where the usual ritual was performed, the Knights making several and general confession kneeling, followed by absolution. This was succeeded by the anthem "Venite Exultemus Domino" and the Doxology. The Rector then read a lesson for the occasion, followed by the "Te Deum Laudamus, Creed and Collects." After the hymn, "Soldiers of Christ, Arise," the Rector, descending from the pulpit, duly consecrated the banner with an address. "Gloria In Excelsis" was then rendered, and the Grand Commander received the standard from the Rector.—The Knights saluted it, and singing the "Recessonal Hymn," marched forth to the front of the church. An unusually large congregation gathered to witness the ceremony.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—The *Herald* interviewed Hancock yesterday regarding the omissions from his letter of acceptance of his views on free ships and revenue tariff. Hancock said: "I have very definite views, clear to my mind at least, upon both topics, and I trust upon others which concern the country's welfare. It was not without serious debate that I concluded they had no proper place in my letter. Two considerations prevailed, first, that a letter of acceptance was not the right medium through which to announce my final judgment upon any great question depending for its solution upon future legislation and careful executive review; and second, that I have no right to mar the present situation of the party by a set of expressions superfluous to the adopted Platform with which, as I said before, I am in full accord." The question of tariff and free ships were so interesting to Hancock that he did not refrain from private discussion of them, which was intensely interesting and at the same time most tantalizing to his listener, whom the General forbade to record a word of it. "No," said he, "I do not propose to supplement my letter of acceptance by any addendum. It is enough that I am cordially in line with the party and the campaign.

CHICAGO, August 9.—The *Times* this morning publishes a letter from Senator David Davis to a gentleman in Washington, in which he says: "The training and habits of my life naturally lead me to prefer civilians to soldiers for great civil trusts, but as parties are organized the voter must choose between the candidates or must stand aloof, indifferent or neutral, which no good citizen ought to do at a Presidential election. I have no hesitation in supporting Hancock for the best of reasons, because his election will put an end to sectional strife and sectional parties, and will revive patriotic sentiments all over the land which political leaders and factions for sinister ends have sought to prevent. There can be no permanent prosperity without pacification. Great as were the achievements of Gen. Hancock in the war, his conduct in peace, when in command of Louisiana and Texas in 1867 is still grander, and justly commend him to the confidence of the country. His letter to Gen. Sherman, recently brought to light, lists Gen. Hancock far above the past appreciation of his civil ability. It marks him as one of the wisest of his time, with a statesman grasp of mind and integrity of a patriot whom no sense of expediency could sever from his honest convictions."

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 6.—Gen. William O. Buttler died at Carrollton this morning, aged 89. He was an officer in the regular army in the war of 1812, was in the battle of New Orleans, was General in Chief of our army in Mexico, was candidate for Vice President on the ticket with Gen. Lewis Cass, and represented Kentucky in the Washington Peace Convention at the beginning of the war.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 10.—In the Democratic Gubernatorial State Convention to day George Washington, representing the State Credit Democracy, was elected temporary Chairman by a vote of 940 against 293 for D. L. Snodgrass.—Washington made a strong State credit speech denouncing repudiation. This sentiment was received with prolonged applause. Col. J. D. Tillman, State Credit Democrat, was elected permanent Chairman.

The Democrats of Rochester, N. Y., have organized a Hancock Temperance Club, with the following pledge: "We, the undersigned, do pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors until Hancock is elected President of the United States, but as soon as his election is certain beyond a doubt, we will have a big drunk." Several Democrats of unquestioned nerve have signed the pledge.

A Miner's Luck.

MOUNT VERNON, O., July 14.—A case coinciding with the romantic incidents narrated in the story of Enoch Arden has been brought to light in this country. Although the parties most interested have tried to keep the matter quiet, yet your correspondent has gleaned the facts of the case, which are as follows: In the month of February, 1854, Madison Robeson married Miss Hattie J. White of Howard township, this county, and lived happily with her for five years.—During the gold mining excitement of 1859 Robeson got the "fever" and left for the West to seek his fortune, his objective point being Pike's Peak. At first he wrote at regular intervals long and interesting letters, giving glowing descriptions of the country and his prospects; then his letters came less frequently and finally ceased to come at all. Years rolled by and nothing was heard of the derelict husband or his whereabouts.—His family concluded that he was dead, and had either met with some mining accident or had fallen a victim to the vengeance of the red man. Then a Philip Ray put in an appearance and sought Mrs. Robeson's hand in marriage. She finally consented, and after a lapse of fourteen years from the time her husband left, was married to Philander Marlow, and left with her new husband and her children for Iowa, where they purchased a small farm near Decorah and took up their residence there. Her second husband died two years after their removal to Iowa. Her sons have grown to manhood; one of them is married, and with his mother is still living on their little farm near Decorah. A few days ago a stranger arrived in this place, who proved, Enoch Arden like, to be the long-lost Robeson. From his brother-in-law, J. H. Milless, a business man here, he learned the whereabouts of his wife and her second marriage. Robeson tells a romantic story of his wanderings and adventures, and of his luck and ill luck. He says that after leaving this country he went directly to the Pike's Peak country and engaged in mining there, but after a short stay there left for California. There he was not successful and left for British Columba, but in a short time returned to California. From there he went to New Zealand with a mining chum, but meeting with bad luck, again returned to California. When he arrived in San Francisco he found a letter there for him from a former mining companion who had gone to Australia. He acceded to the requests of his old chum and left for Australia, where he resided for several years, was successful and accumulated several thousand dollars. He then determined to return to his country and to his family. Arriving in California he was led into unfortunate speculations and lost all the money he had saved in Australia. He then returned to mining, and worked for seven years in the mines in Nevada, Idaho and Wyoming. Two years ago, when the Leadville mining excitement broke out he left for that place and located and worked what proved to be rich claims. He now owns twenty residences in that city and runs a large hotel and livery stable, and is worth $300,000. He claims that he wrote several letters home, but received no answers, and concluding that his family was either dead or left the country, he ceased writing. He left yesterday for Iowa to see his family, make atonement for his conduct, and have them rejoin him and enjoy the luxuries attendant upon his large fortune.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Albert M. Snyder

ATTORNEY FOR U. S. CLAIMANTS,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS FOR OREGON AMD CALFORNIA.

NOTARY PUBLIC, COPYIST, Collector, Etc.

PREEMPTION ENTRIES MADE AND HOMESTEAD FINAL PROOF TAKEN FOR SETTLERS,

CONVEYANCING DONE, LOANS NEGOTIATED.

THREE MONTHS PAY,

Officers, Soldiers and Seamen of the Mexican War have been granted three months' extra pay by Congress. The Widows, Children, Brothers, and Sisters of deceased Soldiers and Sailors are entitled under the act. All such will do well to call on me and make application for the same.

Soldiers' Additional Homesteads.

Every soldier, sailor or marine who served for not less than 90 days in the Army or Navy of the United States "during the recent rebellion," and who was honorably discharged, if he has entered less than 160 acres of land under the provisions of the home tead law, is entitled to a certificate from the General Land Office, recognizing the right of the party to make additional entry to make up the full 160 acres. These claims are assignable by the use of two powers of attorney, and can be located on any surveyed land that is subject to original Homestead entry. That is, any surveyed land, whether $1. 5 or $2.50 land that is not mineral land. The right attaches, without settlement or improvement, at once on filing the scrip in any district land office, to the exclusion of any subsequent claim under any law. I have the official blanks furnished by the Government and can obtain them at short notice. Orders for certificates already issued taken by me, and can be furnished on deposit of money at the following rates; 120 acre-pieces, $3.85 per acre; 80-acre pieces, $3:75 per acre; 40 acre pieces, $4;38 per acre.

PENSIONS FOR OLD AND LATE WARS

Have greater facility to obtain and collect these claims than any other on the coast, having all the blanks, laws and late rulings of the Pension Office in hand.

INDIAN WAR CLAIMS, BOUNTIES, PRIZE MONEY, ARREARS OF PAY, TRAVEL PAY AND ALL CLAIMS AGAINST THE UNITED STATES, STATES AND TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENTS COLLECTED.

☞ Letters of inquiry must contain postage stamps for reply and address ALBERT M. SNYDER, Seattle, W. T.

Office—Mill Street, next Post Office.

Refers to Delegate T. H. Brents of W. T., Senators L. F. Grover, Jas. H. Slater and Representative John Whiteaker of Oregon.

WEEKLY

Puget Sound Dispatch.

BERIAH BROWN, Publisher.

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1.

SEATTLE, WASH. TERR'Y.

This Journal is now in its Eighth Volume and, as heretofore is devoted to the material prosperty of the Country in which it is located.

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