

Courier

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42.

Puget Sound Dispatch.
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THOMAS BURKE.....Probate Judge
LEWIS V. WYCKOFF.....Sheriff
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SEATTLE, W. T.
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SEATTLE, W. T.
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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.

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 CONDITIONS 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

The above sale is adjourned until Saturday the 11th day of September, A. D. 1880, at 10 o'clock a. m.
E. S. OSBORNE,
Administrator of the Estate of John H. Ryan, deceased. 42-1w

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.

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.
C. CRATER & F. G. BART, Proprietors.

R. T. FLYNN. **J. S. ANDERSON.**
FLYNN & ANDERSON.
ADELPHI SALOON.
Opposite Yesler's Hall, Seattle:

Thurlow Weed on Ingersoll.

The following letter from Mr. Weed appears in the New York Herald:

Men entertaining infidel opinions for the last twenty or more years, and until the appearance of Robert G. Ingersoll, have seldom obtruded themselves upon the public. There is nothing in the manner or matter of modern divines either to provoke or invite antagonism. Clergymen do not, as formerly, dwell and linger upon the dark features of theology. Nothing is now heard of the fate of "infants not a span long." The ministry of our day is a ministry of peace, charity and good will. This generation learns to love and serve rather than to dread and distrust our Creator and Saviour. Whatever grounds existed formerly to tempt scoffers and revilers, the religion of our time disarms and silences unprejudiced criticism.

Colonel Ingersoll, whom I know, has the reputation of being a gentleman of education, with a well stored mind and attractive personal manners, who speaks fluently and eloquently. A man thus gifted can do much good, but much more evil, according to the principles espoused and the line of conduct marked out for himself. Colonel Ingersoll, it seems, upon the entrance into active life, chose the left instead of the right pathway, and becomes a reviler of, instead of a believer in, a religion which has been making the world wiser, better and happier for almost nineteen centuries. Without questioning Colonel Ingersoll's sincerity or impugning his motives, I am persuaded that if half the time expended in fortifying himself with arguments had been devoted to an intelligent and impartial consideration of the evidences establishing its truth, the country would have had instead of a reviler a gifted follower of Him, whose missions, labors and character, viewed merely from a worldly standpoint, inspire admiration, affection and gratitude. Is it not, therefore, painful to see men richly endowed perverting their gifts, misusing their talents in presumptuous revilings and ribald jesting against a Creator and a Saviour from whom every earthly bounty and blessing emanates?

No act of the Saviour's life and no word He ever uttered has been or can be construed or tortured into hostility to the welfare and happiness of every member of the human family. Human laws are founded upon the Divine law. All that concerns our happiness here and hopes of happiness hereafter is derived from the Scriptures. On the other hand, what has infidelity done for us? Who profits by its teachings? After depriving its followers of their belief in a future, how does it compensate them?—What does it offer in exchange for a life of immortality? If, for example, Colonel Ingersoll should be summoned to the bedside of a dying friend or relative, what words of comfort or of hope could he offer? Of what service could he be to that stricken friend? Would he aggravate the sufferings of one whose last hours need soothing by telling him there was nothing but the cold, dark grave awaiting him?

This cruel theory is repelled not only by revelation but by the laws of Nature. Nature is instinct with evidences and confirmations of the truth of revelation. The vegetable and floral world only die to live again. The products of the earth live and die annually. The buried acorn reproduces the living oak. And yet infidelity insists that man, the image of the Creator, wonderfully endowed and gifted, under whose auspices the world has been enlightened, elevated and adorned, is after a brief existence to be as though he had never been. Contrast the labors of Voltaire and Paine with those of John Wesley. Can it be said with truth that the former two made any one better or happier? Hundreds of thousands of the followers of John Wesley have lived and died and other hundreds of thousands

survive, rejoicing in their conversion from a sinful to a Christian life. The memory of Wesley is everywhere cherished by the good and the pure, while Voltaire and Paine are only remembered for the evil rather than for good they did.

If it be urged that the promises of the Saviour have not all been realized, that sin still abounds, and that the world is as bad as ever, it may be answered that religion is working out its mission; that its bending influences are constantly extending, and that light is radiating into the darkest recesses of heathenism and idolatry. It requires no argument to demonstrate the fact that our race is improved by civilization, or that civilization owes its origin and progress to religion. To religious influences we are indebted for all the reforms which benefit society. Our Sunday schools were instituted in obedience to the divine command. In these schools children are taught, "without money and without price," all that concerns their present welfare and their future happiness. These intellectual nurseries have enriched and fertilized, and continue to enrich and fertilize every city, village, hamlet and household throughout the Christian world. If religion had done nothing more than to bless our race with the consecrating influence of Sunday schools, scoffers should be shamed into silence.

FIR LANDS.—In Western Oregon and Washington much of the lands, and particularly those that are now vacant and rated as cheap lands, is fir land—that is, fir is the natural growth of timber upon its surface. As we are very frequently inquired of as to their value, we, without giving the name, mention the fact that in this county one of our subscribers in forms us that he has this season harvested over 35 bushels of the finest wheat he ever saw from each acre on his farm; and that he got nearly three tons of clover from every acre. The land referred to has been in cultivation several years, and has never had other fertilizer except a half barrel of gypsum (land plaster) to the acre about every other year. There are millions of acres of this kind of land west of the Cascade range now subject to pre-emption and homestead, and the same amount that can be bought for from \$2 50 to \$10 per acre. —*Rural Spirit.*

A WITTY JEW.—During the fourteenth century, when the Hebrew race was undergoing one of those periodical persecutions which it has been subject to during the reign of events as recorded by history, since the birth of Moses, there lived in Ispahan an opulent Jewish merchant. Persecution, which always seeks a vulnerable point and never dares assail strength, fixed upon the rich Jew as a victim. The Cadi of Ispahan, from motives of jealousy and class prejudice, made matters so unpleasant for the Jew that in despair he went to him and said, "You will not allow me to live here: where shall I go?" "Go to Bagdad," replied the mufti. "But," responded the Hebrew, "your brother rules there." "Go to Ispahan, then." "But your uncle is chief magistrate there." "Go to Damascus, then." "But your nephew rules there." "Then, if my family will not allow you to live in this world, go to h—l." "Ah, me," replied the Jew; "you forget that your respected father is dead."

DEATH OF JUDGE NORMAN.—Many old Portlanders will doubtless remember Judge W. B. Norman, who was at one time engaged in business in this city. For several years Mr. Norman was proprietor of a general variety store at the corner of First and Washington streets. Judge Norman left Portland about seven years ago. As will be seen by the following dispatch, dated Stockton, California, Aug. 26th, published in one of the San Francisco exchanges, Judge Norman is dead: "Judge W. B. Norman died here at six this evening. He was a native of Mississippi, and one of the prominent

Democrats of this State. In 1856 he was elected State Senator from Calaveras, and he was twice elected County Judge of the same county. In March last he finished a four years' term as Port Warden at San Francisco. He was formerly Receiver of the land office at Stockton."—*Oregonian.*

The London News has printed reports of the actual expenditures of candidates for Parliament, both successful and unsuccessful, in the last general election.—The amount published as officially expended is £792,810 by 396 candidates.—As there are 652 members of the House, and half as many candidates again as members, it is probable that the expenses did not fall far short of a million and a half sterling. The official expenses of members of our Congress at any one election is not nearly so large; but our elections come oftener, and we have to bear the added expense of State, municipal and judicial elections, to say nothing of the great cost of Presidential elections every four years. It is doubtful whether the British people are worse off than those of the United States in the matter of election expenses; but they have nothing to boast on the score of party.

A young Mr. Cox is running for Congress in an Independent way in the Fourth District of Georgia. At a recent gathering of yeomen he declared his intentions in the following outburst: "If you see fit to send me to Congress I will go to the best of my ability. (Cheers.) I believe I would like to go. (Renewed cheers.) In fact I know I want to go. (Loud cheers.) I have heard that the salary is ample, and as I have a small family, I want to insist on its increase. (Cheers.) As I am fond of vindication I want to vindicate myself. It has been hurled at me like a thunderbolt that I am too young. In answer to this I say, first, I can't help it and it is not my fault. Second, I am trying to grow older every day. Third, I am succeeding. Fourth, I am afraid I will be much older than I am before I get to Congress." (Prolonged applause.)

School teacher, to little boy whose father is a liquor-seller. "Now, Johnny, if your father has a barrel of whiskey containing forty gallons, and one-fourth of it leaks out, how many gallons does he lose?" Johnny—"He don't lose none. He fills it up again with water right off."

Young George D—, having importuned his father for a horse, the indulgent father presented him with the ancient steed which for years had carried him about the city streets. A few days afterward the affectionate son interviewed his father and renewed his request, saying: "Father, can't you give me a horse a little nearer my own age, that would be more of a companion for me?"

An American girl who marries an Italian Marquis gets on very well until his serene highness begins to spend all her money and talk of "her father's shop-keeper." There she fires up and gives him a little Fourth of July.

President Hayes is frugal in his tastes, and it is said will retire from the White House with what many persons regard as a very handsome competency—enough, at least, to last him during the remainder of his life. A gentleman who knows all about the "ins and outs" of the White House, and the amount of money necessary to be spent by the President, says that the latter has been extremely economical, and has not spent to exceed \$10,000 or \$12,000 a year. As the salary of the office is \$50,000 per year, the President has been enabled to save between \$35,000 and \$40,000 each year. The gentleman who is authority for these figures says that President Hayes will retire from the White House about \$140,000 better off than when he entered. The Government pays for everything about the White House except the actual food, and the most of this is obtained through the Commissary Department at contract price.

Grammar in Rhyme.

I.
Three little words you often see
Are articles, an and the.

II.
A noun's the name of anything.
As school or garden, hoop or swing.

III.
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As, great, small, pretty, white or brown.

IV.
Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—
Her, his, his, your, my, and, and.

V.
Verbs tell of some-thing to be done—
To read, to eat, to sing, to laugh, to jump or run.

VI.
How things are done the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

VII.
Conjunctions join the words together,
As man and woman, with or whether.

VIII.
The preposition stands before
A noun, as in or through a door.

IX.
The interjections show surprise,
As oh how pretty, oh how wise.
The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

Egyptian Wedding Fetes.

We were invited "for sunset," and accordingly made our appearance at the bride's palace in Ismailia as the thousand colored lamps with which the streets in the neighborhood of the house had been decorated were being lighted. The effect was striking and elegant, for the delicate carved windows and portals, and the plentiful show of green and red flags, trimmed with gold tinsel, stood out in a hundred different shades of color. Guests were arriving fast, some in rumbling harem carriages, some on mule back, some on foot, and many brought a batch of female slaves as escort, to give themselves dignity withal. Needless to say that eunuchs abounded; indeed, we were all women and eunuchs, but not a man to be seen. A military band was stationed before the gates and awoke the echoes with barbaric strain, which appeared to have no little effect on the carriage horses and mules, for these pranced and reared in terrible fashion. The noisy, highly-scented, and many-colored throng pressed into the colonnaded court and swept up the broad staircase leading to the first floor. My companion and myself being the only two "Frangis" (Europeans) present excited no little remark among the guests, who, by the by, had by this time all thrown back their veils. Kindly looks, however, met us on all sides, and furtive glances, in which the innate politeness of the Oriental struggled with feminine curiosity. What a variety of feature was here to be seen! The delicate, thin-nosed, pale Circassian, the chocolate colored Egyptian, with the same distinctive type we find portrayed on tombs of forty centuries past, the coal-black Nubian with gigantic lips and receding forehead. As such a "fantasia" as this all are equal, the haughty "gem of the harem" being treated just the same as the lowliest of "darkies," neither better nor worse, so that the company lost no time in discussing precedents before sitting down to the dozens of little tables which stood in readiness for the marriage guests. These tables were carved brass trays, a yard or so across, and supported about eighteen inches from the ground on short legs. Six or eight women equated indiscriminately round each table, the feast consisting of a hundred "messes." The company numbered about eight hundred "daughters of Eve." Pilafs of mutton and rice, with more than a dash of garlic, sweet cakes of maize-flour and crushed dates, salt fish and dried fruit, formed the *pieces de resistance*, and these were all eaten with the fingers. We were supplied with knife and fork as Europeans, but scorned to make use of such absurd aids to eating, and fished for the tid-bits like our messmates. The eunuchs were incessant in the attentions, flitting about with finger glasses and food, and grinning good-naturedly the while. The best thing I tasted was a sweetmeat composed of camel's milk, honey, rice, burnt almonds and plums, while thirst was slaked by rather nasty sherbet and orange water. Champagne would have been preferable.

The heat and odor soon became oppressive, and it was with a feeling of relief we welcomed a slave come to fetch us to the private room of the bride—a mark of exceptional favor. We found the heroine of the day ready dressed and about to proceed to the "throne room"—the apartment, that is, where she shows herself in public. She really was a pretty girl, rather tall, not too fat, (the usual defect of harem women) most delightful figure, abundant dark-brown hair, with a touch of red in it, (a most unusual thing in Egypt,) and very small ears—altogether a very "love-awakening daughter," as an Arab would say. The color of the eyes I could not see, for it is in Egypt "good form" for the bride to appear overwhelmed with confusion and shyness at her terrible (?) position. The eyes must on no account be lifted from the ground; she is led about by her nurse—a functionary, by the by, who plays a prominent part at the wedding, and one whom it is the *harem's* interest to "tip" liberally—and two other attendants, while a couple of slaves fan her continually, to cool the burning blush-

es which are supposed to mantel her maiden cheek. "Selika," for that was her pretty name, was attired in the usual wedding robe of blood-red satin, richly embroidered with gold. A crown of gems was on her head, and jewels plentifully besprinkled her person, a perfect dew of diamonds. The procession was now formed, and this consisted of the bride and supporters, preceded by an old hag cracking jokes—a sort of female "fool"—and followed by a covey of young girls bearing lighted tapers, decorated with paper flowers. The usual howling women (professionals) brought up the rear. We passed into the throne-room—a handsome hall, at one end of which a raised dais was prepared for the bride. Selika on her throne, her eyes cast down, her lips half smiling, looked charming, as we told her afterward, much to her satisfaction apparently, for this time she really blushed, all the hard fanning notwithstanding.

Now began the formal presentation of gifts, and these, strange to say, all consisted of Cashmere shawls. I believe it is customary for relations and friends to agree beforehand as to the nature of presents to be offered. There were eighty-seven of these shawls, all of considerable value, while the best ones must have been worth \$1,200 to \$1,500 a-piece. Each shawl was in a kind of velvet portfolio, which, however went back to the donor. The head nurse called out the name of each donor as she opened the parcel. This part of the business lasted over an hour, during which time scented woods and spices were burned, and many pious things from the Koran repeated. Outside in the court performed the professional "fantasia" girls—young ladies more renowned for their dancing than their decency—their faces are "fardes," their blackened eyes gleam wickedly, their costume is rudimentary, save in the matter of jewels and bangles, their voice is strident, their gestures more suggestive than graceful. Although they are what the men would call a "sturdy set," and are never allowed within the harem walls, where all is, of course, strict propriety, but must give their questionable performances in the outer court. All this time the bride sat motionless and speechless, with down-cast eyes and modest mien, but when all the gifts had been displayed she was led back to her private room. As soon as she had left, her little sister Miriam, a shrimp of six, ordered a eunuch to fetch the money-bags, the contents of which she proceeded to hurl broadcast among the motley throng. Being a "swell" wedding, the coins consisted of silver piastres, with a fair sprinkling of gold pieces. The scramble which now ensued was one of the most vehement it is possible to imagine.

Picture to yourself eight hundred females—most of them fat and all dressed in the brightest of colors—plunging and rolling over one another, grabbing, tearing, and shrieking; the air cloudy with dust and with the smoke of incense. The scene is most extraordinary. The rich scramble, just as hard as the poor, for coins thus acquired are tremendously lucky, avert the evil eye, insure the possessor's health, and are altogether most desirable acquisitions. The eunuchs vainly endeavor to maintain order, and are at no pains to enforce their wishes with moderation, but elbow and shoulder about *con amore*. Suddenly arises a piercing shriek, every one for an instant stands still. A large muslin curtain has caught fire through the carelessness of two negroes who, in their determination each to possess herself of a gold piece, have pulled it—the curtain—down on to the flaring torches. The flames have already consumed the curtain and are blackening the ceiling. If the turmoil has been terrible before, it has been as nothing compared to the really infernal "hola hola" which now arises. Words utterly fail to portray the scene. As to the eunuchs, they take their staves and lay about them indiscriminately, and it is chiefly owing to the frantic exertions of these pitiable wretches that the whole place is not burned down. With singular unanimity and presence of mind they repair to the spot, freely walking over their fair charges, and in a few moments succeed in mastering the flames. A wedding is often enlivened by a fire, owing to every one's carelessness, so that the clever conduct of the eunuchs is quite explicable. The atmosphere had by this time become quite irrespirable, and we all trooped down to the court below, where sherbets and coffee were handed round. We soon afterward left.

So ended the first day of the wedding. On the morrow much the same thing occurs, save the guests meet this time in the house of the bridegroom. When all is over the nurse brings the bride, dressed in all her wedding garments, to the bridegroom's apartments, and there leaves her on a chair of state. The bridegroom, who has till this moment never cast eyes on his lady-love, now approaches, takes her hand and (doubtless with beating heart and a prey to deepest curiosity) lifts her veil. He then proceeds to divert her with his own hands of her blood-red robe and other "paraphernalia." He seats her on his couch, and, taking the hem of her long white robe in his hands, he kisses it, and kneeling, prays long, deeply and silently over it. He has now seen his wife, and can, if so minded, put her away—but this seldom happens. A crowd of "calling women," whose business it is by their cries of joy or sorrow to announce to those without whether the bride is accepted or no,

are awaiting without on the terrace, and are informed of the bridegroom's verdict.

Need I say that Abdul Aziz, Selika's husband, a handsome fellow of twenty-eight, who has traveled in Europe and knows his way about London, Paris and Vienna almost as well as he does in Cairo, returned a favorable answer? He would have been hard to please, indeed, had he done otherwise, and dear Selika was not "plucked" at the "exam." Fireworks and clashing bands of music proclaimed to the outer world that one of Cairo's belles was the accepted wife of one of Cairo's most "chic" cavaliers.

Sheldon, the Hermit.

Austin Sheldon, who has occupied a rocky cave in the forests of Lehman Township, Pike County, Pa., for more than thirty years, living without a companion of any kind, has become tired of leading a single life, and recently became enamored of a girl yet in her teens, who resides within a few miles of the hermit's abode. The hermit has frequently visited the girl's home, and the last time he was there he asked her parents to consent to their marriage. Of course they refused, and ordered the old hermit to make a hasty departure, and never trouble them again. Sheldon felt greatly injured, and has since been looking in other directions with a view to matrimony.

Sheldon's life had been a sad and checkered one. He was born in the village of Bradford, Ct., in 1806, and, consequently, is seventy-four years old. In his boyhood he learned the blacksmith's trade, and arriving at man's estate he mysteriously left home, came to Pike County, and purchased a few acres of wild, uncultivated, worthless land. Upon this land was a cave in which, with a few alterations, the old hermit has since made his abode. Disappointment in love is said to have been the cause of his leaving his home. His parents were well-to-do farmers, and it was not until a paragraph appeared in the *Times* a few years ago that they knew of Austin's whereabouts. A brother and sister came here and visited their long lost brother, and after staying with him in his cave over night, used every inducement to have him abandon his lonely and rocky habitation, and return with them to the home of his childhood, where he would be well cared for. He refused, stating that he preferred to die as he had lived—a hermit. They left him some clothing and money, and returned home. Sheldon has frequently received letters from his family since then, entreating him to abandon his wretched abode. A short time ago he partially concluded to do so, but becoming acquainted with the young girl above referred to, he gave up the idea altogether. Sheldon's dress and appearance has of late years improved, although he is a wretched-looking object yet.

His cave is only about twelve by fourteen feet, with a slab roof. His furniture consists of four blocks of wood for chairs, a box used as a table, a fireplace over which he does his cooking, and an old rickety rocking chair in which he sleeps. He has about an acre of land cleared, on which he grows a little corn and garden truck. What he grows and what is given to him by his neighbors keeps him. He is deaf as an adder, has been so for years, and persons who visit him occasionally, out of curiosity, converse with him by writing upon a slate, which the old hermit keeps for that purpose. He is intelligent and reads a great deal. The book he most loves is the Bible, which he has read through many times, and most of which he has committed to memory. He has had many hairbreadth escapes. A few years ago his cave was surrounded by the forest fires, and the old man came near being roasted alive. He once fell from the uppermost branches of a huge chestnut tree, breaking several ribs and otherwise crippling him, and he has frequently been found in his cave in a freezing condition. That he will eventually be found dead there is almost certain.—*N. Y. Times.*

GIRLS ON THE CARS.—"Many parents," observes the *Pittsburg (Pa.) Commercial*, "must be entirely ignorant of the manner in which their daughters conduct themselves on railroad trains, or they would put a stop to their carryings on. The young miss who flirts with the brakeman on entering the car, stalks with a stately air toward her seat, drops into it as though she were faint from overexertion, then stares at the passengers, throwing signs to such as she chooses to recognize, and on the first opportunity begins to giggle and chatter with some companion equally light-headed and frivolous—such a lady is in a fair way of encountering a wreck of some kind. She is inviting her own downfall! The girl who is modest and reserved in her demeanor—who is neither prudish on the one hand nor indecorously free on the other—who makes no effort to attract attention and encourages no advances in the way of love-making, will always be safe from annoyance and proof against scandal. It requires some strength of character on the part of young ladies to keep within the proper limits in regard to this matter, and if parents are not well-assured that their daughters are strong enough to travel alone they should either place them under a guardian or withdraw them altogether from the trains."

Gainsborough hats, ornamented with long plumes, are again fashionable for carriage use.

Cincinnati as Boston Sees It.

A correspondent of the *Boston Herald* thus writes of "the Queen City of the West":

This is the self-entitled "Paris of America," and it does resemble Paris—viewed through a smoked glass. Then, too, the inhabitants strongly resemble Parisians in their devotion to beer. Out of the 70,000 adult male citizens, 60,000 are engaged daily in carrying around 60,000 over-developed abdomens. You meet Falstaff's brother every three yards. When the big-bellied Cincinnati gets overheated, he doesn't betake himself to an ice-cream saloon, but to the nearest beer-garden, of which there is one to every 1,000 inhabitants. The beer momentarily cools him, while the low table at which he sits serves as a rest or brace to his forty-pound abdomen. After having rested this peculiarly Cincinnati malformation of the human form divine, the respected citizen goes out on the street and shouts "Oh, boy!" two or three times. Up runs a gamin, carrying a sort of German silver arrangement, containing boiled sausages. The respected citizen takes a boiled sausage and a bit of bread and slowly munches the delicious lunch. This is truly Parisian, and reminds one of the boulevards. Boiled sausages are eaten in Cincinnati when the mercury registers ninety degrees in the shade, and to the young man thinking of visiting the Paris of America, I would suggest that he should never escort a Cincinnati girl out of an evening without treating her to beer and boiled sausages. She would resent an ice as an insult to the native fruit of the Porkopolitan vine. When you are in Paris, you will, of course, do what the Parisiennes wish you to do.

The Cincinnati women, as in fact the women of the great corn-fed West in general, are well developed and look fully capable of nursing their own children, or of leading a hungry tramp by the ear down the front door steps. The women of the West are carnivorous animals, consuming much ham, pork and boiled sausage. I strolled through several of the large Cincinnati markets so as to get an idea of the popular subsistence. The market stalls were frequently kept by great sturdy women, who sharpened their knives with strength and unction. The purchasers were, perhaps, two thirds of them women, all carrying their market-baskets. They were all buying pig-pig in the van, cooked pig, smoked pig, ground, chewed and packed pig. Bologna sausages, hog's-head cheese, pork chops, bacon, etc., filled the baskets of these Cincinnati matrons and boarding-house keepers. The roasting beef is left for the Hebrew residents and such hotels as are patronized by fastidious Easterners. The people eat a great variety of vegetables, which, in part, counteract the grossness of the pig diet. In Cincinnati, however, I saw more hungry people than in Chicago, where even the tramps and beggars are well fed.

The smoke is another annoyance. Except for a few hours on Sunday, or after a thunder-shower or rain-storm, the air is filled with soot and smoke from the bituminous or soft coal universally used. A clean collar at 9 A. M. is unfit for an unclean tramp at noon.

Don't get out of bed in your stocking feet, for the soles of your hose will look as if you had been walking on the bottom of a charcoal wagon instead of upon a chamber carpet. Near the windows the carpet is always stained, as it is by the upsetting of an ink bottle. Still the ladies wear white, stiffly-starched skirts, as they do in even smokier Pittsburg. In Cincinnati you should never scratch or put your finger to your face. If you do, you will leave streaks of white, and disturb the somber monotony of your complexion. New England ladies who keep house in Cincinnati get desperately mad the first month, the second they meditate suicide, but the third they make up two dozen white skirts and go out on the promenade and help keep up the delusion (dear to the feminine heart) that they are clean people in a clean world. Up on the bluffs, and beyond in the noble suburbs, the air is clear, and cleanly housekeeping is as easy as in New England.

HOLLY SYSTEM OF STEAM HEATING.—The Holly system of steam heating is to be introduced in Lynn, Mass. A company has been organized, and they propose to lay a system of double street mains—one main of six to ten inch iron about 7,000 feet for power exclusively, in which will be carried a pressure of seventy-five pounds.

On this line will be running twenty-four engines, aggregating 1,200 horse power, and many smaller engines besides. The steam from these engines will exhaust into another main line alongside the first mentioned, and which will have extensions along the business and resident streets, in which will be carried steam at twenty pounds for heating purposes.

On this line will be about 15,000,000 cubic feet to be heated, and this will be done to a very large extent by the exhaust steam from the engines. The great economy of this system lies in the fact that the steam generated will do double duty. It will run all the machinery on the line, and the same steam will then be used to warm stores, offices, and dwellings.

The Lynn company is the first to construct and operate this double system on a large scale.

Buttonless gloves have the run of fashionable favor in Paris.

Captain Charles P. Smith.

The thrilling story of the heroic captain of the *Seawanbaka*, who stood bravely at the wheel, wrapped in flames, until his work was done, has been read in every household in the land, and has taken its place in the chronicles as among the greatest deeds of daring done by men. Few, even of the most courageous, would have faced a fate so terrible as that of being roasted alive. And yet with the almost certainty of such a death before him he never flinched, but remained in his burning cage until the fire had scorched his face and blistered his arms and shoulders. When at last his boat was safely beached he sprang, all ablaze, into the water below, and at the same instant the wheel-house crumbled and fell in ruins behind him. He was barely able to drag his exhausted body through the mud to the shore, and when found there he was utterly exhausted and quite unconscious.

To those who knew him well as a boatman, the gallant conduct of Captain Smith was not a surprise. An intimate associate and friend of thirty years—Captain Post, of Glen Cove—gave an interesting account of his career to a reporter of the *New York Sun*. "Charley," said he, "has been used to the water since he was big enough to dig clams and catch horse-feet. He knows the East River, top and bottom of it, and has piloted all manner of craft through it. He has run sail-boats, sloops, schooners, and ferry-boats, and all kinds of boats, big and little. His father was a boatman on the south side of the island, and went to Roslyn about the time Charley was born—say fifty years ago—to sail a sloop for William Hicks. Charley was brought up on the water. When he was only eighteen years old he piloted the sloop *Martha Ann*. Next he had charge of the sloop *Mary Kirby*, when he was about twenty years old. Then his father built another sloop, called the *Ruth T. Hicks*, and Charley piloted her. He has been familiar with the Sound and the East River from boyhood. That's how he knew just where to beach the *Seawanbaka*. He could not have picked out a better spot. Then Charley thought he would like to be a pilot on a ferry-boat, and Mr. Havemeyer gave him a position on the Grand Street ferry to Williamsburg. Next, through my influence and that of others, he got appointed pilot on the Fulton Ferry. But he joined the famous strike of the Fulton Ferry pilots about twenty years ago, and lost his place. He has two brothers who are now pilots on the Fulton Ferry. You see it's a family of pilots. His next place was as pilot of the tug-boat *J. S. Underhill*. When Mr. Somerindyke ran the steamboat *Long Island*, Charley Smith was pilot. In 1857 the boat ran on Execution Rock, or Success Rock, at Sands Point, but all of the 400 passengers got off safely, as it was broad daylight, and the pilot was not blamed. The boat sustained little damage, and Mr. Somerindyke kept him on. In 1861 or 1862, when I had charge of the big steamboat *Arrowsmith*, which was chartered to carry troops, I took Charley with me as pilot. I always had confidence in him as a man who would do the right thing in an emergency. He had a cool head and a steady hand. He was a man who could take a long watch when wanted."

"When the Long Island North Shore Freight and Transportation Company was formed, and the *Jesse Hoyt* was put on the Glen Cove line, Charley Smith was given the place of pilot. I thought he was the best man we could get. He knew his business, was a sober, steady man, and a reliable man when there was trouble. I have never known him to take a glass of liquor. When the company built the *Seawanbaka*, in 1866, Captain Smith was put in charge of her as pilot, and he has been there ever since. He was promoted to be captain about four years ago, when I left her. I have seen him many times in dangerous places with boats, and no matter how heavy the storm or how dense the fog, he could manage a boat well.

"He is married, and has three children, and lives very comfortably in Brooklyn. One of his brothers was lost in a schooner that went to Georgia for a load of lumber, and was never heard of afterward."

A purse of money is being raised in this city to be distributed among the officers and crew of the *Seawanbaka*, including the captain, in grateful recognition of their valuable services. The sum already amounts to \$3,500, and will doubtless be largely increased.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The very earliest specimens we possess of printing, by means of ink or any similar substance, is the Roman stamp, which is preserved in the British Museum. It is made of metal, a sort of Roman brass, the ground of which is covered with a green kind of verdigris rust, with which antique medals are usually covered. The letters rise up to the elevation of the exterior rim which surrounds it. Its dimensions are two inches long by one inch broad. At the back of it is a small ring for the finger, for the convenience of holding it. As no person of the name which is inscribed upon it is mentioned in Roman history he is supposed to have been a functionary of some Roman officer or private steward, who used the stamp to save himself the trouble of writing his name. A stamp somewhat similar, of the Greek character, is in the possession of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Compliments.

As long ago as 1670 compliments were described as a collation of sweetmeats to a banquet, pleasing the daintiest tastes, the quintessence of wit, the refiners of speech, the mind's fine exercise.

"Twas never merry world Since lovely feigning was called compliment. And Steele, who knew the world well, speaks with contempt and pity of those solemn expressions of respect and kindness which pass between men who perhaps never met before, suddenly devoted to each other's service and interest, infinitely and eternally obliged for no benefit, concerned and afflicted for no cause, and that hollow kind of conversation which, being complimentary, claims to be no real deceit; for words are like money, when the current value of them is understood no man is cheated by them.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO WENT WEST. —I was falling into a doze when a plain, farmer-looking man across the aisle poked me with his cane and said, "Been up in the West?" I told him that I had, almost to the land of Nod.

"SAVE THE CHILD."—An old lady, Margaret Muir, of Brooklyn, about 60 years of age, was picked up while floating in the water, holding high above her her infant grandchild, 15 months old.

The month of June, 1880, will long be memorable for its steamboat disasters. On the night of the 11th the Narragansett was burned and the Stonington crushed.

Pittsburg has had the wonderful growth of from 86,000 in 1870 to 153,000. Alleghany City jumps from 53,000 to 78,000. The two cities, which, for business purposes are but one, have a combined population, therefore, of 231,000, which would make it follow immediately after Cincinnati, as the ninth city in the Union.

Ladies' Party in Persia.

I had been invited by the wife of the chief banker of Shiraz to spend a day with her and a party of ladies at a village about five miles from the city. I was conducted into the presence of my hostess, and, after a grand ceremony of bowing and endless flowery speeches, we all sat down on very soft cushions, embroidered with gold thread (such a thing as a chair was not to be seen).

No Market.

There is, alas! no market for manuscript. Almost anything else will bring something. You can sell old iron, old clothes, broken furniture, muck heaps, refuse of any sort; but poems, essays, novels, criticisms, in their original form, are not marketable unless a publisher has approved and promised to use them.

A Striking Resemblance.

We once told a story of two Shakers down East who so nearly resembled one another in characteristics. Here is another somewhat like unto it—a story of two brothers, who were lawyers, and practicing in the same town—which is certainly worth telling.

A certain gentleman requiring legal assistance had been recommended to one of the two brothers, but had forgotten the Christian name of him he sought, so he called at the office of the first found and asked for Mr. Podger. "That is my name, sir."

"My dear man, that little vice is, unfortunately, characteristic of the pair of us; and I doubt if our best friends could tell you which was the worst."

A later hat than the "beef-eater" is the "bull-fighter's" hat. The brim is rolled up around the pyramidal crown, and the only trimming are two little clusters of raveled silk placed on the left side.

Reliable Testimony.

Where testimonies place the residence of the parties it is an easy matter for any person to verify them. Thousands of people from all parts of the Pacific Coast can and have expressed the opinion that there is no other article in the world equal to PHOSPHATE SOAP for common toilet use.

STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—GENTS: Having received your box of PHOSPHATE SOAP, and having used only one cake of SOAP out of the three, I am happy to say that it has completely cured my sore eyelids which was caused by the alkali dust in Idaho Territory, in 1877, and have seen sore ever since until I used PHOSPHATE SOAP.

A Suggestion to Summer Tourists.

A change of climate is at all times more or less dangerous. There are elements in a new atmosphere which are injurious, especially when the system is exhausted by care and overwork, and which should be guarded against.

The black raspberry is the shad among small fruits. Its disposition is so mean that it wishes every one of its seeds was a bone.

Guilty of Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters.

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.

Gray hairs are honorable, but few like them. Clothe them with the hues of youth by using Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Alexander the Great

Wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, but the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines who have found it necessary to establish a branch of the World's Dispensary at London, England, in order to supply from that great commercial emporium these remedial blessings to foreign countries, where they are largely in demand, do not share the great conqueror's sentiments, as their conquests are of disease and have made happy not only the conqueror but the people who employ them.

Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. Will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days' trial. Satisfactory cures guaranteed.

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

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. 45 Third St., S. F., are guaranteed to be first-class. Prices to suit the times. J. H. Peters & Co.



UNLIKE PILLS

And the usual Purgatives, Is Pleasant to Take, And will prove at once the most potent and harmless System Renovator and Cleanser that has yet been brought to public notice.

ELECTRIC BELTS

Bands and Appliances, for the cure of Nervous, Chronic and Special Diseases, can be procured from the PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., 513 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. Send for Free Pamphlet and The Electric Review, containing full particulars.

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 S. Bond 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. Dege, 10 Fremont St., San Francisco.

W-S. CALIFORNIA BUCK OR GOAT Skives, cheapest and best. W. S. Shires, 26 Market St., San Francisco. Send for price list.

Our WELL AUGER is the cheapest, borer the fastest. We are the oldest and largest firm in America. Send for our pictorial catalogue. UNITED STATES MFG CO., Chicago, Ill.

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

ST. MATTHEW'S HALL, SAN MATEO, CAL. A Classical and Military School for Boys. 14th Year. Prepares students for State University or Practical Business. Trinity Session commences July 24.

DO NOT FAIL to send for our Price List for 1881. Write to any address upon application. Contains a description of every thing required for personal or family use.

THE AUDINET, A NEW INVENTION THAT ENABLES the deaf to hear at church, concerts, theater, and all ordinary conversation. Send for Circular.

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY Is a certain cure for Nervous Debility, and all the evil effects of youthfulness, indigestion, and excess. 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. Confidentiality, by A. E. MINTIE, M. D., 11 Kearny St., San Francisco. Send for pamphlet.

C that Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window SHADES, Wall Papers, Cornices, etc. Can be purchased of HARTSHORN & McPHUN, 421 Market St., opp. Palace Hotel.

Warner's Safe Pills are an immediate stimulant for a Torpid Liver, and cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhoea, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and are useful at times in nearly all Diseases to cause a free and regular action of the Bowels.

Warner's Safe Nervine quickly gives Rest and Sleep to the suffering, cures Headache and Neuralgia, Prevents Epileptic Fits, and is the best remedy for Nervous Prostration brought on by excessive drinking, over-work, mental shocks and other causes.

Warner's Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere. H. H. WARNER & CO., Proprietors, Rochester, N. Y.

WAGONS. CALL AND SEE THE largest and finest stock of first-class EXPRESS, THROUGH, BRACE, GROCER and BUS- WAGONS, at the SANBORN WAGON DEPOT, 24 and 26 Sutter St., S. F. There are no Wagons equal to them.

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Get the Great Weekly SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

For the Entire Campaign from date till the 19th of November, ten days after the election, or send \$1.70

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Dealer in all kinds of new and second-hand ENGINES AND BOILERS, And other Machinery Bought and Sold J. HENDY, N. E. Cor. Mission and Fremont Sts., San Francisco.

Just the thing for CAMPING PARTIES. GILBERT & MOORE, Sole Agents, 18 and 20 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. Dealers in Furniture of every description.

CARRIAGES. H. M. BLACK & CO., Carriage Makers, 74 and 76 New Montgomery Street, one block from the Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

All kinds of Spring and Through-Trace Wagons, Express Wagons, stages, Soda and Butcher Wagons, Grocery, Livery and Surveyor's Wagons, etc.

SPECIFIC No. 28. In use 25 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration from over-work or other causes.

F. W. SPENCER Pianoforte Company.

Owing to the increasing demand for our Matted Spencer Pianos and Smith American Organs of Boston, we have greatly enlarged our place of business and now have one of the largest and finest stocks of instruments on the coast, including the Matted "Spencer Pianos" square and upright; also Steinway's, Knabe, Chickering, Emerson, Miller's, Broadbury's and other makers at low prices.

WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES

Warner's Safe Pills are an immediate stimulant for a Torpid Liver, and cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhoea, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and are useful at times in nearly all Diseases to cause a free and regular action of the Bowels.

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DEMOCRATIC AND People's Ticket FOR KING COUNTY.

In pursuance to the following call: "All Democratic, conservative and other citizens of King county, irrespective of party or 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." It is now announced that on Saturday, September 4th, 1880, the following "Democratic and People's Ticket" was unanimously placed in nomination:

- For Councilman, WILLIAM PICKERING. For House of Representatives, LUKE McREDMOND, Dr. A. S. HUGHES. For Auditor, ROBERT L. THORNE. For Treasurer, GEORGE F. FRYE. For Sheriff, JOHN T. JORDAN. For Probate Judge, THOMAS BURKE. For County Commissioners, CHAS. McDONALD, JAMES REGLEY, T. O'BRIEN. For County School Superintendent, Miss ANNA BEAN. For Assessor, H. H. SNOW. For Surveyor, F. H. WHITWORTH. For Coroner, T. S. RUSSELL.

SEATTLE PRECINCT.

- For Justices of the Peace, S. F. COOMBS, A. M. SNYDER. For Constables, JAMES WELCH, H. C. LUFF.

By order of Democratic County Committee of King County. W. H. WHITE, Chairman.

Party Sophistry.

The Oregonian is the recognized representative organ of the Republican party in the Pacific Northwest. It takes the lead of all other journals of its party in this section as an exponent of the principles and policy of its party. Yet we seek in vain in its editorial columns for the intelligence, the honesty and the patriotism requisite to commend any party to the popular support of any intelligent community. It rants, denounces, vituperates and falsifies after the manner of the most shallow demagogue, but never argues—never exhibits a sign of statesmanship or the least regard for historical facts; its appeals are exclusively directed to the ignorance and prejudice, instead of the intelligence and virtue of the people; and in that respect it is a fair representative of its party. The following is one of its characteristic paragraphs:

"The Seattle DISPATCH, whose editor never was able to find anything treasonable in what was done by Wade Hampton and his ilk, now discovers alarming evidence of the existence of a 'treasonable organization' in the society known as the 'Boys in Blue.' Of course one who never had any censure for Jeff. Davis, Hampton and Lee, and who looks upon them as model patriots, will naturally denounce General Grant for a 'traitor' because of his recent order to this 'treasonable organization' to arise and save the country from the Confederate Democracy. The Ethiopian can't change his skin, nor can an old Democrat brought up in the State supremacy school, whose Bourbonism is in grain, be anything else than what he is."

It is true that we "never was able to find anything treasonable in what was done by Wade Hampton and his ilk;" we have searched in vain through all the accepted publicists of ancient and modern times for any authority to characterize as treasonable acts committed under the authority of a recognized civil government, in accordance with the laws of war, by acknowledged belligerents. If what "Wade Hampton and his ilk" did in the attempt to achieve independence was treasonable, why was not one of them ever arraigned, tried and convicted of the crime? What authority has our Government to compound felony of such vast proportions and admit to citizenship an army of felons more in number than the original population of the United States? No one but an ignominious

or a political knave will characterize as treasonable a war begun, prosecuted and closed in strict conformity with the laws of war in every detail. We never, by thought, word or deed, countenanced secession, or gave aid or encouragement to the enemy while the war lasted; but we have no sympathy with the cowards and sneaks who seek to cast odium upon a brave and patriotic, though misguided people, who pledged their lives, their fortune and their sacred honor to a cause, which they had abundant reason to believe was their only hope of maintaining the rights guaranteed to them under the Constitution. Every State under the control of the Republican party had nullified the constitutional compact and endorsed the doctrine of secession before a single Southern State attempted to secede. If there was any treason, it was on the part of the party which nullified one of the conditions upon which the Union was formed while claiming the protection of the General Government, and not on the part of those who asserted their original sovereignty and tendered the wager of battle, as sovereign States, in defence of rights which had been repudiated by the party then in the control of the General Government.

The treason of General Grant, as Commander-in-Chief of the "Boys in Blue," is as manifest and pronounced as that of Aaron Burr, in organizing a secret armed and oath-bound league for purposes purely partisan or personal, to dominate or revolutionize the Government. Burr fought as bravely and as zealously for the independence of this country as did Grant for the maintenance of the Union, and was nearly as highly honored and trusted by the American people in his day and generation. His personal ambition made him a conspirator and a traitor to the Government which his genius and valor had helped to found. In view of admitted facts it is safe to conclude that Grant's ambition is less unhallowed? He is the acknowledged military commander of a secret armed league bound together for political purposes, under military drill and sworn to obey the orders of their military chief. What further proof, short of an overt act of treason, is necessary to convict him and his associates of treasonable designs? It cannot be accounted for upon any other hypothesis. Every secret political organization is treasonable to popular government, seeking by covert means to defeat the popular will, and when such organization is armed and drilled in military tactics, it evinces an unmistakable determination to seize by violence the power which cannot be achieved by fraud. Will the Oregonian, which is ever so prompt to deny, affirm and denounce, attempt to controvert the foregoing facts and their logical conclusions?

Hill Rampant.

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." Capt. George D. Hill, who has enjoyed the emoluments of two, and for a time three, lucrative positions, through public forbearance, for the past six years, now clamorously demands as a vested right what he has heretofore held by sufferance, and with a vindictiveness and violence "unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," denounces and vituperates all who question the validity of his pretensions, defying the law, repudiating the Court, and openly boasting of his power to control popular support in spite of the judicial decision against his legal right to hold the office, the benefits of which he has so long enjoyed, and to which he would have no further claim upon any reasonable grounds if there was no legal obstacle to his holding it. Instead of showing any sense of obligation for favors received, his denunciations are directed mainly against those who have heretofore uniformly supported him and hesitate now under judicial notice that he cannot hold the office but in violation of law; thus exhibiting the fact that his only sense of gratitude is for favors expected—not for favors received.

We believe that Capt. Hill greatly underestimates the virtue and intelligence of the people of King county when he assumes—as he does openly and defiantly—that a large majority of the popular vote will sustain him in violation of law, as positively declared from the bench by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory; that his popularity is so unbounded that the people are ready to follow him into rebellion in defying the laws and decisions of the Court.—Capt. Hill says he will give bonds and take an appeal to the Supreme Court of

the Territory against Chief Justice Greene's decision, relying for a reversal upon the fact that the associate Justices are party Republicans. He thus places as low an estimate upon judicial integrity as upon popular intelligence, and insults and outrages both. The law is perfectly clear. The Revised Statutes expressly forbid "any person belonging to the army" to holding "any civil office or appointment in any Territory." The only reason why Capt. Hill has been permitted to hold the office of Treasurer for nearly six years is because the case was never before brought before the Court for adjudication. Secretary McCrary, now a United States Judge, gave the same construction to the law that Judge Greene has, but said it was a matter for the Territorial Courts to adjudicate; and the only hope Capt Hill has for retaining the office, if re-elected, is by turning the Supreme Court into a party caucus and subordinating the law to party purposes. No sane man believes he could do anything of the kind with the present bench. Three times the voters of King county, by favor to Capt. Hill, have elected him to the most responsible office in the county, with the chances of his being ordered to other duty at any moment, and with the knowledge that his official bond was utterly worthless so long as he holds the office in violation of law. This is not a personal matter, as Capt. Hill would make it, but a matter of law and public policy.

Democratic Nominations.

The Democratic County Convention so immediately preceded the time of our regular issue as to allow us short time and small space for extended comments. We must say, however, that we never witnessed a party convention less under the influence of partisan feeling, and the result exemplified the honesty and sincerity of the delegates in carrying out the principles of "civil service reform," which are so generally professed and so rarely practised by politicians, and wins the hearty commendation of the conservative citizens of the county. Our Republican cotemporary has the grace to say: "The Democratic Convention to-day was one of the most harmonious ever held in this county, without a single exception." The Convention was in every essential particular in marked and honorable contrast with the late Republican Convention.—There were no delegates packed in the interest of any candidates. No candidates upon the floor of the Convention engaged in unseemly scramble, bargaining and log-rolling for nomination. No secret ballot, which is a device through which treachery and corruption are practiced without detection. All was fair and open; no pledges asked or given.—The invitation to all, "irrespective of party or political associations or differences, who can unite with us in an effort for pure, economical government," was faithfully observed, in spirit and intent. For two of the best offices in the county—Treasurer and Sheriff—men who have heretofore been identified with the Republican party were unanimously nominated, solely on the ground of their eminent fitness for those positions; they have both accepted and will faithfully work for the success of the whole ticket.—Judging from the expressions and reports of both Democrats and Republicans from all parts of the county, the election of that ticket is assured, it being conceded by all disinterested parties to be the best ticket ever offered for the suffrages of the electors of King county.

WANTS TO KNOW—A Republican friend wants to know, it is true that Irving Ballard never "goes back on a friend," how is it that he did not stand by L. B. Andrews in the late contest for the nomination for Auditor? Andrews stood by Ballard in the last Vancouver Convention, when he was offered thirteen votes for Brents, on the first ballot, for two votes from King county for Bradshaw for Prosecuting Attorney. What kind of standing by a friend is that, Mr. Ballard? It is understood that those kinds of trades are admissible in all Republican Conventions.

The New Census.

New York, Aug. 23.—The World's Washington correspondent speaking of Congressional representation under the new census, gives the following as the probable results: The effect would be with reference to New York, as reported by the enumerators, to lessen the number of Representatives from 35 to 33; Penn-

sylvania would drop from 27 to 26; Ohio would lose one, making her representation 19; Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont each 1, and Indiana, Alabama and Tennessee, each 1, making a total of 10. Minnesota and Nebraska would each gain 2, Kansas 3, Texas 4, and Michigan, Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia and California, each 1—a total gain of 17. Other States would neither gain nor lose. Placing the gains in Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Michigan and California—in all 9—against the losses of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Indiana, in all 8, it would leave for the North and West a net gain of 1. Placing gains of Texas, Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia and West Virginia, in all 8, against the losses of Alabama and Tennessee, each 1, it would leave the South a net gain of 6, and give the House 300 members. Carrying this comparison to cover the present political status of the States named, and omitting New York and Indiana as doubtful, the States ordinarily classed as Republican would have a net gain of four, and those classed as Democratic a net gain of six. This might not mean an increase in the Democratic majority, for, so far from that, that majority might be wiped out in spite of the showing, but it would mean simply that the States now considered Democratic would gain two more members than those now counted Republican.

The Pierce County Republican Convention, held at New Tacoma last week, made the following nominations: Auditor, A. E. Alden; Treasurer, John Murray; Commissioners, George Byrd, W. B. Blackwell and W. C. Gibbs; Probate Judge, C. D. Young; School Superintendent, Miss Clara McCarty; Sheriff, Henry Winsor; Representative, G. H. Greer.

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:

Table with 2 columns: County Name and Number of Representatives. Includes Chelalis, Columbia, Clallam, Clarke, Cowlitz, Island, Jefferson, King, Kitsap, Klukitlat, Lewis, Mason, and Pacific.

University of Washington.

Four complete courses of study: Classical, Scientific, Normal and Commercial.

TEN INSTRUCTORS.

Boarding Department.

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

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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 5:45 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.

KEPT BY Ben. Murphy Corner Commercial and Main Streets, opposite the U. S. Hotel.

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JEWELLERS.

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"BOSS" BEER!

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THE NEW ENGLAND

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European Plan

Can be had at moderate prices.

— IT IS —

The Best Hotel in the City.

L. C. HARMON, Proprietor'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. nft149

Local News.

King County Democratic Convention.

Seattle, Saturday, Sept. 4, 1880. The Democratic Convention was called to order by A. M. Snyder, Chairman of County Committee.

On motion, C. D. Emery, Esq'r., was called to the Chair, and E. A. Turner, L. S. McLure and Samuel Coombs appointed Secretaries.

On motion, Messrs. U. M. Rasin, Robert Russell, H. H. Snow, Dr. A. S. Hughes and James Bagley were appointed Committee on Credentials.

On motion, Messrs. W. H. White, S. F. Coombs, L. D. Hinkley, Wm. Pickering and E. M. Smithers, were appointed Committee on Permanent Organization and Order of Business.

The report of Committee on Credentials adopted.

The report of Committee on Permanent Organization and Order of Business adopted.

The temporary officers were made the permanent officers of the Convention.

The Convention proceeded to the election of Delegates to the Territorial Convention. Hillary Butler, Beriah Brown, W. H. White, C. D. Emery, U. M. Rasin, Frank Doran, M. McAndrews and S. W. Russell were declared elected.

The Convention then proceeded to the nomination of candidates for county officers; which resulted as follows:

For Legislative Council—Wm. Pickering.

For Members of Assembly—L. McRedmond and Dr. A. S. Hughes.

For County Judge—Thomas Burke.

For County Auditor—R. L. Thorne.

For Treasurer—George F. Frya.

For Sheriff—John T. Jordan.

For Assessor—H. H. Snow.

For School Superintendent—Miss Anna Bean.

For County Commissioners—James Begley, Charles McDonald and Terence O'Brien.

For County Surveyor—F. H. Whitworth.

For Delegates to confer with Delegates from Kitsap county on the nomination of Joint Assemblyman—John Collins and Frank Guttenberg.

County Committee for the ensuing two years—W. H. White, U. M. Rasin, Frank Doran, S. F. Coombs and Jos. Foster. Convention adjourned.

The Delegates from Seattle Precinct made the following nominations:

For Justices of the Peace—Samuel F. Coombs and A. M. Snyder.

For Constables—James Walch and H. C. Luff.

In Memoriam.

At a regular communication of St. John's Lodge No. 9, F. and A. M., held at the Lodge room, in Seattle, August 28, 1880, the following preamble and resolutions were reported and adopted:

WHEREAS, Bro. R. S. Doyle, an esteemed member of this Lodge met his death as the result of accident on the railroad, at Ogden, Utah Territory, after enduring much physical suffering for several days, during which he was kindly cared for by strangers: Therefore;

Resolved, That we cherish the memory of our departed brother as that of a true Mason, a Christian without guile, and a citizen without reproach, the example of whose life reflects credit upon our Order, and is worthy of the emulation of all.

Resolved, That the heartfelt thanks of the members of this Lodge are justly due and are hereby tendered to the Fraternity, to the members of the Presbyterian Church and to the gentlemen connected with the railroad at Ogden, for the fraternal care, the Christian sympathy and the offices of humanity, which they so disinterestedly extended to our Brother, leaving nothing undone to soothe his dying hours and to honor his funeral rites.

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge offer to the wife and daughter of the deceased their condolence in the loss of a faithful husband and affectionate father, with the conviction that our common loss is his gain.

S. KINNEY, J. T. JORDAN, A. S. MILLER, Committee.

SUICIDED.—Mrs. Clark, who was sentenced to the penitentiary for manslaughter at the last term of court at LaConner, committed suicide in her cell at Seateco, by hanging herself with a towel. Her young son, a boy 11 years of age, committed the homicide for which she was convicted. The boy was granted a new trial.

King county people appear to be appreciated in the new County of Spokane. We notice that at the Republican Convention held on the 21st ult. at the Falls, S. C. Hyde, late of Seattle, was nominated for Prosecuting Attorney, and A. J. Stevens, late of Snoqualmie, for School Superintendent.

The "Saddle Rock," the nicest place in the city for a feed, is now under the proprietorship of Gen. Crater and F. G. Bart; a pair of good fellows who understand their business.

KITSAP COUNTY.—The Republican Convention of Kitsap county was held at Port Blakely on Thursday, August 26th, 1880. The following named persons were nominated:

County Commissioners—S. W. Hovey and H. C. McQuillian.

Sheriff—Joseph Comstock.

Treasurer—P. J. Primrose.

Auditor—Nelson McCallum.

Probate Judge—R. R. Lombard.

Coroner—Dr. W. P. Morgan.

Surveyor—D. B. Jackson.

School Superintendent—J. M. Frink.

Wreckmaster—Chas. E. Stevens.

Alex. D. Smith was nominated for justice of the peace for Port Madison.

The following named delegates were elected members of the Central Committee for the ensuing two years: Chas. E. Stevens, Geo. Leveny, H. C. McQuillian, W. D. Scott and N. Bucklin.

Delegates to the Territorial Convention—Charles E. Stevens, George Leveny, S. W. Hovey and N. McCallum.

"What are you doing out there, my daughter, in the night dew?" said the kindly old gentleman on the piazza. "Practising fencing," was the sweet reply, as she leaned over the pickets till her face was dreadfully close to William's.

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.

A PROCLAMATION.

BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON.

WHEREAS, It is the duty of the Governor at least sixty days before any general election to issue his Proclamation designating the offices to be filled at such election.

Now, therefore, I, ELISHA P. FERRY, Governor of said Territory, do hereby declare that a general election will be held in said Territory on Tuesday the second day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty, at which, the following named officers will be elected:

A Delegate to represent said Territory in the Forty-Seventh Congress of the United States.

A Brigadier General.

A Quarter Master General.

A Commissary General.

An Adjutant General.

A Prosecuting Attorney for the Second Judicial District.

A Prosecuting Attorney for the Third Judicial District.

A Member of the Board of Equalization for the First Judicial District.

A Member of the Board of Equalization for the Second Judicial District.

A Member of the Board of Equalization for the Third Judicial District.

Members of both branches of the Legislative Assembly.

And all County and Precinct officers required by the laws of said Territory.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the Territory to be affixed, at Olympia, this 31st day of August, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and eighty, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and fifth.

ELISHA P. FERRY, Governor.

By order of the Governor, N. H. OWINGS, Secretary.

North Pacific BREWERY.

AUGUST MEHLHORN, PROPRIETOR.

[SUCCESSOR TO M. SCHMIEG.]

The Best Beer always on Hand.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

S. BAXTER & CO.'S COLUMN.

S. Baxter & Co.,

IMPORTERS OF

FOREIGN

WINES AND LIQUORS.

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Domestic Wines,

Liquors, Cigars,

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 * Martell " "

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 Octaves Fine Old Martell

Brandy.

10 Octaves Fine Old Hen-

nessy 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 decoloring 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.

For further particulars apply to S. BAXTER & CO., Seattle, W. T.

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JOSEPHINE

will leave Seattle for the head of navigation on the Skagit every Monday and Friday.

Easiest and Cheapest Route.

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CITY DRUG STORE,

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

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SKAGIT MINERS'

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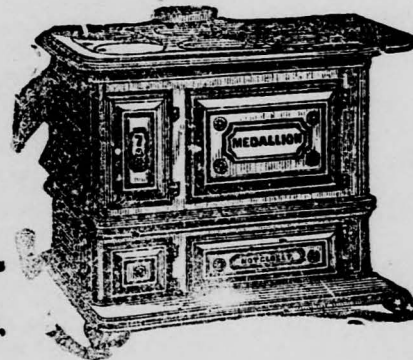
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Copper Ware, Lead Pipe, Steam Pipe, Copper Pipe, Steam and Gas Fitting, Sheet Lead.

Sheet Copper And Zinc, Granite Ironware, Gas Pipe, Etc.

MEDALION RANGE

—AND—

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

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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.

ASSORTED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

The Portrait.

Say, can you read it? Is it writ
In any line upon this face,
Love once had here his dwelling-place,
He touched this brow and hallowed it?
The pictured face smiles back at me;
My art hath fashioned all this form,
My eager hand and fancy warm
They made this thing, and bade it be.
But is it here? I knew the life,
I watched the budding of the flower,
The glories ripening hour by hour,
And then the storm and pain and strife.
And now, Except the canvas show
The consummation pure and fair,
Love's holy work in radiance there,
Then back to chaos it shall go.
Oh! were it not a lifeless shade,
If pictured lips could smile and speak,
Then these should say, in accents meek,
"Naught am I but what Love has made."

An Insurmountable Objection.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

Janet Dudley stood at the garden gate that lovely evening in early September, gazing up the road with anxious eyes. The faint light of the rising moon lay like a blessing on her golden head, and the air, filled with the fragrance of new-mown hay, caressingly touched her fair young face. Never prettier maid awaited lover, and yet John Hallam's step was slow and his face clouded as he emerged from the shadow of the trees and came toward her. Janet opened the gate and stepped out to meet him. "Well, John?" she said, and her voice trembled ever so little.

The young man took her tiny hands in his, and looked down upon her—she was a wee thing—with almost a frown upon his brow. "Uncle Roger is as obstinate as a mule," he said. "I have just come from a most wearisome interview with him. He insists that I shall either take up my drudgery again at Mink & Otter's, or some other equally agreeable establishment, and forfeit all claims upon him, or give him the promise he asks."

"Well?" said Janet again, gazing steadily up in his face, and this time her voice did not tremble at all, but her lover's did, as with half-averted eyes he made answer: "I should hate to go clerking it again after being my own master so long, and to own the truth, patronizing my old chums somewhat whenever we met; and it seems too bad to let such a fortune go to strangers, as Uncle Roger declares it shall if I don't come to terms. But then the promise he exacts is so absurd."

"Absurd," repeated Janet, slowly. "Is it so absurd, when you think of it calmly? Your uncle wants to make sure of a pleasant companion for five years, and at the end of that time wishes to choose a pleasant companion for that pleasant companion, thereby securing for himself two pleasant companions for the remainder of his life—which sounds like something out of one of Ollendorf's books for beginners, or a riddle," she continued, with a laugh that had no merriment in it. "And so he offers you great inducements to become that companion. And, John, you have always been discontented because your station in life was not a higher one, and more of the world's gold had not fallen to your share. And now that wealth and position are offered you, it would be 'absurd' indeed to refuse them for the sake of a poor country school-mistress."

"Janet, you are cruel."
"Perhaps I am—in the way surgeons are cruel; but I really think, John, the cure for your hurts is to accede to your uncle's wishes."

"And part with you?"
"And part with me, as it is only too evident that that worthy gentleman considers me totally unworthy the honor of ever becoming the pleasant companion of his pleasant companion."

The young man dropped her hands, and caught her in his arms. "You do not love me, after all," he said, reproachfully.

"I do love you," she replied, at the same time turning her face away from his kisses, "and I have loved you ever since we first met, but I have become convinced that as a poor man you would not be a success, John, and therefore I say, obey your uncle, live the life for which you have longed, and get the fortune."

"By heavens I will not give you up!" exclaimed Hallam, stung by her quiet sarcasm. "But, Jennie dear, listen to reason. Promise to wait for me, to be true to me, and I will agree to Uncle Roger's conditions. Who knows what may happen in five years? The old man may die."

The girl started back from his arms with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes. "Shame on you, John!" she said. "What happiness could attend the union of two people who waited for Death and Falsehood to bring them together? You have said enough. Our bonds are broken. You are free."

A faint voice from the cottage called, "Janet."

"I will never give you up," repeated the lover, vehemently, and snatching her again in his arms, he kissed her passionately and turned away. Janet looked after his retreating form for a moment, then raised her clasped hands in mute appeal to Heaven, choked a rising sob, and answered her mother's call.

John Hallam, then clerk in the wholesale fur store of Mink & Otter, first saw

Janet Dudley at the country house of a cousin, where he was visiting one summer holiday. She had graduated at the Normal College a year or so before, and being obliged to leave the city directly after, on account of her mother's failing health, had sought and obtained the position of village school-mistress at Strawberry Centre.

They had fallen in love with each other at first sight, he fascinated by her pretty girlish face, her graceful ways, and quaint, precise speech, and she by his handsome brown eyes, his gayety, his fine tenor voice, and his gallant bearing; and before John's holiday was over she had promised to become at me not far distant time his wife. But a few months after they had plighted troth, John's uncle Roger, who had been the black sheep of his family, returned from abroad, like the famous black sheep of Babyland, with three or more bags full, not of wool, however, but money. No one knew where or how these bags had been filled, and no one seemed to care. That they were full appeared quite enough, for all doors flew open to him at the first "Baa."

Among others who renewed their acquaintance with Mr. Roger Vander-gaas, now bleached to admirable whiteness, was his nephew, whom he had not seen since his childhood, and to whose mother he had not sent one line for fifteen years before her death. The old man received his young relative with great kindness, and being also immediately fascinated by his handsome face (which he secretly flattered himself resembled his own), his air debonaire, and fine tenor voice, declared his intention of making him his heir, commanded him to resign his situation at Mink & Otter's—a command which the commanded lost no time in obeying—and installed him in elegant rooms adjoining his own in the St. Sky Hotel.

But when Uncle Roger came to hear of the pretty village school-mistress, he was exceeding wroth, and swore, with many strange and terrible oaths, that if John did not promise to remain a bachelor for at least five years, and when he did change his state, to marry his—Uncle Roger's—choice, back to work should he go, and not a penny from the three or more bags full should he ever have.

Now, this jolly, singing, fine-looking young fellow beneath a careless exterior concealed an intense longing for wealth and all the comforts and luxuries wealth could bring; besides which he was troubled with a constitutional lassitude, as a certain fox once called it, though it is better known to the world under another name, also commencing with an *I*. And to descend from his perch, as it were, and mingle once more with the grubbing work-a-day crowd, seemed to him worse than death. But then he loved, as well as such a selfish nature could love, blue-eyed, golden-haired Janet Dudley, and bated to give her up almost as much as he did the elegant rooms at the St. Sky. Here was a coil, and thinking how to unwind it cost him a week of sleepless nights. The proposition he at length made to his "ladylove," as has been seen, she indignantly repelled; and swearing, "I will never give you up," he gave her up the next day, as will be seen by the following letter:

"MY DARLING:—For, notwithstanding your cruelty" (her "cruelty," poor child!) "my darling you are and ever will be, the die is supposed to be cast. I have acceded to Uncle Roger's wishes, as you would say, you prim, old-fashioned little sweetheart, with a mental reservation. You are that mental reservation. Be true to me, as I shall be to you, and I may yet lay a fortune at your feet."
JOHN.

Only a year had passed, and Mr. Vander-gaas, already weary of his nephew's fine tenor voice, handsome face, and air debonaire, suddenly bade him farewell one cloudy morning (they were stopping at a hotel in Paris), gave him the smallest bag of wool—money I mean—and again departed for parts unknown. To do John Hallam justice, he also was tired of the companionship, and at times had almost regretted entering into compact with the wicked old man. But on regaining his liberty he congratulated himself on the cleverness he had displayed, for though the larger portion of the fortune might be lost, he had seen the gayest part of the Old World in its gayest dress, secured a snug sum of money, and was free to return to America and Janet. "I'm sure she is waiting for me," he said, "though she wouldn't answer one of my letters, the proud, inflexible little thing."

And back home he went post-haste—back to the village where he had left the pretty young school-mistress.

It was just such a lovely evening as that on which they parted when he found himself once more, this time with hurried steps, walking along the old familiar road. The birds were chirping "good-nights" to each other, the air was full of fragrance, the great night moths were humming in successful mimicry of the humming-birds as they hovered over the blossoms that open beneath the stars, the crickets shrilled loud and merrily, the fairy lanterns of the fire-flies glowed fitfully on every side, and Janet—yes, it was Janet, the moonbeams resting on her golden head—stood, as though she had never left it since the hour they parted, at the garden gate. "Dreaming of me, no doubt," thought the fast-approaching lover, and in a moment more he stood before her.

She started; a faint blush rose to her cheek; she looked wonderfully bright and happy. "Why, John—Mr. Hal-

lam, I should say—can it be you?" she said.

"Mr. Hallam!" echoed the young man, with a light laugh. "It is John—your own John."

"You are mistaken—" she began, but he interrupted her hastily.

"Uncle Roger has deserted me. I am glad of it. His desertion sets me free."

"And will you not get his fortune, after all?" she asked.

"Don't be sarcastic, Janet," he replied. "I did what I thought was for the best, and the end proves I was more far-seeing than you were, for everything has turned out for the best. I have had a grand holiday, am richer by twenty thousand dollars than when I wooed and won you, and you shall have a set of diamonds, and teach school no more."

"I never cared for thousands of dollars or diamonds," said Janet, with roving calmness, "and I gave up teaching school at the beginning of last vacation."

"You did? Then there need be no delay. You will marry me at once, Jenny?" and he caught her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"John," she replied, as she quickly withdrew it, "I ceased to care for you as soon as I had read the letter you sent me announcing your decision to remain with Mr. Vander-gaas. Strive to disguise it as you will, you chose between a humble life with me and a luxurious one with your uncle. I—"

"Janet," he interrupted, eagerly, "you do not, you will not, look at my conduct in the right light. You are such an uncompromising little woman. But granting that I did do wrong, 'Forget and forgive'—that was one of your school mottoes, you know—and give me back your heart, if you have ever taken it away from me, which I doubt"—with a confident smile—"and tell me when you will be my wife."

"Never, John."

"Nonsense! I won't take that for an answer. I foresaw, knowing you so well, that you would bring forward many obstacles, and I have come prepared to combat them all, and to do battle with whatever stands between us. A few good blows, and down it goes before me, Janet."

Janet's eyes twinkled, and a little laugh escaped from her lips.

"I warn you to attempt no blows," she said, as a stalwart young fellow strode up to the gate, "for I must present to you an insurmountable objection—Mr. John Hallam, my husband, Mr. Oscar Lanier."

The Crime of Seduction.

Seduction is worse than murder. The villain who under the promise of marriage, or who by his words and action leads a girl to believe that he intends to marry her, seduces and then deserts his victim, leaving her disgraced, humiliated, crushed helpless, a demon, a blackhearted villain, destitute of every spark of manliness and honor, and courts and juries should see to it, that he goes to the penitentiary the full term provided by the law. In the trial of such cases they should be very careful how they weigh the testimony of young men introduced by the defendant to attack the character of the ruined girl. It is a notorious fact that every libertine and licentious reprobate has "pals," and foul birds of like ilk to himself, who are ready to go into court and swear that the young girl has a bad character, that they personally know it to be so, etc. Burglars and thieves always have certain friends to go into court and help swear the defendant out, and seducers of girls are similarly provided with unscrupulous depraved, licentious friends of large animal propensities and "one-story heads" who will unblushingly appear in court, and not only confess their own moral depravity and beastliness in general, but falsely swear that they have committed immoralities with the poor broken hearted girl then in court. Let these black crimes against young, innocent, unsophisticated girls be punished by swift, sure and severe legal penalties.—*Creston Gazette*.

Novel Nuptials.

Here's a hint to the ladies who have charge of church socials and festivals, and who, rightfully enough, want to make them pay well. At a recent festival in a western city a wedding was one of the features of the occasion. The ceremony was announced in advance. The idea was so novel that, as a result, the church was crowded to overflowing on the evening in question, and the money began to pour into its open coffers like water.

The young folks discussed ice-cream and cake, and talked of the event about to take place, while surrounded by their friends stood the prospective bride and groom awaiting expectantly the words which would pronounce them man and wife.

After an evening of rare pleasure and enjoyment the time for the nuptials arrived, and in the presence of the great congregation the rite was administered.

Then came the congratulations, which, from such a multitude, were extended in almost ceaseless flow. The season of conversation was again renewed, and it was not until a late hour that the assembly dispersed.

Several hundred dimes were coined at the door, and the exchequer of the church was materially increased by the more than novel entertainment.—*Exchange*.

Ben Butler goes boating on Sunday.

Supporting the Family.

A pleasant subject has come up for discussion before the convention of County Superintendents of the Poor, now in session in New York. It is: "How shall men who refuse to support their families be punished?" The question is an intricate one and suggests grave possibilities. There are so many varieties and degrees of family support, and a failure to support, that even the Superintendent of a poorhouse might be troubled in trying to draw the line in the right place. As to the shiftless and indolent person who spends his time in gin-mills instead of working for a living, there can be no two opinions. It is through his laziness and ill-management that his family becomes a burden on the public. But there are families who do not consider themselves supported unless the husband and father is able to keep them in all sorts of luxury. One woman will live on what would not afford pin-money for another. One thrifty lady will do as much household work with her own hands as her neighbor may accomplish with the aid of two or three servants. The lady who lives on servants would consider her unfortunate husband guilty of the sin of not supporting the family, if the pressure on his pocket became so great that the servants had to be dismissed. Total destitution of diamonds, India shawls, opera tickets and carriage rides would lead some ladies to believe that they were not supported at all. Some complaining women have a habit of saying, whenever the appropriation for dress goods runs a little short, that they are on the road to the poorhouse. Then they belabor their husbands with rebukes and faultfinding, which make him regret that he ever took on such hands the contract for supporting such querulous people. These women would take oath before a justice, either of peace or war, that they were not properly supported. It is to be hoped that the Superintendents will pay some heed to the condition of the luckless man who would like to support his family if he could find a way to do it. There is many a man who has lost his situation. Perhaps he was incompetent; perhaps he was sick. Perhaps he is a nervous soul who has fallen into a state of discouraged dumphiness because of continued showers of domestic scolding. Some consideration is due to the poor fellow who is crushed under any of these evils. Everything seems to be against him, and he wishes he were dead. There are cases in which a wife and children do not listlessly sit down and ask to be supported. A spirited woman and a group of ambitious boys and girls are often able to do what a discouraged father may have totally failed in. The people who can do this, but stand on their dignity, refusing to do it, and claiming their right to be supported, are quite as deserving of punishment as is the neglectful husband. There are thousands of unfortunate and almost penniless families, who are as they are because the women and children either know nothing about how to work for a living, or, knowing how, are too proud to put their knowledge to practical use. A husband is a good thing to have in the house if he is in working order. If out of repair and permanently disabled or incompetent somebody must come to the rescue. If the Poorhouse Superintendents will show us how to prevent the evil they deplore, rather than how to punish it, they will do society a valuable service.—*Philadelphia Times*.

CONGRATULATING THE AGED IN JAPAN.—In Japan, it would seem, they honor the aged with the same congratulations as we offer on their attaining a remarkable number of years, though in a somewhat different way. Mrs. Iwa Kura, mother of one of the dignitaries of the empire, has just arrived at the age of four-score years. In order that she might understand how great was the joy of her friends, eighty of them came to an understanding each to write her a short poem. Among the authors were included some of the greatest personages of state, and from what a Japanese paper says on the subject it may be inferred that the lines were of a highly figurative and ornate character. The verses, for instance, written by her majesty, the queen, delicately treated of the great age to which the stork attains, and, contrasting Mrs. Iwa Kura with this favored bird, drew inferences of the most flattering character. It is not said that the old lady read all the poems, but it is noted that she took pains to preserve them by having every one pasted on a pair of screens and relegated to a place in her dwelling. Whether the authors will take this as a compliment or not the writer who records the fact seems as yet unable to decide.

An Orange county man was not surprised when the conductor of a Fourth avenue car stopped and held the bell rope while he jumped on board, and said, "Much obliged to you; makes me feel as if I was to home. We never let a stranger walk along the road up our way when we can let him catch a chance ride with us. It's sort of neighborly, you know. What's want six cents? Oh! that's for the toll. Well, we always pay the toll when we get a ride for nothing. I suppose that was the toll-gate." And he pointed to the station of the elevated railroad.—*New York Herald*.

There are 2,000,000 hives of bees in the United States, and the estimated annual revenue from them is \$14,000,000.

A sin without its punishment is as impossible, as complete a contradiction in terms, as a cause without an effect.—[Grey.]

The Diary of a Census Enumerator.

Some one picked up on the street the following journal of a census enumerator. He can have the copy by calling at this office!

June 1.—How glad I am to get work! I thought the time would never come round—and I have been so long idle. Two cents a name—excellent pay. New I shall be able to save \$300 or \$400, and put the amount in futures. Let me see, I have my portfolio, the blank schedules and blotting pads, my rubber inkstand—now for my work. Man must earn his bread by the sweat of his face.

June 2.—I suppose I shall soon get used to the work. One is apt to feel a little awkward at first. I hope I shall do better to-day than yesterday. I succeeded in making ten cents—five names at two cents apiece—but it's a beginning. L—street is my district. I thought I would commence with this locality. The first house I entered was not distinguished either by the beauty of its surroundings or its imposing appearance. It was a tenement house inhabited by foreigners. In a few words as possible I stated to the first gentleman I met the object of my visit. He wore a long beard, and had evidently not washed, and appeared of a taciturn disposition. I told him I should like to know his age and that of his wife and family; that he would oblige me exceedingly by telling me where he was born, and by giving me other necessary information. I stood with pen poised to put down the names. Then he spoke: "Russki—no spike English." I felt a little discouraged. I tried other floors and houses, but found nobody to give me particulars about anything. The names of a washerwoman and her four children I secured, however. Net earnings, ten cents.

June 3.—Eureka! I have discovered the secret of census-taking. Handed in a list of 600 names, which makes me \$12 in pocket. I have no more trouble now. I know how to do it. I have my blanks filled in for my whole district, and I didn't trouble myself much about it either. The city directory is an exceedingly useful publication. My imagination is almost of as much assistance.

June 4.—Discharged for too heavy average of Smiths to the block.

The Army Worm.

The story told of the army worm and his performances in the Eastern States almost equal the wonderful tales in Herodotus, of ants that devoured camels and elephants and found an army of men no great obstacle to their march. They get so thick and grow so fast that they cover the ground some inches deep, and roll and tumble over each other until the soil seems moving with life. They cannot be stopped or turned aside. They go over stone fences, a squirming gray mass, many yards wide, covering it up like a blanket. When a field is exhausted they take to the road and travel under some apparent guidance, until they come to a field that is fit to eat. They attack barns and eat up every green thing and even the hay. Sometimes houses are assaulted and it is found hard, even with brooms, shovels and brushes, to protect residences. Half a dozen of them will take possession of a stalk of rye or blade of grass and eat the sustenance out of it. Those who come too late for the first table will burrow in the roots until the field looks as if a fire had passed over it. Carriage and wagon wheels make no noise as the vehicles drive over the squirming masses. They accomplish most of their work in the evening or the morning. They cannot be stamped out, for they increase faster than they can be killed. A ditch with tar is only a brief impediment, because, as soon as it is full, the remainder of the host crosses on the dead bodies. The worm is about an inch long, thick as a rye straw, dislikes potatoes, and will not touch tobacco. It is not even good for food, like the grasshopper, and so in no way compensates for the devastation which is produced.—*Detroit Press*.

FRENCH FARMING.—French farmers work unceasingly. They are not rapid workers, but they are always at it. This industry is accompanied by extreme frugality. Their clothing is of the simplest and most primitive form and material, and the French housewives or mothers seem to have carried the art of patching clothing to the highest pitch of perfection. In some specimens I have seen it would be difficult to say with certainty which was the original piece, as distinguished from the patches. They spend but little in furnishing and almost nothing in the ornamentation of their homes. They live also in the most frugal way. It has been said that two Scotchmen would live where one Englishman would starve. Be that as it may, it is probable that three Frenchmen could live on an allowance all too small for the most frugal Scotchman. This fact seems to solve the problem how it happens that a populous country like France, with an average production per acre less than England, can yet export breadstuffs. The producers consume so much less. Small farming seems the rule of the country, one man tilling his own land with the help of his wife and children.

A sin without its punishment is as impossible, as complete a contradiction in terms, as a cause without an effect.—[Grey.]

Intelligence Items.

Beer sells for twenty-five cents glass in Mexico. Forest fires have again been prevailing in sections of Long Island. "The best crop since the war" is the report from many parishes in Louisiana. Each one of the four Presidential candidates is over six feet high. English and Arthur are also six-footers. Milwaukee and Indianapolis report their census complete. The former has a population of 118,131, and the latter 75,131—large gains in both cases. Dusseldorf, or the Rhine, is having, this summer, an industrial and art exhibition, which, it is claimed, is the largest ever held in the German Empire. The constructors of the railway up Mount Vesuvius have adopted the American double iron rope system as the best means for raising and lowering the trains. The day before the Fourth of July, 42,000 pounds of meat were placed in the ice house at Manhattan Beach, Coney Island, in preparation for the expected rush. Census returns place the population of New York at 1,209,561; Philadelphia, 847,452; Brooklyn, 554,693; Chicago, 477,500; St. Louis, 377,000; Boston, 352,000; and Baltimore, 330,000. The State of Virginia hires out five hundred and twenty-five of her convicts to work on her railroads and other public improvements, for whom she receives twenty-five cents net each per day. Japanese fans have been in such demand in England lately that last year 3,000,000 were exported from Hiogo and Yokohama, whereas in former years the whole trade never exceeded 100,000. T. A. Brecklebarck estimates that in a single decade 500,000 persons engaged in industrial pursuits in Great Britain sustain personal injury or are killed; in mines, 300,000; in railroads, 70,000; and in factories, 189,000. There are about eighty employes in the Dead Letter Office at Washington, and about eight thousand letters are daily received there. In general, the most valuable inclosures are found in letters which are not directed at all.

All Sorts.

There is music in the iron-toothed rake as it rattles over the gravelled walk. That is to say, when it is in another man's hand.—Boston Transcript. This country offers every opportunity for the humblest to succeed in business. It's very easy for a porter to become an exporter.—Philadelphia Chronicle. "Dr. Tanner's Fast."—N. Y. News paper. That is right; keep him fast. It is having such idiots loose that makes the mischief.—Boston Commercial Bulletin. A little girl in church, after the contribution plate had been passed, complacently and anibly said: "I paid for four, mamma; was that right?"—Unknown. "I didn't know," said an old lady, as she put down her newspaper, "that thieves were so scarce that they had to advertise for 'em and offer a reward for their discovery. A well-dressed man was recently sitting at a table in a first-rate hotel, and was served with soup. He looked up at the waiter, and said: "No, you can't come any soup dimer on me. Bring me some things that I pay for—almonds, salmon, water-crushes, olivickens, ice-cream, and that ham with champagne. Leave out the champagne, and I'll make it up in beer."

It has been officially decided that a railroad company or steamboat corporation has no right to detain or imprison a passenger for refusing or neglecting to pay his fare. The Metropolitan Elevated Railroad Company detained a passenger, because at the end of his journey he had lost his ticket and had tried to force himself past the gate. The court awarded him \$100 damages. A Harvard student, last summer, going to Newport, bought a through ticket to New York for a dollar, the fare to Newport being \$1.60. The officers of the boat kept him on board by force at Newport until he had paid the extra sixty cents. The court adjudged him \$75 damages for false imprisonment. Another passenger lost his ticket during the night, and was not allowed to depart next morning until he had left his watch in pawn for his ticket. The court gave him \$50.

THE OLD SALT'S ESTIMATE OF THE PIANO.—A captain who was asked by his wife to look at some pianos while he was in the city with a view of buying her one, wrote home to her: "I saw one that I thought would suit you—black walnut hull, strong bulkheads, strengthened fore and aft with iron frame, sealed with white wood and maple. Rigging, steel wire—double on the rattines and whipped wire on the lower stays, and heavier cordage. Belayingpins of steel and well driven home. Length of taffrail over all, six feet one inch; breadth of beams, thirty-eight inches; depth of hold, fourteen inches. Hatches can be battened down proof against 10-year-old boys and commercial drummers, or can be clewed up, on occasion, and sheeted home for a first-class instrumental cyclone."

Can Women Drive?

"Isn't it rather singular, that women never learn how to drive a horse properly?" remarks some irate man as he inspects a tired animal, and finds the bridle over its ears and the bits half-way down its throat. "But women can drive," cries a champion of the sex. "Don't they drive seven or eight miles to market with vegetables or loads of hay? Don't they take their babies out to ride whenever they can get hold of a horse? Why there never was a woman who couldn't drive, and some of them can handle a horse much better than their husbands can." "Can women drive? and do you let them handle your best horses?" were the questions put to a good-natured livery-keeper by an interested party. "Drive," answered the letter-out of equines, "I should think they could; but as to letting them our best horses, that is another matter. We have horses in our stables few men could drive. We keep what we call safe horses for ladies' use—the kind that will go anywhere if you just guide them—old family nags, sensible enough to trot along and mind their own business and not fret if they are pulled two ways at once." "Do you object to letting horses out for women to drive?" "No, indeed; we have from twelve to fifteen ladies a week come to us for horses, and we give them good ones, too, but, somehow women fret horses when they drive them, so we don't care to give them high-spirited animals. Now look at that sorrel, pointing to one from whom the harness had just been removed; "I let that horse this morning to a bit of a woman with wrists no bigger than my two fingers. I didn't want to let it go because it's such an ugly puller. I told her it had a mouth like iron, but she said she wanted to take an old aunt that was visiting her out to see the town, and she drove off quietly enough. But half an hour after I saw her coming down Woodward avenue like a streak of lightning, everybody running to get out of the way, and her old aunt hanging on for dear life. She just had the lines wound around those little wrists, and braced her feet on the dash board, and when she came to a corner whisked around it on one wheel. The rig came in all right, but that horse won't get its breath for a week." "Do you often meet with accidents and have a smash-up?" "No, it is curious, but a woman will take a team through a dozen hairbreadth escapes and bring it back all right. We have any amount of trouble with men, who take our best rigs, get on a spree, and break things all to pieces. A woman is either more cautious, or she will call upon every man in sight to help her out of the scrape. They are more apt to lose their heads in a crowd or collision, but there is most always some special providence at hand to help them. If you notice, the most disastrous runaways happen when some man has the reins." Further talk developed the fact that women were not considerate in their management of horses. They forget to blanket them in winter and to tie them in the shade in the summer. They sometimes use the hitching straps, and have a settled dislike to learning proper names for harness. Not one in a hundred could tell the difference between the surcingle and the martingale, or had the least idea to which end of the animal the crupper belonged, and if compelled to divest a horse of its trappings would undo every buckle in the service, and take the collar off over the animal's head, to all of which the intelligent beast would submit, as if charmed, by being steadily talked to during the process in the witching tones of a woman's voice. All this may be a libel on the sex, but it is certainly true that when an old family horse, with a ten-minute gait comes sea-sawing down the street with a comically reckless air of running away, a woman's head looks out from under the buggy top, a woman's hand guides the steed in its eccentric orbit, and a woman's voice shouts in distinct tones, "Wh-o-o-a-a," at the same moment that the reins are jerked and the whip applied, while pedestrians scold to the sidewalk in terror. However liable a woman is to run over a cow, or a street car, she will always stop or turn out for a baby. This is one of the instincts of her maternal heart to which even "get up! gl-a-n-g" is sacrificed.

PLANTATION PROVERBS.—One-eyed mule can't be handled on de bline side. Moon may shine, but a lightered knot's mighty handy. De pig dat runs off wid de year er corn gets little mo' dan de cob. Licker talks mighty loud when it gits loose from de jug. Sleep-in' in de fence corner don't fetch Kris-mus in de kitchen. Tween de bug and de bee-martin taint hard to tell who's gwinter git ketched. De prouidness on a man don't count wen his head's cool. You'd see mo' er de mink ef he know'd whar de yard dog sleeps. Hungry rooster don't cackle wen he fue a wum. Trubbies in seasonin'. Simmons ain't good tell dey er frost-bit. Watch out wen you er gittin' all you want. Fattening hog ain't in luck.—Atlanta Constitution. Bonnets are trimmed with feather designs which take the form of flowers, thistles, butterflies, and even rosettes, all brilliantly colored. The Belles of Cornville is the way Louisville girls are spoken of by Cincinnati.

Sun Signaling.

The London Daily News states that they have to thank the heliograph again for an important message received from Gen. Stewart, and announcing the result of an attack on the British troops, in which the enemy seems to have suffered severely. The message is dated Camp Ghuzzi, April 22d, and was received at the India office on the following day. It is very probable that the news could not have been brought so speedily by electric telegraph. The heliograph does not require the route to be kept open. The line of communication cannot be cut, for the simple reason that the signaling takes place over the heads of the enemy, and the stations required are but few and far between. A ten-inch mirror—and this is the diameter of the ordinary field heliograph—is capable of reflecting the sun's rays in the form of a bright spot or flare to a distance of fifty miles, the signal at this interval being recognizable without the aid of a glass. That is to say, two trained sappers, each provided with a mirror, can readily speak to one another, supposing that the sun is shining with an interval of fifty miles between them, providing their stations are sufficiently high, and no rising ground intervenes to stop the rays. The adjustment of the military heliograph is a very simple matter. An army leaves its base where a heliograph station is located, and, after traveling some miles, desires to communicate with the stay-at-homes. A hill in the locality is chosen, and a sapper ascends with his heliograph, which is simply a stand bearing a mirror swung like the ordinary toilet looking-glass, except that besides swinging horizontally, it is also pivoted so as to move vertically as well. Behind the mirror, in the very center, a little of the quicksilver has been removed, so that the sapper can go behind his instrument and look through a tiny hole in it toward the station he desires to signal. Having sighted the station by adjusting the mirror, he next proceeds to set up in front of the heliograph a rod, and upon this rod is a movable stud. This stud is manipulated like the foresight of a rifle, and the sapper again, standing behind his instrument, directs the adjustment of this until the hole in the mirror, the stud and the distant station are in line. The heliograph is then ready to work, and in order to flash signals so that they may be seen at a distance, the sapper has only to take care that his mirror reflects the sunshine on the stud just in front of him. The first use of this instrument was in the Zulu war, when a rudely constructed instrument, improvised by a lieutenant of engineers, enabled Lord Chelmsford to keep up constant communication with the beleaguered forces of Col. Pearson at Ekowe.

Where the Joke Was.

On a Michigan Central train the other day was a passenger who had lost his right arm. Soon after the train pulled out of Detroit, he began talking with those around him in regard to the political candidates, claiming to have served under both. This led some one to ask him how and where he lost his arm, and he replied: "It was down in the wilderness. We were charging the enemy's line. A bullet struck my arm, crushed the bone, and I fell unconscious. When I was restored to consciousness, I was in the hands of the Confederates. In deed, a soldier was going through my pockets. When he discovered that I was alive he was about to bayonet me, but a corporal sprang forward, knocked the wretch down and saved my life." While he was telling this a man with his left arm gone had risen from his seat and came nearer, and as the other finished he bent forward and said: "I am that very corporal! I remember the incident as if it happened only yesterday. I had you conveyed to an old log barn over on the right." "Yes, yes—let us shake hands, let us embrace! Thank Heaven that I have found you out. How came you here?" "I have been to Detroit to be treated for cancer, but there is no longer any hope. I am going home to go to the poor house and there end my days. I haven't a shilling or a friend." "And I am going to the poor house as well," replied the other. "I have consumption, and as I am penniless I must go and die among paupers." Then they embraced some more and seemed to weep. One passenger fished up half a dollar and passed his hat, and in five minutes a collection amounting to \$3.50 was divided between them. Everybody said it was a shame, and one old man seemed willing to adopt them both if they would go on to Illinois. But they didn't; they got off at Dearborn, and it was a quarter of an hour after before a commercial drummer Jared made the statement that both chaps lived in Detroit, both lost their arms by accident, and that they had played the same game over and over on every railroad in the State.—Detroit Press.

The plan for utilizing Genesee Falls is really being carried out. The power is to be controlled by letting the water fall into perpendicular cylinders in such a manner as to compress air with tremendous force; and this air is to be conducted in pipes to various points for use in running machinery. The first novel application of the power will be to the propulsion of street cars. If the scheme proves successful, Niagara will be tried.

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INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, 824 and 826 Kearny St., San Francisco \$1 25 and \$1 50 PER DAY. H. C. PATRIDGE, PROPRIETOR. Two Concord Coaches, with the name of the Hotel on, will always be in waiting at the landing to convey passengers to the Hotel free. Be sure you get into the right Coach; if you do not, they will charge you. GEO. W. SHREVE, 214 Bush St., San Francisco. Importer and Jobber OF GUNS, PISTOLS, FISHING TACKLE And Sportsmen's Goods. CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SHEEP WASH \$3 per gallon. T. W. JACKSON, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast.

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Mall and Telegraph.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—Irving hall this afternoon sent to Tammany hall a series of resolutions looking to and proposing a conference to adjust differences existing. The communication was responded to by Tammany, who appointed a committee of eleven to confer with a similar one from Irving hall Wednesday evening.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—For the purpose of uniting, harmonizing and consolidating the Democracy, the Kelly State Committee, chosen at Shakespeare hall, Syracuse, on the 20th of April, revokes its call for a State Convention, and ratifies the call of the Faulkner State Committee for a Convention at Saratoga Springs on the 28th of September.

Hancock in Vermont.

NORTH BENNINGTON, Aug. 3, 1880.

DEAR GRANDSON:—Not having heard from you in about three months, I thought I would resume correspondence with you in hopes that it will be continued during the short remainder of my life on this earth, which, according to the course of Nature, can not be very long, as I am now four score and seven. I suppose you are interested in the political situation of the country, and a few lines on that subject applicable to this section will not prove wholly uninteresting. For a quarter of a century I was a Republican, before that, a Whig. I sat in the Legislature of Vermont for 10 years as a Representative of the historic region of Bennington, elected by the suffrages of the Republican party, but when Tilden was elected to the Presidency by a popular majority of a quarter of a million votes, and was defrauded out of the seat to which he was entitled by the Republican leaders, and this great fraud, not only condoned, but justified by the Republican party throughout the country, I, as a citizen, too old to be dishonest or approve dishonesty, dissolved my connection with that party, and have taken no interest in politics till the Democrats honored themselves and honored the country by putting before the people, as a candidate for their suffrage, Gen. Hancock, a man whom I have ever loved, honored and admired for his patriotism, probity and courage. Old as I am, new courage was infused into me, new life and energy given me, and notwithstanding my physical and mental infirmities, I feel almost young again. I am young enough, at least, to walk to the polls in November next (if alive) and deposit my first Democratic vote, feeling glad that it will be cast for a man as pure, honest and high-minded as Washington, of whom he is the prototype. This region is ablaze with Hancock enthusiasm, and I believe every man in the old 13th Vermont, which was honored on the field of Gettysburg by the thanks of the gallant corps commander, will vote for the hero of that decisive conflict. Col. Randall, the old Colonel of this regiment, a life-long Republican, is working like a Trojan for Hancock. Your cousin, Elmer Allen, a Colonel of volunteers during the war, the great grandson of Ethan Allen and son of the Congressman Allen, also a life-long Republican, is working for Hancock. Though I don't much if Vermont can be redeemed, yet the signs of the times are encouraging and much can be safely promised. I received a letter from your Uncle James at Mendota, Ill., eighteen miles from Chicago. He says he has accumulated a fortune, which is principally in government bonds; that he has never voted for a Democrat in his life, but proposes to vote this time for Hancock. He is personally cognizant of the suit of Chittenden vs. DeGolyer and McClelland, which was tried in Chicago, of which you, no doubt, have read, and says he can not conscientiously vote for a bribe-taker, if he is a Republican. He writes that Hancock is booming, and his guns mean victory now as much as they did at Gettysburg. Now, Tom, no doubt you think I am crazy to take such an interest in politics, and I so old, but I can't help it. I never mean to vote for a thief or bribe-taker, or a man concerned in the Electoral Commission.

To T. M. Draper, G. R. DRAPER.

DETROIT, Aug. 31.—Hon. Robert McClelland died at 10 minutes past 10 this evening, having never recovered consciousness since his attack Saturday afternoon. This death leaves but two of President Pierce's cabinet still living—his Postmaster General, Judge Campbell, of Philadelphia, and Jeff. Davis, his Secretary of War.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—The *Bulletin* says: Our private information confirms a cable dispatch announcing the definite formation of DeLesseps' Canal Company imminent. It is probable, moreover that the syndicate will embrace the support of banking houses in this city and San Francisco. The bankers appear to have concluded that the prestige of DeLesseps as the successful promoter of the Suez canal will insure sufficient subscriptions.

There is good reason to believe that DeLesseps' Panama canal stock will be placed on the market by a syndicate of American bankers in a few days who will act under the protection of the American government.

DEATH OF J. T. SCOTT.—After a painful illness of four weeks, Mr. John T. Scott died at his home in Forest Grove, Washington county, Oregon, on the 1st. Deceased was an old and much respected pioneer. He was born in Kentucky on the 18th of February, 1809, and consequently was in the 71st year of his age at the time of his death. He emigrated to Illinois when quite a young man, and came to Oregon in 1853, and has ever since resided here. Mr. Scott leaves a wife and large family of sons and daughters, most of whom have reached the state of manhood and womanhood. He is the father of H. W. Scott, editor of the *Oregonian*, Mrs. A. S. Duniway, editor of the *New Northwest*, Mrs. C. A. Ceburn, Mrs. M. F. Cook, Mrs. J. M. Kelly, Mrs. McCord, Miss Ella Scott and W. B. Scott.

A Magnificent Bridge.

OMAHA, Aug. 30.—The formal test of a new railroad bridge joining the C. B. and Q. and B. and M. railroad at Plattsmouth, eighteen miles from Omaha, took place this morning and was witnessed by a large crowd of farmers. At 9 o'clock a special train containing prominent officials of the C. B. and Q. from Chicago arrived at Pacific Junction and shortly afterward crossed over the bridge and met the officers of the Burlington road. As the trains finished crossing, eight heavy engines of the C. B. and Q. road approached the eastern span of the bridge, and crossing slowly to the east span in sections of four, waiting for the word to couple. At the given signal eight engines joined themselves on the 400 foot eastern span, making a test weight of 440 tons distributed over 320 feet of spar. The result was a magnificent proof of the solidity of the structure. The engineers then measured the deflection, and a photograph was taken of the bridge at the moment the test was taken. The engines then moved to the second span where the trial proved equally satisfactory, and the "all steel" bridge across the Missouri river at Plattsmouth was declared open. The test was more satisfactory than was anticipated. The deflection from level when the immense weight of 440 tons was placed upon the span, was only three inches, and when the engines were removed, the bridge resumed its original position. The bridge was built of iron and steel, and is 3,000 feet long. It consists of 1,440 feet of an iron viaduct joined to three deck spans 200 feet in length, and west of that, towards the Nebraska shore, and over the river proper, two spans of 400 feet each, all steel truss. The cut through the bank on the Nebraska side of the river, in some places, is 60 feet deep. The piers of the bridge are 80 feet below the water mark and sink 30 feet below the level of the river. The bridge was constructed by the Keystone Bridge Company of Philadelphia, Geo. S. Morrison, Chief Engineer, S. W. Parkurst first assistant, and C. B. Schneider in charge of the superstructure. The cost of the bridge was \$600,000, and a year's time was consumed in its construction.

THE SACK TRICK.—Because a thing appears to be impossible it does not follow that the accomplishment of it is supernatural. For instance, what can be more marvelous than the sack and box trick which conjurers sometimes perform? A man is put in a sack, the neck of which is securely tied up with strings and the knots carefully sealed. The sack is then placed in a box which stands on a platform above the stage; the box is locked, and numerous seals are placed on the cracks where the box closes. How utterly incredible it seems that a man can free himself—that is to say until one knows how it is done. The first idea which will occur to an inquirer is that the prisoner falls through a trap door and is released below. This, however, is imprac-

ticable, for a trap in the platform and another in the box could scarcely be made so neatly as to avoid detection; and besides, visitors are invited to place strings, sticks, etc., below the platform, any disturbance in the positions of which could be detected. But how is it done? Very simply indeed, darkness being secured. The sack is made of an elastic, fibrous stuff, through which the captive can easily make his escape without disturbing the neck; and the hole through which he has escaped closes behind him in consequence of the elasticity of the material. He is now free in a sealed box, and what does he do next? The top of the box is so constructed that when a spring is touched it turns easily upon a rod inserted longitudinally through the top. There is, in fact, a false top, some inches above the apparent top where the locks and seals are. They remain intact while the false top is now swinging loosely. A second touch of the spring when the captive has slipped out securely fastens the false top. The lights are turned on, spectators are summoned to look at the seals, which have not, of course, been touched; the seals are broken, the box unlocked, and there in the box is the empty sack, while to the amazement of all present, who do not know the secret, the man who was so firmly entrapped steps forward, upon the stage.

A QUEER WEDDING JOURNEY.—The Saxon high school pedagogues met in conference at Zwickau, a few weeks ago, and were glad to welcome brother Heinrich from a remote corner of the kingdom where salaries are small and the hopes of promotion are limited. Brother Heinrich had not met with the brethren for many years, and they asked him what gave them the pleasure. "Well, my dearly beloved," was the answer, "the fact is, I am happy. My salary has been raised to \$120 per annum, and at last, after the patient waiting of twenty-one years, my dear Catharine and I have been married, and this is my wedding journey." The brethren congratulated Heinrich and begged to be presented to the bride. "Well, now, my friends," said Heinrich, "this is a little embarrassing. You see, I am not rich, save in the love of my dear Catharine. She insisted upon a wedding journey, but, in order to save expenses, we thought it best to travel alone. When you come to see us at home, Catharine and I shall spare no efforts to make it pleasant for you."

Albert M. Snyder

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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 homestead 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 \$1.50 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 piece, \$4.38 per acre.

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WEEKLY

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